



100

not out

a celebration of a centenary

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE IN IRELAND

CHANCERY DIVISION

MATTER OF THE WILL.

Between

The Right Hon John Crichton, Earl of Erne, The
Right Hon Lovyn Egerton, Earl of Bessborough and the
Rev. D. O'Leary,

Plaintiffs.

and

The Right Hon Dodgson Hamilton Madden, Her
Majesty's Attorney General for Ireland, Mervyn
Stewart Archdale and Christopher John Weir and
Anna C. Weir and by Order Catherine Fowler.

Defendants.

AGREEMENT

for the Bible School directed to be established by the
Will of Michael O'Connell Jones, dated the 20th day of
February 1874.

1. The School shall be called the "Jones Memorial Bible School".
2. The Trustees of the said Charity shall be "The Glenties Diocesan Board of Education" (hereinafter called "The Board") incorporated by a Scheme made by the Judicial Commissioners constituted under the Educational Endowments (Ireland) Act 1885 dated 17th day of August 1891 and approved by the Lord Lieutenant by order in Council dated the 10th day of February 1892. The School shall be managed by a Committee of five members of whom the Bishop of Glenties and the Incumbent of the Parish of Roscorry in the County of Fermanagh for the time being according to the constitution of the Church of Ireland under the Irish Church Act 1869 shall ex-officio be two. The first Members of Committee shall be the Right Rev. Charles Frederick Darcy Lord Bishop of Glenties; the Rev. Christopher Mahan Incumbent of Roscorry; The Rev. David O'Leary D.D. Canon of the Cathedral Church of St. Martin Glenties; Richard Biggs Esq., LL.D. Headmaster of Forterra Royal School Roskilly and William Rutherford Cooney Esq., J.P. of Roskilly.
3. In case any member of Committee not being an ex-officio member shall become incapable of acting or shall wholly cease to act for the period of two years or shall become bankrupt or shall cease to reside within the County of Fermanagh he shall be thereby disqualified from continuing to act as a member of Committee and a vacancy of the office of the person so disqualified shall be thereby created and in every such case and also in the case of the death of any member and the vacation of the office in respect of which any person is ex-officio member "The Board" shall fill up such vacant places among the Committee and the same shall be filled accordingly having regard to the provision of clause 2 hereof.
4. The Irish Plantation were at Lisgoole directed by the said Testator to be set apart as a site for the said school and so set apart by the trustees of his Will and any other property of the said Charity shall be vested in "The Board".
5. The funds which have been allocated in respect of the legacy of £3000. bequeathed by said Testator for the building endowing and keeping up of the said school shall be applied in the first instance in paying the costs of and incidental to the settlement of this scheme pursuant to the order dated the 20th April 1903 and the balance shall be transferred and paid to "The Board" in trust for the said Charity. "The Board" shall set apart a sum of £1000 as a building and equipment

fund and shall invest the remainder of the said funds as an endowment fund on such investments as are authorised by their said scheme for investments of funds under the control of "The Board" and shall pay the income of the said funds for the time being to the Committee of the Charity for the time being.

6. The Committee with the approval of "The Board" shall properly enclose the site and erect and equip upon the said site a schoolhouse and other buildings suitable to the purposes of the Charity at an expense not exceeding £1000 but it shall be lawful for "The Board" if satisfied that from some unforeseen cause such expense shall be exceeded to pay such excess or any part thereof if they shall so think fit out of the endowment fund or the income thereof. The expenses of the building and equipment shall be paid out to the Committee as required by the drafts of "The Board".

7. The school premises shall be capable of affording suitable accommodation for at least 100 day scholars with rooms suitable for manual and technical instruction and also a proper residence for the master and his family.

8. Plans and estimates for the said schoolhouse and other buildings shall be prepared by a competent Architect to be appointed by the Committee and shall be submitted to and approved of by the Committee and "The Board" before any contract is concluded for the building of the same and a proper contract in writing to be approved by the Committee shall be executed for the erection and completion of the said buildings before the same shall be commenced.

9. The Committee shall appoint the Schoolmaster and any assistants or monitors and may remove him or them if it shall seem fit to them but no such Schoolmaster shall be removed except by the consent of a majority of the said Committee.

10. The Schoolmaster assistants and monitors (if any) shall be paid such salary or salaries as the Committee with the approval of "The Board" shall determine.

11. The pupils shall be entitled to receive a sound elementary English commercial and mathematical education in the school with such manual or technical instruction as the Committee may sanction and with religious instruction with special attention to the study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. The School shall be subject to such inspection as is provided for by clause 30 of "The Board's" said scheme.

12. The Committee shall have power to admit to the said school both free day pupils and paying day pupils upon such terms as they shall determine and to make all necessary arrangements connected therewith.

13. In addition to the education provided in Clause 11 there may also be given instruction in languages or sciences or other education of a more advanced character sanctioned by the Committee for which such further fees as the Committee shall fix shall be charged to paying pupils and the Committee may have the same instruction given to such of the free pupils as they shall consider deserving thereof free of charge.

14. The Committee shall have power to dismiss from the school or remove from the free list of pupils any pupil for adequate cause to be specified in the order and the sufficiency thereof to be in the sole discretion of the Committee.

15. The Committee shall allocate such part as they shall see fit of the said site as a playground for the pupils and allocate the residue thereof as they shall think fit.

16. The Schoolmaster for the time being shall reside on the school premises and shall devote his whole time to the business of the school except with the permission of the Committee.

17. The Committee for the time being shall have power if they shall see fit with the sanction of "The Board" to make applications to and arrangements with the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland to take the said school under the control or inspection of the said Commissioners and if the

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The Last Will and Testament of M. O. Jones

This is the last Will and Testament of me Michael Obita Jones of Lisgoole Abbey, in the County of Fermanagh Esquire. I revoke all former and other wills by me at any time heretofore made or published. Whereas I am entitled to an Estate absolutely in the County of Down expectant on the death of my cousin Mrs. Catherine Fowler who has an Estate for life therein I hereby charge the said Estate and lands with the sum of 2 thousand pounds sterling to be paid upon the death of said Catherine Fowler and my dear mother without interest, the interest or dividend of which to be paid to my cousin Mrs. Elizabeth Roper wife of Edward Roper for her life free from the control of Intermiddling of her present or any after taken husband and from and after her decease to my children share share alike and subject thereto I give devise and bequeath all the said lands to my mother for life if she survives Mrs. Fowler and after her decease the issue of the said Catherine Fowler as she may by deed or will appoint and if no appointment then to go to them share and share alike and whereas I am entitled absolutely expectant on the death of my said cousin Catherine Fowler to an Estate in the town and County of Sligo I give devise and bequeath the same to my mother for life after her decease to my Uncle Captain Alexander Lunan absolutely and whereas I am seized absolutely of an Estate in the County of Fermanagh called the Lisgoole Estate now in my possession and that of my undertenants I give devise and bequeath the same and all my Estate and interest therein unto Colonel Edward Archdale and Nicholas Montgomery Archdale Esquire and their heirs upon trust to permit and suffer my dear mother Mrs. Isabella Jones to receive the rents and profits thereof during her life and from and after her decease I give devise and bequeath to my said Trustees absolutely all my said Estate upon trust to sell and absolutely dispose of the same in one or more lots by private sale or by Public Auction at their discretion save one Irish Plantation acre which I reserve for the purpose of having a Bible School erected thereon and upon which I direct three

thousand pounds to be expended out of the sale of my property in building and endowing and keeping up the same the schoolmaster from time to time to be appointed and removable by my said Trustees and the Incumbent of the Parish of Banagher for the time being or the majority of them and it is my will and desire that the receipt of the Trustees of this my Will shall be sufficient discharge to the Purchaser or Purchasers of my Estate or any part or parts thereof without their being accountable for the application thereof and as to the application of the residue of the produce of the sale of my said property after payment of my just debts and necessary expenses. I give and bequeath the same as follows videlicet To the Fermanagh Protestant Orphan Society the Protestant Church Missionary Society The Protestant Hibernian Bible School

and Protestant Deaf and Dumb and Blind Society of Belfast The Stewart Institution for the education, training and maintenance of idiotic and imbecile children and asylum and Lunatic patients of the middle classes to be equally divided amongst them. I appoint my mother Mrs. Isabella Jones my executrix and residuary legatee of my real personal and free hold estates. In Witness whereof I have hereto subscribed my name this twentieth day of February One thousand eight hundred and seventy four.

M.O. Jones

Signed published and declared by the said Testator as his last will and Testament in our presence when his presence and at his request and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto:- John Collum

William Collum

In the High Court of Justice

Probate and Matrimonial Division (Ireland)

The Principal Registry Dublin.

Be it known that on the 19th day of July 1878 the last Will and testament herunto annexed of Michael Obita Jones late of Lisgoole in the County of Fermanagh Esquire deceased who died on or about the second day of June 1878 at Kingstown in the County of Dublin was proved and registered in the Principal

Foreward

It gives me great pleasure to introduce this wonderful synopsis of the past 100 years and I am privileged to serve as principal of Jones Memorial School at this very exciting time.

What a hundred years it has been, I hope you enjoy reading the many interesting articles as much as I have enjoyed being involved with the production of '100 not out'.

I would like to thank the History Committee and the many contributors who have helped make this possible, without the invaluable support of the various past pupils this would not be as interesting. A special note of thanks goes to Marion Maxwell who interviewed a large array of past pupils and proved an inspiration for this publication.

Times have changed so much over the past 100 years and nothing is changing as much as education is currently, we can only imagine what the next century could possibly bring.

Through the purchase of this book not only will you enjoy the many citations over the past years but you will also have contributed to the development of Jones Memorial School and ensuring we sit at the forefront of education in the region.

This has been an eventful challenging year but one which deserved significant celebration and recognition, I am proud to say we celebrated in style with a garden party and formal to name but a few events culminating in the publication of '100 years not out'.

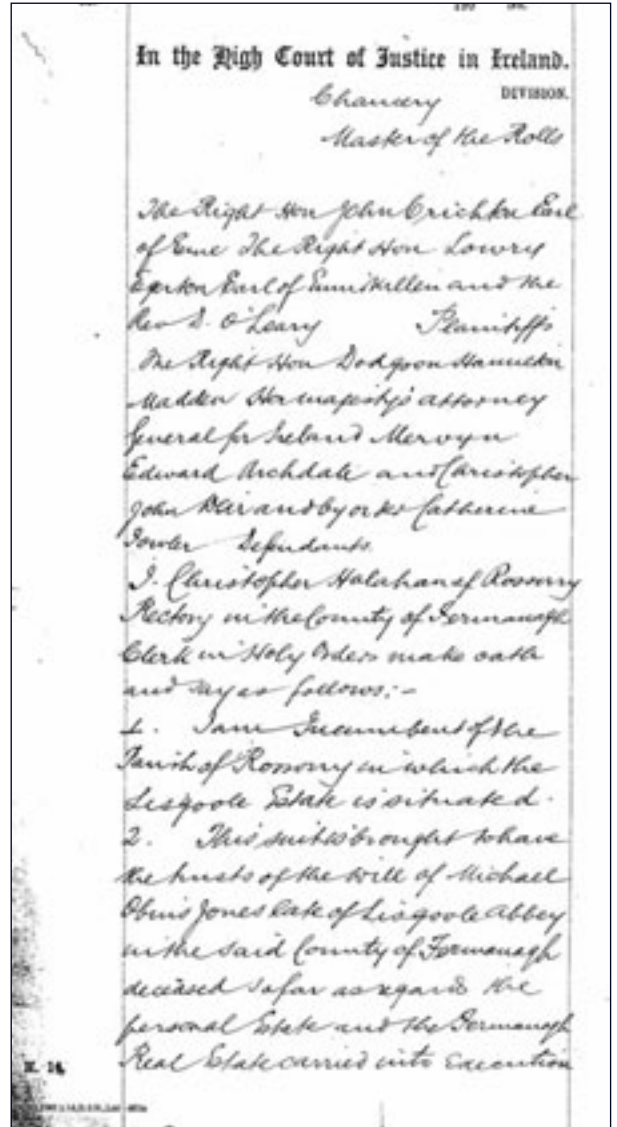
Happy Reading

S Isherwood

Jones Memorial – How did it all begin?

The Jones Memorial Bible School directed to be established under the will of Michael Obins Jones on 20th February 1874 and set up as a charity with a Voluntary Management Committee of Trustees. This was made up of five members of whom the Bishop of Clogher, the incumbent in the Parish of Rossorry, the incumbent of the St Macartin's Cathedral, Enniskillen, the Headmaster of Portora and a local Justice of the Peace.

1. Right Rev Charles Frederick Darcy Lord - Bishop of Clogher.
2. Rev Christopher Halahan – Incumbent of Rossorry
3. Rev David O'Leary – Canon of Cathedral Church of St Macartin
4. Richard Biggs Esq. – Headmaster of Portora
5. William Rutherford Cooney - J.P. Enniskillen



9th July 1903

A large and representative meeting of the tenants and inhabitants of the neighbourhood assembled at Lisgoole , the following resolution was unanimously carried.

That we the tenants on the Lisgoole Estate and inhabitants of the neighbourhood this day assembled desire that the legacy of £3000 and interest thereon be rested in the Clogher Diocesan Board of Education incorporated on 10th February 1892 as trustees composed of the following

- The Bishop of the Diocese , the Dean and the Archdeacon
- Rev Chancellor Moffitt
- Rev Canon Hudson
- Rev Canon Abbott
- Rev Young
- Rev Canon Haire Foster
- The Earl of Erne
- Edward M Archdale esq.
- H DEF Montgomery esq.

And that said the Board be authorised to carry out

Testator's wishes and also that the Irish Acre bequeathed on which to build said school be also vested in the said Board.

If a member became incapable of serving on the Committee, became bankrupt or moved from the country, he was disqualified from continuing to serve on the committee.

Michael Obins Jones bequeathed a legacy of £3000 for the building and the upkeep of the school. The Committee set apart £1000 in 1903 for the building and equipment fund and the remainder was invested. The school house and the other buildings suitable not to exceed £1000.

The school premises to be capable of suitable accommodation for at least 100 day scholars with rooms suitable for manual and technical instruction and also proper residence for the Master and his family.

The Committee to appoint the Scholar Master and any assistants or monitors and may remove him or them if it seemed fit although the School Master shall not be removed except by the consent of a majority of the Committee.

Registry of said division and that the administration of all and singular the personal estate and effects of the said deceased was granted by the aforesaid Court to Isabella Jones of Lisgoole aforesaid widow mother of deceased the sole executrix named in the said Will she having been first sworn well and faithfully to administer the same by paying the just debts of the deceased and the legacies contained in said will so far as he is thereto bound by law and to exhibit a true and perfect inventory of all and singular the said Estate and effects and to render a just and true account thereof whenever required by law to do so.

Testator died 2nd June, 1878.

N. Keatinge
Registrar

Extracted by Stamp £50.
A. Collap, Solicitor. Testator died 2nd June, 1878.
Assets £3000.

The pupils shall be entitled to receive a sound elementary English Commercial and Mathematical Education with Religious Instruction and special attention to the study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

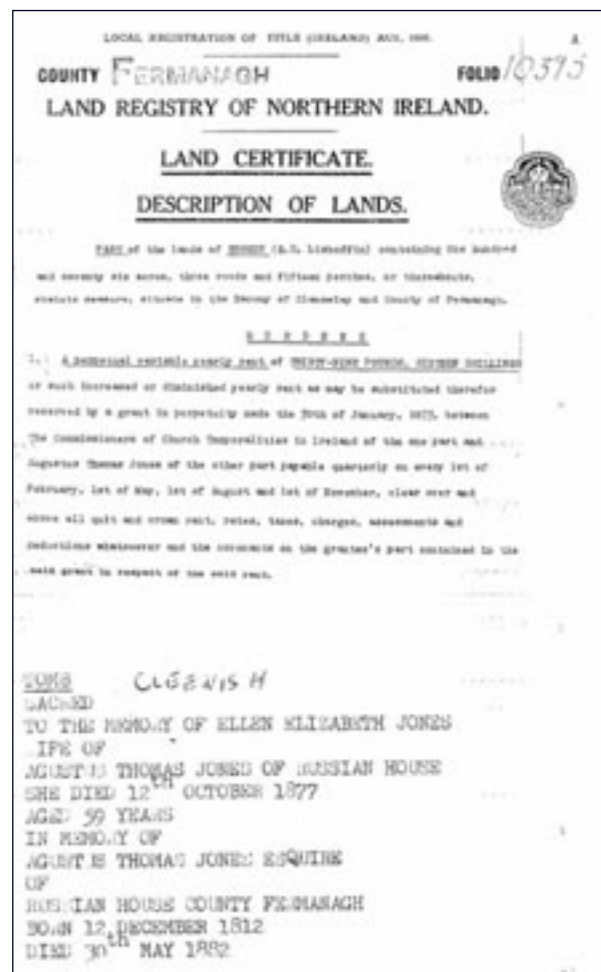
The Committee have the power to admit both free day pupils and paying day pupils.

In addition to the education provided there may also be given instruction in languages or sciences or other education of a more advanced character sanctioned by the Committee for which further fees as the committee shall fix be charged to paying pupils and given free of charge to the deserving free pupils.

The committee have the power to dismiss from the school or remove from the free list of pupils any pupil for adequate cause to be specified.

The School Master to reside on the school premises and shall devote his whole time to the business of the school except with the permission of the Committee.

The Bishop of Clogher to act as Chairman at all meetings of the Committee to be held at least four times every year.



The school master shall if required by the Committee act as Clerk to the Committee. Keep the Minute and Account books and attend all meetings held at the school premises.

Norma Heap (Now resides the Old Jones School)

1900-1910

Jones Memorial School

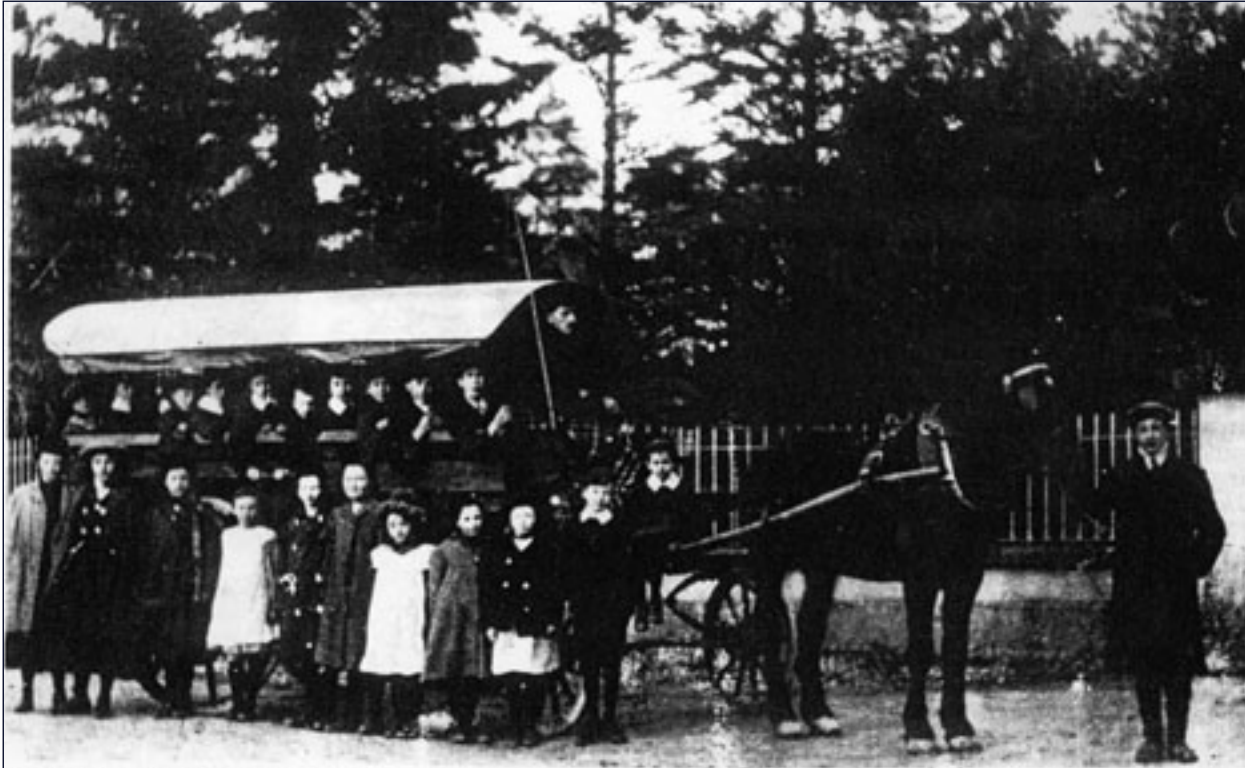
In 1907 the Jones Memorial School was opened. The interest on Endowment brought in only £70 per annum.

The Governors wisely decided that their first consideration was to get the best teacher they could induce to come. The choice fell on Mr J H Burrows B.A., afterwards Dean of Ossorry, who was Principal of a large school near Belfast. He was offered £60 from Endowment and an assurance that the school would be put under the National Board of Education as soon as possible. The children had to come to school clean and neat, and were taught to be courteous and mannerly. Moral and religious teaching and character building had a first place in the school curriculum and these values have been maintained with the passing of the years.

Soon the work of Mr and Mrs Burrows began to yield fruit and pupils from Jones Memorial Primary School gained scholarships and public appointments.

In May 1916 Mr and Mrs Burrows resigned and were succeeded by his brother and his wife, both of whom had splendid teaching records.





From 1906 to 1950 this horsedrawn wagonette was used to transport pupils from the areas of Bellanaleck, Cleenish and Drumany to the parish school at Lisgoole. It was provided by Archdeacon Pratt, rector of Rossorry Parish, to counter objections by parents in the Bellanaleck area to the closing of their small school in the village. This photograph was taken outside the gates of Lisgoole Abbey in 1910 by Thomas Walsh.



1910-1920

In December 1921, for the second time, Mr Burrows was awarded the Carlisle and Blake Prize for the best of all schools in three counties.

These are the memories of Jones Memorial School circa 1924 by Mrs Eleanor Moore formerly Gamble from Rossavalley, Bellanaleck. She first went to Jones in 1924 in the school van driven by Hugh Kerr.

They were taught by Mr and Mrs Burrows both of whom were strict but nice and although the pupils were not afraid of them they were rarely funny and you got punished by getting a cane on the hands.

Eleanor's favourite subjects were Arithmetic (especially long division) and sewing. She generally enjoyed school and often learned things like poems and tables by rote. The pupils read aloud and wrote in ink. She doesn't

remember having maps in school but she remembers that the classes were mixed and consisted of many local children some of whom were:-

Hugh Abercrombie
Desmond Lang
Ernest and Lorna McVitty
Ernest and Aubrey Armstrong
Doris Whitsitt
Doreen Keys
Myrtle Keys
Cissie Boles
George Boles
Maggie Boles
Cissie Gamble
Sarah Gamble
Sadie Gamble (Syd)

Cissie, Sarah and Sadie Gamble were sisters of Eleanor's



Front Row from left: Jimmy Evans, John Boles, Victor Lang, Henry Howe, George Boles, George Price, Harry Kerr, Desmond Lang, Desmond Armstrong, George Dane.

Second Row Starting at small boy: Noble Dane, Albert Scott, Noble Dane, Lorna Mairitty, Annie Evans, Violet Abercrombie, George Evans, Harry Boles, Nigel keys, Aubrey Armstrong.

Third Row: Willie Phair, Willie Evans, Myrtle Keys, Lizzie Smith, Edith Brownlee, Ellen gamble, Kathleen Abercromie, Ivy Bowler, Kathleen Smith, Ina Scott, Florrie Cathcart.

Fourth Row: Mrs Burrows Teacher, Hugh Abercromie, Eddie Lee, Gertie Brennan, Sadie Scott, Doris Whitsitt, Mary Irwin, Doreen Keys, George lee, Earnest Mairitty, Douglas Armstrong.

Back Row : Albert lee, Ivan Whitsitt, Edith Chambers, Sadie Gamble, Sarah Gamble, George Veith, Billy Swann, Master Burrows.

1930-1940

In February 1937 Mr R G Sullivan (M.A. and Higher Diploma of Education T.C.D.) was appointed Principal and Miss Semple appointed as an Assistant Teacher.

At the degree exam in Trinity College Mr Sullivan was placed first class with a Respondency. He was then trained in Stranmillis and was teaching in Londonderry when he was appointed (from the many applicants) by the Governors.

Under Mr Sullivan, the school had surpassed all expectations in numbers and efficiency.

(Extract from Fermanagh Times)

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Mrs Iris Thornton, nee Breen

Until the age of nine, I attended my local school, Druminiskill Elementary School where Mrs Matilda Armstrong was Principal. Due to the fact that the school didn't prepare pupils for the leaving certificate it was decided that I should transfer to Jones Memorial School. I was pupil there from 1933 to 1938.

Travelling to Jones's involved cycling from Macken where I lived at Rossdoney lane near Drumane bridge, where I left my bicycle (no fear of it being stolen in those days!) then making the rest of the journey in the school van. Rossdoney was the limit of its route, collecting the Armstrongs and Parkers who lived near there as well as several pupils from beyond, such as Billy Swans and George Veitch, who also joined the van at Rossdoney. My brother Crawford soon joined me at the school as

did Vera Elliott, my nearest neighbour, and best friend at Macken. Willie Phair, who was my uncle though only six years older than me, was pupil in the upper school.

The horse drawn van was weather proof, that's to a canvas room, and held about twenty pupils seated along two benches that ran the length of the van. It was usually driven by Hugh Kerr of Culkey (occasionally by his brother Jack) and it was a treat to be invited occasionally to sit alongside Mr Kerr on the driver's seat. (He stabled the horse at his farm near the school and the van was kept in the van house below the school building.)

I was not, in fact, the first of my immediate family to attend Jones Memorial. My mother, Mabel Phair had been a pupil and was being prepared for the King's Medal exam when she went missing one day from school. Peggy Hassard often recalled that day my mother went missing. She had eloped! The couple were located in Belfast and duly got married. It meant, however, an end to her academic career.

When I went to Jones Memorial, there were just two members of staff. Mr Burrows, the Principal to the senior pupils in the main teaching room, and his wife taught the more junior pupils in the second classroom. It was one of two rooms at the end of the building, the one nearest the front porch. The other room, later a classroom also, was used as a store at that time.

It was a big change from Druminiskill Primary School and I was apprehensive at first. However I soon made friends, grew to like the school and had many happy times there. The place was on a grander scale than Druminiskill, with high ceilings and high windows. There was a wood burning stove at one end of the big room. I seem to remember a Roll of Honour on the wall of the





main classroom which recorded the successes of the pupils.

There was a store and of course the dry toilets out the back at one side of the playground where we had our Physical Training classes (PT) and also played at lunch time. There was no break mid morning. We brought our own lunch and probably a drink of milk. Unlike at Druminiskill, where Mrs Armstrong would have heated our milk up on a cold day, this small luxury was not on offer at Jones's. We played skipping and rounders and tig. The boys were allowed up the woods of Lisgoole.

Occasionally, I was sent by Mr Burrows to post a letter at the nearby Culkey Post Office across the road. It was nice to get out of the school ground, but there was no such thing as trips to the sweet shop at that time – in fact sweets were a rare luxury.

I don't recall having anything special laid on at Christmas or Easter.

We would have been in awe of our Principal Master Burrows, a tall commanding figure – you really held teachers in the highest respect in those days. He remained remote from the pupils, his style of teaching being very formal. However, one thing that stands out in my mind is his music class where, with the aid of a tuning fork – a great novelty to us – he taught us singing, including parts. His favourite seemed to be the Keel Row and he would get a bit carried away and step it out for us as we sang. (There was no organ in my day)

Archdeacon Pratt was another grand figure who visited the school. We would have been afraid of him.

Having first lined up outside the school to be marched in to the sound of the bell, (the school day ended the same way) we began the day with prayers. I remember

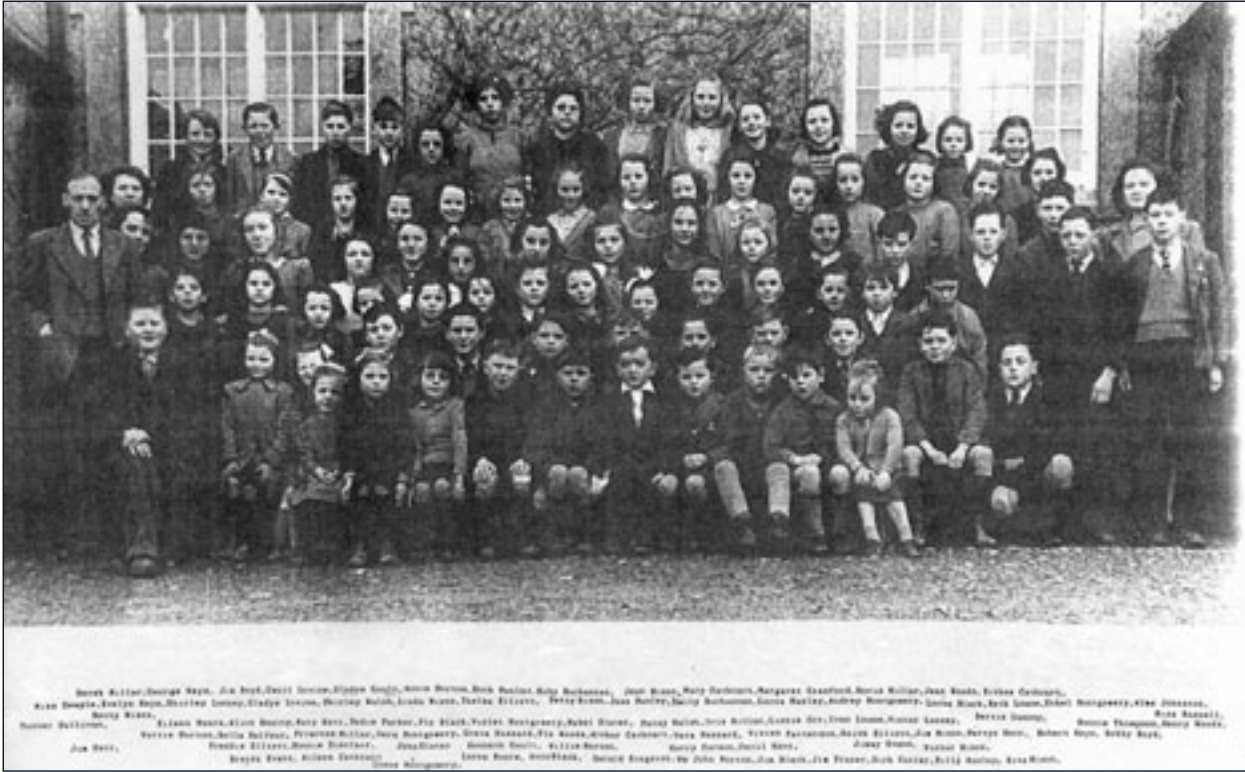
one particular day when we had special prayers in memory of one of the pupils, an Evans girl, who had died.

Mrs Burrows was small, a pleasant, kindly teacher who coped with mixed classes at the lower end of the school. She would get us to bring her in blackberries – she must have made a lot of jam. She had reared her children by the time I came to the school.

The family lived in the school residence, and I remember at least one occasion when their daughter Gladys, home from college I think, came in to lend a hand in the school. Once, she came upon a group of us who were being a bit lively. I was playing up and knocked into Ina Scott. She singled me out and said, "Iris Breen, I thought I could have left the whole school in your charge!"

Miss Semple replaced Mrs Burrows when she retired. I remember her as very tall and ladylike. Mr Burrows seemed to retire not in the best of health and during the vacancy for his post there were several stop-gap arrangements, none of which proved very satisfactory, and it was felt that discipline and order in the school lapsed during this time. Mr Sullivan was then appointed and he made it known in no uncertain terms that he was going to put an end to playing games and proceeded to put his stamp on the school. The only time I received a slap at school was at his hand. He thought I was barging in the queue one morning and told me he would see me inside! I knew what he meant.

One of my most vivid memories was of the day I took appendicitis at school. I'll never forget the long trip home on the school van, when Florrie Cathcart (Mrs Moore) was, typically, so kind and put her coat over me. I ended up having an operation and I still have the kind letter Mr Burrows wrote to the family at the time.



My days at Jones Memorial were over but left me with happy memories.



1940-1950

Written by late Robbie Bryans who as Robert Harbinson became a famous author and among many other books wrote about his time as an evacuee in Fermanagh and especially about Granshagh and the Grahams.

Child at the level crossing

Whether or not gales blew out of the west
 With neither comfort for cots on the lough
 Nor stick in the house to boil a kettle
 Generations of Gaults cam up
 The long lane of Granshagh Little
 From Mullaghy level-crossing
 Bringing songs in fine voices
 Among which Robbie loved none better
 Than the Sunday morning clamour
 Of Granfather Bob with greyhounds
 Never known to kiss the post
 Of any man's under snow
 Whenever three-cornered tracks were seen
 Of the melancholy hare.
 A child at the level-crossing had but one arm
 Grown to lever the railway signals
 But as the elver masters the weir
 He soon quitted himself in hayfield
 And waxed in the splendour of manhood
 To herd all the Hall's cattle and flocks
 And in a score of years and more
 Never failed to lend that single hand
 When James Graham had no sight for ploughing
 And the flame carried by old Christy in 1882
 From his steward's lodge to the new farm
 Burnt so low upon the Granshagh hearth
 That the salt box grew damp
 And crickets bred to it's hob made ready
 To leave their secret crevices.
 He with the one arm ever willing
 To lend it for the needs of two
 To the last hour of all remained
 The singer with the timeless soul of music.

Glossary

Cot – Flat bottomed boat widely used on Lough Erne to carry livestock, goods and farm supplies to and from the Islands.

Granshagh Little – name of townland sometimes spelt Gransha where James Graham and his sister Lizzie lived and farmed. They became 'father' and 'mother' to Robbie Bryans who came to live with them as an evacuee during WW 11.

Granshagh/Gransha – as well as Granshagh Little there is Granshagh Big beside it. The name means Grange or Monastic Farm used to grow and store grain, it is

believed that these farms were connected to Lisgoole Abbey and used for this purpose by the Monks who lived in the Abbey in the Middle Ages.

Mullaghy level-crossing – near Mullaghy Bridge where the Sligo Leitrim and Northern Counties Railway crossed the road to the Five Points. Known locally as the SLNCR, some people said the letters stood for Slow Late and Never Comfortable.

Robbie – Robbie Bryans attended Jones Memorial while living with the Grahams. He won a scholarship to Portora but the German air-raids had stopped in Belfast so his mother insisted he return home and take a job in Harland and Wolff shipyard.

Kiss the post of any man's Bog – Dogs are well known for sniffing around trees or posts looking for scent of other dogs and leaving their own, if they were following the scent of a hare they would not take time to do this.

Bog – most farms and country houses had a portion of land either on their own farm or a portion of land leased for cutting peat/turf fuel for cooking and heating.

Melancholy Hare – leaves three cornered pattern in snow with his feet, probably described as melancholy because it usually travels alone except during the month of March.

Child at the level crossing had but one arm - The late Robin Gault (below) was member of the Gault family who lived in the house provided by the SLNCR Company to an employee who would operate the signals and open and shut gates night and day when trains were crossing roadway.



Elver – Young eel.

Weir – Shallow place in river where eel and other fish have difficulty getting up-river to their traditional spawning-beds.

Quitted – short for acquitted, Robin was able to work better with one arm than many men with two.

Hall's cattle – Robin worked as Herdsman for Nixon Hall Castle Farm owned by Captain Nixon, Belcoo. Castle was originally called Fairwood Park is now derelict but has an interesting history, part of farm is in Gransha townland.

Old Christy – father of James and Lizzie Graham was Land-steward (something like foreman) at Lisgoole Abbey. During the famine in 1845 he set up a Soup Kitchen at Lisgoole gates to feed the hungry people.

Flame carried by old Christy – he carried flame from his old home fire to his new home at Granshagh in 1882. The open hearth fire was the only means of cooking and heating in dwellings in those days this meant the fire was lit night and day for up to 100 years in many cases. There was a tradition that if a family was moving house they brought some of the old fire with them or in the case of a family emigrating to England or America they would carry a flame to a neighbour's house and put it in their fire so that if they ever came back they could bring some of it back to their old house.

Salt box – most country houses had a salt box beside the fireplace to keep the salt dry.

Crickets – and insect similar to a grasshopper which made a chirping noise by rubbing their hind legs together, unlike the grasshopper the cricket lived indoors in crevices around the hearth fire which was very warm because the fire was kept going twenty four hours per day their chirping was a homely sound more noticeable at night when the house was silent.

Hob – stone or brick shelf on each side of the fireplace. These along with providing shelves to store pots and pans and in addition to large stones beneath the fireplace provided a form of central heating which helped to keep the house warm.

Singer with timeless soul of music, Robin Gault had a melodious voice and was a noted ballad singer.

To the last hour all remained – In the days before television people gathered in a Ceile House, (a gaelic word pronounced 'Kaly' meaning visit or dance) Grahams house was like this, for a friendly get-together to talk, swap yarns, discuss world and local events and to be entertained by someone like Robin with a fine singing voice or someone with a musical instrument like a Melodion or Fiddle, Robin would be the last to leave in the early hours.

He was also last to leave when James and finally Lizzie

died. There was a wake for each of them in the days before their funerals took place. This practice is still carried on especially in country areas when neighbours are welcomed by the deceased's relatives to come to the house and pay their respects, socialise with other neighbours gathered there, some would stay to the early hours.

Ivan Loane

Memories Of Jones Memorial PS

By Rev Martin Smyth.

1940 saw the evacuation of many children from Belfast because of air raids. My twin Crawford and I were sent to Enniskillen where we spent a month before joining John B Wilson, his wife Alice and their son Aubrey at Drumawill. They were a delightful family with strong Methodist connections. We lived with them for over two years. Among many happy memories of those days I remember raking and forking hay in the big meadow where the modern Jones Memorial now stands.

When we attended it was situated in lovely grounds at Lisgoole. A two teacher school it had an excellent record with Mr R G Sullivan as headmaster and Miss Semple in the junior department under the management of Archdeacon Pratt. Was this a foretaste of the ecumenical movement? Two Presbyterian boys, one destined for the ministry, in a Methodist home in a school under Episcopalian management. Though our family knew us as Crawford and Martin the school used our first names James and William.

My memory for faces is better than my recollection of names. However some are still fresh; naturally Aubrey Wilson recently deceased springs to my mind. There are others like the brother and sister Millar's of Ashwood, Harry Scott, Ruby Nixon and her brother. The only other fellow evacuee I recall presently was Robert Harbinson of Literary fame. He came from the same area as I did.

Most of my memories are good. Miss Semple was a good teacher and I benefited from her approach as well as Mr Sullivan who was an outstanding teacher. There was real friendship through the school, plenty of fun and of course good grounds. But R G was also a strict disciplinarian who used the cane with great effect!

I remember vividly a fight in the playground but cannot recall names. I joined in defending a lad who was being attacked. RG came out. I felt his wrath whatever happened to the others. The other painful memory shows the other side of RG. I fell in the playground and ripped open my left knee, which still shows the scar. Mr Sullivan took me on the carrier of this bicycle to the Wilson home whence I was transported to the hospital for attention. So he cared for his pupils. Returning to Belfast in 1943 I was taught by John Cathcart, an old TCD colleague of Mr Sullivan.

Memories Of Jones Memorial PS

by Mrs Florence Sullivan

George came to Jones Memorial School as principal in 1937. He succeeded Mr Burrows, though there was a gap before the new principal was appointed. He never made a big fuss about what he achieved, but he actually had prizes and medals from his studies in Trinity College Dublin. I remember once we made a trip back to his old student haunts there, including the pew in the church where he went every Sunday. His best friend at Trinity, who appears with him in his graduation photograph was Harry Egerton, a neighbour also from the Rosslea area.

Before coming back to Fermanagh George had begun his teaching career in several schools in the Londonderry area. In order to fulfil the requirements that he be able to take a music class, he went for lessons to an organist there. He always preferred to teach country children.

At Jones Memorial, there were a couple already living in the school house, so, while he was still a bachelor, George stayed with them and they fed him.

We met at a dance in Lisnaskea, where I had been reared, and we married in 1944. Our son David was born in 1947. Circumstances in the school house were difficult at first because the couple who were living there were waiting for a house in Enniskillen. So rather than having to wait, we agreed to divide up the house, so that George and I had part and they lived in the rest, including the kitchen. Billy Chambers provided us with a three burner Valor paraffin cooking stove which I cooked on in the dining room.

Eventually, they were able to move out and we had the house to ourselves. The house had some lovely features, but what surprised me right away was that there was no bathroom – I had been used to having one in Lisnaskea and found that a bit primitive. We had an outside toilet which was kept locked and a full size tin bath. One of my fondest memories is of Saturday nights when George would be out at one or other of the organisations he belonged to and David and I enjoyed bath night together. I would light a good fire and fill the bath and put it in front of the fire and David would play happily. I had made him a proper little dressing gown with a girdle for sitting cosily by the fire afterwards.

George and I loved dancing and when the regular dance programme came on the radio we would dance round the kitchen floor. He would say 'we can't go out till we have had our dance'

We both enjoyed badminton too and even after we were married we continued to play in Lisnaskea where they had a good club at the Recreation Hall. We would cycle to Enniskillen, leave our bicycles outside Chambers and Jackson's shop and get the train to Lisnaskea. We'd have had tea at my grandparents Birney's house and

then across the road to the Recreation Hall for a game or two of badminton. Our good friend Joe Livingstone could usually stump up a few shuttles for us to bring back to Bellanaleck. Of course, with all the crack we'd stay till the last minute so that we'd end up running about a mile or more to catch the half ten train back to Enniskillen. Then we had to walk back for our bicycles and cycle home – George used to have to pull me the last bit! Weren't we quare and keen to go to that bother!

As principal's wife, I had to do quite a lot of entertaining. Fortunately, I liked cooking and had been give a grounding at home in the finer points of how to entertain, serve afternoon tea with a nice cloth and so on. Sometimes, I'd get a call at short notice to make lunch when an inspector arrived. George would usually supervise at lunch time so that the staff could eat their lunch. During the school day, he might run over for a quick cup of tea or to fetch some book or other from the tall press in the kitchen. Sometimes there would be a knock, 'Please the Master wants such and such a book' He was always 'the Master' He generally was up to date with his school work and therefore didn't have to do a lot of it at home. He prepared various pupils for scholarships, including the Palmers brothers, as I recall.

Miss Semple sometimes called in for a cuppa. I remember, she was very keen on the baby. I think she lodged somewhere near the West Bridge. And while Miss Bussell taught in the school we put her up. Miss Clarke from Rosslea also did a stint with the infants.

Archdeacon Pratt and his wife would often drop by – he was greatly involved with the school. Though he appeared stern, he was actually very kindly; there was always a smile not far. I remember he took a great interest in the baby too. I became very friendly with Mrs Pratt and she and I would visit her sister, Mrs Jones who lived in Lisgoole House.

One or other of the Black girls who lived in the gatehouse to Lisgoole would babysit for us when we went out.

We were friendly too with our near neighbours – the Kerrs came to Rossorry Church with us and sometimes I would have Tom Walsh and his daughter Lila over for tea on a Sunday afternoon. They had the wee shop in their house across the road at culkey. There was a wee stove they pumped up and Lila would appear from behind a curtain. She could produce all sorts of things from under the counter.

George's grandfather had come to Aghadrumsee as Rector of the Church of Ireland. George's father was a creamery manager and there had been farming in the blood (for many years he was involved with Bellanaleck branch of the Ulster Farmers Union)

George was also greatly interested in gardening. He taught the boys how to grow vegetables and took personal responsibility for the school grounds, establishing lawns and planting laurels and



rhododendrons. He liked nothing better than getting out on a dry day to cut the hedge along the road – but every time you looked out, there would be another passer by stopping to have a chat! And of course he taught gardening to the boys.

There were no flush toilets in the school at that time and so one job that had to be done regularly was to clean out the so called dry toilets. George detested the job, but he just had to do it, since there was no-one else would take it on. At least his rhododendrons benefited from the human 'compost'!

Though I didn't appear in the school during the day, I was actually first there in the morning. George would have got some of the boys to bring in the wood and set the stove the previous evening and I would go in first thing and light it, so as to warm the place up for the start of the school day. On a good day, I loved to go walking round the woods and as a surprise one time George had a little bridge made for me to cross the stream.

I remember that the school was used for other activities at night. Bellanaleck Farmers' Union held their meetings there and if they were having a quiz, George was usually called on to make the questions. I remember too the big classroom being cleared for a concert of some kind – I remember we ladies were wearing hats.

And during the war, the school was sometimes used for dances for the soldiers stationed nearby. They were stationed in various places in the county, but right beside the school was the American camp at Lisgoole. Soldiers stationed there attended dances in Gransha Hall and in Jones Memorial School. All the poor

soldiers – I am sure most of them were killed later. All so young – not much more than children. They were great dancers and really lovely men, the Americans. They were all jiggging about. They could do any dance. And they would have chewed gum!

In Jones Memorial they danced to Bertie Mc Cullough's band 'The Melody Makers'. Bertie, who was a great violinist, lived just across the road from the school.

George accepted the post of Principal of the Model School in Enniskillen And so we left to live in Enniskillen. We did, however, bring with us many good memories of Jones Memorial and of the families and people of the locality.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS by Pauline Smyth (Glass)

Here are some of my memories about Jones Memorial Primary School.

I started Jones Memorial when I was around 7 years old after transferring from Crownhall Primary School. I used to travel on my tricycle from Drumgallon to Jones, that being the only form of transport available to me in those days, and as I had contracted Polio when aged 6 months old, I could not walk very far. I started in Miss Semple's class and had a wonderful time there, though I too had plenty of contact with either 'Tom, Dick or Harry' her little canes which she used to control us and keep us in order. We used to stand in a line and were asked Mental Arithmetic or Spellings and if you had the correct answer, you proceeded up the line to the top. This was

a great incentive to getting us to remember what we were taught. As a reward you sometimes got to use her 'special pencil sharpener' which was a rather unusual shape and you put in your pencil and turned a little handle. GREAT!!!!!!!!!!

When we moved up to Master Sullivan's class, things were a little different, and one got to know how to keep on the right side of discipline there. We had Mr Roy Palmer teach us for some time, and I remember one day Bobbie Moore decided we would water the ink well and when we used the pens to write our essays, the ink sort of FADED and we all got rather a telling off and some of us got slapped. It seems quite funny now, but was not when we were at the receiving end of a rather long cane.

Master Sullivan used to get the older boys to stack the crates of little third pint bottles of milk up beside the large stove to take the chill out of the milk on a cold day, which was greatly appreciated as the cold milk did absolutely nothing for toothache.

We used to go up into the woods to gather firewood for the stove on a good day, BUT This also gave Mr Sullivan a great excuse to get yet another sycamore rod to use on us when we misbehaved. I can still see him with his penknife cutting off the branch, and then paring off the little branches and when he thought it was in good enough shape, he carefully carried it back to the classroom for later use. HEAVEN HELP US!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

We used to have Geography lessons whilst stood around the large maps of the world hanging on the back wall of the classroom. I thoroughly enjoyed those classes as they let us see different countries and was a very valuable way to see that we were not the only place on earth, but that there was a big wide world out there.

During the early summer months we used to go down the wood to near Mrs Black's house and play marbles with Master Sullivan. This was the highlight of many a lunch break, and by the way we used to have a packed lunch in school, and then later on the Dining Hall opened opposite the Black family home, in one of the old American Army Billets. But the real treat was getting a few coppers together and going down from school to visit Lila Walsh's Shop to get Love Heart sweets. Boy that was some treat and the conversation sweets were a delight and were passed from boy to girl etc!!!!

We made a lot of lovely friends whilst in Jones Memorial School and still keep in touch. Robert Montgomery arranged a get-together at a dinner one time in Fivemiletown for our class, which renewed many happy and some not so happy memories, with some well loved faces no longer and whom we dearly missed seeing and sharing our memoirs.

I just want to say, that there have been 4 generations of my family attending Jones Memorial down the years. Two of my Aunties, Rebecca and Edith Chambers and myself are on the Roll of Honour which used to hang on

the front wall of the senior classroom. These names were put on as we had passed exams either to attend Grammar or Technical Colleges. I was extremely proud of my name on that Roll of Honour as I had been in Musgrave Park Hospital for 16 weeks prior to the exams for surgery to rectify my right foot due to having had Polio, and I passed both the Leaving Certificate and the Entrance Exam to attend the local Technical College.

I got married in 1964 and all three of our children attended the new Jones Memorial Primary School and each of them passed the 11 plus and went to Portora Royal School and the Collegiate School respectively. Then our two grandchildren, Ben and Megan also passed the 11 plus and are at present at grammar school, Ben at Portora Royal and Megan at the Collegiate School.

Surely this is a record worthy of merit.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Roy Palmer

My family moved from England to Northern Ireland in 1939. We lived on the Sligo Road, just outside Enniskillen, and after a year at Enniskillen Model School, my father moved my brother Gerald and myself to Jones' Memorial School. In those days there were only two teachers – Mr George Sullivan – the 'Master' – in the large central classroom, and Miss Semple in the one of the small classrooms.

I can still remember my first day there, because previously I was used to individual school desks, and in Jones Memorial there were long backless benches, and I kept falling when I leaned backwards! Each desk had holes for ink wells, and we used pens with nibs in order to do our writing. The ink was kept in a big earthenware jar, and the wells had to be filled every so often. One of the dirty jobs that the senior boys had to do at the end of every term was to empty the ink wells and wash them out, because they seemed to accumulate a lot of sludge and debris. I'll never forget the smell of Quink ink.

Life was so different from modern school life! The school was heated by a huge stove at the end of the room, near Mr Sullivan's desk. It had to be lit every morning, and we loved being chosen to clean it out after lunch, so that it could cool enough to be reset with papers, sticks peat and coal ready for lighting the next day. Once a term the senior pupils spent the day in the adjoining woods collecting fallen branches and bringing them down to the school where they were stored for lighting the stove in due course. It was better being out collecting sticks, than doing sums and English! There were no school cleaners! At the end of every day we had to move all the desks to one side – sprinkle water on the wooden floor to keep the dust down – and then sweep the floors and shovel all the dust into the bin. When the Master was satisfied, all the desks had to be put back exactly where they had been before.



I was from the town, and, regardless of the weather, cycled out to school every day – as did Miss Semple until she later bought a small standard car. All pupils were expected to contribute to the provision of heating for the school – I can remember we ‘townies’ had to bring one pound with which to buy coal, and the country children brought a load of turf. How different things are today! We also had to bring a small payment for stationery, and how carefully we had to cover all our text books to make sure they would last for years in the school. The Master would examine every used exercise book to make sure there were no blank pages before he allowed you to have a new one! The old exercise books were used to help get the stove lit in the mornings! Nothing was wasted in Jones’ Memorial! There was no running water in those days – the rainwater was collected in huge roof tanks for use in the school (while the water lasted!) Mr Sullivan lived in the house adjoining the school, and had a huge pump for his own private use – presumably there was an underground well somewhere in or near the house from which he obtained his water.

Many of today’s pupils would find it hard to believe that there were pupils at the school who in summer were in bare feet – not having shoes. The Second World War was taking place, and clothes were hard to get. Children often had shirts and blouses made out of cloth that was salvaged from meal bags on the farm. The cloth was washed and bleached to get rid of the trademarks printed on it, but sometimes they were still visible. As children, we thought nothing about it! School meals were unheard of, but school milk was delivered to the school every day. We used to stack the crates of bottles near the stove to warm the milk up!

Jones’ Memorial must have been one of the first schools in the country to provide school transport for its pupils. Every morning a horse drawn ‘van’ would bring children from Bellanaleck down to the school under the watchful eye of the ‘driver’, Mr Hugh Kerr. Because I lived in Enniskillen side of the school I never had the opportunity of riding in it. I often wondered what happened to it when school buses were provided. Perhaps it is still in the big red shed beside the road? I have no idea whether the school van was provided free of charge, or whether the pupils had to make some kind of payment for using it.

Mr Sullivan was a great teacher, but he didn’t give his pupils any choice about learning. If you didn’t please him, he’d have you off to the empty room next to Miss Semple’s classroom, and you’d receive a good caning! I was good at mathematics, found learning ‘tables’ easy and was able to prove Pythagoras’ Theorem when the Master pounced upon me, but there were many who couldn’t and they felt the Master’s disapproval!! The only lessons I dreaded were the English lessons where we had to be able to ‘parse’ sentences and recognise all the clauses in its make up. I’ve long since forgotten how to do it, but when you left Jones’ you knew how to write grammatically and correctly. Another fond memory is the relationship that the Master had with his spaniel that often came in to sit at the stove during the morning session. If the dog came in wagging its tail and looking cheerful, you knew the Master was in a good mood, but woe betide you when the dog came in with drooping ears, sad eyes, and a tail tucked down between his legs! We knew there might be troubles ahead!

The only time Miss Semple taught me was when she came in to the Master’s room to teach ‘singing’.

Although I now love singing, I could never make head nor tail of the tonic solfa 8 which is doh, ray, me etc) that she used, and I didn't enjoy the lessons at all. There was no piano, but there was a wheezy old harmonium that she used to play. More often than not she just used a tuning fork! Miss Semple was a very tall, dominant spinster, and to me as a boy seemed very cross – when I first went to the school she always wore a hat as she taught her infant class.

Another vivid memory I have as a pupil is of the annual RE Inspection by the Chairman of the School Committee – Archdeacon Pratt or his appointee. For the week prior to the inspection we did RE all day long, revising lessons and re-learning repetition. The school windows were not very high, and the window ledge was about five feet above the floor. To make sure that we were not caught doing RE by a Ministry of Education Inspector, one of the senior boys was made to sit up on the window ledge, and keep a watch on the gate and the school drive, so that we could quickly get our reading books out and be ready for the inspector when he knocked on the door!

While I sometimes dreaded the Master when he was in a bad mood, I must say I enjoyed school – even though there was no running water, and the dry toilets were far from attractive!

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Mrs Kathleen Richey (nee Geddis)

I was associated with the school over many years, firstly as a pupil, then as a student teacher and more recently as a member of the teaching staff.

I was born at Drumhack and went to the Church of Ireland parish school at Druminiskell where I was taught by Mrs Matilda Armstrong. She gave us a good grounding, especially in the Scriptures but the school did not take pupils up to Scholarship level. Thus, I transferred for my last year 1944-45 to Jones Memorial in order to prepare for the County Scholarship Examination which fed into Fermanagh's four grammar schools.

Though Jones Memorial was a bigger school, it had only two teachers and two classrooms. This meant that 4th 5th 6th and 7th Standard, up to the age of 14, had to be managed and taught all in the same room.

One of my first memories of the school was of Master Sullivan arriving with his new bride. One ordinary school day, he and his new wife simply got off the town bus and walked up the school drive. It was before school was over and, surprisingly, during term time too, we would have expected that they would have got married during the school holidays (perhaps it was just after a mid term break?) and we were all agog to see what she was like.

Like others, I remember features like the dry toilets and

playing up the woods. We had no watches at that time and woe betide you if you came back late after the break.

In frosty weather, we gathered in a circle round the stove for heat. Master Sullivan would put us over our tables using his stick as a pointer. If someone didn't give the right answer he would use the cane and if you were next in line, so anxious were you that you'd have forgotten the question, never mind the answer and so you would be slapped too. Mr Sullivan was also a stickler for handwriting.

Every year, a number of schools were selected to be entered for the Buchanan Shield, a prize that was awarded annually to the school that performed best in Scripture knowledge. In the run up to the exam, such was Master Sullivan's zeal for us to perform well, we would have had extra lessons, someone would sit up in the high window to watch for the inspector. Jones Memorial won the shield on several occasions.

On the wall in the main room, there was a board containing the Roll of Honour. This recorded the scholarship success of pupils. Names I recall are Brian Crawford (who transferred from Stragowna school) and Gerald Palmer from the Sligo Road.

There was a prize giving at Christmas and at the end of the summer term. Each year, there was a special award for the most popular girl and boy, chosen by the pupils by secret ballot. In my year, it went to Brian Crawford – and to me! I remember my prize was Kim by Rudyard Kipling.

The other teacher at that time as Miss Semple. She took us senior girls for needlework and cookery. Facilities were minimal. The utensils were kept in a cupboard in the main room and everything had to be cooked on the black stove in her room. Miss Semple also taught us singing. I well remember a favourite Will Your Anchor Hold? She also taught us Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers. She also acted as organist in Rossorry Church – a duty that came more or less with the teaching post.

Though a kindly person, Miss Semple was of the old school, keeping discipline with her three canes Tom, Dick and Harry. Her father was the station master in Clones. She stayed in lodgings in Ann Street in Enniskillen and spent her retirement in Newcastle Co. Down.

On the basis of my result in the scholarship exam, I was admitted to the Collegiate in 1946. My father paid my fees that year. After that, thanks to the terms of the 1947 Butler Education Act, I was able to continue my grammar school education free.

When I went to the Collegiate I was somewhat in awe of the place. I remember sitting my first maths exam and fearing the worst. Imagine my surprise when the teacher stopped me in the corridor later to tell me that I had

come first! Actually, I found that, thanks to the grounding I had had from Mr Sullivan I was a couple of years ahead in Maths and in English.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS by Cecil Irvine (Newtownabbey)



I was born at Lisgoole Abbey, and the eldest of a family of nine. My father William James Irvine was a gardener on the estate of Robert William Johnston, a noted gentleman of millionaire status.



All our family were educated at the school, during my time in attendance which was around the early 1940's, Robert George Sullivan was the headmaster, assisted by Miss Hannah C. Semple.

Not having great academic qualifications, in my formative years I was a clerk on the Fermanagh Railways. After its closure I chose to leave the Fermanagh Lakelands and take up employment in the textile industry in Belfast, then proceeding to Shorts Aircraft from which I retired.

I looked on George Sullivan in awe, and on occasions dreaded my presentation of home-works which were not always up to standard. I soon observed that I was



not one of his favourites. Yes he turned out some good scholars, and many of these turned out in prominent positions. Robbie Bryans author of 'Song of Erne' and many other books spent a period as an evacuee in Fermanagh, billeted in the Gransha area he attended Jones Memorial, and Rev Martin Smyth Presbyterian Minister and Politician billeted at Drumawill was also a pupil.



1950-1960

26-10-05 Ashes of Robert Harbinson laid to rest in Cleenish Churchyard Bellanaleck.

Born in Belfast, Bobby Bryans as he was known locally died recently at 77 years of age.

As a child he contracted the dreaded tuberculosis, underwent the usual treatment but Doctors despaired because he did not respond. His own Doctor recommended that he be sent to the country where he would get plenty of good food and plenty of fresh air. Just then War broke out. Air raids began on Belfast and the city children were sent as evacuees to country areas.

Bobby was sent to Fermanagh where he had initial problems in settling down but he eventually settled with brother and sister James and Lizzie Graham in their modest farmhouse at Gransha, Culkey, Enniskillen.

While there, his health dramatically improved and he learned the ways of the country. He met the many friends and neighbours who came to visit and share work with the Graham family.

Bobby attended Cleenish Parish Church and also Jones Memorial Primary School and gained a scholarship to Portora Royal School but his mother insisted on him returning to Belfast to serve his time in the shipyard.

Bobby Bryans had fond and happy memories of his time at Jones Memorial P.S and the Gransha countryside. He made a special visit to his old school in the early 1990's and presented a signed copy of Song of Erne to Jim Kerr (Principal).

Subsequently he became a respected author writing many books including Song of Erne and Songs out of Oriel which were about his time in Gransha and the surrounding area and many other books recording his interesting travels world wide.

His burial service was conducted by Rev Geoff Bridle Rector of Cleenish and ashes were interred in the adjoining graveyard.

George Balcombe, a lifetime friend who travelled with him on his many journeys at home and abroad, read some pages from Journey Through The Six Counties which Robert wrote after he made a return visit to the Graham family and the people and places he had grown to love while he was here.

In his 77th year he expressed thanks and surprise that he was spared to live so long especially after his severe illness in childhood.

His wish was to have his ashes laid in Cleenish Graveyard where his friends James and Lizzie also lie.

Ivan Loane

In August 1950 Mr Sullivan was awarded the Carlisle and Blake Prize for the best of all schools in the Head Inspector's District and the school had won first place among the schools in the Diocese of Clogher at the Religious Examinations. His staff shared the honours.

In every walk of life ,pupils of the school were following honourable careers as a result of the good teaching and character building they received whilst attending Jones Memorial Primary School.





By appointing a Four and Two Committee the Governors have taken full advantage of Government Grants consistent with the Protestant nature of the trust and making sure of the appointment of Protestant Teachers in the school in future. The school received 65% for all external work on the school but nothing for the maintenance of the Teacher's residence.

In recent times, the avenue and grounds around the school have been tar macadamed at a cost of £225; electric lights were installed at a cost of £97 and an electric heater in one of the classrooms and furniture and equipment at a cost of £57.

At this point in time, the Governors found their account overdrawn to the extent of £200.

In addition to this, they have been informed by their Architect that the premises are in urgent need of extensive repairs which will cost a projected £500.

There followed an earnest appeal to all those who had benefited by the Education they received and to all parents who had children at the school, to send at least £1 to the Treasurer to help to save the buildings.

Mr Charles Mavittty	£200
Mr W R Walsh	£200
Mr Robert Miller	£200
The Chaney Family	£200
Mr George Millar	£200
The Bishop of Clogher	£200
The Arch of Clogher	£200
Rev E Whittaker	£100
Mr R W Johnston D. L.	£1000
The Coyle Family	£2100
Mr E Scott Roscarne	£200
Mr H Kerr	£200
Mrs E M Ritchie Drumclay	£200
Mr Sullivan	£500
Rev J A Rogers	£300
Mr J Wadsworth	£500

Subscriptions were sent to the Archdeacon of Clogher, Chanter Lodge Enniskillen.

Extract taken from Fermanagh Times

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Richard Chambers (1952-1958)

Bus Journey

The journey to school for a young child was long but not tedious. There was always something new to see, someone different to talk to. Occasionally in the back seat was a Sikh with his turban and suitcase.

Also on the back seat occasionally were ferrets in a box with air holes. We would poke a pencil in and a ferret would literally bite it in two. In winter we went in the dark-8.15am and home in the dark -4.30pm. There was never any unpleasantness or fighting. The only fight I remember was one I had myself with Mervyn McBrien (my best friend-and still is!)

I remember one morning the bus coming across a road accident, at the level crossing where the railway line crossed the Silles River and the road. A man driving a brown VW Beetle had hit an Ayrshire cow.

I also remember another day, going home one afternoon, the late Eric Abercrombie (who I idolized at the time) vacating the bus before it finally stopped at the Five Points. He opened the emergency fire door at the back and jumped out leaving the conductor to close the door again. Of course this practice is strictly forbidden. I had never seen this door opened before or since. His action was immediately reported to "the master" because the next day, in front of the whole school, he was beaten by Mr. Sullivan.

One of the reasons there never was any misdemeanours en route was because we always had a conductor to "keep the peace", as well as a driver. One of the conductors was called Victor Nixon, an old "cross patch"-we used to say "Victor Nixon is no good, chop him up for firewood. If he is no good for that, give him to the pussycat!"- which made him even crosser! We

also had a conductor called Eugene? with a glass eye. We loved him. He was promoted on to inspector. Even we pupils were on our best behaviour when an inspector came on board, having flagged down the bus half way between normal stops. "Ah don't worry-it's only Eugene" someone would say with relief.

The journey to and from school involved going through Five Points and Arney, stopping at least 12 times per journey. I can still remember the names of all the houses along the way. (We didn't stop at Bellanaleck even though dozens of pupils lived there. They must have had a separate bus.)

The school was divided up at the end of the summer term of 1956. This was when the older ones went off to the "Intermediate". For the last two years of my time there, the pupils, at the end of each day were divided into four queues. The four queues were called "The Enniskillenites, The Bellanaleckites, The Arneyites and the Barbara Nixonites! Barbara Nixon and her group were from Reilly's Cross and Letterbreen. Barbara was the oldest so she was in charge and that row of pupils was named after her!

The Building

The building in the 1950s was Victorian and the toilets were Dickensian to say the least. However we didn't complain and I don't think our parents did either. The cleaners were Mr. and Mrs. Black who lived in the Gate Lodge of Lisgoole Abbey. Mr. Black kept the toilets as clean as healthy as possible with copious amounts of bleach, Jeyes fluid and lime.

I remember one afternoon an interruption to our class when one of the juniors (Marjory Evans) came in out of breath. "Please, she said to Mr. Whittaker with her hand up. "Yes, Marjory, what is it?" he replies "Please sir, Marion Cathcart is stuck in the toilet!"

Just outside the main building was the "Milk House".





That was where the 1/3rd pint bottles of milk were stored. They were kept overnight. Sometimes not very fresh. Sometimes frozen solid.

I remember the floorboards worn thin by hundreds of hobnail boots. The hard knots in the wood stood up in great bumps. I was very envious of the hobnail boot wearers because I only had rubber soles on mine, and they weren't nearly as noisy or macho.

To this day I have a morbid fear of bats because I was assured by Olive Millar, Mary Nixon and Vera Elliott that the bats (which fluttered about in the summer) would dig into your head if they got stuck in your hair. So at the sight of one we would put open school books over our heads (like mortar boards.)

Pupils

I vividly remember one morning we were all ready to start assembly. We were all standing, facing the front, when "the boy's cloakroom" door opened. We all turned round to look and everyone said together with shock and pleasure- "It's Kenneth." Kenneth Nixon has been off school for 1 ½ years suffering from polio, (a long time in the life of a child). (We knew it then as Infantile Paralysis.) I can still see him coming into the room that first day wearing a dark "burberry" coat, red school cap and crutches. He fitted back into school activities that very day as though he had never been away.

I remember Dickie Winslow's father dying mid term. When he came into class two days later, Mr. Palmer said quietly to the class, "Poor old Dickie has just lost his father," and he continued softly, "I remember when my father died, the response I most appreciated from friends was when nothing at all was said." From that moment on that sad event was never mentioned again.

I remember Arthur Stuart being kept back in the dining room because he wouldn't eat his dinner. When we came back to class (our classroom was the dining hall) he was still there sitting over his cold dinner after 45 minutes. (Miss Semple, Peach could be a hard woman.)

In the "pre-primary 1-7" days there were 9 grades.

Miss Armstrong had the wee ones. They were called wee babies, big babies and first class. (Formally called Senior infants and Junior infants).

Miss Semple had 2nd and 3rd.

Mr. Palmer had 4th and 5th.

Mr. Sullivan had the remainder.

There is a lot of talk nowadays about bullying. During my time at Jones Memorial there was none at all. In fact the opposite was the case. The younger ones looked up to- even revered the older ones "the big boys." These boys, these adolescents, were, in some cases 9 years older than me. They had, at that age, totally different attitudes and ways of looking at things. They provided for us an early and safe introduction into a bigger and

more challenging world. A world which, at our age and in our country environment we were shielded from.

Here are 3 stories that spring to mind which remind me of the relationship that existed between the younger ones and the older ones.

For a short while I was “mothered” by Gretta Hassard. She taught me the names of trees and flowers. I have remembered those names since I was 6.

One lunch break I was standing all alone in the wood, a boy, aged 13 or 14, came up to me and said, “What’s wrong with you?” I replied tearfully, “My bootlace is undone.” “Well do it up,” he said. “I don’t know how,” I replied. “I’ll tie your lace slowly and you watch. Then you’ll be able to do it.” So I learned how to tie my shoelace 55 years ago in the middle of Jones Memorial Wood. That boy was Dick Cutler and I still remember that kindness.

The late Jim Black pointed out to me a squirrel high up in a tree which I otherwise would never have seen. That was the first time I had ever seen a squirrel (Red of course – Greys were unknown at that time).

Play

The wood was our playground. We played in, up and around trees, mature ash, oak and sycamore. Wild flowers of the woodland and hedgerow such as Bluebell, Wood Anemone and Primrose adorned the ground which left us all with memories which former pupils of most other schools do not have.

One of the nice things about the wood was that there were no rules- well only one. You weren’t allowed to go beyond “the stump.” This was an old tree stump in the middle of the path going to the end of the wood. The “stump” rule had three motives. It kept us from going to close to the big house, Lisgoole Abbey, it kept us away from Lough Erne and it made sure that we were always within earshot of the bell. (I only reasoned this out myself many years later.)

The games we played:

Girls liked skipping and coaxing the boys into playing “Down on the carpet”, where we sang, “Down on the carpet we shall meet, Where the grass grows round your feet. Stand up straight upon your feet, And choose the one you love so sweet.”

The boys used to bring in catapults (banned by the teachers but the boys brought them in anyway.) They were made with a suitable Y-shaped branch, 2 pieces of rubber (from old tubing) and a leather pouch. These lethal weapons could fire a fairly large stone at least 40 or 50 yards. In season we played conkers and I received many a bruised and sore knuckle to show for it. We loved marbles. We had our favourite lucky ones and swapped regularly. About 10 years ago I was rooting through a box of old “rubbish” when I came across a

marble. I recognized it at once as one I had got from Jim Elliott in a swap. We guarded our precious marbles as though they were jewels.

Other games – “Out and After” where teams were chosen. Half ran away and hid (in the wood) and the other half had to find them. It was annoying when you had found a wonderful hiding place and the bell rang before you were found.

The bell was a wonderful instrument. Very large and heavy. It was made of bronze with a wooden handle. It was an honour to be chosen to ring the bell at the end of break or lunchtime. (In retrospect I think the teachers allowed us to ring the bell in order to have another 2 minutes of lunch time to themselves.)

Teachers

Miss Armstrong- I don’t remember a lot about her except that she was very kind, never cross. She seemed to be regularly showered with copious amounts of bluebells as presents, picked at lunchtime, and frog spawn, although she always seemed to find a jam jar to hold them all. It was amazing how bluebells sagged and lost their vitality as soon as you brought them indoors.



Miss Semple (Peach) – a legend. She was firm, very firm but not unfair. She suffered from bunions and cut the sides out of her shoes for more comfort. When someone misbehaved she would say with cane in her hand, “Come up to me sir.” She played the harmonium for our hymns at assembly and for our singing lessons.

Mr. Roy Palmer- my hero. As far as I was concerned he could do no wrong. I remember the many words of advice which I have carried through my life. He had the shiniest shoes I have ever seen.

Mr. Sullivan – he never taught me. He was very hard. Saying my prayers every night, I used to pray “that I wouldn’t get the stick from the master.”

Mr. Whittaker – a fine man and a fine teacher. He took extra trouble with me on account of my poorness of arithmetic. My sister Elizabeth’s best friend Alexandria Richie came to Jones Memorial from the model at the same time as Norman Whittaker because her parents wanted her to be taught by Norman Whittaker when she was doing the 11+.

When I first came to Jones Memorial there was about 100 children and 4 teachers, NO cars – not even one, then Miss Semple got an A30 and Mr. Whittaker came with his Morris Minor. How many cars for a similar sized school nowadays? 20?

Coronation Day – June 1953

We all got medals – I still have mine. In the morning we sang the hymn: “All people that on earth do dwell.” I remember wondering why we were singing that hymn and not the National Anthem. The pupils of Ashwoods School were invited and came to join us for the day.

There were no classes – games all day. There were bicycles races for the “big boys.” They were in the field beside the wood (normally out of bounds but not on this occasion.) There were not enough bikes to go round so there had to be a sort of knock –out competition won by Bobby Moore. (I was too young to take part.)

1956

I remember Margaret Thornton composing a poem as follows, which Mr. Palmer pinned to the wall.

“The Yellow Rose of Texas and the Man from Laramie
Went into the Golden Arrow to get a cup of tea.
The price was one and sixpence but they charged them
one and three.
Then in come Davey Crockett and got his dinner free.”
(Sung to the tune of the Yellow Rose of Texas.)

Autumn

Gathering Sticks

Once a year all the boys, big and small, were sent to the wood to gather sticks. These were used by Mr. Black to light the fire every morning during the winter. The heat from the fire warmed the big single pipes that went all round the school, all three rooms. The fire was fuelled by coke. It was in a “pot bellied stove” – ex-army, I think. It is amazing how many sticks could be gathered by 30 or 40 boys in a day. They lasted all winter.

Potato Picking

I remember this season of year very well. The whole school was closed for three or four days to allow a whole family and all the children (boys and girls) to go “parity pickin.” Coming from Enniskillen this was not part of my life. Normally at the time my mother was teaching in the Model so I spent the time in Miss Agnew’s class in the Model school. It was not nearly as easy going as Jones Memorial.

Dining Hall

The Dining Hall in Jones Memorial was opened in 1957. It was a former Army building on the left side of the avenue just as you go through the main gate of Lisgoole Abbey. The last time I went out that road, it was still there. I knew it very well because I not only had my dinner there; it was also my classroom for a whole year, under Roy Palmer. The dinner ladies were Mrs. Black and Mrs. Watkins.

The dinners were cooked in the Model school, Enniskillen and were then driven out to the outlying schools.

The driver was Mr. Albert Hicks who apparently drove like the wind so that the dinners were still at least warm by the time they reached Jones Memorial.

Conclusion

Jones Memorial Days were, to me, very special days.

I have asked many people from different towns and different backgrounds about their early school days. While nearly all of them agreed that their school days were the best days of their lives, none of them remembered those days with the same sort of fondness and pride as do the former pupils of Jones Memorial School. (Even the name has a ring to it.) I have thought many times about why this was and how it came about. I believe it was a combination of things all coming together at a particular time. The building, its size. The number of pupils – not too small, not too large. The variety of backgrounds. The various talents, the clever mixing with and sometimes learning from the not so clever. The environment – a country school with country values, besides a wood and of course the teachers – very clever, well educated, very knowledgeable, strict (But fair).

I can honestly say that in my 7 years at Jones’ I never once felt threatened by a teacher or by a pupil. I can still remember the names of all the pupils of my last year (1958). I met a lady on an island in Lough Erne last August (2007) and I recognized her after 50 years. I hesitate in using the word children because at that time we did not feel like children – we were the next generation, the world was at our feet – we knew it all – certainly much more than our fuddy duddy old parents.



Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Roy Palmer 1955 to 1960

After six years in Portora Royal School, and subsequent teacher training in Stranmills College (during which I did six weeks 'teaching practice' in the school), Archdeacon Pratt asked me to join the staff of the school, as it was growing in numbers. It then had four teachers – Mr. Sullivan, Miss Semple, Miss Bussell (and later Miss Crawford) and myself. There were only three classrooms in the school, so I had to work at the other end of the large room in which the Master taught. With hind sight I can see that it was a perfect way to start teaching, for I had the perfect example to follow right in front of me! It also made my class discipline very easy- nobody misbehaved in the Master's room!

Later my two classes moved down to the school dining hall at the entrance to Lisgoole Abbey. Those days were some of the happiest days of my teaching career. I can still remember the chestnut championships, and the marbles' leagues that were organized for break times. I put on weight too, because the cooks soon found that I like puddings, and I always got huge first and second helpings of whatever was sent to the school kitchens. They really spoiled me!

Unfortunately, in 1957, the new Intermediate school opened in Enniskillen, and when all the senior pupils (the 12 to 14 year olds) moved to it, I became redundant, as only three teachers were required, and I had to leave. I've had such lovely children to teach since, and my memories of school in Jones Memorial in Culkey, whether as a pupil, a student, or as a teacher are fondly cherished. They were very happy times.

The school I remember existed in rather more innocent times- or maybe I was a little more innocent then.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Adrian Clements

Living in the centre of Enniskillen, I would catch the NI Transport bus at the Weest Bridge-even at 6 years old, this was done on one's own-and paid 8d (about 3p) for a return ticket. In the summer, when maybe a little older, I would cycle to school, taking a short cut through Old Rossory. There was a road side spring just before coming back to town, and one or two of us would stop for a drink. This might not really have been wise, even then, but could explain quite a lot.

The school had four teachers when I first arrived, but this reduced to three shortly after, though I think as an unconnected event. Miss Crawford took the youngest children, and passed them to Miss Semple (Peach), who then handed them over to Mr Whittaker (Spam). I have no idea where the nicknames came from, but the immediate post war generation was seemingly obsessed with tinned food.

Obviously a lot of good teaching went on at the school, but it was the out of class activities that made the day really memorable. We were allowed to roam in the woods in the immediate vicinity of the school, and the boundaries were well known, but not always strictly observed. Sometimes there were painful recriminations if the roaming went too far, or the fir cones which we threw actually managed to hit someone. Sore hands or sore bottoms could result.

I don't know about the girls' toilet facilities, but the boys did not have flushing loos. It didn't seem strange then, and we didn't worry about it too much... The heating in the main classroom, so far as I can remember, consisted of a stand alone stove which would burn red hot at the front. So much for health and safety, but we knew that

we would get burnt if we went too close. Maybe we were cleverer then.

There were concrete bases in the woods, and it has never struck me until now that they presumably had prefab huts on them at one time, presumably during the war. These provided an ideal place to play marleys. Or marbles as the more polite referred to them. If you had told us then about mobiles and texting we would have thought you had been reading something about Dan Dare and space travel in the 'Eagle'.



Lunch was in a prefab down through the woods, and there was no meat on a Friday-and probably not much real meat on any other day. I still remember the rissoles, which were my favourite, and cake and custard.

The shop across the road and down the lane could provide politically incorrect Black Jacks after lunch, as an after dinner treat, at four for 1d. That was, in theory, 48 for one shilling, or 5p.

In late summer and autumn we would sometimes spend the afternoon out of class in front of the school, where there were fruit bushes, and we were meant to assist in picking the fruit. Many a sore tummy would result from a high proportion not making it into the collecting basins.

As we came to the end of our time in Jones, the P7 class was given the benefit of attending the 'qualifying class', which was an extra effort by the teachers to accustom us to the 'intelligence test' regime which we all would have to face when sitting the 11 plus. We retired after school to Miss Semple's classroom, as it was smaller, and probably warmer. I have a vivid memory of this class being highly exciting as the girls sat in front, and, at least on one occasion, the boys spent the time lifting the girls frocks with their toes to see what there was to see underneath.

Heady days indeed. And I remember them to be very good days. The facilities were probably not up to much by today's standards, but the teachers taught well and what we didn't know we didn't miss.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Miss Beatrice Crawford,

I entered Stranmillis College for teacher training in September 1952. Keen to return to teach in Fermanagh, I went during the Easter holidays of my final year to see Mr Malone, Chief Education Officer in Enniskillen, to enquire if there were any vacancies locally. There was a post coming up in Jones memorial, a replacement for Miss Armstrong in Infants, and I remember making my way one very wet day to Chanter lodge, up the Pound Brae, to be interviewed by Archdeacon Pratt, then rector of Rossory and Chairman of the School Committee and Manager of the school. He asked me a few questions, including whether I could play the organ if needed. Sending me home to write an account of myself, he said 'I'll let you know later.'

Anyway, I got the job and started, as was usual, two days before the end of the summer term, thus qualifying me for holiday pay. I had those two days under Headmaster Sullivan who was about to take over as principal of the Model School in Enniskillen.

As I started the new term that September under Jones' new Principal, Mr Norman Whittaker, I could not have foreseen that I would spend my entire teaching career on the staff of Jones Memorial School. They were to be forty happy years, thirty one of them under the headship of Mr. Whittaker.

My domain was to be the 'sick room', formerly used as a store and now, thanks to growing numbers, pressed into service as a third classroom to accommodate P1, P2 and P3 combined.

To say the space was inadequate for accommodating up to 43 pupils is an understatement. The furniture was a mixture of some old fashioned long desks with form seats attached and some two-seaters. Smaller-scale furniture suitable for infants was just making an appearance in classrooms. There was little room to manoeuvre between the desks. Being remote from the furnace that sent piped heat round the building, my room was often freezing till about break time. Thus, we were glad of an electric fire, though it would be unthinkable nowadays, under health and safety regulations, to use an unguarded heater!

Anyone taught by me in that era will be sure to remember the unwanted guests in my room. Bats! Scores of them that came down from the roof space above. It was not unknown for a bat to drop on to a child's book-causing a commotion, for sure. I remember one day asking a young girl to help me out by fetching me a box from the top of a cupboard. She declined, saying it would be full of bats. As it turned out, she was right! We got quite used to the ritual whereby Mr Whittaker would send in a big boy with a shovel and brush to remove them. Conservation was not an issue in those days and they were summarily dispatched. My worst experience with the bats happened one day after



school when I went to put on an overall I kept behind the door of my room for when, about once a month after school I washed the paint trays. I couldn't get my arm into the sleeve and discovered, to my horror, the reason. It was packed with bats. Mrs Black, who was cleaning next door, came to my rescue. Between us, we carried the coat out on to the front lawn. We emptied out 24 bats!

Equipment was minimal-no easels for art work, for example and we had to share things like paints and P.E equipment with senior school. The only way to manage was to be heavily committed to group work-and to spend a lot of time at home planning your strategy for each day. I had to be well organized, setting out my pile of books arranged group by group, in order lesson by lesson, on my desk. I had to make up my own materials and visual aids. I have to say that Miss Semple was very helpful to me.

Group work was the only way you were able to cope with having three classes, never mind the range of abilities to be found within those classes. Occasionally, a child would come to school already able to read-usually from a home where there would have been plenty of books and emphasis on learning. One such child, obviously very bright, was very serious about his studies from the start. In fact, it came back to me that he was heard to express his impatience with playtime in the classroom, declaring, "I'll never get the Qually at this rate!"

Be it music or art or needlework, even at that age you could predict where children's aptitudes might lie. One little girl who was always singing and full of music became a music teacher, while another child also with a clear aptitude for music became a professional pianist. One little girl whose exceptional needlework drew comment from our inspector, went on to be a teacher of Domestic Science.

One factor that helped me to deal with big classes was that the children were generally well behaved and would respond to what they were told to do or not to do. I never used a cane. I found that a light rap with my ruler would make the point. More serious matters were dealt with by the headmaster.

Often the threat of being sent to him was enough in itself. Mr. Whittaker did have a cane, but it rarely appeared, though there were times when it could have been administered to one or other of the 'big boys', never to a girl. (Before the opening of the Intermediate School, most children stayed on at primary school till fourteen).

At the start of term, you timetabled your day and gave a copy to the Principal. On a Monday morning, you gave him your weekly scheme. Apart from providing yourself with a plan, it meant that, should an inspector call, the Principal would be able to say exactly what each teacher was engaged in at any time throughout the school.

When I started, I taught P1, 2 and 3 in one room, Miss Semple taught P4 and 5 in the classroom next door and Mr Palmer shared the big room with Mr Whittaker taking his P6 and 7's with desks facing to the back of the room while Mr Whittaker taught years 8 and 9 at the front. Later, in Mr Nixon's time, the big room was subdivided to make two separate rooms. As numbers continued to increase, Laura Graham was appointed to teach P1 and was accommodated in a temporary classroom. Even with P2 and 3 combined, I never had a class of much less than 30. (Later again, in the new school, I taught only P3 or P3 and 4 combined).

With classes going on in all the rooms, not least of the practical problems was how to cause the least disruption should you need to access anything stored in the main room, such as cookery or gym equipment,

in my case, there was the additional problem that the very young pupils needed to have a toileting trip in between the official break times. In order to avoid a constant trickle of wee ones needing to ask out of class, I organized it as an 'event'-and an exercise in being as quiet as possible. We prepared by a rhyme, very quietly lined up behind, my closed door. I would whisper,

I can walk on tip toe,
I can walk on tip toe,
I can walk on tip toe,
You've seen me so you know.

Then we would put our fingers to our lips, I would open the door and we'd tip toe along the back of the big room and outside via the porch.

Toilet facilities were of the 'dry' variety and pretty basic, of course, with a tap in the yard for hand washing.

School finished at 3.15. However, since there was only one education bus, the driver had to do a couple of runs and so I helped to supervise those who stayed later. Until I bought a car in 1959, I traveled by Ulsterbus and so had to wait for that anyway. There was always plenty to do, clearing up or doing preparation.

I recall one particular winter's afternoon, the bus didn't appear back for its second home run. As time went on, I became uneasy. We had no phone in the school and so eventually I went across the road to Culkey Post Office and rang the Education Office. Mr Eric Ferguson came out and ferried a couple of loads of children home. Eventually, Albert Hicks turned up to do his second run in a bus that was rather the worse for wear, having skidded in the ice.

The school facilities we had may not have been very advanced, but we had a unique resource that added a very special dimension to the school, namely the woods that formed part of the grounds of Lisgoole Abbey.

Provided children didn't go out of bounds, the woods provided an extra play space second to none and on a hot summer afternoon I would sometimes take my classes up to the woods. It provided an ideal opportunity for nature watching-trees, birds and squirrels-and it was the most atmospheric setting you could imagine for story telling, tales such as Little Red Riding Hood or Goldilocks and The Three Bears.

We had special times too, especially at Christmas, writing letters to Santa and making decorations. There was a party for the whole school. After Miss Semple retired, I got the job of brewing the tea. (All the children got tea to drink-there was no juice in those days!) This involved making a giant tea bag out of muslin and brewing up in a boiler. It was stressful at first until I learned how to gauge it!

There was never a dull moment with the wee ones and you often heard news from home-whether you wanted to or not! The arrival of a baby brother or sister was always an excitement-and a source of amusement. I remember one little girl who, on hearing that her friend had just got a little sister, declared, "Oh, I'd love a wee brother or sister. I must go home and get Mammy to lay one".

Another little fellow told me he was about to have a new brother-yes, definitely it needed to be a brother and he would let me know the next day. He came in looking rather despondent and when I eventually enquired, he told me that it was a girl. "There came a lorry load and not one boy on it".

To some of my children, I obviously seemed rather ancient-even in my early days! One child, taken with the story of St. Patrick, enquired if I was around in those days. Once, the question came up as to what was a widow. Having explained that it was someone whose husband had died, I was asked if I was a widow. When I said no, one young girl piped up to say that then I must be an old maid.

There were always characters too. After an incident when some money went missing in the room, one of my scripture classes turned into a little talk by me about honesty and how we must never listen when the devil whispers in our ear, but listen instead to what Jesus says.

We went on to our writing lesson and one young boy who would get easily bored with this task came up to me, telling me, "I'm after hearing Jesus speaking to me. He told me three more lines would be enough".

Quite often, I had to keep my amusement to myself. The school was used as the venue for meetings of the Bellanaleck branch of the Ulster Farmers' Union and my room was used for the tea.

I recall one morning after a meeting had been held, a little boy in my class found a cigarette butt under his chair. He came up to me very perturbed and said " I don't smoke and you don't smoke, so where ever did it come from?".

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Kathleen Richey (nee Geddis)

I went on to complete my teacher training at Stranmillis College. Some eight years after having been a pupil there, I returned to Jones Memorial for my final teaching practice in Autumn 1953.

For this, I did six weeks with Noelle Armstrong who took the infants and six weeks with Miss Semple, during my time with Noelle, she became ill and I was asked to 'jump in at the deep end' and take her place for sheer numbers the teachers had to cope with, that and the lack of space.

It was fifteen years before I returned to Jones Memorial, this time as a teacher.

Over the next years, I subbed in the school, doing maternity leaves, some of them for quite long periods.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Evelyn Hassard

My memories of the school date from the 1950s when life was a lot simpler and a great deal safer and slower. My first days at school were very happy ones as I was fortunate to find myself in an exciting, colourful and what seemed to be enormous room occupied by Miss Crawford whom I quickly came to love and adore.

I have very strong memories of her soft but clear voice, her open and reassuring smile. Weren't we the lucky ones to have such a good start to school life safe in her capable and devoted hands?

Do any of you 1950s kids remember the nature table adorned with birds' nests, pale, speckled blue eggs which some of the older children got to blow themselves, pussy willows, stones, leaves and moss?...nature was brought inside to make us aware of the bounties awaiting us outside. We were so lucky to have a natural playground like no other...a whole wood to explore, to have adventures and, if you were like me, in which to play 'housey'.

We'd find an old tree with big knobbly roots which protruded through the earth and instantly in our minds they became our own little houses which we decorated with leaves and branches, cones, flowers and which we diligently swept with ferns to keep our house tidy and momentarily forgot about long division, fractions, spellings and writing. The wood was our whole world and if you put as much as one foot past the stump far away at one end, something dreadful would happen you....we were well warned.

Do you remember the lovely art work which Miss Crawford hung on the walls and changed every week?...it was so exciting to have her uncover the latest picture which she would produce rolled up like an

ancient manuscript....and what about the massive Biblical jigsaws which were stored in the big cupboard at the back of the room not to mention the craft work which was kept in cardboard boxes all stacked up like a mountain. I loved working with binca, a firm material which had holes to sew with thread and wool.

We made all kinds of stitches resulting in various geometric patterns.... at least that was the idea... mine got a bit grubby as I worked and reworked when I made errors probably because I was talking too much... nothing changes much I hear you say. One day, after being given my box to start my work I put in my hand and felt not a nice piece of wool but the soft flabby flesh of what turned out to be a bat which had decided to make my work box its cosy bed.

Now in those days no-one left their seats without permission but that did not deter me from screaming and flying out over the table much to Miss Crawford's surprise. I still cannot look a bat straight in the eye and could never understand why that big man, Mr. Palmer the teacher in the classroom next door, thought they were such wonderful creatures and needed protection.

I later discovered the joys of knitting and with great enthusiasm produced a huge teddy bear in grey garter stitch. Mr Palmer, the bat lover, redeemed himself by somehow procuring a pair of glass eyes to set my Teddy off on the seeings of life and it was a very proud day at the end of term when I carried my teddy up the hill at Bellanaleck to show my Mother.

No account of school life could be complete without at least a fleeting reference to... the dry toilets. These were to be avoided if at all possible because you risked life and limb if you had to 'go'. The loo was a dark, smelly, wet and very cold place with a slithery wooden plank upon which we were told never to sit but I was afraid to stand on it either because my cousin had had a terrible slip one day and we nearly lost her forever... it caused a lot of anxiety in our hearts and so we never, never went alone.

Then there was Miss Semple's room to which we graduated whether we wanted to or not... believe me we would have given anything to have stayed in the infants' room forever. Here we were introduced to Miss S's closest friends, Tom, Dick and Harry who lived in the big press and with whom many of us shook hands on a regular basis.

Boy, O boy, how your hand stung after the blow of one of these chaps who were so old and overused they were as much cellotape as wood. My talking and general carelessness in my sums got me into trouble many's a time... my fingers were so fat that I could hardly bend them after Miss S. had her way with the stick. But it wasn't all bad in there... do you remember the lovely initialled bells saying HAPPY XMAS she had us garland the whole room along with our own beautiful hand-made decorations at Xmas? And her wonderful singing lessons when she hit that amazing tuning fork off a desk,



Jones Memorial - Lisgoole. School Group.

**From left front row : Lorna Black, (deceased)
Edith Kiernan,(deceased) Betty Nixon.**

**Back row from left: Cecil Irvine, Shirley Walsh,
and Tom Browne. Taken around 1950.**

sang a note and away we went... I was in my element when it was time to sing... Men of Harlech, The Skye Boat Song, David of the White Rock... all ancient songs from 'Sing Care Away'... Red and Blue Books... little did I know that I too would use these books many years later in a different world far away from that special place that was Jones.

I was so proud the day Miss S. handed me the school bell to tap the time for the pupils to march out of 'prayers' when she battered away on our moth-eaten foot organ from which emanated the most lovely sound (at least that's what I thought circa 1957) as she pedalled for dear life, back erect, bunioned feet going like a sewing machine, hairnet fitted tightly round her perfect waves.

I believe that when the school later moved to the new site the organ disintegrated into a ball of dust when they tried to move it...maybe this is only hearsay, maybe Miss S had cast a spell so that it could never be moved from that spot.

I could write volumes about being in Mr Whittaker's

room and indeed about him. To me he was a hero because he knew everything that was worth knowing..... the geography of the world, the movement of the sun, the earth and the seas and he had the enthusiasm to impart that knowledge. When I went to secondary school I coasted for years on what he taught us in P6 and P7...he instilled an interest in Geography which has stood to me as I travelled the world and saw many of the sights he so vividly described without the use of I.T., T.V. or video, just good plain teaching with his maps and the globe and above all, his sound knowledge.

Do you cubs and cutties remember gathering sticks in the wood and carrying them down to the shed near the road and lining up outside school to wait for the bus to take us home ?.I loved those sunny days when we were allowed to go to Lila's to buy blackjacks and fruit salad sweets, four for a penny and so chewy and sweet, there was nothing like it. But the best bit of all was heading home at the end of the year with all the noisy children shouting and screaming wildly on the bus 'Gitty, Gitty Gaw! Gitty gitty, gaw'! It meant summer holidays are here at last.



Parents and children watching the laying of the foundation stone of the new Jones Memorial School near Enniskillen. On right are Mr. Ivan Loane, a member of the Management Committee, and Mr. Cecil

1960-1970

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Beatrice Crawford

In the late Sixties, it was clear that population changes were having an effect on primary schools in the area. While numbers were growing at larger schools like Jones' Memorial and the Model, other smaller schools, notably the one at Moyglass, had falling numbers. So, it was decided to rationalise provision and build a new school to service a larger catchment area. After a sustained and sometimes emotional debate as to whether it should be built at Bellanaleck, in the Cleenish parish, or at Riley's Cross, in Rossorry Parish, a decision in favour of the Riley's Cross site was made at Easter 1968.

I remember well the first morning after the Easter holiday. Mr Whittaker was recovering from a knee operation and so I was organising the school assembly. The clergy of both Cleenish and Rossorry Parishes, Mr Sproule and Mr Howe respectively, had come along. As usual, I had words of the hymn already written on the back of my blackboard and duly had it brought out to the front of the main room. Because it was appropriate for Easter, my choice had been "The Strife is O'er, The Battle's Done." Mr Sproule was quick to spot the topical significance, albeit accidental, of my choice and much amusement ensued.

We had been really happy in the old school but the time came when we had to move. We would have more modern facilities and more space. But what made it easier was that, if we had to move, we were all going together as a 'family', pupils, teachers and principal. With the move, our family was to suddenly expand and the addition of pupils from Moyglass school and from the west end of Enniskillen, where our school boundary had been extended in as far as the West Bridge.

The actual move to Mullylogan was planned from the start of the summer term 1969 and so we spent the Easter holidays [preparing. Some antiquated stuff at the old school had to be burned and we packed up the rest, moving in to the new school to prepare our classrooms to be ready for the first day back. We had bigger classrooms with little tables that were altogether more child-friendly and big, bright windows. The fact that there was good storage was important. We had a proper school office and a fine assembly hall, also used as the dining hall, and a meals kitchen that prepared our dinners on the premises.

I had been 14 years in the old school but I soon settled into the new school and the classroom that was to be my room for another 26 years, teaching P3.

When I look back at the changes I witnessed in the approach to the curriculum, I realise that we would have had great difficulty delivering it, had we not had our up-to-date facilities. Although the basics to be taught remained the same, there was a new emphasis on learning by discovery which required space and

resources. From the late Seventies, many such changes took place. In Maths, for example there was a new emphasis on discovery and practical work to ensure that children understood the operations they would later commit to paper. Practical science was introduced; children were divided into small groups and carried out simple experiments. This all required more space and facilities and lots of careful preparation. The English curriculum, evolved too, with Talking and Listening being added to Reading and Writing. As to spelling and tables, we still held on to what we saw as those basic tools and children would have learned these, the difference being that they now had an understanding, rather than merely learning by rote. As we saw it, they were getting the best of both approaches.

Writing for a Purpose and for an Audience was another new section of the English Syllabus. This could include, for example, a letter to Santa or a card for Mother's Day. Pancake could provide another opportunity: while the P1's made pancakes, my P3's would write an imaginative story about pancakes and then tell their stories to the P1's.

I firmly believe that children don't fundamentally change. However, I would say that over time I did notice some changes in behaviour. Perhaps it was because conversation at home now had to compete with television, but I noticed a deterioration in the ability to listen.

Jones Memorial Proposal for new school 1960's (The Battle of Reilly's cross)

As a result of a chance meeting with chief education officer a parent from Bellanaleck learned of a proposal by the then county education committee that two new schools be built to replace the original Jones Memorial Bible School.

Further conversation led the parent to comment that it may be better to propose a larger school to cater for a wider or the whole area and also compete with Model Enniskillen which because of its size was attracting pupils even from the Letterbreen area.

This conversation sparked off a chain of events over the next years which led to a proposal being put for a large school to be erected at Reilly's Cross area.

Rector of Rossorry Church of Ireland the late Chancellor rev RG Howe was chairman of Jones Memorial School management committee worked tirelessly in his efforts to support the proposal that Jones Memorial School remain in the parish while many influential brother clergy fought vigorously for the two school proposal. The support of parents in all areas concerned was also crucial to the result. Letterbreen and Bellanaleck were areas proposed for building two small schools. The idea of a large school was discussed among concerned parents who favoured the idea. Parent's representatives were appointed from Jones Memorial school and they took up the challenge.

When local government elections were due parents encouraged their reps to stand for election to rural council and county council which was successful.



Continuous lobbying by new members succeeded in persuading the county education committee to adopt the new proposal for a large school and found that the then ministry of education were in favour of the large school, as there was growing evidence that small schools in both voluntary and maintained sector were having difficulty.

The ensuing debate called the 'Battle of Reillys cross by local newspapers resulted in agreement to have a large school built near Reillys Cross (which is now a roundabout near the school).

The rest is history.

I Loane



Pupils of the new Jones Memorial School which opened officially on Monday.



Pupils of the new Jones Memorial School which opened officially on Monday.



Pupils of the new Jones Memorial School which opened officially on Monday.



Presented at a reception in the Women's Welfare Association, were MAYOR CARTON, CAPTAIN LONG, the Minister, and other guests who attended the official opening of the new Jones Memorial County Primary School on Wednesday.



School is no longer the dreaded place it used to be, thanks to major rebuilding like the Jones Memorial School.



1970-1980

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Paul Latimer (MBChB., MSc., FRCS (Orth)
– attended Jones Memorial PS 1976 – 1983

The best thing I can remember about Jones Memorial Primary School was a school trip when Mr Whittaker took us out on his own boat at Castle Archdale. This probably gave him the love of all things to do with water e.g. diving sailing etc

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Heather Ferguson – attended Jones Memorial Primary School 1977 – 1985

I have many memories of Jones Memorial, of my teachers and classmates, but one personality shines through, the man we all loved to see walking through the doors of our classroom: Mr Whittaker.

When you were little, (or Mr Wikkiter if you got it wrong like I did) seemed like a giant. He was a large man with a hearty laugh and a real story teller. He would captivate whole classes with his recounting of tales from the old school and of times past. I remember how you would look forward to his visits because once he finished his conversation with the teach you just knew that you would get a take or two and, if you were lucky, it may just get you out of the maths lesson for that day!

I had a particular reason for liking Mr Whittaker though, and it revolved around something very close to a child's heart: Sweets!! As a teachers child I spent a lot of time after normal school hours waiting for my mother to

finish her preparation for the following day. My brother Peter and I would wander around the corridors chatting to Mrs Gault and Mrs Benson and if we went up to the 'wee end', Mrs Price.



All of this dandering about would take us past the office where Mr Whittaker would be sitting at his desk hard at work. It did not take us long to realise that if we passed the office often enough Mr Whittaker would come out of the office for a wee chat. This wee chat always took place outside the office where there was a door that led nowhere, - it was the tuck shop store.

Mr Whittaker would have the keys to this paradise of Farmer Browns crisps, refreshers and parma violets in his hand and he knew that we knew that if we stayed for long enough he would open the doors to the treasure trove and Peter and I would get to pick what we wanted. We would walk back down to our mothers classroom munching whatever we had been given satisfied for another afternoon.



Our mother always chided us for annoying him and being too obvious in our intentions to get into the tuck shop store! I have to say he never made it feel like we were annoying him and I really enjoyed our chats, they are some of my favourite childhood memories...



Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Aneta E Sharpe

I joined the Partial Hearing Unit, then in a mobile, in 1973. Helen Butler was the teacher. As a classroom assistant I moved around the school getting things ready for the following day etc.

Mr Whittaker was the Principal. The children in the Partial Hearing Unit came by taxi and buses from quite a few distances.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Mrs Roberta Bailie
Vice Principal 2008

My memories of JMPS are varied and dear!

I attended school from 1977 to 1985 and my 'best friend' was Heather Ferguson, daughter of Barbara. I began with Miss Alexander now Mrs Topping, went onto Mrs Woods, then Miss Crawford who wore 'quiet shoes' so that she could creep up on you! Mrs Collum had the pleasure of my company in Primary Four followed by Mrs Ferguson in Primary five. She gave me sage advice, a little poem that to this day I quote often – "Love many, trust few, always paddle your own canoe!"

I then spent a fabulous year in the company of Miss McCullagh. There I was enthralled by the Laura Ingalls Wilder stories as a result, I learned to love reading, infact it was down to Daphne that I now consider myself a lifelong reader. On to Mrs O'Malley in Year 7 to work out in the 'big' mobile. What an experience!

Mr Whittaker was my Principal for all those years and I can honestly say that I truly admired the interest he took in each one of his pupils. He knew each of us by name.

It is hard to believe that today, twenty five years later, I have the privilege of working alongside the now Principal, Mrs Isherwood as her Vice Principal. Here's to the next 100 years in JMPS!! The future looks bright!



1980-1990

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Beatrice Crawford

Mr. Whittaker retired in 1986 after what had been for me personally a professional association of thirty one years. I shall always be grateful for the privilege of working under such a gifted and dedicated principal. However, the school was fortunate in the appointment of Mr. Kerr who, a former pupil himself, slotted in with ease and ably carried on the high standard set by Mr. Whittaker.

I would say we were blessed to have a close knit staff. All worked together for the good of all. Thus, it was a time of great sadness for us all when, in January 1988, Mrs. Alma Reed died after a short illness. Formerly Alma Johnston and a past pupil of the school, Alma had been for many years our much loved and respected reception class teacher. Her death left a great void and a deep sense of loss.



In concluding my memoirs of forty very happy and rewarding years in Jones Memorial, I would just like to say what a pleasure it has been to look back. I remember with affection and gratitude all those who helped and supported me and made life and work so pleasant: principals, teaching colleagues, ancillary staff, kitchen staff, parents and, above all, the children. I wish everyone associated with Jones Memorial every blessing in the future.

In the first September of my retirement, I stood outside my home and listened to the children of nearby Stragowna school out playing in their break and it did, just for a moment, make me lonesome for the children I had taught for all those years in Jones Memorial. However, there is a right time for everything and, having made the decision, it was time to move on.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Mrs B Ferguson

In 1981 (approx), Mrs Betty Collum asked me if I would help her if she started a Y.O.C in Jones Memorial. Having a keen interest in nature/environment, I was only too pleased to do so, and so began many years of exploring our local area and having "hands on" experience in finding out about the wildlife on our doorstep and in particular the birdlife.



Meetings were held once a month if possible and at first included children from years 5-7, later on year 4 became involved.

Local expert Joe Magee (RSPB) was a great help and came to school every year to show slides. The school being in a rural area, had a good variety of birds in the grounds and sportsfield. Bird feeders/nest boxes were put up by Mr Graydon in the senior end and the infant end already had their feeders well established. Starting off with common garden/countryside birds Mr Magee then introduced us to birds of the lakes and mountains in Fermanagh before moving on to peculiar, rare birds of other countries.

When a speaker wasn't available, we taped videos from popular wildlife television programmes and showed these.

During the summer term, we always had an outing. Trips to the RSPB reserve at Castle Caldwell, the Mill Lough, Enniskillen provided a wide variety of birds and we were failed to hear the cuckoo singing continuously amid the tall trees in Florencecourt Forest. It was very pleasing to have children who were keen and interested in their environment so much that we decided to venture further afield and so the first Jones Memorial Residential took place to Magilligan Field Centre in Londonderry.

A group of about twenty five very excited children set off on the yellow WELB bus to enjoy five days of fun games and trips to the beach and forest. The highlight was an outing by boat to Rathlin Island to see at first hand, the colonies of sea birds for which it is renowned.

The children slept in dormitories and this of course was a new experience which they thoroughly enjoyed, although a full night's sleep was not always a priority.

When Mrs Betty Collum retired I carried on the Y.O.C, with the help of Mrs Claire Elder. Mr Joe Magee was now retired but we were delighted to have the expertise of Mr Finbar Cross (RSPB) who was based at the Agriculture College. Finbar visited the school many times to play team games, puzzles, shops, videos and help with trips to Castle Caldwell and Necarne Estate. We also visited the organic /wildlife garden of Mr and Mrs Mark Scott at Letterbreen . This was particularly enjoyed as Mr Scott had laid out a nature trail for the children.

We were also welcomed to the home of Mr and Mrs Perrot at Drumgay Lough and they also came into school to speak to the children and show slides. The late Mr Ottho Perrot was a great source of interest, as he was able to whistle the individual songs of many common birds. Another very faithful visitor was Captain Marwood from Monea.

On many of our trips we got soaked but being well kitted out with waterproofs , Wellingtons etc. the children didn't mind at all.

In 2000, the Y.O.C became the wildlife explorers and this was more appropriate as most of us were interested in animals, flowers, fauna, as well as birds.

We were grateful to other members of staff for their co-operation and enthusiasm in encouraging the children to take part. Everyone gained an insight into the treasures on our doorsteps and an enjoyable time was had by all.

When Mrs Barbara Johnston joined our staff she started a science club which Mrs Elder has continued to run each year for primary six children.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Avril Hamilton

Yesterday a lady called Avril came in to tell us about her time at Jones Memorial. She talked about the time she had won a science competition in Belfast.



They used to go out every Saturday in bogs and grassy lands to pick flowers, different types of grasses and brightly coloured berries. The flowers that made really bright colours were lichen and gorse. Later on they put the flowers, grasses and berries into a big pot and boiled them down for a couple of hours.

They also died wool and knitted some hats and scarves. The head-teacher picked her, her best friend and two other boys to go to Queens University in Belfast and enter the competition.



They spent two days in Belfast and it was the first time Avril had been in a Chinese restaurant. The best thing was they came first!

When they came back to school the Head teacher got a phone call to say that the BBC was coming to film them doing the science project! The TV programme they would be on was called Why Don't You? It started off with Avril sitting in a boat on Lough Erne telling people her name, age and about the Science Competition.

The programme was so popular that it kept being repeated!

I thought it was very interesting.

Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Mrs Ferguson

How does one even begin to write about many happy years at Jones Memorial, working as part of a dedicated team. My first "room" was a green the infant end, teaching P2.

The P5 teacher moved "moved up the country" and Mr Whittaker asked he if I would like to teach P5. I didn't give him a straight answer. However, after having asked the other teachers he came back to me and I reluctantly agreed. I reckon I was a "soft touch".



I was not to regret the decision with Mr Whittaker's continued support, many years were spent teaching P5/6 next door to Miss McCullough, truly professional with a wicked sense of humour and "a heart of corn".

Next more was to the now Year 7 room beside the library, teaching P4. While off on maternity leave it was decided that I should move next door, again teaching P4. Mrs Topping did her final year teaching practice here and remains the enthusiastic, no nonsense dedicated teacher that she is today.

After many years teaching in the senior end of the school, I spent the last three years of my career in the infant department in Miss Crawford's room. This, I thoroughly enjoyed as it gave me a wider experience which was to benefit subbing. The children were adorable and everything ran like clockwork, under the watchful eye of Mrs Pringle.

During this time I was lucky to have a P.E student for her final year teaching practice lots of new ideas for sport and different ways of introducing new topics to children were appreciated.

Most of my teaching career was spent under the brilliant Mr Whittaker. He would come into the classroom glance at the board and say, "I see you are doing something on". There began a lesson for the children, a break for the class teacher, who learnt more from him than years at Stranmillis, especially geography and art-isn't a picture worth more than a thousand words?!

Mr Kerr one of nature's gentlemen came along next and enthused us all on outdoor gardening. Up went the wiggams every spring outside the assembly hall!

When Mr Kerr retired, Oral and I continued the trend for many years. How would one forget the ladies! The never to be forgotten rock of the school – Miss Crawford, the dramatic Mrs Johnston, friendly helpful Mrs Houston, and vivacious energetic Mrs Parkinson!



Three amusing events spring to mind

1. Creative writing was enlightening and enjoyable! (2002 approx)

There was always one child who would say, "I have nothing to write about". So I would tell them about an event from home, perhaps about farming or my pets. On a Friday afternoon, my husband brought in our little dog Ben. He had one party trick, which I thought the children would enjoy. However the moment he was lastly handed over into my arms, he trembled with fear and consequently ran under my table. This is going to be a disaster I thought. With friendly encouragement and foating he eventually came out and "performed". I put a piece of chocolate on the floor, surrounded by inquisitive, silent children. Ben loved chocolate and looked up at the beseechingly. I said "No, Ben". He then would look down at the chocolate again and look at me with longing brown eyes. This could go on for as long as I chose. As long as I said no, he would not touch it. Eventually 'I said yes, and of course, he ate it quickly and wagged his tail. 'The children thought this was wonderful!

However, this is not the end of the story. Later that week, a mother one of the children came to me and said jokingly, "what on earth have you been "teaching" your class?! When Catherine came home last Friday, all was quiet so I went to investigate. The six year old had her little brother, aged two into a corner of a room, and placed a piece of chocolate on the floor.

The terrified toddler wanted the chocolate but his "big" sister was shouting "No!" with great authority! Only a child would think of it! How we both laughed!



Swimming Disaster 1990's

It was customary for each class in the Senior part of the school to go to for six week's swimming lessons in the Lakeland Forum. While I loved teaching swimming, I was not a very competent swimmer myself and did not like to go out of my depth. One lovely child named Cherith had a really professional stroke and was working enthusiastically towards the final part of a long distance badge.

She only needed to do the deep end test. Every Friday she said she would do it but by the final lesson, it remained undone. "If I jump in with you will you go?" I enquired, "Of course, she replied. "Right, I said, "I'll stand beside you and on the count of three, we'll both jump. (Needless to say, I was secretly terrified). One, two, three! " I jumped into the deep water, came up gasping for air and there was Cheryl, standing becoming at the pool side!

Even today, when I meet her I ask, "have you done the deep end test yet?" "No, she replies. We both have a good laugh and a chat! Happy days!

Twass the month, of May 2000, a sunny afternoon. The children were outside playing and knew that very soon Mrs Woods, as PE coordinator, would come along and say What game or sporting event they were likely to do today Sports day was fast approaching, a great delight for P4. Lack of practice was no excuse, no use whinging any more.

They all gave their very best and practiced with great zeal They were only too aware that soon the bell would peal Mrs F was the one in charge, an enthusiastic teacher As she shouted out her orders she would rival any preacher.

She always loved PE classes and any sports outside Sharing the childrens' enjoyment was to her a source of pride.

She herself had a sporting history, at college she used to excel At hurdles, running and games, and still loved to join in as well. She was just like one of the children as she raced them around the track Whether 100 metres running or with an egg and spoon, or a sack. Thinking the children would love the hurdles, a chance to try something new, She had put this to Mrs Woods, and was glad that she thought so too

Mrs Woods took the bull by the horns and so some hurdles were found And with the help of Oral Graydon, they were soon firmly fixed in the ground. Remembering her younger days and how hurdling had always been fun Mrs F then volunteered to show exactly how it was done

She started off with great gusto and cleared the first hurdle with grace But the second was a different story she ended up flat on her face. The horror on the children's faces, they just didn't know what to say The embarrassment and thoughts of that moment have stayed with her right to this day

The moral of the story? Through life never be afraid to give things your all. But remember the old, old saying that pride can go before a fall



1990-2000



Memories of Jones Memorial PS

by Mrs Kathleen Richey (Nee Geddis)

By the time I was due to retire, change was on the way. A computer had been provided in my room. No doubt, it was a sign of the times and proved a useful aid to Science teaching and IT. However, it was the person to person contact with the pupils which I enjoyed so much.

Another enjoyable aspect of my time at Jones Memorial was the great crack that was to be had at break time and at dinner time. There was a wonderful team spirit amongst the staff and Mr Whittaker, while having the complete respect of both staff and pupils, was also able to be quite jolly 'off the record'.



There were sad moments too, something which was inevitable in a school where there was such a strong sense of community. I recall the tragic death of young Graeme Wilson and a young member of our own staff, Simon McGeown, was killed in a road accident. The school was not unscarred too by the Troubles. Several families associated with the school suffered bereavements.

We all loved the old school, for all its shortcomings, but the new school represented progress and we had to go

with that. The pupils were still predominantly country children, though our town catchments area began the West Bridge out. The building of more houses at Drumgallon brought additional numbers – and new challenges.



Whether as a pupil, student teacher or full time member of staff, I can say that I feel a strong attachment to Jones Memorial School and have the happiest of memories of my times there.



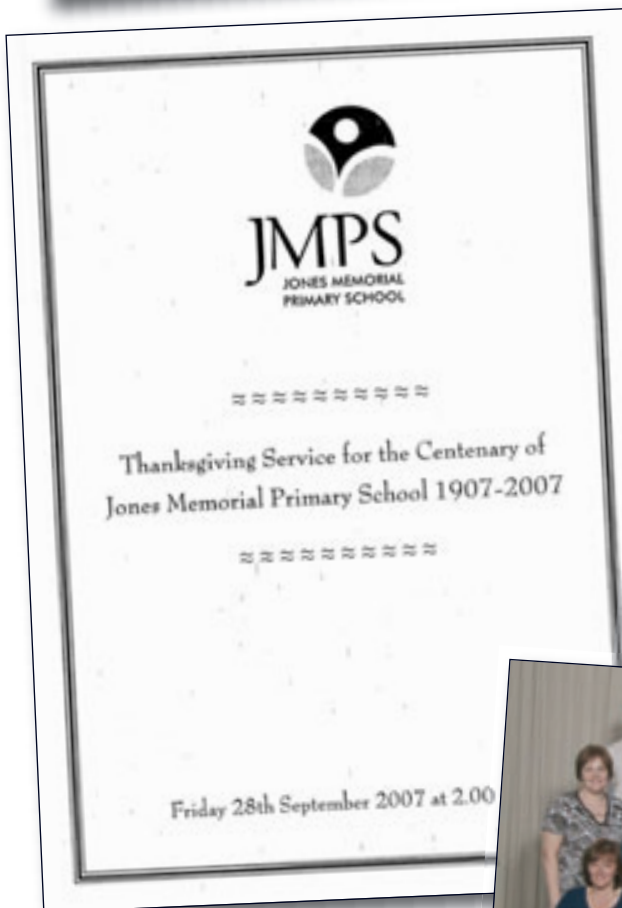
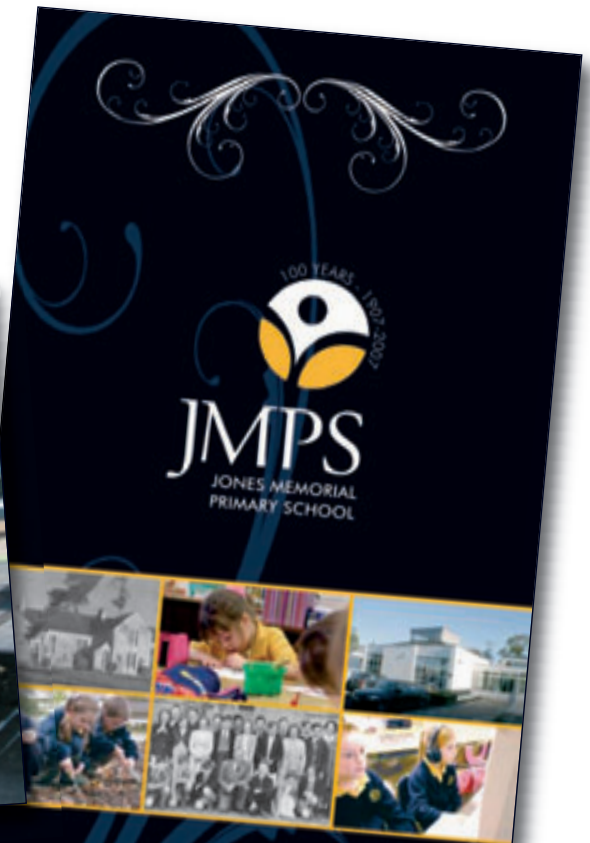
2000 - present





Centenary Year 1907-2007

The Governors and staff of Jones Memorial PS would like to thank all who contributed to the successful celebration of the schools centenary.



FERMANAGH THROUGH A CHILD'S EYE

Jones Memorial Primary School is an integral part of the community and the Drumgallon Area Community Association, which was established in 1997, runs a youth club and an art club in the building. To mark the centenary of the Jones Memorial Primary School (1907 – 2007), a mosaic depicting impressions of the local area was designed and created by our pupils and members of Drumgallon School of Art assisted by local artist Darragh Hand. The finished piece of work is displayed in the foyer.



SLEEPING BEAUTY'S

DREAM



WESTERN EDUCATION
& LIBRARY BOARD

Centenary Celebrations Jones Memorial Primary School 1907 – 2007



on

Friday, 7th September 2007

Special Guest

Rt Rev David Chillingworth



















Jones Memorial Primary School in 2008

The following pages show the thriving school Jones Memorial is today, with a selection of jokes, drawings and writing from our current students.

Primary 1 Reception : Miss Little



			
Katie A.	Sophie	Jessica	Rebecca
			
Graeme	Andrew	Jack	Charlie
			
Ethan	Scott	Matthew	Leo
			
Katie G.	Julia	Daniel	David

Karla Y2. I like house.

David

Y2. I like the trucks, and bikes outside.

Sarah Y2 I like playing outside

Rachel Y2 I like the trucks

Adam B Y2. I like the trucks.

Jill Y2. I like the house.

Ryan V2. I like the trucks.

Adam B. I like the trucks.

Lennon Y2. I like playing outside.

Caitlin Y2. I like painting and dolls.

Oran K2 I like trucks.

Joshua Y2. I like the trucks.

Thomas Y2. I like the cars.

Chelsea Y2 I like watering flowers.

Alex Y2. I like painting.

Emma Y2. I like the house.

Rhiannon Y2. I like painting.

Tia Y2 I like Painting and Playing outside.

Chloe Y2. I like painting and dance.

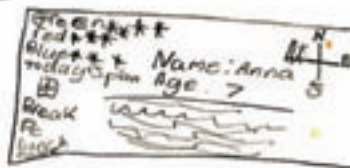
Laura Y2. I like painting.

Tyler Y2. I like the farm and animals.

Kyle Y2. I like the activity tray.

Tiffi Y2 I like puzzles.

Primary 3 : Miss Wallace



When I grow up I would like to be a teacher because I would like to teach other children. I would go to London to teach. When I go to London to teach, I would teach pl.

By Anne, Dolson



When I grow up I would like to be a Policeman because I would like to drive the car with the lights.
By Kyle Connor



When I grow up I would like to be a plumber because I want to work with my brother David.



When I grow up I would like to be a rally driver.
Christopher Martin



When I grow up I would like to be a cafe owner. In the summer I would work in a ice-cream van. The kind of icecream we would sell is Ticky Moo. We would have money cant Strawberry and chocolate and lots more. My cafe they will be called Rosanna's cafe. I would work in London.

By Rosanna Campbell



When I grow up I would like to be a Farmer because I like bringing up cows and calves. I also like giving them injections and plus I am taking over my Daddy's Farm.

By Charles Armstrong



When I grow up I would like to be a beautician because I can do make up. I would like to work with my mum in Body Beautiful.

By Lauren Little



I would like to be a car cleaner because my dad likes to be me you get to clean any cars that have to do. I would like to work in a shop where my dad works.

By William Davies



When I grow up I would like to be a vet because I like animals and I have lots of animals at home. I would like to work in Emis Kitchen.

Jore Taggart



When I grow up I would like to be a hair dresser and have a cafe so people can have a cup of tea and coffee. And sell candy fresh ice-cream. I think I like to be a hair dresser because I like to style hair and do makeup. And hair. By Emma Davies

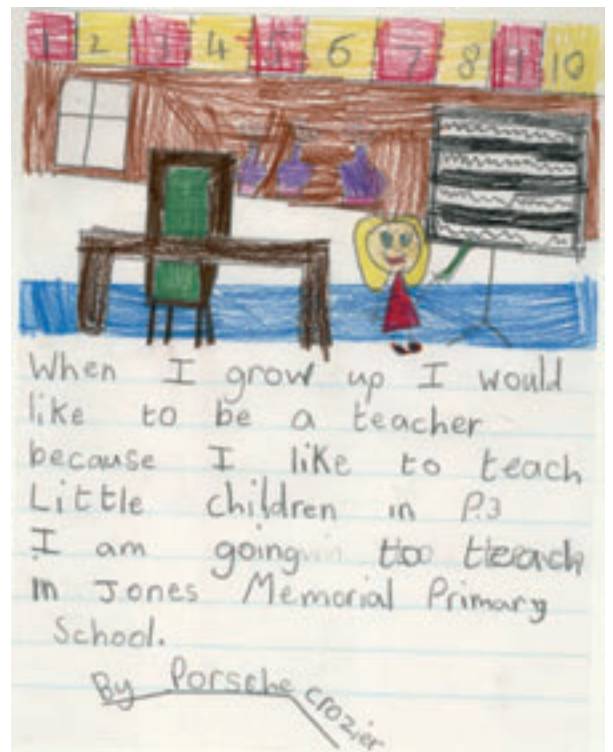
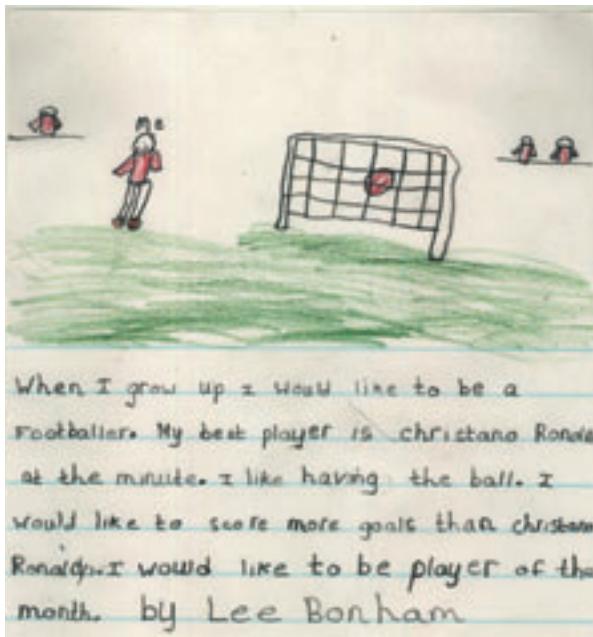
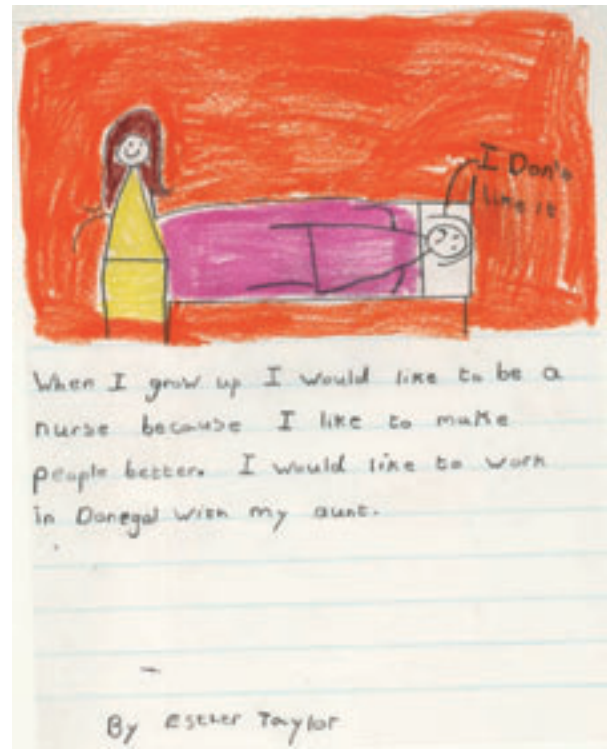


When I grow up I would like to be a policeman.
Matthew Weir



When I grow up I would like to be a farmer because you get to drive a wheel drive and a Massey Ferguson. You also get to see calf being born and you get to throw up silage and you get to feed animals.

by James Brown





When I grow up I would like to be a ice-cream woman because I will take my daddys van and I will make it into a ice-cream van. I will go to Rosstownlagh.

by CARMEN EVANS



When I grow up I would like to be a footballer because I love football.

By Greig Allan



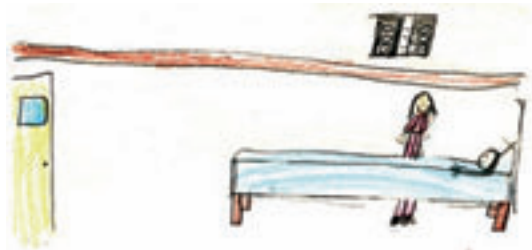
When I grow up I would like to be a teacher because I like teaching little children. I would like to teach in Jones Memorial primary school.

By NICKY MCDONNELL



When I grow up I would like to be a scientist because I can make my own potions and inventions. I would make a robot that turns into a car.

Lee Johnston



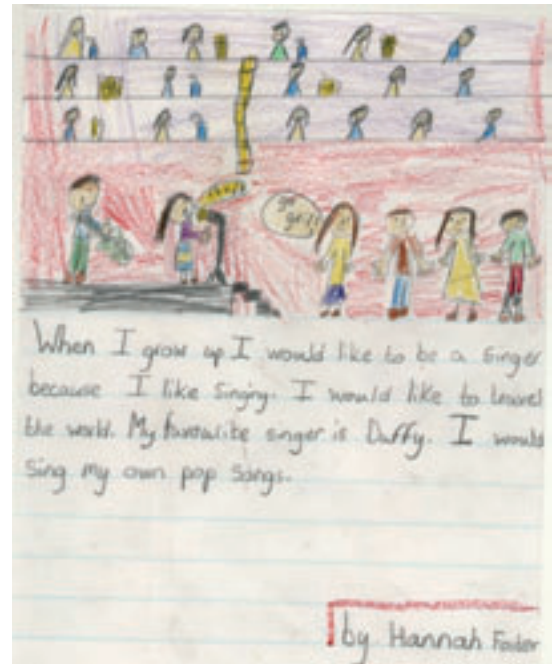
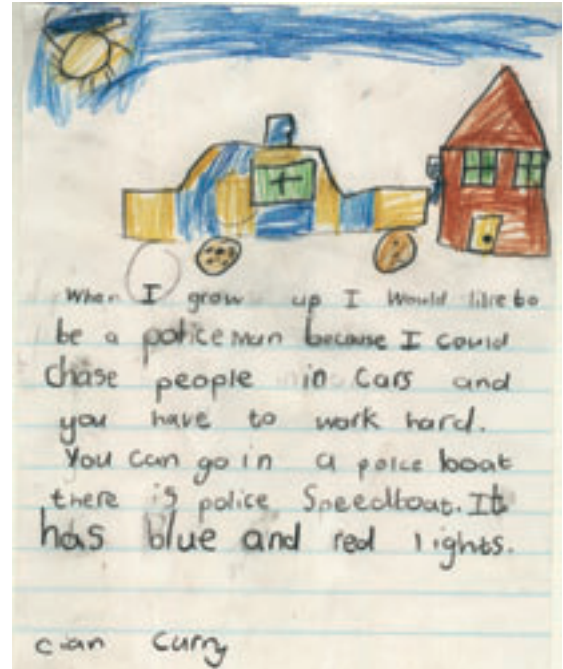
When I grow up I would like to be a nurse because I would like to make sick people better. I would take old people middle aged people young people and babies. I would like to work in Enniskillen.

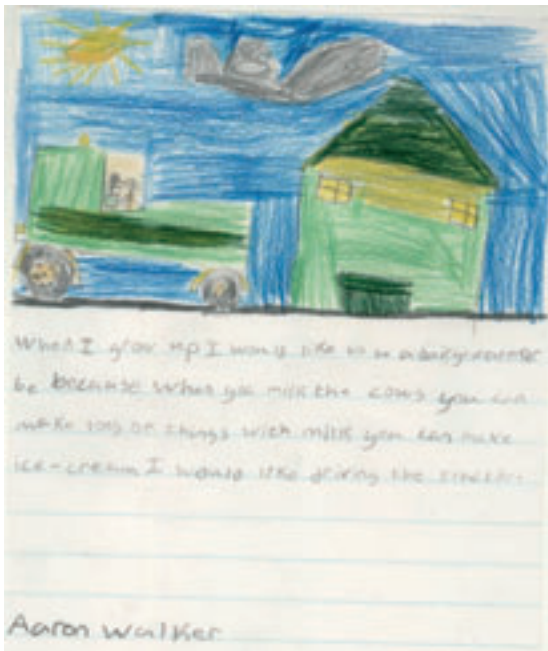
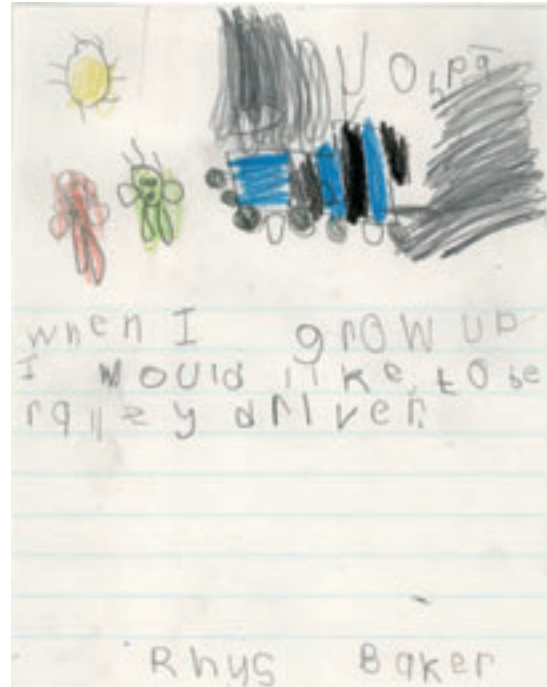
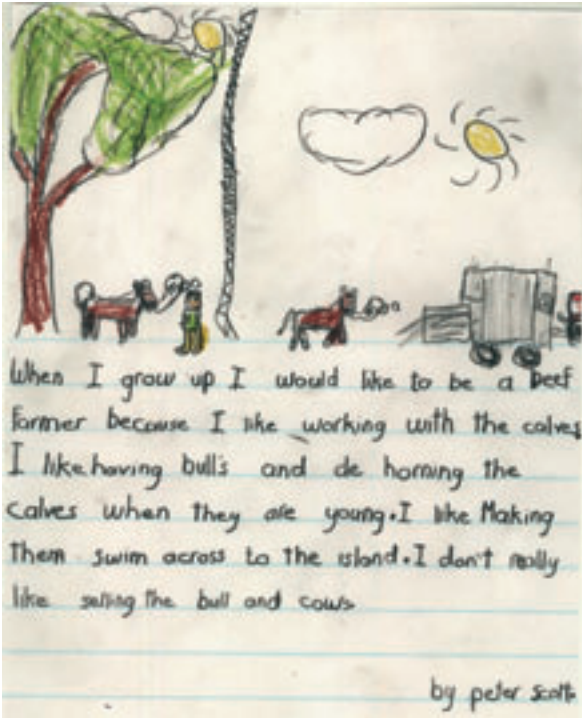
By Kerri Brauer

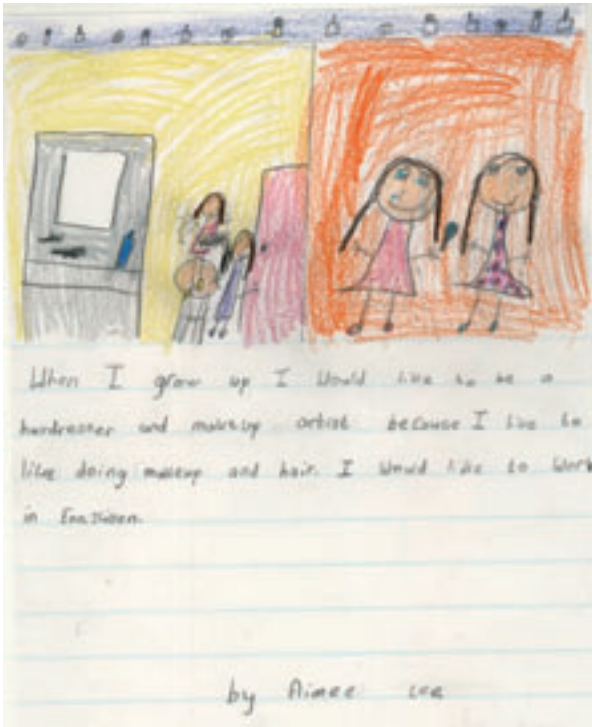


When I grow up I would like to be a farmer because I like the cows. I will take care of my pigs.

By Richard Armstrong







Q. Why did the new boy steal a chair from the classroom?
A. Because the teacher told him to take a seat.



Jane



Tiah

Teacher: Name two days of the week that start with "t".

Pupil: Today and Tomorrow.

Q: Why did the teacher wear sunglasses?
A: Because his class was so bright!



Tyler



Emma

What's the difference between a teacher and a steam train?
The first goes "Spit out that chewing gum immediately!" and the second goes "choo choo!"

Q. Why did the boy eat his homework?
A. Because the teacher said it was a piece of cake.

Don't eat your homework?



Ellen



Ross

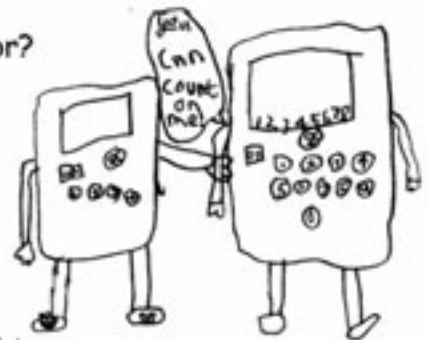
Q. What object is king of the classroom?
A. The ruler!

Q. Why did 6 hate 7?
A. 7 8 9.



Katherine

Q. What did the calculator say to the other calculator?
A. "You can count on me!"



Cian

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Tank!
Tank who?
You're welcome!

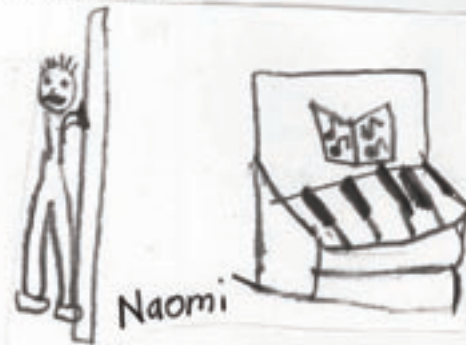
"Tank you"



Jack

Q. Why was the music teacher not able to open his class room?

A. Because his keys were on the piano.



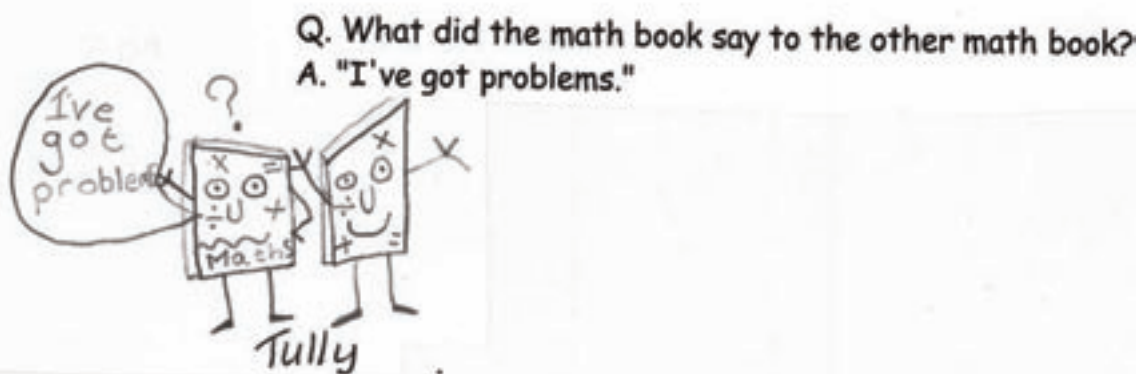
Q. Why did the boy take a ladder to school?

A. Because he wanted to get to high school.



Q. Why did the jellybean go to school?

A. To become a smartie!



Q. What did the math book say to the other math book?

A. "I've got problems."

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Boo.
Boo who?
There's no need
to cry, it's only a joke!



Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Justin.
Justin who?
Justin time for dinner!

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Little old lady.
Little old lady
who?
I didn't know you could yodel!



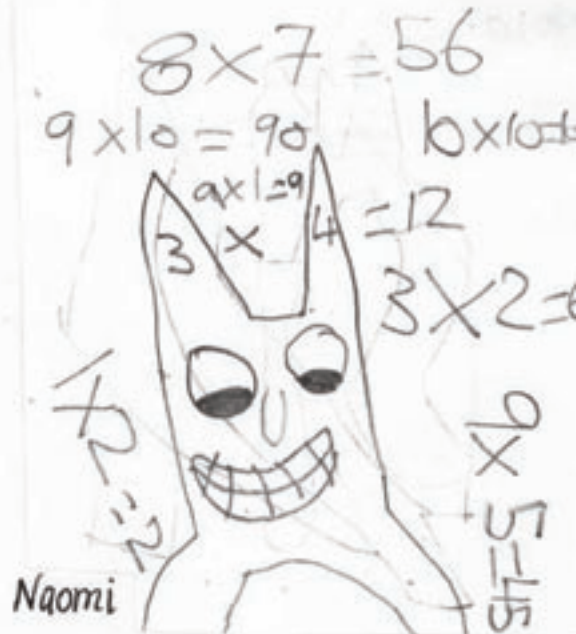
Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Hugo.
Hugo who?
Hugo-ing to let me in, or what?



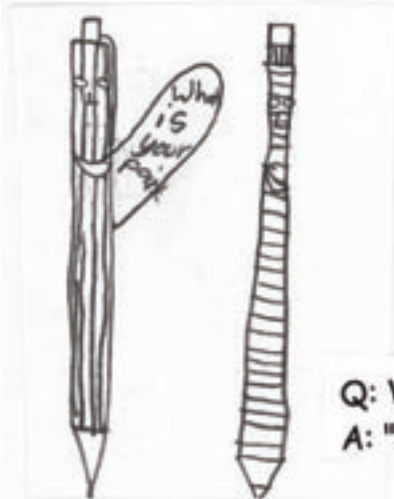
Knock knock!
Who's there?
A titch.
A titch who?
Bless you!

Q. What tools do you need for math?

A. MultiPLIERS.



Naomi



Lauren

Q: What did the pen say to the pencil?

A: "So, what's your point!"

Q. What happened when the teacher tied all the children shoe laces together?

A. They had a class trip!



Jordan



Leah

Knock Knock!
Who's there?
Wooden Shoe.
Wooden Shoe
who?
Wooden Shoe
like to hear another joke?

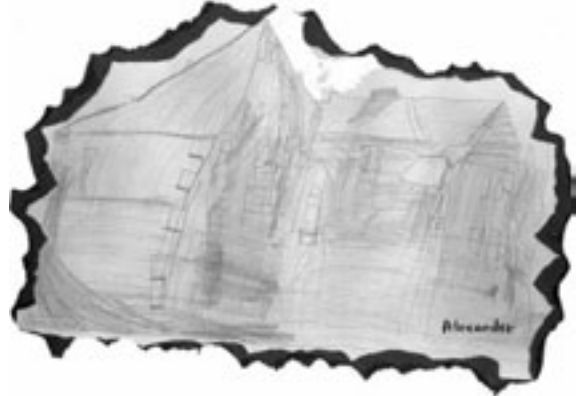
Primary 5 : Mrs McGee



Hannah



Laura



Alexander



Ellen



Emily



Emma



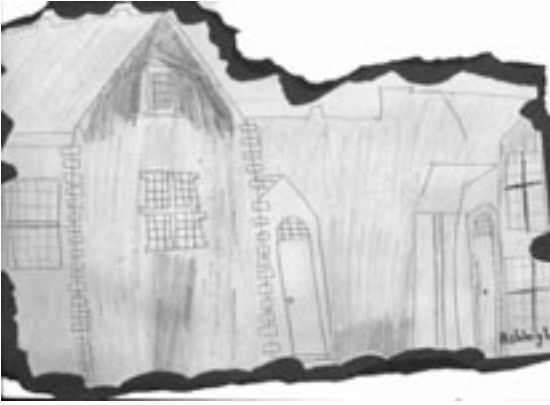
James



Hannah A



Jamie



Ashleigh



Denya



Callum



Dylan



Callum



Harry



Cheryl



Lisa



James Lee



Lucy



Jay



Matt



Kane



Rachel



Laoise



Ryan

Primary 6 : Mrs O'Malley

Acrostic Poems

Wonderful and glamorous,
Always on the ball,
Loving and caring,
Lots of fun,
Always looking out for you,
Continuing to help people,
Everything is possible.

Rebecca Carson

Wonderful teacher,
Always nice,
Loves to teach,
Likes to help people,
A lovely teacher,
Cheerful teacher,
Enjoys class.

Jack Little

Excellent teacher,
Lovely clothes,
Doing work,
Every minute,
Right every time.

Sam Parke

Equal to all,
Mother to no one, yet
Everyone listens to her piano,
Really kind,
Selling cool things,
One great teacher,
Never partial.

Eloise Gault

Excites everyone,
Learning whilst teaching,
Does all the marking,
Every day she's present (well almost),
Resting when she can.

Finbar Jentsch

Oh no, here is Mrs. O'Malley,
Maybe she will give us an easy day,
All of us were happy at the end of the day,
Lots of work today,
Luckily she was happy today,
Each day we learn something different,
Yes, yes, the day is over!

Bethany Scollan

Terrific teacher,
Out of this world,
Pleasant person,
Perfect teacher,
Immense patience,
Never cross,
Great fun.

Harley-Louise Beattie

Bright and beautiful
Ambitious
Interesting
Likeable and Kind
Imaginative and Musical
Enjoyable and Smart.

Sophie Leonard

Before she became a teacher, Mrs O'Malley taught her
Also, she had learnt a lot already...
In a very short time she became the Vice Principal
Loving and helpful she came to the children
I know that she was yesterday's pupil, today's teacher
Extremely colourful!

Oisin Jentsch

Our P.6 teacher,
Mum of four children,
A funny and fair teacher,
Laughs when she loses her glasses,
Likes children behaving,
Enjoys peace and quiet,
Yells at bad children.

Brandon Power

In School she sits in her office,
Sandra is her name,
Her job is a principal,
Everybody likes her,
Running the school is her job,
Working all day long,
Outside she parks her car,
Omagh is where she lives,
Drives a blue B.M.W.

Sophie Neill

Brilliant at everything,
Radiant,
Out of this world,
Wise teacher,
No- one can beat her.

Josephine Lemin

Top of the class,
Out of this world,
Polite and cheerful,
Punctual and practical,
Infant teacher,
Nurses the children with cuts and bruises,
Gardening mad.

Edward Allan

Best teacher in the school,
Ready to offer a helping hand,
One brilliant teacher,
Was there to answer our questions,
Never lets us down.

Jordan Cadden

Treats everyone the same,
Obviously beautiful,
Polite to everyone,
Perfect in every way!
Injury helper!
No bad manners,
Good to everyone.

Diane Doogan

Little is her surname,
Isn't married,
Teaches Reception,
Teaches music to some people,
Lives near Brookeborough,
Enjoys playing the piano.

Chloe Lindsay

Everyone thinks she's great,
Mrs. Emerson teaches P.4.
Everybody's friend,
Really nice to all children,
She teaches interesting things,
On the move all the time,
Never treats anyone badly.

Callum Frempong

Is a caring Mum,
She has two children,
Has lovely hair,
Enjoys lots of fun,
Really is a good principal,
Works very hard,
One of a kind,
Obeys by the school rules,
Does right by everyone.

Nicole McDonnell

Watching over us as we work,
Always kind and thoughtful,
Laughs with us when there's fun,
Learning's easy with her style,
All are happy in her class,
Caring for us all the time,
Ever helpful with advice.

Sarah-Kate Brown

Excellent teacher
Lovely clothes
Daily play
Ever helpful
Rather nice.

Andrew Stinson

Brown is a dull colour
Really smart
Only the best
With a smile
Never give up

Andrew Warrington

Mrs Mc Gee – a good teacher
Can be funny
Good at sport
Ever excellent
Endless fun

Nathan Armstrong

Likes to play the piano
Is mad about the bike
Teaches Year one
Takes us on a Thursday
Loves to use the computer
Everyone's friend.

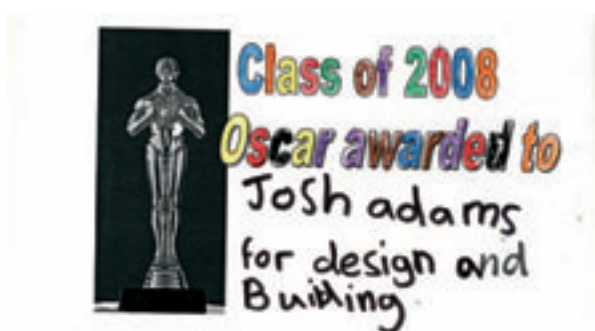
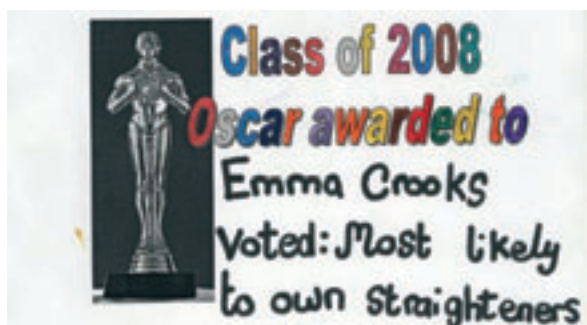
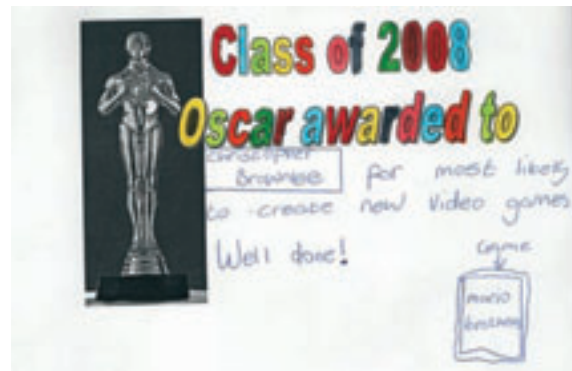
Basil Crozier

Lovely curls
In a band
Trips with Year 7
Teaches everyone
Level-headed
Energetic

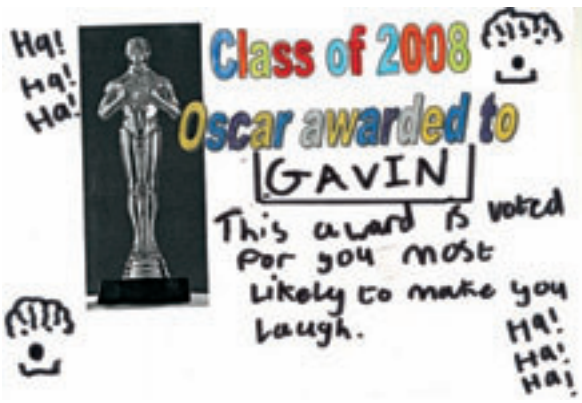
Nathan Johnston

On a farm she lives
Milks the cows at night
Always busy
Loves to walk
Listens to us all
Enjoys a holiday
Young at heart.

Gareth Weir







The Staff



Mrs S Isherwood



Mr Graydon



Miss A. Wallace



Mrs A Brown



Mrs R Bailie



Mrs A McGee



Miss R Little



Mrs C Elder



Mrs Doherty



Mrs Greaves



Mrs E Parkinson



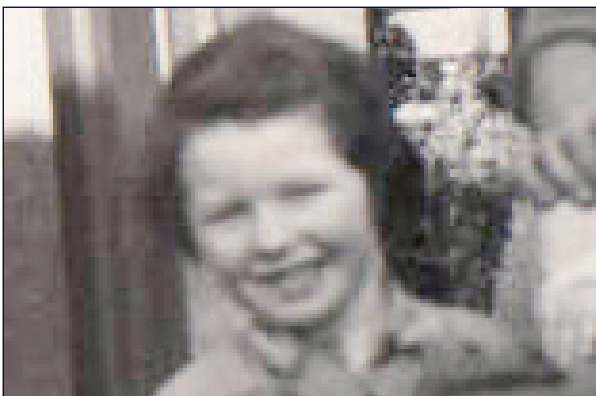
Mrs Jones



Mrs E Topping



Mrs L Emerson



Mrs Gordon



Mrs M O'Malley



Mrs Trotter



Mrs R Gault



Mrs Y Bowles



Mrs M Johnston



Mrs C Robinson



Mrs C Farrelly

Jones Memorial Primary School

by Mrs O'Malley

In the west of Enniskillen in Jones Memorial School
Built with a bequest of money from the family at Lisgolle,
In 1907 the primary school stood erect,
Just off the main road two miles from Bellanaleck.

For over 60 years the children made their way,
To sit up straight in rows and learn 3 R's each day.
Then in 1968 the school moved down the road,
And the old Jones school became the beautiful heap abode.

Still nestled among the trees and surrounded by fields of green,
Is the new unusual building with tall chimneys clearly seen.
At school in Jones memorial you're in a rural setting,
Yet the town of Enniskillen takes just 2 minutes to get in.

The kids from all around get a really fabulous start,
As the teaching staff and ancillary all play a crucial part,
In educating children who can leave this school with pride,
Taking all life has to offer, confidently in their stride.

As principal of this school we have had quite a few,
Mr Burrows, Mr Burrows to name the first two,
Then Mr Sullivan and Miss Semple took over the helm,
Followed by Mr Whittaker who served over twenty-seven.

Jim Kerr carried on to keep us all in line,
He even came to school in plaster at that time,
A change of sex was then the order of the day,
As the men bowed out to let the ladies have their say!

Jones Memorial is the BEST, you've heard all before,
An all round education is at the curriculum core,
We're happy, well-adjusted young people ready to meet,
Whatever life should bring us and whoever we should greet.



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