# Fethard & Killusty

# NEWSLETTER

1999

£4

***TRINITY PATTERN DAY PARADE 1999***

*Top: St. Patrick's Boys School Parade. Bottom: Fethard Historical Society members L to R: Chris Nevin (chairperson), Catherine O'Flynn, Terry Cunningham, Kitty Delany, Margaret Newport (secretary), Mary Hanrahan (public relations officer) and Gemma Burke (treasurer).*

# FETHARD & KILLUSTY NEWSLETTER 1999

*Dedicated to our friends and relations living away from home*

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*Back Cover: Aerial photographs of Fethard taken on 31st May 1999*

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# Greetings from Fethard

*Joe Kenny (editor)*

This issue of the Fethard & Killusty Emigrants Newsletter will be the last of this millennium. It is significant that as we move forward in years technology has also allowed us to feel closer to home. For the past 40 years this Annual Newsletter has kept alive an important link with those living away from home. Today, emigrants can keep in touch with Fethard on a daily basis through the 'Fethard at Home' website. This facility has become very popular with emigrants who have access to computers and the internet. In the next few years most of us will possibly be 'online' and I'm sure many new doors and avenues of communication will open as a result.

I take this opportunity to invite you, our readers, to submit articles and photographs for publication in future issues. The popularity of the newsletter is due to the written articles and photographs supplied by you. Our memories are stimulated and our thoughts refreshed by stories of our friends and places almost forgotten.

Everyone has stories and recollections, the hardest part is writing them down. However, it is a lot easier if you write about one subject at a time, maybe a special person who influenced your life, a game you played, a funny story, a serious story, it really doesn't matter how long or how short. Please give it a try for the coming year.

We now post over 1000 copies free of charge to our emigrants throughout the world. Our mailing list is increasing rapidly with lots of new emigrants making contact through the Fethard at Home website on the internet. We welcome you and invite you to visit Fethard in the future.

To finish I would like to wish our emigrants and readers a very Happy Christmas and a wonderful 'New Millennium'. ■

# Acknowledgments

*Joe Kenny (editor)*

I would like to thank all our regular contributors and those who submitted articles and photographs for this year's issue. I was especially pleased to receive some articles through the Fethard at Home web site.

I would like to thank Gemma Burke for proofreading; Carmel Rice for looking after correspondence and donations, and Brendan Kenny for distribution and keeping the mailing list up to date. I would also like to thank Liam Cloonan for his help. Thanks to all who subscribed to our Church Gate Collection in Fethard, to Agnes Evans for organising fundraising events, and a special thanks to all those who make annual donations which help make the whole publishing of this newsletter possible. ■

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# Parish Christmas Greetings

*"All that he does is apt for its time; but although he has given us an awareness of the passing of time, we can grasp neither the beginning nor the end of what God does."*
*Qo 3:11-12*

Greetings to all the readers of the annual newsletter from both far and near. This edition is of course marking a most special time; as well as our normal Christmas and New Year we also mark the ending of one century and millennium and the beginning of new ones. This occasion also marks the celebration of 2000 years of Christianity. This is of a time of joy and happiness for us all, a historic moment in which we have the opportunity to witness the passing of an era. What went on in times past we remember, and what lies ahead of us we contemplate in hope.

Our prayers and thoughts include all of you, your families and friends. We hope that the road of life ahead will bring to each of us joy, peace and contentment. We ask the Lord to guide and protect each of us now and always, and may we all use the time that is given to us all in a true Christian spirit. May God bless and care for each of you. ■

*Canon James Power P.P. and Fr. Seán Ryan*

# Abbey Christmas greetings

*Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA*

*"In your eyes a thousand years are like yesterday, come and gone – no more than a watch in the light".*

These words from Psalm 90 engage me as I contemplate the 2,000 years since the birth of Jesus and how the world strives to engage with the transition to a new number on our calendars. I am reminded too of the inexplicable confusion attending its building of what the Bible called the Tower of Babel. Reminded too of the gentle chiding of Isaiah's God: "Thus says the Lord – with heaven my throne and earth my footstool, what house could you build for me, what place could you make for my rest? All of this is mine . . . but my eyes are drawn to the one of humbled and contrite spirit, who trembles at my word "

*(Isaiah 16:1-2)*

More and more, as the awesomeness of the universe and unfolding is left aside and the focus of attention is on one night and day, the futility of the exercise begins to loom large. Very many people are now saying they will spend this New Year's Eve with their immediate family. Their instinct to huddle together and be close is both a desire and a blessing. The desire is not to be alone and isolated. The blessing is that the family is everything we need and reflects well the human desire to be in communion with others.

What the world of business and commerce and governing calls millennium, the Church calls Jubilee. In Christian language the Birth of Jesus is called the Great Jubilee and in recalling it now we recall the meaning behind the words. The Great Jubilee points to moments in time:

*Time to celebrate and be "Jubilant" about the Good News of Jesus Christ.*
*Time to rest and refresh, before entering the challenge of the third Christian Millennium.*
*Time to be renewed in faith.*
*Time to open doors.*

*Time to recognise ourselves as guests of God,*
*who is sovereign over time and space.*
*Time to let go debts, in every sense.*
*Time to let go of slavery in all its forms.*
*Time to give everyone and ourselves the chance*
*of a really new beginning.*

To apply this jubilee model requires that we force the sovereignty of God, trust His providence, know His redemptive action, experience His atonement, practice His justice and hope in His promise. Enough to begin...!

May God bless you with relationships (family) and friendships. May He gladden your heart with the awareness of your loved ones, be they living or dead, home or away. May His eyes be drawn towards you as you contemplate His greatness and might in all His creation.

Jesus entered into our time 2,000 years ago – like yesterday, come and gone. Yet, He is the same yesterday, today and forever. ■

*'FETHARD POP SHOP' - Carnival entry 1944. Willie Ryan is the driver and on the float are Paddy Ryan, Bidden Brown and ?. On the ground are Mickie Mackey, Elsie Ryan and Ned Brown.*

# Church of Ireland greetings

Holy Trinity Church started this year smoked-filled and blackened by a fire started on New Year's Eve. Our thanks go out to Mrs Marie O'Sullivan, Main Street, for her prompt action in calling the fire brigade thus limiting the damage. After having this difficult start to the year, two very happy occasions followed.

On 22nd of May 1999, Rosanna Ponsonby married Mr Timothy Smalley. The Church was beautifully decorated and Rosanna was a stunning bride. We wish the happy couple every success in their life together. On the 4th of July, Caroline Ann, daughter of John & Melissa Stokes, was christened. Again we wish her and her family every success in the years to come.

On the 7th of August we were most fortunate to have the organ played for morning service by a visitor to Fethard from Australia, Mr & Mrs Ivan Kinny who came to Holy Trinity as tourists. We did not have an organist that Sunday and Mrs Kinny said her husband was the organist at St. Philips, York St., Sydney, NSW. He very kindly played for us and made it a memorable service for all present.

Holy Trinity grave yard has just been awarded first prize for the best kept grave yard in South Tipperary. Our thanks go out to Mr Pat Shine for the tremendous work he has done.

We plan to have our Annual Carol Service on the 22nd of December at 8.00pm. We very much hope many people will come and sing carols with us in the last carol service of this century at Holy Trinity. ■

*Presentation Convent pupils c.1943 Back L to R: Babe O'Donnell, Kitty Hayes, Kathleen Quirke, Josie Keane, Noddy Hennessy. Front Selia Byrne (Sgt. Byrnes' daughter).*

# Legion of Mary

The Members of the Legion of Mary send greetings to all readers. We wish you a peaceful, blessed Christmas, New Year and New Millennium.

We look back at the positive contribution The Legion has made over the years and we are aware that this is the time for great opportunities for all of us. The Millennium will be a hallmark for all if we concentrate our energies on the true cause of the celebrations. Some may even wonder what they are celebrating. Let us brush up, let us at least try to find out what the teachings of our faith really are. Then we may be able to practice it meaningfully. We might realise what the true celebrations are and concern ourselves with the spreading of the Message. These are challenging times. We hope all of us can meet the challenge.

The Legion of Mary was founded in Ireland on the 7th Sept. 1921 by Frank Duff, a senior Civil Servant. He retired as a young man and gave the rest of his life to serve and guide the Legion of Mary. The Legion has spread throughout the world. Its works, which are varied and numerous, include hospital visitation, home visitation, spread of Catholic Literature and Evangelisation. Evangelisation has always been the jewel in the Legion's work. Pope John Paul has always said that Evangelisation has to be the central thrust of the Church's work. On his recent visit to India, even though he was advised not to mention it, he made it the main theme of his addresses. The words of Cardinal Pie, which Frank Duff so often used, could well be said of Pope John Paul, "When prudence will be everywhere, then courage will no longer be anywhere. You will find that we will die of prudence".

Two legions members, Edel Quinn and Alfie Lambe who did heroic work for the Church, are now having their cause examined by the church.

The Fethard and Killusty branch of the Legion of Mary was started 50 years ago. Over the years the membership has fluctuated but thanks be to God, is still alive. We remember with affection former members no longer with us: Tommy and Mai Carey, Thomas O'Connell, Nicholas O'Shea, Eileen Maher, Don Byard, who gave the Parish its first Annual Newsletter, former Spiritual Directors Fr.. Lambe and Fr.. Cooke, may they rest in Peace, Sister Norah and Sister Fidelis who served the Legion well and the present Spiritual Director Fr. Twomey OSA, a man of great zeal and holiness. The Legion has great need of new members who want to share in a special way in the life of the Church. All are welcome. We thank god and his blessed Mother for whatever good has been achieved.

Please remember the Legion of Mary in your prayers. ■

*Fethard Carnival in the late 1930's. Back l to R: Noreen Henehan, Bridget Neville, Kathleen Quirke, Joan Goldsborough (The Rose), Kathleen Croke, Vera Stokes, Joan Anglim. Second Row: Joan Brett and Sally Finn. Front: Maura Evans, Rena Keyes, Noreen Keevan, ?.*

# Accentuate the positive

*John P. O'Flynn*

My name is John Flynn, the eldest son of Jim and Hannah Flynn, Killerk. I was born in the cottage that is now owned by Larry Lee and then moved to an old stable on Patrick Slattery's farm which eventually housed eleven people, nine kids plus the da and ma. Two kids, Denny and Nellie, died in their infancy. Our family lived here for thirteen years. Jim Flynn was work shy and for some reason best known to himself, he had a real down on me, and hardly a day went by without I getting a kicking and thumping around the ears. When I was four years old I knocked some sprigs in a can of milk. The father got an ash plant and was beating hell out of me when my grandmother, my mother's ma (her name was Carroll), stopped him and took me to live with her and my uncles in a labourer's cottage at Longfield outside Cashel. I stayed there for five years until my granny died. My loving uncles then kicked me out and the father came and took me back to Killerk. In the intervening years neither my father or mother came to see me.

*John P. O'Flynn*

When I was eleven I went to live with my Granny Flynn. She had a little shop (Larry Lee's house now) and was the only one who ever showed me any love at that time. I loved my Granny to bits. When I moved to Coleman school I was in third class, but the teacher thought that second class was about all I was able for. This was the first knock to my confidence, however, when I left school I was in sixth class. Living conditions became much better and I got a few pence from granny to buy some snare wire from Scully's shop, enough snare wire to make fifty snares. Tommy Hogan was then working at Scully's. There was good money to be made catching the 'bunnies' and selling them for four & sixpence to Mr Aird in Fethard. At last I was able to buy a pair of wellies. He had a van driver and I used to sell him my rabbits and then travel around the

country with him. We used to go to Carrick-on-Suir, Waterford and then back home over the Comeragh Mountains, freewheeling down the mountain road to the Gas House Bridge in Clonmel to save petrol as it was in short supply then.

There was a lot of competition for catching the rabbits. I remember two professional trappers, Paddy Scanlon and a Paddy Dunphy from Wexford. They were also cycle racers on both road and grass and used to race in Fethard Carnival and on sport days. Others who used to catch rabbits were Timmy Breen, my forever friend – we were always close, Billy Dobbyn and Sean Long. Poor Timmy had a very tragic accident while riding his horse on his way to plough fields in Ballinlough. He fell and broke his back and only lived nine months afterwards. Every time we would part he would say, “Good bye Johnny till we meet again”. The morning he died I was working for Jimmy Byrne and I swear he put his head in the door of my room and said “Good bye Johnny till we meet again”.

Fitzgeralds had a little farm behind Coleman school. Johnny Lalor from Annsfort near Lisronagh, used to court one of the girls, they used to 'snog' in an old shed in Hackett's field. Billy Dobbyn and myself used to chuck stones on the shed and Johnny used to come out and threaten to kick our arses.

Tom Hurley was from Coleman Cross and he married a woman called Guiry. He later fell off his bike and was killed coming down Burke's hill on his way home from the pub in Ballyclerihan.

I bet not many people know there are sixteen fairy forts around Killerk, Coleman, and Ballincur, or that there are some ten gully holes, or that Slattery's (Grants) rock is hollow. I believe there is an underground river running through Killerk, coming down from Moorstown and on down through Wrights and Grants. It eventually comes out in Kiltinan at the 'boiling spring' upriver from the castle. Of course I can't swear to this but I

*Old Coleman National School Group*

remember seeing the mist rising in a long strip on some summer and autumn mornings from our bedroom window. Also I believe there is a tunnel running from the Corrigawn field where Griffins house is now. It's supposed to come out at the old church on Dick Hennessy's farm. There is also a dug-out, from the time of the civil war I think, in John Moclair's farm in the double ditch below the main gate. My son Mick told me he located a tunnel at the bottom of Breen's field where it meets Jimmy Byrne's just behind where the gully is. He said it goes back and down. He did not explore it but perhaps, some day, a local geologist will give the place a look over.

My granny once told me that when my Da was about twelve years old he was beaten up by the Irish free state army members. They were looking for a local IRA man. He did not tell them although he was talking to the chap they were looking for before the army came along. My Da may have been lazy but he was no coward.

After school I used have to run into Fethard for things for our little shop. We used to sell a lot to the farmers who brought milk to Killerk creamery. We went 'burst' during the war years with nothing left to sell. My favourite Fethard man was Bert Newport, God rest his soul. Bert was a real gent and was obsessed with the 'gee-gees'. He was always talking to some of the local gentry and business men about horseracing. He always kept a few Woodbines for me when he got them in. We also used to smoke dried horse manure on occasions . . . ugh (honest we actually did smoke it). I wonder if people remember our coffee substitute, we used to roast barley in a skillet and add boiling water to it, believe it or not it made a smashing drink.

I owe a lot to Tommy Flynn from Glenagaddy. Tommy used to plough with his Fordson tractor in and around Killerk. He often let me drive it and actually do the ploughing. This helped me get a tractor driving job in later years. I was about twelve then. One day when he had finished tilling in Slatterys up by Clancy's hill, we were hooking the trailer to the tractor and when I had the beam aligned with the tractor's draw bar Tommy jumped off to help but forgot to lock down the clutch. The tractor rolled back over my thigh and the beam dropped on to my shin and to this day I have the mark on my leg. When I grew up, every time I met Tommy in town he would take me into McCarthy’s pub and buy me a pint.

I never really liked going to school though Coleman school had really good teachers in Miss O'Donnell and Mrs Lee. Later on Mrs Dwyer from Coleman Cross took over Mrs Lee’s classes. Miss O'Donnell lived near Haywood, Clonmel. The school had a great reputation as kids used to walk to Coleman from Clerihan village, although there was a school already in Clerihan. Also a Greta Looby who lived just a few yards from Lisronagh school, came all the way to Coleman school.

In my day, we had to walk everywhere unless we had a bike. We would think nothing of walking into Clonmel to see a film, a sixteen mile round trip. We were never able to afford trips to the sea side, although a lot of excursions were run from Fethard train station to Tramore in the summer.

Things I liked about Fethard was

Sunday Mass in the Abbey then down to Madden's Cross (later Wards ) to watch the pitch and toss players. This was held in the field by old Paddy Heffernan's Bicycle shop where someone always kept an eye out for Garda Dan Evans or Sergeant Byrne. But best of all, I liked the concerts in the Town Hall with the various travelling shows, equalled only by the Fethard Players. I can still hear Paddy McLellan banging the table and shouting, "Tay, Maggie, tay" in the play called 'The New Gossoon' which was a German name for a motorcycle. I saw the same play some years later in Donaghmore (winter 1947), Co. Cork, and they were nowhere near as good as the Fethard Players.

Funny how some sounds stay in your head forever, like Paddy McLellan shouting, "Tay, Maggie, tay", or in school, Bunty O'Halloran singing "A mothers love's a Blessing" while our teacher Miss O'Donnell cried her eyes out. Other sounds were The Fethard Brass Band wafting over Clancy's hill on a Sunday summer's evening, the Parish Church bells – a leisurely sound, while the Abbey's bells had a sharp urgent get in, get in, sound. The echoes of the shot guns of John Woodlock, Mick and Tom Mockler. Din Burke's voice echoing from the creamery, singing "Kilbury's Lone Domain". Din was born and reared on the slopes of Slievenamon and he used lodge with my granny and grandad Ellen and Johnny Flynn. When he married Larry Lee's sister he went to live on the Cahir road

Fair Day sounds in town, cattle emptying their bladders and bowels against Scully's shop window's, the

*John P. O'Flynn (holding pint) is pictured above with friends who were involved in Broad Perspective Arts Association's project which had art lovers flocking to the 170 year-old 'Halfway House' pub in Huddersfield Road to view their "gallery in a pub". Landlord David Willows speaking about the 50 or more paintings displayed on the walls said, "It does really brighten up the pub and has boosted trade". Maybe some Fethard publican might be interested in doing something similar.*

sound of the corncrakes, the sharp shot like sounds of a pheasant taking flight, the haunting sounds of snipe and swans in flight, the lonesome sounds of wild geese, the chuffing of a steam threshing engine, the hum of the mill, with the odd cough when some uncut sheaf went in, the sounds of twenty men gnashing and slurping while enjoying a sumptuous feast in a farm house kitchen on threshing day. The sound of some old Biddy saying over and over, "Will ye have more mate (meat)", the creaking of Whelan's trolley as it came along with an old dead horse on it and the stink, you could smell it at fifty yards as he came towards you and for some ways after he had passed by on his way to Tullamaine kennels. Louis O'Donnell singing in the Parish Church, accompanied by Ciss Newport on the organ. Louis had a butcher's shop and from time to time he used to jokingly give Josie Stapleton a parcel of ram's testicles. Josie had a shop where she used to sell flour and such like stuff. All those sounds stayed in my head throughout the forty years I was stone deaf.

I finished with school when I was fourteen, and earned a few bob each week with the rabbits, which were by then getting scarce, however, there were crops to be thinned and rows to be hoed in the summer for the local farmers. Mick Moclair in Ballinlough was the best to work for. He always gave a good rate and would never haggle as if haggling was beneath him. When I was younger I used to go there to play with Sean Lyons, he used to spend his summer holidays with his uncle Mick and aunt Maud. Maud later married Bill O'Donnell from Coleman (no inkling then that he would be Lord Mayor of Clonmel five times).

My grandfather Johnny Flynn came from Powerstown, and my granny's maiden name was McCarthy – her people had a small farm in Powerstown. We never went to see them and they never called on us. She had a sister who went to New York and married a man called Wing, they kept in touch with my granny till the early forties and used to send her a few dollars as well. My grandfather worked for the County Council. Other lodgers with us were Mick Looby from Barretstown Cross and his new bride Mary O'Grady. Mary was Ciss O'Grady's sister and was a cook at Annesgift house. Mick Looby also worked for the County Council and had a small dance band as a side line. They later went to live near Poulmucka which means hole of the pig. In olden times there was a hollow here and pigs used to congregate there hence the name.

One thing which stands out in my memory is Nell Guiry cursing Timmy Breen. Timmy and I were down near the creamery, when Moll Guiry was coming up the road with a bucket of milk. They had a cow which used to wander about the road and Moll would milk the cow wherever she found it and bring the milk home in a bucket. Timmy chucked a fistful of dust into the bucket. This set Moll off crying. Next time we met Nell she said to Timmy, "Mark my words I will see your cows dry yet". Din Burke used to bless himself when her name was mentioned and he would say to me, "She has the power, Johnny". She lived in a cottage at Mockler's Cross.

Her son Bill was a very nice and quite man. He worked all his life for Josh Mockler. He was nearly seven feet tall and had a box on the end of his bed with a hole cut for his feet.

When I was sixteen I decided I wanted to join the army, so the da and I had to convince Sergeant Byrne that I was eighteen. The Sergeant then signed a note for me and it wasn't long before I was stationed in Collins Barracks, Cork, not in the army but in a construction unit with army uniforms. I thought it was the regular army I was joining but still it meant decent clothes and a good bed.

When I left the army after two years I went to work for Mick Barrett, Market Hill, which only lasted two weeks.

I rejoined the construction corps again and after eighteen months I was discharged as being unfit for service due to deafness. I spent the next three years in limbo neither totally deaf or with decent hearing. It was really a blessing when I went totally deaf as I had to put up with a lot of teasing from people 'aping' me while I was hard of hearing.

Then came the seven lean years and seven fat years. With my 'Martin Henry' (a suit of clothes given to men when they leave the army) and new shoes on my feet, I set off walking from Gormanstown, Co. Meath, to Fethard. Although I had a travel voucher, the train drivers were on strike so I walked all the one hundred and twenty three miles to Fethard. I had two shillings and sixpence in my pocket, twelve and a half new pence in today's money. I set off on a Thursday at eleven in the morning and got to Killerk at midnight on Saturday. On one occasion I got lost and walked miles and miles out of my way. I found out later that I could have used those vouchers on the C.I.E bus which was not affected by the train drivers strike. I met Tim Tierney's brother outside Maynooth and told him I was walking home to Fethard. This was to be the start of many long lonesome journeys I did around the auld sod.

Having arrived back home I found it very hard to become adjusted to life as a hard-of-hearing civilian. As farm work was the only thing I could do I set about finding a job. As there wasn't much work going in Killerk I decided to have a squint at the local paper. A Jim Sheehan from outside Cahir was looking for a tractor driver and as this was some thing I could do well I applied for the job. I stayed nine months with him. After I left his employment I worked with several different farmers around Cahir – a Bill Condon in Rooska, Matt Hennessy and Paddy Keating both from Ballingeary, then on to a McIntyre family who must have had Scotch blood being one of the meanest lot I ever worked for. One morning when I was in the field cutting thistles, they send me out a can of cold tea and two slices of bread, together with a note saying they were off to Tramore and I was to see to the milking, etc. When they got home late in the evening they did not offer me a thing to eat. Some days later I was having my dinner when their daughter put a plate of floury spuds by my side, her mother grabbed them and took them in to the parlour, then came out and got me some from a pot of bad spuds she had boiled for the pigs. I was out of there pretty damn fast.

Over the next few years I travelled and worked all over the place. I got a job with a Sylvester Shortall a mile from Tullamore town. Late in the autumn he said he did not want me for the winter but I could work for my board and lodgings till I got another job. This was very fair as he had only a small farm and did not make much money. Anyway, I soon had another offer from a farmer called Murphy outside Drogheda twenty miles from the border. I set off from Tullamore on my bike and I got there about midnight. It's hard to follow directions when you can't hear properly. The place was in darkness so I slept down beside a bale of straw . In the morning I went to the cow house where they had just started milking. Murphy told me he had hired another man and did not want me. I was upset and asked him why he had me ride all the way from Tullamore, and now I have a hundred and thirty mile ride back to Fethard in County Tipperary. He just shrugged his shoulders and didn't even have the decency to offer me a meal.

My next employment was working for a Dennis Doyle near Killorglin in Co Kerry. He was a very good man to work for and had a really big farm. I loved going out for the cows in the mornings as the mountains were really beautiful. While there I got to know a chap called Sugrue, and discovered he was Butty's brother. Butty was only about five feet tall and will be remembered as Ireland's strongest man. I have seen him in Fossett's circus in Fethard lifting twenty stone made up of four fifty-six pound shop weights. This lot was tied to a cart axle which also weighs four stone. Pakie Fahey from Coleman and Tommy Purcell from Jossestown had a go at lifting it but failed.

Next I work for a man called Eddie O'Leary near Mallow, Co. Cork, and only stayed there a few weeks. I got itchy feet and moved on to work with a Charley Fry, a London man who had a fairground setup with swinging boats etc. I was soon on my way again as I did not like this kind of life although he was a decent bloke. I also worked for a Mark McNamara in Killbreedy East near Killmallock and a few weeks later for a fellow called Johnny Finn near Mitchelstown. First night here I was shown up to the loft in the barn and found my bed was a few jute sacks on the floor and my blanket was a canvas cover. The next farmer was a Johnny Hanrahan near Carrick-on-Suir, where I stayed just long enough to plough a ten acre field. I then went to work for a man called Dan Brennan, Carlow. On the morning I left I was riding my bike round a blind bend in the middle of the road, when I hit a van coming from the opposite direction, I spend two weeks in Carlow Hospital.

After getting better I got a job in Laois with a farmer called O'Meara. Having done all the milking and cleaning out houses, we set off for the hayfield about five miles away, we stayed here all day without food or drink, and got back to the farm around four in the afternoon. When we sat down for dinner his wife chucked a bit of bacon on my plate and it smelled bloody awful. I swiped plate into the fire got on my bike and headed for Killerk. Soon I was off to work for a farmer in Co Kildare, another horrible place and it wasn't long before I was heading back for Killerk once more.

Back in Killerk I had a change of luck. Chris Nagle left Jimmy Byrne and Jimmy offered me a job. Jimmy was the best boss I ever had, he was fair and decent, a man of the highest integrity and his wife Celia always gave me three good meals a day. It was the only place where I got a fry up for breakfast. Sadly after about a year Jimmy decided he and Celia could manage on their own. So I was off again. I went to work for a man called Donovan just out side Naas. However, I soon decided to look in the paper again and saw some priests in Yorkshire were looking for an honest Irish farm worker. I wrote to them and got the job. So I packed up and left for Fethard. On my way up the road I hit a pot hole and buckled my front wheel and with nowhere to fix it or get another wheel I just leaned the bike against the ditch and set off walking back to Killerk about seventy miles away.

It was 2 January, nineteen fifty four, I was twenty six years old. Myself and the 'da' set off for Fethard to catch the bus outside Newports on my way to exile. We walked in silence. A few minutes after we got to Fethard the bus pulled up. We exchanged a perfunctory hand shake and I climbed aboard and the bus moved off. I did not look back. Gracie Fields had entered my head singing, “Wish me luck as you wave me good bye, cheerio here I go on my way.” ■

*Fethard Festival in the 1940’ passing by Lower Main Street*

# Visitors to Fethard

*Photographed in Tony Newport's shop on Monday 7th June are L to R: Sheila and Billy Morrissey, Tony Newport and Tom McCormack. Billy and his wife Sheila were home on holidays from England. Paying his first visit to his native Fethard in 12 years Billy renewed old acquaintances.*

*Pictured at Fethard Car Boot Sale on Sunday 2nd May, are L to R: Marie and George Anglim from Scotland, and Stephen and Martina Cooney from Clonmel. George's father (George Anglim) and Stephen's mother (Bridget Anglim) were brother and sister and lived in Coleman, Fethard, up to 1928 when they left for the USA on the same day.*

# Deaths in the parish

The following is a list of deaths that occurred in the parish during the year. We have also included many of the deaths (from information supplied) that occurred away from Fethard and in brackets, the place of funeral service if known. A list of Fethard deaths over the past eleven years can be viewed on the internet at: www.fethard.com/people/deaths.html

*Ahearne, Paddy, Main Street (Calvary)*
*Anglim, Angela, Knockelly (Peppardstown)*
*Anglim, Peggy, Knockelly (Augustinian Abbey)*
*Anglim, Tom, Ballinard (Cloneen)*
*Bourke, Bridget, Tullamaine (Cashel)*
*Bulfin, Dolly, The Valley (Calvary)*
*Burke, Gus, Crampscastle (Calvary)*
*Byrne, Edward 'Ned', Watergate & St. Pat's Pl. (Clonmel)*
*Croke, Ellen, Fr. Tirry Park (Calvary)*
*Croke, John, Derryluskin (Calvary)*
*Cummins, Michael (Northampton)*
*Davin, Bridie (nee Lee), Loughcopple & N. Y. (New York)*
*Delaney, Philomena (nee Danaher), The Green (Calvary)*
*Dempsey, John, Cloran & Clonmel (London)*
*Flynn, Tom, Derryluskin (Calvary)*
*Grant, Denis 'Dinny', Tullamaine (Cashel)*
*Hogan, Mick, Fr. Tirry Park (Augustinian Abbey)*
*Hogan, Nora (nee O'Dwyer), Kilnockin (Thurles)*
*Holohan, Mary, Tullow (Killusty)*
*Holway, Mary, Madamsland (Holy Trinity Church)*
*Johnson, Ellen (nee Matthews) Kerry Street (London)*
*Keating, Todd, Carragaline & St. Pats. Pl. (Carragaline)*
*Kelly, Patrick, formerly of Rocklow Road*
*Kenrick, Stasia, Congress Terrace (Faugheen)*
*Keoghane, Lena (nee D'arcy,) Killusty (England)*
*Larkin, Percy, Jossestown (Kilsheelan)*
*Lawrence, Baby Megan, Woodvale Walk (Calvary)*
*Leahy, Mary, Derryluskin, Fethard (Calvary)*
*Leahy, Thomas, Kilnockin and Leeds (Calvary)*
*Long, Nan, Rathsallagh (Rosegreen)*
*Lyttleton, Paddy, Mocklers Terrace (Calvary)*
*McCarthy OSU, Sr. M. Vincent, Buffana (Blue Point N.Y)*
*McDonnell, Michael, The Square (Calvary)*
*McGarry, Johnny, Woodvale Walk & Ballynonty (Calvary)*
*Mulcahy, Mabel (nee Rice), Carrigbawn (Moyglass)*
*Murray, Bernadette, Redcity (Calvary)*
*Noonan, Sr. Alphonsus, Presentation Convent (Convent)*
*O'Donnell, Paddy, Crampscastle and London (Calvary)*
*O'Flynn, Jack, Lower Main Street (Killusty)*
*Pollard, Jackie, Grangebeg (Calvary)*
*Reid, Mary (nee Hennessy), Derryluskin (England)*
*Ryan, Mattie, Buffana (Moyglass)*
*Ryan, Paddy 'Gordon', formerly of Back Green (London)*
*Ryan, Willie, formerly of Kerry Street (New Jersey)*
*Sayers, Nora, formerly The Green (Bournemouth)*
*Sheehan, Paddy, formerly of Redcity (England)*
*Shelly, Danny, The Green (Calvary)*
*Simmons, Alice (nee McCormack), Coolmoyne (Calvary)*
*Slattery, Mikie, The Green (Calvary)*
*Thompson, Simon, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)*
*Tierney, Rita, San Francisco & Burke Street (Holy Trinity)*
*Treacy, Catherine, Congress Terrace (Calvary)*
*Trehy, Eoghain, Barrack Street (Calvary)*
*Walsh, Mary, Knockbrack (Calvary)*

# Clergy in the parish

The following clergy are serving or living in the Parish of Fethard and Killusty: Canon James Power P.P., Rocklow Road, Fethard; Fr. Seán Ryan C.C., Cashel Road, Fethard; Fr. Ben O'Brien, Prior OSA, Augustinian Abbey, Fethard; Fr. Michael Twomey OSA, Augustinian Abbey; and Fr. John Meagher OSA, Augustinian Abbey. ■

# Our dear departed ‘99

*from available photographs*

*Bernadette Murray*

*Dolly Bulfin*

*Eoghain Trehy*

*Jack O’Flynn*

*Mary Holohan*

*Mattie Ryan*

*Michael McDonnell*

*Paddy Ahearne*

*Tom Anglim*

*Danny Shelly*

*Sr. Alphonsus*

*John Croke*

*Stasia Kenrick*

*Angela Anglim*

*Mick Hogan*

*Mary Leahy*

*Todd Keating*

*Mary Walsh*

*Paddy O'Donnell*

*Simon Thompson*

*Paddy Lyttleton*

*Sr. Vincent McCarthy*

*Kitty Treacy*

*Mikie Slattery*

*Johnny McGarry*

# Marriages

### *Weddings in the parish*

*Martin Coen, Killusty, to Lorraine Carroll, Coolmore*
*Brian Donnelly, New York, to Patricia Gleeson, Coolmore*
*Patrick Hunt, Cashel, to Linda Phelan, Tullamaine*
*Mark Tynan, Moyglass, to Elizabeth Thompson, Barrack Street*
*John McGarry, Ballynonty, to Anne Morrissey, St. Patrick's Place*
*Michael Moroney, Aherlow, to Ann Marie Quirke, Tullamaine*
*Robert Downs, London, to Margaret Allen, Killusty*
*Jason McKeowan, Scotland, to Dawn Baker, Scotland*
*Declan Morrissey, Cloran, to Cathriona Horan, Tinakelly*
*Rosanna Ponsonby, Grove, to Timothy Smalley, England*
*Denis Ryan, Cork, to Sheena Fitzgerald, Crampscastle*
*Dureen O Cleírigh, Cork, to Lucy Phelan, Crampscastle*
*John O'Halloran, London, to Geraldine Pollock, London*
*Fergal O'Brien, Waterford, to Teresa Fitzgerald, Crampscastle*
*Brien Sheehey, Carlow, to Noreen Harrington, Fethard*
*Evanna Lawrence, Woodvale Walk to Fintan Butler, Killenaule*

### *Weddings outside the parish*

*Marian Quinn, Moyglass, to John Smullen, Edenderry*
*Claire Smith, Coolbawn, to Felix Quinn, Killenaule*
*Brendan Brett, The Valley, to Clodagh Sweeney, Killenaule*
*Susan Fitzgerald, Drum, to Ian Cooke, St. Patrick's Place*
*Michael Trehy, Kilnockin, to Cathy Walsh, Fedamore, Co. Limerick*
*Ray Cummins, St. Patricks Place to Leslie Gunther, Connecticut, U.S.A.*

*Billy Mullins, Knockbrack and London, photographed meeting His Holiness Pope John Paul II*

# Holidays in Carne Beach

*by Rita Kearney*

Every year in the second week in June about 20 senior citizens from Fethard and surrounding areas are taken to Carne Beach for a week's holiday. Carne Beach is a very nice, quite, unspoiled seaside resort situated about 15 miles from Wexford and about 3 miles from Rosslare. The visitors are accommodated in a holiday centre run by the St. Vincent de Paul society and Mrs Mary O'Rourke and her very efficient staff provide every possible comfort for those on holiday.

The centre can accommodate about 200 people at a time from various parts of Ireland and one of the highlights of the holiday is getting to know so many people and making so many new friends. Occasionally matches are made there! The building itself overlooks the sea and even without raising one's head off the pillow, the fishing boats can be seen setting out at an early hour. The grounds are beautifully kept and there are plenty of seats outside where the sea air can be enjoyed by those who do not wish to venture further to the strand. The bedrooms, dinning room and recreation facilities are absolutely splendid and the food is first class. The menu varies each day and everyone's taste is catered for.

In the afternoon buses can be engaged to take the holidaymakers on trips and shopping sprees around Wexford. After tea, voluntary musicians provide entertainment and those who so wish take to the floor and dance the hours away. Those in good singing form usually start the singsong and all are free to join in.

Fr. Tony Lambe, while working as a curate here 15 years ago, started the venture for the people of Fethard. Those enjoying the break fondly men-

*Enjoying their holiday in Carne in 1993 are*
*L to R: Nancy Sheehan, Biddy Duggan and the late Richard Fahey.*

*Mick and Rita Kearney photographed in their son Michael's gig pulled by the sure footed 'Del Boy'*

tion his name with gratitude and appreciation every year. It is my privilege to accompany the group and to see to it that their every need is attended to. Since the start some people have returned every year. That speaks for itself and should be an encouragement to many others who haven't yet tried out the adventure. They can be assured of a truly happy and enjoyable week.

We wish to thank Fr. Sean Ryan and the other members of St. Vincent de Paul in Fethard for making the holiday

# The changing times

*supplied by Billy McLellan*

With the year 2000 almost upon us it's a good time to look back to the middle of the century when words and ways were different. A chip was just a piece of wood or a slice of spud. Pot was something you put your child on, not tried to keep him off. Food was thought out, not thawed out and there were no supermarkets. £5 worth of groceries would fill the boot of your car, assuming you had a car which most people didn't; nowadays you could fit a fiver's worth in the glove compartment. Even if you did own a Vauxhall 10 in those days petrol was rationed or unavailable because of the war.

The radio was called a wireless, a record player was a gramophone and a hair dryer was a towel. (Radios nowadays don't have to be plugged in but some toothbrushes do.)

A rock group consisted of prisoners breaking stones and the only swinger was Tarzan.

Fast food was what you ate during Lent, A Big Mac was an oversized raincoat and a stud was something you used to attach a collar to a shirt.

A bob was a shilling, a tanner was a sixpence which bought a seat in the cinema where the only film stars who appeared with no clothes on were Trigger and Rin Tin Tin. Cigarette smoking was highly fashionable but

grass was something you mowed. A joint was something you bought from the butcher and coke was kept in the fuel shed.

Some will agree that nostalgia is the realisation that things weren't as bad as they seemed at the time. Others say it is reminiscing about things you never actually did and that homesickness is a longing for a place you couldn't wait to get away from.

Whatever your opinion, congratulations. You've survived!

. . . and whilst on the subject of changing times, Tony Newport tells the story of the discussion between a lady celebrating her 100th birthday and the Pope when he was visiting Ireland in 1979. The Pontiff remarked to her that she must have seen lots of changes in her lifetime. She said, “Lots of things have changed since I was a child and particularly in the Church. When I was a young one, all the hens were free to roam around but the nuns were all locked away. Nowadays, the nuns are free to roam but they've locked up all the hens.” ■

***FILM CREW VISIT FETHARD***

*'Stray Dog Films' paid a visit to Fethard for a few days work on making their film/ documentary on the Ballingarry 1848 rising in February. The film will tell the story of the Young Irelanders through a combination of interviews and dramatic reconstructions. Photograph above shows the crew in action in Chapel Lane which was chosen for its unspoilt appearance. Many locals including members of the Hogan Musical Society and Fethard Players took part.*

# Hogan Musical Society

If I were a rich man . . . I'd pay someone else to write this. The jokes have started already ! Yes, of course I'm referring to Hogan Musical Society's 1999 production of "Fiddler on the Roof". From January to April last, innumerable nights were spent in the Abymill Theatre singing about ghosts, about sunrises, sunsets, about life but most of all . . . Tradition!

The original show was written years before the producer, Brian Flynn, was even born. Brian is a young man from Waterford but with a pedigree that belies his years. He is known throughout the country for his work with musical societies and the sadly missed "Tops of the Town" but, his *pièce de résistance* has been the outstanding 'Pentimenti' which played to packed audiences in the Theatre Royal in Waterford. Watch out for a re-run of this show, sure to play to even bigger venues before long.

But enough about the man and back to Anatevka, the small Russian village where the action takes place. Brian decided from day one that if we were going to be singing about a fiddler on a roof, that he wanted two things: (a) A fiddler (easy!), (b) A roof (not so easy!). And to make matters worse, this roof was to be our stage – with no safety net. When we saw it first, we weren't sure if we could get up on it, let alone dance on it. But thanks to excellent choreography and a tremendous effort from all the cast, we were able to "scale the heights" (pun intended) and dance the circles of

***OPERETTA PRINCESS JU JU c.1943***

*Back l to R: Maura Stokes, Sadie Keane, ?, Theresa Anglim, ? Kerry (Grove), Annie Evans, Mary Godfrey, Margaret Martley, Katie O'Shea, Mary Hennessy. Second Row: Catherine Sayers, ? O'Donnell (Grangebeg),Mary Kenny. Third Row: Patsy O'Donnell, Joan Brett, Olive Stokes, Josie Keane, Kathleen Quirke, Celia Byrne, Nuala O'Halloran, Kitty Hayes, Noddie Hennessy, Babe O'Donnell, Mary Goldsborough. Front Row: ?, ?, Eileen Pollard, ?, Josie Henchy, May Moloney, Mary Delaney, Betty O'Donnell, ?, Kathleen Kenny, Peggy O'Neill, Sally Finn, Pat Finn, Margaret Heffernan and Masie Finn. Front, seated on ground, Joan Goldsborough.*

"Tradition", the male Can-Can of "L'Chaim", the insane meanderings of the "Dream" and the slip-sliding of the "Bottle Dance" with consummate ease. Credit must go to the bottle dancers as throughout the performances they never once let the bottles slip. Now if only the stools had been that solid – isn't that right, Rabbi?

The main character in the show is Tevye, on the outside a simple villager, but in truth the heart and soul of the village. This must be one of the most demanding roles that an actor can play – Tevye is rarely off the stage throughout the entire production and moves through every possible emotion. John Fogarty played the part to perfection, demonstrating incredible stamina through eight nights of an emotional rollercoaster with flawless renditions of "If I Were A Rich Man", one of many highlights. Tevye's wife Golde was played by Marian Gilpin , another demanding role which Marian excelled in, singing beautifully in "Sunrise Sunset" and "Do you love me?" Judging by the audiences reaction, the most popular scene was the "Dream Sequence" where Tevye and Golde are asleep in bed. Tevye's nightmare brings the entire cast on to the stage as ghosts of their dead relatives and friends, along with his grandmother, warning against his daughter marrying the butcher. The colour and energy of this scene, particularly when the ghost of the butcher's dead wife Fruma Sarah appears, made it a somewhat frantic showstopper.

And while most of the action centred on the husband and wife, let us not forget the other principals and members of the chorus who, night after night, put in sterling performances. Tremendous credit must also go to the people backstage, without whom there would have been no show. The audience never saw them – save for a few strange silhouetted figures who appeared intermittently, with very un-Anatevka like baseball caps. If I was to mention each member of the cast and backstage individually, this would be a novel, not a review, so suffice it to say a pat on the back is richly deserved by each and every one – you know who you are. And maybe, Michael, you might get your lines right next year because a pat on the back is only inches away from a kick in the ass (sorry, had to mention it!).

On the eighth night, we rested. After over a week of intense but fulfiling performances the curtain fell for the last time on what proved to be a hugely enjoyable experience for all concerned. The Hotel Minella became our watering hole, where aching limbs and sore throats were soothed by many pints of the amber (or black, even) nectar.

Since then, the Society has been far from inactive. The 1999 show was the most expensive ever and left us with a deficit to meet from various fundraising activities. First up was a Beach Party in the Clonmel Rugby Club at the start of the summer – a great night was had by all but please, people, work on your limbo dancing. A sponsored walk took place some weeks later on, thankfully, a nice Friday evening, preceded by a mass held in the Abymill for members, both past and present. Both events were well supported, but some debt still exists and further events are planned for the coming months.

And while we weren't thinking

about it on that April night in the Hotel Minella, the show must go on. Hogan Musical Society's millennium production has yet to be decided upon but pencil March in to your social diaries. Rehearsals will begin in early January and new members are welcome, but we certainly hope to see all the old faces back again, ready to tread those boards – though, preferably, more horizontal ones this time. Brian Flynn will be at the helm again this year but a word of warning, Brian – if you decide we're doing "Carrousel", no roller-coasters, I get motion sickness!

The officers of the Hogan Musical Society for the 1999/2000 season are as follows: President: Ellen Shortall, Chairperson: Michael O'Hagan, Secretary: Agnes T. Evans, Treasurer: Miceál McCormack, Committee: Marian Gilpin, Joan Halpin, Geraldine McCarthy, Eileen Maher, Chris O'Riordan and Jimmy O'Shea

We would like to wish all our patrons and friends a joyous and peaceful Christmas and a prosperous New Year. ■

# Killusty Pony Show 1962-1999

*Chairman of the Killusty Pony Show, Noel Byrne (left), is pictured above making a special presentation of a Peter Curling painting depicting the Killusty Pony Show to Betsy O'Connor in recognition of her tremendous work over the years. Also included are committee members Christopher Horseman and Judy Butler (right).*

A chance encounter on the bridge over the Anner at Killusty between Gus Keane and Judy Butler and a discussion about the chances of selling ponies surplus to requirements led to the holding of the first Killusty Show and Sale on Thursday 10 May 1962. Mr. Harry Kellett came from Dublin with his young daughter, Iris, to judge at that first show and Patrick

Quirke did his best to sell the surplus ponies and a great time was had by all to all accounts. In the intervening thirty seven years, thirty-six shows have been held and a great time continues to be had.

From the start, the organisers at Killusty were quick to notice the trends in the pony world and provided classes to accommodate. Before the move from Clarecastle to the Parish Field the first working hunter pony class in Ireland was staged. In 1999, working hunter ponies are catered for in all their manifestations from breeding classes to young stock classes to Show and Working Hunter Classes for all ages and sizes of ponies. From small beginnings the show has expanded from one ring to five, and from 10 classes to 51 at last count. Two hundred and fifty ponies came to Killusty in 1999 and some of them competed in as many as five classes. There may be many private sales now but the public sale was discontinued very early on; the breeder has many opportunities to show his young stock be they foals or older and many great Killusty, Tipperary and Irish bred ponies have commenced their careers in the ring at Killusty.

As with many organisations, the committee of the show has changed over the years but Killusty still rejoices in having some of its founder members and their families still involved in running the annual show. With the increase in size of the show the numbers required to make it a success have also increased but thankfully it continues to be possible to stage a very professional show. Sponsors over the years have been very generous and continue to be so. The Irish Pony Society which was founded over 20 years ago has designated Killusty as a 'double points' show in company with only three other shows in the country. Balmoral, the RDS and its own IPS Show.

Ponies by locally bred stallions have gone on to top the line in all the different spheres of the pony world from lead-rein to International Eventing with Show and Hunter ponies bringing particular fame to Killusty.

Through all the years of Killusty's existence most of the volunteers and helpers of all sorts have gone unnoticed but it is planned to rectify this situation before the end of the millennium with a party for all in the Fethard Ballroom with supper and entertainment and most of all talk about ponies helped by a comprehensive display of photos from the earliest days of the Show to the present.

Plans for Y2 Killusty Show include the purchase of a new set of fences to allow the staging of Performance Working Hunter Classes as well as the Equitation Classes which have been such a hit since Iris Kellett came back to judge the first of them in 1997. The committee looks forward in anticipation to the continued support of the people of Fethard and Killusty as well as of the whole rest of Ireland in making their Show the best in so many ways.

On Saturday 3rd July, 1999, the society held their 37th Annual Show in Killusty sports field. It was a warm sunny day with Slievenamon in the background smiling down on a packed field of ponies, children and spectators. There were 49 classes well attended with eight championships. The Slievenamon Championship was

presented to the best pony in the first five classes, in hand and up to five years old. It was a popular win by Mrs Liz Grant's 'Jack of Trumps'.

The Milestown Mills Stud Broodmare Championship was won by Laura McWeeny's 'Dark Sprite' and the best foal was owned by Mr. B. Gatley. The Welsh Champion Trophy was presented by Mrs Paula Cullen, in memory of Gus Keane and Tom Carroll. It was won by by 'Charlie's Golden Halo' – a two-year-old presented by Sean Maher. The Coolmore Stud Championship was won by 'Newstown Benedictine' owned by Maurice O'Connor and Bets Coleman. The Butler Connemara Championship presented by J's Restaurant went to Con Davis's 'Rossinver Wren'.

The local pony classes caused great excitement by the parents as well as the children who had to preform simple tasks and were judged by the execution of same. It was won by Peter Harrington on 'Larry'. The special leading reign class went to Rosin Henry on 'Charlie Fox'. The young Handlers Class went to Miriam Shannon on 'Desert Fox'. The Mini Championship went to H. & C. McNamee and their 'Tythe Little Apple'.

The Tara Bricknell Open Show Hunter Championship went to Phyllis James 'Newstown Peppermint'. The Captain Curtin Cup went to Sean Byrne's 'Deer Park Lad'.

The Dog Show was also a great success with the large number of entries ably judged by Michael Higgins M.F.H. Miss Lorraine Morrissey, Macra na Feirme's 'Queen of the Land' in 1999, kindly judged the Fancy Dress, a difficult task with many entries all of which took lots of imagination and preparation. The success of the show is due to the committee, Chairman: Noel Byrne, Killusty, and the Secretary/Treasurer: Betsy O'Connor, Knockelly, whose endless hard work, patience and attention to detail is greatly appreciated.

We look forward to many more successful shows in the millennium. ■

*This photograph was supplied by Jane O'Brien, showing herself and her Fethard friends enjoying a barbecue in Floral Park, New York, earlier this year.*
*L to R: Triona Fallon, Jane O'Brien, Margaret O'Brien and Michael Nevin.*

# Fethard in old time(s) *– a slightly outside view*

When Joe Kenny e-mailed me and suggested an article I had first to explain that I do not qualify as a paid up Fethard native. However, if fond memories and a deep love of the town were to count I would be high up on its list of citizens. I was born and grew up in Clonmel but in many respects Fethard was a second home because of family connections. My mother Bridie Bulfin was born in The Valley where my Uncle Tom, Dolly and family later lived and down the road my three indomitable Uncles – Ned, Michael, and Jim lived their bachelor lives in the Grove Road opposite the creamery. In the case of Ned it was not total bachelorhood. Relatively late in life he abandoned the single state and married Veronica Linden from Ballybay (Co. Monaghan.) I'm not sure how much say Ned had in the whole affair. I always felt that his two sisters Jo and Cathleen themselves long 'exiled' in Ballybay were the main movers in the matter. Ballybay, in size and character could be described as 'a Fethard of the North' and with Veronica herself coming from a cattle dealing family the marriage, arranged or not, worked like a dream. At that time Ned had a virtual

*Fethard School Sports Team in the 1950's.*
*L to R: Johnny Shea, Tom Leahy, Vincent Allen and Tommy Bulfin*

monopoly of retail milk supply in Fethard but his bookkeeping left a lot to be desired. The result was the credit terms were of truly amazing generosity – uncollected accounts often stretching on for years. This consumers' paradise ended with Veronica's arrival – the bookkeeping was brought up to date and the cash flow into the Grove Road headquarters must have been of latter day Celtic Tiger proportions. However, such was Veronica's cheerful manner and approach that nobody took offence at this reformation – and she quickly became a much-loved member of the Fethard community.

I have been visiting Fethard since I was a child, which now encompasses 60 years. In the early no petrol years of the 1940s the car remained on blocks in the garage so you either travelled by the Shamrock bus or cycled. Indeed Fethard was the source of my first bicycle. In the war years bicycles could not be had for love or money but one of my Clonmel aunts located one at Henehan's Auction Rooms and bought it for four pounds and ten shillings (a week's wages in those days). I still have the receipt somewhere! The frame was far too large for my eight years but my father put wooden blocks on the pedals. Thus from then on I could cycle the eight miles from Clonmel to Fethard. This journey in summer could be accomplished with truly sound barrier breaking speed. In fact timewise you could arrive in Fethard from Clonmel before you set out in a manner of speaking. How was this accomplished? Well Clonmel having pretensions of grandeur and size followed the summer time rule of the powers that be and put its clocks one-hour forward each April. Not so Fethard which, with regal indifference, stayed with 'old time' – not to upset the cows milking routines Dolly informed me when I once asked her the reason. Thus you could set out for Fethard at – say 2pm on an afternoon and arrive after a 40-minute cycle before your starting out time - it not yet being 2pm by 'Fethard time'. Of course you lost an hour on the way back (was there an imaginary time zone line on the road at Lisronagh or Rathronan?) but somehow the same magic feeling did not apply – it just felt as if your cycling wasn't up to scratch. Indeed in visiting these towns down the years my impression is that the time difference is still alive and well. Clonmel with its modernising bustle - at times frantic with change – Fethard with its more reflective atmosphere and in some ways surer of itself and its place in the order of things. It is a happy difference and long may it continue

And so the decades have passed in a blur of visits. Tea and scrambled eggs at Dolly's followed by more tea and cold meat at Ned's – never mind that you had just eaten minutes earlier! In later years introducing our children to the Fethard routine. Sadly in recent years funerals have predominated with this present year seeing the passing of Dolly Bulfin – that much-loved survivor and link with the past. However come what may my regard for Fethard remains steadfast. I thank and congratulate those involved in newsletter, local history and website who keep people like myself so splendidly in touch and give us a feeling, deserved or not, of belonging to the great Fethard community. ■

*Neil Sharkey (Galway Nov. 1999)*

*Fethard Festival 1956. 'On the Way to Stormont' L to R: Joe Kenny (Hillview), Liam O'Donnell, Bernard Walsh, Joe Fitzgerald and Bob Byrne's dog.*

# Abymill Theatre

The Abymill theatre saw a busy and entertaining year. The regular Thursday night Bingo goers enjoyed further the wit of Jerry Fogarty and on the theatrical side the season kicked off with the Fethard Players huge success, "Wanted One Body". This was followed by yet another comedy – Patrician Presentation transition year student's production of "Me and My Girl". Brian Flynn made his debut in Fethard with the Hogan Musical Society's "Fiddler on the Roof" production in March, and Seamus Hayes, who commenced drama classes in the Abymill staging two shows, the junior Abymill youth with a Robin Hood sketch and the seniors with Willie Russell's "Our Day Out". The pupils of Nano Nagle National School staged their annual show in June featuring two productions "Toby's Ark" and "Paradise Island". Very special nights were given by the Irish Ballet Company's 'Magical Journey to Vienna', Impact Theatre Company's Ibsen play 'Ghosts'; and the 3 Note Opera. As well as a great display of dancing talent from Majella Hewett-Forti's dancing school, "On Your Toes" Fethard.

Visiting plays were well received and Christy Mullins our caretaker was always there with a willing smile. Elizabeth Sheehan retired from her duties but is due huge thanks for her great work in keeping Abymill in its impeccable state. With the Fethard players on stage again in November with "A Letter from the General" we move on to a magnificent millennium.

Officers: Administrator, Austie O'Flynn, Chairman, Michael McCarthy, Treasurer, Agnes Evans, Secretary Marian Gilpin. Committee: Joe Kenny, Mary McCormack, Carmel Rice, Eileen Maher, Noelle O'Dwyer, Bernard Walshe and Jimmy O'Shea. ■

# Irish Farmers Association

The local IFA branch has been fully involved in all the activities of South Tipperary executive during the year. It is represented at all monthly meetings in addition to being represented on the sub-committees for dairy, livestock, grain, sheep, farm business and industrial activities.

At a branch meeting on the 24th February last the ongoing fodder shortage was discussed. It was felt that while few people in the area had any significant surplus feed there were other areas of the country who were in dire need. Reports of animals in a serious state of malnutrition were very distressing to people who would find it difficult to see animals in such distress. The members would have a "whip around" to send some feed to those areas and it was decided that if every farmer could spare a few bales of hay or silage it could help cases of severe deprivation. A fund had already been created by co-ops and agribusiness in those areas to help with transport costs. Following the meeting there was great enthusiasm to donate feed and we felt that we might get enough for two artic loads. Collection points were designated at Coolmoyne creamery, the co-op yard Fethard, the old creamery Cloran and the co-op yard Killenaule. Saturday the 13th March was arranged as the day to move the feed. Two artic trucks were organised to collect the feed on the day and we were agreeably surprised when it took four artic trucks to take all the feed donated. The feed was transported to the north Roscommon area.

The recipients were most profuse in their thanks as it saved many animals from death and helped some hard-pressed owners survive another year. Well done and thanks to the many farmers in the Fethard, Coolmoyne, Cloran and Killenaule areas. ■

*Pictured above at Coolmoyne are L to R: Willie Fallon (lorry driver from Athlone), John Freaney (manager of Coolmoyne Creamery), Barry Lalor, Frank McGivern and Sean O'Dea. Boy in front: Robert McGivern.*

# Fethard Historical Society

*Members of Fethard Historical Society on a guided tour of Cahir with David Butler.*

The reins of Fethard Historical Society transferred to female hands when Chris Nevin was elected Chairperson at the 12th Annual General Meeting which was held on March 23rd 1999 at the Abymill Theatre.

The elected committee for the coming year is: Chris Nevin (chairperson), Dóirín Saurus (vice chairperson), Margaret Newport (secretary), Catherine O'Flynn (assistant secretary), Gemma Burke (treasurer), Mary Hanrahan (public relations officer), Terry Cunningham (planning officer), Joe Kenny, Fr. John Meagher OSA, Peter Grant, Kitty Delany, Marie O'Donnell and Anna Henehan.

At the annual general meeting on the 30th March, Joe Kenny, resigning after 3 years in the chair, acknowledged the hard work involved and complimented the strong and active membership of the society. Joe stated that his aim was to keep the society friendly, sociable and inclusive. He stressed the importance of encouraging new membership and new ideas to keep the society vibrant and to prevent stagnation. Joe further stated that he was happy to have served as chairperson for the past three years and he thanked the committee members for their support and commitment.

The annual general meeting concluded with a talk given by Mr. Pat Slattery, Executive Planner Tipp (SR) Co. Council, on the planning process vis-à-vis the Development Plan for Fethard. Mr Slattery's talk emphasised a positive rather than a contentious relationship between local people and the local authority.

This year proved to be yet another active year for Fethard Historical Society with familiar annual events co-existing with new and interesting departures:-

Now in its 4th year the Tipperariana '99 Book Fair held on Valentine's Day,

Sunday February 14th was a great success and continues to be the biggest money earner for the society with this year's profits amounting to £996.

Plans are already in hand for the Y2K Book Fair and, as always, unwanted books would be greatly appreciated – please contact a member of the committee for collection.

The Student Summer Scheme yet again proved to be an invaluable resource to us with ten students participating in the scheme in 1999. The work this year concentrated on entering research records from the register of births, deaths and marriages for the parish of Fethard and Killusty on a computer database.

The hosting of lectures and organisation of outings is an integral part of the FHS calendar of events and 1999 proved no exception with the following held throughout the year:-

On April 11th we organised a walk to Tinsley Bridge on Grove Estate at Kilmaclugh hosted by Mr and Mrs Harry Ponsonby. Mrs Ponsonby has made an application to the Heritage Council for assistance to repair this bridge designed by the renowned architect William Tinsley who was born in Clonmel in 1804. The bridge was seriously damaged by severe flooding and is now in danger of collapsing.

David Butler of Cahir gave us a talk on Fethard's Protestant Churches on April 20th. This talk proved most interesting and those in attendance were fascinated at the discovery of a church to the rear of Burke Street.

June 12th saw members taking a coach trip to Cobh which included a guided tour of 'The Queenstown Experience'. Other attractions available were St. Colman's Cathedral and the Sirius Centre Art Exhibition which members could view at their leisure. The trip then took in a visit to the Jameson Distillery in Middleton and finished with a meal in The Forge Pub. Coach driver and active society member David Sceats was complimented on the scenic route he took through the Vee.

A proposed trip to Limerick, taking

*Tinsley Bridge at Grove photographed c.1900 before extensive flood damage*

in tours of the Hunt Museum and St. John's Castle with an optional tour of historic Limerick, on June 10th had to be cancelled when we failed to get enough to fill our bus. However, a couple of society stalwarts decided to make the trip regardless and reported having an enjoyable and informative summer's day out.

On 26th September the society were invited to a guided walkabout of Cahir by David Butler. David took the group of twenty on a most interesting and informative tour of the town.

Well known writer Michael Coady has been scheduled for a reading from his new book "Full Tide" in early December 1999. We look forward to hearing Michael making a return visit to us.

The development and nurturing of positive relationships with other groups and organisations on a local, regional and national level is considered an important aspect of the Fethard Historical Society's activities. In addition to local organisations, groups in contact during 1999 included:- Tipperary SR Co. Council; Federation of local Historical Societies; U.C.D.; Kilkenny Archeological Society; Athy Heritage Centre; Wicklow Historical Society; Barrow Nore Suir Rural Development and Tipperary Leader Group Ltd.

As part of this networking the society also played host to a number of visiting groups to Fethard facilitating guided tours of the town. During 1999 Ormonde Historical Society (June 1999) and Cork Historical & Archeological Society (Sept. 1999) were welcomed.

And on a local level we continue to be actively involved in both promoting positive aspects of Fethard and overseeing new developments. This involvement includes, for example, active participation in the planning process by keeping an eye on new planning applications and monitoring Fethard's Development Plan which is now published on the Fethard website, supporting the rebuilding of 'The Pound' wall which had been seriously damaged due to the theft of stones and financing the reprinting of Fethard's tourism brochure.

Our most interesting departure in 1999 was our involvement in the revival of Fethard's Medieval Trinity Pattern Day. This began with the invitation from Pat Looby and Austin McQuinn, who were both employed at St. Patrick's Boys School in an 'artists in residence' project, sponsored by the Arts Council. Their project involved the students holding a pageant based on Fethard's Medieval Statues currently housed in the National Museum of Ireland.

The Society was delighted to support this project and the result was organising a three day celebration of Fethard's Medieval past over the week-end of May 28th, 29th and 30th. On May 28th a Mass was celebrated at Calvary Cemetery including a candle lighting ceremony. On May 29th Ms. Kathryn Carrigan, Guilding Conservator, gave a lecture on the restoration of Fethard's Medieval statues. Sunday May 30th was the Trinity Pattern Day Pageant and parade from the school grounds to the town wall via Main Street and The Valley. At the town wall, adjacent to The Pound, were craft stalls, games, barbecue and live music and the event was further enhanced by participating adults turn-

ing out in fancy dress for the occasion. We are hopeful that the revival of the Trinity Pattern Day will now become an annual event and great encouragement was gained from the fact that this years efforts were short listed to the last four entries in the Henry Ford Foundation Awards.

As we go to press, plans are well advanced for the Historical Society's trip to Bordeaux in July 2000. The trip is scheduled for the first week in July and comprises of 6 nights bed and breakfast and accommodation with 3 days organised trips, including a guided tour of the Barton winery, and three day for individual sightseeing. The trip is based on a maximum of 20 people travelling and the cost is £449 per person sharing including flights, government and airport taxes, comprehensive insurance and accommodation. Names to Catherine O'Flynn or Mary Hanrahan with £100 non-refundable deposit.

The Fethard Historical Society are planning to mark the millennium by planting a Millennium Oak Tree near the Town Wall and we are presently looking forward to our annual Christmas meal which will be held in J's Restaurant on December 14th.

As the new millennium approaches the society wishes all our members and friends every contentment, joy and happiness for this Christmas and the new year ahead. ■

*'Time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future,*
*and time future contained in time past'*

*(T.S. Eliot 'Burnt Norton', in Four Quartets)*

*Large Crowd at the Trinity Pattern Day Festival by the Town Wall on 30th May 1999*

# Fethard and Killusty Ballroom Ltd

*Photographed at the 1999 Slievenamon Dancing Championships in Fethard Ballroom are L to R: Mary Kelly (scrutineer), Marina Mullins (promoter), Kathleen & Sean Dennehy (overall winners)*

The AGM was held on 29th of March. The following committee was elected: Michael Ahearne (Chairman), Corina Morrissey (Secretary), David O'Donnell (Treasurer), Gay Horan, Paddy Hickey, Robert Phelan and Sean Spillane. The audited accounts were presented to the meeting and approved by the members.

The Ballroom enjoyed continued success in 1999. The hall is in use every night with activities such as volleyball, indoor football, aerobics, as well as dancing of all kinds - Irish dancing, modern dance, and ballroom dancing classes. The weekend sees the hall as a venue for ballroom dancing with people coming from near and far to dance the night away.

The Ballroom was also the venue for various community events, book fairs, old folks and children's parties, card drives, auctions and fundraisers.

The committee would like to thank its patrons during the year which include various local clubs and organisations in particular the Scouts, Beavers, Ladybirds, Girl Guides and Macra na Feirme. The committee looks forward to the continued support of the community in the new Millennium to allow them carry on the necessary repairs and improvements to continue its role in the community.

A special word of thanks to David O'Donnell, our dedicated treasurer for his hard work during the year. ■

# Sad drowning near Clonmel

*NATIONAL LIBRARY OF IRELAND*
*Extract from Clonmel Nationalist of Saturday 19th August, 1911*

## The toll of the river
## Sad drowning near Clonmel
## Youth's gallant attempt at rescue

A distressing fatality occurred in the vicinity of Clonmel on Thursday evening when a youth named Patrick Bulfin aged about 20 years son of Mr Thomas Bulfin D.C. cattle dealer and farmer, Fethard, was drowned. It would appear that the deceased and another young man Mr Lawrence Bates of Glenconnor Clonmel went to bathe in the river Suir, about 8 o'clock at a place called the Turn of Abbey about a mile to the west of the town. They passed along the bank and entered the water where three youths had been bathing. Bates went into a shallow portion of the river Bulfin however came down along the bank and entered the water where the youths had been bathing and who were now on the bank. The river at this part is very deep and the boys warned Bulfin not to bathe there unless he was well able to swim. Bulfin who said he could swim a little then jumped into the river but almost immediately was in difficulties and called for help. The boys, who were now partially dressed at once stripped off and went to his assistance. One of them caught hold of him by the hair but could not manage to keep his grip. On rising to the surface he caught at him again but was unable to hold him and the unfortunate youth, who did not struggle, and who seemed unconscious all the time, sank. A third attempt was made by one of the youth to rescue Bulfin, when the latter was coming to the surface, but this last effort failed, and the poor fellow drifted down under the water with the current and disappeared. About this time two boats came up the river and rowed over to the spot. One of them was occupied by Mr Deane and Mr Stanley Walton of the Clonmel Brewery and the other by Mr J. D. O'Brien of Mr T. Moran's bar Gladstone Street and Mr Alan Brady of the Clonmel Brewery. A search was made at once for the body, which had now been for some ten minutes in the water and which eventually they discovered in an upright position about eighteen feet below the surface. Mr Dean, who happened to be undressed for bathing, at once jumped in and brought the body to the surface and placed it in the boat, which was then rowed to the southern bank by Messrs Brady, Walton and O'Brien. Life was to all appearances extinct but the body was taken to the opposite bank where artificial respiration was resorted to without success. The body was again placed in the boat and conveyed down to the boathouse on the island. Dr T J Creane (Junior) and the Rev. William Ormond were early on the scene but it was at once apparent that poor Bulfin was beyond human aid.

The deceased was the eldest of eleven children and was of great assistance to his father in his extensive business. The deepest sympathy is felt

for the parents and relatives of the deceased young man in their sad bereavement. It is stated that when Bulfin and Bates were passing by the fatal spot the former said 'This is a dangerous looking place'. Too much praise cannot be given for the youths for the heroic though fruitless attempt at rescue. Their names are M/s J Ryan, Grattan Place, William Myles Irishtown and William Leahy, Tivoli Terrace. Mr Jack Ryan's conduct on that occasion especially having regard to his youth is worthy of the highest commendation. In his repeated efforts to catch hold of the drowning he himself became exhausted. At one time Bulfin had a hold of him by the leg and there was imminent danger of both being drowned but though Ryan had to be pulled in at the bank by one of his companions, he, nothing daunted, pluckily jumped into the water again in a further attempt at rescue.

The police communicated the facts to the coroner who deemed an inquest unnecessary. The remains were removed from the morgue to Fethard Parish church yesterday where Requiem Office and High Mass was celebrated today (Sat.) at 10 o'clock. The internment took place immediately afterwards.

*Nationalist August 26 1911. (National Library of Ireland)*

The remains of the late Mr P Bulfin (son of Mr T Bulfin D.C. Fethard) whose death from drowning took place in the Suir near Clonmel recently, were removed to Fethard on Friday and on Saturday the funeral took place to the family burial ground near Ballinure after Requiem Office and High Mass. The sad demise of this promising young man, the eldest of eleven children, evoked widespread feelings of regret and the sympathy of the people was given fitting expression to in the enormous attendance at the funeral. The following clergy officiated - Ven. Archdeacon Ryan P.P. VF, Rev. Father McCarthy C.C., Rev. Father Williams O.S.A., Rev, Father Gibbons Clonmel and the Rev. Father Ormond do. Rev. Archdeacon Ryan P.P. VF, Father McCarthy and Rev. Father Williams O.S.A. officiated at the graveside.

It would be impossible to give a full list of those present. The chief mourners were: T. Bulfin (father), Mrs Catherine Bulfin (mother) Thomas, Eddie, Michael, Jack and James Bulfin (brothers) Josie, Maggie, Mary, Kathleen and Bridie Bulfin (sisters) Mrs Johanna Walsh (grandmother), M Walsh (grandfather), John Bulfin Beechlawn and Michael Bulfin Ballinure (uncles), Mrs Purcell Moorestown and Mrs Wall Clashiniska (aunts), L Purcell, J Wall, Mrs Hayes, S Cantwell and T Bulfin (cousins), E Bulfin, John Bulfin, T Bulfin, P Bulfin, James Bulfin, Ciss Bulfin, Mary Bulfin, Kate Bulfin, Babe Bulfin, Josie and Nora Bulfin, Margaret Maisey, Margaret and Jack Wall, S Donovan, John, Patrick, Richard and Simon Cantwell, Joe and Brigid Cantwell, Joe Bridget, and Patrick Cantwell, Cappagh, John Cantwell, Killenaule, Mrs Ryan do. John Davern, Bride and Joe Davern, William Burke, Martin and John Burke, Miss Cooney, Clonmel, Mr Hackett, Mrs Hackett, Jack and James Hayes, Coolmoyne, Richard and Mrs Cantwell, Drumdeel, Denis, Jack, Thomas, and Ellen Cantwell, Mrs Long, John, Edward, Edward, Richard,

Maggie, Alice, and Mary Walsh, Saucestown, Thomas Walsh, Newtown, Mrs L Duggan, Drangan, Mrs Feeley do, Mr T. Duggan Mogorney, H. Duggan, E. Callanan, Mrs Buckley, Callan, Mrs Cummins, John Callanan and Richard Callanan. Wreaths were received from the following:

*'From his broken hearted father and mother, brothers and sisters, grandfather and grandmother.'*
*'D. Donovan with deepest regret and heartfelt sorrow'*
*'From all at Clashiniska with deepest sympathy'*
*'From Mrs Purcell with deepest sympathy'*
*'Brigid and Joe with deep regret'*
*'From Mr & Mrs Baker with deepest sympathy'*
*'From Mr & Mrs Buggy with deepest sympathy'*
*'Mary & Bridget Lyons with deep sympathy'*
*Mr and Mrs Bulfin beg to thank through the press their many friends for kind letters of sympathy, as it is impossible to answer them individually.* ■

*(Neil Sharkey-1986)*

*Bulfin family members and friends at the seaside in the early 1960's*

# St. Patrick's Boys School

Reflecting back on the school year just gone it would be fair to say that it was a busy one for all – teachers and pupils alike.

One of the highlights of the year was the Trinity Pattern Parade. This was the result of an exciting Art Project that took place at our school. Two artists – Pat Looby and Austin McQuinn – worked with the boys, involving them in painting, drawing, clay work, etc. These skills were used to make banners, musical instruments and large representations of the Trinity statues. These are three life-size wooden medieval statues of God the Father, Christ and John the Baptist. Sunday May 30th was the day when all the

***St. Patrick's Boys National School sixth class pupils.***
*Front L to R: Kieran Barrett, Liam Ryan, Fintan Maher, Michael McCarthy. Middle Row: Timothy O'Flynn, Owen Doyle, Sean O'Hara, Martin Cooney, Glen O'Meara. Back L to R: Tom Gilpin, David Prout, James Williams, Peter Gough, James Curran and Keith Lawrence. Missing from photo are Richard Gorey, Derek Shine and Ciarán Allen.*

pupils' hard work paid off. The parade started at the school and finished by the Town Wall at Watergate. It was a huge success and the post-parade activities helped to make it a memorable day for all involved.

Speech and Drama classes continue with Martha Sheehan. The enthusiasm and talent is great to see.

Last December we held a sale of work. The money raised was in excess of £600. Many thanks to all who supported us.

Swimming classes in Clonmel are going from strength to strength and are set to continue in this school year.

The boys participated in a variety of activities and competitions. These included the Credit Union Table Quiz, the Cadbury's Table Quiz, judo, athletics, swimming and a GAA summer camp. Well done to all who took part.

We had two winners in the art section of the Fethard community games. Dave Gorey went to the next stage while Cathal Maher qualified to compete at Mosney. Also competing in Mosney was Richard Gorey who won the gold in the judo section. Gerard Lawless and Colin Bradshaw were highly commended in the art section of the Fethard Show in September.

Damien Morrissey and Tommy Sheehan, both in 1st class, won prizes in an art competition organised by Clonmel Library at Halloween.

Our u/11's have played three games since September. They beat Cahir but unfortunately lost to Carrick on Suir and St. Oliver's in Clonmel.

On May 22nd, nineteen boys made their First Holy Communion.

Our school tour was an extremely successful and enjoyable day. All classes went to Dunmore East and participated in such activities as archery, orienteering and canoeing.

Other events that took place include a non-uniform day to raise money for Hospice. Recently the book fair came to our school. The proceeds from this helped to augment our class libraries.

Coming soon to our school is a production of "Young Fionn Mac Cumhaill" by Clan Cluana Theatre. This should be a very enjoyable production.

Finally, many thanks to you all for your continued support and we wish you the very best of everything as we approach the millennium. ■

***TRINITY PATTERN DAY PARADE***

*The Artists in Residence and pupils at St. Patrick's Boys School Fethard in conjunction with Fethard Historical Society revived a traditional pattern day held on Trinity Sunday and centred around Fethard's Medieval Wooden Statues. The parade took place on Trinity Sunday 30th May, commemorating the statues, starting from the grounds of St. Patrick's Boys School and culminating in a celebration by Fethard's Medieval Town Wall.*

***"Around 1822, the Pattern of the Blessed Trinity was held with the greatest solemnity on every Trinity Sunday in Fethard. As early as 1608 the Citizens had obtained a charter from James I, authorising a fair to be held on the three days following the feast in order perhaps to take advantage of the crowds coming into the town. Within the last century the statues were shown on the outer steps of the church on Trinity Sunday, when people came from all parts of Munster to take part in the "Pattern." Preparations were made in advance, and we are told that for weeks beforehand the streets were filled with booths to cater for the visitors. Abuses crept in. The pattern were discontinued and another long, lingering custom of Mediaeval Ireland passed away."***

# Nano Nagle National School

***Nano Nagle National School sixth class pupils***
*Front L to R: Kate Holohan, Sarah Mai Ahearne, Lee Anne Hickey, Gillian O'Connell, Emma Walsh. Back L to R: Kate Hanrahan, Pamela Lawlor, Aoife Neagle, Susanne Gorey, Margaret Smith, Stephanie Walsh and Stephenie Fitzgerald. Missing from photo is Gillian Breen.*

Staff members: Sr Maureen Power, Principal (3rd and 4th Classes); Mrs Patricia Treacy, Vice Principal (Senior Infants); Sr Mary McNamara (5th and 6th Classes); Mrs Maureen Maher (2nd Class); Mrs Margaret Gleeson (1st Class and Senior Infants); Mrs Rita Kenny (Junior Infants).

Mrs Mary Hanrahan (Remedial Teacher); Mrs Anne Ryan (Resource Teacher). Board of Management: Fr. Sean Ryan, Mrs Catherine Ryan, Mr Dermot Rice, Sr Maureen Bergin, Sr Maureen Power, Mrs Mary Hanrahan, Mr Peter Grant and Mrs. Kathleen Maher.

The past year seems to have flown past in a whir of activity and we are all delighted to be once again sharing the highlights of our school year with the readership of the Annual Newsletter. We send special seasonal greetings to all past-pupils of Nano Nagle N.S wherever they may be. Our school website is currently under construction so soon anyone who wishes to do so will be able to visit us at: *nanonaglefethard.ias@tinet.ie*

The beginning of our New School Year was marked officially, as always, by our School Mass in November, delayed until then in order to give the new Junior Infants time to settle in. Since then we have been busily engaged in curriculum week, art library and sport's competitions, all areas in which our pupils have

achieved most creditably. Well done to everyone who participated so whole-heartedly in the said competitions, especially our prize-winners.

Congratulations to 2nd Class who, with their teacher Mrs. Maher, made not one, but two visits to the County Council Chamber in Clonmel this year. The first visit was to accept a "Special Endeavour" Prize for our school's participation in the "Drink-can Collection Competition", organised by Recycling Can –Paign Ireland Ltd and the Tipperary (S.R) County Council.

The second visit was to collect 2nd prize of £1,000 for their entry in the Centenary Project Competition run by the Tipperary (S.R) County Council to celebrate the centenary of the County Council. The theme of their project was "The Workings of the Co. Council", covering such topics as Housing, Water, Roads, Environment, etc. Having received their prize from Brendan Griffin, the Chairperson of the County Council, in the Council Chamber, Aoife Delaney, Ida Carroll and Lisa Anglim gave a short presentation about the project, on behalf of the class. The class then had a photograph taken with Brendan Griffin, Sr. Maureen (Principal), Ned Gleeson and Mrs. Maher. Lunch was provided in the Co. Council canteen. Then it was on the Conference Room to peruse all the projects on display. A group of very happy children returned to Nano Nagle N.S. Fethard.

1999 was also a very special year for this group as they were the very first pupils to receive First Holy Communion in 2nd Class. Traditionally, as you know, First Holy Communion took place in 1st Class. This year's ceremony, conducted by Fr. Sean Ryan which took place on 22nd May, 1999 had a lovely child-friendly format throughout. The pupils participated in a prayerful and respectful manner which was a wonderful credit to their parents and teacher Mrs. Maureen Maher, who prepared them so well for this very special day.

With the Peace Process so much in the news during the past year, it was most fitting that our parents association, as part of a nation-wide initiative, sponsored the planting of our own "peace – tree" beside the school name plaque in front of the school. Hopefully, it will grow to maturity in a time that sees the successful realisation of peace and prosperity for Northern Ireland.

Shouts of "Raise the Anchor" and "Aye, aye, Captain", launched our annual school concert in the Abymill Theatre in June '99. "Toby's Ark" (Infants-2nd ) and "Paradise Island" (2nd – 6th ) proved a resounding success. As ever, we extend grateful appreciation to all the parents who rallied around to help with costumes, props, make-up and "front of house" duties.

It was wonderful to welcome back past pupils, in the guise of St. Rita's Camogie Team, who came bearing not one, but two, county titles. Nothing like a positive role–model to inspire future champions! We also anticipate many more "victory–roll" visits from St. Rita's.

The Fun Sports Day, organised by the Parents Association, is now a firm June fixture in the School calendar. True to form, everything went perfectly (even the weather!) and a great day was had by all.

School tours were the order of the day in June. Our 2nd – 6th Classes went to the Outdoor Activity Centre in Killaloe. A combination of good weather, wonderful instructors and happily engaged pupils resulted in an unanimous end-of-day pronouncement from one and all that this was 'the best school tour ever!" 1st Class didn't venture quite so far afield. Accompanied by their teacher Mrs. Gleeson, with Mrs. Hanrahan and two 6th Class Girls, Sarah-Mai Ahearne and Kate Hanrahan, they had an outing to Parson's Green, Clogheen. Lots of fun ensued visiting the animals, exploring the river walk, jaunting in the horse and trap, boating down the river etc. Many thanks to local bus driver Gene Walsh for getting us safely to and from our destination. The Infants classes made their annual visit to the Fethard Folk Museum and Playground for a picnic and declared themselves well pleased with their day out!

Very much a milestone in school life is the 6th Class Mass which marks the end of primary school for those pupils. The girls themselves organise the Mass with their teacher, Sr. Mary and Fr. Sean Ryan. Parents are invited as are all the other classes and their teachers. Invariably, it is a poignant occasion as we say "goodbye" to these young people who stand as the threshold of that long journey which will bring them through Secondary School into adulthood. "Go dtí siad slán".

Fundraising this year comprised the October Cake Sale, a sponsored walk and a Spellathon. Thanks once more to the wonderful response from parents and the wider community. The money raised was used to fund classroom equipment.

Energy awareness took place on a new meaning for Sr. Mary's 5th and 6th Classes, when Nano Nagle N.S

*Texaco Art Winners Group Fethard, 1980*

was one of the three schools in South Tipperary to be in Cahir on 22nd Sept. 1999. A most enjoyable and informative day of experiments and demonstrations followed with lots of "hands–on" participation for our girls. A class project on the topics of the day now adorns the school corridor, our reminding the rest of us how to use our energy wisely. Well done, 5th and 6th Classes!

Céilí dancing took the school by storm in this year and all our pupils from Infants to 6th are now able to "one-two-three" with the best of them. Parents will join us for a Céilí in the ballroom on Thursday 23rd Nov 99. We all look forward to the return of Ms. Kenny, Dance Teacher, next year to continue her good work.

As we ready ourselves for Christmas Festivities and the Millennium celebrations, our pupils have taken time out to respond to the needs of others less fortunate than themselves in a very concrete, practical fashion. They are very busy packing parcels for the "Kosovo and Albania Shoe-Box Appeal", ensuring that children of those countries will have something for Christmas this year. The response from parents and pupils alike has been overwhelming and we can only once again commend their generosity.

Our Millennium wish as Year 2000 approaches is that the joy and blessings of Jesus' birthday will be with all our pupils and teachers (past and present), our parents, the Board of Management, the wider Fethard community and especially, all those who will not be home this year. "Nollaig Shona agus Athbhliain Faoi Mhaise dhíbh go leir". ■

*VISITORS TO FETHARD & COOLMORE*
*Former world champions Eamon Coughlin (track) and George Foreman (boxing) photographed with another world champion, 'Saddlers Wells', a sire standing at Coolmore Stud*

# Visitors to Fethard

*Pictured above are Eileen (Connolly) Kelly from Liverpool with her daughter Sarah who called in to see us. It is now 35 years since Eileen's last visit to Fethard. Her mother was the late Mary (O'Brien) Connolly who was born on The Green. Sarah now lives in London.*

*Pictured above is Brian Connors and his wife Linda from Janesville, Wisconsin, in Fethard on Tuesday 15th June. Brian discovered his long lost relatives in Ballyvadin and was delighted to visit the home from where his ancestors left in the early 1800's.*

# Fethard's Protestant Churches

*by David Butler*

Origins in Cromwellian period (1650's), when Presbyterian, Baptist and Independent (Congregationalist) New English Settlers arrived in the area. Known land-owning Presbyterian families in the Fethard/Killenaule/Cashel area in this period included Jacob of Knockelly and St. Johnstown (and later Mobarnane); Minchin; Sankey of Coolmore and Mobarnane; Latham of Meldrum; Despard of Killaghy Castle. They inter-married with each other and with other Presbyterian families at Clonmel and Tipperary Town. Despite being outside of the Established Church, they rose to local prominence (politically). A Sankey was Sovereign (Mayor) of Fethard in 1719; a Latham in 1731. Many more were Freemen of Fethard Corporation.

*This photograph, taken by Patrick Kenrick c.1900, is believed to be the side of the demolished church on Main Street.*

The congregation was further augmented in the 1690's, when several Presbyterian families, notably the Jacobs purchased part of the estates of King James and the Duke of Ormonde. In the early years, this group did not have a resident minister or purpose-built meeting room. As a silver cup inscribed "St. Johnstown: 16-7" survives, it can be presumed with reasonable accuracy that this townland near Killenaule was the site of the meeting. The leading Presbyterian family of the district was the Jacobs and a room in their house at St. Johnstown may well have acted as meeting place.

G. H. Bassett's Book of Tipperary (1889) states that the Synod of Munster Presbyterians had had a meeting house at Fethard since 1739. This information probably came from local Presbyterians at the time, as no records are available for this period in the Presbyterian Historical Society.

The old Presbyterian Meeting House of Fethard survives intact at Burke Street (formerly Moore Street), and is largely the property of Mrs. Angela Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy owns the

church proper, while a lean-to type construction and yard is the property of a neighbour. The Meeting-House is solidly built, of limestone blocks with slated roof, and has been used as a store since its closure and sale in 1922. The price involved was £645 - a very considerable sum in those days. While it has seen use as a general storage shed, the interior is not that badly preserved, with the old maple-wood gallery acting as a lofted area. The ceiling was once very fine, with plain cornicing and an ornate centrepiece from which a central light hung. Parts of the plain ceiling are now starting to cave in, but repairs could easily be effected.

While it is definite that the Meeting-House is from the eighteenth century, the exact date is presently unknown. It is quite possible that this is the original building from 1739, as there is much evidence of ancient alterations in the structure, including blocked up windows and doors. It is the oldest Presbyterian Church building in Co. Tipperary, and one of the oldest outside of Ulster. It also ranks among the oldest dissenting Protestant (i.e. non-C.I.) Churches of Ireland. Its location is typical of dissenting meeting houses of the period before circa. 1830, which were invariably located on side streets, and partly obscured by other buildings.

METHODISM IN FETHARD

In the period from the turn of the nineteenth century, until at least the mid-1840's, there was a Wesleyan Methodist Church building on Main Street in Fethard. From 1818, in line with many other Methodist communities in Ireland, the congregation became Primitive Wesleyan Methodist, so that its members remained full members of the Church of Ireland, and were baptised, married, buried and communicated at the Church of Ireland Parish Church. The meeting-house was used simply for preaching. Two ministers shared the responsibility of running the two churches at Main Street, Cashel and Main Street, Fethard.

It seems that the widespread emigration during and immediately after the Famine decimated the Protestant population in the Fethard area, and the Fethard Meeting House had closed before Griffith's Valuation of August 1850. However, Methodism resurfaced in Fethard in the later nineteenth century, again on the Main Street, and seems to have been based on the military garrison. A Church was erected in this period, but seems to have been associated with both Presbyterianism and Methodism. It was demolished shortly after the garrison left in 1922, as it had been entirely dependant on them for numerical and financial support. The site was built on in the 1930's, to provide offices for the Provincial Bank. On the formation of A.I.B., this branch closed. It is presently the residence of Mr. 0'Sullivan, Pharmacist, Fethard. ■

## *Remember Molly*

*Molly Cantwell, Knockelly, who died in 1966 at the age of 90 years.*

# Fethard & Killusty Day Care Centre

*Fethard & Killusty Day Care Committee. Back L to R: Jimmy Lawrence, Noreen Allen, Megan Sceats, Brian O'Donnell (vice-chairperson), Thelma Grifffith (chairperson), Carmel Rice. Front L to R: Mary Fennell (South Eastern Health Board), Maura Tynan, Nellie O'Donovan, Sr Christine (Day Care Centre Supervisor), Julie Wall (secretary). Also on the committee are Agnes Evans (treasurer), Phil Whyte, Agnes Allen, Nora Lawrence, Sean Ryan, Joe Kenny and Mary Guider.*

The Fethard & Killusty Day Care Centre, based in the Fr. Tirry Centre, is running very successfully and is now four years in operation. This year has seen our membership increase with people joining us from Killenaule and surrounding areas. This brings a socialising group of between 70 and 80 people together every week. The Day Care Centre has a great hard-working and dedicated committee who create a wonderful pleasant atmosphere for our senior citizens. The elected committee is as follows: Thelma Griffith (chairperson), Brian O'Donnell (vice chairperson), Julie Wall (secretary), Agnes Evans (treasurer), Sr. Christine (Day Care Centre supervisor), Mary Fennel (South Eastern Health Board), Megan Sceats, Nellie O'Donovan, Phil Whyte, Jimmy Lawrence, Noreen Allen, Maura Tynan, Sean Ryan, Agnes Allen, Carmel Rice, Nora Lawrence, Mary Guider (Killenaule) and Joe Kenny (Community Council).

The success of the centre is really due to a team effort from the committee members, the Community Council FÁS staff and the many volunteer helpers who come and help every day. We are also very fortunate to have Pauline Sheehan, John Pollard and Jimmy Lawrence who provide live music for our lively daily sessions.

A fun idea initiated by our supervisor Sr. Christine saw the start of "the friendship club". This consists of daily raffles, with the members donating all the prizes, be it baking, handmade, bric-a-brac, etc. Out of the proceeds the members have an annual day trip

and it has also purchased a certain number of items that help it the smooth running of the kitchen.

We now have our own minibus which is driven by Liam Connolly and collects and takes home people from the Cloneen, Killenaule, Drangan and all outlying areas.

At the moment we are planning and preparing for our Christmas Party which will be held over three days to accommodate all our members. We would like to take this opportunity to wish all our emigrants a very Happy Christmas and remind any of our senior citizens who wish to come to the centre to contact any committee member. ■

***FETHARD CAR BOOT SALE***

*Photographed at Fethard Car Boot Sale on Sunday 14th March, 1999, were L to R: Jimmy Mullins, Mattie and Mary Tynan, Kitty O'Sullivan, Teresa Kelly and 90 year old Mick Fitzpatrick (Mary Tynan's father).*

# The Kennels Whirlpool

*by John Joe Keane*

*The boreen was lined*
*With chestnut trees, so grand.*
*Two lovers emerged,*
*Strolling hand in hand.*

*Amidst the river,*
*Waters swirled and spun.*
*In the loft of the mill,*
*Pigeons tended their young.*

*Far away in the distance,*
*Could be heard the sound,*
*Of hunters with dogs*
*Chasing their quarry to ground.*

*Near by the cattle grazed,*
*A trout splashed.*
*The convent bell rang,*
*At home the spuds were mashed.*

# Rocklow Road in the 1940's

*Rocklow Road and the Patrician Brothers new Secondary School c.1946*

*Sparagoleith in the 1940's*

# Fethard and District Credit Union

One of our most successful enterprises of the past year has been opening on Friday mornings from 10am to 12.30pm. Fridays are manned by our directors Sean Callaghan, Mary Morrissey and Eddie O'Brien. We have our computer system already in operation and programmed to the year 2000 and beyond, so we won't have the pleasure of changing over on December 31st. Our assets have increased hugely and the service we offer of train tickets to Dublin (return) for £8 single has indeed taken on.

Our directors travelled to Limerick to the AGM of the League of Credit Unions last April where valuable ideas are exchanged and motions put forward. The strength of the credit union is due in no small part to the voluntary staff and directors.

The turnout at the AGM could be considerably better and we will be more hopeful for this year. The Directors for this year are: Marian Gilpin, chairperson, Catherine Healy, treasurer, Eddie O'Brien, secretary, Sean Callaghan, credit committee: Angela Dillon White, Mary Morrissey, Kay Spillane and Jonathon Gilpin, supervisors guided by John Barrett and tellers Betty McLoughlin and Phyllis Healy.

Wishing all our members a bright millennium. ■

***Presentation Convent Retreat in the early 1940's***

*Included are: Rita Walsh, Anne Barrett, Anne Croke, Aggie Croke, Josie O'Sullivan, Leila O'Flynn, Jane McCarthy, Peggy McCarthy, Eileen McCarthy, Lizzie Brett, Peggy Moore, Miss Flynn, Margot Browne, Mary Ryan, Margaret Martley, Mary 'Babe' O'Donnell, Monica Walsh, Mary Anglim, Nonie Heffernan, Mrs Sgt. Byrne, Mary Hally, Annie Ahearne, Ellen Ryan, Gracie Ryan, Mary Kenny, Kathy O'Shea, Joan Brett, Nellie Trehy, Mamie Mathews, Mary Walsh, Jo Kennedy, Mrs Mathews, Kitty O'Flynn, Josie Keane, Johanna Connell, Mai Carey, Annie Evans, Maura Evans, Biddy Heffernan, Pat Finn, Sally Finn, Bridget Feeney, Patricia Byrne, Greta Tierney, Maura Halpin, Kathleen Kenny, Peggy Anglim, Mella Cassells, Miss Davern, Dolly O'Keeffe and Mai Cassells.*

# Dreaming of a White Christmas *- John Fogarty*

Every December when I hear Bing Crosby on the radio crooning 'White Christmas' my mind is filled with bittersweet memories of a distant Christmas from the long ago days of my childhood. Immediately I am back once again in that bleak, weather-worn old schoolhouse on the Rocklow Road where the Patrician Brothers taught primary school, sitting once more in that cheerless classroom where I first learned the words of the song. Everything in that room seems dull now, brown, and black, and grey, like an old cracked photograph of times and faces now faded into the haze of memory. Again I see the worn timber floor, dotted with drying balls of mud carried on shoes from the football field, the spouted bottles of watered-down ink on the dusty window-ledge, beside the ancient volumes of 'The Parables', the frayed maps on the wall, and the ink-stained desks where forty or so cold and listless boys are transcribing a carefully written sentence from the blackboard. A coal fire burns in a grate below the blackboard, its meagre heat lost in the cold and draughty classroom.

A tense, fidgety silence fills the room, the only sounds are the busy scratching of pens, the click of nibs in inkwells, and an occasional snort from Bro. Lazarian, lost in an after-dinner doze at his desk, and the sing-song sound of pupils in the next room parroting tables for Bro. Ultan. Lazarian snoozes on, and some of us grow bold. The more daring send paper planes spiralling about, and flick inky blobs of blotting-paper with rulers; then Connie Coen stabs a compass into the backside of Martin Ryan from

*Tommy and Dolly O'Connell's Christmas window display in the 1960's*

Killenaule. Martin howls; Lazarian jerks awake, bleary-eyed and disgruntled, grabs his bamboo cane and lumbers up and down the desk-aisles swishing to left and right as though he were scything nettles. "Ye pack o' dunderheads!", he roars. "Gather up them copies!" Martin Ryan gathers them, quickly.

With total clarity I see him standing before us in faded, dandruffy soutane, his bulging stomach encircled by the Patrician Brothers trademark green sash, a tuning fork in his large chalky hand, about to start a music lesson. The music lessons are normally devoted to drumming patriotic ballads such as 'The Croppy Boy', or Latin hymns such as 'Tantum Ergo', into our thick skulls. But because Christmas is creeping ever closer he has been teaching us Christmas carols. Already we can sing slightly off-key versions of 'Silent Night', and 'The First Noel'. Today, however, to our astonishment, he begins to teach us 'White Christmas', a Bing Crosby song he tells us. The nostalgic melody, and the heart-tugging, sentimental lyrics have an immediate effect. The dazzling images of snow, sleigh bells, and glistening treetops, are worlds away from the stony yard, enclosed by leafless elms and drab evergreen trees, that I view through the grimy classroom window.

*Bro Lazarian*

Here the dull December days drag by, and Christmas seems an eternity away. I gaze through the window imagining a bright, white world, dreaming of a white Christmas, just like in the song. This pleasant fantasy ends abruptly when Lazarian raps his knuckles off the back of my poll: "Wake up, ya dyin spideóg!", his voice thunders in my ears, which quickly ends my daydreaming. We spend the next hour scratching our heads and puzzling over the intricacies of vulgar fractions, and watch the clock hands crawl slowly towards three thirty. Our torment ends when the half-three train sounds its whistle en route to the railway station on the Cashel Road. The happy clanging of the bell follows soon after and we are free.

Our feet thunder joyfully on the blackened floorboards, we yell and jostle our way across the yard and down the narrow lane to the Rocklow Road and then race away madly until we reach 'The Arch'. Here the Valley gang go tearing down the Back Lane, sending old Rachel Horan's hens squawking and flapping into the air, barely hearing the angry words she flings after them: "Ye brazen whelps, ye!" We are too intent on our destination: Tommy O'Connell's shop window, where the Christmas toys have been on display since late October.

In my memory that window shines like a bright oasis, lighting up our lives and that dark street, in the cold grey evenings of December. We huddle around it, pale yo yos forming on our noses, gazing at the gleaming new, brightly coloured toys. There, hanging from a hook, is the white-handled Colt 45 that I am getting for Christmas; I had placed a deposit on it in early

November with money earned pulling beet for 'Slicks' McCarthy after school. Every penny, tanner, and thruppeny bit, that I'd got since then had gone towards paying for it; every installment patiently recorded in a massive ledger by Tommy O'Connell. It's the same for everyone, constantly scheming, always trying to scrape a few pence together to put towards their toys. Pocket money is unknown, all money has to be earned. There we stand on numbed feet pressing against the foggy glass, comparing our pink cards and calculating how much we have left to pay, until darkness and hunger drive us home, and our mother tells us that, no, there is never snow at Christmas, then seeing our dejected faces, quickly says that maybe there might be this Christmas.

*Tony Sayers and John Fogarty photographed on their First Communion Day c.1957*

The last school day before Christmas arrives. Bro. Lazarian has told us that we will mark the day by having a party which will be something new for all of us. We can bring in toys so most of us bring in comics : Dandies, Beanos, Beezers, glossy-covered Dell comics, sixty-four page war comics; most of them dog-eared and tattered from countless swappings. Here and there a few Dinkies also surface. We pass the morning reading and swapping comics until it is time for the feasting to begin. Then, round about midmorning, blue-rimmed, chipped enamel mugs are passed around. Lazarian comes hulking through the doorway carrying a giant, steaming teapot and smiles his way from desk to desk filling the mugs with a rust-coloured, scalding, sickly-sweet liquid which we recognise as tea with milk and sugar already added. Platefuls of thick, half-stale, slices of Fethard brack, along with cuts of jam-smeared grinder, are laid before us, and are quickly reduced to heaps of sticky crusts. To finish off, a shiny can of striped gallon sweets is passed around. When we have finished gorging ourselves, we sing our repertoire of carols, finishing off with 'White Christmas'. The party ends and our Christmas holidays begin.

*Late sixties photograph showing L to R: Adrian Cashin. Mattie Bradshaw, Thomas Barrett, Liam Leahy, Gerry Fogarty and Eddie Nevin.*

The last few days to Christmas seem endless: the postman comes late along The Valley with bike and bulging bag; we decorate the kitchen with coloured streamers while Christmas jingles pour from the radio. My brother Pat vainly tries to fix an old set of fairy lights which have been lying for years in a box in the loft; we look at the sky and wonder if there will be snow; my brother Jim and I trek to Grove Wood in a fruitless search for berried holly. Coming home we sit with dangling legs on 'Boody Bridge' and watch a train sway and rattle its way through the eye of the bridge and roll away beyond Crane's Rocks and on to the railway station. We hurry for home along the ancient Mass path on the Doctor's Hill while away to the west the rosy pink sun is setting in the frosty sky beyond the distant Galtees, in the darkening fields below hungry cattle are lowing, and Jim Crean is rattling a bucket, coaxing a horse to its stable. We scoot down The Furry Hill, then on to Jesuit's Walk and home to the warmth of the kitchen, where our mother is bent over the fire softening butter on a plate to make it stretch at supper time.

We drive our mother crazy mooning around the house waiting, waiting, and longing for Christmas Day, hoping there will be snow. A man calls to our door with a turkey that my father has won playing cards, a live turkey. We put it into our vacant back room and watch it pace about on stringy legs, scuttering freely on the floor. It looks at us with tilted head and accusing eye, then stalks edgily off to the furthest corner of the room, like a condemned man on Death Row. At last my father comes home and swiftly wrings its neck, and we pluck it, laughing madly in a blizzard of downy feathers. We then watch, horrified and fascinated all

at once, as our mother draws its guts out onto old newspapers.

Christmas Eve comes and our mother gives us the balance of what we owe on our toys, and we race up to Tommy O'Connell's shop and bring them home in an absolute welter of excitement. Then it's off to bed early to be up for first Mass on Christmas morning. Now it is Christmas morning and our mother is waking us, and I can hear the kindling crackling on the fire that she lit when she came from the six o'clock Vigil Mass. The kitchen has that rich Christmas aroma of stuffing and trifle, plum pudding and Christmas cake, a testament to my mother's work late into the night. Mugs of tea lay ready for us to drink a mouthful from, for fear we'd faint with the hunger at Mass. Then off we run through the darkness of Christmas morning to first Mass which passes in a sleepy blur of glowing candles and rapid-fire Latin. When Mass ends we sprint down the chapel yard weaving our way through Massgoers exchanging Happy Christmases, bursting to get home to our toys. Charging into the kitchen we rip the brown wrapping away, strap on our guns and holsters, load up with caps, then rush back out into the dark morning.

Now comes the moment we have been waiting for, "We're Texas Rangers", shouts Pat; and away we go, storming down The Valley banging away madly on our cap-guns, the short blue flashes from the exploding caps flickering crazily around our heads, and filling our noses with the sharp tang of sulphur. Further down The Valley we are joined by the three Sayers brothers, Tommy, Billy, and Tony, and we mill around excitedly, laughing and popping away on our cap-guns, all thought of snow forgotten, while away to the east the first grey light of Christmas morning breaks across the foothills of Slievenamon, glittering on the morning star in the cold, clear sky; we hear our fathers voice calling us in to our breakfast, and when we crowd excitedly into the kitchen there is a panful of sausages sizzling on the cooker, a special treat for Christmas morning, and we tuck into them with slices of home-made brown bread, and Christmas Day stretches out before us waiting to be savoured and enjoyed. ■

*Photographed at Lonergan's Bar last year are:*
*L to R: Michael Whelan, Mrs & Mr James Whelan, Preston, and Paddy Lonergan.*

# Fethard GAA Club

*Members of Fethard GAA committee photographed at the club's annual dinner dance. Back L to R: Jimmy O'Shea, Denis O'Meara, Jennifer Keane, M.C. Maher, Dick Fitzgerald, Jim Williams, Gus Fitzgerald (club chairman), Nicky O'Shea, Mick Ahearn, Mickey Fitzgerald, Noel Byrne, Austin Godfrey, Sharon Lawton. Front L to R: Miceál McCormack, Jimmy Keating (chairman South Board), Paul O'Neill (chairman County Board), Tossie Lawton, Joe Keane (chairman Fethard St. Rita's Camogie Club), Mary Godfrey and Sandra Spillane.*

Officers for the year were: Gussy Fitzgerald (chairman), Miceál McCormack (secretary), Nicholas O'Shea (treasurer), and Noel Byrne (assistant secretary, public relations officer & insurance officer).

Our Junior (B) Football campaign started in February when we had a great success in winning the 1998 County Junior (B) football title. Captain Philly Prout led his men with tremendous spirit. The team was as follows: Tomás McCarthy, Philly Prout, Martin Ryan, Kevin O'Donnell, Michael Ahearne, P.J. Ahearne, Michael Costello, Gabriel Horan, Conor McCarthy, Garret Byrne, Kenneth O'Donnell, Tommy Gahan, Cha Morrissey, Nicky Murphy. Subs: Keith Woodlock, Donal Tobin, Kenneth Byrne, Gerry Murphy, Liam Treacy, Michael Croke, Ian Kenrick and Ronan Allen. This was our first time ever winning this competition, hence this year, in 1999 we had two Junior 'A' teams in the south championship.

In April our under 21 football team beat Ardfinnan but lost the County semi-final by a single point. Team: Miceál Sean McCormack, Keith Woodlock, Michael Ahearne, Michael Carroll, Alan Phelan, Cian Maher, Michael Costello, Aiden Fitzgerald, Cha Morrissey, Conor McCarthy, Michael Teehan, John P. Looby, Kenneth O'Donnell, Joe Keane, Nicholas Murphy. Subs; Kenneth Byrne, Garret Byrne, Conor O'Donnell, Jason Nevin, Tommy Gahan, Kevin O'Donnell, Philip Croke, Carl Maher, John O'Meara and Ronan Allen.

Our intermediate hurling team had a

game every week for six weeks in the County Intermediate Hurling League and had 100% success. In August we beat Thurles Sarsfield in the semifinal and then conquered Galtee Rovers in the county final. Our team: Liam Treacy, Michael Ahearne, Michael Burke, Thomas Burke, P.J. Ahearne, Michael Ryan (captain), Michael Quinlan, Michael Spillane, Stephen O'Donnell, Willie Morrissey, Colin Allen, Aiden Fitzgerald, Conor O'Donnell, Kenneth Browne, Kenneth O'Donnell. Subs; Damien Byrne, Miceál Sean McCormack, Paul Fitzgerald, Michael Fitzgerald, Thomas Anglim and John Kelly. We lost the South championship at the semifinal stage.

This year, 1999, was our first county minor 'A' football success since 1989 when we beat Ardfinnan in the south final after a replay, three days after we beat J.K. Brackens in the county semifinal. One month later we beat Burgess in the county final on a scoreline 0-9 to 0-8. Team: Tommy Gahan, John O'Meara, Michael Ahearne, Philip Croke, Paul Hackett, Cian Maher, Ronan Allen, Kenneth Byrne, Nicky Murphy (captain), Conor McCarthy, Glen Burke, Brian Coen, Carl Maher, John Fitzgerald, Kenneth O'Donnell. Subs: Ian Kenrick, Pat Looby, Declan Kenny, Alan Phelan and Kevin O'Donnell.

In the senior football division we were beaten in the south final by Moyle Rovers after a replayed game we should have won. We have also qualified for the county league final. We lost the county semifinal to Moyle Rovers as well on a scoreline 1-11 to 1-9. We also played in the Munster League but lost the final 1-11 to 1-6 to Clonmel Commercials having beaten Nemo Rangers, St. Finbars and Bishopstown on the way. Team: Paul Fitzgerald, Damien Byrne, Thomas Anglim, Philip Blake, Stephen O'Donnell, Michael Quinlan, Willie Morrissey, Michael Spillane, Shay Ryan, Conor McCarthy, Brian Burke, John P. Looby, Joe Keane, Michael

***COUNTY CHAMPIONS JUNIOR 'B' FOOTBALL 1999***

*Back L to R: Denis Hannon (selector), Michael Keane (selector), P.J. Ahearne, Gabriel Horan, Martin Ryan, Gerry Murphy, Tomás McCarthy, Tommy Gahan, Ian Kenrick, Michael Costello, David Morrissey, Keith Woodlock, Ronan Allen, Kenneth Byrne, Waltie Moloney (selector).*
*Front L to R: Tommy Sheehan (trainer), Garreth Byrne, Philly Prout (captain), Michael Ahearne, Conor McCarthy, Nicky Murphy, Philly Croke, Kenneth O'Donnell, Kevin O'Donnell, M.J. Croke, Donal Tobin and Miceál McCormack (club secretary).*

***COUNTY CHAMPIONS JUNIOR 'A' FOOTBALL***

*Fethard Junior 'A' Football team photographed after beating Emly in a very exciting final played in Clonoulty on Sunday 12th December. The close fought game could have gone either way in the closing minutes but Fethard showed true spirit to come out winners by a scoreline 0-10 to 0-09.*

O'Riordan, Tommy Sheehan (captain), Subs: Alan Phelan, Willie O'Meara, Martin Coen, Eugene Walsh, Shay Coen, Miceál Sean McCormack, Cian Maher, Kenneth O'Donnell and Michael Carroll. Damien Byrne wore the county senior football jersey with distinction against Kerry in 1999, as did his father Noel and grandfather Mick in the past.

The GAA club held a very well attended and successful dinner dance on Friday night, 26th November, in the Clonmel Arms Hotel, where medals won during the year were presented to the players. ■

*Fethard GAA club's Person of the Past' award recipient, Mr. Tim O'Riordan, Barrack's Street, receiving his award from Mr. Paddy O'Flynn, a former colleague on the playing field. The presentation took place at Thurles Greyhound Stadium at the Club's sponsored 'Race Night' social fundraising evening.*

# Fethard Bridge Club

Fethard Bridge Club has been in existence for over twenty-five years and in the past few years has seen a great increase in the number playing bridge. We now have sixty members and bridge provides a very enjoyable and challenging social night out every Monday and Wednesday in the Tirry Centre.

Our president's dinner was held in Hotel Minella on 9th May 1999 and the President's Prize winners were Noreen Cregan and Antoinette O'Donnell. Player of the Year was Nell Broderick and the Committee Prize, for which the Hayes Trophy is awarded, went to Brigid Gorey and Betty Walsh. The O'Flynn cup which is awarded for the Club Championship went to Berney Myles and Margaret Hackett. Our Christmas party was held in the Tirry Centre on l5th December at which our Christmas prizes were presented.

At our AGM on 26th May 1999 the following officers and committee were elected: President: Berney Myles, Vice President: Anna Cooke, Secretary: Gemma Burke, Treasurer: J a c i n t a O'Flynn, Assistant Treasurer: Bernie O'Meara, PRO : Tony Hanrahan; Alice Quinn, Margaret Hackett, Kathleen Kenny, Rita Kane, Frances Burke, Maureen Maher, Betty Walsh, and Breda O'Shea.

May we take this opportunity to wish all bridge players (and non-bridge players!) at home and abroad a very happy and holy Christmas. ■

*Photographed at Fethard Festival in the 1970's are L to R: Dilly and Joseph Fogarty and baby Aidan, Tishy and baby Mark McCormack, Marion and baby Wesley O'Meara, Mrs Ester McCormack, Paddy and baby Craigh Morrissey.*

# An-teach guesthouse Killusty

An-teach guesthouse, situated outside Killusty at the foot of the Slievenamon, is a family run business by Rose Anne and Jim Flaherty who specialise in good home cooking, organised tours and Irish entertainment.

An-teach has eleven en suite bedrooms, which have all been recently decorated to a very high standard.

Rose Anne and Jim can arrange to have you collected from Shannon Airport by a luxury coach and chauffeur driven to An-teach guesthouse taking in the scenery on your way. The luxury coach is fitted with reclining seats, TV and video and many other features. This coach is available throughout your stay so there's no need to concern yourself with transport during your stay.

The guesthouse is available for Christmas parties for groups of up to 28 people and also ideal for that special night out with your intimate friend.

For more information about these package holidays, phone Rose Anne or Jim at (052) 32088 or visit An-teach website at: www.an-teach.com ■

# In my father's footsteps

*by Tom O'Hanrahan*

I visited Fethard for the first time in July this year with my sister, Phil Connor; she lives in Tramore and I north of London in Croxley Green. I was re-tracing my father's footsteps, having discovered through a lot of research that he lived in Fethard, where he became well-known. He lived there at the earliest from 1905, maybe later, until 1915. We met local people including Annette Murphy, Jimmy McInerney, Jimmy O'Sullivan and Tony Newport, who were very helpful. The last person we met was Joe Kenny, in his garden. When I informed him that I was researching my father, R. M. O'Hanrahan, he invited us in and produced a photograph on his computer, which to our delight and surprise included our father.

My father was a Tipperary man, born at Tinlough, Nine Mile House in 1885 in the parish of Grangemockler. It was there at the National School that he was educated by a Mr Browne followed by six years of private tuition. (Where and by whom I would like to know).

As a youth he left home for Dublin, working for a year on the 1901 census.

*Volunteers photographed outside Fethard Barracks 1914*

He then worked for three years as a Civil Servant in the Department of Education. While there in 1903, King Edward VII visited Dublin and the South of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry were in the parade. They looked very smart in their green tunics, red striped fawn breeches and green caps, with their shamrock badge and SIY letters.

Whether he remembered them from this occasion or not, he joined the South Irish Yeomanry in 1906 as a trooper for three years peacetime service. At this time their headquarters were in Limerick. The Regiment consisted of Officers and 450 NCOs and men who were part-time volunteers, with a few regular instructors. In 1908, due to the reform of Yeomanry, the Regiment was re-named the South Irish Horse, a special Reserve Cavalry regiment, in which he then served for a year.

During this part-time military service, he may have worked for W. Toppin as a wool merchant and auctioneers clerk in Fethard. Making a success of auctioneering he became the assistant to the principal auctioneer. In December 1911 he obtained his auctioneers licence to trade as R. M. O'Hanrahan, Auctioneer, in Fethard, and with offices in Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir and Callan. In July 1913 he auctioned the old weigh-bridge at the Town Hall on behalf of the Town Commissioners. It was interesting to discover that the now redundant weigh-bridge is a feature of the town.

In 1911, he boarded with the O'Shea family in Burke Street and they became good friends. Edmond, the father, was a draper and the shop still exists. Edmond lived above it with Ellen, his wife, and two of their children, Catherine and Edward, who was an auctioneer's clerk and most likely worked with my father.

An interest in serving the local com-

munity resulted in his election as a Town Commissioner in January 1914, coming second in the poll. During this time he lived in Shaftersbury House, now the Post Office. At this time the Home Rule Bill was gathering momentum. It was strongly opposed by the Unionists and their militant Ulster Volunteers. To counteract them the Irish Volunteers were formed in Dublin and in 1914 branches were being established around the country. In Fethard on 25 March an inaugural meeting was held to form a branch. Mr E O'Shea presided and R M O'Hanrahan was the Hon. Secretary. The branch was formed and many members enrolled.

One hundred men took part in the first drill on Sunday 12 April at Kilmeadon Hill. By the following Wednesday at the Fair Green nearly two hundred Volunteers were under instruction. The instructors in charge were Instructor Butler of 'A' Company and Instructor Wall of 'B' Company, both ex-Army men. On 19 April the Volunteers met at the Fair Green for drill and the appointment of officers and non-commissioned officers, followed by a short route march. The fitness of the Volunteers was ensured by twice weekly army drills held at 7.30pm. Sometimes a route march of 8 miles was substituted. Church parades were held on Sundays, occasionally accompanied by a band.

The photograph shown to us by Joe Kenny was of the Fethard Volunteers, with R. M. O'Hanrahan as Commanding Officer (see Fethard & Killusty Newsletter '98). Joe also surprised us with an article, *Historic and Picturesque Fethard* written by R. M. O'Hanrahan which appeared in Tipperary's Annual 1913 and two photographs of victorious Tipperary hurling teams taken by him at Dungarvan.

I would be delighted to hear from anybody with further information. Please write to me at the following address: Tom O'Hanrahan, 129 Baidwins Lane, Croxley Green, Rickmansworth, Herts WD3 3LL. England. ■

*Happy Birthday to Alice (Tobin) Moloney, who celebrated her sixtieth birthday on Saturday 4th December at a surprise party organised by her family and held in the Fethard Arms. Alice is pictured above with her four sisters. L to R: Noreen Ryan, Ann Noonan, Alice Moloney, Mary Luddy and Nellie Ryan.*

*Crampscastle c.1900*

# Memories of Fethard

*by Joseph Walsh*

I was born in 1921 in the small village of Cramps Castle not far from Fethard. Well, I say village, but it was just a collection of cottages really. I was the youngest child of Jeremiah (Jerry) and Ellen Walsh. Jerry and Ellen (nee Kenneally) were both born in the area of Templemore in the north of Tipperary.

My parents moved to the Fethard before I was born. My father Jerry used to work as a ploughman at the Saucestown Stud farm. I remember that he used go, along with many others, to the Dublin Horse Show taking the yearlings from the stud farm to sell on. I was never allowed to go myself, as I was too young. My family moved away to England when I was about 13 or 14, so I never had the chance to go with my dad.

We were a big family. I had six older brothers and 2 older sisters. As I was the youngest, some of them had already moved on by the time my family moved to England. My brother Jack and my sister Nora emigrated to America. My brothers Jim, Tim, Jerry and Bill along with my other sister Patricia moved to England to find work. After a while my parents also emigrated to England taking my remaining brother Mick and me with them. We settled initially in the county of Surrey.

While living in Cramps Castle I was educated at the monastery school, by the Patrician Brothers. I remember well Brother Leo and Brother Gregory. I used to enjoy going to watch the local Gaelic football team when they played in Fethard and also the many action-packed hurling games.

One of my strong memories was when the local people from all over

the area used to dance in the summer evenings. Each family had a section of a platform with a number on it. They used to bring them up to the cross-roads where they were assembled together. Then people would dance to the music of two accordions, two fiddles and a banjo – it was great fun and sometimes it went on quite late into the night. Well, it seemed that way to me as a child.

I also remember an old lady called Mrs Downey. I believe that she was born in Ireland, but had English parents. Whilst in England she suffered an illness and wasn't quite the same afterwards. Well, that's the way I remember it being told to me. She came back to Fethard after the illness and lived in an old ruined house, not far from Crampscastle. All the other children used to be a bit afraid of her, because whenever, they went near her house she used to shout at them, "Get out of it". But she never did this with me. I liked her. She used to let me in and I used to run errands to the town for her.

It was a long time ago that my family lived in Fethard and I was only there for my childhood but I still have fond memories of my time there. It was hard work for my family but it was also a good time.

I came back on holiday a few years ago. The cottage where my family lived has long gone now, but there were still areas and buildings that I remembered and which were full of memories for an old Fethard boy. ■

*Pictured above are the four Carroll sisters originally from St. Patrick's Place and who met recently in Fethard at a family celebration. The Carroll girls have been long associated with St. Rita's Camogie Club in Fethard. L to R: Biddy (Keane) now living in Mass. USA, Tossie (Lawton) Fethard, Mary (Fitzgerald) Fethard and Peggy (McGrath) Cashel.*

# GAA Summer Camp 1999

*Two groups from this year's GAA Summer Camp which attracted over 150 participants*

# Patrician Presentation Secondary School

Moving on the treadmill of time the year 2000 is but weeks away, and with it another school year.

The end of June saw the parting of our exemplary Leaving Cert Class. 'The class of ’99' certainly will be remembered for their camaraderie and courtesy and were always a credit to the school and their parents. This was crowned with excellent results and we wish them well in the future.

Our Junior Certs followed their example and achieved excellent results in their exam. Rebecca Carroll was awarded the Padraig Pearse Trophy which she duly deserved for her results in the key subjects.

In Gaelic games 1999 proved to be one of the most outstanding years ever for school teams. After many years of trying, the Tipperary senior football title (under 18A) was won for the first time. In the semifinal we defeated the High School, Clonmel, on their own grounds and in May we beat Templemore in Thurles with an outstanding display. The measure of this was shown later in the year when most of the team were members of the Fethard team who won the county minor title. The team which brought us this historic title was: Paul Croke, Kevin O’Donnell, John O’Meara, Philip Croke, Nicky Murphy, Cian Maher, Bill Hunt, Conor McCarthy, Kenneth Byrne, John Noonan,

*School principal, Mr Ernan Britton, presenting the 1999 Padraig Pearse Perpetual Memorial Cup for academic excellence in the Junior Cert Examination to Rebecca Carroll, Menlo, Fethard.*

*Second year students preparing for the Tipperariana Book Fair on Valentine's Day 1999.*
*L to R: Gillian Shine, Zoe Cooney, Helena McCormack, Kersty McCarthy and Jodie Gilpin.*

Kenneth O'Donnell, Glen Burke, Karl Maher, Karl Maher, Alan Phelan and Tommy Gahan.

Our under sixteen and a half footballers, with several of the senior team on board, also did tremendously well. They beat Tarbert-Abbeyfeale and Spanish Point to reach a Munster Final for the first time since 1987. The final was in Fermoy where we came within inches of beating Macroom, when Eoin Doyle's shot for a goal in the dying seconds was turned over the bar. The game went into extra time and we lost after a brilliant display. The team was: Ronan Maher, Pat Looby, Ian Kenrick, Diarmuid Burke, John Hanrahan, Paul Hackett, Bill Hunt, Glen Burke, Damien Cannon, John Needham, Eoin Doyle, John Noonan, Paul Croke, John Looby, John Lonergan.

In addition the school hurling team had victories over Youghal and St. Andrew's, Cork before losing to Bandon in the Munster semifinal.

All in all a historic year for Gaelic games in the school which will live in the memory for a long time.

In volleyball the highlight of the year was the girls community games team making it to the national under 16 final in Mosney. Unfortunately they were beaten having given a very spirited performance. The team was: Marian Harrington (captain), Alison Holohan, Caroline Croke, Vanessa O'Donnell, Patrice Tobin, Evelyn O'Connor, Yvette Walsh, Noelle Leahy, Lillie Maher and Donna Walsh.

Our Senior 'A' girls faced stiff opposition in the opening rounds and were beaten by a very strong Naas team. In their next match they beat Lismore. Whilst performance improved they were beaten by Portmarnock in a very closely contested game. This was a big disappointment as now it is unlikely that they will qualify for the All Ireland semifinals.

Our Senior 'B' boys played well. They beat both Cappoquinn teams before losing to St. Paul's Waterford.

They now qualify for a quarterfinal match against Woodford, Co. Galway.

The success and motivation of the Gaelic games and the volleyball is due in no small measure to two teachers, Denis Burke and Bernie O'Connor, our P.E. teacher.

Transition year had many successes during the year. The Concern debating team, all from transition year, did well and have gone on as 5th years to win the first round of this debate over the Ursuline Convent, Thurles. The team is: Aideen O'Donnell (captain), Thomas Grant, Terence Fahey, John Lonergan and Ross Maher.

The transition year musical "Me and My Girl" was hilariously funny with superb performances by all. Yet again, under the direction of Marian Gilpin, the present transition year are staging "Jesus Christ Superstar" in December.

Three transition year students accompanied the diocesan pilgrimage to Lourdes in June. Aideen O'Donnell and Lisa O'Donnell were drawn by lot and Fiona Maher joined them independently. All worked as youth helpers and really enjoyed the experience vowing to return again. The tradition of students helping in Lourdes is well establishment and fund raising is organised to defray expenses. Our thanks to the Parents Association for their help.

The Young Entrepreneurs Scheme is a national programme designed to encourage entrepreneurial activity and encourage enterprise skills amongst second level students (aged 12-18) in Ireland. Students must set up and organise their own business and participate in enterprise competitions at school county, regional and national levels. In the school year 1998/99 five businesses were established by the pupils – three by first years and two by transition year students.

In the junior category, Clare Ryan set up "Christmas Cake Co." and sold slices of beautiful Christmas cakes. Edward Hickey and Kyle O'Donnell operated a business called "Home Baking" and baked chocolate sweets. Their products were much in demand during break time in school. Una Prendergast and Miriam Carroll called their business "Child's Play" and produced early learning aids in both English and Irish, including flash cards, word games and number lines. Their products were purchased by many local national schools. In the senior category Karl O'Driscoll and David Morrissey made metal badges with slogans and Aideen O'Donnell made money belts.

The winner of the school competition was Aideen in the senior group. First in the Junior section was "Child's Play" with "Home Baking" coming second. These teams represented the school at the county final in Cashel and Una and Miriam were again successful and competed at regional level in Limerick. The standard of the Y.E.S. competition is always extremely high and great credit is to due to all who participate. Competing at regional level illustrates the enterprise and dedication of these students.

An activity packed year with hopefully as many more to come. Of course no school would be complete without those who help to make things work, so to our principal Ernan Britton, teaching staff, ancillary staff, office staff and boards of management and parents association we say go forward into the new millennium with success and hope. ■

# Sloe Blue Slievenamon

*by Fear na gcapall (Nov. '99)*

*We are cushioned by frockens and sheltered by rocks*
*from the winds of the vernal equinox.*
*And from here we can savour all we have won*
*For the sloe blue slopes of Slievenamon.*

*Sifein and Shegouna, Carrickbrock, Knocknahuna*
*and all the wild clodaghs that flow down therefrom.*
*We have saved you from yahoos who came to deflower you*
*The brown heathery slopes of Slievenamon.*

*Kilcash and Kilurney, Kyletlea and Killusty*
*Here's to all of the denizens dwelling thereon.*
*May fortune preserve you from foolish intrusion*
*The gentle green slopes of Slievenamon.*
*The brown heathery slopes of Slievenamon.*
*The sloe blue slopes of Slievenamon.*

# First Visit to Fethard

*Patricia Tremlett is pictured here on her first visit to Fethard on Friday 25th June 1999. L to R: Greta Parkhouse, Roy Parkhouse, Patricia (Burke) Tremlett and Elsie Burke (Tommy's second wife).*

Last year we had an enquiry from Patricia (Burke) Tremlett, England, following her father's death. Her late father, Tommy Burke, left Fethard around 1946. Tommy's mother, Ellen Burke, lived in Spitalfield and was better known as 'Moll'. Her son Jimmy worked on 'the roads' and when Ellen died he took a Post and Telegraph's road marker and used it as a headstone for his mother's grave in Calvary Cemetery which is still there

today. Jimmy was later buried in the same plot. After receiving this, and a lot more new information, Patricia wrote:

*"I don't think that words can really express my thanks to you for all you have told me so far. To have found dad's family so quickly has quite shocked me - it's taking quite a time to sink in!*

*I had always wondered how dad could be so fiercely proud of being Irish and yet not want us to share in his past life. As you are beginning to reveal his life there to me I feel perhaps I am slowly going to be at last able to understand.*

*I was born in 1950 and have vivid memories of a little cardboard box tied with string arriving from Ireland every year - it was our shamrock - and little pin badges! So obviously dad was in touch - very vague memories tell me it was his sister who was writing. I grew up and emigrated. Since coming home to live in 1979, I tried many times to talk to dad about his own family, but nothing was forthcoming and my dad was not to be argued with!*

*I miss my dad terribly now and feel it's not fair to leave him without a past for both my brothers and sisters and his grandchildren. There can never be anything in anyone's past that should be left unsaid - it's all part of our heritage. In my particular case it made my father the way he was and me subsequently the way I am."* ■

# Cummins family from Kilknockin

*The above photographs were received from Sheila Dawson, England, whose father was Joe Cummins from Kilnockin Road (opposite Dangaher's shop) and her grandparents were Thomas and Anastatia (Babs) Cummins. They had ten children. The photograph on the left shows the parents with children: William (standing on chair), Bridget 'Birdie' (sitting), Jack and Nicholas (in front) and baby Thomas. The picture on the right shows, in the back: Golly 'Ann', Michael and Kathleen. In the front are: Noreen and Joseph (Sheila's father).*

# Tom Dwyer, and some Annesgift and Fethard Reminiscences

*by Willie Hayes*

At 95 years of age Tom Dwyer is still a sprightly man, and is frequently around the streets of Roscrea, where he lives, talking to neighbours and friends, walking to morning Mass, and visiting other senior citizens in the nursing homes of the town. He has spent more than seventy of his years in Roscrea, but his native place is Fethard, and to be precise Annesgift, Fethard. In fact he was born in the Georgian house itself, which has been very much in the news recently because of the highly publicised auction of the house and its five hundred acre farm. It was the pictures of the house and its surrounding buildings in the papers that got him telling me about his links with Annesgift and its neighbourhood when we met in the Main Street of Roscrea recently, and later in his home in nearby St Cronan's terrace.

*Tom Dwyer on his 90th Birthday*

His birth in the 'Great House,' he told me, was a chance occurrence. His mother, who was Mary or Molly Carroll from Annesgift townland, used to go to 'Great House' to help when there would be some event or occasion which entailed visitors staying. Even when she was expecting, she went to help. It was on one such occasion that she started to go into labour, and she was accommodated in the house to have her baby. The baby was Tom Dwyer. He was the only child.

His father, Will Dwyer, spent some time in the British army and saw some action in World War 1. In fact he was reported missing in a campaign somewhere along the Greece-Romanian border. His unit was engaged in the construction of a bridge, and he and another Fethard man by the name of Keating and some others were sent to get more trunks of trees for the bridge. When they were gone the bridge was bombarded, and all the soldiers working on it were killed. Will Dwyer and his comrade Keating escaped injury as they were away from

the scene on their assignment, but were reported missing. Word came to Will's family and they got a Mass said for him. It was only after five weeks that the family learned that he was alive and well.

After returning from the war, Will Dwyer went working as a ploughman for Ned Slattery of Coolmoyne. Will was a good friend of Major John Hughes, who also took part in World War 1 as an officer, rising to the rank of major. When John Hughes took over the running of Annesgift farm after the war, he used to call for Will to accompany him to the fairs and other outings.

Tom Dwyer's grandfather held a small farm in Annesgift, and built the Dwyer homestead there. His grandfather had come from Kerry Street, and was a nailer by trade. According to Tom, the Dwyers were said to have been in Fethard when Cromwell and his forces came over Market Hill to attack the town. The Dwyers and all the other people who were nailers went to the defence of the town. They manned the walls and stuck their bellows out through the loop holes in the town wall. Cromwell thought those bellows ends were small cannons and decided that the best strategy would be to negotiate with the town authorities.

Tom's grandfather was married three times, and had three families. 'One family didn't know the other', as Tom put it. 'They all cleared off,' he said. 'Uncle Ned went to Australia; he belonged to the second family. Jack, who was in the first family, became a sailor.' His grandfather came to live in Annesgift, and it was there in the house he built that Tom's father was born. They kept their old home in Kerry Street, and his father lived there a lot of his time.

Tom spent his first years in the farmhouse in Annesgift, which was situated farther in from the Cashel Road than the big house, in a straight line from the big house to Poor's Wood. The Trehys had a house in there too, but that was further in again. Tom recalled a herdsman living where McCormacks later lived, which was a house near the Cashel Road. That herdsman was a carpenter as well , and used to mend wheels of carts. Originally the Dwyers and the Trehys had independent access to the Cashel Road, but Tom said that his grandfather had to do away with that access, and take a right of way through the main avenue coming into the big house. He had to knock down some boundary fences too. He was allowed only so many fences.

The new right of way meant going along in front of the big house. But whenever there were 'functions' going on in the big house, such as a tennis party, a request was sent to the Dwyers not to use the avenue to get to the road, but to use their old way out, which meant going across fields. Tom enjoyed telling me that there was a steward there when he was 'a small lad', who used to bribe him with 'a sixpenny bit' to go out in front of the hall door of the big house. That man was from Knocklofty, but Tom couldn't remember his name. But he remembers Dan Leahy being a steward there when he was young.

Tom recalls the time before Major John Hughes got married. He would come to stay at the big house at times. His father was married twice, and Tom remembers John Hughes' step sister,

*Annesgift House as it looked in 1999*

Florence, and his step brother, Adam, who were a good bit younger, and who used to leave when John, who inherited Annesgift, would come. Whenever they came back on holidays or for a short stay, they used to sleep sometimes at Dwyers, especially if there was something, such as a function of some kind, going on at the big house. Tom was not sure why they would come to sleep in his house. 'It could have been a bit of tension', he added. There was a good friendship between the Dwyers and that step family of the Hughes's.

Tom Dwyer said he and Adam Hughes were good friends. Adam went to England, he added, and as far as he knew, his sister Florence married a clergyman. He remembers Florence arriving in her own car, the very first car that Tom saw. He would get a penny or two for opening the road gates for Florence and her car, if he happened to be around there.

Tom got his first schooling at Coolmoyne school, the old school, that is, which, he said, was bought later by Martin Murphy. The Hayes's were living right across from the school. The master was Bill McDonnell, and the mistress was Miss Henneberry. The master was 'a great man for the beer'. "Sometimes", said Tom, "he would be late arriving for school, and would sent a couple of us down to a spring well, which was down along by a ditch, for a bucket of water for him. We often said that if the bucket was left outside on the mornings he was late, we could be putting down the time going down to the spring for the water, and doing some 'kaffling' on the way down. But he was a great teacher. There was a sliding partition in the school, which divided it into two classrooms."

'We hadn't much of the world's goods', recalled Tom, as he went on to relate that he missed a lot of school whenever 'there was a few bob to be earned', although the master used to come 'after him'. September was a good time for making some money.

He and Jim Carroll used to pick crab apples along ditches by Willie Slattery's and O'Meara's in Ballyvaden. There was one great ditch there, full of crab trees. Magnier's of Clonmel were paying a higher price for the wild crabs than they were for apples out of the orchards. It was easy to get corn bags to hold the crab apples, and then they had to get the full bags carted into Fethard, to Magnier's agent, Pak Carty, who had a shop in Burke Street. He later had a shop in Main Street, down near the river, where he had shoemakers working. According to Tom that premises is now Hayes' Booking Office.

Major Hughes bought the Dwyer farm, when Tom's grandfather had to sell it 'for American money', that is, money claimed on the farm by two sisters of Tom' s mother, who wanted to go to America. His grandfather got a job as gardener at Annesgift until he came to the old age pension stage. He then went to live with the Briens near the Kennels. The Shine family lived near there too

Tom was an only child and after his mother died he was 'boarded out' to a family of the Daltons who lived in Barrettstown in the first of the two-storied 'cottages' built in the area. He went to the Patrician Brothers' school in Fethard at that stage, and remembers a Brother Paul, who came as principal to Fethard school in 1909. (That was Brother Paul Cullen, principal 1909-1919). 'We were stopped from learning Irish by the inspector', Tom recalled. 'He instructed us to learn a poem by Lord Byron instead, a poem about how the Catholics treated the Protestants in France. I can recite a lot of that poem still.'

When he was finished school he went to work for Willie Slattery of Ballyvaden.

He recalled Olivia Hughes, Major John Hughes' wife, and her promotion of the Irish Loyalist Association. The wives of officers in the British Army had taken over control of the money raised from the sale of poppies, but despite the efforts of the officers' wives around the Fethard region, they did not succeed in getting control of local fund-raising from that source. Mick Wall took over the control of those funds.

After his grandfather died at the Brien's house near the Kennels, the only Dwyer left in Kerry Street was Tom's father, Will, who worked mainly at Ned Slattery's of Coolmoyne. Tom went on to trace about a meeting held at Ned Slattery's after the Treaty was signed, and where there was a lot of dispute about the Treaty. His father was one of those who were at the meeting. The 'product' of the meeting was that all who were there were deciding that they should stay neutral, as they were all good neighbours and they should stay together, and not take part in anything. "Who came in late only Bill Quirke, and he said that anyone that was in the British army should take a stand for one side or the other. My father stood up and said, 'Bill, what side are you taking?' 'The republican side of course', he answered. 'They must be wrong so, if you're with them', said my father. Out went my father and enlisted in the Free State Army in the heat of the moment. They put him in the cookhouse."

Tom went on to relate that when Bill Quirke and his republicans were attacking Fethard, the people living

*Red City Graveyard*

along the left hand side of Kerry Street as one goes towards Clonmel put mattresses on their windows at the back. It must have been from the high ground of Market Hill that the republicans were firing, he said. But the republicans never took the town or the barracks, he added. His father took part in the Civil War locally, but he did not get involved in any real fighting.

Although his family was out of Annesgift, Tom's father kept up his friendship with Major Hughes, and often the major called for him to go with him to fairs and so on. When he died Mick Wall got money from the British Legion funds to give to Tom to pay his father's funeral expenses. He is buried in Red City. There are five Dwyer graves there, and his father is buried close to the memorial plot there.

Mention of Red City graveyard reminded Tom of a ghost story, 'a real ghost story', as he called it. When he was only about eight or nine, and boarded out to the Daltons of Barrettstown, a man named Hegarty, who was an ex-policeman, took him into Fethard on New Year's Eve, to see the mummers celebrating the old year out and the new year in. They were coming home by Red City graveyard, and when they came near it, they heard 'woeful roars' from the graveyard and saw lights there. Hegarty, the ex-policeman, who was supposed to be minding Tom, took off over the opposite ditch and disappeared. Tom was stuck to the spot, but after awhile he got a little courage when there seemed to be silence. He went on his hands and knees and crawled along by the graveyard wall to where there was a little style. He then heard snoring, and said to himself, 'That's no ghost, anyway.' He lifted himself up and peeped over the stile. There he saw a man stretched on a grave, and candles all round it. He was snoring away. 'Who was he only a man called Mickey Mulcahy, who lived down near the river, inside Cummins's. There he was, lying on his wife's grave, and he fast asleep'.

Tom didn't say anything about what he saw, but the rumour went out that the graveyard was haunted, and people used to be afraid passing there by night. "But I never was", said Tom, with a chuckle. He recalled the great shout that Mickey Mulcahy had. When Fethard was playing in a football match, you could hear him in the next parish shouting on the Fethard lads.

Tom got handy, as he put it, at nailing in studs onto the soles of boots. Everyone was wearing strong boots at that time, but there wasn't any studs on the boots, only heel clips. Tom got the idea of buying the nails at Coolmoyne creamery, 120 for sixpence. 'You could buy anything at Coolmoyne creamery,' he commented. He started nailing on the studs for people. Everybody wanted studs on their boots in order to have hob-nailed boots. 'I had an iron last', he said, 'one of the real old lasts'. That was what started Tom on the road to becoming a shoemaker, at first a journeyman shoemaker, and then finally settling in Roscrea in a full-time job at the craft of shoemaking.

Tom left Fethard when he was just twenty. That was around 1924, and he has had little contact with it since. He loves returning to the town on a visit, whenever he gets a chance. And his memories of his young days in Annesgift and Fethard are still fresh, even his early memories. One of the last things he recalled for me before we parted was his memory of a family named Casey hauling timber out of Poor's Wood in Annesgift at the beginning of World War 1. "There was a family of Poors living in Derryluskin", he recalled. Tom is a marvellous man, still living life to the full, and blessed with good health and a wonderful memory. ■

*Photographed in Fethard this year were L to R: Mrs Margaret Keane, The Green; Mrs Margaret Fitzgerald, Kiltinan; Kathy Aylward, Killusty; and Kathleen (Quirke) Whelan, Clonmel, and formerly from St. Patrick's Place.*

# An online experience

*by Kathleen Phelan*

The following emails were exchanged by Kathleen Phelan, Bayport, New York, (email address: KATPHELAN@aol.com) and Tara van Brederode, Minneapolis, Minnesota (email address: taravb@bigfoot.com) after making contact through the 'Fethard at Home' website.

*Hi, Kathleen,*

*I received your name and e-mail address from Joe Kenny of the Fethard web site. I am doing genealogy research and am trying to locate any living relatives of my great-great grandmother, Bridget Delia Phelan-Smith. She was born in Ireland about November 1863, and came to America (probably Boston or New York) between 1875 and 1885.*

*Bridget Delia's granddaughters (my grandmother and great-aunts) all recalled her saying she was from "Cram's Castle" in Tipperary. She may have had a brother or a cousin who was a priest in Massachusetts.*

*Do you know the other Phelans in Crampscastle? Are they relatives of yours? And do you know if those families have been in Crampscastle for a long time?*

Dear Tara,

Yes, my family on the Phelan side does live in Crampscastle. My grandfather was John Phelan of Crampscastle and was born in 1858. I do know that my father, Jeremiah (1900-1951), emigrated from Crampscastle to NY. His brothers Nicholas and Cornelius also lived in NY. His brother Richard, lived in NY for a while and then moved to Boston and worked in the shoe manufacturing business. I never knew why he went to Boston - but it would seem a logical move if he had an uncle there.

*Hi, Kathleen,*

*Oh, I'm so excited to finally be in touch with a Phelan relative. I am sure we must be connected back in the mid 1800s. Delia came to America from Ireland when she was 16 years old. She had a religious family, with one or more brothers who entered the priesthood. They emigrated to Boston or to Framingham, Massachusetts. One of her brothers was in charge of a shoe factory in Framingham, Massachusetts. Delia also had a cousin, Conrad Phelan, who lived on Long Island, in Rosedale.*

Dear Cousin Tara,

I am sure now that we are cousins. Delia's cousin Con was really Cornelius. Cornelius was my uncle. Therefore your great-great grandmother was my father's cousin also. Con did live in Rosedale.

*Hi, Cousin Kathleen,*

*The telephone lines have been buzzing tonight in our family!! I just read your message to my mother in Florida and to my great-aunt in Oceanside, Long Island. As soon as I told her that Con's real name was Cornelius, she remembered that as well!!*

*I'm not entirely sure how Delia fits into your family she would have been of the same generation as your grandfather, John Phelan, right? So if she and John were brother and sister, then your dad (and Con and the others) would have been her nieces and nephews? I am pretty sure my great-aunts thought that Con was a cousin so could he have been a cousin because Delia and your grandfather were cousins, rather than siblings?*

*Oh, this is confusing!*

Dear Cousin,

It was delightful to speak with your Great-Aunt Kim last evening. We both remembered the hunting dogs Con used to keep in the backyard.

This is an excerpt from a letter I received dated August 24, 1974 - "Your grandfather had two brothers and four sisters. They are all dead, Mrs. Smith, Brooklyn, was the last to die, and she was over 90 years then."

*The photo was taken during on a visit this summer L to R: Rick van Brederode, Gus Phelan, Cathy van Brederode and Sister Philomena Phelan.*

I also found a newspaper Death Notice, 1946, for Nicholas Phelan. I quote: "The funeral to Rosedale Cemetery Long Island, was attended by large numbers of Tipperary exiles. He is survived by his widow and one son. His other immediate relatives in the U.S. are Con, Richard and Jerry (brothers), the latter a member of the famous Fethard football team of twenty years ago, and previously a captain in the I.R.A.; Mrs. Smith (aunt)."

* * *

Tara's mother visited Crampscastle and her Phelan cousins this summer. So our delightful family odyssey continues as new generations of cousins, with thousands of miles and many years between us, get to know each other through e-mail and family web sites. Thanks for bringing us together. ■

# The times and the joys

*by Tony Newport*

The death of Paddy Gleeson, Cloran, during the year marked the end of an era, and brought many happy and nostalgic memories to the many former patrons of the old dance platforms at Downey's Cross and Kilnockin.

Paddy Gleeson was a talented box player and with his father-in-law, Tommy O'Donnell, he supplied the music for many generations of set dancers of the thirties and forties. Truly it could be said of Paddy Gleeson he was one of nature's gentlemen. Of gentle disposition and nature he was indeed like Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, "a man to all the country dear."

He played his music for the love of it and for the enjoyment of the people who danced to it. Sad it is to think that the children of the dancers he played for never danced or never will dance a waltz or a set at an open air board.

Paddy Gleeson who had recently celebrated his 93rd birthday was of a time when the pressures of life were not as demanding and people got enjoyment from simple things. A time when "all the world was young lad and all the fields were green, then every boy a prince lad and every lass a queen." Thanks for the memories Paddy and may the good Lord have mercy on your gentle soul and may the green grass of the valley near Slievenamon rest lightly on you. ■

# ‘Golden’ Celebrations

*Pat and Mary (Anglim) Hayes celebrating their golden wedding anniversary*

On the 15th August, Pat and Mary (Anglim) Hayes celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in Bribie Island, Queensland. Five members of the Hayes family travelled to Australia to join with Pat and Mary and their family in the celebrations. Mass was said by Fr. Mattie Hayes in the Church of the Little Flower, Bongaree, and a very enjoyable reception was held in the Plue Pacific Hotel, Woorim.

*Fr. Mattie Hayes*

There was another Golden Jubilee occasion celebrated by the Hayes family of Rathcoole fairly recently. This was the golden jubilee of the ordination of Fr. Mattie Hayes, who is now in semi-retirement in the lovely city of Bath in England. Fr. Mattie went to the Patrician Brothers’ primary school in Fethard, and at the time he started school Brother Cronin Commins was the superior. It is Brother Leo Slattery whom he remembers best, as he was superior for most of his school years.

Fr. Mattie then went to Rockwell College to start his secondary schooling, and from there to Prior Park College, near Bath. But after the outbreak of World War II he was sent back to Ireland, and went to the Cistercian College at Mount Melleray, where he did the Leaving Cert. He did his seminary courses at St John’s College, Waterford, and at Oscott

College, Birmingham. His ordination took place at the old pro-Cathedral in Bristol, which has been long since been replaced by the splendid Cathedral of Clifton.

Fr. Mattie spent all his priestly ministry in Clifton diocese, and he served in such lovely places as Gloucester, Taunton and Salisbury. He was appointed canon of the diocese in 1997. Now back in Bath, where he got some of his secondary schooling, he is living under the shadow of the graceful Pugin church of St John, doing mostly week-end supply work in the neighbouring parishes. ■

# The Bartons of Grove

*by Tony Newport*

Grove House and Grove Estate have been closely linked with the history of Fethard since the town foundation. Two families, the Everards, and the Bartons who purchased the estate from the Everards, were the sole occupiers and owners over a period of almost 500 years.

Grove estate came into the possession of the Barton family when Thomas "French Tom" Barton purchased the house and lands from James Long Everard in 1744 or 1745. French Tom also purchased houses and lands near Fethard from James Butcher, thereby adding to the size of Grove estate. Tom Barton was a native of Fermanagh. His forebears who came from Norwich in England were given land in that area following the Ulster Plantation of 1610.

*Thomas Barton*

Thomas Barton emigrated to France from Fermanagh where he founded the Barton and Gustier wine firm. He reportedly bought Grove Estate while in France without actually seeing it, and the sum paid is reputed to have been £30,000. Tom Barton's business acumen in France made him very wealthy and he also brought large tracts of land in Fermanagh and Leitrim.

Thomas Barton installed his only son William in Grove and this William Barton became the first of the family to live at Grove. William apparently was not the owner as Thomas Barton (French Tom) by his will of 1771 left Grove and all the lands and houses he bought from James Butler to his oldest grandson Thomas and his son William.

Thomas Barton was one of the nine children, six boys and three girls, of William Barton. He was elected Sovereign of Fethard for 1788 and 1792. In 1808 he was appointed recorder of Fethard and was also Sovereign from 1812 to 1815. He was also M.P. for Fethard. He died in 1820. His brother Hugh was sovereign in 1799.

Thomas Barton was succeeded in

Grove by his son William. William Barton also played an integral part in the life of the local community, he was sovereign in the years 1816, '18, '19, '21, '23 and '29. He gave the site for the present Parish Church and also had erected the public pump on the Square. The pump was being used up to the mid-thirties. It became part of Fethard folklore when the rallying cry of old time Fethard football supporters was, "Come on the two streets and a pump".

While there are no early records available, the Barton family tradition tells that the first William Barton in Grove kept hounds. His sons Thomas and Hugh definitely did. His grandson William was an excellent horseman and houndman and founded the Tipperary foxhounds, as they are known today. Prior to that they were known as the Grove Hounds.

William Barton died in 1857 and was succeeded by his son Samuel, 1817-91. Following the death of Samuel, of whom little is recorded, there was no Barton in residence at Grove for a period of 20 years. During this period Grove was rented to the famous Master of the Tipperary Foxhounds, Mr Richard Burke M.F.H.

Following Mr Burke's departure to Co Laois the last Barton in Grove, Captain Charles Robert Barton, took up residence. Captain Barton lived at grove with his brother-in-law Col Cobdon who predeceased him. Before he died, Capt. Barton sold out the ground rent to the people of Fethard, which had been paid to the estate for generations. On the death of Charles Robert Barton who, with his wife, is buried in the family vault at Holy Trinity Church, Grove then passed on to Mr Harry Ponsonby who with his wife Rosemary are the present incumbents.

*Col. Hobden fishing at Grove c.1940's*

Down the years the people of Fethard have always been welcome to walk through Grove. Before the turn of the century a favourite Sunday afternoon walk in favourably weather was down to the Deerpark which at that time actually held deer. Generations of Fethard children have

over the years enjoyed the privilege of swimming at Newbridge. Before the 'Celtic Tiger' was heard of and especially during the war years, Grove Wood was the source of firewood for many a Fethard homestead. What Fethard man of today will ever forget the adventure trips to the Robbers Glen, and the autumn pilgrimages to the wood to collect hazelnuts, outings in which modern day youths seem to have little interest? Thus Grove and Fethard and Fethard and Grove are interminably linked and long may it continue. The agreement of the original terms of the handing over of Fethard to Cromwell and many other historical documents relating to Fethard were in Grove House before they were donated to the National Museum.

I wish to thank Mrs Rosemary Ponsonby for her kind assistance in compiling this article. ■

# The Millennium

*by Honor (Mulligan) Davern*

Since New Year's Eve 1998 many people's thoughts have been focussed on the Millennium - where to celebrate this wonderful event - how to celebrate it!! The core of this great jubilee – the celebration of 2,000 years since the birth of Christ - seems to have been lost.

In contemplating the millennium I began to think back on the years I have lived in this final 20th century and to become quite nostalgic. My friends and I belonged to a generation that was born in probably the best time of the century. We were children in the old-fashioned, innocent, secure 1950's. We did not have to worry about points in our Leaving Certificate – all we had to do was pass the exam and we could enter any faculty we choose to enter at University. There was a cinema in almost every small town and when we went to see a film we walked home discussing the film with all of our neighbours who would also have been to see it. There was a great sense of community and even though everyone knew everything about all of our doings it meant that we rejoiced together in good times and grieved together in times of sorrow. The music of our time still lives on – Elvis, The Beatles, Cliff Richard. I still recall rushing out of school with my friends, hurriedly dumping our schoolbags and into the cinema to see 'Rock Around the Clock' with Bill Haley and his Comets. Most of us ended up in the aisles of the cinema rocking to the music. I grew up in Fethard where we danced at Tennis Hops in the Town Hall and eventually graduated to being allowed go to the County Ballroom (the present Halla na Feile) in Cashel if we were lucky enough to have an older brother or friend who would transport us the 10 miles there. The dance was always from 10pm until 3am and featured such bands as Brendan Boyer and the Royal Showband, the Clipper Carltons and even on one occasion Victor Sylvester and his Orchestra. After the dance we usually paid a visit to Buckley's shop (now O'Dowds chip shop) to get something to eat before heading for home.

Some of the things that define 1950s childhood were winkle-picker shoes, stiff underskirts to make our dresses

*'Kidnapped', a Fethard Carnival entry in the 1950's. In the background is Paddy Heffernan's old bicycle shed which was demolished some years ago to make a car park for the ballroom.*

stand out, small brown coins called half-pennies and farthings and large silver ones called half-crowns. We had black bakelite telephones with simple numbers of maybe two digits and all our phone calls went through a local manual exchange so we were always taught by our parents to be considerate and never ring anyone after 10 pm. Mobile users please take note and desist from using your mobile in a public place! Television hadn't arrived and if we were in a seaside town like Tramore we marvelled at this little black box which could pick up a reception over the Irish sea. In school we sat at desks which had brass-covered inkwells and we brought in 'magic wadding' to shine the brass and vied with each other as to whose inkwell was the one with the best shine. Nobody mentioned global warming or the ozone layer; the only anxiety was the bomb – and this could be banned if we sang *We shall overcome* often enough. We bought 78 records of *Heartbreak Hotel* and *That'll be the Day*. We were very familiar with the ads for Ovaltine and Bisto and it is only this week that the last Bisto gravy ad will appear on T.V. as it is considered that it no longer depicts the traditional family of father, mother, and children sitting down together for their dinner.

We were the last generation to experience what the young of today have never known: empty roads without yellow lines; threepenny bits; sixpenny pieces; milk delivered by horse and cart; homes without televisions or fridges; mothers who stayed at home all day cooking, knitting, sewing and baking; wellies to be worn on a wet day; aimless Sunday drives; being allowed to ride a bicycle at the age of eight; sunshine every summer and snow every winter; Radio Luxembourg with Hughie Greene and 'Opportunity Knocks'; going for the hay on a trolley which carried the trains back and booking your place as there would only be room for three or four at most behind the cock of hay on

the trolley coming back; skipping during the skipping season and spinning tops in Spring; playing hopscotch on the pavements. Parents didn't feel obliged to keep children constantly entertained, we had simple hobbies such as stamp collecting and scrapbooks. It never occurred to anyone that we could be molested or kidnapped.

Of course I don't deny that life has improved - I like central heating, washing machines, dishwashers and all the labour saving gadgets but I can't help feeling nostalgic and know that the restrictions of our time and childhood taught us about responsibility, values and aspirations and we had parentally imposed discipline and structure. Family life was grounded in rules and this made growing up all the more enticing as it freed us to become adults. It is because we had good times that we can appreciate what we have gained and what we have lost.

*Photographed outside O'Flynn's Shop in Burke Street in the 1950's are L to R: Margaret O'Flynn, Rita Walsh and Rita Morrissey.*

What are my hopes for the millennium? I would have to say that peace in our country would have to be a priority. So much blood, sweat and tears have gone in to the 'Good Friday Agreement' that it would be unthinkable that a positive lasting peace would not be possible. We have just to think about the bombing at Omagh to realise how very important this is. The town of Bethlehem is racing against the clock to transform itself in time for the Millennium and beyond. Between next Christmas and Easter 2001, as many as three million people or more, are expected to descend on the birthplace of Christ. What has been achieved in Bethlehem since Israeli military rule ended in 1995 is impressive. During the Palestinian Intifada, or uprising, it was a cauldron of hatred where stone-throwing children clashed almost daily with Israeli troops and clouds of tear gas blanketed the ancient streets. Today Bethlehem is proudly calling upon the world to "follow the Millennium Star to the city of Peace". Perhaps, we can learn a lesson from their experience!

What can we do for our young people in this new Millennium? Can we eliminate the violence in our society – the self-destruction – the evil of drugs? We must consider how best we can tackle these 'cankers' in our country. Will we again witness the genocide and ethnic cleansing which were a part of the 20th Century?

Recently an E.S.R.I. report tells us

that our booming little State boasts more than 3,000 homeless people. A documentary called 'A Fragile City' was screened by R.T.E. marking the 25 years of TRUST which was established by Alice Leahy who grew up at Annesgift, Fethard. It was a sharp and moving reminder of what can happen when a society no longer has a place for the outsider. Will this situation continue into the next Millennium?

The advent of the Millennium should give all of us an opportunity to look at things again but we can't build the future without destroying something of the past. ■

# Fethard & Killusty Anglers

*Jim Sayers (2nd from right) with the Irish team who flew to the European Fly Fishing Championships*

**At the European Championships** On the 21st of June we flew to the European Fly Fishing Championship in Slovakia, which is a breakaway state of the Czech Republic. From there we flew to Krakow in Poland followed by a three-hour journey by coach over the Tatras mountains into Slovakia. Our destination was a place called Liptousky Mikulas through which the river Vaih runs through .

For the following week we represented Ireland in the European Fly Fishing Championships. Four days were spent practicing with some Polish fishermen who showed us their method of nymph fishing for trout and grayling.

Our team consisted of a non-fishing captain and six fishermen. I was luckiest over the two days in our team and caught the most fish for which I received a prize. Team-wise we finished 11th out of 15 countries.

Slovakia is a very beautiful country but is also very poor. Apart from this it was a very enjoyable experience and I would like to thank all the people who helped make this trip possible for me with their sponsorship and to all my fishing friends a special 'thank you'.

*— Jim Sayers.*

Our annual general meeting was held in the Tirry Community Centre on Friday 26 February. At this meeting Thomas Fogarty was elected chair-

man, Matty Fleming, secretary, David Grant, treasurer. The following committee members were also elected: George McGrath, Tom Sayers, Tony Quigley and Norman Regan. The annual membership fee was set at £10. It was also agreed that there was to be a bag limit of six trout and a size limit of nine inches.

The spring competition was to be held on 25th April, the John Sayers competition on 23rd May, Eddie O'Neill and the J. O'Donnell competition on 22nd August. Only two were held and the remaining two competitions were cancelled due to very low water conditions.

The result of the 'Spring Competition' was: 1st Thomas Fogarty, 2nd George McGrath, 3rd Liam Boland. The result of the 'John Sayers Competition' was: 1st Thomas Fogarty, 2nd George McGrath, 3rd Matty Fleming.

The heaviest trout caught during the season were: Tommy Nicholls' three and a half pound trout, and Thomas Fogarty's two and a half pound trout. ■

*Tommy Nicholls holding his three and a half pound trout caught in the River Anner.*

# Season of mists & unashamed nostalgia

The rain had been falling for a coup1e of hours – it was that hardening early autumn rain with cold, sharp, needlepoint bites which presages the coming winter. On that late September day in 1961 it did not seem to trouble me as it would now. The enthusiasm of youth with all its hot-blooded passions and sense of "There is nothing I cannot do" had made me forget that I was gradually getting wet through. I did not seem to notice the swelling trickle of water down the back of my neck for there were other things occupying my mind

Ahead of me and just in front of the swaying footbridge beneath Kiltinan Castle, where the steady ripples of the stream made the dense, still lush, water-weed sway gently from side to side, I had spotted a tout rising. A large fish, I thought, from the confident way he took each insect which floated into his domain.

I cast gently to drop the Ginger Quill a foot or so above his feeding station. I watched tensely as the fly arrived above his head and I gazed with disappointment as this master of his element blithely ignored it and took the next natural insect which arrived above him. Persistence will pay off, I thought. I reeled in the line and fly, false cast it a few times to dry it off and applied some oil from the bottle in my pocket to make it float higher on

the surface

I cast again, this time right on top of the fish's head and this time he fell for it. Dropping it so close gave him no time to assess the matter and made him move a final, fatal time. In a second he was threshing about violently, seeking to break the hair-fine nylon cast by diving into the thick clump of weed to his left. I restrained him deftly and, in a matter of thirty seconds, I was reeling in a shining, three-quarter pound fish.

The rain eased a little. I moved downstream to that rough little island below the castle. Here the trees, not yet shorn completely of their foliage, offered some shelter. I took off my jacket and shook the raindrops from it. I sought to dry my neck and wrapped a handkerchief around it to stem the icy shower, which now chilled my back.

*Tommy Fogarty, Kilnockin*

At the side of the deep pool which had created the island, I spotted a sizeable specimen rising. There was a problem. The fast flowing stream which had gouged out the pool over decades did not permit the use of a dry fly for the current would quickly swamp such a lure.

I thought the problem over. A Pheasant Tail nymph, that slender, skimpy imitation of the hatching insect might work. I looked into my fly-box, not the purpose-built japanned tin version I spotted recently on sale at a tackle shop in Exeter's Cathedral Close, price £30, but an old St. Bruno tin, and found my last one. I fastened it carefully to the cast. I aimed it into the stream and let the strong current take it to the fish,

A second later I saw the quarry move and almost immediately felt a strong pull on the line as he seized the lure violently. The fish dived sharply, heading for the bed of the stream to rub out the deadly hook. I checked him and moved to stop him reaching the current where I knew the nylon cast could not hold him. By much persistence I drew him into calm water at the side of the pool, and in a short time I slipped the landing net beneath him.

The rain stopped. A faint glimmer of sunlight emerged through the parting

clouds. I noticed that a little bit more of Sliabh Na Mban was visible and the Holy Year Cross appeared briefly from out of the mist. I had been up the mountain twice in 1950 with my uncle Michael – on the Sunday before the cross was blessed by Archbishop O'Donnell and on the following Sunday for the blessing ceremony. On that latter occasion my father had taken me. It was a windy rain-swept scene. We all wore commemorative badges, which cost a shilling. Mine had blown away and Tommy Fogarty, who I recall lived with the Trehys at Kilnockin, had bought me a replacement. I was to climb the mountain again in 1964, this time to the very top and by myself. It was, on reflection, a stupid thing to do for had I fallen and broken a leg I could well have perished from exposure because the temperature up there is much colder and there is no shelter.

My attention returned to the river. The fish had stopped rising and I wondered how to interest them in taking the fly. I decided to stick with the Pheasant Tail nymph, so successful in that deep pool. This time I cast upstream over a fish I had noticed moving earlier. I saw him move towards the nymph through the gin-clear water, which characterises the spring fed stretch of river at Kiltinan. This water is fed and chilled by the ice-cold torrent that emerges from beneath the rock under the castle's foundations. The rock here is red in colour, tinted, so local legend had it in my youth, by the blood of a martyred bishop flung to his death from the battlements high above. (It is probably red sandstone, which accounts for its unusual hue.)

The fish seized the nymph, shot

*Local fishermen photographed in the 1960's.Back L to R: Eddie O'Neill, ?, John Sayers, Dicky Butler, ?, ?, ?, Jim Ryan and Jack Flynn. Front L to R: Johnny Keating, ?, ?, ?.*

swiftly across the current before I had a chance to stop him and was lost in the weeds. I reeled in my line and discovered to my delight that the Pheasant Tail nymph was still there and intact. Tales of the "one that got away", no, I do not think that this was the largest, just a bit more wary and resourceful than the rest.

The sky darkened once more, and the rain returned in thick penetrating drizzle, which soon penetrated the battered jacket I was wearing. However, with the return of the rain came another rise. I changed to a Pheasant Tail dry fly, oiled it, and cast over a likely target. He rose instantly to it and, after about thirty seconds of struggle where I succeeded in keeping him from the ever present but treacherous weed, I reeled him in.

As I placed him in the basket, whose strap now dug painfully into my shoulder from the weight of what I had already landed, I noticed that the light was fading. I looked at my watch and realised that it was nearly seven. I had been out since two and the hours had flown like minutes. I glanced up, noticed that a fish had broken the surface twenty yards away and moved in to stalk him.

A cast dropped the Pheasant Tail a few inches above his feeding position and a second later he seized the fly violently. A bigger than usual fish, I thought, as I felt his powerful lunge downwards seeking the river bed. He turned, heading for the weeds but I managed to restrain him. The Kiltinan weeds have been the salvation of uncountable trout and the frustration of generations of trout anglers. I drew him into clear water and gently eased him towards the landing net. A pound weight of glistening fish emerged and I put him into my basket.

The light had almost gone. I decided to call it a day. The following day would be 1st October, the beginning of that weary five-month-long spell, that arid desert for fishermen, we call the close season.

I half realised that for me it would have a greater significance. I had left school that previous summer. Jobs were scarce, I was making out, just, by producing trout flies for sale but this was no life-long career. That September was to be the last one I would spend in Fethard. Although I did not realise it, the close season that was to follow presaged the longer close season of adult life. Less than twelve months later I would be embarking on that lengthy expedition called career with all its successes, failures and frustrations. Fishing at Kiltinan was the idyllic prelude to that more serious business called life and a lasting prelude it has proved to be.

In my mind I still stalk trout below the castle, I still feel the numbing chill of the spring-fed river, I see the prime fish line up the tasty morsels of aquatic insects as they float on the stream and devour them greedily as they arrive within reach. I still hanker after that now blissful existence but realise that it was a part to be cherished of a joyful youth, never to return.

Reality was the heavy rain which dogged my homeward progress that dark evening but memory dwells increasingly on the sunshine, the memories of carefree youth, and recollection insulates you against some of the harsher realities of everyday existence. ■

*by Tommy Healy*

# Slievenamon Pilgrimage – 15th August '99

*Photographs supplied by Bert and Janneke van Dommelen, Wishy's Tiegh, Slievenamon*

# Community Games

This historic last year of the century was fairly successful for Fethard/Killusty Community Games. Participation was good. We entered competitions in art, athletics, u/10 mixed GAA, u/13 hurling, judo, model-making and u/16 girls volleyball. Art medals at area level went to the following, Gold medals: Lorraine Cannon, Darren Connolly, Lisa Condon, Jack O'Sullivan, Samantha O'Brien, Cathal Maher, Sharon Duggan and James D'Arcy. Silver medals: Nicola Gleeson, David Walsh, Amy Smyth, J.P. McGrath, Lucy Sheehan, David Lee, Sarah Costelloe and Gavin Lee. Bronze Medals: Laura Rice, Philip Doyle, Aoife Delaney, Tomás O'Connell, Patricia Lee, Kieran Leahy, Stacey Grace, John Kearney.

At the county finals Cathal Maher won his third successive gold medal and finished a respectable 5th at the national finals held in Mosney. Jack O'Sullivan also won a silver medal at the county finals.

Gold medals in athletics went to the following: Colin Grant, Frankie O'Donovan, Christopher Sheehan, Declan Doyle, Michael McCarthy, Anthony Hanrahan, David Sullivan Eoin Maher, David Kelly John Noonan. Jenny Pyke, Kelly Fox, Claire O'Brien, Cliodhna McCarthy, Stephanie Lawrence, Tracy Burke, Kate Hanrahan, Ciara O'Keeffe. Silver medals to: Daniel Hickey, Kevin Quigley, Glen Carroll, Aaron O'Donovan, Aaron O'Meara, Josh Harrison, Darren O'Meara, Nicola O'Meara, Sarah McManus, Donna Ryan, Stacey Grace, Bronze Medals went to: James Kelly, Jason Lawrence, Darren Sharpe, Eye Sullivan, Katie Coen, Lesley O'Meara, Sarah Conway, Lisa Ryan, Samantha Feery

At the county finals, Stephanie Lawrence won a gold medal with silver going to Eoin Maher. Stephanie had the upset of a few false starts at Mosney but ran a great race finishing fifth.

In the cross-country David Sullivan,

*Fethard & Killusty Community Games group photographed in the 1980's*

Barrettstown, qualified in the county finals in Thurles and was part of the Tipperary Team who won silver medals at the National Finals. He was also the individual Bronze medallist.

Anthony Feery, Killusty won the silver medals in marathon at the county finals and was a member of the Tipperary Team who competed at the national finals. Bernard Feery, Killusty acted as county athletics manager at the national finals.

Gold medallists in judo at the county final were: Tommy Sheehan, Aaron O'Donovan, Richard Gorey, D.J. Gorey, Stacey Grace Silver: Frankie O'Donovan, Daniel Hickey, Michael John Murphy, Lorraine Feery, Grace Maher, Jason Lawrence. Bronze medallists: Padraig O'Shea, Michael Costelloe, Colin Shanahan, Bernadette Costelloe, Christopher Sheehan, Samantha Feery, Seamus O'Keeffe, Cathal Gorey,

At the Munster finals it was victory once more for Richard Gorey with Jason Lawrence, D.J. Gorey and Stacey Grace all filling the runner-up spot. Richard Gorey made it three in a row winning the u/35kg event at the national finals. This was only his second time competing at Mosney having won a silver medal last year.

Model making gold medal winners at area level were David Gorey, Joey Feery and Mary Gorey. Silver was won by: Darragh Dwyer and Sarah Mai Ahearn. Bronze to; Jerome Ahearn and Stacey Grace. At the county finals gold was won by Joey Feery; silver by David Gorey and Mary Gorey; and bronze went to Darragh Dwyer.

The under/10 GAA gave their managers and supporters some great excitement in their games, winning their first match against St. Peter & Paul's, Clonmel, they then defeated a well fancied team from Drangan/Cloneen but they were beaten by Powerstown/Lisronagh who went on to draw in the county final against Templemore. They drew again in the replay and only lost in the last few minutes of extra time, so this was good form for the Fethard Lads, Team consisted of: Jack O'Sullivan (Goal) Paul McCarthy, Lory Kenny, Cathal Gorey, Adrian Lawrence, Christopher Sheehan, Tommy Sheehan, Aaron O'Donovan, Frankie O'Donovan, James Kelly, Declan Doyle, Andrew Walsh, Alan O'Connor, Joss Harrison, Kieran Ryan, J.P McGrath, Glen Maher, Ben Walsh, Michael John Murphy and Colin Bradshaw.

In the u/16 volleyball our county champions were Marian Harrington (Capt), Caroline Croke, Vanessa O'Donnell, Alison Holohan, Yvette Wash, Donna Wash, Evelyn O'Connor, Noelle Leahy, Patrice Tobin, & Lily Maher. These girls were very impressive at Munster where they defeated both Clare and Limerick on their way to National Finals. They had a rousing victory over Graigcullen, Carlow, in the semi-final and the final against Loughrea, Galway had to go to the third set where Fethard emerged with silver medals. Denis Burke & Bernie O'Connor were volleyball managers. Former competitor Jennifer Keane was a national volleyball referee at the finals in Mosney. Others from Fethard to occupy National Positions were:- Joe Keane, Miceál McCormack, Eric O'Donnell & Ailish O'Connell (Coolmoyne). The hurling team had many commitments and were unable to play their game by the closing date.

There was a fund-raising campaign prior to the Mosney finals and also a church gate collection. The committee and all concerned would like to express their sincere thanks to all the community who gave tremendous support to these ventures. Coolmore Stud also gave their annual sponsorship. Without all these wonderful people it would be very hard to survive. Thanks also to all managers, coach's, parents and everybody who helped. We hope to see new members for the millennium.

Current officers are:- Very Rev. James Canon Power, P.P. (president); Joe Keane (chairman); Phyllis Grace (secretary); Joe Keane / Peggy Colville (treasurers); M.C. Maher (development officer); Peggy Colville (P.R.O.). Delegate to GAA Co. Board is Michael Fitzgerald. The committee: Helena O'Shea, Miceál McCormack, Michael O'Hagen, Jim O'Meara, Denis O'Meara, Denis Burke.

The AGM held on Tuesday 9th November the following officers were elected Chairman: Joe Keane, Vice Chairman: Michael Fitzgerald, Secretary: Phyllis Grace, Treasurers: Peggy Colville & Joe Keane, PRO: Peggy Colville, Delegates to Co. Board: Michael Fitzgerald & Phyllis Grace. Committee: Denis Burke, M.C. Maher, Frances Thompson, Rita Hall, Gerard Gahan, Mrs. Costelloe, Rose Gorey, Miceál McCormack & Michael Dwyer.

Wishing all a Happy Christmas and a Peaceful Millennium. ■

*Fethard & Killusty athletes who qualified for this year's National Community Games finals in Mosney. Back L to R: Richard Gorey, Donna Walsh, Yvette Walshe, Caroline Croke, Vanessa O'Donnell, Patrice Tobin. Front L to R: Stephanie Lawrence, Alison Holohan, Noelle Leahy, Lily Maher and Evelyn O'Connor. Missing from photo are: Cathal Maher, Joey Feery, Marian Harrington and Bernard Feery.*

# Fethard Players

*Fethard Players cast of this year's production 'A Letter from the General'.*
*L to R: Mary O'Connell, Seamus Hayes, Marian Gilpin, Anne Connolly, Michael McCarthy, Lisa Rice, Mia Treacy, Carmel Rice. Seated in front is Roger Mehta.*

Our production for this year was a drama by an Australian playwright Maurice McLouglan called "A Letter from the General". We had staged it before in 1984 and our producer, Austin O'Flynn, thought it worthy of repeating. It is the story of a community of Irish nuns set in an Eastern Country, maybe China, in the 1950's as they were being expelled by the communist regime. The General, and Governor of the Province, had been educated by the same nuns, one of whom was his godmother, hence the intrigue of the play. It ran for six nights in our beautiful little Abymill Theatre, to very appreciative audiences. The cast included Anne Connolly, Mary O'Connell, Marian Gilpin, Mia Treacy, Carmel and Lisa Rice, Michael McCarthy, Seamus Hayes and Roger Mehta. We were delighted to welcome three new members to the cast, Mia, Seamus and Roger, lovely to work with, and a very talented trio. Rehearsals were great fun and there was great camaraderie among the cast.

The history of the Fethard Players, known originally as The Tirry Players, goes back to the 20's, so there is a great tradition to be kept up in the next Millennium.

During the 1990's we staged such plays as: The New Gossoon; Brush With a Body; Who is William Tirry; The Diary of Anne Frank; An Inspector Calls; Juno and the Paycock; Dancing at Lughnasa; The Loves of Cass Maguire and Wanted One Body.

Thanks to Austy, our ever patient producer, for all his blood, sweat and tears. Austy produced his first play for the Fethard Players in 1969, 'The Patsy', and is producing plays ever since. Well done Austy. ■

# By their fruits you shall know them

As we approach the end of this century, perhaps this is as good a time as any to look back on the individuals, clubs, societies and organisations that made Fethard a better place to live in and maybe a better place to hand on to future generations to continue the good work.

Many of these contributed to their own clubs and organisations while others contributed in a more general sphere.

The oldest known clubs and organisations in Fethard are the Tipperary Foxhounds and the GAA club founded in 1884, followed by the ICA and the Dramatic Society in 1926. Hunting has, down the years, played a most important part in the life of the community. Apart from the sport, it provided many spin-offs in employment, and horse, fodder and tack sales which have been a great boom to the area throughout the century. Established in its present form in 1820, the outstanding masters of the 20th century were Richard Burke MFH and Michael Higgins MFH. The popularity of the Tipperary Foxhounds in Fethard in the early part of the century may be gleaned from the report of the return of Mr Burke to Fethard for his second period as master in 1912.

"Business was suspended for the opening meet. Throughout the previous night bonfires blazed. Arches were raised. A magnificent torchlight procession was held through the town, local bands played stirring airs. As the Master and Archdeacon Ryan drove up the street there was lusty cheering".

The GAA has provided an excellent outlet for the sporting inclinations of Fethard youth throughout the years. The fame of Fethard footballers has made the name Fethard known throughout Munster and beyond. To name the best players of the century is an impossible task. The whole fifteen who were almost unbeatable in the teens and twenties will forever be remembered. In more recent times the

*Tipperary Hunt Meet on the Square Fethard c.1920*

*Fethard Football Team 1924-25. Back: Sean O'Shea, John Weston, Ned Connolly, Gerry Phelan, Tommy Hogan, Jack Delaney, Mick Gunne, Connie Fitzgerald. Middle: Tom Tubridy, Tommy Healy, Billy O'Flynn, Ned Cummins (Captain), Jim Gorman, Gus (Duffy) McCarthy, Ned O'Shea. Front: Jack Brett, Dan Mullins.*

names of Dick Allen, Cly Mullins, Liam Connolly, Gus Danaher and Brian Burke spring to mind. Ned O'Shea, full-back and captain for Fethard and Tipperary seventy years ago was outstanding. His high fielding and lengthy kicking with both feet made him one of the great players of an era when Tipperary football ranked with the best. Senior citizens who saw most of the players of the past fifty years and more in action give the vote of the best player to Dick Allen.

Dick, selected seven years in succession by the Munster selectors, was a player whose selection as the best no one could quibble with. A true gentleman and sportsman on and off the field he exemplified all that is best in Fethard football. Fethard also had more than its share of dedicated officials: Dick Cummins (senior) and Dick McCarthy (hotel) from the earliest years; John O'Shea, John Keating, Tommy Hogan, Paddy Fitzgerald and Dick Cummins are just a few other names that spring to mind. Eddie Kenrick was secretary of the South Tipperary GAA Board in 1909 and 1910. Ned O'Shea was chairman from 1917 to 1923. His son John filled the position 1928 to 1936 and John Keating was chairman 1955, the last occasion on which a Fethard man held the position. Miceál McCormack (Kerry Street) is the current vice-chairman.

The Fr. Tirry Players, a dramatic society now known as the Fethard Players, has upheld their own high standards set in the early years of its foundation. Austy O'Flynn is the current driving force behind productions, and has been for a long long time. Austy is the perfect example of "a prophet not being known in his own land". Mainly through his efforts Fethard has now its own magnificent

Abymill theatre. Austy rarely appears on stage. Unheralded and unsung he goes about his labour of love. His contribution to the artistic and cultural scene in Fethard over the years should never be forgotten.

Canon Hogan, after whom the Hogan Musical Society is named, was the driving force behind the well-known Fethard Pantomimes of the forties and fifties. The great characters who played in them: Louis O'Donnell, Billy O'Flynn, Eddie O'Neill, Paddy McLellan, Tom Barrett and Ned Maher, to mention but a few, provided exciting entertainment for the people of Fethard in their time.

*Olivia Hughes*

While on the entertainment scene, the musicians in a million, Tom Sheehan and the Twilight Sernaders, played for countless numbers of dancers in the old Fethard Town Hall and in most other Ballrooms of Romance around the country.

Fethard was one of the first branches to affiliate to the Irish Countrywoman's Association when the ICA was formed. A branch of the United Irish Women the forerunner of the ICA, was also in existence in Fethard. Synonymous with the ICA in Fethard is the name of Mrs Hughes, who in my opinion is Fethard's person of the century. A monument to the good lady stands outside Fethard Town Hall and no one better deserves it. Mrs Hughes was a woman before her time. She foresaw the need for better nutrition, better housing, better medical attention for the less well off members of the community, especially the children, long before the welfare state was ever heard of. She was responsible for bringing the first district nurse, Nurse Jennings, to Fethard. Mrs Hughes also established milk depots, before pasteurising or even bottling of milk was heard of. These depots ensured a constant supply of reasonably priced milk for all. The coffee van on fair days, providing a much needed service, followed after her taking compassion on the cattle drovers standing on the street at 4am on cold winters morning. She also formed a mouth organ band and a youth group to develop self-confidence in country children. Alice Leahy, internationally known for her work with the homeless, always pays tribute to Mrs Hughes' work with the rural youth, when Alice was a schoolgirl in Fethard. One could go on and on but Olivia Hughes certainly did more than one person's share to make Fethard a better place to live in. Other members of the Church of Ireland who also did excellent work were Mrs Toppin, a most charitable lady who in true

*This is a photograph of the last few houses that were knocked to build Mockler's Terrace in the 1930's. The owners all got new houses. (Photograph taken by Joe Coffey)*

Christian fashion did not "let her right hand know what her left was doing". Canon Patton, a good kindly rector, ran a successful nursing garden at the rectory, a garden centre before the term was known. He provided employment for at least six people and any boy who was prepared to do a day's weeding earned a half a crown, which was much more than the going rate at the time. The Canon sent his plants all over Ireland by rail and the term, Patton's Gardens, was known throughout the land.

While on the subject of individuals P.J. Henehan is another who comes to mind. Never slow to come forward when help was needed, he was always willing to provide, first of all, a horse and cart and latterly, a lorry with a few men to help out with any parish project. I must also mention the Misses Mockler who were two very charitable ladies from Mockler's Terrace, The Valley. They had built the terrace of houses to alleviate the very poor housing conditions existing in that area at the time and it is now a monument and a constant reminder of their many good deeds.

Dr. Stokes, who looked after the medical needs of the Fethard district single-handed without the use of modern medical advances such as antibiotics etc., was another "prophet not known in his own land" and perhaps did not get the recognition he deserved. Dean Lee, in more recent times, contributed more than his share. Recognition has been given and tributes in previous Newsletter articles. His affinity for Fethard is still shown by his regular attendance at the funeral masses of many of his former

parishioners. Fr. Stapleton RIP, a great sociologist, through his good work established the present Tirry Community Centre, which is proving such a great boon to the town.

Fr. Cunningham almost single-handedly was responsible for building the Sports Centre. All my spare time as a boy and man was given to activities where a ball or a dog was involved. Personally I feel the Sports Centre is not being fully utilised by the community to its full potential.

The 'Fethard at Home' website has made Fethard internationally known and provides a very important link with Fethard and its emigrants and their descendants, some of whom are three and four generations removed from the town of their forbears, but have never lost the connection with their Fethard roots.

The Fethard Credit Union, the brothers and sisters of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Meals on Wheels committee, the Friends of Fethard who did such excellent work on the restoration of the ancient Fethard Town Wall are just some of the organisations in addition to the individuals I have mentioned who have worked hard and voluntarily for the betterment of their town. A town, historical as it may be, is made of mortar and stone, it can be steeped in history and folklore, but at any time it is only as good as its citizens.

Fethard has always been fortunate to have good men and women, who were always prepared to give themselves unselfishly to make Fethard a better place to live in. These memories are just the recollections of one who is proud to be called a Fethard man. Written without files or records the individuals and organisations listed are just a few examples of the many.

I am certain some will mightily say Oh! He should have mentioned 'so and so' or this particular committee and I am sure they will be right.

However here's to Fethard and the next 1,000 years, the town that has been described as, "The town where they never go to bed and never get up", "the home of the racehorse and hunting", and "the biggest little town in Ireland". Perhaps a cross section of all three would be an apt description. ■

*by Tony Newport*

*The last of Fethard's 'Corner Boys' who meet for a chat every Sunday morning at McDonnell's corner after Mass. L to R: Pat Mullins, Shem Butler, Jimmy O'Shea, Jim Fogarty and Ned Connolly.*

# Lamentation of the Kitchen Haggard Long Gone By

*by Jimmy O'Donnell*

*You must rise to the occasion son always with delight*
*Fall into the arms of morning and lift the blinds of night*
*Then signpost the simple Art of Living with steady hand and single eye*
*That's a blueprint sealed in the old man's box of thyme.*
*Resting his gaze, 'twas a natural thing for him*
*To come and paint the private intimacy of one's own living place*
*And gauge the sanctuary of the kitchen haggard on any August day*
*And single out a donkey cart freshly painted a crimson red*
*Shafted in blue against a sugawned rick of hay.*
*The tailboard new in shavings planed by mastermen of boards*
*Razored edge to the very inch by the Conway boys and Co.*
*A goat and kid munch and gorge in silence, the cidered fruit*
*Beneath a rainbow of apple trees, plums ruby red,*
*Pears amber and apple green, blackthorn sloes and blackberries*
*Sweet and sour blobbing inkwells of juice drip-drying*
*In the dappled sun of the noon-day heat.*
*And along the Autumnal cat walk a pheasant cock-walk*
*The zigzag trodden path to the crossing springing well,*
*Flaps and scurries through the fuchsia and fading yellow whines*
*And stools and stools of rhubarb stand sentry*
*Headlanding drills of new potato stalks blossoming*
*Pinks, Queens, eager blues, balls of flour in bloom.*

*Now smoking memories on an empty chair*
*Drawn by an open fire, the soot-lined chimney transcending*
*The Archive rhythms of the haggarding years.*
*A rusted paint tin a beckoned red sparks a cat's eye*
*Behind the donkey shed, cart wheels, broken spokes a tailboard*
*Tumbling recollections, Tilting "Still Life"*
*Against the hinged off blistering door, tackling cob-webbed*
*Corroding that drew that sugawned rick of hay*
*And the old man's coat of arms blazoning*
*A steady hand and single eye.*
*His heraldry aloof crest-plated*
*In a legacy of natural art*
*The donkey-cart, the orchard haggard*
*With stools and stools of rhubarb*
*And rakes of spuds in bloom.*
*Bia-Bia-Bia*
*Re-echoing the famine years decay*
*With food for thought in silence*
*Lamenting the landscaped haggard*
*Long gone by.* ■

# Eventful Years

*by Jimmy McInerney*

The century closing will ever be remembered as remarkable for calamities of various kinds. This period has been referred to us "The Hundred Years of Horror". Many solemn things have happened – political troubles, civil strife at home and abroad - wars, earthquakes and famines.

*"There is no God, the wicked saith,*
*And truly 'tis a blessing;*
*For what he might have done with us*
*It's better only guessing."*

*— A.H. Clough*

It was in many ways the self-contained-world of Kickham's countryside, where the poor were dependent on casual charity, but, not as mythical and remote from us as the Fields of Attica.

It was above all a squire's countryside. The magistrate; justice of the peace, monarch of all he surveyed, petty tyrant or benevolent despot, according to his temperament, hard riding, hard drinking, in the saddle six days a week, half the time in pursuit of the fox.

At the heart of that society, hierarchical in structure, in which social class expressed social functions, were the gentry; for a long time the real rulers of Ireland, as landowners, magistrates, members of parliament, partners in town commerce, this tough enduring tribe to which history has paid too little attention.

At the time, Kilnockin races, an annual event of great importance locally, was in no small measure due is their influence. The highlights of coarse were the dinner giving, the influx of race goers, the competitive spirit shown on the racecourse. The race ball was a sight for sore eyes. "Sartorial Elegance" and visions of loveliness bursting out all over. Brazen snobbery went unchecked.

The Anglo-Boer War of Oct. 1899 was an important item for debate. We were a garrison town and Military matters affected us. The exploits of generals, Roberts, Kitchener, Buller and Kruger, made headline news, and the popular papers of the time have detailed coverage of events like the siege of Mafeking. Spion Kop captured Irish troops to wear the shamrock on St Patrick's day at Burgheradrop. A cartoon in the "Freemans Journal" on the relief of "Ladysmith" caused much smirking with the occasional dig in the ribs for effect. The conflict ended in June 1900.

That great innovator "Time" has wrought many changes. The condition of our present inhabitants is, in many respects, very different from that which existed a century ago.

Today a family of small means may truthfully say that they are lodged in a house that affords them comforts unknown 100 years ago. Then we had a great variety of small trade shops serving the needs of the community. Mass production would eventually put them all out of business.

The Industrial Revolution across the water required workers able to read and write. Compulsory education saw to it that this need was fulfiled – our newly established schools 'Presentation' and 'Patrician' orders had the full compliment of students,

no doubt all eager to get their foot on the first rung of the ladder.

Old heads would say that everything changed with the coming of the pedal cycle or push-bike, for like most things new, the bike had been available for years before it became commonly used.

When James Stanley begin producing the "Rover Safety" bicycle in Coventry in 1885 there was a dramatic increase in the number of cyclists. As well as being a safe model, it also looked safer with its two medium sized wheels together with a wide choice of bells and whistles. Bicycle lamps were in demand too, though they had come a long way from the first cycle lamp which consisted of a candle in a small box fitted to the "Penny Farthing".

Without any doubt, the development of the bicycle added new dimensions to the restricted lives of the people. It was a movement from smaller to bigger. A man born and bred in town – often knew very little or had a vague idea of places six or seven miles distant; this new mode of transport got him off the ground and enabled many to see what lay on the other side of the hill. Strange to say, cycling in its early years was considered to be an upper class pursuit.

In time our local postmen were among the first to master the art of cycling, and in many instances not without much difficulty, but, what a blessing it proved to be, a welcome change from trudging the weary miles to deliver a much sought after letter or parcel.

The history of almost every civilised country in the first quarter of the twentieth century will centre around the gathering and breaking of the World War storm and its aftermath of woe. In Ireland the realities of war seemed but to hasten the centuries-old military struggle to put an end to the administrative control of the British government.

Revolutionaries, reformers dream that they can change the world, but at what cost, they forget human nature is, regardless of structure, selfish, grasping and brutish.

The World War ended in November 1918 and so did the lives of millions of young men.

*The Cruel war was over – oh,*
*the triumph was so sweet!*
*We watched the troops returning,*
*thro our tears;*
*There was triumph, triumph,*
*triumph down the scarlet glittering street*
*And you scarce could hear*
*the music for the cheers*
*And you scarce could see the housetops*
*For the flags that flew between*
*The bells were pealing madly to the sky;*
*And everyone was shouting*
*for the soldiers of the Queen*
*And the glory of an age was passing by.*
*And then there came a shadow, swift*
*And sudden dark and drear;*
*The bells were silent, not an echo stirred*
*The flags were drooping sullenly,*
*the men forget to cheer;*
*We waited, and we never spoke a word.*
*The sky grew darker, darker,*
*till from out the gloomy rack*
*There came a voice that checked*
*the heart with dread:*
*Tear down, tear down your bunting now,*
*and hang up your subtle black;*
*They are coming – It's the Army of the Dead.*
*— (R.W. Service)*

After the Armistice all the horrors of murderous guerrilla warfare engulfed us here. A minority refused to accept the treaty with England or be bound by it. A period of reckless destruction

was to follow. Government buildings, many containing priceless records, were burned to the ground, including our grand military barracks.

Our townspeople were outraged to witness a historical and architectural gem being reduced to a smouldering heap of rubble. This tangible result of wanton destruction was to rob the town of a future Government settlement.

For years afterwards, this shameful ruin presented a monumental eyesore – standing there for all the world like a lost outpost of some ancient civilisation.

But in spite of these calamities the free state treaty held and saved the situation by courage and perseverance. Hostilities ended in July 1923.

During the following four decades the country was an economic wasteland. Poverty, unemployment, emigration were ongoing evils without hope of remedial action being taken. Religious repression, political bitterness and a bleak cultural isolationism made life unpleasant for the less fortunate.

Out of this ugly morass, two remarkable people by courage and selfless giving were able to improve the quality of life for us here in Fethard. All of us owe a debt of gratitude to Olivia Hughes, an extraordinary woman who was inspirational to those around her. She lifted the gloom from the drudgery people had to endure. Summer schools, Country Markets, various arts and crafts, the ICA and the National Council for the Blind owe their existence to her enterprise.

Canon Patton, Anglican clergyman, horticulturist and true Christian. It could be truly said of him: He practiced what he preached. From his meagre resources he put bread on many tables, he trained generations in gardening skills. The poor in bad times beat a path to his door and were graciously received. Frugal by habit, but generous to those in need.

It's fashionable today to heap honours on people of little merit, but to overcome the animosity and dispute common in their time was indeed a notable achievement.

The countryside pattern changed little until 1939, except for additional machinery reducing horse numbers. The outbreak of World War II changed all this. Threats of starvation through cut sea lanes meant grass ploughed up, and rough areas de-bushed and brought into food production.

Plots of land with free seed potatoes were allocated to families. Preservation of landscapes had no place in a society threatened with starvation and possible defeat. The major change affecting the familiar landscapes has been the disappearance of hedgerows and trees, with the resulting prairie image.

To faithfully record and set a stage for all the changes that have shaped our lives this century would require something larger than our "Newsletter". The good things that made life better and eased the never ending struggle. Chapters could be written on the coming of the motor car, wireless, rural electricity, the telephone, fairdays, our rail link with the outside world (perhaps for another time), not forgetting the sewerage scheme which facilitated piped water and the dispersal of human waste. Are the times when we were poor, hungry, uneducated nationalists gone forever?

Gone are the days when we were

expected to look after ourselves. The work of charities and self-help groups were all we could rely upon to keep us from the poorhouse. If your parents or grandparents were born in the late thirties, they would have seen the "Welfare State" come of age. It expanded into the National Health Service in England in 1948. They would have lived through its golden days – the fifties, sixties and seventies when doctors and teachers, civil servants and local government officials promised to look after everyone equally – from the cradle to the grave. They would have seen industries nationalised so that government could ensure full employment and manage productivity. They would have been educated by the state, nursed by it, and seen it care for their parents as they retired and their health deteriorated in old age.

A long time ago we wriggled out from under the lion's paw. Now we are on the back of the Tiger. An unpredictable creature you'll agree.

We began this twentieth century believing in moral progress; we leave it hoping that we recognise our shortcomings, and put safeguards in place – a depressing note on which to enter a new Millennium. ■

# Waltie piped at the post

*Local election candidate Waltie Moloney (left) photographed outside the Fethard polling booth on election morning, Friday 11th June, with Danny Kane and Liam Cloonan (right).*

Fethard's Waltie Moloney made a tremendous effort in his first attempt to be elected in the County Council elections held this year. Waltie polled the magnificent total of 830 first preference votes and surprised more than few by his excellent showing. Local political pundits were

of the informed opinion that if he had represented any particular party he would have headed the poll. He very nearly made it and would have but for the following reasons: many local loyal members of the major parties freely admitted that they felt duty bound to vote party instead of person or town. An independent candidate, as is also well known, receives very few second preferences votes. One hundred and fifty spoilt votes were cast in Fethard. Tally men have recorded over 90% of these spoilt ballot papers had intended to vote number one Waltie Moloney. Waltie would have been elected had these votes been properly recorded.

Waltie and his supporters were naturally very disappointed at being so close to and yet so far from success. However, they have no need to be, as the Fethard electorate did not let them down. Yet after 40 years, Fethard is still without a local County Councillor. There will always be another day!

Two long serving Councillors in the Fethard electoral area retired before this years election – Ned Brennan, Killenaule, and John Holohan, Ballinard. Happy retirement to Ned and John and thanks for all their dedication to community work over the years.

The successful candidates elected for the Fethard electoral area this year were: Denis Landy (Lab) Clerical Officer; Susan Meagher (F.F.) Housewife; Denis Bourke (F.F.) Public Representative; Eddie O'Meara (Non-party) Sales Manager; John Fahey (F.G.) Farmer; and Pat O'meara (F.F.) Building Contractor. ■

# Champion Belclare Ram Lamb

Richard Lalor, Rathkenty, Lisronagh, with his sons John and Richard being presented with the O'Dea Cup for the Supreme Champion Belclare Ram Lamb at the premium sale in Kilkenny on August 3rd, 1999, by Mary Jo O'Dea. On the right is Laurence White, Rathkenny, who showed the champion.

Richard and Anne Lalor have been breeding Belclare sheep for only two years so it was a great achievement to win the championship. They also had the third prize winning ram lamb.

The Belclare breed are noted for their prolificacy and good mothering ability and have been developed by Teagasc at Belclare in Co. Galway over the last fourteen years. ■

# Fethard, a century – as viewed from Madam's Bridge

*by Tom McCormack*

A number of years ago a traffic accident involving a car and trailer demolished a section of Madam's bridge sending some of the cut stone parapet into the river below, and while an effort was made to rebuild it, one would have to admit, it is just not the way it should be.

You might very well say a bridge is a bridge and stones are not that important, but I wonder? I think that a bridge which spans a river and leads to the main artery of the town is very important indeed. I'm sure if the removed stones themselves could only speak, imagine the historic events they could relate to the present day youth.

At the start of this century a large contingent of the British army occupied the military barracks at the corner of the town square. This led to great prosperity for the shopkeepers and also the local farmers. It was a cavalry regiment so a vast amount of oats and straw was required to feed their horses. Up to six bakeries were kept busy while groceries, pubs and fruit and vegetable shops were kept quite busy also. It would be fair to say that during those years the town was thriving. The majority of the commodities supplied crossed over Madam's Bridge.

This time of prosperity was disturbed around 1914 with the start of the "Great War". Foolishly or otherwise, depending on how you view it,

*Drawing of Madam's Bridge and Main Street Gateway, Fethard, by George Du Noyer c.1840*
*(by kind permission of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland)*

young men from the parish crossed the bridge to follow Kitchener after four years of a bloody, fruitless conflict. Some crossed back over the bridge, a lot did not.

Later on, it witnessed the casualties of the war of Independence, who included the late Tommy Lee and three army officers of the Lincolnshire Regiment executed after a court martial by the Irish Republican Army near Clerihan. Shortly after those executions, the Lincolns and Black & Tans crossed over to burn and loot the town and return, from whence they came, to Cashel.

In the early twenties British troops marched over the bridge on their way to the railway station bound for Dublin and Rosslare, and brought to an end British occupation of Fethard. British Troops had hardly returned home when one of the greatest scourges to beset this country occurred, namely the Civil War. Brother against brother, family against family, the worst of all kinds of conflict and Madam's Bridge witnessed all. First the arrival of the Free Staters to take over the vacant military barracks, later to be ousted by the 'Irregulars'. After a short period they in turn were defeated by the returning Free State Troops. In the latter conflict the 'Irregulars' burned the former British Military Barracks on their departure.

The late twenties and early thirties saw conflict on the streets between members of the Fianna Fail Party supporters and Cumann Na Gael supporters and from the latter came the 'Blue Shirts' private army led by Eoin O Duffy. The bridge once again saw the tramping feet of men going to join O Duffy's regiment, others to join – The International Workers Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. This ended in 1939 and just as Europe and Ireland were ready to enjoy some peace, up jumps Hitler and Chamberlain to start another major scrap which lasted six years. We called this The Emergency and began a major recruitment to build up our regular force and the part-timers called the Local Defence Force (L.D.F.) as it was known. Once again the old viaduct felt the pounding of heavy brown army boots. The boots of our men, not those of the invader.

The late forties and early fifties was a mixture of all sorts. The Capital Cinema opened its doors allowing people to enjoy in comfort the films of the day. Long queues trailed across the bridge to see films like "The Quiet Man", "Mise Eire" and others, especially on a Sunday evening. Local pantomimes were a yearly event running for a week, and never failed to entertain the patrons. Coolmoyne hurlers, ,both senior and minor, crossed over with South Championship cups. So did the Fethard Senior and Minor football team again as South Champions.

One of the largest funerals to cross in those years was that of General George Plant executed in the early forties for I.R.A. activities. He was exhumed at Portlaoise prison and re-interred at St Johnstown.

The one-day Fethard Carnival was a renowned event throughout the county and further afield. Crowds poured down the Cashel Road from the train which left Waterford, stopping at Carrick and Clonmel. The throng would be led by the Clonmel Boys Club Pipers Band. The Fancy Dress Parade was quite famous throughout the province an entry had to be really

*Sean Ward driving Bishop O'Donnell and Canon Ryan P.P. over Madam's Bridge in 1950 when Bishop Patrick Mary O'Donnell returned home to bless the Holy Year Cross on Slievenamon.*

special to capture a prize on the day. The one memory that stands out for me above most was to see the large group of nuns pressing against the iron gate to get a glimpse of the numerous groups of young girls they had entered in the parade. In those days the Sisters were outstanding supporters of this annual event.

In the early fifties the townspeople erected buntings and hung papal flags from windows to welcome home Archbishop O'Donnell. The Men's Sodality Brass Band, led and conducted by Tom Hickey, marched over the bridge through Kerry Street and Congress Terrace to meet his eminence who was seated in a red open-topped car looking "hail and hearty".

While a fair share of enjoyment was had by most over the latter period of this century, the greatest curse to hit the parish since the famine struck was mass emigration. In silence and before our eyes the surrounding area was stripped of its most valuable asset. Young men and women with cardboard cases and bundles beneath their arms crossed the bridge on their way to the railway station. There they commenced the long journey to the cities and large towns of England in an effort to avoid the poverty and poor standard of living that existed here. A number of girls entered the nursing profession while the young men worked in the bars, bus companies, railways, mines and with building contractors.

Married men also emigrated leaving their wives and families at home, returning only for their annual two week holiday. Others left England on the £5 scheme to Australia. Quite a number went to their eternal reward,

interred in English cemeteries. They had never returned at any time prior to death. The incredible thing about the whole business was, that those with power, made no effort to stop the exodus or even decry it. It was around this decade the Shell Guide to Ireland described Fethard as a "decayed market town" lying between Cashel and Callan.

The sixties arrived and the Bridge saw an increase in motorised traffic. The Prefect, Anglia and Morris Minor travelling at 30 miles per hour plus, forced the councils to give up the steam roller and green caravan and get down to proper road tarring, giving the Bridge a number of facelifts. Cars became increasingly popular as the rail link between Clonmel and Thurles closed, thanks to the government of the day and an Englishman called Bucannan who was hired to do the job. Small industries opened in Clonmel and this gave some employment to the small Fethard work force.

Around this time the town saw the last Fair Day, an event which had been held on the first Tuesday of the month for nearly a century and at the end of the decade the cinema closed its doors. Never again would we sit in the pit and enjoy such great law enforcers as Jonnie McBrown, Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers and the Lone Ranger.

The local branch of Muintir na Tire secured funds to build a small factory at Red City which was taken over by Sherrards, dealers in farm machinery. This employed a small number of workers for the few years of its lifetime.

In the early seventies Lydons of Galway opened a factory for precooked foods and this was some help with the unemployment problem. Around this time James Plunkett of Strumpet City fame published his travel book The Gems She Wore which related his extensive travels throughout Ireland. In chapter four, under the heading "Rock of Ages" he said of Fethard: "The town where there are ruins of an Augustinian foundation and some interesting carvings, including a Sile-na-gig, feels always as though its thoughts are fixed on some heavy tragedy of the past. I am not aware that it has suffered any more or less than the rest, but there is something dark and brooding in the atmosphere."

Coolmore Stud was established in this decade also and the Capitol Cinema reopened as a modern dance hall. Thousands crossed to and fro over the bridge filling the hall most Sunday nights to capacity. Billy Fury, Marianne Faithful and Guy Mitchel were some of the earlier entertainers to be followed later on by Joe Dolan, Dickie Rock and Johnny Logan of Eurovision fame.

As the eighties approached the problem of emigration reared its ugly head again. Hundreds departed the surrounding areas, mainly for America. The exiles of this decade had the advantage of being well educated, and highly skilled tradesmen, and were a great loss to the country.

Ballads of the time such as 'Flight of Earls', 'The Fields of Athenry' and 'Dublin in the Rare Old Times', did little to stem the tears of broken-hearted mothers and the strangely silent fathers .

The early nineties showed little sign of improvement when suddenly the general situation began to pick up. Work became obtainable to our young people, new houses sprang up, and while we have not yet seen the Celtic

Tiger, we hear his roar in the distance.

It is lovely to see young girls and boys sitting on the bridge again. It brings back beautiful memories. The minor footballers and junior footballers crossed over the river with the County cup this year as did the young girls after winning the County Camogie title. We were visited twice by The Irish Ballet Company and the National Chamber Orchestra. If the compiler of The Shell Guide Book and James Plunkett returned, they would describe Fethard in a more enlightened manner. I suppose this article could be classed as irrelevant perhaps, water under a bridge, but if I may quote from a gentleman when speaking on one of the world wars who said "If you can't remember, you don't care."

***Capitol Cinema Fethard***
*Opened its doors for the first time in January 1946*

As we say farewell to this century, the final one of the second millennium, it is heartening to see the return to the town of some long exiled emigrants. A number have returned to live permanently, others on holidays. Whatever their reasons for returning it is our duty, and indeed responsibility, to make them welcome. We are at times preoccupied with historical churches, medieval walls and tree-lined estates but in reality the history of any town or parish lies in its people. ■

# Convent Past Pupils Reunion

Those who have attended the Presentation Convent school up to the year 1960 might like to get together in 2001 and hold a part pupils reunion.

If any of you are interested please contact us through the Newsletter and we will form a committee to organise the next stage. If we have enough interested we will give details and full information of the event in the next issue of this Newsletter. ■

# Photos from the past

***Kilnockin Emmets Minor Hurling Team South Tipperary Champions 1943***
*Back L to R: Jack Molloy (selector), Tom O'Neill (sec), Martin Wright, Eddie Trehy, Jack Wall, Jim Costigan, Paddy Butler, Jerome Guiry (selector), John McCormack (selector). Middle: Mick O'Neill (school boy), Paddy Dalton, Michael Barry, Peter Walsh, Pat Hayes, John O'Donnell. Front: Ger Hayes, Willie Molloy, Paddy Browne, Joe O'Neill, Willie Stapleton.*

***Children from The Green in the early 1960's***
*Back L to R: Catherine Sayers, Mary Sayers, Margaret McCarthy. Middle L to R: Marian McCarthy and Marion McCormack. Front L to R: Valerie McCormack and Theresa McCarthy.*

# Fethard & Killusty Community Council Ltd.

*Members of Fethard & Killusty Community Council photographed at their meeting in the Tirry Community Centre in April 1999. Back L to R: Joe Kenny (chairman), Michael O'Hagan, David Sceats, Paddy Croke, Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA (treasurer), Peter Grant. Front L to R: Megan Sceats, Nellie O'Donovan, Thelma Griffith, Diana Stokes and Edwina Newport (secretary). Also on the committee are Pamela Lawlor (public relations officer) and Jimmy Connolly.*

The committee of Fethard & Killusty Community Council elected at the Annual General Meeting held on 9th November, 1999, was as follows: Chairperson, Joe Kenny; Secretary, Edwina Newport; Treasurer, Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA; PRO, Pamela Sweeney. Members of the Board: Paddy Croke, Thelma Griffith, Diane Stokes, Peter Grant, Megan Sceats, David Sceats, Jimmy Connolly and Nellie O'Donovan.

The Community Council work on behalf of the townspeople of Fethard to develop and promote the town at both local and regional level. We are nurturing a good working relationship with Tipperary S.R. County Council and we would like to take this opportunity to thank Cllr. John Fahey and his predecessor Cllr. John Holohan for their support during the year.

This year has seen the start of some of the projects which have been in the pipeline for a number of years, such as the development of the Riverwalk in the Valley and also the inclusion of Fethard in the Town Renewal Scheme. This scheme provides an incentive for the much needed renovation and development of the streetscape of the town.

We were delighted with the County Council's decision to develop the Riverwalk in the Valley area as well as the restructuring of upper Main Street and the Square. The development of the Riverwalk, which is nearing com-

pletion, allows pedestrians to travel from the ballroom along the Valley and back to Main Street in safety. The main feature of this development is the provision of a stone-faced footbridge near Jimmy O'Shea's workshop.

The re-structuring and re-alignment of the Square, to improve pedestrian access and safety on Main Street, is due to start in the New Year.

This year, for the first time in many years, festive lighting decorated the Town Hall and a christmas tree was placed on the Square. The Community Council, with the help of the Friends of Fethard and Coolmore Stud, decided that these decorations would be a fitting way to welcome the new millennium.

In recent years the Town Wall has been in darkness. This is an unfavourable situation as the Town Wall is the focal point for tourism development in the town. To this end the County Council have agreed to connect the lighting of the Town Wall to the town electricity supply.

The Community Council is the sponsoring body of the Fethard & Killusty Community Employment Scheme. There are eleven participants employed in various projects in the town. These are the Day Care Centre, Tidy Towns, GAA / Sports Centre and the Community Office.

Yvonne Walsh, who had been employed as supervisor of this scheme since its inception, resigned during the year to pursue her nursing career. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Yvonne for her commitment to the scheme during her tenure.

In September Maireád Croke was appointed supervisor of the scheme. The members of Fethard and Killusty Community Council wish Maireád every success with her employment.

On 5th October we hosted a Cookery Demonstration in the Abymill Theatre, given by award win-

*A new footbridge was installed over the River Clashawley on Friday 17th September which, when finished, will be a great addition to the two riverside walks already in place.*

ning chef J.J. Healy. This venture proved very successful and was greatly enjoyed by all who attended.

In recent weeks the Department of the Environment has announced that Fethard is to be included in the Town Renewal Scheme. The main aim of this scheme, which comes into effect in April 2000 for 3 years, is to bring about the restoration, consolidation and improvement of the built fabric of small Irish towns, to promote sensitive infill and, in the course of this, to revitalise these town centres. Renewal of towns will be achieved primarily through the use of tax incentives with a strong emphasis on refurbishment incentives. Tipperary S.R. County Council, Planning Section, are to liase with the Community Council on this scheme with the intention of setting up consultative committee in the Town.

If there are any local matters that you feel need to be addressed, please contact Secretary Edwina Newport or any member of the Community Council.

Wishing all our emigrants and those at home a peaceful Christmas and a prosperous New Year. ■

# Fethard Tidy Towns

The current elected officers are: Chairperson, Diana Stokes; Secretary, Peter Grant; Treasurer, Anna Cooke. Committee: Chris O'Dwyer, Thelma Griffith, Nellie O'Donovan and Anne Cooney.

During the year we held our annual Garden Competition and the results were: Best Large Garden: Pat O'Brien, The Valley, Best Business Premises: Primus / Coolmore Offices, Lower Main Street; Best Hanging Baskets: Helen & Declan Morrissey, Barrack Street; Best Window Boxes: Clodagh & Brendan Brett, Killenaule Road; Best Overall Area: St. Patrick's Place, Fethard.

The judge was Ben Culligan and he was so impressed that he wrote the following letter

*"I felt it right to write to you, regarding Fethard Tidy Towns Garden Competition. The Judging was difficult enough as you know. However, this is a sign of great competition. The standard of gardening was excellent and the colour was breathtaking.*

*I was very impressed with the quality of baskets. This category is my personal favourite. The winning basket was of national standard and should be photographed. The shop fronts were lovely and the winning building was very artistic.*

*A lovely improvement was the little garden behind McDonnells. The two lovely gardens were amazing. The winning window box was very well done and the colour and shape was lovely as was the winning hanging baskets.*

*All areas were clean with little litter, but one area could do with a good clean up.*

*Next year I would recommend a good prize for 'Best Lawn'. The AIB and the Post Office gave the overall winner a good run for their money. Strylea looked as good as ever and the new houses off the Killenaule road were promising especially as one was fronting a lovely garden. Keep up the good work!"* ■

# Smile please!

*Philly Kenny and Gus Maher smiling for the camera.*

*L to R: Eamon Keane, Bill O'Sullivan and Tom Purcell enjoying a pint in the Fethard Arms*

# Meals on Wheels

The Meals on Wheels cater for between 24 to 28 people three times per week. The meals are prepared in the Tirry Community Centre by the staff who also prepare the meals for those attending the Day Care Centre. Our volunteers help with the preparation of vegetables and deliver the meals around the town and surrounding areas. We are ably assisted with the delivery by the transition year pupils from the local secondary school.

Our volunteer force diminished by half over the past few years, due to the fact that most young women work outside the home and also because a lot of women return to work when their families are reared. So we are holding fast to those members we have and hope to get some new members. It would be a shame to lose the voluntary help from this most essential service. ■

# A slice of daily life in Jerusalem

The group of 40 or so pilgrims are wearing white t-shirts and carrying white bags which bear the name "Holy Land Tours", the tour operator that brought them here.

"God, it's very hot, isn't it", says one of the pilgrims as she wipes the sweat from her brow. Her husband takes the opportunity of a moment in the shade to apply suntan crème to his head which by now is starting to turn a paler shade of lobster red. They are Irish. I hear the accent. They gather in the merciful shade of a large doorway on the Via Dolorosa – a brief escape from the heat of the unforgiving sun, and listen to their guide. Already, the next tour group is approaching, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name . . . " they recite. The group of Irish pilgrims stands back to allow for the next passing group who are bearing a large wooden cross on their shoulders while reciting the Stations of the Cross… "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" – This is Easter in Jerusalem.

*Gini Quirke photographed at her balcony with Jerusalem's old city wall and an Armenian centre in the background.*

What is it about this place that keeps them coming by the busload? What is it about the Holy Land, the Holy City, the divided city of Jerusalem that keeps the pilgrims, priests and the politicians coming back?

I have lived in Jerusalem for 3 years. It is unlike any place else I have ever

visited or known. It is the city people seem to visit in order to understand their faith more, to renew their belief or simply to realise their teachings by physically seeing places that they have only read about in the Bible, the Torah or the Koran. The importance of the Holy City of Jerusalem and its surroundings, is something these three religions – Christians, Jews and Muslims – agree on but not much else.

Amongst others, Jerusalem has been conquered by the Greeks, the Romans, the Muslims, the Crusaders, the Ottomans, the British and now the Israelis. Today it is a city divided. No longer divided by physical walls, but by geographical situation - East or West - East Jerusalem signifying the Arab area and West Jerusalem, the more modern part of the city, the Jewish area. These geographical divisions are also psychological. Once you are within the 'boundaries' of Jerusalem, there is no barrier to stop you going from East to West, but each tends to stick with what he knows and where he feels surrounded by his own.

I have not come here for religious reasons, however. The European Commission has an active representation office in East Jerusalem supporting EU financed projects aimed at improving conditions for the Palestinians of Jerusalem, the West Bank and Gaza Strip. I work in East Jerusalem with Palestinian Arabs, both Christian and Muslim, who speak Arabic. When I go home, I go to West Jerusalem where I live amongst Hebrew-speaking Jews who have come here from all corners of the world to live in 'The Promised Land'. My house is situated right beside a Jewish synagogue frequented every Shabbat by many Jews of Arab origin. Here in the Holy Land religion and politics are inseparable.

Every day in Jerusalem brings a new political or religious outburst. The sky remains a magnificent blue and the jasmine releases an odour which can only fill your senses with pleasure. And some politician somewhere is going to take a decision that will upset another religious group. That is a daily guarantee. Jerusalem is on every high-level politician's agenda. To accommodate the influx of VIPs, a halt is regularly put on all traffic routes around the city as VIP cars make their way to the famous King David Hotel, accompanied by the howling sirens of the police escort. They are more than likely going for a meeting with Israeli Prime Minster Barak or Madeleine Albright. The topic of conversation is more than likely 'The Peace Process'. Israelis and Palestinians have learned to accept this as part of daily life. They are living through historical times and have become addicts of their own news. You will find no greater concentration of journalists anywhere else in the world than here in Jerusalem. This is where the story is.

There is no question that Jerusalem is caught up in its own political knot, but the tourist can take a stroll into the old city through the Damascus gate, so called, due to the large amount of Muslims who used to pass through this gate from Damascus, and loose his soul completely to the charms of the Middle Eastern market known as the Souq. You will smell the freshly ground coffee with cardamom, the steaming hot bread, just out of the oven and displayed on wooden trays to cool off and also, perhaps, to tempt the

passer-by. You will see the display of richly coloured orange, red and yellow spices piled high into cone shapes, the Bedouin women who sit on the ground, selling their vegetables which they have brought in from the countryside that morning and the 'tea-man' ornately dressed, pouring date juice, known as 'tamer', from a giant shining silver teapot which he carries on his back.

This is a feast of the sight, sound and smell. Catch a vendor's eye and he will sell you something. The marketing technique of the Middle East is not yet defined but you can be sure of a cup of black tea, with lots of sugar and green mint leaves so that you can have time to consider your purchase, "Why you in such a hurry? Come let me show you what I have here. If you like it I give you special price". For traders like this, I take pride in the fact that I am not an easy sale. However, put me near food and I become an easy target. Perhaps this is why I find myself buying food for a family of six instead of the four lemons and four oranges that I thought I wanted. Everybody tends to come from large families and you are therefore expected to buy accordingly.

The same applies to purchasing a car. When I came here and I wanted to buy a small, two-door, and maybe even convertible, car. Handy size for parking, I thought and I had notions, even, of all those hot summer days when I would experience the cool wind blowing through my hair as I drove along the sea-shores of Tel-Aviv for a weekend. Firstly, I was informed that my dream was going to have to be especially imported by sea, with no guarantee if and when it would arrive and secondly, no guarantee of the colour car I might get. Not very encouraging.

I drive a 'regular' 4-door car and am reassured by the fact that I am driving "a practical car, more suitable for families".

Continuing deeper into the Old City from Damascus gate, a religious Jewish family have made the most important journey of their lives and travelled to Jerusalem. They have come from the US, to celebrate their son's bar mitzvah, under the eyes and ears of the Wailing Wall. On the other side of this Wailing Wall, the Muslim Haj is studying the Koran under the Dome of the Rock, the Rock from where the Prophet Mohammed is said to have ascended to heaven. And a short walk from here, the Greek Orthodox, the Copts, the Armenians, the Syrians, the Ethiopians and Franciscans guard their chapels religiously, all under the one roof of the Holy Sepulchre.

The struggle for identity and land ownership continues - between the occupier and the occupied - and the religious institutions.

With all this taken into consideration, I still smile to myself when I awake early in the morning to the distant sound of the Muslim call for prayer which creeps in through my open bedroom window. I sometimes get out of bed to stand by the window and watch the sun rise up quietly behind the Old City and then slowly fill the valley below with light, before sweeping all the way down towards Jericho and the Dead Sea.

My view is like a stage set and on a clear morning, I can see the hills of Jordan as my backdrop.

Within an hour or so, the tour buses will start coming on to my silent stage set, and park near Jaffa gate. Within a hour or so, hundreds of excited tourists and pilgrims will descend from those buses and maybe roam the streets of Jerusalem for a few days before returning home with renewed faith. And some will never leave. The pilgrim who catches the bug - the 'Jerusalem syndrome' – will not leave, because he is now convinced that he is the Messiah and that only he can save the world ! This is my Jerusalem. ■

*by Gini Quirke (Grangebeg)*

# Parenting through Communication

*A course for the parents of teenagers called 'Parenting through Communication and Self Esteem' was held over seven weeks in the Patrician Presentation Secondary School last September/October. Topics covered in the course included communication, listening, feelings, conflict resolution, problem solving, drugs, alcohol and sexuality. Pictured on the last night of the course are Back L to R: Betty Walsh, Vincent Doocey, Patricia Ryan, Josie Fitzgerald, Marie Kennedy, Maura Gorey, Sheila Corbett, Mollie Standbridge and Eileen Frewan. Front L to R: Marie Maher, Ernan Britton, Kathleen Maher, Mary Prout and Rita Kenny.*

# St. Vincent de Paul

The work of the society continued in the parish throughout the year and our aim is to help anybody who needs help and to do so in the spirit of Frederic Ozanam the founder. Frederic Ozanam was a model teacher, scholar, husband, and father. As a teacher and scholar, he was devoted to truth. From the time of his first challenge to live what he preached, Ozanam tried always to link the life of thought to a life of Christian action, and to help others do likewise. He wished to know his faith well and to live it fully. As a husband, he was devoted to his wife, Amnelie, whom he loved dearly for her support and trust. Together they lived a truly Christian married life of

faith, hope, and love. As a father, he cherished his daughter Marie and, despite the demands on him, spent time nurturing and educating his daughter who was a joyous gift from God. In his work, in his family life, in his personal life, Ozanam was, and still remains, an exceptional model of a Christian life well-lived.

The members of the Fethard branch are: Dennis Burke, Fr. Sean Ryan, Peggy Sullivan, Vincent Doocey, Lynn Cummins. Our work is helped greatly by the local people who contribute so generously to our annual collection for which we are most grateful. ■

# Fethard Civil Defence

We have been quite active during 1999. Some of our members completed a Life Saving First Aid Course. Courses in Rescue and Communications were also held during the year. The Unit took part in County Competitions and Annual Camp. First Aid and Ambulance Cover was provided for the Killusty Pony Show and Hunter Trials in Grove. A First Aid Course was provided for the students in Transition year in the Patrician Presentation Secondary School, Fethard.

Training is held every Tuesday night from October to May at the Tirry Centre. At the moment we have a very active group and hope to see others joining the Unit in the coming year. Civil Defence will be celebrating 50 years of its formation in 2000.

We send our best wishes to all who played a part in the development of the organisation down the years and would like to hear from anyone with interesting photos or stories from the earlier years.

Current members are: Paul Kenny (leader), Rory Walsh, Emma Morrissey (assistant leader), Theresa Coffey, Ruth Higgins, Edel Bradshaw, Marie Holohan, Patrick O'Shea, Philip Croke, Marie Carroll and Tony Kennedy (instructor). ■

*Fethard Civil Defence 1986. Back row: Brendan Kenny, Jimmy Higgins (RIP), Rory Walsh, Pat Whyte, Barry Connolly, John O'Donovan. Front L to R: Breda Kearney, Anna Morrissey, Willie O'Shea, Michael Mullins, Tommy Gahan, Vera Morrissey and Nicholas Murphy (instructor).*

# Solomon Islands – the happy isles

*Relaxing – Solomon style*

As the Air Nugini aircraft circled to land at Henderson International Airport in Guadacanal, it seemed to the inexperienced eye that we were coming into an uninhabited mountainous island. The forest cover was dense and there were no houses to be seen.

Then, as the plane lost altitude, small thatched villages came into view in the clearings. To the right then, Honiara, the main town and capital of the almost 100-island group came into view. No high rise buildings and little traffic on the roads below made me wonder about this place that I was to spend the next and last three years of my working life. It certainly looked underdeveloped and my work was to plan and supervise development projects. So, there would be plenty of work here for my stay.

On landing, I was met by a flight attendant who on ascertaining my name, told me in Solomon pidgin, "Hemme twofella waitem you in the arrivals hall." The midday sun blazed down as I crossed the tarmac and I was glad to enter the cooler arrivals area where my colleague, Hubert, and his driver Peter passed me through Immigration and Customs with very little formality and friendly smiles all round.

In the next few weeks, I was to find that formality was something alien to the Solomon Islanders. Their approach to all problems was to solve the difficulties by "talktalk", and their word was their bond. But a timetable to solve problems was a different matter. "Maybe soon", was an operational phrase and that could mean anytime – it was, however "Solomon Time".

Familiarisation visits to ongoing projects were the first priority and in this way I visited all eight provinces

outside Guadalcanal in the first few months. These visits were a mixture of nightmare and delight. One could fly on Solomon Airlines Twin Otters to the main towns and then take to the fibreglass canoes with outboards for journeys of up to three hours along coastlines but more often across open seas to other islands. I became known as the man who always talked about the dangers of travelling in "small boats on large oceans", and I became adept at being briefed on the problems and successes of projects as we faced the waves with my life jacket always present and carefully fastened in the event of a capsize or engine failure.

*Children of the Solomon Islands*

But everywhere were smiling faces and friendly "welkams". It is difficult to forget that many of the people, not yet in the money economy, had little of the comforts that we know but enjoyed life to the full and always had time to chat and offer hospitality.

Sometimes, this offer of hospitality could cause problems of its own. In one village, Kiu, where European Commission funds had been made available to build a much needed wharf, the official opening was a very elaborate affair. A very difficult two-hour boat ride from the nearest airstrip to Kiu and the prospect of returning in the late afternoon was not the most pleasant outlook. As we were about to embark for the return trip from the newly completed wharf, the chiefs of the area came to present gifts. Mine was a live pig which was tied to a pole carried by two men. One of my government officer friends told me that I had to accept and take it with me, and the pig was duly loaded on the canoe, kicking and screaming and unbalancing an already crowded boat. The boat driver was unphased, however. "Hemme alright", he said but our return journey would take "lilly bit no mo" time to the airstrip.

We set off and the noise of the engine drowned the screams of the pig. We pasted two fast flowing rivermouths, we twisted and turned and, finally after three hours, approached the beach at the end of the grass runway from which we were to return.

Negotiations with the pilot to fly the pig to Honiara took quite a lot of skill, patience and diplomacy. Finally the pig was loaded in the baggage hold and we set off for Guadalcanal at last light. Since Henderson Airport had

landing lights we could land okay so I learned that "pigs will fly" if there is a willing pilot to take them!

It is hard to describe the beauty of the Solomon Islands. The forested hills running down to the reefs and lagoons of the blue Pacific seen from the aircraft and from boats were always breathtaking. No matter how afraid I was in those small boats, the beauty of the islands were always a source of joy to see. I particularly remember a sunrise on Santa Isabel as we sailed down the leeward coast to the Community Forestry Project at Lepi. As the sun touched the tips of the green mountains and turned them a gorgeous yellow, it was good to be alive and with my hand on my lifejacket, a great reason to stay alive!

*The Boatman – Solomon Islands*

Three years went very quickly there. I made many friends for it is easy to make good friends in the Solomon Islands. I remember best the little barefoot man clad in shirt, shorts with a goatee beard who came to my office to query whether a road extension could be constructed to his village. When we had discussed his problem and found a satisfactory solution, he asked me where I came from. I explained that I lived in Dublin in Ireland, whereupon, he said that he was in Dublin at a conference on primary education. He told me his life story. He had been nominated to stand as an M.P. candidate by his chiefs in the first general election after independence in 1980.

He was reluctant to stand, he said, because he was illiterate and might not be able to follow the business of parliament. His chiefs insisted he stood for election and won a seat. After four years in Parliament he said that he would not stand for election again even though he now had some new skills in literacy.

His chiefs insisted again that he stand. This time he was returned and found himself Minister of Education. He told me that he was very reluctant to take the office but knew that he could help his fellow Solomon Islanders by doing so. In the course of his term as Minister he organised literacy courses which are still on-going fifteen years later. After his four year term as Minister, he retired and did not stand for election again.

The simple way that he told his story was typical of many encounters that I had in my time in the Solomons. Here were people who told it as it was and there were no polite platitudes.

The outside world has not influenced the islands yet. Tourism has not recognised their beauty and only the odd Australian or New Zealander has experienced the beauty of the land and the richness of the Melenesian culture. Because of the remoteness of the place, if may remain unspoilt. ■

*by Jimmy Trehy*

*(Jimmy has now retired from his position as EU's Resident Advisor in the Solomon Islands and lives at Donoughmore, Lisronagh)*

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*Jimmy Ryan, Watergate, photographed with Fossett's Circus ringmaster Marian Fossett in Fethard earlier this year when the circus paid their annual visit to the town.*

***The final night in O'Shea's Pub, Main Street***

*On the 22nd November 1999, Pat O'Shea closed his bar on Main Street and ended his family's connection with the premises first started by his father, Jack O'Shea, in November 1959. On the closing night Pat and Merchy's friends turned up to say goodbye and wish the couple well in their new home in Thurles. Photographed on the night were L to R: Pat Bradshaw, Derek Wall and Gus Breen.*

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