



Born Under the Shadow!

A brief look at life, in The Curragh Camp, during the 50s, 60s and 70s.



COMPILED BY : (JOEY KELLY) A true Shadower!

THE CURRAGH CAMP

The Beginning

On the 6th Dec 1928 after the handover of the Curragh Camp from the British Army in 1922, the following Locations/Barracks in the Curragh were named, as below, in honour of those who signed the Proclamation at Easter 1916. In addition. Thomas J Clarke a tobacconist, born in the Isle of Wight, was allowed the distinction of signing first.

Keane Barracks	Gough Barracks	Engineer Barracks	ASC Taken to mean Army Supply Corps	Beresford Barracks	Stewart Barracks	Ponsby Barracks
Pearse	Mc Donagh	Mc Dermott	Clarke	Ceannt	Connolly	Plunkett

The Curragh, a plain of over 4,700 acres, is owned by the Department of Defence. It is renowned for housing the biggest military installation, and for having a unique natural grass sward. The Camp was a very cosmopolitan area with people from the four corners of Ireland making up its population and its history. Real Curragh People were born in the confines of the Camp and were known as Shadowers.

In The early 50s

Jobs were rare and a general depression hung over the Irish economy.

In 1959, de Valera became President and the new Taoiseach was Sean Lemass. He began a series of plans to rebuild the Irish economy, the first of which was designed to reconstruct the agricultural industry. Another plan gave foreign companies subsidies up to 2/3 of the cost to set up factories in the Republic. He also brought the Republic into the European Economic Community (EEC - which later expanded to become today's European Union) at the same time as the UK joined. The Irish economy grew faster than any predictions and exports had risen by 50% in the period from 1960 to 1966. Therefore, Ireland entered the 1960s quite prosperous. (JoeyK)

The Facts of Life

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL THE KIDS WHO WERE BORN ON THE CURRAGH CAMP IN THE, 50's, 60's, and 70's!

The following accolade is for you.

1. **Health and Safety out the door.**

1. First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank, no fancy diets, while they carried us and lived in houses that contained asbestos. Delivered by Doctors, who were Soldiers, no bedside etiquette, **Rough, but brilliant.** In addition, who saved many a life

2. The Mammy's, took aspirin, ate cheese, meat from a cans, and didn't get tested for diabetes or cervical cancer.

3. Then after that trauma, our baby cribs were covered with bright coloured lead-based paints and if you were posh you had an army tea chest for a play pen.

4. We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors, or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets nor shoes, not to mention, the risks some of us took hitchhiking in and out to Newbridge

5. As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Steal apples from the Army Fruit Farm, Officers Messes or any privately owned Orchard

6. Riding in the back of an APC on Calvary Day was always a special treat, with heads and arms sticking out every hatch.

7. We drank good Curragh water from any available tap, well, spring and hose and **NOT from a bottle.** The only drugs you took were for any illness you had, **the only Head Shops were barbers and hairdressers.**

8. Take away food was limited to fish and chips from the Wes, or MC Tiernans Chip Van or Ma Budgies, there was no Pizza shops, McDonalds, KFC, Subway, or Burger King.

9. Even though all the shops closed at 6.00pm and didn't open on the weekends, no Dunne's Stores, Lidl's, Aldi's or shopping centers. **Somehow we didn't starve to death!**

10. We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and **NO ONE actually died from this.**

11. We gathered old drink bottles from Ash Bins, Incinerators dumps and so on and cashed them in at Sandes Home, The Messes, or Maginn's, and then purchased penny toffees, loose fags and some Red Matches to make bolt bangers have a smoke, **or even light the furze.**

12. We ate iced buns, White bread, and real butter and drank soft drinks with sugar in it. Sausages, Rashers, Black and White Pudding, Pigs heads and feet but we weren't overweight or obese. Because.....

WE WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING!!

13. We would leave home in the morning and play all day in the plains and in the plantations of Plunkett, Connolly, Pearse, and Mc Donagh and so on, and as long as we were back when the street lights came on or the MP's started their evening patrol on bicycles. **Parents never worried.**

14. No one was able to reach us all day **No Mobile phones!** And we were always safe and O.K. We caddied up in the Golf Club for 2/6d a round, sought the lost Golf Balls for re sale to Phil Lawlor or any Golfer willing to part with a tanner or more depending on the amount for sale. **They always got a bargain!**

15. We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride down the various hills of the Camp at break neck speed, with hearts in mouths, Cahill's Hill, Trolley Hill, Hospital Hill and Lord Edwards Hill, only to find out we had no brakes or the wheels were not on right.

16. We did not have Play stations, Nintendo's, X-boxes, or video games, no 99 channels on cable, no video tape or DVD movies, no surround sound, no mobile phones, no personal computers, no Internet or Intranet chat rooms.....**WE HAD REAL FRIENDS** and we went outside and found them!

17. We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones limbs, and teeth and there were no Lawsuits resulting from these accidents.

18. **Only girls had pierced ears!**

19. **And if it was Action and Adventure you wanted**, there was always the Comics ,Commando Magazines otherwise known as 64's, Bunty's, Judy's, Dan Dare, The Dandy and Beano to name but a few and always ready to be swopped. The Curragh Picture House and Ma Sandes, where we realized our dreams of becoming Cowboys or Indians. Soldiers and heroes.

20. We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, had meals of Pigs Heads, Crubeens, and Sheep and Ox hearts. **Food poisoning was rare and Germs or worms would not live in us.**

21. You could only buy Easter Eggs and Hot Cross buns at Easter time and only see Christmas Toys in the shops at least four weeks prior to the event..... **Really!**

22. **Christmas Toys**, Dolls Prams, Guns, and Pouches a Cowboy Hat and a roll of caps, nurses outfits a Hurley stick and ball and if you were really rich **a bicycle,**.

23. We played war games on Saturday mornings and built Camps in which we would defend against the marauding kids from the neighboring barracks, with Bows and Arrows, Catapults, Stones and sticks.

No one ever killed.

24. We rode bikes if you had one, or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell or just walked in, or just yelled for them! **Johnny! Are you coming out to play?**

25. Mother didn't have to go to work to help make ends meet! She was the 24/7 mammy. The big brother or Sister often gave you a clip behind the ear when you did wrong and you never went bawling to mammy about it. **All our elders were called Mister or Missus, Sir or Mam.**

26. Football and Hurling had trials and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. **No Counselling in those days!** Imagine that!

We never warmed up before games, had fancy sports stuff. Hurling was often played with big sticks or the occasional Golf Club, and sometimes we played football in our Sunday best.

27. Our teachers used to belt us with big sticks and leather straps, thrown dusters and chalk or whatever came to hand, and bully's always ruled the playground at school. Priests were always respected and trusted when we were growing up in the Curragh. **No tribunals! Or Inquiries.**

28. The idea of a parent getting us off the hook if we got into trouble with MPs or the law or anyone else was unheard of. They actually sided with the law! **And God help you when you got home!**

29. These generations produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers, leaders of men and inventors ever!

30. The past 70 years has seen an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

31. We had freedom, disappointment, failure, success, respect, and responsibility, **we learned and never failed.**

We were the Rock and Roll Kids!! And "**Born under the Shadow of the Tower**"!

(S. Treacy)

A Camp or a small Town?

The Curragh Camp was like a sufficient small Town, as we would know today and was a source of employment to the Shadowers as they grew up. It had its own Bakery, Abattoir, Post Office and two Cinemas (The Curragh and Sandes), and two Hospitals Maternity and General and also a Dentist. Three Churches Catholic x two St Brigid's, the Oratory in the Hospital, and St Paul's Church of Ireland. The Board of Works and In addition, the shops as listed below.

Maginn's x two Pearse and Mc Donagh, Selling fuel, foodstuffs and Electrical goods.

Barber Shops x three. Darlings, Ladies, Gents, and Mc Ateers.

Photographers x one Donnelly's Swifts

Chemists x two Young's and Dermott Feely's

Powell's x 1 Bus Stop, Jewellery, Tobacco, Newspapers and Sundries and in later years a Ladies Hairdressers and Taxi office.

The Wesleyan Home. Cafe, selling, Teas, Chips, and had a Jukebox, to entice the younger teenagers.

Mc Ateers. Sweets, Cigarettes, Milk and lovely fresh Buns and Cakes.

Dobbyn's. (Biddy and Agnes) Sweets, Cigarettes, Newspapers, Milk and sundries.

Grosse's Jewellers, later Feely's, Sweets, Cigarettes etc. Later again Paul Darling's Motor Parts and later still a Garden Centre.

Butchers x 2 Conlon, s (Kildare) and Orfords (Kilcullen).

O' Donnells Groceries, Vegetables, Fuel, hardware and Sundries.

Clothing Shops x 3 Todd Burns, Kennedys and Purtells

Sandes The Soldiers Rest Place, Cinema, Games Room, Cafe, Sweets, a Public Phone box, and a Jukebox.

Mickey Collins. Household Goods, also sold 3p or 6p worth of Broken Biscuits.

Eason's. Newspapers, Comics and Stationery

Chip Vans. Mc Ternan's every Friday at the Market Square.

Public Library x 1

Swimming Pool x 1

Golf Club x 1. Along with several Pitch and Putt Courses.

The Curragh Golf Club, founded in 1883, has the oldest Golf Course in Ireland dating from 1852.

An abundance of GAA pitches, Rugby Pitch's Sports Grounds and Soccer Grounds.

Swimming Pool and a Gymnasium

The Post Office x 1

Fire Station x 1 although each barracks had its own auxiliary fire service throughout the Camp

The Army Canteen Grocery Bars x two Ceannt (Paddy. O Connor), Mc Donagh (Mick Dunne) selling general groceries, it also had Dry Canteens for the hungry Soldier, selling Teas, and Sandwiches. Cigarettes and anything that the Soldier needed to clean his equipment, this was also sold by most of the other shops throughout the Camp.

Wet Canteens x two Fag Ashes Mc Donagh (Mrs. Cowley) and Connolly, (Bud Fisher and Mr. Dwyer)

Army Messes NCO's x 9,
Officers Messes at one time by 7.

We also had our Milk delivered to the doors, by Dublin Dairies, Jim Hayden, Jim Buckley and Mr. Darcy along with Ruth. In addition, and of course not forgetting Mrs. Burke along with her Ass (Jack), Fruit and Sweets, and Mrs. Jemison with her horse (Sampson) Fruit and Veg.

There were the various Jew Men, Alex Sloan, Mr. Murphy Cavendish's Dublin and other Hawkers peddling their trade.

The Curragh Camp had more to offer than most big towns and we Shadows always appreciated it. At one time it even had it's own currency. As used by the prisoners in the Internment Camp



(JoeyK)

SWEETS AND TREATS

Our Weekly or Daily treats depending on your circumstances, and normally within the price range of 1d to a Tanner were as follows.

Flash Bars, Macaroon Bars, Penny Toffees, Black Jacks, Money Balls, Perri Crisps or Tayto, Fizz Bags, Slabs of Cleeves Toffee, 3d or 6d Ice cream, (often got one for 2d), broken biscuits, Taylor Keith lemonade, Penny Pies, Patsi Pops, Aniseed Balls, Gob Stoppers, Penny Chewing Gum, Lucky Bags, and if really lucky a 6d Bar of Chocolate. **The currency in those days. Pounds. Shillings and Pence. £. S. D.**



50d 1916 Commemoration coin issued 1966



Also Halfpenny's and Farthings = a half and a quarter of a Penny
(Money courtesy of Andy Brennan as he still has it under the mattress !)

Some items from The Shopping list

Robin starch, Packet of Zubes, Packet of Persil/Surf or Rinso. Tin of Cardinal Red Polish, Packet of Zenith Grate Polish, also used for cleaning the Hob.

Bar of Sunlight Soap, Box of Friendly matches, Boland's Batch, or Turnover. A Tin of Cow & Gate Baby Food. Block of Dublin Dairies Ice Cream.

Box of Friendly matches, 10 woodbines and a Pkt of Colgate toothpaste.



An old Television Jingle “You’ll wonder where your teeth all went”, when you brush your teeth with Pepsodent! (JoeyK)



A view of Married Quarters Mc Donagh Barracks. Now sadly demolished.

The Mammy's of the Camp by (Rose)

Women on the Camp set the standard and the pace; they seemed to have their own army going on. You say when you left the barracks you went home to the army, but even growing up on the camp as children the barracks was not just someplace your daddy went to work that you knew nothing about it seemed part of your life as well.

We used the facilities, ate army rations, had to behave ourselves, you didn't want your father on a charge. Any celebrations, sports days etc., the army was heavily involved. When we were sick, the Army Medical Corp looked after us. We lived in houses supplied by the Army, slept under their blankets, ate from their utensils and sometimes unofficially warmed ourselves on their turf. We got into mischief from time to time and it was the PA's we kept watch for. Everything came back to the army. Our mothers soldiered on too, they ran their homes around the barracks, the men went overseas for a six month tour of duty, no telephones, e-mail or text messaging all contact made through air mail letters, a lot of these women were a long way from their native homes, had no family down the road to support them, they depended on their friends and neighbours, got on with it without complaining, they had married soldiers and had to soldier too. Newcomers were welcomed and taken into the fold and more or less had the daily routines explained to them.

Women reared families on their own through being widowed, deserted and in some cases who might as well have been on their own, but they got on with it and can be proud of their work.

I will always remember living in Pearse, "With some memories of Connolly", like all Campers, I can remember nearly all of my neighbours over the years and they are all good memories. This just shows the impact these people have made on our lives.



Keeping The Home Fires Burning

When a truckload of Briquettes or Turf arrived from the contracted sources, it would be tipped out in its designated place with possibly only the driver and the person in charge of the establishment there. “Good Luck’s “exchanged and both gone back to their respective places of work when offloaded and signed for. The Holocaust would descend, like a plague of Locusts, from every “nook and cranny” they appeared, kids, all shapes and sizes young and old, with every conceivable mode of carrier, Prams, Go Carts, Sacks, Bags, Buckets, some even carrying their goods in their arms, making several trips, a frenzied grab, fill and run ensued. Scrambling through the large mound quickly diminishing into a small mound, with the odd sod fired at someone, from an unknown assailant, clocking some poor unfortunate on the back of the head. Back home to the Mammy’s with their Ill-gotten gains, and the possibility of a Tanner and the guarantee of a good fire. There were other fuel sources, especially when after a big storm and a lot of fallen trees ensued, the Board of Works very kindly cutting the timber into suitable sizes for the Ranges and Fireplaces of Married Quarters.

I remember Shanks Smullen and myself at the Coal yard in Pearse, when the Cadets were shovelling in a load of coal that, had been delivered. We were behind the Ashbin across from where The Canteen Manager of Ceannt. (Paddy O Connor), once lived in Pearse Barracks. We commenced firing stones at the cadets, who in turn started throwing coal at us, I always thought it was a fair trade, especially when Shanks and I got a bag of coal out of it, for our mothers, Not to mention the loads of Briquettes delivered to the Swimming Pool, The Bakery and The Hospitals, all free if you had good lookouts, now known to me as “Sentries”.

and these Cadets were my **"Future leaders"**.



A Good haul of Coal.

(JoeyK)

The Curragh Christmas Parties

In remembering the Christmas Parties, always a great time in the Camp, each barrack's throwing a party for all the children of the Soldiers serving there, and as always trying to sneak into the parties of the opposing barracks, when yours was over or you were awaiting the big day. Dressed to the nines in your best Corduroys trousers/jacket, and best party dress in the case of the Girls. The Cartoons/Film show before the Party, The party itself, and the big moment, when Santa arrived, by Tank, Fire Engine, Motor Bike, Army Truck, Ambulance, in one case even arriving in a Hand Cart used for transporting the Vickers Machine Gun.

The presents, Dolls, Guns, Train sets, Nurses Outfits, Torches, and the Selection box. Yum! Yum!

The excitement, when getting the present from Santy, who always, had a smell of drink and fags off his breath, your promises to be very good for your Mammy, yet! Your pockets full of sweets, buns and anything else you have borrowed off the table to be consumed later.

The showing off in Married Quarters with your present, whatever it was, and the disappointment a few days later, when your present was Broke, No batteries, or had run out of Caps, and the lad's or girls who had fathers in other units with their presents brand new and still working. And then the disappointment, when you were told that Santy did not exist, sure sign that you were getting out of the short trousers and into a pair of Jeans or Slacks.

Time to head to the Disco!

Bye! Bye! Santy! (Joeyk)

Other Memories

Do you remember when?

All the girls had ugly gym uniforms?

It took five minutes for the TV to warm up.

Nearly everyone's mam was at home when the kids came home from school.

Nobody owned a 'purebred' dog?

When a 'tanner' was decent pocket money?

You would dive into a muddy gutter for a penny.

Your mam wore nylons that came in two pieces.

All male teachers wore ties and

female teachers had their hair done every day,
and they wore high heels.

You got your windscreen cleaned, oil checked and
petrol pumped without asking, free every time?

In addition, you did not pay for air and you got GREEN SHIELD STAMPS
to boot!!

It was considered a great privilege to be taken out to a real restaurant with your parents.
They threatened to keep kids back a class if they failed....and, they did].
A time when a jag was everyone's dream car...to cruise, peel off, burn rubber, and people went steady
or "courted
Nobody ever asked where the car keys were because.
They were always in the car,
Or in the ignition, and the doors were never locked.
Lying on your back in the grass with your friends
saying things like....
"That cloud looks like a.....
In addition, playing rounder's with no adults to help us kids
with the rules of the game.
Stuff from the shop came without safety caps and
protective seals
No one had yet tried to stab or shoot a perfect
stranger just for the fun of it?
Yet with all our progress do you just ONCE
Wish that you could slip back in time and
Savour the slower pace and
Share it with the children of today?
When being sent to the heads office was NOTHING
compared to what happened when
You Got HOME?
We were in fear for our lives,
BUT it was not because of...
Drive by Shootings! Drugs! Gangs! Etc...
OH, NO
Our PARENTS and GRANDPARENTS were a much
BIGGER threat! HOWEVER, we survived BECAUSE their Love was much GREATER than the Threat

(Rose)

Luxuries

Nobody had a watch we did not need one. The twilight sun told us when it was time to head home when the sun slowly plopped out of sight towards the west, just before being swallowed, whole in Galway Bay.

Back home, we toasted a few slices of batch loaf of bread from the Curragh Bakery, over the range, slapped on a load of Dublin Dairies Butter and Fruit field Blackberry Jam, me Ma always said if you eat the crusts that your hair would curl.

Tuning into Radio Luxemburg, or Radio Eireann. Sitting on wooden chairs, drinking several strong cups of loose Tea, as it never came in packets then. The belly full, it was time to brush the teeth. Someone said that chimney soot was better than any toothpaste for whitening teeth. I wholeheartedly disagree. It was all fun.

Saturday morning, we awoke to the black and white mongrel barking at ghosts. I would crawl out of bed, pee in the outside toilet, or the bucket on the landing and stagger into the kitchen like a zombie to eyeball the clock on the wall. There was not a budge in the house at ten minutes to six. I remember having to manoeuvre my way around sheep deposits and the sheep as they made their way through married quarters heading to the plantations to gnaw at the grassy plains of the Curragh.

On summer mornings, I remember heading across the plains toward the firing range to meet with the nettle cutting gaffers. The sun was a red ball leering down at us in between the Wicklow Mountains. The morning invited a misty stillness and brilliant quiet except for the larks having breakfast on gnats from a high. We trudged over the light gray coat of dew dressing the grass on our way over the slanted knolls.

It was normal for a neighbour to borrow and give fellow neighbours some butter, bread, milk and sugar. Simplicity brought respect and decency. Our kids today and grandkids alike, want mobile phones, iPods and the latest and greatest clothing range. Telling them of things past brings stares of bewilderment as they imagine I lived with the Flintstones. What the heck? It made us what we are today.

All married Quarters in the early days were built with the same basics, with the exception of Warrant Officers Qtrs and Officers Quarters; all described took place in every house and in every Barracks in the Camp even in "Pearse" excluding the above.

Everyone had the same, Cutlery, Crockery, Cleaning utensils, Bedding, Beds, Blankets and so on all with the same family crest FF. Even down to the seven-stranded wire for the clotheslines. No one differed. Even our School copies OES Books, Pens etc, bore the same crest Oifigh an tSolthair, School bags were 1908 Gas Mask Satchels, used for carrying the books etc during School days, carrying the lunch to the Fruit Farm during School Hols, and even doubled as fishing bags for the anglers. Nothing was ever wasted, and our recycling prowess in those days would put the present day country to shame. Even our toys were makeshift, recycled and invented. Now that the Country is going downhill and back into recession or back to the Old Days, at least we will have the edge on how to make ends meet. It is the Kids/Teenagers of these times that I feel sorry for, they had it all when times were good and will now have to make do with what the present climate brings, at least we have been there, down that and wore the hand me downs.

(ANDY)

The Barracks Fights

Every weekend, the kids of the various Barracks in the Camp called for a fight.

Pearse vs. Mc Donagh, Clarke vs. Mc Dermott, Ceannt and Connolly vs. Plunkett, or the amalgamation of various barracks against each other, all done to settle differences and territorial rights. Sticks, Stones, Catapults, Bows and Arrows, and Spears, all home fashioned for the purpose of inflicting and winning. Although these weapons were used, they never inflicted any serious damage, it was all harmful and often came down to hand to hand combat, with the biggest of each Barracks taking on the biggest of the other Barracks, the winner getting the opponent to the ground and asking for quarter. When this was achieved, the winning Barracks went off chanting "Up Pearse", Mc Donagh or whatever Barracks was the victor. No Stabbing, Strangulation or Shootings in those days.

The Big Fight

At one time, all the Barracks in the Camp (The Shadowers), joined forces to fight a combined force from Brownstown and Maddenstown (The Towners), over some grievances or other, that originated in the School yard, each barracks joined together, as they marched from Pearse to Plunkett, armed to the teeth with all the weapons as mentioned above.

In skirmish line, they spread across the plains like the "Zulus" at Rourke's Drift. Heading in the direction of The "Bird Flanagan's" where the enemy was holding the fort.

Gundy O'Brien, Sean Carey, Dantro and Lukey Roberts, along with Christy Barrett, Bobey O'Brien, Sean Keegan, Pat Daly just to mention a few of the enemy from the Brownstown/Maddenstown Army.(The Towners) as they hid in ambush in the Furze. It was very obvious to us as to where they were as we could see from afar, a blue helmet with UN emblazoned on, it a legacy of someone's Da" having been to the Congo, sticking out of one of the Furze, later discovered that it was worn by Gundy.

The Sun shone and Larks cried high in the afternoon Sky, that Saturday afternoon as the charge sounded, on we went pace gathering momentum as we neared the Furze where the enemy were deployed. Stones, Arrows Spears, Sticks and anything that would route the enemy, were thrown. The odd yelp of pain, the cursing and swearing, skirmishing everywhere as the enemy were found and before long the surrender, it was no match as the Towner's threw in the towel, surrounded and totally outnumbered by the "Shadows" they had to give up, huddled together, and looking a sorry sight, the odd pucker, push and shove, they swore never to offend again. Surrender accepted on our terms the battle ended.

Back to the Camp we marched, To the Chant of

*"Up The Curragh!, Up The Curragh!, Up the Curragh!, Every time, when we meet them,
We will beat the. , Up The Curragh! Every time!.*

As each Barracks heading to their respective homes across the plains, a great victory, and hearts swelled with pride, the story to be told for years after, Cuts, Blood and wounds growing bigger and worse as time passed with each telling of the great Battle. Big Lukey Roberts swears to this day that The "Towners" won, "No Way".(JoeyK)

The Trolley or Go Kart

Mechanical Innovation at its best. Ages 11 and 12

I remember when as a young lad, making a trolley from the Plank of wood and the wheels of Two Old Bicycles, found after scouring every dump in the Camp and surrounding areas, along with the spikes from the railings around the Families Hospital, for the axels, and a couple of dozen of Twelve Inch Nails. Shanks Smullen, Frankie Sutton, Paddy Troy and I spending all evening making the trolley for its maiden trip the next day, Saturday." A great job as we test it out on the College Square.

Saturday morning, bright and early, Drivers and Pushers nominated heading off down to Cahill's hill just off Maginn's Shop in Pearse.

The big push I'm the driver, starting at the now, Dining hall in Mc Donagh across the road, and down the hill passing Cahill's House, all jump on, down past the Hospital, The Sisters Quarters on the right whizzing by, all hanging on for dear life, hearts jumping and white with fear, across the road at the Old Dental Hut, Shanks and Frankie Sutton jump off, Paddy and I

hang on, faster we go, gathering speed with every turn of the wheels, knuckles snow white trying to hang on.

Down across the ditch and over, about three feet in the air we sail, heading towards the butts at the Ranges, hear the command cease-fire! Cadets on their Annual Range practice scatter as we plough onwards towards them, we come to an abrupt stop as the two back wheels drop off, and we carry on rolling along the hard ground, Oh! AH! AND NO Paul Mc Grath!, what the Fxxk are you at booms a voice from the soldiers who had gathered around us concerned about our well being, asking are we alright and stone mad in the same breaths. Sxxt it's my Da, An Instructor Sgt in the Mil College and Paddy's Da the same, what's your names, instantly both brains hit top gear, "Andy Heffernan" Mc Donagh I reply, "Tony Murphy" Mc Donagh, Paddy answers,

Heffernan! Murphy! Get that heap of scrap along with yourselves out of here as fast as you can go, roars me Da, with a knowing wink!, and I will be reporting this to the MPs, right to Sgt says, the Comdt in charge. Battered and bruised and arses out of the trousers, we join up with the other two, dragging the carcass of the now defunct trolley home to be regenerated later. Some ear bashing of both Da's that evening, however I think that they were more than grateful that we were not going to the Dead House at that stage. (JoeyK)

The Daddy's

Ninety Percent of all our fathers were serving Soldiers within the Curragh Camp or were ex-soldiers awaiting civilian accommodation, some served in Kildare and in Naas where there were other Military Posts.

Out every morning for Nine O Clock Parade shining from head to toe and shaved to the last. They always looked so neat in their well-pressed uniforms as they went about their daily tasks. Sgt Majors, Company Sergeants, Sergeants, Corporals and Privates and of course the Officers, all who served and lived within the confines of the Camp,

These were strong men, of great will and character, and well able to tackle any crisis or event that occurred throughout their daily lives. Some had very large families, and some small and there was always the sense of camaraderie between them all, always willing to help each other in every aspect. They looked out for their families, and friends in a way not seen in civilian life or any lifestyle outside Military confines.

They were comedians, jokers and very skilled men in their chosen profession. It always made me proud to see my Dad on a Military Parade, shouting out his orders, or marching with his men behind the Military Band when going to church or on any other important occasion, like Guards of Honour for Presidents, or other foreign dignitaries.

There was sadness too when any member of the Military died, of Natural illness, or were killed or died in the Service of Peace with the UN. Places like the Congo, Cyprus, the Lebanon spring to mind on occasions such as this. They all turned out for the funerals bedecked in all their Military Medals and finest, lining the route from the Morgue in the

Curragh Military Hospital as the coffin or coffins passed by to the tune of "Speed Your Journey" from the Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves, from the Opera Nabucco by Guiseppi Verdi, a Solemn and Mournful tune. You would oft times see a tear in their eye as they said goodbye to a good friend and comrade.

Yes they were and are strong men, and most of us mirrored their image, and joined up as well. Photo, Troops boarding for the Congo 1960s.(JoeyK)



DERBY DAY THE CURRAGH 1963

"A Day at The Races", sounds like the Marx Brothers film. My claim to fame at a Derby meeting in 1963 was when the Racehorse "Relko" was to run in the Irish Sweeps Derby as it was known in those days, "Relko" had won the English Derby in 63, and came over here to complete the double, and as he was parading around the ring he was found to have gone wrong, can't recall if it was lameness or other, he was taken out of the parade ring and while he was returning to the Stable and at exactly the spot where the current Statue of the Racehorse is, he and his handlers were surrounded by the World media, Shanks Smullen and I happened to be in that location at the time, more than likely trying to sneak into the Grandstand area, We went over to see what all the commotion was about and ended up on the front of The Sunday papers next day, I appeared to be holding the horse by the reins, whatever way some of the photos were taken.

Another fond memory of The Curragh Races, was our regular meeting with Micháel Ó Hehir the voice of sport in Ireland at the time, when after sneaking into the Grandstand area along with Shanks, we would always make our way up towards the commentary box where the great man was housed, when in between races he would open the sliding door of the box and hand us out a bar of chocolate or a bottle of Taylor Keith lemonade, he would always ask us how we were and did we back all the winners, what a great and lovely man, he was always my hero when broadcasting the matches etc on Ráidío Éireann and would love to hear his great voice again, broadcasting an all Ireland, especially if Kildare were playing.

(JoeyK)

The People that Mattered



The Doctors,

Dr Burke, (The Badger), Dr Mc Goldrick, Dr Cahill, Dr Dunne.

Dr OShea.

Surgeons:

Mc Inerney, Mr.Gibson and Mr Mooney.

The following Priests served in the Curragh Camp in the 50s, 60s and 70s.

Fr Boylan, Fr Mc Gurke, Fr Rougeou, Fr Brophy, Fr Fleming, Fr Swan, Fr Daly.

FR. Cribben and Fr. Slattery, Fr Conlon. Fr Mc Evoy. The Sacristan throughout these years was Peter Hickey. Later Martin Mc Cormack and then Jerry Maher

The following Nurses Served throughout the 50s, 60s 70s.

Sister Graham (Matron). Sister Gromwell. (Matron) Sister Gillmartin (Matron). Sister Ward, Sister Briody, Sister Foley, Sister Rowley. Sister Doran Sister Corrigan, Sister Wolfe, Sister Kilduff, Sister Dunne. Sister Parsons. Sister Cotter and Sister Kildoran.

These Nurses mainly served in the Families Hospital. With the exception of the Matrons, as Sister Graham was the Matron for the General Hospital, and Sister Gromwell the Families.



Pharmacist;

Matty Gogarty, assistants: Johnny Stone, and Paddy Harpur.

Wardsmails.,

Lizzie Burke, Marie McBride, , Angela O'Brien, Betty Reilly, Stella Parsons, the Cook, Maureen McNamee, Mary Walshe. In the big hospital, Mary Flood, Josie Barnaby, Mrs. James. Stella Nolan. Mary Flood. Mary Dwyer. Lizzie Kelly, Mary Dillon, The Coates Sisters, Ellen Connolly, Dee Phelan.

Wards masters, Johnny O'Brien, Ned Molloy, Stackey Welsh.

The Educators

Teachers in the girl's school:

Mrs. Collins, Lawlor, Forde, McCormack, Rowley, Kempton, Miss Reynolds, Flanagan, O'Brien, Millar and Mrs. Cox

Teachers in the Boys School 50s- 60s -70s

Mr. Hickson, Bobby Breen, Mr. Hickey, Mr. Hogan, Butt Mc Cormack, Bob Forde, Bushy Costello, Fitzzy Fitzgerald, Mrs. Costello(Flanagan), Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Lynch, (Carey).Mrs. Royale.

Caretakers

Mrs. Loakman, Mrs Brennan, (Brownstown) Mrs Brennan (Clarke), Essie Heffernan,

Teachers in the Tech 50s 60s 70s

Mr P. O Flynn, Miss Tighe, Mrs O Hanlon, Mrs Costigan . Miss Mc Donagh and Mrs Hearney, Scorcher Forde.

Miss Wren, Kieran Healy and his wife Mary, Thomas Breatnach, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Gougian, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Deeney, Mr. Donoghue.

Caretakers:

Jerry Keohane. Paddy Mc Guinness. Skins Byrne.

Scouting;

Mr Hogan, Mr Trodd, Reggie Darling, Paul DarlingTommy Stokes, Paddy Purcell

Football ,Hurling, Soccer Mentors.

GAA.Tommy Stokes, Luke Kelly, George Quinlan, Gott Cassidy (Pearse).

Fr Larry Fleming (Soccer)

(JoeyK)

School Days and School Stuff!

Aged Four, the starting point in one's education in the Camp, no such thing, as pre Schools in those days. Your first classroom in the Curragh Primary School was known as Babies Class, located in the Green huts facing Ceannt Married Quarters, wooden steps leading into a porch, where you hung your coat/cap etc, leading then into the main classroom, with the distinct smell of Plasticine. The big Pot Belly stove in the centre of the class and teacher's desk and blackboards facing the pupils as they sat in their desks, two to a desk. On then as you got older, to Infants, still in the huts.



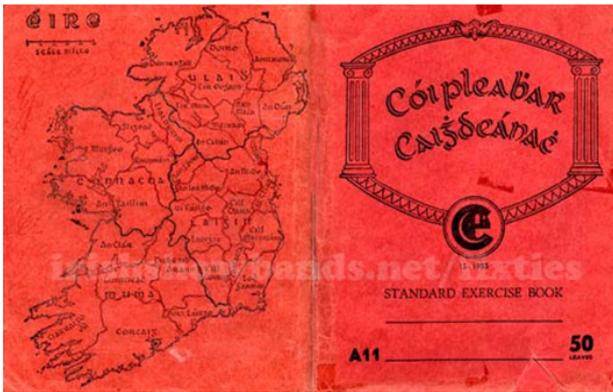
Down then to the big School! High Infants where you made your communion, 1st Class on to 6th where you did your Primary those who failed their Primary often stayed on to complete 7th Class.

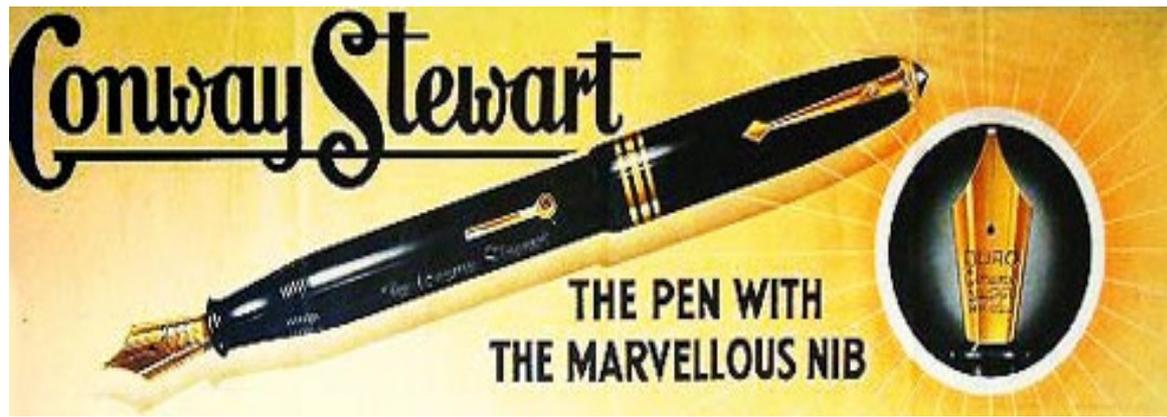
School days in the Camp were not always the happiest, of times as some of the Teachers really flexed their muscles. Woes betide! Anyone who had not done their Ecco (known as homework) or who did not know their Catechism the customary clout on the back of the skull, whack of the Cane or Leather and even a belt of the Glántoir (Duster). The dreaded trips to the Clarr Dúbh (Blackboard), all there to make life a living hell for the poor unfortunate. I really hated those days when I was there, as I sometimes took French leave and went on the Mitch, attaining my unfinished schooling in the Army.

Never could figure out why $x = y$, Algebra, never used it throughout my lifetime to solve any problems.

Not going to mention, any of the perpetrators of the above. All long gone by now.

Common Day Items of the Classroom of the 50s, 60s and 70s





(JoeyK)





The Law and the Law Breakers

The Curragh was unique in that it had its own Police Force, all Military personnel, who looked after the upkeep of the Law in the Camp, some were low profile and never bothered us, and others were the Bane of our life, causing us all sorts of grief and upheaval, they impeded us in our various search for fun and devilment, stopping us from robbing the Fruit Farm, lighting the Furze, entering the various establishments of the Military, chasing us off the Barracks Squares, and any place that said Out of Bounds and borrowing the Turf and Briquettes, even the occasional broken window with a catapult or stone that went astray, the odd kick in the Arsenal, cuff on the ear, verbal ear bashing, were the norm, however when your name was taken. "A very serious matter" indeed!, thus ensued the long walk by the "Da" into his COs office, for the Orders normally every Friday, the charge, failing to keep his Son under control, and the stern warning that if it happened again the "Da" would get his Ticket! The assurance from the "Da", that it would never happen again.

The Punishment, another kick in the Arsenal, Cuff on the ear, grounding, loss of pocket money and above all not getting spoken to for the rest of the week. "God I hated Fridays!

The Lawmen

CS Dan Powell, John Maguire, Mossy Whelan, Skip Kavanagh, Sally Lally, and Tom Landers (from Kilcullen) Not the gentle Tom from Pearse..

All doing their jobs with enthusiasm, however they never had to deal with anything more harmful than that as mentioned above as there were no Murders, Stabbings, Burglary's or Riots in those days. In fairness I forgive them all as I never ended up in any serious trouble and learned as I grew older to respect the Law and Authority.

The Military Police were responsible for the internment of nationals and non-nationals during the war. Throughout the Second World War, aviators from both the axis and allied forces were forced to land in Eire. This was as result of being shot down, mistaking Eire for Britain, running out of fuel or as in the case of axis pilots, unable to return to axis controlled soil and thus opting to land in Eire in order to escape internment as POW's in Britain. As Ireland was a neutral country, these soldiers would be detained in order to prevent them from rejoining the war effort. For this purpose, an Internment Camp was established at K-Lines beside the Curragh Golf Course. An Internment Camp was also set up in the Curragh Camp in Plunkett Barracks known as Tin Town, where members of the IRA were imprisoned there. These Internment Camps utilized a vast of Military Police manpower.

Pas. Cops, Peelers, Red Hats, and with the advent of television and Americanism (Pigs) Some were known to myself as right F*****s. **(JoeyK)**

The Men of Yore!



Above: Ex Military College Sgts Major: L-r: Des Nolan, Jim Brennan, Mickie Dwyer, Bobbie Moore, Joe Kelly.

ON WEDNESDAY September 28, 1994, a parade was held in the Military College to mark a special event – the closure of Pearse Bks NCOs' Mess. The closure came about as a result of the amalgamation of Pearse and McDonagh Bks. This coming together of two Units left the Military College with two NCOs' Messes and a decision was made to close Pearse Mess which was the smaller of the two buildings.

Pearse NCOs' Mess has a long history. The building in which it was housed, at the North Eastern tip of the Curragh Camp, was originally built by the British Army as a Sgts' Mess. No one is sure exactly when it became a Mess for the use of all NCOs, but people familiar with the Bks in the Thirties remember it as one even at that time.

There were many ex-members in attendance, including ex-Sgt Maj Mickey Dwyer (80 years old) who served in the Military College between 1935 and 1937, and again between 1946 and 1967, finally retiring as Sgt Maj in McDonagh Bks in 1974. Many of these years were spent as an instructor in the Cadet School where many hundreds of Cadets came under his watchful eye, including a certain Cadet JN Bergin (current COS) and Cadet JJ Farrell (CMC). The longest serving ex-member present was ex-Sgt Maj Joe Kelly who served as an NCO in the Military College for 35 years from 1949 to 1984. Joe was born on the Curragh, in Beresford Bks (now known as Ceannt Bks), and joined the Army in 1940.

The end of an era 28 September 1994

(JoeyK)

Transport seen in the Camp during those times.

Civilian cars were very rare during the 50s and 60s, only people of wealth had their own cars, the most prominent car owner in my longest memory belonged to Dr Burke (The Badger), it was an MG sports type car, and if it were driving now you would swear that the exhaust was broken, as it had that distinctive sound.

Other car owners were Busty Smith, the local Hackney driver at the time, he had a big black Ford Zephyr, and later on Peter Quinn, another Ford owner and Hackney driver, this was a Cortina with the running boards along the side. Most shop Owners and people of prominence also had motor transport those included Motor bikes, Auto cycles, Mopeds and the humble pushbike and not forgetting, the CIE Bus and very rarely, a Double Decker.(Dublin Decker as I always called them).

The Military Transport

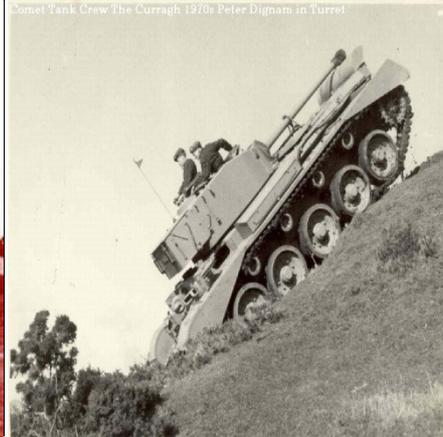
Consisted of Bedford Trucks, Landsverk Armoured Cars, Bren Gun Carriers, Churchill Tanks, BSA Motor Bikes, and Horse and Cart and of course, the big High Nelly Bicycle, I always wondered if the Army in those days had the monopoly on the drab Green paint. The Board of Works with the D4 and D7 Bulldozers, and John Browne Tractors, and that great big Steam Roller along with the Tar Boilers and Dumper Trucks.. If these were around today, guaranteed they would be Museum pieces.

Our transport,

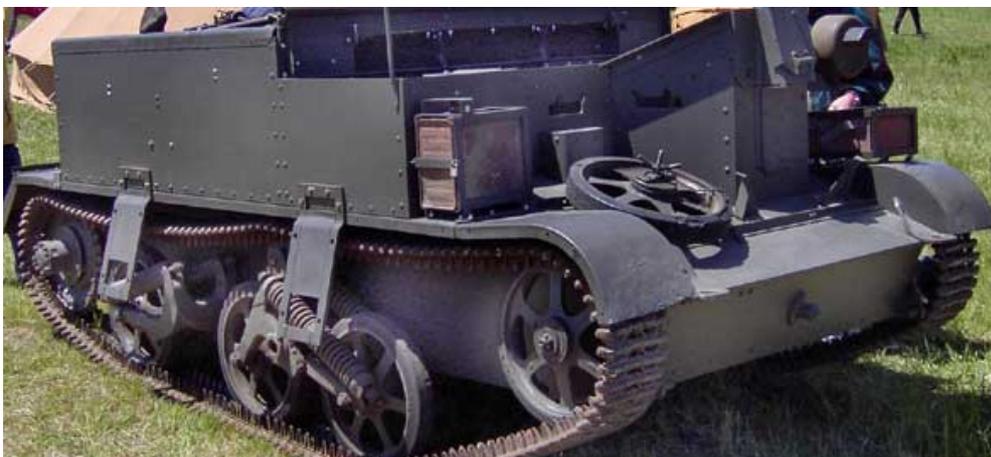
Shanks mare! Or, the rarely owned bicycle and not forgetting the home made Trolley.



(JoeyK)



Always needed to get around and an essential piece of equipment in those days





(Joey K)



A Bit of Comfort

The most common smoke of the times :

Woodbines, the most popular in choice, and the cheapest. Next in order of appearance, Stars, Drumheads , Sweet Afton, Players, Gold Flake, Kingsway and Consulate. And if lucky enough a packet of Senior Service They were sold in Packets of Fives, 10s and 20s, normally costing 1s/3d for 10; they could even be purchased in singles, for the hard up and the beginner.

Pipe smoking was very common in the Camp as a, lot of Soldiers were dab hands at the complicated art of holding a good pipe smoke together, my Da Joe was a very serious Pipe Smoker and the popular branding of tobacco was Clarke's and Yatchman's. I could never tell the difference as I was always to sick after sneaking a pull to notice, even smoked the odd fag in a Pipe now and again. "Yuk". Smoking was considered the Manly/Womanly thing to do in those days, No Health and Safety or Banning in Public places, even seen 'Baldy O Connor' forgetting where he was at the time, lighting up in the chapel one Christmas at Midnight Mass, held then at midnight, after the Messes were closed.

Religion

Religion in the 50s to the 70s was very fervent throughout the Camp, the abundance of Mass Parades, The Missions, Corpus Christie, Sodalitary, Legion of Mary, Pioneer Total Abstinence the teaching of the Catechism and Bible in the Schools. The visiting of the houses by the Priests, all contributed to the countenance of the Soul, and were all very well attended, by Soldiers, Families and civilians alike. Always knew when someone got something new to wear, as they, nearly always went right up to the front of the chapel during Mass so that everyone could see their new piece of attire. The Kissing of the Cross on Good Friday, No television, Cinemas, or Messes open. An awful Long Day and night.

The Camp Choir was always a pleasure to hear, with many a great voice singing the praises of the Lord, made up of all Ranks from the various units throughout the Camp. I really loved the *real* Midnight Mass at Christmas when the then, Male choir was in full fling (probably after a fill of a few Pints), conducted by Mrs Butler, and accompanied by Mrs O' Callaghan and later under the Baton of Mrs Vize, and on rare occasions conducted by Dennis Mellerick the Military Band Conductor. Singers Bobby Moore, Kit Kearney, Chubby Geary, Joe Kelly, Sean Mc Alister, Des Nolan,. To name but a few.

Military Masses

Always a great favourite of mine as the Soldiers paraded in their finery. Medals, Boots and Buttons Shined, to the last and gleaming in the sunlight. The Officers with Swords drawn in salute, and the playing of the salute by the Bugler and Drummer. Clé, Dhéis, Amách!

The collection of the Pennies. Peter Hickey, The Sacristan, bringing out the large poles from the Sacristy, with the bag on the end, crooked beneath his arms, the collectors no shortage of volunteers, shoving the long pole down through the rows of seating, extracting the few bob from the slow giving congregation, it was often know that many a hand was held over the bag and the bottom of the bag given a good tap, thus giving the impression, that the culprit had put in a nice little earner. Always though then that Peter Hickey got that money, as I vaguely remember, hearing about Peter's pence from somewhere.

I was like a member of the Kildare Team then, a good full back and ready to make a quick exit, this was normally done when the congregation stood up to go to Communion.

(JoeyK)

The Golden Age of Television:

The Fifties is known as the Golden Age of Television in large part because of the variety shows, which dominated the early part of the decade. Variety was to the early Fifties what the Western was to the late Fifties.

Television variety shows of the period were just vaudeville on T.V. Most of the performers had honed their comedic skills on vaudeville stages, and the shows were structured, like vaudeville revues, and, like vaudeville - these were live performances.

Because these programs spotlighted talent from many sources, they were the ideal springboard for fresh new faces - a place where the legends of the past gave birth to the stars of the future. Perry Como, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Red Skelton, Jack Benny some of the names springing to mind.

WESTERNS

The earliest TV Westerns were mostly, typified by [Roy Rogers](#). In the mid-Fifties [Gunsmoke](#) begin its 20 year run and was the first successful "adult" Western. As fast as you could say, "they went thataway, pardner" the airwaves were filled with Westerns. My personal favorite, [Wagon Train](#) debuts in 1957 along with [Maverick](#) and [The Lone Ranger](#).

By the Sixties, the Westerns, led by ratings winner [Bonanza](#), begin broadcasting in colour. The [Virginian](#), [High Chaparral](#) and [Big Valley](#), and [Cheyenne](#) are typical of Sixties TV. more Westerns. The [Restless Gun](#), [Mc Kenzie's Rangers](#), [Laredo](#), [The Overland Trail](#), [Daniel Boone](#).

Variety "I love Lucy, [Grindl](#), [Dragnet](#), [Red Skelton](#), [Jack Benny](#), [Red Buttons](#), [Dragnet](#), [The Jackie Gleason Show](#), [Hitchcock Presents](#), [77 Sunset Strip](#), [Coronation Street](#), [Heckle and Jeckle](#), [Wanderly Wagon](#), [Maureen Potter](#), [Broadsheet](#), [The Twilight Zone](#), [Dr Kildare](#), [Perry Mason](#), [Donna Reid Show](#), [Lassie](#), [Daktari](#), [The Man from UNCLE](#). [The Avengers](#), [Bewitched](#), [Dallas](#), [The Rowan and Martin Laugh In](#), [Marcus Welby MD](#). [Donna Reid Show](#), [The Honeymooners](#).

Irish Television audiences 1961 along with some of the above were subjected to the likes of [Broadsheet](#), [Wanderley Wagon](#), [Heckle and Jeckle](#), [Maureen Potter](#), [Hal Roache](#), [Danny Cummins](#), [Peggy Dell](#) and others.

MUSIC 50s,60s 70s

Music of the times. The most influential Music of the 50s and 60s was mainly Rock and Roll.

With artists like [Elvis](#), [The Beatles](#), [Chuck Berry](#), [Bill Haley](#), [The Stones](#), [Adam Faith](#), [Cliff Richard](#), [Doris Day](#), [Lulu](#), [Helen Shapiro](#), [Sandie Shaw](#), [Pat Boone](#), [Connie Francis](#), [Gene Pitney](#), [Jim Reeves](#), [Marty Robbins](#), [Hank Williams](#), [Dickie Rock](#), [Butch Moore](#), [Joe Dolan](#), [Brendan Bowyer](#), [Larry Cunningham](#), [Bridie Gallagher](#) to name but a few.

(Joey K)

Number 1 Hits By Year

<p>1950 White Christmas Bing Crosby 1951 Come on-a My House Rosemary Clooney 1952 Unforgettable Nat King Cole 1953 You, You, You Ames Brothers 1954 That's Amoré Dean Martin</p>	<p>1955 Rock Around the Clock Bill Haley & His Comets 1956 HOUND DOG / DON'T BE CRUEL Elvis Presley 1957 Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone 1958 It's All In the Game Tommy Edwards 1959 Mack The Knife Bobby Darin</p>	<p>1960 Theme from "A Summer Place" Percy Faith Orchestra 1961 Tossin' and Turrin' Bobby Lewis 1962 Twist Chubby Checker 1963 Sugar Shack Jimmy Gilmer & Fireballs 1964 I Want To Hold Your Hand Beatles</p>
<p>1965 Satisfaction Rolling Stones 1966 Ballads of the Green Berets Sgt. Barry Sadler 1967 To Sir With Love Lulu 1968 Hey Jude Beatles 1969 Aquarius Fifth Dimension 1970 Bridge Over Troubled Water Simon & Garfunkel</p>	<p>Elvis The King' Summer of '53, Elvis drops into the The Memphis Recording Service (Sun Studios) and records <i>My Happiness</i> and <i>That's When Your Heartaches Begin</i>. Cost? \$4.00.</p> <p>Summer of '54. Sun owner Sam Phillips teams Elvis up with local musicians Scotty Moore (guitar) and Bill Black (bass).</p>	<p>July 5, 1954. The breakthrough recording is Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's <i>That's All Right</i>. This song, backed with <i>Blue Moon of Kentucky</i> becomes the first of five</p>
<p>July 30, 1954 Elvis makes his appearance at the Overton Park Shell in Memphis. What's important about this night?</p>	<p>October 16, 1954. Elvis' first appearance on the Louisiana Hayride, a popular country radio show out of Shreveport LA.</p>	<p>In August of 1955, Colonel Tom Parker replaces Bob Neal as Elvis' manager. A word about the "Colonel."</p>
<p>By November of 1955, Elvis has signed the now famous RCA contract. The</p>	<p>In January of 1956 Elvis is paired with the Jordanaires, who would</p>	<p>January 27, 1956. <i>Heartbreak Hotel</i> is released. (<i>I Was the One</i></p>

price is an unprecedented \$40,000, with a \$5,000 bonus for Elvis. RCA soon	remain his main back-up group until the late 60s.	on the flip). It sells 300,000 copies in the first week and will ultimately be Elvis' first Gold Record by selling over a million. Buy the DVD
--	---	--

Elvis went on to become known as the “KING” of Rock and Roll, Starring in numerous Films, Recording Singles and Albums and doing live concerts, until his sudden death in 1977.

Some others from the 50s/60s

- Don't Be Cruel/Hound Dog - Elvis Presley
2. Whole Lot Of Shakin' Going On - Jerry Lee Lewis
3. Maybellene - Chuck Berry
4. Long Tall Sally - Little Richard
5. Johnny B. Goode - Chuck Berry
6. Rock and Roll Music - Chuck Berry
7. Blue Suede Shoes - Carl Perkins
8. Do You Want To Dance - Bobby Freeman
9. Book Of Love - Monotones
10. Rockin Robin - Bobby Day
11. Wake Up Little Suzie - The Everly Brothers
12. Great Balls of Fire - Jerry Lee Lewis
13. Tutti Frutti - Little Richard
14. Rumble - Link Wray
15. Yakety Yak - Coasters
16. Love For Sale - Billie Holiday
17. Ragtime Cowboy Joe - The Chipmunks
18. Endless Sleep - Jody Reynolds
19. Standing On The Corner (Watching All The Girls Go By) - Four Lads
20. Tequila! - Champs

The Beatles.

The Beatles were not only a musical phenomenon they were a cultural one as well. From their more than humble roots in working class Liverpool to becoming the most recognizable people on the face of the earth the journey took only a matter of years.

Before fame found them they were John, Paul, George, Stuart and Pete otherwise known as

the Quarryman then the Silver Beatles and finally The Beatles.

Stuart Sutcliffe was a friend of John's and played bass, he left the band in 1961 to pursue an art degree. Paul was forced to assume the duty of bass guitarist. Pete Best joined in 1960 to fill a much needed spot as drummer.

Best lasted until 1962 when personality conflicts with the others precipitated his replacement with Ringo Starr. In 1961 they got the attention of Brian Epstein, a record store owner, who practically conned the group into letting him manage them. It was a good decision on their part. After having been rejected by almost every label in Britain, Epstein's perseverance and sheer enthusiasm landed them a recording contract with a small subsidiary of EMI Records called Parlophone. George Martin the head of the studio personally mentored the group towards recording success.

Although they had some luke warm attention from the single release of "Love Me Do" / "PS I Love You" their real success came with "Please Please Me" their debut album.

A Typical Bedroom scene of the 60s,

Showing most of the following items



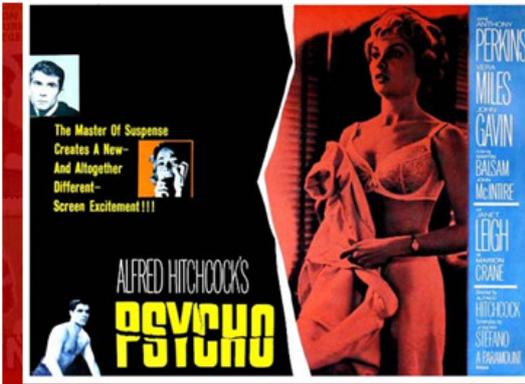
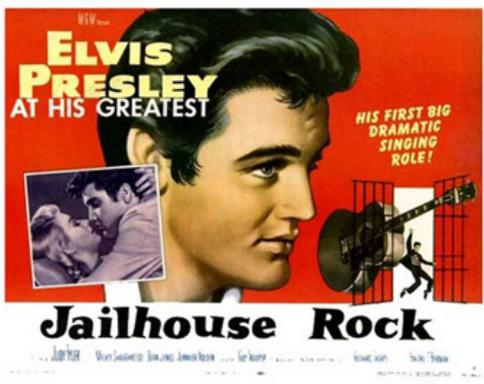
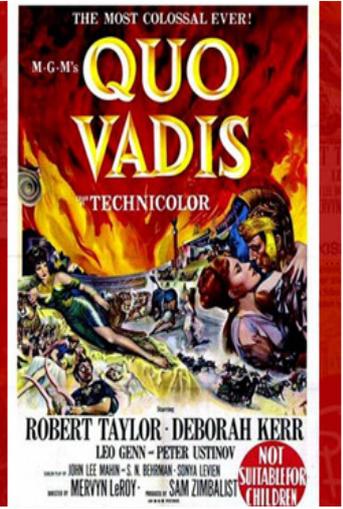
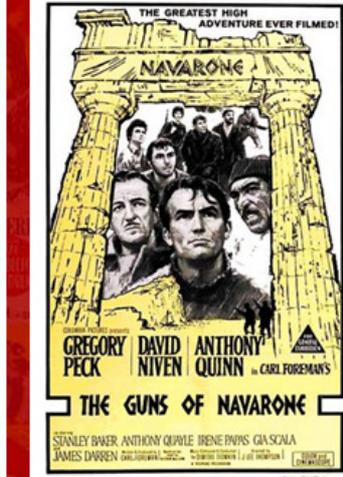
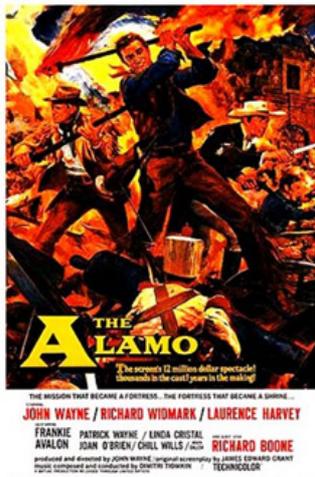
Comics and other reading material.



Along with the Morning/Evening Press, Herald, Independent, Mail, Leinster Leader Irish Times and the Curragh Bulletin.

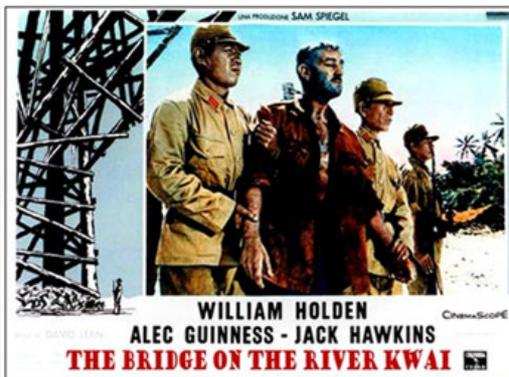
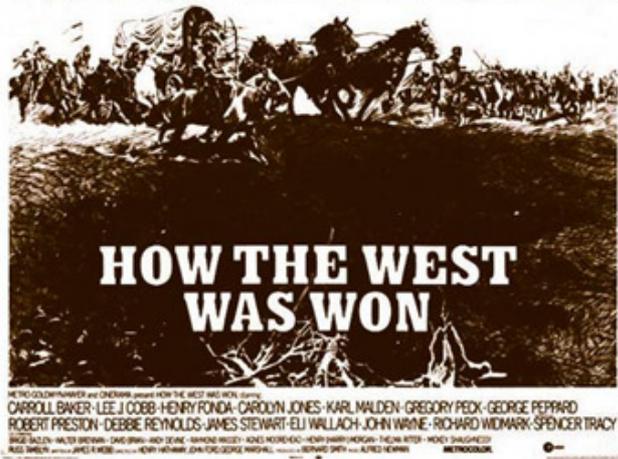
(Joey K)

Some Films from the 50s60s70s

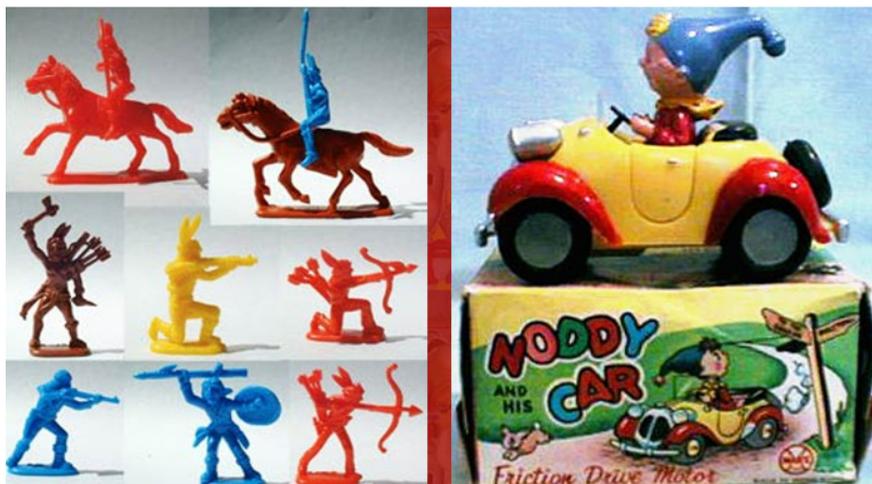


(JoeyK)

The epic journey of four generations of Americans who carved a country with their bare hands



Some Toys and Playthings of the 50s 60s and 70s





Entertainment in the Curragh 50s, 60s 70s.

There was a great variety of Entertainment in the Camp in those days, with locally produced Talent shows in the Gaelic Hall, Shadowers! From all ages, treading their steps on the wooden boards, of the great Hall, under the watchful eyes of Mattie Gogarty and Jim Murphy. We had the two Cinemas, The Curragh Picture House (Madge Owens, Frank Poole, Sylvester Carr, and Mrs Garrett) and Sandes (Mrs Carson, and Dick,) along with the various artists that appeared on the stage of the Curragh Picture House, George Daniels Variety Show, Paul Golden, and Mandrake the magician. My first memory of attending the Curragh Picture House was in 1954 to see Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Mentioning Sandes, the shop assistants. Josie Geary, Maura Cassidy.

The Curragh Cinema

I can still visualize the Curragh cinema as though it was today, The two entrances, the nearest to Dobby's for the rich as I Called it, who got to seat themselves in the 1/- and the 1/6d, with us poor in at the Bakery entrance for 8d, and 4d if it was the Sunday Matinee. "That was when we paid in". Or else it was through the back door when one of the lads inside hit the security bar and about 10 to 15 made the mad dash in.

Mrs Garret or Mr Sylvester in the Kiosk, selling the tickets, Madge Owens collecting the tickets at the cheap end and Frank Poole collecting the 1/- shillings and over. Placing the tickets into the box in the little niche in the wall, this held a Rolo box for holding same. On entry the smells of stale cigarette smoke. The plumes of smoke, filtering through the beam of light from the projector, to the screen. Down to the hard seating, the cheap 8 pennies, ten rows of them, and it was likened to sitting on the road. In winter the heating was supplied by a coal fired heating system, the hot water fed through the 10 inch Piping, and the big large Radiators about 3 feet high and 5 feet wide, and always painted silver, most of the punters opted to sit on these pipes during the winter. During summer times, the front and back emergency exit doors left open and shaded by curtains, always the best time to sneak in.

Before going upstairs to the balcony the 1/6d s, the little alcove beneath the stairs always favoured by the courting couples, with the photos of the current top film stars, John Wayne, Laurel and Hardy, Tyrone Power, Laurence Olivier, Jane Wyman, etc. The Cadets and people with a few bob were the main occupiers of the balcony, and it had an exit down a long steel stairs, often sneaked into that area as well, especially during Summer time, as that door was left open too.

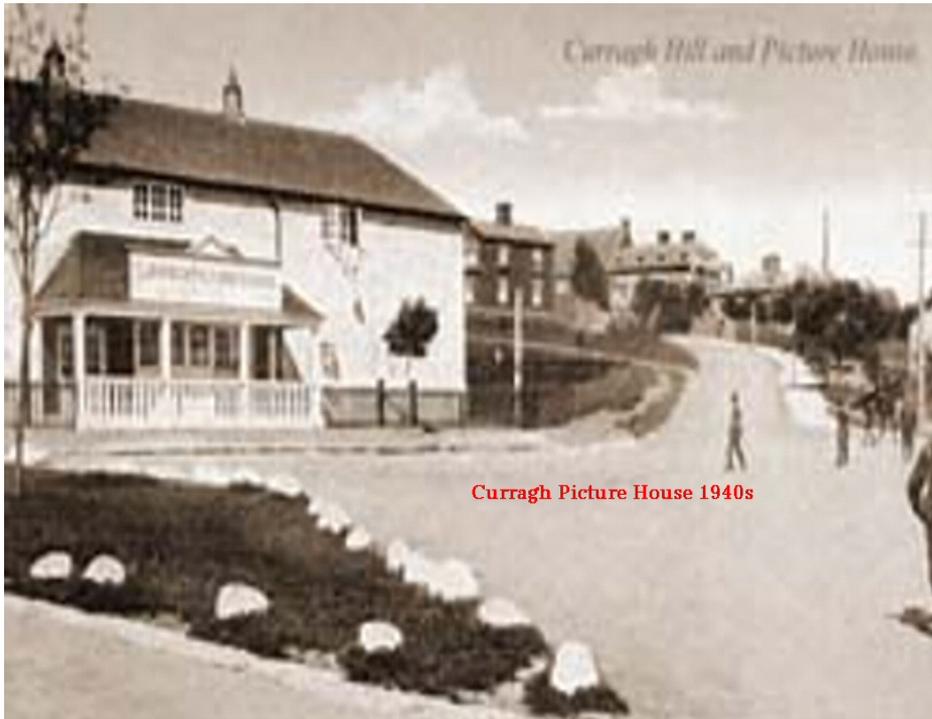
The Projectionist Mr Black, when in good humour often gave us a few off cuts of the films and we often used them to look at an eclipse of the Sun.

Sandes Cinema was totally different, in that, while you could only have an Ice Cream/Ice Pop, or the usual selection of sweets in the Curragh. Sandes allowed you to bring in a bag of chips or whatever they sold in the shop, even seen the occasional cup of tea and cream bun carried in,

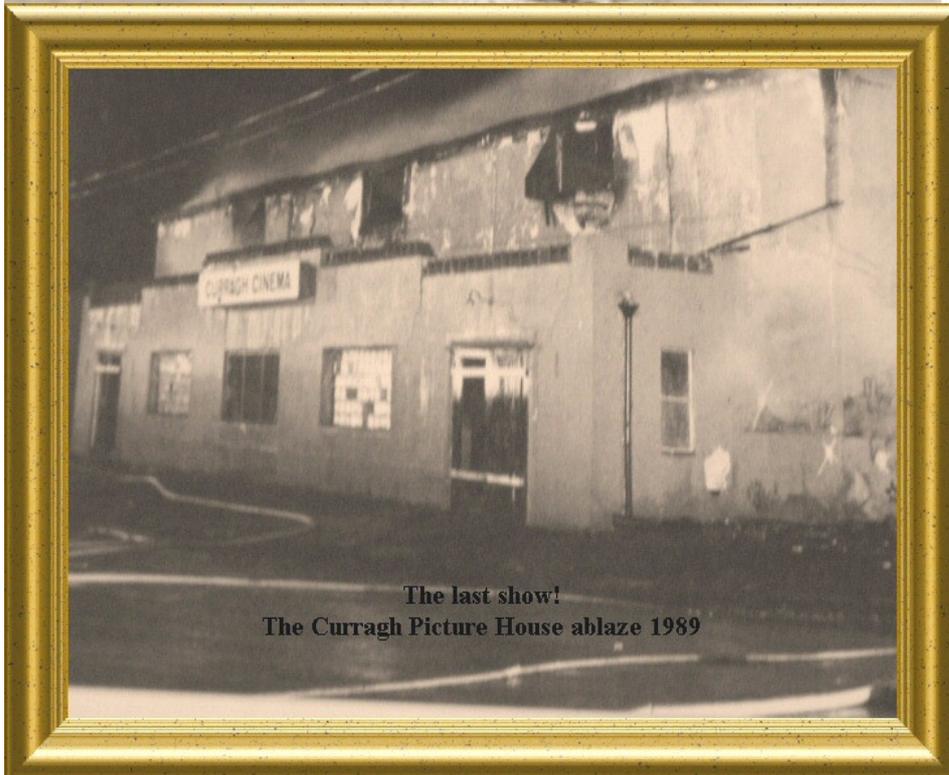
It also only specialized in showing Horror Films or Westerns.

(JoeyK)

Photos the Curragh Cinema 1940s . 1989 the fire that destroyed the Curragh Cinema, and all the dreams and adventures of our youth.



Curragh Picture House 1940s



**The last show!
The Curragh Picture House ablaze 1989**

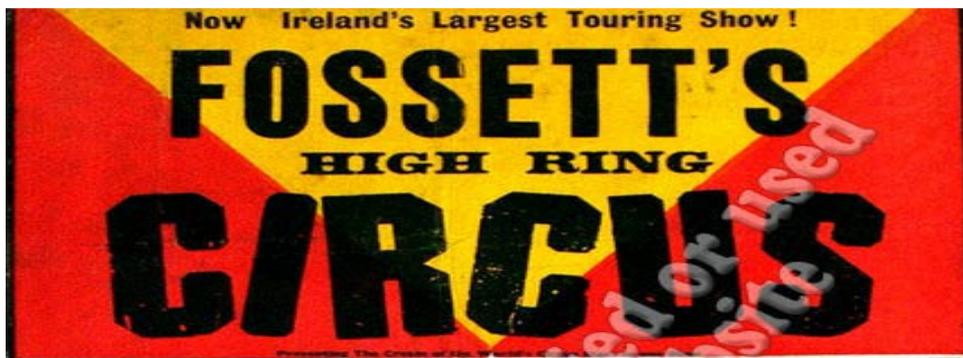
The last film shown in the Curragh Cinema when it closed in 1985, was "The Good, The Bad and the Ugly. It lay dormant and idle until it finally succumbed to the fire in 1989.

(JoeyK)

The Bingo, in Mc Dermott Hall.

With Lofty Dwyer, George Quinlan and Peter Hickey, looking after the Punters. Moreover, wherein, it often held dances, and of course the Big Top. And Carnivals. The Gymnasium with its great Musicals, The Merry Widow, Oklahoma, under the direction of Con Sullivan, Musically directed by Dennis Mellerick and the Curragh Army Band, and not forgetting Mrs Mac, the costume maker, spending many a long hour and sore fingers, ensuring that the stars were dressed to the nines, with the costumes befitting the production.

The Circus and Carnivals were mainly held, in the Market place the Curragh and on the field beside O Donnell's Shop, now known as Centra, and another venue at Brownstown, beside the Sewerage Farm, just off the Burma Road. Irritated by the Midgets and the aromatic smell arising from the Farm, it never thwarted the punters, trying to win a few bob on the Pongo, or swinging to the Stars on the Swinging Boats, to the strains of Doris Day, or Dean Martin. Other entertainment consisted of All Army and Command Sports, GAA, Swimming Galas, and Boxing Tournaments, and not forgetting the Hops in Ceannt and the Wesley. (Ceannt) Gertie and Tom Coyle (Cloakroom), Cathal Malone D.J , (The Wes) Ken and Mervine Mc Gee, Canon Knowles with Tony Lumsden and Tony Dunne, DJs along With Paddy and Mrs Creighton looking after the Cloakroom.



MC FADDENS CARNIVAL



The Chair 'O' Planes.



The Motor Bikes.

Some of the above along with the Rifle Range, Pongo, Wheel of Fortune, Merry Go Rounds, Swinging boats, and the Candy Floss.

(JoeyK)



Joey Kelly winks at the camera! I can still name about 20 of the above after 41 years.



CURRAGH BOYS CHOIR - 1958/1959
OLD CHURCH, O'HIGGINS ROAD

Front Row - Left to Right:

Don McGrath, Seamus Cambell, Tony Dwyer, Peter Delahunt, Tony McGrath, Vincent Cullen, Eddie Stone, Seamus Power, Charlie O'Neill, Junior Tyrell

2nd Row - Left to Right:

Des Flynn, Phil McGrath, Michael Kelly, Donal Douglas, Finbar Sheehan, Michael Lydon, Michael Quinn (R.I.P), Michael McHale, Tony Power, Christy O'Neill

3rd Row - Left to Right:

Dick Keogh, Tommy McHale, Arthur Farrell, Gus Reilly, Dominic Heavey, Seamus Murphy, Tony Curran, James Dillon, Sean O'Shea, Paddy Philips, Vincent Philips, Frankie O'Leary

4th Row - Left to Right:

Michael Power, Philip Tucker, George O'Neill (R.I.P), Christy Coyne, Eddie Dillon, Raymond O'Leary, Joe Donohue, Noel O'Connell, Andy Hayes, Pat Sweeney, Sean Quinn

Back Row - Left to Right :

Billy Mullery (R.I.P.), Dermott Clohessy, Michael Campbell, Marty O'Brien, Joey Quinn, Peter McGlynn, Pat Hayes, Sean Callaghan, Johnny Reddy, Sean Curran, Sean Toman

POEMS

The Curragh Plains

The seven wonders of this world
I have no wish to see.
The spot where I was born
is a wonder all to me.
And though' I travelled far and wide.
This heart of me remains
where yellow furze grow thick and green.
Around the Curragh Plains

I love to walk the short grass
with the wind against my face
Or try to count the daisies
On the miles of open space
There seems to be a kind of charm
That even when it rains
It throws a soft and magic mist
Across the Curragh Plains

From every corner of the world
Folk come on Derby day
To watch the famous Derby
What a glorious display
For champions like Nijinsky
and Ragusa made their name
Inside the final furlong
On my native Curragh Plains

God be with the good old days
When I was just a child
I'd watch the sunset on the Plains
While sitting on the stile
The old schoolhouse and Master
With his long and deadly cane
I'm sure he had the quietest class
Upon the Curragh Plains

Net and
The Curragh

That old thatched house has fallen now
Where many winter nights
We sat and listened to folklore
Till very near daylight
We heard of witches and banshees
Who came with rattling chains
And how St Brigid blessed the land
Upon the Curragh Plains

I heard about the Maypole
Pass the summer nights away
To the sound of the accordion
The postman used to play
But now the the crossroads ceili
Just a memory from old days
When simple things were everything
Upon the Curragh Plains

The fair of the furze is finished
But I can still recall
The travelling people gathered
In their hundreds bless them all
And donkeys ponies horses
Would all change hands and reins
Along with luck money
Upon the Curragh Plains

Since childhood I have loved that spot
And how I love it still
The big red bricked houses
The chapel on the hill
This foreign land on which I stand
Imprison me like chains
To God I pray I'll end my days
Back on my Curragh Plains



Military Graveyard

Here they lie, those gallant men.
A Hundred years, forgotten.
Their Tombstones scattered here and there
With coffins, long since rotten.

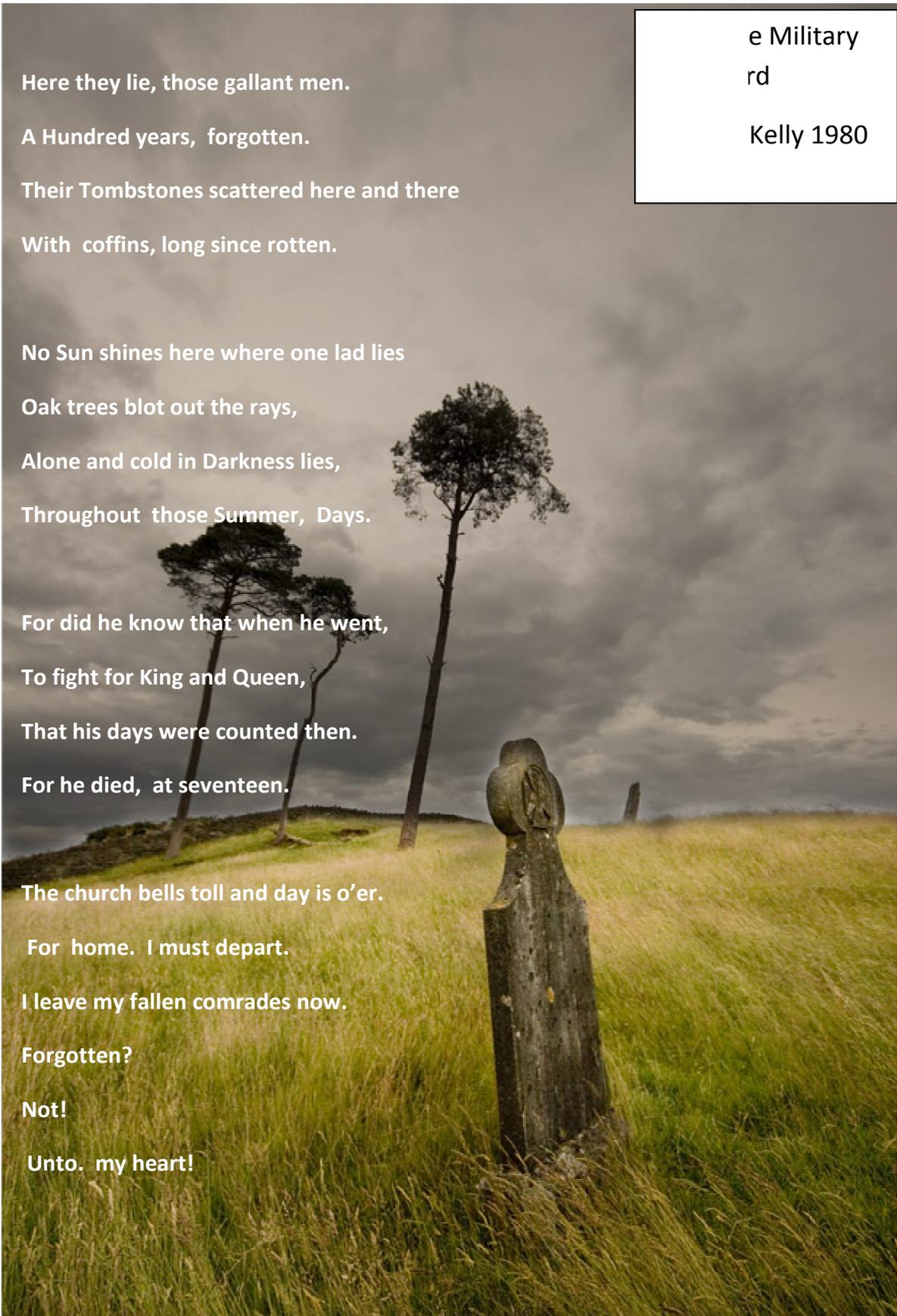
No Sun shines here where one lad lies
Oak trees blot out the rays,
Alone and cold in Darkness lies,
Throughout those Summer, Days.

For did he know that when he went,
To fight for King and Queen,
That his days were counted then.
For he died, at seventeen.

The church bells toll and day is o'er.
For home. I must depart.
I leave my fallen comrades now.
Forgotten?
Not!
Unto. my heart!

e Military
rd

Kelly 1980



Memory's of Other Shadows.

Looking back as a kid growing up in Pearse Terrace, it's funny the things that stick out. I remember during the summers the tar always seemed to melt on the roads. Every season had something that came with it. Summer was of course my favourite, walking to the Liffey with the lads fishing for a swim, picnic or fishing for trout.

Following the sound of the scrambles across the plains, towards Donnelly's Hollow or out to Flagstaff hill, and the smell of fumes from the airborne bikes.

Wintertime

Gathering up the leaves in the tennis court to make a soft landing while attempting all types of twists and turns when jumping into the mound. The residents of Pearse seemed to have been there forever, no one moved in my mind, whilst we lived next to O' Hallrons, Mrs O' Hallron, had a cat and convinced us that he could use the toilet and flush it after him, we believed it for years after.

Pat Murphy's DA (Dixie) and Paul Durneys DA coming back from Cyprus buying two identical cars two Fiats regs LIO 326, LIO 327 why I remember that I don't know. My mother sending me to McNamee's to buy a head of lettuce and a bunch of scallions or to Mr Maxi MC Donnell's who had an immaculate plot and grew everything.

Rebel Hughes the one eyed dog, our own dog Yogi, who used to Chase Marion Kelly up the block. Games like Jack, Jack, and Marbles.

Collecting bees in jam jars in the long hot summers. Waking up in the winter mornings with the Army Grey blankets and more than likely the Da's Army Great Coat over you as well, freezing, wiping the condensation from the windows, having our own walk in fridge, commonly called the front Porch, then used to keep Milk, Meat Bread and Butter fresh. Caddying in the golf club, having to retrieve golf balls from trees, when caddying for Mick O Toole (horse trainer) He having hit a bad shot. And firing the club as far as he could.

Standing in Barry's lake on the pitch and putt Course at Lumville (Lóch Báwn). with trousers rolled up searching for, Pinkeens and golf balls to sell for cash. The smell of the goats that visited the Quarters to forage in the ash bins from time to time.

(Tommy Sweeney)

Hayden's shop. Well do I remember the long hot summer days, when a gang of us would head off from Pearse early in the morning with a bottle of well diluted orange, and jam sandwiches wrapped up in our towels heading to the Liffey in Athgarvan. Younger brothers and sisters tagging along being 'minded' There was always a pit-stop at Hayden's to buy a golly bar or cool pops which we'd suck the life out of, and some sweets if we were flush. I do remember, pooling our money to get a bigger bag to be shared out through the day, this always involved a very serious debate, as to whether Bulls eyes, Clove drops, Bonbons, Rum and Butter or Butterscotch would last the longest, and there was always a few pennies kept for the return journey when we would be dog tired, parched with the thirst and burnt to a crisp, after liberally applying gallons of Olive oil/baby oil and lemon juice, or vinegar, with one bottle of Corcoran's lemonade, passed from one to the other, before we continued on our long trek back past the Donnelly's Hollow up the hill past the plantations

and in the green road home still laughing and joking happy as the day was long. When you think of it we were out from 9 in the morning till about 9/10 in the evening not a care in the world no way or thought of us contacting home or they contacting us and yet we never came to any harm, could you imagine that happening today? God we really were so lucky to be able to fuel our imagination and experience first hand the adventures and antics that we had back then. We enjoyed it first hand while our kids and grandkids sadly have to rely on books to find adventures like ours. Oh happy carefree days long may they live in our memories.

(Mary Farrell.)

We still have the coffee set with the woman's head in the bottom. We did not get any babies out of the Congo or Cyprus, but Dad sent me a postcard from the Congo with a Baby in a basket of cotton, thought it was a picture of my present, I liked babies, probably because we did not have one, apart from me. Was very disappointed he did not deliver. When Dad came home from his trip to Congo or from Cyprus, he usually got in about seven in the morning, we always had to go into school for the morning and got the half day, all the kids went in on the morning of the return, and all moaned about how they could not have the day off, in our innocence, we didn't realise that after six months apart the folks would want a little time alone. I am sure there as many babies that could have been called Congo or Cyprus as there are John Paul's from the papal visit.

(Rose Smith)

I wouldn't let anyone see my Confirmation photo, rag ringlets and a boater style hat. I made it in 4th class aged 10, the costume wasn't bad, and the shoes made up for the hair, was brought to Bray for the day and complained I wanted to go to Dublin and Woolworths to spend my money, Mam told me I didn't know how lucky I was, the day she made hers, she got her first ice cream in the local shop and then was handed her baby brother to look after for the day. Loved my Communion dress, in fact I loved it so much the Sunday before I managed to sneak up the stairs get it on me and get out, straight down to the Bank and a tar barrel, got tar on the sleeve, she caught me coming back in, can still see her with the butter nearly in tears, and every time she rubbed the dress she picked up the dish cloth and made a swipe at me, saying the trouble she had went to getting that dress, the cost of it, but she got the tar out. I was lovely on the day.

(Rose Smith)

A letter to a father, serving in the Congo, during the 60s.

Hi Da,

Just a few lines to let you know that we are all well at home, we are on our school holidays now, and the weather is really lovely, Ma says that it is nearly as hot as the Congo here and that you could fry eggs on the footpath. (I would rather have mine boiled).

I hope them Baluba's are behaving themselves, as I heard the soldiers in the Wet Canteen saying that they were the cause of all the trouble over there. I had a bet with Shanks Smullen that the Congo was about 3 Thousand miles from the Curragh; he says it is Ten Thousand, do I win?

I hope you can get me a bow and arrow and a spear, as Tony Murphy's Da brought him home a set of Bongo Drums and Ma says that if any of us get the same that they will end up in the Ashbin. As, Mrs Murphy is nearly gone demented. I thought that he was doing well with them, and he even gave me a go.

The lads are busy training for the next Battalion going out to take over from you, and I can't wait for the day when they are loading the trucks on the square to go. I heard that those Globe master Airplanes are huge and that they can even take Tanks in them, I am trying to imagine their size, they must be enormous.

Noely Phelan fell off one of the trees at the Hospital and broke his arm, he got 4 weeks off school, Ma says "don't even think of it"! The dog really misses you and is waiting at the front door every day; he only comes in at night for a feed and to go to bed.

I was caddying up the Golf Club on Wednesday and Doc Cahill told me to tell you that he was asking for you. I said that you, said, that, he must have learned to give needles from the Baluba's fired from a blowpipe. As your arm was very sore, imagine getting all those needles in one go, **ouch!**

The school sports is next week and we are all out the furze running and jumping over the small furze in practice, the PAs chased us the other day and we weren't doing anything, cause someone had lit a furze across from the ranges and they were trying to blame us.

Frankie Sutton even hid his matches, as you know he still smokes, remember when you caught him behind the Coal Yard, and threatened to tell his Da. Well Da not much more to say, hope you can write back soon, I am staying out of trouble and only gave back chat to Ma once since you left.

Bye, for now.

Your Eldest Son. Joey

A Day in the life of a delivery boy in the Camp

The shout of Biddy Dobbins telling you to leave the shop if you were not buying anything, as Agnes stood meekly by, the same sentiment in unison from Mrs Mc Ateer, assisted by Joan in their shop next door.

Johnny Taylor sweeping outside the Barbershop on the hill, while Gussy Gannon clipped, clipped, away, inside. Reggie Darling, in his shop, across from the Gaelic hall. Whistling as he cut the hair and looking through the window, all at the same time, (Is that an ear on the floor?). Donnelly Swift, adjusting the Photos in the window of the Photography shop, as Busty Smith waves to him from his Hackney across the road. Paddy Phillips and Pat Maginn, struggling under the weight of a new washing machine the one with the wringer on top, or a Black and white Telly going to some lucky household. As the strains of The Military Band in practice, in the Band hall, float in harmony with the still summer air.

Paddy Costigan, handing the Post Bag to Paddy O'Brien the Postman, before he delivered his news, good or bad to the people of the Camp. As Mr Farrell and Powell, collect the Newspapers off the bus from Dublin. A new pair of shoes selected in Mrs Kennedy and fitted on to the small feet of a young girl as she eagerly awaits Saturday her Communion Day.

Peter Hickey fussing about in the Church nearby, as the Choir sings Hallelujah in the loft above, he to preparing for the Communion on Saturday, Father Brophy, parks his car outside the Sacristy as he and Father Fleming alight from it and disappear through the Sacristy door. As the Fire Engine leaves the Fire Station, with its mournful wail, as the hands on the Old Clock Tower at the water tanks, strike twelve noon.

Down the Camp.

Mickey Collins, fills a Jerry Can with Oil, from the old rusty tank at the back of his shop, the thump, thump of a hammer from the Board of Works yard across the road, as Paddy O' Connor slices the bacon on the slicer, in the Grocery Bar in Ceannt, Molly, Marie and Peggy filling in the orders for delivery, as the Soldiers next door sup tea, and have a quiet smoke in the Canteen, served by Ginger Dick Murphy. Mrs Tobin rushes in to buy a packet of Rinso for one of the women in the Washhouse in Ceannt, when a big Churchill tank trundles by shaking the very foundations of the building as it splutters its way to Tin Town. More Soldiers heading to Sandes for a game of Snooker or a Cream Bun, as Corky Walsh bids good day with his heavily laden sack of bottles across his back, the windows in the Glass House glinting in the Midday sun, as the hum of the Pumping station in Hare Park, impedes in the stillness of the day.

The plonk of an Alley Cracker, as it hits the back wall of the Ball Alley in Plunkett, a few onlookers on the wooden stand overlooking the alley watching the game, good shot Chubby a supporter calls, as I Cycle by, with the delivery of meat for Mrs Tracey. Mrs Barnaby, Mrs Coughlin and Mrs Mc Namara gathered together as they stand in idle chatter, I stop for a light of a butt, from Paddy Fahy, you shouldn't be smoking he says as he places the lighted end of his fag on the frail end of mine. 'How's your Ma and Da he asks? .Fine! I say as I carry on with my delivery.

Mrs Tracey's Lamp chops delivered, I stand and listen awhile to the splashing and screams of delighted children in the Swimming Pool, wishing so much to be with them, I look up and Butt Mc Cormack's balding head glares at me through the window of my Old Classroom, while the strains of "The Bell's of the Angelus", Probably from the class, that makes it's Communion, on Saturday. Float in sweet harmony and melody, as they mingle with the chorus of the flock of finches, fighting over a crust of bread Thanking God that my incarceration, behind those walls have ended, and I eagerly await the end of Summer holidays so that I can go to the Tech.

The Army Gymnasts, in their white Gym shoes, and slacks held with a bright Red Belts and their Snow-white T Shirts, fall in outside the Gym, Paddy Mc Cormack, jokingly pushes Mickey Grey and Tom Walker as he jostles for position in the ranks.

I mount my delivery bike with its carrier and basket in the front, emblazoned with the word Orfords on a sign just below the crossbar, anxiety now as I must pass the dreaded Rex Mooney, the scourge of all young Shadowers, The smell of Tar and the clank, clank of the Steam Roller coming from the Road Maintenance Yard. My lucky day, as I Cycle pass Rex, he is lazily stretched out, asleep, in the heat of the day. Phew! Down past the bakery I fly the aroma of freshly baked bread wafting in the air, The Woodner Quinn and Kerry Burns outside taking a breather from the stifling heat inside, as I stop at the Picture house to see the poster for the next week's coming films. I pick up a tanner off the ground that some punter dropped while going to the Pictures Last Night. My lucky day! As I resolve to go and see Elvis in GI Blue's on Friday night.

The PA, Skip Kavanagh in the hut across the road, stops me in my tracks when I was about to cross the crossroads, as a convoy of Bren Gun Carriers, and BSA Motor bikes come out of the Transport Yard, just across from the Fruit Farm, heading up Dobby's Hill, they pass, and I am allowed to proceed, with a stern warning from Skip. "I know you young Kelly"! I grin and he grins back the fag hanging from the side of his mouth.

There is Mr and Mrs O Donnell as they link each other, heading from the shop to their house adjoining. Mr O Donnell was in hospital lately, Austin keeps a watchful eye on them as they leave. Shit! Me Ma gave me the money, to get a cough bottle in Dermott Feely's for Johnny, and I nearly forgot, must do it now, or I will forget again, standing in the chemist, surrounded by cabinets with all sorts of Ointments and stuff, and the lovely sweet smell

that always emanated from this shop, the packets and tins of sweets, lying invitingly to my front, "no one looking".

Dermott pokes his head out from behind the cabinet and I ask for a bottle of Veno's Cough mixture, harsh cough or mucus, Jays', I am not a Doctor, Harsh I say sure Johnny won't know the difference. Purchase made I meet Jack Nagle outside the Old red building in The Market Square, where he is stacking the newspapers gathered from around the Camp for the Boy's Club. Joey ! Do you want to see the Leprechaun he asks, he is always telling me that he caught a little one in the pile of Newspaper's, I did believe him some time ago but not now.

Back into the Butcher's Orfords, the place of my employment adjoined by Conlons, next door. Did you go to Cork? With that last order Peter Hayde asks, you are always dillying and dallying, It's a good job that we are not busy, go and have your lunch, and give this into Bob next door, and on your way back from lunch get me 20 Players in Feely's, tell him to put them in the book, and I will fix him up on Saturday, as usual. Feeling hungry now and wishing that it was Friday, I could have got a lovely bag of Chips in Mc Ternan's Chip Van, however I will now have to make do with a bag from the Wes. The newly found Tanner, burning a hole in my pocket. Up the hill to the Wes, passing the lads in the Central Stores, busily offloading the rations for supply to all the Cookhouses of the Camp.

Ken Magee standing behind the counter, Mervin at the till, the jukebox playing the Deck of Cards , a bag of chips please and plenty of Vinegar, a few Soldiers and Board of Works men lingering over their lunch, as Mrs Dolan wipes down the Table, hello Mam!, Hi young Kelly! She replies with a great smile, why do people always call me young, I am 14 now! The chips wrapped in a brown paper bag, I go around to the wood at the back of Canon Knowles house sitting on a log and eating the chips, Mr Hyland is busy feeding the chickens in the hen house as I light up a woodbine. Life is great as I enjoy this fine summer's day.

Back after lunch and getting Peter's fags in Feely's from Margaret. Peter tells me that my next order is for Step aside, the two grand women living in the big house just after the Military Graveyard, on the right hand side, this run pleases me as it is such a lovely day, and they always give me a Shilling. better still it's nearly all downhill all the way, order loaded I head off passing Dillon's house, Tommy sitting on the doorstep, Jerry and Eddie fashioning a bow from a piece of stick. The Maintenance yard is busy now as the Board of Works clock back in after lunch, a tractor and trailer leaves the yard and I hang on to the trailer getting a tow along passing the General Hospital, the Nurses Quarters and the Dental Hut. The driver sticks his hand out the window signalling a Right turn. It swings into the Range Wardens and I wave cheerio to the driver. He, shaking, his fist at me, and laughing. I pop in home to No 2 Owen Roe Road me Ma is busy doing the washing at the sink, all the younger siblings out the plains enjoying the day, I grab a quick mug of water and head off. Looking towards the families hospital see Sister Gromwell in her finely starched uniform climb the steps to enter, I wonder is there any new babies. The twin Mc Court Girls, give me a wave as I pass their house, next door to Timoney's.

All the windows in the Grey Homes are wide open letting in the fresh air, as Kit and Liam Kearney and the lads are busy building a camp at the revolver range, some kicking a ball, and a few with Hurley's. John, John Mc Hale enjoying the company and the attention of the lads as he is accompanied by Beryl. His big sister. Mollah Halloran said he was simple, what about Gigs. Onward and up through the quarters I proceed the hive of activity in the blocks is awesome, the women hanging out the finely washed sheets, dogs barking, young girls playing Hop Scotch Maura and Carmel Kearney alongside Mary Farrell waiting to have a go. The Bang! Bang! Your got, as more lads gallop around playing cowboys Tom Sweeney the Sheriff, a couple of dolls and bicycles strewn here and there, as they all enjoy their games. Myself, a little envious, now that I have grown up.

Down through the College I go the Cadets marching up and down in the scorching heat, as the instructors, Mick Smullen, Joe Kelly and Jack Troy bark out the orders. The Military bands, playing in the distance, on Mc Donagh square as all the recruit platoons, watch a passing out parade. Passing the Tennis Court, with more kids playing on a makeshift swing, a large rope and a car tyre, the yelps of enjoyment as they happily go about their play.

I head up towards the Golf Club, passing K Lines, knowing full well, that the big hill passing the 18th hole and the 15th will give me a great spin in the direction of my delivery. Phil Lawlor is busy showing a young golfer, how to Putt, on the putting green, as Con Collins takes the clubs from the back of his car. Caddy Sir! As he is surrounded, by young hopefuls trying to get a few shillings, pocket money. I settle myself in the saddle and prepare for the flying take off, down, down, I go at break neck speed, the basket jumping a few inches out of the bicycle carrier, as a golfer lines up his Tee shot on the 15th Tee box. He stands aside as I whizz by. Mad man I hear him say. The smell of the Abattoir horrible on this fine day, a lowly Cow Moans as he is led to his last minutes on earth, probably at the hands of Mick Kearney, Con Reilly or Ned Egan.

Crossing the road with the Old Military Graveyard in sight, feet off the peddles, and resting on the crossbar, the momentum taking me all the way to the cross roads at the bottom of the hill at the graveyard, wow! What a spin, I dismount now, as I am not going to attempt to peddle up that hill on this fine day, a loud splash as someone throws a log or a stone into the pond named Loch Báwn across from Barry's shop in the distance. I wend my way uphill as a scared rabbit dashes across my path. The Graveyard to my right, where I played cowboys and Indians amid the Tombstones on many occasions. Never to think, until years later about the people buried there.

The delivery made and an offer of a glass of lemonade, gladly accepted from the two ladies' of the house, as they hand me the customary shilling tip, they are really nice people, they tell me to mind myself on the bike, as the hill going down past the Graveyard, is very steep, little do they know how steep the one at the Golf Club is. I head back to the Camp, tired now after my long day's enjoyment, surely this cannot be work. Back to the Butchers Shop

where Tommy Dillon is now busy scrubbing down the big Butchers table after the end of the day. Peter tells me to lock up the bike and head home.

(Joey K)

The End

The Camp has finally reached its demise, and like the Dodo, it is sadly becoming extinct, no more, the cheery laughter of the kids echoing throughout the blocks of Married Quarters.

The cry, of the local paperboy's, plying their trade, Herald! Press! And, Mail! Ants O Brien, Andy Heffernan, Jean Stokes, George O Neill, Billy O Brien. Echo's! Of a long, gone era.

The Mad Dash for the Kings wear Bus, the herding of the Fruit Pickers into the trucks at 7am each Summer morning going to Fonstown to pick the Strawberries and Raspberries. The local Butcher /Messenger boy on his deliveries, Sean Troy, Joey Quinn, Johnny Burke, Sandbags Burke, Tommy Houlihan, Gus Gannon, Paddy Phillips and myself.

The squealing of the tracks of a Bren Gun Carrier, as the driver struggles with the left/right slewing levers, the Cadets on their bicycles heading down to the Gym, and the Soldiers marching with the Band to a religious service. All gone!

Gone to, the sight of Mrs Carolyn and Marie Cramer selling the wares from the Blue stand of the Legion of Mary, the sight of Mrs Burke with her Ass (Jack) and her cart, making their way home after selling the Sweets and fruit to the Soldiers at the corner of C Block Billets in Mc Donagh. As a staggering punter, emerges from Fag Ashes.

The Married Quarters and all the old familiar buildings, the Bakery included, now just crumbles of dust, with more to fall to the wrath of the wrecking ball, and the total blindness of the non-preserveists. "The song Tar and Cement" springs to mind.

We must also remember those that died while living in the Camp, both young and old, family members, relatives and friends. Moreover, we wish the best of luck to those few still living on the hallowed grounds of the Camp.

All we Shadowers have now, are the cherished memories of those wonderful and great times, whilst living in the Camp throughout **the 50s, the 60s and the 70s.**

Dedicated to all Shadowers, living, past, and I wonder will there be any present.

The End.

Compiled by : (Joey Kelly). With thanks to Matt and the members of The Curragh Forum. For the memory joggers and their contributions.