

Cranlome School 1928-68



A collection of
Memories

Forty Years in and Around the “Old Bare Bush”

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Introduction

When past pupils of Cranlome School would meet over the years, they would often reminisce and talk about their days there. It was at such a meeting in a Dungannon restaurant that the idea was born to hold a school reunion and prepare a little book about the school and memories of the pupils who went to this seat of learning over the forty years its doors were open. The project began when the first two past pupils got two more to join them and so the Research Team began their work which has taken over a year to bring to completion. Now they are looking forward to the 10th. September 2004 when all the Past Pupils from home and abroad will gather in Quinn's Corner where many old acquaintances will meet and have an enjoyable night.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to all those who loaned us photographs or contributed articles. To all those who gave us help and advice in anyway we are very grateful.

This is a compilation of Past Pupils memories as given to the research team. We have put these together with some photographs which we hope will also evoke memories for others who had any association with Cranlome over the years. While care has been taken to check the authenticity of all the material in this book, there may be inaccuracies which we hope will be accepted as this is a collection of oral history.



The Research team: Eileen Gillen, Bernadette Grimes, Marie Quinn and Breige Stewart.



Cranlome School (1928-1968)

Cranlome Public Elementary School was opened in 1928 and stayed open for forty years until its closure in 1968. It replaced Aughnagar National School which closed that same year. Under the Education Act of 1923 National schools were re-named public elementary schools. This Act required that all children between the ages of six and fourteen receive a literary and moral education. This was basically the three Rs: writing, reading and arithmetic and religious education was also very important. It also heralded the beginning of area school boards which still exist today. There were plans by the new government here in the six counties to have a unified religious integrated system of education but these failed mostly because the political situation at the time was not favourable to integrated education. The new elementary schools got a grant and, on the 1st March 1923, the Ministry of Finance sanctioned a grant of £1,696 towards the estimated total of £2,085 for the building of a new school at Cranlome. In 1923 there had been aid granted to the sum of £2,086 on expenditure of £2,503 but this had been revised and, on account of the poverty of the district it was to serve, the amount was cancelled and the new grant given in 1924. The aid was given to build and furnish a new school for 90 pupils in two rooms. There was to be play sheds and latrines (toilets) provided along with 'the necessary fittings for the teaching of cookery'. Land was given to the Parish by Tom Murphy and work began with a Mr. Simpson from Armagh being the contractor. Local men were employed as well.

The Pupils of Aughnagar School transferred to Cranlome School. Cranlome always had a high number of pupils on its roll. It had a higher number of pupils than Tullyallen or Killeeshil, the other two schools in the parish. Its catchment area took in the townlands of

Ackinduff, Altaglushan, Aughnagar, Ballynahaye, Bockets, Clonavaddy, Corley, Cranlome, Edenfore, Gortlenaghan, Legaroe, Mullysilla and Reclain. The fact that it contained some townlands from the neighbouring parish of Donaghmore may have accounted for this. Pupils came from Altaglushan, Reclain, Corley and Clonavaddy all of which are in the parish of Donaghmore. Although it was a Catholic school, it had a number of Protestant pupils attending. In those days children went to whichever school was nearest regardless of religion. Ballynahaye school opened on the 1st of January 1940 and some of the pupils who lived near there left Cranlome.

Cranlome School was situated on a hill in a picturesque setting along a side road off the main Dungannon to Ballygawley road. The nearest village was Cappagh about 3 miles away and Ballygawley the nearest town. Aughnagar chapel was half a mile way and there the Catholic pupils made their First Holy Communion. Confirmation was in the Parish church of Tullyallen. Children from the Parish of Donaghmore made theirs in the Church of St. Patrick in Donaghmore village. Protestant children made their First Holy Communion and Confirmation in Killeeshil Church. On three sides of the school the view was of arable fields and grassland and on the fourth side Cranlome mountain covered a large space. Cranlome has the highest hill in the Parish at 911 feet. The next highest being in Ballynahaye at 821 feet. Cranlome- Cran Lom in gaelic means place of leafless or bare bushes. It is in the Parish of Killeeshil which is surrounded by the Parishes of Termonmaguirk, Donaghmore and Aghaloo.

Mr. Michael McDermott transferred from Aughnagar National School to Cranlome and became the first Principal and Miss Byrne his assistant. Next was Miss Devlin who, after teaching there for a number of years, left to become a nun. The next Principal was Mr. T.P.O'Reilly and another Miss Byrne assistant teacher. Miss Winifred Murphy came after Miss Byrne. She married Mr. Billy McDonald and remained in Cranlome until it closed. Mr. Michael Conway came after Mr. O'Reilly left to be Principal of Tullyallen. Mr. Joe McCrory came as a temporary teacher and stayed on until the school closed as Mr. Conway didn't return before the closure of the school. There were quite a number of teachers who taught there on a temporary basis.

The teaching expertise is reflected in the achievements of some of its pupils. Mr. O'Reilly and his pupils were keen gardeners and won a top prize for the excellence of their produce. Their prize was a radio and some garden tools. This same radio was switched on for thirty minutes on certain days for the pupils to listen to Gardeners World. Alice Corrigan from Clonavaddy won a top prize for a composition and her prize was a trip to Holland. She brought back tulip bulbs from there which were planted in the school garden where they grew and bloomed for many years. In 1940 Tommy McGeoghegan won a Raleigh bicycle in an art competition run by the Irish Weekly.

There were several pupils who entered Religious Orders as nuns and one boy went on to become a priest. Many more had careers as teachers, nurses and other professional careers. Some were mature students before they achieved their university degrees! Quite a few have

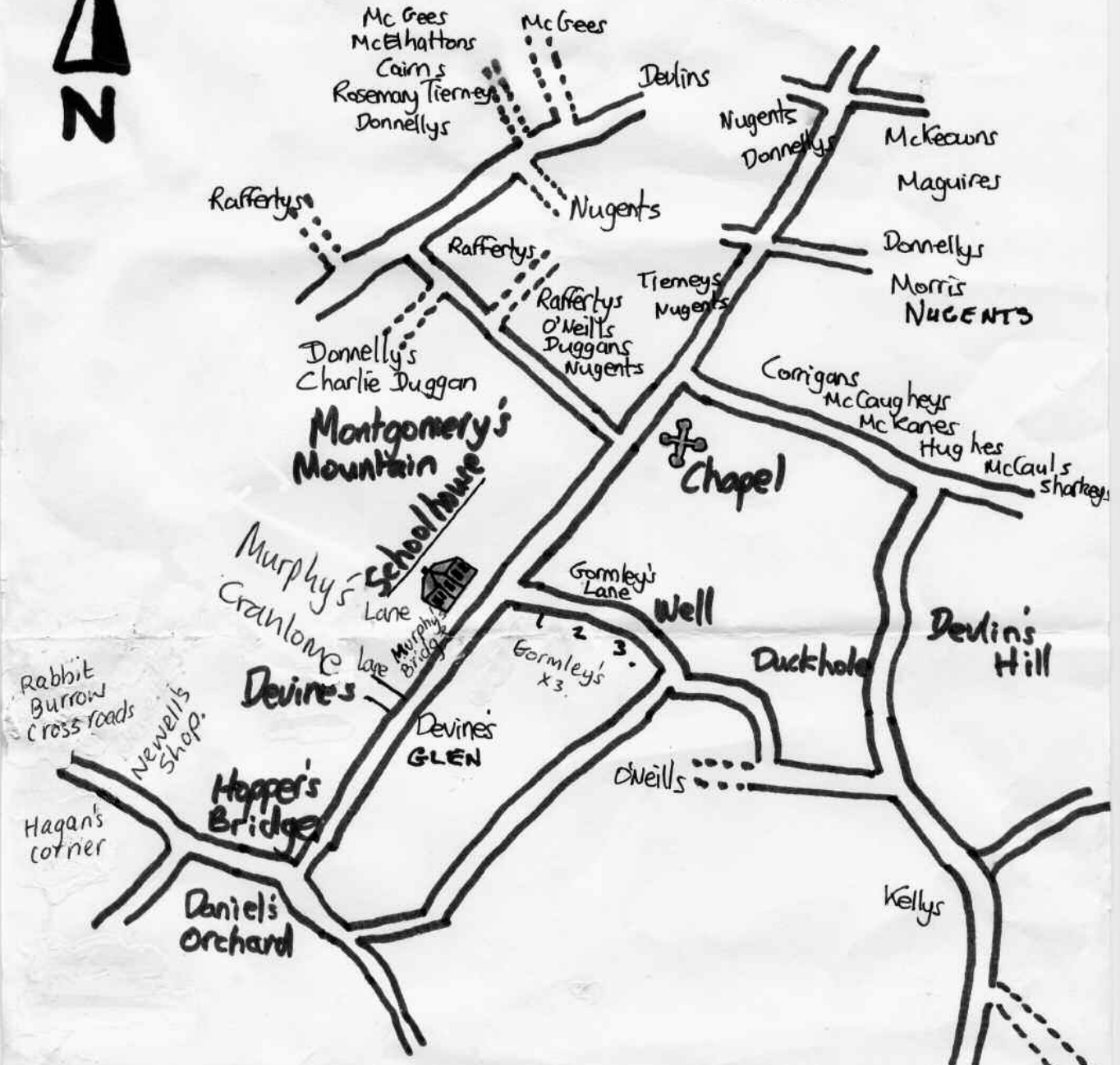
achieved success in the business world. No doubt the good basic education throughout their time at Cranlome played some part in the success of all of these past pupils. The fact that Cranlome school was built in a rural area is reflected in the parental occupation recorded in the roll books. The occupation of most parents was given as farmer and, on leaving school quite a number of the male pupils were said to be going to work on the family farm. Only a few pupils did the 'Qualifying Exam' as it was known then for an entrance to Secondary/Grammar Schools and, on leaving school at 14 years old, many went to either the Technical School in Dungannon or went straight into employment where they learned a trade. The 'Tec' as it was known was a popular choice for many pupils. When the Intermediate School opened in Dungannon in 1961, all the pupils over eleven years old from Donaghmore Parish left Cranlome to go there. St Ciaran's, Ballygawley opened in September 1966, which signalled the end of the small School. When Cranlome closed in 1968, it had 53 pupils on the roll book.

When the school at Aughnagar closed in 1928 it was Peter Pat Kerr who had the honour of carrying the roll book from the old school to the new one.



Remember trudging up this hill in the morning?

1950's Memory Map of Cranlome School



"The Way we Went...."

Please note this map is only as accurate as our memories.

The Pads
Dalys
Doams
Lauerbys



St. Patrick's Church, Aughnagar



This house stands on the site of the old school

Teachers 1928-1968



Mr. M. McDermot



Mr. T.P. O'Reilly



Mr. M. Conway



Miss G. Devlin



Miss Burns



Mr. J. McRory



Mrs. McDonald



Miss M. Byrne



Mr Val McCaul



Mrs A. Kilpatrick

Mr. Michael McDermott, Carrickmore, Principal

Miss Gertrude Devlin, Pomeroy

Miss Burns, Bangor,

Miss Sheridan (Quinn),Dungannon

Mr. T. P. O' Reilly, Armagh, Principal

Miss Byrne, Moy

Miss Winnie Murphy (McDonald) Cranlome (daughter of Tom Murphy who gave the land for the school to be built upon).

Mrs Aine Kilpatrick, Pomeroy

Miss Mary Slevin, Castlecaufield

Miss Lizzie Mulgrew, Ballynahaye

Mr. Michael Conway, Pomeroy, Principal

Mrs. Conway, Pomeroy ,(these two teachers were husband and wife and lived in Killeeshil when they taught in Cranlome)

Mr.Val McCaul, Killeeshil

Mr. Jerome Haughey, Coalisland

Mr. Joe McRory, Ballygawley

Miss Kathleen McQuaid, Dungannon



CRANLOME (1928-9)

Back Row: left to right; Owen McCann,dec. M.J. Hagan,dec. Hugh Fox, Packie McKeown, Denis McKane,dec. John McCaughey,dec .Peggy McGonnell dec, Minnie McCaughey, Bridget Murphy, Arthur Rafferty dec, Arthur Devine dec, Mickey Sharkey, Tommy Anthony Fox dec. **2nd Row:** left to right; Owen McCaughey, Bob Watt dec. John McKeown dec. Bridget Kelly dec, Josie Fox dec, Margaret Sharkey, Vina Colbert, Matty Colbert, Iris Colbert, Bridget Mc Gonnell, Lena Donaghy dec, Terry McGonnell dec, Peter Kerr dec, Mary Charlton dec, Margaret Chareton. **3rd Row:** left to right; unknown, Alice McGonnell, Cissy O'Neill dec Bridget Alice McGee dec, Susan McGee dec, Flossy Watt, Mary McCann dec, Mary McKeown, Mary McGuire dec, Rose Murphy dec, Rose Ann McCaul, Kathleen Rafferty dec. Kathleen McCaughey dec, Mary Murphy dec, Cissy Donnelly dec, Susan Donnelly, Kathleen Hagan ,Lila Watt dec,unknown. **Front Row:** left to right; Kathleen Kelly dec, Winnie Murphy, James McGuire dec, Packie McCaughey, Peter Hughes, Pat O'Neill dec, Jim Morris dec, Con O'Neill dec, Packie Hughes, James Devine dec, James Rafferty dec, Peter McGonnell, Mickey McCaughey, Pat O'Neill, John Devine, Terry Kelly dec, Peter McElhatten, Hugh McElhatten dec, Hugh James Nugent dec.



Aughnagar School year unknown, 1920 -30's
We think these pupils transferred to the new school at Cranlome.

A number of pupils from that first year at Cranlome share their memories with us:

Kathleen McElroy (nee Rafferty)

'I started Cranlome School in May, 1929 at the age of seven. It had two classrooms and there were over a hundred pupils on the roll. The teachers then were Master McDermott and Miss Byrne.

We had to take turf or sticks with us for the fire in the winter time. There were no tarred roads in those days and our feet would get cut and blistered with the rough stones. Everyone was barefooted.



It was a mixed religion school and everyone was great friends. We had great fun going and coming from school. We used go into an orchard that belonged to Hugh Donnelly where we had to go through nettles as tall as ourselves to pick crab apples. Sometimes Hugh would chase us. There were no cars on the roads but we used to get lifts with peoples who let us ride on their horse and carts. It wasn't everyone who would give us a lift!

After Miss Byrne left Miss Devlin came to teach. She was a wonderful teacher and all the children loved her. Later she went to join the Lorreto Convent as a nun. I saw her shortly before she died.

Mr. McDermott was very cross and always kept a supply of sally rods which he used with force, but he was a great teacher and turned out some great students. He was also a great musician.

I only wish I could turn back the years and spend my time at Cranlome again”.

Twins Who Attended Cranlome

- Peter and Alice McGonnell - Cranlome
- Agnes and Eveleen Donaghy - Cranlome
- Eveleen and Eileen Best - Cranlome
- Lucinda and Edith Charleton - Cranlome
- Vera and May Donaghy - Cranlome
- Mickey and Paddy Mulgrew - (Rabbit Burrow) Ballynahaye
- Ben and Cathy Gormley - Cranlome
- Peter and Paul Mulgrew - Cranlome
- Eileen and Peg Donaghy - Cranlome
- Margaret and Rose O'Neill - Clonavaddy
- Agnes and Pauric Gormely - Cranlome

Susan Duggan (nee Donnelly)

Susan was born in Altaglushan and her first day at school was the day that Cranlome School opened. Susan was nine years old and remembers going off to school on her own. The route she took to school was partly through the fields. She started across her own fields then by Felix's old house and then over McKane's mountain coming out near Aughnagar Chapel. Susan describes the shoes she wore that day as "having holes to let water in and some more to let it out again" Her lunch was made up of soda bread and a bottle of sweet milk she brought with her from home. She remembers cookery lessons but the only recollection Susan has of what they learned is making pancakes. She enjoyed her five years at school and liked being there. Susan married John Duggan when she was twenty six years old and they had a family of eight; four boy and four girls. She now lives in Galbally where she retired to some years ago.



Pakie McKeown

Patrick or Pakie as he is better known was born and reared in Corley and went to Cranlome School. He decided to go to Cranlome although it was the same distance from their house to Crosscavangh and Altmore. His neighbours the Maguires already went there and that is probably why he went there too He was taken there on his first day by the Maguires. He remembers Peter McGonnell, Cranlome, Hagans, Bockets, Minnie McCaughey, Aughnagar, Hughie Fox, Ackinduff, Pakie Hughes and Pat O'Neill of Clonavaddy being at school with him. In winter the children brought one or two turf to school every morning to heat the school. Master McDermott taught music by note and Pakie's brother John took private lessons with him. The McKeown brothers were talented musicians and played with the Cathal Brugha Ceili Band and various other ceili bands. Miss Sheridan was the teacher when Pakie started and she later married and became Mrs. Quinn. Pakie is married to Teresa McVeigh and lives in Largylea.



Mary McKeown

Mary also attended Cranlome as did her whole family. They came from Corley, Galbally and it was quite a long walk for a small child to travel on rough roads that were not tarred in those days in all weathers. Mary spent most of her working life in the Post Office.



Peter McElhatton

Peter is a native of Altaglushan and he started school in the first year of its opening. He remembers how every morning Master McDermott gave one of the boys his penknife and sent him to the hedge to cut a good strong rod with which he used to slap the pupils. A little story Peter told is about some boys who were not too happy about having to go to school. One day they were talking to Peter Gormley and they told him how much they hated going to school.



This man had a reputation of being a practical joker and he told the boys it was Tom Murphy's fault they had to go to school, for it was he who gave the field to the parish to build the new school and if he had not done so the old Aughnagar school would have fallen down and then there would not be any school there. These lads believed him and for a long time after Tom was stoned by them every time he came to work in the field beside the school. (Wonder did he ever find out the reason?!) Peter now lives in Dungannon with his wife Mary formerly McVeigh who also was a past pupil of Cranlome when she stayed with her aunt Mrs Rose Loughran in Altaglushan. They have a family of four; two boys and two girls.

Mickey Sharkey

Mickey was another of the first pupils who attended the school in that first year. He is a native of Clonavaddy. He has been living in Donaghmore with his wife and family for many years.



Margaret McLaughlin (nee Sharkey)

Margaret McLaughlin was born in Clonavaddy where she still lives. She married Willie McLaughlin from the same townland and it was there they reared their family. The whole Sharkey family went to Cranlome. Margaret got a prize of one shilling from the Attendance Officer for not missing a day at school. She liked school very much and stayed on past her leaving age. Some of her classmates were Iris Colbert, Bridget Kelly, Rosena Fox, Tommy Fox and Arthur Rafferty. When she started school she wore clogs.



The Colbert Family: Matty, Vina, Iris and Muriel

The Colbert Family were natives of Cranlome and they all attended the school there. Marie or Matty as she was known at school remembers Master McDermott playing the violin. One of the tunes he often played was the "The Geese in The Bog". One day he was playing and the violin broke. Matty is now Mrs Hill and lives in Somerset, England. She has one son and one daughter. Matty left Cranlome and went to Ballyreagh. Her sister Vina also went there.



Matty and Muriel

Vina became Mrs. Lucas and died in November 2002. Iris stayed on and finished her schooling at Cranlome. She became Mrs Drysdale and lived in Hollywood, Co.Down. Her family was also one girl and one boy. Muriel was the youngest of the Colbert sisters and got on well with Master O'Reilly. She did the exam for Dungannon Technical School and went there to do her secondary education. Muriel worked for the Housing Executive for many years and gave up her job to look after her mother who lived a long life and died on the eve of her 102nd birthday.

Winnifred McDonald (nee Murphy)

Winnie Murphy was born in Cranlome in 1924. After her primary education in Cranlome School she obtained a scholarship to the Lorreto Convent Grammar School in Omagh. As a boarding student Winnie experienced a few years of the bombing of World War Two. The next years of Winnie's education were spent in St. Mary's College, Belfast from where Winnie graduated as a teacher.

After teaching for few years in Dervok, Co. Antrim, she moved to teach in Pomeroy. Winnie obtained a post in Cranlome Primary School. At this stage Winnie was living with her husband Billy (R.I.P.) in Sheers Place, Cabragh. However, in 1958, they moved with their two young sons, Gerard and Adrian to Cranlome, having just built a bungalow beside the home farm. Here they were to spend their lives together with the remainder of their family Brendan, Liam, Sean, Marie and Anne Marie who sadly passed away in infancy.

Winnie brought a unique manner into her teaching ways. She was a very humorous teacher, yet highly disciplined in her teaching ways. Winnie's skills led her to teach the basic three Rs of Reading, Writing, Arithmetic as well as a host of other subject areas such as music, drama, religion, P.E. etc. Indeed, one of Winnie's strong points was her music. She led the choirs in the local churches for years as choir mistress and as organist. She was never one to shun her responsibilities at local events - one of her favourite party pieces being "The Flea". Winnie also smoked the pipe. This usually sent Billy into a rage as he had the onerous task of relighting it over and over again.

Winnie taught with Mitchy Conway R.I.P. for a long time and then with Joe McRory. She taught the 'wee ones' P.1 - P4 while the 'Master' taught up to fourteen year olds in those days.

As mentioned earlier, Winnie had many strong points, but perhaps her greatest strength of all was her gentleness. She was a 'mother' to all the children.

Winnie taught in Cranlome School until it closed in 1968. It was amalgamated with the other two-teacher schools in the parish. Kileeshill and Tullyallen and merged into the new five teacher school at Whites Road, Cabra. She remained in Cabra, as vice principal until her retirement in 1986.

Winnie now resides in her son Brendan's Nursing Home in Omagh. She will be eighty years old in August 2004 if God spares her. She continues to be fondly remembered by all the generations of those she taught in Cranlome and Cabra, A truly remarkable teacher, wife and mother.

By Adrian F. McDonald.

Sister Marie Bride (Bridget Murphy)

On leaving Cranlome School she went to the technical in Dungannon and from there went onto join the Franciscan Order in Mallow Co Cork. She left Ireland along with 12 other girls to go to the Mother house 'Glen Riddle' in Philadelphia. She was professed in 1938 and became a teaching Sister, and furthered her studies in Science, Biology and Chemistry. She spent two terms in Puerto-Rico one of them 7 years long. Along with teaching, her and her team got a school and a hospital built (she tells the story that she rang the Reverend Mother to ask for more money to help them only to be told that the last Sister she put in charge there made do with what she got and she was to do likewise).

The saddest part of her career was she never saw her parents from she left Ireland, and in 1953 an Irish Reverend Mother changed the rules by saying that any Nun who had a parent living could go home on a visit, but a few weeks after Sister got word she could go home, her



mother died; her father had been dead before that. This she thought was the final blow but thankfully she still got home that summer and then every five years after that. Her last trip was in 2001 and she always looked forward to see her friends and neighbours.

The Murphy sisters, Sister Marie Bride and Winnifred McDonald

Peter McGonnell



Peter had classmates whom he still remembers. Pakie and Peter Hughes, Winnie Murphy, James Devine, Peter McElhatton, Hugh Nugent, John Maguire, Pakie McCaughey, Pat O'Neill, Jim Morris and Peter's sister Alice were all there with him. Peter recalls some of the happenings of a school day. Mickey Boyle would be sent for water to Gormley's well and the Master would send some of the girls to his home to bring him lunch. On the first of May shoes were dispensed with and saved for the cold weather of autumn and winter. All books had to be bought, not free, like the primary school books of today. School lessons were from 9 am until 3.30pm. He had to go to school on Saturdays for extra religion lessons before his Confirmation which was administered by Cardinal McRory. It was a treat to get new clothes for Confirmation. Peter enjoyed the fun he had in those school days with his pals but he remembers being punished by Master McDermott.

Bridget McGonnell

Bridget went to England after finishing school and went onto do nursing. She entered the Passionest Convent in 1939. She took the name of Sister Antoinette. Her mother was to go over when her first year was complete but was unable to go because the War had started. She went on and took her vows and has lived in England since.



John Devine



John was another boy who came from near the school. All his life has been spent on the family farm where he still lives. Miss Byrne from Co. Down taught when he was there and she stayed in O'Neill's of Ackinduff. Master McDermott lived in the house presently owned by Owen McKane in Aughnagar. He bought it from Pat Devlin and before that the house belonged to the O'Brien family.



Cranlome School around 1930

Kathleen McCann (nee Donnelly)

She related her memories to her Granddaughter, Anne McCourt:

‘Granny, a native of Altaglushan now lives in Clonoe where she moved with her husband James. She can name some of her friends and classmates at Cranlome; Kathleen Hagan from Bockets who was a niece of Fr. Duggan from Cranlome and Susan Donnelly who married a brother of Fr. Duggan's. Another friend was Nellie McGonnell. She remembers Mary Charlton from



Cranlome and that she married Tom Cairns of Altaglushan where they lived until their deaths a few years ago. Mary Cairns was well known for her 'cures and charms' with people coming to her from all over the country.

There were two Watt girls and Matty Colbert. Granny often picked flowers which she gave to Matty for to decorate her church. Florence or Flossie Watt as she was known then was at school with Mary and she thinks she went on to do nursing and one of the girls became Matron of a big hospital in England. The Colbert girls were very smart and left Cranlome to go to a school near Ballygawley.

Some of the boys in her class were Terence Kelly, John Devine and Bob Watt. Owen McKane was in the bigger class. Arthur Rafferty who went to become a priest was taught in the same room but was not in her class. He was to sit between Granny and another because he was misbehaving. Owen, Sarah and Mary McCaughey, Clonavaddy were there too.

Granny remembers her old school on top of a hill with Master McDermott as Principal and Mrs. Quinn his assistant. The classes were arranged like this; the first three classes of low infants, high infants and first class were in the middle of the room. Third class by the left side window and fourth class the window on the right. There were two big rooms with a fire at either end and a range and pantry for cookery classes. When catechism was being taught the Protestants went out to the hall. They didn't learn their religion in the school but at Sunday School. The Master would sometimes come to Granny's desk and put his arm around her shoulders and tell her it was a pity she could not go to Donaghmore Grammar as he felt she was capable of going on to secondary education. Granny didn't stay long at school and left as soon as it was legal to do so.

Some other things Granny recalls was that Master McDermott got his hair cut on a Thursday and always in a bad mood on Fridays! Another thing was that she got excused from starting school in the morning at 9 am to 9.30 am because she had a two mile walk to school. One time she wrote a story called “He-horse” and when the Master was handing it back after marking he said “Here you go He-horse” and threw the book at her hitting her on the back.

Her lunch was usually bread with butter and homemade jam. They got out of school at 3 pm. and ran home. They looked forward to summer when they took off their shoes and went barefoot'

Minnie Nugent (nee McCaughey)

Minnie was born in Aughnagar and went to Cranlome school with the other members of her family. She married Charlie Nugent, Altaglushan and they lived in Aughnagar where Minnie still resides today. She was a care-taker of Aughnagar Chapel for many years. Minnie remembers making a dress for her doll. Miss Byrne was her teacher and she was very particular about how the sewing was done, if it was not done properly it would have to be ripped out and done again. Minnie was very friendly with Bridget Murphy now Sister Marie Bride.



Some of my recollections of school

Florrie was born in Cranlome in September 1921. She was married in 1944 and moved to Altamuskin where she lives today. Florrie remembers Mary Murphy and Nellie McGonnell who would come to their house to play. She remembers going over to Master McDermott's for his lunch and she carried water from Gormley's well. She recalls her sister Lila, Nellie McGonnell and herself were kept in after school to sweep the floor. It started to rain very heavily and Master McDermott went out and stopped the bread man going past the school and bought two Paris buns for each of them.



Lila Watt 1933

It was Florrie and Lila who brought May and Vera Donaghy to school when they started. James McGuire sat beside Florrie and one day he was carrying on and accidentally hit Florrie on the nose and it started to bleed. The Master was very cross but Florrie defended James and stood up for him. She said it was only an accident. She went to school in her bare feet in summer time when the good weather came.

by Florrie Patterson (nee Watt)

Hughie Fox



Hughie is married to Margaret Hughes a native of Ackinduff area. They have resided in Ackinduff their married life. They have four children.

Kathleen Hagan



Anthony Gormley

I went to Cranlome school in Sept. 1933. The teachers there were Miss Devlin and Mr. T.P.O'Reilly. Miss Devlin resided in our house during the week and went home to Pomeroy at the weekends. Sadly she has passed away sometime past.

My school days were happy. I left school at the age of 14 years. Education standards were good, we were taught all the subjects we needed to know. We played all kinds of games on the County road. Our playground was dusty and dirty and not suitable for us to play in. As I recall my school days they were are a lots of happy memories.

Cranlome School memories

I went to school in 1936 and my first teacher was Miss Gertrude Devlin, a native of Pomeroy. Her brother Dermott left her by car to the school every Monday morning. She stayed locally during the week and taught in the school. There were very few cars around that time, only the Parish Priest and Curate had cars.

One of the subjects Miss Devlin taught was Irish and, every Friday afternoon, there was an Irish dancing lesson. She also taught Irish dancing in Aughnagar Hall beside our home. The music for the Irish dancing in the school was played by Mr McDermott, who was the principal of the school and a very good musician. There were two great leading violin players at that time, a Mr McDermott and Michael Coleman from Sligo. Michael Coleman wrote Irish Music. I was to discover a few years ago that Mr McDermott's violin still exists today locally and is reckoned to be priceless. Mr McDermott had a very good orchard at his home and it was fenced like Fort Knox. Two of his pupils raided his orchard and the following day, Mr McDermott called me into the cloakroom and said 'Charlie did you get a few apples?' I admitted my guilt and he queried who helped me and I disclosed the name. Both of us were punished with the cane in front of the class. I got two slaps and that was enough from Mr McDermott. My partner in crime got six of the best on every hand. The

remarkable thing was the person who got the twelve slaps turned out to be a brilliant musician.

The next teacher to come to the school was Miss Mona Byrne, who was a native of Moy. Miss Byrne was a brilliant teacher. Our next teacher was Mr T.P O'Reilly. I eventually was transferred to Mr O'Reilly's room. My first memories of him were preparing the school grounds for gardening. All the boys in the class did a few hours a week gardening. Mr O'Reilly also made a garden down beside the Curate's house. He was green fingered and that is how I would describe him.

I got on well at school and enjoyed my school days. Many of the pupils that attended Cranlome School were great scholars and mostly very bright pupils. One particular scholar, who is still alive and well today, was asked to do an errand for his neighbour, (and I am sure he would be earning himself sixpence in those days to do this message). It was to go to a lady's house in the Rabbit Burrow and to take home her hen turkey. The pupil went for the hen turkey. It wasn't a very pleasant job to carry a hen turkey as you all know what can happen. He had in his pocket several yards of grass rope which he tied onto the turkey's leg and began to walk with the turkey, but the turkey flew in semi-arcs from the Rabbit Burrow across Cranlome bog to the lady's house. I was assured recently that the turkey had reared a flock of fat turkeys for Christmas.

We were all a happy group of pupils. I called to see Miss Byrne twice in recent years, but sadly she has now passed away. I hope to see many of my school pals at the reunion on September, 10th 2004 at Quinn's Comer.

by Charlie Nugent

Pakie McCaughey

I loved school and can never remember getting slapped by a teacher but, do remember some other children being punished with a sally rod cut out of the hedge. I remember my sister Cissy standing up and reciting "The Burial of Sir John Moore" for a school inspector. The inspector was very impressed and Mr. McDermott seemed likewise but, when the inspector left McDermott told her that the recitation was excellent but, that next time she should say something with an Irish theme. That particular poem would not have fitted in with McDermott's political way of thinking.



Hugh James Nugent, Peter McElhatton, Susan Donnelly, Mary Charlton were in the same class as me. Peter McElhatton, Kathleen Hagan and my self were given extra classes by Miss Devlin in Alegbra, Irish and Geometric Drawing. We got a scholarship to Secondary School. We had an excellent grounding in Literature and were ahead of our classmates when we went to Secondary School.

School Days At Cranlome

"We are past pupils of Cranlome School. Annie's teachers were Miss Mona Byrne and Mr T.P. O'Reilly. Jame's teachers were Miss Gertrude Devlin and Master McDermott. Games were played such as tig, rounders, skipping and football. We covered subjects such as Catechism, Maths and English. Tables were a very strange subject, you had to learn them off by heart. Miss Devlin taught Irish dancing and Master McDermott played the music on his fiddle."

"If you were bold you were slapped, stood in the corner, face to the wall. James Lynn was the postman at school. Mr Norman Kerr from Castlecaulfield was our school attendance officer. We didn't like to see him coming as he was quite strict about attendance. He came on a bike and his little brown leather brief case was on the spring carrier at the back."

"We had milk at school in small bottles which came in an iron crate. In the winter it was heated on the stove. We brought cocoa sometimes and had cocoa for lunch. We wore clogs, wellies and gutties. We had good and bad days at school." James recalls that "we had more bad days than good ones" but smiles and gives a little laugh before adding, "we always looked forward to our summer and Christmas holidays."

"Hope to meet some of our good friends and school pals at the reunion night in Quinn's Corner on September, 10th 2004."

James and Annie Nugent's story as told to Eileen Gillen

Owen McCaughey

Owen can remember these poems that he learned at Cranlome School.



The Village Blacksmith
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,---rejoicing,---sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

The Lament of the Irish Emigrant
by Lady Dufferin

I'm sitting on the stile Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride:
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high-
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love - light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near-
The church where we were wed, Mary,
And I see the spire from here.
And the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest-
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby at your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! They love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride!
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow-
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore-
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,

Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary- kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to:
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there-
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side'
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

Here are a couple of Owen's shorter verses:

Help the weak if you are strong.
Love the old if you are young.
And own a fault if you are wrong.
And if angry hold your tongue.
(Browning)

Do the work that's nearest
Though its' dull at whiles
Helping when you meet them
Lame dogs, over stiles.

Cranlome in the years 1936 to 1939

I am a past pupil of Cranlome School. I went there with my sister Ethel (deceased) and my brother Ralph. I attended there from 1936 to 1939. I was taught sewing and knitting and all the other various subjects. My teachers were Mr. O'Reilly and Miss Devlin. Mr. O'Reilly was a keen gardener and we received an excellent education. In 1940 a new school was built in Ballynahaye. I then moved on there as it was nearer to my home.

I do have some regrets about changing schools as I was doing well in all subjects at Cranlome. I have some great memories of Cranlome school. Those were very happy days and I am looking forward to the reunion night on September 10th to be held in Quinn's Corner and hope to see some of my old school pals.

By Cecil Cairns

Memoirs of Maggie McKeown

Maggie can recall many happy memories from her school days:

She can recall one particular instance when one morning with four or five other children from the Reclain and Altaglushan area decided to wait at Tommy Loughran's crossroads for Miss Devlin who would travel from Pomeroy by car. They thought it would be great to get a lift instead of walking. Miss Devlin having previously told them to walk on and not wait on her, came along just drove on and left them standing feeling sorry for themselves. After giving the situation some thought, they decided they wouldn't bother going to school, but, of course, they couldn't go home either. So they played games, ate their lunch and had good fun playing around the Altaglushan country side- But back at school trouble was brewing-Mr McDermott was drawing Miss Devlin's attention to the fact that quite a few from the one area were off school. Of course, she was able to inform him that she had seen them all standing at the crossroads earlier in the day.

As a result of learning this news, Mr McDermott sent one of the pupils to inform their parents of the situation and, of course, when they got home the dreaded rod awaiting them. That ended the mitching.

Maggie remembers Miss Devlin teaching them to do Irish dancing. First she lilted for them until they learned the steps. One of these tunes were the 'The Rakes of Mallow' later when they had mastered the steps they were accompanied by Master McDermott on the fiddle.

The following girls danced together, Bridget McGuire, Bridget McKeown, Maggie McKeown, Anna Hagan, Eileen Hagan (Sister Mary Eugene). They had a great time going around to all the Feis with Miss Devlin. They won many medals for dancing the 3 and 4 hand reels, one successful dance was the "Humours of Bandon."



Cranlome School 1935

Maguires

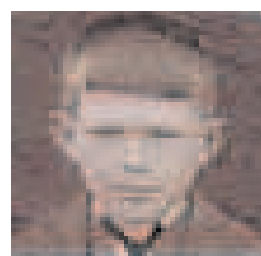
Bridget attended Cranlome with the other members of her family. It was a long walk for a small child from Reclain to the new school in Cranlome. Bridget recalls an occasion when her sister Rose was kept in after school for doing something wrong but she didn't stay in and ran out and away home. Afterwards Master McDermott wrote a letter to her mother and Bridget still remembers what he said about the incident and the words he used: "She ran like a hare, looking back occasionally until she passed the chapel." The Master always had some of the girls go to his house to get his lunch. These girls would sometimes be given a "drop of tea" by his housekeeper Alice Devlin. Alice left the Master's to get married to James Kelly of Aughnagar.



Sr Placid (Rose Maguire) 1992

Rose McGuire was born on 3rd August 1919. She went to Cranlome school from Aughnagar School and left school at 14 years. She worked in Belfast doing housework for a few years before entering the Convent Order of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary in February 1940. She took the religious name of Sister Placid and her final vows on the 2nd February 1942. She celebrated her silver jubilee in Cork in August 1967 and her golden jubilee in St Mary's Convent, Barnhead in Scotland on 9th March, 1992.

At present she is in Marion House Convent, Middlesex England.



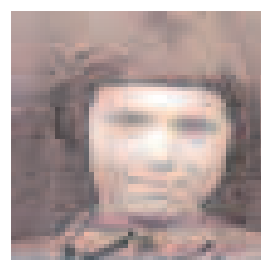
John



James



Bridget



Rose - Sr Placid

Peter Hughes

Peter Hughes came from Clonavaddy, locally known as the Hallow. Around the time of the 2nd World War 1939 he left Ireland and with a few of the local lads went across the sea to work in England. During the time of Conscription, he came home for a while but returned to London and married Alice Rafferty, herself a past pupil of Cranlome School. They have four of a family, three boys and one girl and still live in London to this day.



Packie Hughes

Packie, a brother of Peter's, still lives in the home place today. Along with his brother, Michael John they ran the farm together and were also well known for producing fruit and particular strawberries. There are not many in the area who can say they didn't pull strawberries in Hughes. It was a great place for young boys and girls to earn a few extra shillings and you were always well looked after in the Hughes household.



Packie Hughes 1933



Hughes Brothers



Cranlome School in the 1930's

Back Row: James McKeown, Barnie O'Neill, John Nugent (Biddies), Owen Nugent, Pat Nugent (Biddies), Hugh Nugent, Jim Mulgrew, Packie Hughes, Packie McElhatton, Micky Mulgrew, Frank Mulgrew. **Middle Row:** Frank Lappin, Peter Tierney D, Mary Best, Lena O'Neill, Vera Morris D, Kate Nugent, Ethel Cairns D, Muriel Colbert, Maggie Hagen, Bridget O'Neill, Vera Best, Gerry Nugent, Cecil Cairns. **Front Row:** Charlie Nugent, Gerry Kelly, Paddy Donaghy, Rose K O'Neill, Delta Donaghy, Mary Donaghy, Maggie Morris, (Alice Donaghy) Vera Hagan, Vera Donaghy, Mary B Hughes, Mick O'Neill, Peter Mulgrew, Anthony Gormley.

Here are some memories of past pupils who attended Cranlome P.E.S. during its forty years.

My Old School

I started school on Cranlome hill near the age of seven.
I left again at fourteen, just three years past eleven.
I walked some miles from my home
And sometimes felt all alone.

No buses then or school meal treats
Just lunch in a paper was my treat
On wet days I hitched a lift
John Finlay's lorries were a gift.

I entered school and went to prayers
I prayed my best, I had no cares
I loved the subjects one and all
I loved to hear the old roll call.

Playtime was great in the old playground
When all my friends would gather around.
Skipping and dancing was part of our day
When Brendan and Sean their music did play.

Sometimes my friends and I were late
We would stand outside the old black gate.
T.P. would shout "Come on you others,
Class has started, you Rabbit Burrow scholars".

My clothes were mostly hand-me-downs
They were new to me, I had no frowns.
Gutties were my summer gear
With wellies on a cold wet year.

An army bag was 'just my style'
I used one for quite a while'
The desks in school were high and neat
I kept my bag beneath my seat.

In Autumn I would stay off school
That surely was against the rule.

Gathering spuds near and far
From Ballynahaye to Aughnagar.

Mr. Kerr our attendance he kept
When I'd see him coming I nearly wept.
The postman he was always singing
I remember him from the beginning.

*Reunion night has come around
At Quinn's Corner I will be found
To all my friends I say Hello
We had good times as you all know
Thanks to our teachers one and all
Thank you for everything you did for us all.*

By Eileen Gillen (nee Irvine)

Memories of School

I started school in 1951. I remember Maureen (Hurson) Lenny coming to our house for me and I went off on my first day on the carrier of Maureen's bike. I felt frightened and nervous of what was ahead of me.

A typical day would start with my sister Mary and myself setting off for school after a hearty breakfast of porridge, fried bread and suet, enough to warm anyone on a cold winter's morning. We would soon meet up with our school friends; Anne Murphy the Mulgrews and the Donnellys at the end of our lane. Sometimes we would place a stone on top of a grass clump to let the other children know that we had walked on. We would walk down past Hannah Murphy's house and that took us out on the Aughnagar road. Our daily learning consisted of Religion (Catechism learned word for word), spellings, reading and arithmetic. I vaguely remember doing cookery and sewing. Lunch time was a welcome break when I ate my homemade soda bread and a bottle of milk supplied by the school. We all looked forward to playtime. I remember playing skipping, tig and rounders. Rounders was my favourite.

In our school there were two rooms, a hall and a cookery room, two blackboards in the master's room with a large press at the rear and heated by a pot-bellied stove. In the mistress's room there was one blackboard, two presses at the rear and this room was heated by a Modern Mistress range which I had on occasions the pleasure of trying to light in the mornings along with Annie Mulgrew. I don't know what we were doing wrong but the fire never seemed to light, much to the disgust of our teacher Mrs McDonald.

After a heavy frost in winter time we had lots of fun sliding on the ice down Paddy Carr's lane. It was as good as any modern day ice rink. We would usually arrive late for school as we wanted to stay as long as possible on the ice, dreading the sun coming out and all the ice having melted by the time the school was over. One day in particular I remember about our slide. We must have fallen out among ourselves, because I remember Annie Mulgrew pushing me and I fell, crying loudly and holding my back. I told everyone that I had a broken back and decided to go home for the rest of the day. The remainder of the children went on to school suffering from shock and couldn't wait to tell our teacher Mr. O'Reilly that I wouldn't be able to come to school because my back was broken!

I can still recall very vividly the frightening experience of a small caravan parked outside the school at Bidy Daly's (Quinn) entrance. This was to be the home for the dentist for as long as it took to examine and extract any teeth which didn't pass the test. I don't recall any fillings in those days. To this day when I see a small caravan I recall the nervous feeling of waiting for your name to be called to go to the dentist and waiting for the worst to happen. Back into the classroom with a smile that everything was OK or else doom and gloom and blood flowing from a vacant space where a tooth used to be.

I can remember Mrs. McDonald decided to include me as a member of the choir. Although I didn't have a note in my head this didn't dampen my enthusiasm to give it a go. I found it a good way of getting out of lessons and also having a laugh and a bit of craic out of school. Sometimes when school was over, just for a change the children from Cranlome would walk home with the Aughnagar and Altaglushan children and then come down over the Cranlome bog, probably adding an extra hour to our home coming time.

I stayed at Cranlome school until 1960 and my days spent there were mostly happy ones.

By Breige Stewart (nee Kerr)

School Day Memories in the 1950's

My outstanding memories of my first day at school start with leaving my home in Altaglushan and meeting Mick Gormley on our way there. My mother was accompanying me to school and Mick was going to the bog with his horse and cart to work at turf. When he heard it was my first day at school he gave me a sixpence. I was delighted to get this for sixpence bought a lot of sweets back then. When we arrived at the school, Master O'Reilly was at the gate and it was there my mother left me. The Master asked Nan McKane to bring me into school. My teacher was Miss Byrne and I was given a slate and chalk and went to sit in the infant's class. I didn't stay long in in infants as I was 7 years old and after the summer holidays I moved on to first class. Miss Byrne left shortly after I started school.

We learned cookery and needlework and I recall making a flannelette petticoat that was far too small for me by the time it was finished. I was punished once by Mrs. McDonald in my time with her and it was for not having bias binding for that same petticoat. Another memory is when in cookery class we were told to take in the ingredients for Eccles cakes and Mrs. Donald told us to bring in some fruit cake. As there wasn't any of that commodity in our house my mother sent one of my brothers to Hodge's van that was driven by Jim Lamont and he hadn't any so he sold him angel cake instead. I was so afraid to go into school that day that I pretended to be sick rather than face Mrs. Donald without my fruitcake!

We also, were taught to sing by Mrs. McDonald who would gather us around the harmonium and we would sing songs like 'Let Erin Remember', 'Slieve na Mon', 'Snowy Breasted Pearl' and the 'Little Brown Jug'. I suspect that there may have been more crows than nightingales in her class. There was compulsory P.E. every week and it consisted of games played with bean bags. The playground was terrible in bad weather. We were in 'clabber' to the knees when it was wet. At playtime we would play ball and skipping games. As we got older I can remember learning to dance. I learned how to do a two-hand hornpipe, a six hand reel and a highland from Kathleen and Philomena McAninley. A great treat for us children was when the "magic man" came to the school. We all paid sixpence for this entertainment. He mystified us by pulling a rabbit out of a hat and other magic tricks. He always came on a motor bike.

The journey to and from school was fun too. For some time after starting school I can only remember Charlie Duggan and myself on our road. Later there were two families of Donnellys, Duggans, McGees, Nugents, Bridie Devlin and the Mulgrews. Many an evening Charlie Duggan and I searched for fairies around what we thought was a fairy tree in Maggie Doherty's lime kiln. In summer the Cranlome children would change their route and come our road and then cross over Montgomery's mountain. These were the times when we used to stage 'concerts' in the lane behind Big Jamie's. A low ditch there acted as a stage and the 'audience' sat down in the lane. Maureen Donnelly was our star artiste.

In summer time travelling people used to camp on the roadside below Maggie Doherty's. This was a fascinating time for us. They erected several canvas tents on the grass verge and had their cooking utensils sitting by the fire of sticks on which they cooked their meals. For me that smell from their fires is something I can still recall. For the first few days after the travellers arrived we would be wary of them and afraid of their horses and dogs that were tied along the road but, we soon got talking to the children of our own age and they often sang for us. We found out their names and them ours. Between the times we spent with the travellers and holding concerts I wonder what time we got home! Yet, I only remember being scolded once for coming home late and it was on the day Mary Donnelly and I thought Mary was very lonely going that long road on her own and if I went as far as Law's crossroads with her then we would each have the same distance to go home. But, we got distracted on the way

and found a great blaeberry bush in the bog beside Lynn's and feasted on the fruit. We completely forgot about time. When I reached home my father and mother were waiting for me at the back of our house and they were very cross for they didn't know where I had disappeared to. Mary's parents were cross too and it was something we never repeated.

In my early days at school our playground included the road between the parochial house and the bridge below Aughnagar Chapel but the increase in traffic soon ended that. School days were harsh compared to the present. We had to go out in all weathers without any waterproof clothing that is available now. We wore wellingtons all winter and on wet days in the other seasons. A river without a bridge ran across our lane that we took to school and wellingtons were a necessity. On rainy days our clothes were wet when we reached school and we sat in those clothes until we got home again. We were young then and everyone was the same so, we accepted these conditions as our way of life. My school days were relatively harsh for me but that did not mean I didn't enjoy my times with the other children of that era. We enjoyed ourselves in simple ways and when I look back and think of those schoolmates who have died prematurely I feel sad about them but look on those days as being mostly happy ones.

By Kathleen Bernie Grimes (nee O'Neill)

My Memories

My memories of going to school in the fifties are happy ones and I have had the pleasure to recall many happy memories this last year and half with my old school pals Bernadette, Eileen and Breige as we worked together on organising Cranlome Primary School Past Pupil's Reunion. It is with great happiness that we recall the many events that we have come through. We felt proud of the achievements of the pupils of Cranlome Primary School and are happy that we all did so well. We felt the pain of many of those whose lives had been harsh for them - but that's how life was then and today they have done so well.

According to the roll book, I started my school days when I was about six and a half. A year would normally have been spent in infants, now known as primary one. I recall that there were high and low infants, and then first, second and third right up to the seventh class. As infants we played with plasticine and boards, modeling all sorts of things. Brick slate boards and chalk would also have been given out. Our reading books were all about Jack and Jill and I can recall fondly the story of the "Tarback baby."

Mrs McDonald would teach the girls cookery and needlework as well as teaching pupils up to third class. We were taught how to knit a sock and turn a heel. That took a lot of patience

and sometimes many a one's nerves were frayed as they undertook the new skills such as making an apron, night-dress, needle work bag, the blanket stitch and the chain stitch in embroidery. Things would not be so good if we didn't arrive with our work in order! However we always did manage to “turn the heel” and perfect the chain stitch. At times we had fun in the class room and at other times maybe not so, but all in all we usually managed to turn learning into fun.

On a daily basis the postman came to the school. This was an event we always looked forward to, as it allowed us to have a bit of craic and a wee chat. The teacher also looked forward to the arrival of the postman as he usually filled him in on the local news and craic. James Lynn was the postman's name and I remember his face was always bright red and his bicycle was always the sturdiest I had seen. His letters were carried in a sack bag. Other visitors to the school were the attendance officer, Mr Kerr and we would always be a little tense until he left. I think the teachers felt that way too. If you had too many days off you were called up to the front of class and asked for an explanation. The District Nurse would also come by regularly. Hairs and nails were carefully examined and handkerchiefs had to be produced. I remember the willingness among the pupils to share handkerchiefs if some one had forgotten theirs and thus embarrassment was saved for another day.

Miss Tilly came by every three months or so with library books in the big library van. She seemed such an important person, petite with mousy wispy hair, she always wore a fur collar over her coat. With great care and reverence the books were delivered and we would all be excited about getting new books to read. Enid Blyton books were a personal favourite of mine. To me, Miss Tilly had to have been a very important person to have such authority over all those books!

For a time I travelled to school with Mr O'Reilly, the principal in his Austin A30 car. It was shiny black and among only a few cars in the area at that time. When I came home from school my tasks were to light the hurricane lamps and feed the hens in the deep litter. Sometimes I would forget to feed them water and would have to, as the saying goes “pull my socks up”.

The journey with Mr Reilly involved stopping at Best's cross roads to get water at the pumps, then onto Sara McKenna's to pick up the milk. Sara would often enquire on how I was and sometimes she would give me an orange. Normally however, my journey to school was up over the Pads (which was our field) past Kelly's, O'Neill's Lane, through the Duck Hole (a bog piece of land) and out past Gormley's (three families). I often called into Kelly's on my journey. Eileen and Kathleen Kelly would often be there with a warm welcome. I can recall I would bring my ribbons to them and carefully Eileen would construct and arrange the ribbon in my hair.

Many stories, photographs and memories have unfolded over this past year and some how by

chance (if anything is by chance) we have found a photo dating back to the 1950's where Eileen, Bernadette, Breige and I are standing together in a class photo! I thank my parents for having the good foresight to sending me up the Pads, over the Duck Hole and onto Cranlome School where friendship, trust, respect and all the other qualities were founded and nurtured.



Research Team: Eileen, Bernadette, Marie and Breige at Cranlome school in the 1950's

By Marie Quinn (nee Daly)

Francie Nugent

Francie was taken to school on his first day by James McKeown and Jim Morris. His home was in Aughnagar, but he was reared with his uncle in Altaglushan. His teacher was Miss Devlin from Pomeroy who stayed in Mick Gormley's. Mr. O'Reilly came to be the new Principal about 1939/40. He stayed in Frank O'Neill's of Ackinduff at first and then moved to Hughie Robinson's before he got married. After his marriage, he lived with his wife in Frank McHugh's in Aughnagar. During Francie's time at Cranlome a man named Hughes from Dungannon delivered coal to the school.

Some of My Memories

Some of my memories of school days are of going for water to Mick Gormley's well. Also being sent out to get a cane for the Master and, funny enough, it sometimes was myself it was christened on. Another task I liked to do especially when it got me out of the classroom was to collect "cow claps" from Hannah Murphy's field to mix with water to fertilize the vegetables and fruit that we grew in the school garden. Miss Byrne taught us to knit and sew and we boys made our own aprons. I was kept at home in the Spring and Autumn of 1941 and '42 to plough with horses as my father and all the farmers had to do compulsory tillage during the war. When I came back to school after one of these long absences the Master made the rest of my class shake hands with me.

by John Donaghy

Reflections of A Past Pupil

It is difficult for today's young people to conceive a situation where their parents and grandparents received their primary education in a school, which had none of the facilities that this generation takes for granted. In Cranlome School there was no electricity, no central heating, no mains water, no sanitation, no school meals. There were two basic classrooms, each heated by a pot-bellied stove, double desks for the pupils, dry toilets outside. Furthermore, there was no school transport, which meant that many children had to walk miles to and from school regardless of climatic conditions. That is a synopsis of what primary school life was like in Cranlome when I was a pupil there from 1954 to 1960.

Cranlome School is associated with an era where life was simple, when education focused on the three Rs- reading, writing and arithmetic and the word "computer" was unknown in this part of the world. However, it is people, not facilities, which make a school community and I have great memories of wonderful people, who were, who are and who always will be 'the salt of the earth'.

The school served a rural community, which was scattered over a fairly large area, covering the townlands of Cranlome, Aughnagar, Ballynahaye, Bockets, Mullysilla, Ackinduff, Clonavaddy, Altaglushan, all names which are part of our rich cultural heritage. The distinguished Irish poet, Seamus Heaney, has always emphasized the extent to which the place names, the landscape and the school in South Derry where he was born and reared shaped his life and work.

Cranlome school and its hinterland was a moulding influence in many of our young lives, and although it had been closed since the late 1960s, it will always be the place where many of us went to school and school days are supposed to be the best years of our lives!

My father, his brother and sisters attended the school from it opened in the late 1920s until the early 1930s. By all accounts, the school regime of those days was tough, even harsh, as life generally was in those grim pre-war years. When I attended the school from 1954 to 1960, conditions were less harsh but still regimented. Corporal punishment was administered liberally. The chief instrument of correction was the cane and few managed to get through their school career without experiencing its effects. In those days, we accepted our punishment and believed it was all part of the educational process.

During my early years in the school, the principal was the late Mr.T .P. O'Reilly who taught the older pupils while the younger ones were taught by Mrs.Winnie McDonald. When Mr.O'Reilly moved to Tullyallen School around 1957, he was succeeded by Mr. Michael Conway, R.I.P. a native of Pomeroy. The main educational focus was on basic literacy and

numeracy and, of course, religious education was also important.

At that time, most pupils left school at fourteen or fifteen years of age to go into farming, to learn trades, or, all too frequently in those lean times, to emigrate in search of work and a higher standard of living. It is pleasing to note that the majority of people who I can remember did very well in adult life and, thankfully, experienced levels of comfort unknown to previous generations.

Sadly, some of the pupils from my time in Cranlome are deceased. I think of my classmate, my neighbour and friend, John Cunningham R.I.P. The untimely death of John and his like diminishes us all.

While Cranlome School helped us face the rigours of life ahead, I am delighted that today's children have so many greater opportunities than those of the 1960s. From the 1960s onwards, increased access to education broadened the horizons of many.

Nowadays we have an excellent modern primary school, staffed by skilled teachers, who provide equality of opportunity for all the children of our community.

By Anthony McGonnell

The Big Room

These are the names of the pupils I remember in the 'big room' approximately 1958.

PRIMARY 5:

John Doran
Mary Kerr
Maureen Mulgrew

Noel Holland
Mary B. McGee
Delia McKane

PRIMARY 6

Susan Donnelly
Emma McCaul
Teresa Rose Nugent
Mary K. Nugent
Brendan McGonnell
Patrick Owens
Arthur O'Neill
Patrick Holland

Carmel Nugent
Veronica McFarland
Carmel T. Nugent
Marian Quinn
Patrick Doran
Sean Cunningham
John F. Duggan
Brian Laverty

PRIMARY 7:

Pauline McFarland
Mary Donnelly
Desmond Mulgrew
Patrick McLarnon
Aidan Holland
Patrick Donnelly

Maggie Nugent
Paddy Joe McKane
Odran McKane
Peter F.Nugent
Anthony McGonnell
Owen McKane

Sean O'Neill

PRIMARY 8:

Rose Duggan
Anne Murphy
Brendan O'Neill

Annie Duggan
Frankie Fitzpatrick
Charles McAninley

Eugene Owens

PRIMARY 9

Peter O'Neill
Patrick McGee
Marie Daly

Charles Duggan
Anne Jane Holland
Agnes Corrigan

Breige Kerr

PRIMARY 10

Michael Corrigan
Sean McKane

Patrick Nugent
Patricia McFarland

by Emma Owens (nee McCaul)



Cranlome School the late 1930's

Back Row: Left to Right, Kate Nugent Reclain, Ethel Cairns Altaglushan, dec. Eileen Kelly Ackinduff, dec. Mary Best Cranlome, Eileen Best Cranlome, Cissie McCaughey Aughnagar, Lucy Charlton Cranlome, Vera Morris Altaglushan, dec. Rose Ann Morris Altaglushan, dec. Teresa Charlton Cranlome, dec. Margaret Hagan Bockets, Tom O'Reilly, dec. **5th Row:** Left to Right, Patrick Donaghy Cranlome, dec. Cecil Cairns Altaglushan, James McKeown Reclain, Gerry Nugent Aughnagar, Alowish Kelly Ackinduff, Francie Nugent Aughnagar, Michael Mulgrew Bockets, dec. Thomas McGeoghan Bockets, dec. Owen O'Neill Clonavaddy, dec. Bernard O'Neill Ballynahaye, Anthony Gormley Cranlome, Francie Lappin Fashglusha, **4th**

Row: Left to Right, Alice Donaghy Cranlome, Martha Kerr Happers, Bridge Evelyn Charleton Cranlome, dec. Vera Donaghy Cranlome, Mary Donaghy Cranlome, Muriel Colbert Cranlome, Eileen Hagan Bockets, Lena O'Neill Clonavaddy, Vera Best Cranlome, Annie McCann Ballynahaye, Rose K. O'Neill Clonavaddy, Bridget Gormley Cranlome, Rosena Hagan Bockets. **3rd Row:** Left to Right, Detta Donaghy Cranlome, Detta Nugent Altaglushan, Peggy McKane Aughnagar, Bridget Nugent Altaglushan, Mary B. Hughes Clonavaddy, Mary Donnelly Altaglushan, Mary Nugent Aughnagar, Rose Ann O'Neill Altaglushan, Margaret Tierney Altaglushan, Josie McDonald Cranlome, dec. Kathleen McKane Aughnagar, Ivy Kerr Cranlome, Eileen Nugent Aughnagar, Mary Agnes Gormley Cranlome, dec. Gerard Kelly Ackinduff, Albert Kerr Cranlome, James Totten Ballynahaye, dec. Next Row: Left to Right, John Donaghy Cranlome, Peter Mulgrew Cranlome, Pat Mulgrew Cranlome, dec. Gerard Murphy Cranlome, Peter Francis Tierney Altaglushan, Packie Nugent Altaglushan, dec. Albert McCammon Altaglushan, Jim Mulgrew Cranlome, dec. Gerard Murphy Cranlome, dec. Gerard Murphy Cranlome, Peter Francis Tierney Altaglushan, dec. Charlie V. McCann Ballynahaye, Dennis O'Neill Ballynahaye, Charlie Nugent Aughnagar, Tom Donaghy Cranlome, dec. Hugh Mulgrew Cranlome, Jimmy O'Neill Altaglushan.



Cranlome School 1949

Back Row: Miss Byme, Joe Corrigan, Maureen Hurson, Kathleen Mc Aninley, Packie Tierney, Leo Mulgrew, Master O Reilly. **4th Row:** Mary Donaghy, PJ McKane, Brigid Gormley, Hugh J Donaghy, Gerard O'Neill, Oweny McCaughey, George Daly, Peter Gormely, Seamus McCaughey, Angela McFarland, Ethna Hurson, Annie Nugent. **3rd Row:** Maggie Gormely, Annie McKane, Nellie McKane, Nan McKane, Winnie Hurson, Bridget Alice Donaghy, S.B. Corrigan, Annie Corrigan. **2nd Row:** Hugh Nugent, Kathleen Nugent, Sean McKane, Brendan McKane, Joe Gormely, Hugh Nugent, Rosie Mulgrew, Patsy Kerr, Kathleen Corrigan. **Front Row:** Hugh O'Neill, Tony McDonald, Brian McFarland, Sean Tierney, Mickey Mulgrew, Gerry Nugent, Tom Mulgrew (Cranlome), Lawrence Donaghy, Barney Corrigan.

The Hagan Family, Bockets

There were five of us. We sat around the table and recalled our days in Cranlome School. We remembered too, stories heard from other members of the family. We all had vivid memories, not so much of the classroom as of extra-curricular activities.

Master McDermott and Miss Devlin were teaching there when Michael and Kathleen went to school. Master McDermott played the fiddle and taught the traditional Irish songs to its accompaniment. When Mammy told him she needed help at home, he told her that Anna would be a great help. Anna went on to a fulfilling career in nursing and she felt that he had shrewdly predicted her future.

Miss Devlin was a versatile teacher. She taught sewing, knitting and cookery at the same time as ordinary subjects and when Margaret was training as a teacher she used Miss Devlin's class organization method. One class stood around the room to read while others sat to do written work or "sums".



Anna, Michael, Kathleen, Margaret, Vera
and Eileen

Education was "integrated" in those days! Because if you had to walk several miles to school every day, hail sleet or snow, then you went to the nearest one. Eileen often told us that Florrie Best prompted her with the answer when she couldn't remember the big long name for the First Glorious Mystery.

First day experiences were not always good. Vera was only just four when she started school and remembers lunchtime on her very first day. She thought she was going home but found herself confronted by the tall railings around the playground. She felt closed in and scared.

Christmas Prize day in Miss Devlin's room was a big day in Ena's memory. There was a big table laden with all sorts of toys and sweets. The pupil who came first in the Christmas tests got first choice followed by the second and so on until everyone in the "mistress's room" had got a prize.

Master O'Reilly came to Cranlome when Margaret, Vera, Ena and Josie were at school. He was a young man with new ideas. He was a quiet man, who worked hard in the classroom and in the parish, and as Daddy said he never sought the limelight. His interest in horticulture was recalled by everyone, from growing mustard and cress in small boxes to a flower and vegetable garden at the side of the school. Around the sides of the garden were flowerbeds

with phlox, lupins, Canterbury bells and many more flowers. In the centre were plots of vegetables full of lettuces, radishes, beetroot and vegetable marrows. Bernie recalls going home from school with armfulls of fresh vegetables many of which were eaten on the way.

Playing rounders on the road was another fond memory, we didn't have to worry about traffic! The Master played with us and Isobel reminded us that afterwards there was an inspection of hands before we returned to the books.

Miss Byrne came to the school and carried on the tradition of cookery, knitting and sewing. She was very interested in embroidery and did beautiful examples herself.

Years later when she had retired Miss Byrne appeared on television in a local history programme about the Moy. Bernie wrote to tell her that she had enjoyed the programme and was pleased to get a reply.

Maybe time does dim the less pleasant memories. What we remembered were mixed but mainly happy, carefree days.

By Isobel McKenna (nee Hagan)

Jim Mulgrew

I am a past pupil of Cranlome School. I lived in Cranlome. There were nine of us, six boys and 3 girls and we had to walk two and a half miles to go to school. We went through fields for near-cuts. I went to school about 1931 and school teachers at that time were Miss Byrne and Master McDermott.

The first day I went to school my mother came with me and stayed an hour and said she was going home for my lunch but she didn't come back. I got home with somebody else. I was in the Mistress's room for about three years. Then I went to the Master's room. Master McDermott was very cross at times. He used a stick out of the hedge. He was a great violin player and he would send someone over to his house for the violin one day every week and play in the school for dancing. Master McDermott retired and then Master O'Reilly came. He was a very good teacher and a keen gardener. The whole playground was all a garden and the children had to pull the grass and weeds. We weren't allowed to play in the school ground but on the road - there wasn't much traffic at that time.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five - pound note.
The Owl looked up at the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Puss! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!
Pussy said to the Owl," You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.
'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will'
So the took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill'
They dined on mince, and slices of quince'
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
And they danced by the light of the moon.

I spent one year at Cranlome Primary School. I have vivid memories of Winnie McDonald teaching us this poem in an eloquent voice. On a high bench to the left of the room sat a papier mache owl and pussy cat, which had presumably been painted by some of the older children in the room. Differentiation existed even then!!

By Martina McCarron (nee Fox)

School Days

I was a past pupil of Cranlome School. My teachers were Master O'Reilly and Miss Mona Byrne. I started school at six years and left at aged fourteen. I covered all the subjects. Bible history was a strong subject at that time. I played games with my friends of rounders, football and marbles on the County road. Joe Corrigan who is now deceased and myself gathered sticks to keep the range lit to heat our classroom. The stove was a Modern Mistress. If you stayed too long gathering sticks you got two slaps, you were only allowed spend fifteen minutes out of class. I was a Mass server and I worked in the school garden. I lit the stoves on my turn to do so and they were hard to light. Sometimes the damper would stick. Once I was sent to dig the garden and I broke the shaft of the spade. I got six of the best with the sally rod. The roads to school were rough and stoney. Later the Tyrone County Council decided to screen and tar the roads. I once unscrewed the bung from a barrel of tar at the roadside and destroyed my clothes. I went to Hopper's Bridge and tried to wash them, but of course this made things worse. I got a few slaps that day when I arrived home. My school days were happy days and I do have some good memories of days gone by.

By George Daly

Anna Hughes nee (McCaughey)

Anna remembers the first year of the 11+, this was 1948. The following are the boys and girls who fitted into the age group and did the exam. They had to travel to Dungannon to do it.

Anna McCaughey, Nishey McFarland, Isobel Hagan, Alice Corrigan, Packie Tierney and Bridget Gormley (Barneys).

It was very far sighted on behalf of Mr O'Reilly to ensure that all the pupils who wished to do so had a chance to do the 11+ from the very first year it started. This was a great achievement for the school as the 11+ was unheard of in the country areas in those days.

A Funny Memory from My School Days

As a past pupil of Cranlome, I have some great memories. I remember one day we were out in the playground doing some gardening. Johnny Quinn had land adjacent to our school and he had ducks that would come down the 'watery' lane along the school grounds. One day we were throwing sods at the ducks and of course, Johnny came on the scene and started shouting at us. He was in a terrible rage. A certain individual in our group lifted up a rotten turnip and hit Johnny between the eyes. At this stage everyone ran into the school and Johnny ran in after us to relate to the Master what had happened. The mushy juice of the turnip was still dripping down his face. Master O'Reilly had to turn his back to Johnny as he couldn't stop laughing. Then we all laughed and things got worse. We were all lined up and questioned about whom hit Johnny with the turnip but no one told. I don't know what sort of punishment was given to us. Years have passed by and time dims my memory. I will never forget that day in school. It was so funny!

By Eugene Quinn

To School Over the Hills

They said it was three and a half miles to the school, and when you were six or seven years of age, it seemed like a long way. Most of the road was uphill and rather stoney and you didn't draw your first deep breath until you reached the top of Mulgrew's hill. Around the next bend was a long stretch of road called McKinley's hollow with an arch of trees above providing shade and shelter. When we reached Hopper's bridge you were well away from the safe reaches of home and could now encounter "The Master" at any time coming to school on his bicycle. From here on it was best behaviour for everyone if you wished to avoid a personal meeting with him later.

The first years with the "Mistress" Miss Byrne were fairly stress free, and you were taught the rudiments of Catechism, English, Arithmetic and Writing. The day would start with prayers, then everyone would stand in a circle around the room and each would read in turn. Some days we would learn to sew and then enter the "specimens" in a book. The girls enjoyed this along with some cooking while the "Master" would take the boys for other activities.

All was tranquil until it was time to move into the "Master's" room. The summer previous to that, there would be a certain dread, taking on new subjects like Bible History and Geography, while the other subjects started in former years were much harder. Homework was corrected each day and you were always wary of what reaction it might provoke in the "Master" as the cane was always in evidence on his desk. Everyone made friends and you would always have one or two or three special friends.

At lunch time we would eat what was packed in our school bags and after that we would play rounders outside the school gates or maybe just sit on the grassy bank at the side of the road looking over towards the Chapel. Many pupils came from that part of the country and the ones that were cleverer than you were the cause of some envy. These scholars were a source of satisfaction for the "Master" as when the "Inspectors", religious or otherwise would come to the school, they were the first to raise their hands. When it was time to go home each day, not a minute was wasted, rushing out the hallway, round the long pathway to the school gates and the descent of those same hills was a jubilant experience.

To this day when we hear the names of places like Cranlome, Aughnagar, Clonavaddy, Ballynahaye etc. they evoke wonderful and happy childhood memories.

by The Hurson Family, Bockets

Cranlome School

My memories of Cranlome School are many and varied but the memories that I like to recall are the good ones. I had lots of good friends at school and we had lots of fun even though we didn't have many toys or any other things to play with.

Our first teacher was Miss Byrne, who was a very nice lady. She taught three classes in the same room, all by herself. There were no classroom assistants in those days. When I look back on it all now, I wonder how she managed to teach at all. It would have been a hard job for anyone to keep so many children quiet not to mention teaching them reading, writing, arithmetic, English, geography, cooking, sewing, knitting and all the other subjects that she taught in the school. I can remember the first poem that I learned it was "In the bluebell forest".

THE BLUEBELL FOREST

In the bluebell forest
There is scarce a sound
Only bluebells growing
Everywhere around.

I can't see a blackbird
Or a thrush to sing
I think I can almost
Hear the bluebells sing.

Ah! There is a bunny
And he's listening too
Or perhaps he's thinking
"What a sea of blue"

When we were in Miss Byrne's infant class we played with plasticine. We rubbed the plasticine on boards to make it soft. The boards we used had advertisements for cigarettes on them.

Our Head Teacher was Mr. O'Reilly. He was a keen gardener. I loved the garden in the summer when lots of flowers were in bloom. I recall an incident when a hollyhock got broken. We tied it up with lathes and string on Friday evening Mr. O'Reilly (the Master) didn't know it was broken. On Monday morning I climbed over the school gate and took away the string and lathes and left the hollyhock lying down so the Master thought it had been broken over the weekend.

by Ann Marie Quinn (nee Gormley)

Jim Mulgrew (Aughnagar)

Jim recounts, in his own inimitable way, a certain problem he had when he was at school.

“When I was at Cranlome School I was very good at Reading, Writing and Spelling but when it came to sums I was hopeless. An absolute dunce! So I got Hannah Murphy to do my sums for me. This was great as every day I was marked right, right, right. All went fine until one day, lo and behold, out of the blue, disaster struck. Master O'Reilly announced that everybody in the class had got a sum wrong except Jim Mulgrew- 'Right, Jim, come out to the blackboard and show the rest of the class how you worked it out'. Oh, didn't I find myself in some pickle! I had to admit I didn't do the sum myself. And it was slap, slap, slap and on my jotter he wrote, for the benefit of Hannah Murphy- 'Mind your own business and stop doing other people's sums for them.' Exactly the same happened to Alice Donaghy. She was hopeless at sums too and got her Aunt Minnie to do them for her. On her jotter he wrote 'Well done Aunt Minnie.’”

Jim also recalls a poem about the milkman. This came about when his brother Dessie was asked to do a composition on the milkman. Lost for inspiration he turned to ‘wee Mammy’ who wrote this:

The Milkman

The milkman is a jolly man
We like to see him call
And leave the crates of milk
In a row against the wall
He comes along from Best's Cross Roads
And up McDaniel's hill
And our hearts are full of laughter
As he comes down Devin's hill

And when the snow is on the ground
He has to put on chains
To keep his lorry from spinning
Going over roads and lanes
I hope the snow will soon go away
And summer sun will shine
Upon the jolly milkman
With his milkcrates on behind

When all the compositions were corrected “Wee Mammy's” poem was ‘Top of the Pops’

Rose's Memories of Cranlome School

I first started at Cranlome School in 1952. On my first day my sister Annie and I were taken there by my mother who walked with us the three mile journey which took us up through McHugh's land at the back of our house over Hugh O'Neill's lane, over Joe O'Neill's street, where Bernadette and Sean were waiting to accompany us, then down the back pad to the Aughnagar Road, past Maggie Doherty's, turned right at Paddy O'Brien's and past McKane's lane where we met Nan McKane on her way to school.

Winnie Murphy (later McDonald) came out to the hall to meet us and I was a bit frightened and did not want to let go of my mother's hand. She knew my mother; they had been to this school together. I was soon separated from my mother's hand and taken into her classroom despite my tears and obvious fear and put into one of the small infant's desks near to the range and the organ.

I watched everything that happened that day and had a lot of news to tell when I got home of Miss Murphy putting on lipstick and face powder and of all the pupils who got scolded. I was very frightened and quiet and I never spoke unless I was spoken to and even then the words were few.

Four classes being taught in one room was a system of Education which could do with assessment. Even though as infants we were playing with counters and blocks, chalk and slates, we were listening to the lessons that each class was being taught and we picked up a lot of information and skills before it was our turn to receive them.

The year after I started school, Queen Elizabeth came to the throne and every pupil was given a present of a teaspoon with a circled end on the handle on which there was an image of the Queen's crowned head. When the distribution had finished there was one left over and the Mistress gave it to Audrey Lewis, the only Protestant in the classroom.

There were low infants, high infants, first and second classes in that room and the Master had the others up to fourteen years of age. Girls would come into the Mistress's room for cookery one afternoon and needlework on two afternoons and the lads of first and second class would take their place to do craft work with the master. The senior girls at that time seemed fully-grown ladies to me as an infant. I remember Bridget Alice Donaghy, the McAninely and Gormley sisters among others coming in to do cookery and they were very kind to us giving us a taste of whatever they were cooking.

I was in that room when the 5th of the 5th '55 was written on the black board as was the practice with the date each morning and I wondered where I would be on the 6th of the 6th '66. I moved into the Master's room the following year.

Master O'Reilly was always doing really interesting projects as well as the normal lessons of reading, writing, arithmetic and catechism. There was nature study and the ever-changing collections on the nature table to which we brought in any thing relevant that we found from bird's eggs to butterflies and moths. There were jars of tadpoles and budding plants and bulbs. We went for nature walks and spent some sunny afternoons working in the school garden and learned there the names of flowers and vegetables. We made collections of wildflower, discovered their names and pressed them in between the pages of books. We kept a daily diary into which we all wrote of current happenings at home or in school.

He had collections, books, material and equipment stored away in the stock room in cardboard boxes. He would give you an apple for every box you brought in to him for storage purposes. He had lots of maps and shell nature posters around the walls for our Geography lessons. Much of the study in Geography was about Africa and India. We read out of a geography book on alternate days with for our normal reading lesson. From it we learned all about date palms, rubber plantations, tea in Ceylon, Zulus and Pigmies in Africa.

We all had to learn at least one poem which we were asked to recite regularly as we had to have it ready in case a School Inspector walked in. My poem was 'Silver' by Walter De la Mare; 'Slowly silently, now the night walked the night in her silver shoon'. My sister Annie had one by the same poet; 'Someone came knocking at my wee small door'. Briege Kerr had Lewis Carroll's 'will you walk a little faster, said a whiting to a snail, there's a purpose close behind me and he's treading on my tail'. Eileen Irvine had Walter Scott's, 'Listen, listen, ladies gay, no haughty fear of arms I tell' and Pat McGee had Christina Rossetti's 'Holly'; 'a rose has thorns as well as honey, I'll not have her for love or money'. We used to tease each other at play time or on the way to school about the words of our poems, chanting the lines or even lumbering someone with a nick name from their poem.

Master O' Reilly was keen to keep us occupied and interested in both work and play. He showed us how to make bean bags with oat seeds and we had games throwing those, played rounders, or did circle games to rhymes; 'Green gravels, green gravels, your grass is so green you are the finest young lady that ever I've seen' or ' three times round went a great big ship and three times round went she'. These very much like our own simple play time efforts such as, 'Ring , a ring of rose's' or the 'Frog in the well'

When he left he was replaced by Master Conway who had a completely different approach. We learned lots of Irish History, Gaelic language, especially the prayers. We did weather charts and graphs for wall charts. Measured rainfall, temperature, pupil attendance and were able to prove to the Education Authority that high rainfall and bad weather caused high levels of absenteeism and convince them that a school bus would solve the problem. That was put on the road in 1958. I did not benefit then as it was for under elevens only, but Annie and I had bicycles bought for us and we cycled to school during our last year there and left in June 1959.

Master Conway was interested in amateur dramatics, got parishioners interested and resurrected plays for staging in Aughnagar Hall. 'Paul Twining' and 'Bachelors Are Bold' were among those which he produced. He was also keen on building construction and doing architectural drawings and designed and built his own house on the Ballygawley Line near Kileeshill Hall. During a spell of illness he was substituted by two masters who had links in the locality, Jerome Haughey and Val McCaul.

Regular visitors to the school included priests who were local curates; Frs. Begley, McHugh, Reid and McKenna, the latter being the Religious Inspector. The postman, James Lynn, called every day and saved himself many long journeys by not having to go to the homes of any child who could take their parent's letters from him. Occasional visitors included, Norman Kerr the attendance Officer, Miss McMoran the Schools Inspector, a very formidable lady and very strict and Nurse Smith, the school Health Visitor, who would sometimes bring along a dentist. Then there was Miss Tilley who kept us replenished with school library books, a little lady with a woollen coat well buttoned up to choking point as she had a very short neck.

I enjoyed most of my time at Cranlome School and I was keen to learn but always shy and inhibited. I listened a lot and said very little. Occasionally I heard criticism of the system there and lack of 11+ successes. When I left and went to Donaghmore Convent in September 1959 at the age of twelve but not having been entered for the 11 + examination I found that I was able to keep up with those who had been successful in passing it. A Geography teacher there, Colette O'Hare, remarked that my work was of a high standard that I must have gone to a very good Junior school.

At Cranlome I learned to appreciate nature and the great wonders of the world, got my first taste of poetry and literature and the basics in grammar and painted landscapes with watercolours, all of which I still practice and appreciate and from which I gain great satisfaction daily. In fact it was from work and interests like these that I have made it my living. Aspects of that foundation are still very much ingrained in my lifestyle. Every journey in life starts with a first step and I am glad that my first steps were taken in Cranlome School, guided in my unsteadiness and uncertainties by the teachers I have just mentioned. The name Cranlome is made up of two Gaelic words; Crann meaning tree and lom meaning bare, but I can safely say that many going through it on their youthful journey can look back and say that the Cranlome tree of life wasn't so bare after all and it did bear fruit in so many ways, ones we may never ever realise or get to know.

By Rose Morris (nee Duggan)

July 2004

Cranlome School around 1955, overleaf.

Back Row

Mr O'Reilly, Mickey Mulgrew, Brendan McKane, Joe Gormley, Lawrence Donaghy,
Mickey Mulgrew, Hugh J Donaghy, Johnny Mulgrew, Gerry Nugent, Hugh Nugent, Hugh
O'Neill, Mrs McDonald

4th Row

Paddy Mulgrew, Patsy Kerr, Shelia O'Neill, Philomena McAnenely, Bridgit Alice Donaghy,
Winnie Hurson, Tessie Gormley, Nellie McKane, Mary Donnelly, Rose McFarland,
Kathleen Corrigan, Rosie Mulgrew, Noel Morris

3rd Row

Maggie Nugent, Mareen Donnelly, Patricia McFarland, Anne Holland, Eileen Irvine,
Kathleen O'Neill, Marie Daly, Breige Kerr, Annie Mulgrew, Delia McFarland, Kathleen
Nugent, Audrey Lewis, Agnes Corrigan, Annie Duggan, Anne Murphy.

2nd Row

Charley McAnenely, Peter O'Neill, Eugene Owens, Paddy McLarnon, Peter Francis Nugent,
Packie McGee, Mickey Corrigan, Sean O'Neill, Oweny McKane, Dessie Mulgrew, Packie
Nugent, Rose Duggan.

Front Row

Sean McKane, Eugene Quinn, Bredan O'Neill, Odran McKane, Charley Duggan, Brendan
Nugent, Kevin McCaughey, Frankie Fitzpatrick.



Cranlome school around 1955



Cranlome School in the 1950's

Back Row (6th): Sean McKane, Hugh Anthony Nugent, Brendan McKane, Paddy Mulgrew, Mickey Mulgrew, Lawrence Donaghy, Joe Gormley, Noel Morris, Eugene Nugent. **5th Row:** Mrs McDonald, Anne Holland, Delia McFarland, Eileen Irvine, Mary Holland, Rosey Mulgrew, Shelia O'Neill, Kathleen Corrigan, Kathleen Nugent, Marie Daly, Mary Donnelly, Mr O'Reilly. **4th Row:** Oweny McKane, Charley McAnnely, Packie McGee, Bernadette/Kathleen O'Neill, Annie Mulgrew, Rose McFarland, Philomena McAninley, Patsy Kerr, Eugene Quinn, Mickey Corrigan, Breige Kerr, Patricia McFarland, Peter O'Neill, Annie Duggan. **3rd Row:** Rose Nugent, Mary Owens, Maureen Donnelly, Marie Holland, Regina Donnelly, Anne Owens, Maureen Mulgrew, Anne Murphy, Agnes Corrigan, Annie O'Neill, Annie J. Holland, Maggie Nugent, Pauline McFarland, Delia McKane, Veronica McFarland, Emma McCaul, Carmel Nugent, Brian Gormley, Joe Nugent, Pedhar Gormley, Mary Bridget McGee. **2nd Row:** Brendan McGonnell, Anthony McGonnell, Brendan O'Neill, Eugene Owens, Packie Nugent, Dessie Mulgrew, Odhran McKane, Sean O'Neill, Aidan Holland, Charley Duggan, Marian Quinn, Mary Catherine Nugent, Rose Duggan, unknown, Carmel Nugent. **Front Row (1st):** Noel Holland, Aloysius Nugent, John Doran, Roddy Gormley, John Francis/ Hugh Gerard Duggan, Paddy McLarnon, Packie Doran, John O'Reilly, Arthur O'Neill, Kieran Holland, Frankie Fitzpatrick, Francie Nugent, Packie Owens, Pat Holland, Peter Francis Nugent, Monica Holland.

The Good Old, Bad Old Days

“Go on Holland, hit him the coward's blow; if you don't you are a yella belly.” My mind was racing, what a choice; it was no choice. What was worse, being a coward or having your lights punched out? So I tentatively reached out and pushed Gerry and he pushed me back. Within a few seconds it was all over - some of the big girls broke up this primitive barbaric contest between two five year olds.

With eyes soaked in tears we were taken aside and I remember being comforted by my older sister. Gerry and I ended up in detention over lunch break. That's how both of us were punished by an understanding teacher who just happened to be Gerry's mother. Thanks for rescuing me Winnie. Gerry and I had a good laugh during detention and we remained good friends from that day onwards.

I am not sure how things have moved on from those days but I doubt if children are subjected to such a terrifying ordeal at the hands of older children. But that is the way it was in those good old days in the late 1950s in Cranlome. They weren't that good really. The sliced plain loaf with rhubarb or strawberry jam and a small bottle of milk, sometimes heated in the winter, constituted our lunch. No menu, no choice - just eat what was in your schoolbag or stay hungry.

It wasn't all bad at Cranlome, of course; there were good times too. You make life-long friends and I suppose that friendship is cemented by the harshness of our circumstances. I remember well the Dorans, the Hollands and the O'Neills, all from Ackinduff making the weary trudge over steep hills and mucky laneways to our seat of education. These journeys were often interrupted with a friendly chat to the late Joe O'Neill, Gertie O'Neill, Kathleen, Eileen and Pakie Kelly - all of whom have passed to their eternal reward. I have pleasant memories of these kind people who often greeted you with a friendly word of encouragement or praise - “by Jasus, young Holland, you're a quare man.”

We always had good fun trekking pipe smoking Joe O'Neill who left a trail of burnt matches in his wake. Now there's a man who enjoyed his smoke. If he wasn't lighting his pipe, he was peeling from his plug of Warhorse tobacco with his penknife, jokingly threatening all sorts of harm on us. Or maybe it was Pakie Kelly berating the Man Above for dumping a shower on his cracking dry hay. These are treasured memories of good solid country people, good neighbours and family friends. There was no hierarchy, snobbery or keeping up with the Jones - these people valued life and each other.

The people who decided to build the school in Cranlome were obviously fond of a good view - it was built on top of a hill. We walked to school by way of Gormley's lane with the children of Ackinduff and Mullysillagh. No doubt, we tormented the neighbours on the lane in the way that children do and usually one of the ringleaders was Brian Laverty.

Brian was a big lad with a great sense of humour. One day in religion class a temporary teacher, I think her name was Miss Slevin, was telling us the story of how Jesus compared his followers to a flock of sheep. All the children in the room were completely entranced by this wonderful story and Miss Slevin must have been proud of how she had the full attention of everyone in the room. The final lines of the Bible story were spoken in hushed, reverent tones, "feed my lambs, feed my sheep." A slight pause ensued and Brian, who was lying with his feet up on the next desk, his head cupped in his hands and a mischievous grin on his face exclaimed, "And throw the ould tip a bit too when you're at it." Needless to say the class erupted in laughter and even Miss Slevin could see the humour of Brian's contribution to our Bible History class.

Despite its shortcomings and there were many, most of the teachers did a fantastic job. Winnie McDonald and Mrs Conway were great teachers who cared deeply for the children in their care. I shall always be grateful to them for providing us with a good basic education in our formative years.

By Brendan Holland

Cranlome School

It stood upon a hilltop bare,
From every road you could see it there.
With one tall tree beside the gate
T'was there every morning we had to wait.

If you weren't there when the master came,
On you he sure would use the cane.
That would teach you not to be late,
But many of us had to suffer that fate.

Our homework it came next in line,
No spelling mistakes then you were fine.
But when the wrongs were added up,
For each of them you got a slap.

Take something in for the nature table,
or write news in the diary if you were able.
There was speed and accuracy every week,
And a spelling test that made you weak.

Now painting it was not so bad,
As long as you didn't act the lad.
Put your yellow wash on and away you go,
For you can't say now half the page was snow.

The toilets you would have to see,
To know that such a thing could be.
I thank God I wasn't a lad,
For to clean those out it sure was bad.

To sewing classes the girls did go,
Line up at the door in a row.
Just stand there as quiet as a mouse,
Or the mistress will come out and clear the house.

No fancy heating you may think that strange,
A pot belly stove and a wee small range.
Some gathered sticks others went to the well,
What job you got you never could tell.

Lunch was a couple of slices of bread,
With a bottle of milk put to your head.
Then to the playground for a breath of fresh air,
Hail, rain or snow sure we didn't care.

There were inspectors and officers of every brand,
Doctors, dentists and nit nurses grand.
With drills, needles and combs galore,
You have no toothache now if you had it before.

Then 3 o'clock slowly come,
And with shouts of joy we left Cranlome.
Along the road we'd dawdle and chat,
We ate from the hedgerow all we could get.
The day that dragged so long was gone,
But, ah! to heck sure we're back in the morn.

by Annie O'Kane (nee Duggan)

School

Though I was just a little girl,
I can remember still,
How I used to trot along ,
To that school house on the hill,
The rooms were big and draughty,
There was dampness in the hall,
And the only running water,
Was running down the wall,
But we had such good times there,
Oh! We had laughs galore,
And how our little wellingtons,
Would skip along the floor,
Mrs. McDonald was the teacher there,
She taught with skill and care,
I never will forget her,
Sitting up there, in her armchair,
But that was years ago,
More than I'd let you know,
There's a new school at Cabragh now,

And it is quite a show,
With big bright rooms and lots of space,
For little kids to play,
And they're served a lovely dinner,
To brighten up the day,
Mrs. McDonald is still teaching there,
One of her pupils is my son,
And she's gently learning him,
And I know it's a job well done,
May God bless her and give her patience,
To guide her little friends,
For like me they will remember her,
Long after their school days end.

(Written 1977)

By Mary Bridget Morris (nee McGee)

Past pupils/ Family members of Cranlome School

Patrick Francis McGee, Altaglushan
Mary Bridget McGee, Altaglushan
Michael James McGee
Pakie Joe Morris (husband of Mary Bridget)

Donaghys: during the 1940s

There were seven of the Donaghy family attending Cranlome school in the 1940s. May and Vera who were twins. Paddy, Alice, Detta, Anthony and Leo. At that time a lot of the children left school early to help on the farm or at home. Alice left Cranlome school to go to school in Armagh when she was ten years of age as, after her Mother died, she went to live in Armagh. The rest of the family left school age 14 years old.

Mr T. P. O'Reilly was headmaster and taught the older children and Miss Mona Byrne taught the younger children. Miss Gertie Devlin rode her Bicycle from Pomeroy to Cranlome School. She was a fluent Irish speaker who taught the younger children to speak Irish and learn their prayers in Irish. Later she became a Reverend Mother in Loreto Convent Coleraine and died a few years ago.

The subjects taught in those days were reading, spellings, tables, sums-consisted of long division and multiplication, geography all about the map of the world; Religion was of paramount importance in those years, catechism and bible history had to be learnt off by heart for the religious exam. Boys did needlework in those days as well as girls. Infact Cecil Cairns was the best knitter in the class. Mr O'Reilly was very strict and insisted on the boys having tidy hairstyles and everyone was made to line up 'military style'.

Mr O'Reilly taught gardening twice a week, each family had their own plot in the Cranlome Graden and grew vegetables. He also taught Irish Dancing every Friday evening, he would push all the desks back and put on the gramophone and learnt the children the 'High Cauled Cap' and 'Sweets of May'.

In the cold weather children brought in Cocoa and boiled water on the range and drank it with their soda bread. Cranlome School was a red brick building, the toilets were outside and were known as the 'closets'. It was a Public Elementary School.

The Donaghy family have many fond memories of Cranlome School but the highlight of the school year was when Mr O'Reilly got a large box of apples sent on a bus to Best's Cross Roads from Loughall. He then brought them to the school before the summer holidays and each child was given a treat of an apple from the 'Orchard County'.



Cranlome School 1947

Back Row: Mr O Reilly, Kathleen McAninley, Susan McAninley, Ellen McAninley, Joe Corrigan, Anne-Marie Gormley, Peter Gormley, Elizabeth Hagan, Packie-Joe McKane, Bridget Gormley, Teasie Gormley, Annie McKane, Miss Byrne. **Second Row:** Alice Mulgrew, Hugh Nugent, Mary Donaghy, Dympna McGorey, Sarah-B Corrigan, Alice McFarland, John McFarland, Angela McFarland, John McAninley, Detta Nugent, Bridget-Alice Donaghy, Mary Mulgrew, Brian McFarland, Hugh-John Donaghy, Mary O'Neill, Sean Tiernay, Neishy McFarland, Gerry Nugent, John O'Neill, Tom Mulgrew, Seamus McCaughey, Hughtie O'Neill, Joe Mulgrew, Micheal-John Hughes. **Front Row:** Micky Corrigan, Delia McFarland, Margaret Gormley, Mickey Mulgrew, Annie Corrigan, Philomena McAninley, Kathleen Corrigan, Barney Corrigan, Brendan McKane, Joe Gormley, Lawrence Donaghy

Donaghys-during the 1960s

Cranlome School closed in 1968 so the 'younger' generation of the Donaghys don't remember as much as the 'older' ones.

Colin, Eileen (Lilly), Sheila (Skeffington) went to the school in the early 60's. Mrs McDonald was the teacher. We remember having to learn our tables off by heart and still remember them today. We had to write 'news' and I believe we might have told more than we should have!! We walked to school which was about two miles and in the winter we were allowed to warm our hands at the stove in the front of the classroom which was greatly appreciated. We were allowed to put turf on the stove. During needlework we knitted pin-cushions and did chain stitching.

We have no more memories as we were only at the school a few years before it closed and we moved to St Mary's, Cabragh.

by Sheila Skeffington

A Wee School.....A Big Experience

The pot belly stove stutters into live. It is a hungry hippotamus that craves food as it gobbles up the twigs and shovelfuls of coal and slack. ...However, it does provide a certain heat in those wintry mornings, and another thing, if you can get volunteered by the master to fetch the coal...yes, you can waste school time. You see, you have to get out of your seat, leave the classroom and fill the shovel from the monstrous black pile in the coal room.

Yes, this all takes time and if you can manage to blacken your hands in the process.....well it takes a few extra minutes, away from your books to clean up.

Talking about wasting time, did you know that getting a bucket of water for the teachers tea bought you more time away from your schoolwork than putting a shovel of coal into the stove? Simple really. You have to walk over Gormley's lane and down a couple rush covered fields to the well. If you take longer than 15 minutes, give the standard excuse to Master Conway....Well, one of the Gormleys stopped me; she wanted to know how everyone was doing at home. Was my Aunt Hannah still working hard? Was my Aunt Rosie still baking?

It is mid October now and the leaves fall and disappear from the trees, so do our numbers in the bigger classes. For all those who come from farms and that is the majority of pupils, it's

a case of all hands to the fields and helping to gather potatoes.

Best of all is the last day before Christmas when the master and mistress throw handfuls of sweets around the room. I suppose this is Cranlome's school form of football or sweetball. I think I have learnt the secret of this game. Keep your eyes on just a few sweets and concentrate on grasping only them. Charge through the tables, chairs or whatever gets in the way and capture your quarry. Do not change direction and hunt for a freshly thrown handful of sweets or else you will end up with none.

Ah yes, the names, the games and the memories. They're fading again.

A wee school.....A Big experience.

By Gerry McDonald

Three years at Cranlome (1960s)

I spent 3 years at Cranlome Primary School of which I have some lovely memories. Mrs McDonald gave me the job of placing the small bottles of milk around the pot belly stove to warm and then at break time I handed them out to the class. My late dad, Peter Kelly delivered coal on a weekly basis to the school to keep those stoves up and running. I got to and from school with Master Conway as he was our neighbour. When learning tables Mrs McDonald made us stand around her desk - if you got the answer wrong- she could reach with her cane. Break times were spent playing hopscotch or tig with my friends Eileen Donaghy, Eileen Donnelly and Barbara Nugent.

By Una McKenna (nee Kelly)

Memories of Happy School Days

I recall the 'wee' room as Mrs McDonald's classroom was known as a very happy place with the pot bellied stove in the comer always throwing out great heat, sometimes the sides of the stove would turn red as would the cheeks of those sitting near. In the winter time the small bottles of milk were placed beside the stove to warm the milk, this kind gesture was not appreciated by all the pupils and to this day I do not drink milk. I loved listening to Mrs McDonald. She had the great creative ability of using her voice to make a story in the dull reading books come alive, you could almost see the characters in the story acting out their

role, she also told many stories from memory and these were equally fascinating as the tone and pitch of her voice and her facial expression frequently changed to suit the story. The few occasions I recall Mrs McDonald being cross were with my two younger brothers Eamon and Arthur. I clearly remember her face turning red and shouting very loud but I don't remember anyone telling my mother or them being afraid to go school. Many years later when Eamon's eldest son died, she was the first at the house with a box of goods. I had the great privilege of teaching alongside her for a short period in 1976 during my first year out of college. We travelled to Cabra on the school bus and it was on this journey that she freely gave me advice. She was an inspirational figure in my life-an exceptional role model.

The religious exam was a time for us to learn all the questions in the catechism. This was taken very seriously and we sat at home testing each other until we were able to answer the questions word perfect, we even had our neighbour - Maggie Doherty involved too. When the priest arrived to carry out the inspection I was disappointed that he only asked a few questions. On this day all the pupils were dressed in their Sunday best and we seemed to get a longer playtime. Preparation for the sacraments of First Confession, First Holy Communion and Confirmation required much practice and rehearsal. First Holy Communion was a special day, a day when we sat at front on our own and we felt very proud. This was not a time to receive money or go out for a meal as is associated with the occasion today. Shortly after Holy Communion came the procession to the Altar Glen in Ackinduff when the girls dressed in their Holy Communion dresses and strew petals of flowers along the way. The main difficulty was getting the flowers, our garden was where we played and flowers could not survive a dozen or more feet tramping about.

In the 'big' room. Master Conway (R.I, P) was our teacher; he seemed to spend much time standing at his desk. We used to stand out in a row close to the door to read aloud, I never knew if he was listening or not. He never slapped me in all my time in his room and to my knowledge he didn't slap girls. Making the tea for the teachers and washing up afterwards in the small cookery room was a time we enjoyed. That room seemed to have so much in it to look at but thinking back there was little more than bowls, and cooking utensils, perhaps we enjoyed being in there and feeling a sense of importance and responsibility. Tidying up the classroom was special, we loved to take everything out of the wooden cupboard at the back and take ages to dust around before carefully returning the contents.

I could end this short review by looking back half a century and making comparisons with educational opportunity then and today. I prefer to look around at the past pupils and recognise their achievements in their homes and places of work. The emphasis at school in the sixties was not on the quantity of knowledge we absorbed or on the results of exams. I believe the personal qualities of perseverance, persistence, loyalty, caring, and always doing your best that were nurtured in our homes and furthered developed at Cranlome School are far more important and hopefully are evident in our lives to this day.

by Eileen Donaghy (nee Rafferty)

Rewards and Punishments

"I stood up rather reluctantly as Fr. McKenna looked in my direction. He was waiting on me to answer. The night before I had learned the first part of this question of by heart but I didn't learn the second part. Now, here I was being asked a question and I didn't know the full answer. What could I do? I answered the first part and mumbled that I didn't know the rest. The Master glowered at me and Malacky Clarke put up his hand, he knew the answer. I knew I was in trouble when the Religious Inspector would leave. And I was! The Master asked me to stand up and he really gave me a roasting. I was a disgrace to my uncles "imagine two uncles who are priests and you don't know a simple question like that. For your punishment you must go the Parochial house and tell Fr. McHugh that you failed your bible history. Off you go now". With a heavy heart I headed down to the Parochial house. I knocked the door and the housekeeper let me in and showed me to the room where Fr. McHugh was. I told him I had been sent to him and I explained the reason. He listened and when I had finished he told me not to worry and that next time I would have it word perfect. I can still remember that there was a bowl of fruit on the table beside Fr. McHugh and he reached over and chose the biggest red apple from the bowl and handed it to me. He patted me on the head and told me to go back to school. I arrived back munching the apple with the juice running down my chin. The Master asked me where I got the apple and when he heard, he was not at all pleased. The other children gathered around me 'jealous' that I had been rewarded for not knowing my bible history! The memory of this incident has remained with me and I will never forget Fr. McHugh's handling of it. His way of dealing with me gave me more confidence in myself to do better than if he had severely scolded me - a nine year old child. (Fr. McHugh is a cousin of mine something the Master didn't know!)"

Robbing Orchards and Stealing Scallions

"Eamon and I were 'partners in crime'. We were cousins and shared a lot together. Two incidents come to mind of our time at Cranlome School. The first one was when we used to watch one of the other children eat his lunch consisting of scallions and salad cream. We didn't have scallions at either of our homes but we did know where there was some growing. There was a drill of them growing beside the school. Eamon and I would watch this other child day after day eat what we perceived to be luxurious sandwiches. And each day those scallions seemed more tempting until we finally succumbed to temptation and hatched the plan to go early next morning and pinch some scallions for our lunch. This we did and they were delicious. That would have been the end of that if we had not been greedy and went back again next morning for more. We crept into the field and were just about to pick some when the owner appeared out of the 'potato tops' and we got what was coming to us. She had a big stick and she walloped us both until we got out of the field. 'It was 'a good job' she did for we never went back to "pinch" her scallions again. Another day Eamon and I thought we would rob some apples from Donnelly's orchard. Apples were a luxury for us children in those days and we craved them. We didn't understand that scallions and apples had any monetary value

to the owners. Eamon and I planned that he would go up the tree and I would stay on the ground and catch the apples as he shook them off the tree into the tail of my skirt. We were going fine until we heard a shout and a man appeared with a shotgun. Eamon was faster than me and jumped from the tree and ran. Reluctantly I dropped the apples and ran too. Eamon got across the sheugh and up the ditch but I did not. This man was bearing down on me I was sure I was going to be shot dead. He was shouting that we would be "severely" punished when he would catch us (He said he would kill us!). Finally, I got away and needless to say that put an end to robbing that orchard. I think the Donnelly family was fed up with having their orchard robbed every year as children were drawn to apples in any form and this same orchard had been 'robbed' by every generation of children that had gone to both Aughnagar and Cranlome schools. We also ate green crab apples from some other trees owned by that same family. No wonder he used a gun to scare us off, and that we children were not ill more often as a result of eating apples that were not near being ripe. These are some of my memories from those years when I was a pupil at 'that Old School on the Hill' and Eamon and I were close friends "in mischief."

by Winnie O'Doherty (nee O'Neill)



The last pupils to attend Cranlome School in 1968

Back row L.to R: Mr. J.McRory, Martin O'Neill, unknown, Maggie McGeoghean, unknown, Margaret Morris, unknown, Arthur Rafferty, Kevin McGeoghean, unknown, Rosemary Tierney, unknown. **Middle row:** Brendan Owens, unknown, David Mulgrew, Sean McDonald, Colm Donaghy, Peg Donaghy, Paul Mulgrew, Barbara Nugent, Una McKenna, Cecilia Nugent. **Third row:** Paul Donaghy, Tony Gormley, Mamie McVeigh, Marie Gormley, Martina Fox, Eileen Donaghy, Marie McDonald, Sheila Donaghy, unknown, Deirdre Tierney, Eileen Donnelly. **Front row:** unknown, Paul Tierney, unknown, Michael Donaghy, Tim Donaghy, Hugh Gormley, unknown, Brian Mulgrew, unknown, unknown.



It was there We learned Reading and Writing - this group was pictured at Cranlome School in the late 1960's

Back Row: Sean Cunningham, Oweny McKane, Brendan O'Neill, Peter O'Neill, Charley Duggan, Packie Nugent, Packie McGee, unknown, Eugene Owens, unknown, unknown, unknown, unknown, Master Conway. **Next Row:** Mrs McDonald, Anne Murphy, Marian Quinn, Marie Daly, Maggie Nugent, Annie Duggan, Eileen Irvine, Breige Kerr, Patricia McFarland, Mary Donnelly, Ann J. Holland, Agnes Corrigan?, Rose Duggan, unknown, Cathy Gormley, unknown. **Next Row:** Peter Corrigan, unknown Owens, unknown, unknown, Regina Donnelly, Anne Owens, unknown Nugent, Delia McKane, Mary Owens, unknown, Mary B Devlin, Christine Nugent, unknown, unknown Nugent, Brendan McGonnell, John Francis Duggan. **Inset Row:** Veronica McFarland, Teresa Nugent, Micky McGee, Maureen Mulgrew, unknown, Carmel Nugent, unknown, unknown, Sadie Doran, John Doran, Rose Donnelly, Jimmy Rafferty, Gerard McDonald, unknown Gormley, Paddy Cunningham. **Front Row:** Packie Owens, unknown Nugent, Arthur Rafferty, Pat Holland, Eamon O'Neill, Peter Nugent, Adrian McDonald, Packie Doran, Pat Donnelly, Anthony McGonnell, Aidan Holland, Arthur O'Neill, Mickey Eamon Nugent.

Here are a few old favourites that introduced us to English Literature and prose.

An old woman of the roads
by Padraic Colum

Oh, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool ad all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And a pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave
The ticking clock and shining delph!

Och! But I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house-a house of my own-
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

The Woman of Three Cows

Oh Woman of Three Cows, agra! Don't let your tongue thus rattle!
Oh! Don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen-and, here's my hand to you,I only say what's true-
A many a one with twice your stock not half as proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More,s descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the great attendants!
If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the lord of Clare, the left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! For they were banished, with no hope of their returning-
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows!

Oh, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted-
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse-
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark,Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story-
Think how their high achievements once made highest glory-
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

The O'Carrolls, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's boldest,
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, inagh! You have got three cows-one more, I see, than she has.
That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
But if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

Lochinvar
by Sir Walter Scott

O, Young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lochinvar."

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like the tide-
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd of the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,-
"Now tread we a measure! Said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd "Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have a fleet of steeds follow" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graeme's of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

The Lady of Shalott.

By Lord Tennyson

Part 1

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the world and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To the many tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hears a song that echoes clearly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
The Lady of Shalott."

Priests who served in the Parish of Killeeshil during the life of Cranlome school Parish



Fr A. Rodgers
PP 1934-1946



Fr. Walls
(1967- 1983)



Canon T. Gribben
PP 1960-1966



Canon J. Donnelly
CC 1929-1934



Fr J. Reid
CC 1956- 1959



Fr O. Quinn
CC 1948-1950



Canon H. O'Neill
CC 1949-1951



Canon O. Sweeney
CC 1951-1952



Fr P. O'Brien
CC 1952-1954



Fr B. Begley
CC 1954-1956



Fr F. Madden
CC 1938-1947



Fr B. McHugh
CC 1957-1963



Canon P. McDonnell
CC 1964



Fr S. Rice
CC 1965-1968

Priests:

Fr. Arthur Rodgers 1934-1947
Fr. J. O'Donnell 1947-1959
Fr. T. Gribben 1960-1966
FR. M. Walls 1967-1983 (retd died P.E. Killeeshil 9.10.1986)

Curates:

Fr. Leo Hughes 1927-1928 (died C.C. Ballygawley 10.11.1963)
Fr. J. McGroarty 1927-1928 (died P.P. Tamney. Co. Donegal)
Fr. John Devlin 1929-1937 (died C.C. Loughgilly 24.9.44)
Fr. J. Donnelly 1929-1934 (died Canon in Cooley 23.9.72)
Fr. Madden 1938-1947 (died C.C. Dromintee 7.1.1955)
Fr. Owen Quinn 1948-1950 (died C.C. Magherafelt 14.5.66)
Fr. O. Sweeney 1951-1952 (died Canon in Cooley 1.10.90)
Fr. H. O'Neill 1949-1951 (died retd. Canon)
Fr. C. Kerr 1953 (died C.C. Dunleer 28.6.61)
Fr. P. O'Brien 1952-1954 (died C.C. Lissan 14.11.84)
Fr. B. Begley 1954-56 (died retd. 20.12.2000)
Fr. J. Reid 1956-1959
Fr. N. O'Donnell 1959 (died C.C. Clogherhead 6.12.1970)
Fr. P. McDonnell 1964-1965 - currently in Drogheda
Fr. S. Rice 1965-1968 - currently P.P. Coalisland

**Church of Ireland ministers who served in Killeeshil Parish in the forty years of
Cranlome School.**



Rev. J.W. Maltby



Rev. Brett Ingram

**REV. FELIX KERR, P.P.,
Tullyallen.**

Rev. Felix Kerr, P.P., Tullyallen, Dungannon, who died at Tullyallen, on Friday, was aged 71 years. He was a native of Whitecross, Co. Armagh, and was educated at Armagh Seminary and Maynooth, where he was a class mate of Right Rev. Monsignor Dean Quinn, P.P., V.G., Dungannon.

He was appointed curate of Mullaghbane, Forkhill, Co. Armagh, and subsequently was for 30 years curate of Portadown. He was appointed parish priest of Tullyallen in 1919 and was responsible for the erection of the new elementary school at Aghnagar and many renovations to the church. He was greatly interested in Church history, and led the procession each year to the old Mass Glen at Ackinduff. He had been in failing health for the past five years. He is succeeded by Rev. A. Rogers, P.P.

There was a very large attendance of clergy and laity present at the funeral on Monday.

Right Rev. Monsignor M. Dean Quinn, P.P., V.G., Dungannon, presided at the Solemn Office and Requiem Mass in St. Mary's R.C. Church, Tullyallen. The celebrant was Rev. Louis J. Walsh, C.C., Dungannon; Rev. Peter Cush, P.P., Ballygawley, was deacon, and Rev. J. Donnelly, C.C., Armagh, sub-deacon. Rev. James Mackin, C.C., Cookstown, was master of ceremonies. The chanters were Rev. H. M'Kee, C.C., Moortown, and Rev. R. Callon, C.C., Ballygawley.

Following the Mass, interment took place in the cemetery attached to the church.

The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. Peter M'Aleer, Commercial Hotel, Dungannon.

First Holy Communion and Confirmation pictures from the Cranlome years.

Aughnagar 1962



L to R: Oliver O'Neill, Winnie O'Neill,
Bridget Duggan, Eamon Rafferty.

First Communion Aughnagar 1956



L to R. Back row: Arthur O'Neill, Brian Gormley, Francie
Nugent,
Front row: John Doran, Noel Holland.

First Holy Communion Aughnagar 1957



L to R: Anne Owens, Regina Donnelly,
Rose O'Neill, Kathleen Donnelly, Sadie Doran.

First Holy Communion at Aughnagar



Back row: Seamus Morris, Brian Donaghy, unknown, Sean McDonald, Adrian Mulgrew, Seamus McGee, Pat Nugent, Pat Tierney. **Front row:** Fidelma Owens, Deirdre Tierney, Mamie McVeigh, Sheila Donaghy, Marie Gormley, Marie McDonald, Mrs. McDonald.

Confirmation Tullyallen 1965



Confirmation Donaghmore 1961



Included in this photo are: Bridie Devlin, Kathleen Donnelly, Rose O'Neill, Mary Duggan and Rose Donnelly.



Holy Communion at Tullyallen, Teacher, Teresa Conway and Father Gribben.



Mary Daly (nee Kerr) at Confirmation in Tullyallen



Confirmation in the 1960's some of those included in the picture are: M. McGonnell, Peter John McBride, Eileen Rafferty, Oliver O'Neill, Pauline Owens, Sean McGonnell, Plunkett Doran, Paddy Cunningham and Roisin Mulgrew.

Who remembers going to these events??

Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Division 203.

— A —

GRAND DANCE
WILL BE HELD IN
**BLACKWATERTOWN
A.O.H. HALL,**
ON
Thursday, 15th August,
Commencing at 10 o'clock.

Music by McNamaras' Band.

Admission: One Shilling.
GOOD MUSIC and GOOD FLOOR.
Proceeds in aid of Band.

TULLYALLEN A.O.H.
A DANCE
WILL BE HELD IN THE
A. O. H. HALL,
KILLYMOYLE,
ON
Sunday Night, 4th August.

ADMISSION:
Gents 1/-; Ladies 6d.

REFRESHMENTS SOLD IN HALL.
GOOD MUSIC. ALL WELCOME.

DONAGHMORE.

A DANCE
in aid of above will be held in
ST. PATRICK'S HALL,
TULLYDRAW.
ON
Thursday, 15th August.

Music by Thursbys' Dance Band.

ADMISSION:
Ladies, 6d.; Gents, 1/-.

Ancient Order of Hibernians
Division 477.

A DANCE
under the auspices of above
will be held in the
A.O.H. HALL, KILLESHIL
ON
Thursday Night, 15th August

Dance Hours: 9 to 4.

Music by Killeshil Dance Band.

Admission: One Shilling.
Refreshments to be had in the Hall

ST. COLUMBA'S HALL,
AUGHNAGAR.

— A —

GRAND DANCE
will be held in above Hall on
Thursday Night, 15th August

DANCING FROM 9-30.

ADMISSION:
Ladies, 6d.; Gents, 1/-.

DANCE
in the A.O.H. HALL,
KILLEESHIL
on **Sunday, 22nd January, 1961**

MUSIC BY—
THE CLIPPER ACES
BAND SHOW

Admission 1/-. The Com. reserve the right to refuse adm.

GRAND VARIETY CONCERT
IN GALBALLY G.A.A. HALL, SUN., APRIL 7th

★ STAR ATTRACTION ★
EAMONN McLONE

(Star of Bridie Gallagher Show) WITH

- HUTCHESON SISTERS, OMAGH (Songs)
- COMAC BROS., DUNGANNON (Trad. Music)
- TOM QUINN, GALBALLY (Tin Whistle)
- ARTHUR McNALLY, CARRICKMORE (Songs)
- JOHN O'NEILL, DONAGHMORE (Accordeon)
- TWO LOUGHRAN SISTERS, GALBALLY and (Songs)
- PHILOMENA BEGLEY, POMEROY (Songs)
- LOCAL TROUPE OF DANCERS
- McGUIRE SISTERS
- PAT HAMILL, DONAGHMORE (Violin)
- JOHN McGEARY, GALBALLY (Songs)
- JOHN LOUGHRAN, POMEROY (Litter)
- SHEILA McMAHON, GALBALLY (Piano)
- JOHN HAYDEN, DUNGANNON (Violin and Mandolin)
- McKEOWN BROS. CEILI BAND

• COMPERE—MALACHY SWEENEY, DUNGANNON
ADMISSION—4/- and 3/-.

CEILI TO FOLLOW. Admission 2/6.

GALBALLY G.A.A. HALL
CEILI
SUNDAY, 5th MARCH
McKEOWN BROS. CEILI BAND. Rincee from 8 p.m.

TALENT ————— 3/6 d

Past Pupils Anne Marie Quinn (Gormley) and Kathleen McElroy (Rafferty) have given some of their collected memorabilia.

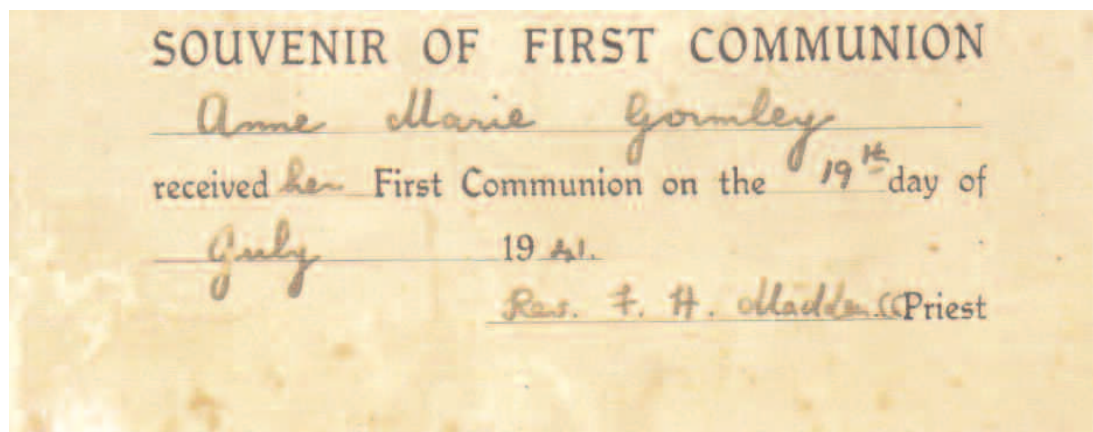


*This is myself holding Anne Marie
& Devlin*

Miss Devlin pictured with Anne Marie Gormley when she stayed with the family during her time as a teacher in Cranlome school. She left Cranlome to enter a Convent and her religious name was Sr. Laurence. She was very well liked by her former pupils who often visited her until her death a few years ago.



Sr. Laurence, later in life.



Souvenir of First Communion with Fr Madden's signature



The teaching staff of St. Mary's Primary School, Cabragh, pictured at the opening on Monday. Left to right: Mr. T.P. O'Reilly, Principal, Mrs. J. McDonald, Mrs. E. Kelly, Miss Quinn and Mr J. Sheehan.



Three young scholars who were thrilled on Monday when St. Mary's Primary School was opened at Cabragh.

Moy teacher's death

The death took place on Saturday last, 28th September of Miss Monica Frances Byrne, formerly of The Square, Moy.

Mona, as she was popularly known passed away at Chestnut Lodge Nursing Home, Benburb, where she had been a resident for some time.

Daughter of the late James and Mary Byrne, she was predeceased by a sister Mrs Maureen Wilkinson, brothers Rev. Fr. Frank S.M. and Jim, and step-mother Eileen. She is survived by a sister, Mrs Patsy Cuning, Coleraine, brother Michael, Carlisle, Cumbria, sister-in-law, Siobhan, nieces and nephews and other relatives to whom sympathy is extended.

Born on Candlemas Day, February 2nd, 1913, Mona attended the old Moy Girls' School and St. Joseph's Convent, Donaghmore, before qualifying as a teacher at St. Mary's Training College, Belfast in 1933. Her teaching career saw Miss Byrne impart the 3 Rs to children in Enniskillen. Cranlome.



Monica Frances Byrne

Collegeland and St. John's P.S. Moy from which she retired as Vice-Principal in 1976.

As a teacher, Mona was following in a family tradition as her parents and grandpar-

ents had taught in the Moy in earlier years and her dedication to the children under her care was appreciated by parents and pupils alike.

A deeply devout Catholic, Mona was a daily Communicant and a former President of Moy Branch Apostolic Workers, raising thousands of pounds for the Missions. A keen historian her knowledge of and interest in local events was vast and her passing has bereft the area of one of its finest and most generous individuals.

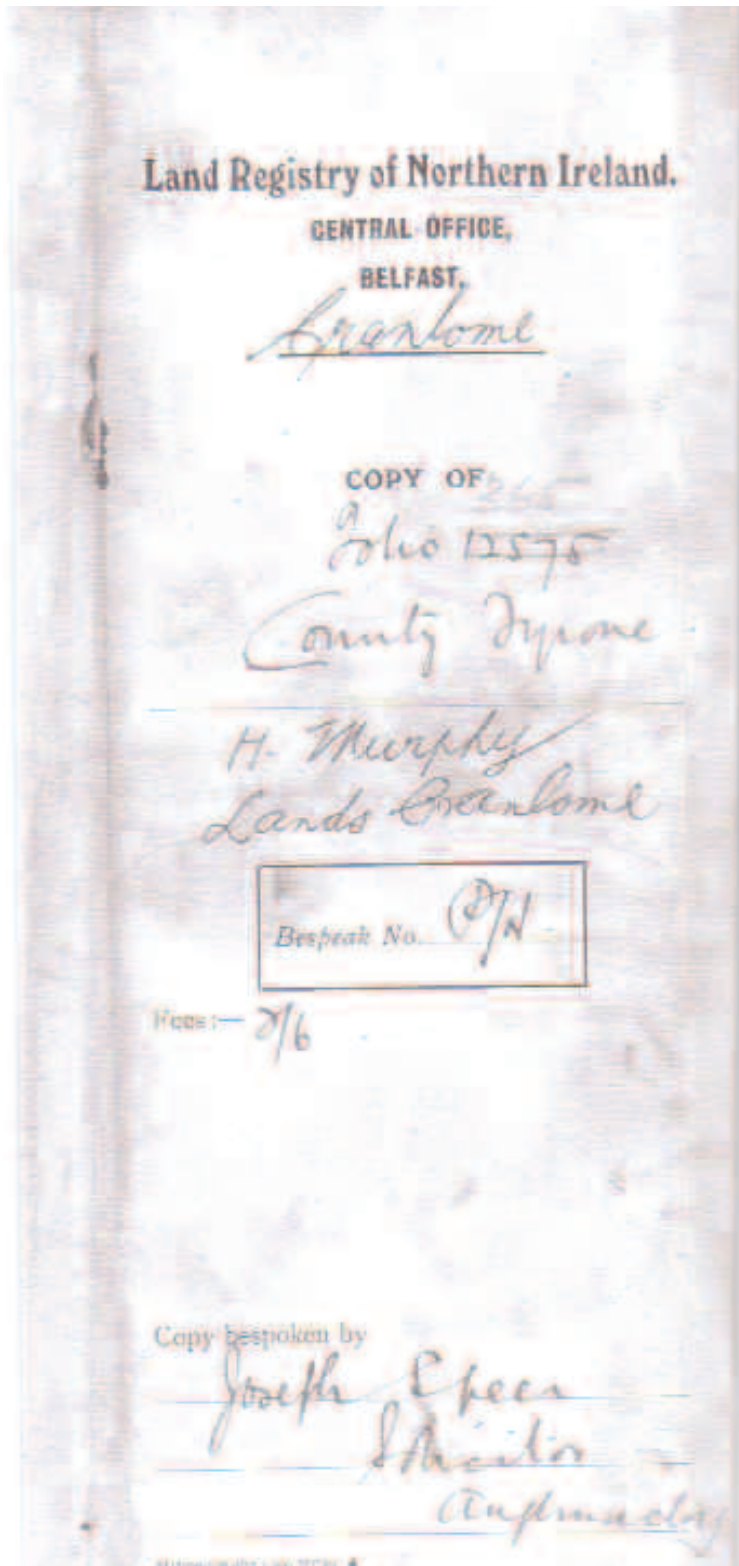
Miss Byrne's remains were removed to St. John's Church, Moy on Sunday evening where they were received by Fr. Vincent Darragh P.P.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to facilitate the arrival of Miss Byrne's brother Michael from Carlisle.

Rev. John Hughes C.C. celebrated the Requiem Mass which was very well attended. Music was provided by the church choir.

Interment took place in the adjoining churchyard where Fr. Darragh P.P. officiated.

Miss Byrne's Obituary



Folio Document for the school



Jim Donaghy and Roddy Gormley
at the school gates.



John and Bridget Maguire in the
playground.



Paddy and Mary Cunningham



Paddy and John Cunningham

Sources

Public Records Office, Belfast
Newspaper Library, Belfast
Diocesan Records, Ara Coeli, Armagh
Irish and Local Studies Library, Armagh
Dungannon Library
Omagh Library
Local people who loaned various articles.