

Remembering Roger Eames

From the editor's desk

ROGER EAMES, Honorary President of the *Leitrim Guardian* and former *Leitrim Guardian Person of the Year* (1984) passed away on March 31st 2015.

Born in Rossinver, one of ten children, he married Vera McGowan and together they raised a family of eight children, Enda, Damian, Concepta, Gerry, Declan, Aidan, Norrie, and Yvonne.

Roger was a dedicated member of and a faithful attender of the *Leitrim Guardian* Committee meetings and functions, right from the start of the publication in 1968. His family acknowledged that his involvement in the *Leitrim Guardian* played an important role in his life. A great lover of his home county, Leitrim, and anxious to always retain close links with its cultural activities, Roger joined with like-minded Leitrim people and was instrumental in founding the Leitrim People's Association in Sligo.

All during a very active life, Roger committed many hours to the promotion of sport, particularly among the younger population. President of St Mary's GAA Club in Sligo, his involvement in the GAA is legendary. He was also a staunch supporter of the Community Games, Scór na n-Óg and Senior Scór to which he also devoted much of his



time. He was manager of numerous underage teams, winning Sligo County titles from Under 12's up to Under 21's and was manager of teams that won Community Games, as well as County and Connacht titles.

His contribution to society will be long remembered. Sligo County Council unanimously agreed that the Western Distributor Road in Sligo would be named the Roger Eames Road "...in memory of Roger Eames who had given so much of his life to the community and the GAA in the North West".

Roger was laid to rest in Rossinver Cemetery, alongside his wife Vera.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam dílis.

MICK GEELAN

MOTHERS BOXTY

When we grew the golden wonder
Back when food was at its best
And we cured a pig for bacon
That would put fur balls on your chest,
Twas then we ate our mother's boxty
That was so good 'twas near a sin
With the country butter melting
And it running down our chin

When we ate apple cake, with cloves in
(How we relished it with glee)
And a brace of bluest duck eggs
For our breakfast or our tea
Then we didn't look for free range
Because the ducks were never in
And we ate our mother's boxty,
With the butter down our chin.

Paddy Murphy sold us herrings
On a Thursday from his cart
He'd sell snowballs to the Eskimos
His banter was an art
They were wrapped in Sunday's paper
Twas the times that we were in
When we ate our mother's boxty,
With the butter down our chin.

There's a restaurant in Temple Bar
Where boxty is their art
They sell it as nouvelle cuisine
And it really looks the part
They have a wide and varied menu
But where did it all begin?
When they ate their mother's boxty
With the butter down their chin

So now all you modern mothers
Who mind your children well
If you want to keep them happy
Come and listen to me tell,
They will never need weight watchers
They'll be healthy wise and thin
If you feed them Leitrim boxty
With the butter down their chin.