I went to School in 1935.

My teacher was Mrs. Hastings. Irish was the most she taught and plenty of the cane on the hand. We got a half hour to play at twelve O'Clock. We played Ball and ate our lunch. We walked a mile and a half to School in our feet. We brought three sacks of turf under our arm every morning and it wore the sides of my jackets and clothes was not plenty full them days.

I had big lamps on the soles of my feet from the Road. It wasn't too bad until the priest the examiner came to see had we the Cataracism, he'd ask us to say it off by heart and we'd Shiver and Shake. He was no joke either.

Lute McLaughlin
Winnie Hastings
My Grate Granny
the way it has done

Around the 17th of March each year
Farming began the traditional way to sow
Spuds. First you form the ridges by turning
the feribean, then you spread the farm yard
manure on the ridges. Lay the spud on
on the farm yard manure that was produced
by the cattle on the farm. When the stalks
appeared you dig the soil and mole them.
They always sow oats to provide
free for the cattle in the winter which was
harvested in September that we always grate
trasher. When the traste would come another
to each Haagert.

Lance McLoughlin

By John McLoughlin.

My Granda