



Fethard & Killusty NEWSLETTER

2000

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BLESSING OF NEW FOOTBRIDGE

L to R: Canon James Power P.P., Mr. Jimmy Harney, Tipperary S.R. Co. Co. and Rev George Alexander Knowd.



OFFICIAL OPENING OF NEW FOOTBRIDGE BY TOWN WALL

The official opening of the new footbridge over the Clashawley took place on Monday evening 26th June, 2000. The 'Millennium Bridge' was opened by Chairman of Tipperary SR County Council, Cllr Pat Norris, photographed above with community representatives and County Council officials. L to R: Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA, Peter Grant, Kitty O'Sullivan, Michael Graham (Town Engineer), Cllr Pat Norris, John Quinn (Director of Community Enterprise), Mary Carroll, Dan Walsh, Cllr John Fahey and Jimmy Connolly.

FETHARD & KILLUSTY NEWSLETTER 2000

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

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*Cover photograph: First sunrise of this millennium taken over Slievenamon
on the 1st January, 2000, by Joe Kenny from Bennett's Hill, Fethard.*

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Another milestone?

Joe Kenny (editor)

A milestone set in my life, as a child, was living long enough to see the year 2000 arrive. Now that I've reached it, I'm not so sure that I have another.

Entering the new millennium this year did have one effect — making me realise that life back in the 1960's is ancient history to our young people of today; which also means — it's 'our' turn to write articles for the Annual Newsletter. The torch has passed to another generation!

Since the age of 12 when I joined the other 32 members of the Boys Intermediate Praesidium of the Legion of Mary, I've always had a fascination with the Emigrants' Newsletter.

Seeing your name in print, as a member of a team or in a school class was even a greater thrill. It was often a competition among kids to count how many times you were mentioned.

Over the years, I began to appreciate the great store of information that is collected in every issue, each one recording the previous year's births, deaths, marriages, highlights of the year's events, sporting results, and memories of those who share their life's experiences.

I must say it still fascinates me to look back over old issues. Many stories that may have been lost forever, if the authors had chosen not to write them, are preserved for future generations in the pages of those issues. It is also a great tribute to communities that

the National Library of Ireland have recognised the value of these publications in recording local folklore and social history. They now store a copy of each issue in their Research Library in Dublin and the Local Studies Department at the County Library in Thurles. We have supplied them both with copies of the available past issues of this Newsletter since it began in 1959.

Very few of us alive today will live to celebrate the next century. We now look to a new generation, not yet born, for aspirations to reach that goal. It may not be as significant as was welcoming a new millennium but I'm sure it will still be a milestone for many future generations to come. As for myself, I'll revert to looking at every coming New Years Day as a milestone from now on — a lot more achievable and many more occasions to celebrate.

I take this opportunity to invite all our emigrants and readers to submit articles or photographs for next year's issue (as soon as possible). I thank all those who contributed articles this year, especially those who have written for the first time. It is never an easy task to record your thoughts on paper and often the biggest obstacle is just beginning or knowing where to start. This year, please promise to have a go, why not make it your New Year's resolution for 2001.

I wish our emigrants and readers at home a very Happy Christmas, a marvellous New Year. ☺

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Parish Christmas greetings

Well another year has gone by, where has it gone? That's what we often wonder at this time of the year. It doesn't seem all that long ago since we were beginning the new millennium and the new century, now we have well and truly begun this new era, the 21st century, well at least the first year anyway.

The past year has brought its different days to us, the good and the bad, the happy and the sad, mostly I suppose the majority of us live out our days in ordinary ways. This past year might be one that will be remembered as the year that began the new century and millennium, but as we come to the end of another 12 months, it is important for us to look back and see how the year has gone for us.

Of course in looking back we also look to the future to what next year may bring to us, we don't know, but please God we will always be prepared for what is around the corner.

To all the readers of the Annual Newsletter, we wish you all the very best for the year ahead, you are all in our thoughts and prayers at this time and in the days ahead. We know that you still think of us here in Fethard and Killusty, and you look forward to receiving the annual copy of this newsletter. In recent times you have kept in touch (probably more closely than many of us who live here) with the news on the Fethard website, which is undoubtedly one of the best in the country.

We thank all those who have put this issue together, and a special thanks to Joe Kenny, I'm sure that without his hard work Fethard and Killusty would seem to be a lot further away for those who live across the seas and far over land.

May God bless and protect you all and your loved ones in the year ahead.

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



Our local priests of the parish photographed at the Millennium Pilgrimage to Slievenamon on Sunday 21st May, 2000. L to R: Fr. Michael Twomey OSA, Fr. Sean Ryan C.C., Canon James Power P.P., Fr. John Meagher OSA and Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA Prior.

Church of Ireland

Holy Trinity Church was beautifully decorated for last year's annual Christmas Service and also for our annual Harvest Festival, we would like to thank all those who helped and all who attended both events.

This past twelve months was a year without fundraising activities for our church but we are planning to have some events during the coming year. We ask for your support for these when organised.

The time of our weekly church service has changed. Morning Service now takes place at 9.15am. This seems to be a much more suitable time for most people and is borne out by the increase in our weekly attendance.

The key to the churchyard (when locked) can be collected from John Whyte in the Main Street if required. The key to the historic church building is available from Brian Palmer, The Green, Fethard. ☎

Abbey Christmas greetings

The exciting time-change happened. The Jubilee Year came and now is almost gone, each moment giving way to the next. 2001 is next, time to change the car? Maybe!

This year marked a great change for us Augustinians in Ireland. We had no new recruits to the Order here for a good many years and in the passages of time we were getting thin on the ground. The Provincial and his Council decided to do something that had been talked about for a long time. They decided that certain residences would no longer house the Friars although everything possible would be done to continue their presence in the places where they had been. Since Fethard and Callan were only 17 miles apart, the decision was taken that from next June a community of four would reside in Fethard only and administer Callan from here. This was a dramatic change for the people in Callan who, like many others regard the move as such a format for closure. Dramatic too for the people of Fethard

as the possibility loomed large for a while that the Friars would not be living here. And dramatic for the Friars themselves, accustomed as we are to changing, not only from one town to another, but from country and even from continent. The relentless passage of time had seen the Augustinians disappear from North Africa in St. Augustine's own lifetime. Beginnings in many places had been snuffed out over the centuries. They died out in France like so much else after the Revolution. But from the time the Augustinians came first to England and then to Ireland in the 12th and 13th centuries, we had held on, however precariously, even though the English Province did eventually give way after Oliver Cromwell and was re-established from Ireland. The realisation that we are dying out in Ireland now really struck home following the decisions taken earlier this year.

The immediate "security" of the Abbey is secure but only for the next

four years. Further than that nobody can forecast. Nonetheless the future of Frs. Twomey and Meagher and myself will come to an end with the Provincial appointments next year. Such appointments are made every four years when everybody is in the frame for a change of residence.

It falls to me, for the eighth time, to wish all the readers of this Newsletter the compliments of the season. We

wish you all a very happy Christmas and every blessing in the coming year. You will be remembered in our prayers throughout Advent and all of Christmas. We are all grateful to the people of Fethard and the surrounding countryside for the welcome and support so much in evidence and for so long a time. May the Lord always be with you.

Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA Prior

Legion of Mary

Greetings from the Legion of Mary! Members wish all readers a peaceful Christmas and New Year. We approach an important celebration of the two thousandth year since the birth of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Legionaries realise the importance of the Blessed Mother, without whom the Birth of Christ would not have come to pass. This is a good time to recall the honour and the respect due to Our Blessed Mother and the debt of recognition and gratitude we owe to her. We pray to her and to The Holy Spirit to assist us in the apostolate we share in bringing Christ into evidence in our daily lives.

How many of us can clearly recall the instructions we received concerning the truths and practices of our Faith?

We recall the training we received on the reverend genuflection in front of the Sacred Presence in the Tabernacle, on the reverend making of The Sign of the Cross, on the recognition of the Holy Name of Jesus.

People are active in the apostolate when they attend daily Mass, when they attend the May and October devotions, when they attend and participate in the May and the Corpus Christi Processions.

They help all of us to recall the presence of Christ when they raise a hat or a cap, when they make the Sign of the Cross as they pass in front of a Church.

How many now recall the days when they stood for the reading of the Gospel and they genuflected each time The Holy Name was read out? Today, we are merely asked to bow our heads when we hear the name, Jesus.

The membership of the Legion is very low. If you cannot join us you can at least spread Christ's kingdom; you can spread the consciousness of Christ's Presence among us. The little we can do can become great if we work together and pass on these time-honoured practices to our youth, to our children. The apostolate is ours!

What a special Birthday we can celebrate and share this year! ☺

Roundup at Kiltinan

by John Fogarty

If I close my eyes even now I can see them; long tails streaming behind, coarse, matted manes flying, galloping in my imagination as once they galloped across the Long Range at Kiltinan in the eternal sunshine of those lost summers, yellow dust hanging in the air, unshod hooves rumbling on the sun-hardened ground; mares, foals, ponies, half-breds, big boned hunters, ungainly piebalds with huge hairy hooves, summer coats gleaming in the bright sunshine; browns, greys, chestnuts; half wild, untamed, many had never felt a saddle on their backs or a bit in their mouths. And ahead of the main bunch, the unmistakable leader, head held at a lordly slant as they thundered past, was Eagle's Nest, a full stallion. Never saddled, never stabled, Eagle's Nest, a name that sang in our young imaginations, sang of wildness, freedom, open spaces.

It was the Sunday roundup at Kiltinan. We stood spaced out in an uneven line, the ground behind us

sloping down to the Clashawley river, rising gradually from our left to the tree topped hill where Mrs Grubb was buried. Sliabhnamon keeping watch over all, its familiar, motherly curves gauzed in a blue heathery haze. To our right stood the towering, inscrutable bulk of the castle, its windows gazing always towards the ageless mountain.

A ragged band of boys from the town, we stood flapping our arms and shouting - a bit fearful of the pounding hooves - trying to turn the galloping horses onto the tree-lined avenue from where they could be funnelled into the castle yard. At the far side of the avenue, beyond the ivy-covered Pigeonhouse, obscured by rows of elm and beech, stood another line of shouting boys. Hustling the herd along, riding bareback, Indian style, brown legs gripping the flanks of nippy little ponies, were the Croome-Carroll girls.

When Eagle's Nest led the herd onto the avenue we broke from our line thinking we had them. Instantly the



Mrs La Terriere looking at her ponies in the yard at Kiltinan Castle.

crafty stallion swung cheekily around and suddenly the entire herd was pounding back towards us, eyes wild, nostrils flaring, and we were running backwards in a frenzy, clapping, shouting, whistling, trying to turn them.

‘Run for it!’ someone roared. Like frightened rabbits we scuttled for safety. ‘Where’s Frank Fogarty?’ someone shouted. Wheeling round we saw him fall and disappear under the trampling hooves, saw the entire herd gallop over him, stood in horror, picturing all those flying hooves pulping him to shreds, ran fearfully to the spot as the last horse passed over him — only to see him rise in the swirling dust without so much as a scratch.

‘They all lepped over me,’ he proclaimed, proudly. ‘Ya feckin’ eejit!’ roared Pat, his brother, landing him a boot on the arse.

By now the horses had raced down the sloping range in front of the castle and across the river, forcing the girls to wheel away in pursuit once more as we cursed Eagle’s Nest to high heaven for all the work he was putting on our poor legs, already weary after our long trek from Fethard in blazing sunshine. When they finally charged through the arched gateway and into the castle yard we rushed after them, quickly dragging the heavy timber doors shut. Inside, the horses milled around, snorting and squealing, slithering on the gravelly yard, nipping and kicking one another, long forelocks hanging over dilated, frightened eyes. Shortly afterwards the heavy iron gate under the bell tower screeched open. Mrs. La Terriere, cane in hand, came stiffly through the arched gateway to inspect her beloved horses.

To us there was something strangely fascinating and romantic about this woman who lived alone in an ancient castle with her dogs, had a herd of half-wild horses roaming freely over her unfenced land, came out for a short time on these ‘roundup’ Sundays to look them over, then disappeared into her castle again. (“The oldest inhabited castle in Ireland”, Fethard people would proudly say). She never questioned our presence there, letting us explore as we pleased.

We knew she had met terrible tragedy in her life, losing her husband, Capt. Callaghan, in The Great War and her only son, Rory, in the Second World War. For years she had been a familiar sight on the winding roads around Fethard, clipping along in her pony and trap after grandly sallying forth through the arched gateway of Kiltinan, bound for some gymkana, or to view a horse, pony, or donkey that had taken her fancy.

Seen from behind she looked like a man. She was dressed in corduroy trousers, brown, tweedy body coat, and wide, peaked cap. We always stood silently to one side as she moved easily through the shifting horses, accompanied by Evie Croome-Carroll. Two women in love with horses, soothing them with soft words, unafraid, stopping, pointing, looking them up and down with a critical eye. Sometimes Mrs La Terriere would indicate a promising animal that she wanted to keep in the yard. This animal was then culled with much cursing and neighing and waving of arms and manoeuvred into a stable. When her inspection was over she returned to the castle, the gates were dragged open once more, and Eagles’ Nest led the



The Roaring Spring at Kiltinan

herd back to the freedom of the Long Range.

As soon as the horses had galloped off we darted away along a path that looped around the foot of the massive, rocky outcrop that supported the castle. The narrow path fell away between tall clumps of vicious nettles and patches of sharp toothed briars that left red stripes on our bare legs. The path brought us to the foaming mill wheel that pumped water - for cooking and washing - from the 'Roaring Springs' to the castle. Drinking water had to be drawn by hand from the 'Boiling Pot.'

There was mystery down here in the shadow of the castle and the dappled shade of the trees and the cool sound of the shallow river gurgling over its stony bed and the white water roaring from under the castle and the black water squeezing through the sluice-gate and the swans gliding serenely on the glassy water above the bridge. It was cool and strangely quiet after the

fever and excitement of chasing the horses around the Long Range. The spring water from the Boiling Pot was ice-cold and pure in our mouths, making us gasp when scooped in cupped hands to our burning faces. We lazed on our backs in the shade of tall old trees whispering ancient secrets above us as we gazed up at the rough beetling face of the rock, bearded in ivy and weeds, that eventually gave way to the flat symmetry of the castle. Owl sounds blown through our thumbs echoed away between old, knotted tree trunks. Time and again we were drawn to the stillness of this place, a stillness that spoke of other times, other worlds.

We speculated on the story of the priest - Bishop Tynan - whose blood was said to stain the rocks in the Roaring Springs. I imagined him falling, falling from way up there onto the rocks near where we lay, and the terrible evil of those who had thrown him to such a grisly death. His killers

were said to have endured horrific deaths: one was said to have grown devil's horns and died roaring; another had been kicked to death by a mad horse. The grass, it was said, had never grown on their graves. A creepy tingle ran along our spines as we spoke of the awful things that could befall anyone who harmed one of God's anointed. We jumped up then and went tearing back and forth across the swaying footbridge that spanned the Clashawley. We crept to the mouth of the murky tunnel that ran steeply down from outside the castle kitchen almost to the pathway and stood peering uncertainly into the dark opening, smelling old damp stones and musty mortar. Suddenly someone at the back screeched:. 'Aaaaaah, the ghost of the murdered priest!' Boot it!' 'Boot it!'

And we booted it. Into the black hole, elbowing and pulling one another back, laughing, sobbing, weak with fear and excitement. Someone fell, cried 'Mammy, Mammy', and was trampled on. We stumbled over stones

and cabbage stalks and old bones, none wanting to be last, thinking of the priest's ghost, scrambling on hands and knees over the last few yards as the ground rose steeply, everyone for himself, until we burst into daylight in the castle courtyard, and milled around panting and cursing. The courtyard echoed with accusations, counter-accusations, and terrible threats.

'You did it!' 'No I didn't, he did!' 'I'll bloody well brain ye!'

A muffled outbreak of barking sounded inside the castle.

'Will ye whisht or she'll be out to us with the bloody dogs!'

When we'd got our wind back and the shouting had subsided into mutterings, we rambled into the yard where the horses had been, ducking into empty stables, climbing into dusty haylofts; swallows flashing round us as we zig-zagged through the arches of the long cow byre. There was an eeriness about the deserted, weedy yard, the open stable doors, the hollow echoes in the empty byre; as if old



Swans on the river at Kiltinan in 1972

ghosts from centuries past were there in the shadows, watching, waiting for us to go.

We ran along overgrown pathways in the walled garden, searching for delicious apples called 'Beauty of Bath' (we called them 'Beauty Bats'), cracked green pods and sucked out sweet young peas, stood and marvelled at the headstones in the Dog Cemetery, erected to the memory of Mrs La Terriere's dogs, thinking how eccentric it was for anyone to raise a headstone over a dog. Yet we were secretly moved by the poignant verse inscribed on the headstone to Tommy, Master Rory's pet dog.

*"And the little Ghosts that trot behind us
Untiring from the Past,
May at some golden, glittering Gateway,
Find us, and know 'tis Heaven at last."*

We lingered on the hill where Mrs Grubb was buried (sadly, Mrs La Terriere, her daughter, would join her here a few, short years later). We spoke quietly now in this hallowed spot - as if in a church - compelled to silence by the haunting tranquillity of these magical surroundings, the enduring limestone structure of the ancient castle, horses calmly nuzzling the waters of the river shaded by overhanging trees, the storied mountain turning to sacred purple now, trees casting long shadows as the evening sun dipped slowly westward; the air alive with the twittering of birds; a strange dreamy atmosphere hanging over all.



Our stomachs were roaring at us now, telling us that it was time to go, time to set off on the long struggle homewards. Away with us then across the North Rock, past the ruined church of St. Senan, where old headstones leaned crookedly in a wilderness of nettles and scutch grass, the names of the dead long faded away, their stories forgotten. A herd of goats busily picking at the ivy on the crumbling walls. We ducked through jutting slabs of mottled limestone, and onto the road through the windowless shell of Ryan's old house. Wearily we faced the three twisting miles that

lay between us and the town of Fethard, torturing ourselves as we toiled along on our crooked-heeled shoes, dreaming of ice cream and chocolate and bottles of fizzy orange that we would never have; throwing ourselves in the dusty margins of the road where grasshoppers sang, vainly hoping that someone would come along in a car or a tractor or a horse and cart - anything - and carry our weary bodies home.

'Maybe Stevie Connors'll be going to town' someone said, hopefully. But he wasn't, and we steeled along, stopping, starting, moaning, full of pity for ourselves and our skinned heels, until we caught sight of the jagged top of the Protestant church and heard the bells of the Abbey and Parish churches in unison beating out the Angelus and new strength flowed into our legs, and we trotted the last mile home. ☸

Fethard Civil Defence

We once again look back on what has been a very active year for our unit. Our weekly training takes place in the Tirry Centre every Tuesday night under the direction of Tony Kennedy, Instructor. Training covers many areas of Civil Defence activities from basic rescue, use of radios and the more adventurous river crossings with the use of ropes and pulleys.

Some of our members attended Annual Camp in Lahinch, Co. Clare on the June Bank Holiday weekend. Again, our Rory took full control of the kitchen and, as usual, did a wonderful job. We covered many duties around the county and at local level. We provided First Aid cover for the horse trials at Grove, the local Sports Day and Community Games. We were

on standby to provide assistance to Clonmel during the water alert on the Killurney Water Supply.

A number of our members have left the Unit this year, due to moving on to third-level education and we wish them the very best of luck and thank them for all their help while with us. A very special welcome to all the new members who have enrolled since October and hoping to see many more over the coming year.

A First Aid course was provided for the students in Transition Year in the Secondary School.

Sunday, 25th June was our fund raising event – a stretcher push from Fethard to Killusty. It was a very successful and enjoyable day. We would like to thank all who supported us. The funds raised will be used to pro-



Members photographed at their Sponsored Stretcher Push from Fethard to Killusty which took place on Sunday 25th June. The proceeds will enable the local branch to spend over £1000 on much needed equipment and supplies. L to R: Marie O'Meara, Paul Kenny, Rory Walsh, Tony Kennedy, Emma Morrissey, Declan Kenny and Philly Croke. Edel Bradshaw in the stretcher. Also in the unit are; Theresa Coffey, Ruth Higgins, Pa Looby and Ronan Maher.

vide First Aid equipment and other items for our Unit.

Looking ahead to the New Year, we would hope to recruit some new members for our Fire Unit, which has not

been very active for the past few years and hopefully we can succeed in getting it moving again.

We wish all our friends and supporters the very best for 2001. ☺

The Well Golf Society



Members of The Well Golf Society photographed at the presentation of the clubs '1999 Golfer of the Year' trophy to Matthew Tynan, in The Well Bar, Burke Street. Back L to R: Paul Kavanagh, David Lawton, John Hurley, Ted Cummins, Jimmy Butler. Front L to R: Michael Leahy, Matthew Tynan (winner), Mick Smith (proprietor The Well Bar) and Michael Flaherty.

The well golf society began this years outings at Clonmel golf club and continued through the year with outings in Carrick, Cahir, West Waterford, Waterford Castle, and Callan. Our golfer of the year award was won by David Lawton. David played consistent golf throughout the year and featured regularly in the prizewinners. At our A.G.M. held on the 18th February this year, the following officers were elected: Pat Woodlock (captain); Michael Leahy (secretary); and David Lawton (treasurer). Our Easter draw was once again a great success. A great nights entertainment was had in The Well bar with music supplied by Seamus Hayes

and Mary Nugent. We would like to thank our generous sponsors without whom this draw would not be a success. We look forward to next year's outings and new members are more than welcome anytime. ☺

DID YOU KNOW

Each First Friday dedicated people spend a half hour or an hour praying before The Blessed Sacrament Exposed in The Abbey Church. These people give of their time and their prayers for all of us. We wish them continued health to enable them to continue in this dedicated effort. More people could volunteer to accompany them in their vigil.

Fethard and Killusty Anglers

The annual general meeting of Fethard and Killusty Anglers was held in the Tirry Centre on Friday, 18th February at 8 o'clock. The officers elected were: Thomas Fogarty (chairman); David Grant (secretary); Mattie Fleming (treasurer). Committee: George McGrath, Tom Sayers, Jim Sayers, Tony Quigley, and Norman O' Regan.

Spring Competition Results

1st George McGrath
2nd Willie McGrath
3rd Mattie Fleming

John Sayers Competition

1st Mattie Fleming
2nd Eddie Casey
3rd George McGrath

The remaining competitions were cancelled due to very low water conditions.

Fishing on club waters this year was very poor. The Clashawley in particular fished very badly with very few trout caught from Grove downstream. Upstream from Grove into Whelan's Bog was really bad with some fishermen failing to catch any trout in this stretch of water.

The Anner and Little Anner fared a bit better, but considering the amount of rods fishing the river all season, returns were very low.

We will be hoping for a big improvement next season. ☺



Members of Fethard and Killusty Angling Club photographed at the weigh-in at Kiltinan Gate following their 'Spring Competition' for the Pat O'Shea Cup (30th anniversary of the competition this year) which took place On Sunday 30th April 2000. Front L to R: Tom Fogarty, David Grant, William McGrath, Mattie Fleming and George McGrath. Back L to R: Ciarán O'Connell, John O'Connell, Paddy Prendergast, Stafford Kent, Jim Sayers, Norman O'Reagan, Tony Quigley, Michael Fogarty, Liam Boland, John Fleming, Denis McGrath, John Sayers and Tom Sayers. The winners were: 1st George McGrath (4 trout weighing 2lb 11oz), 2nd William McGrath (7 trout weighing 2lb 7oz), 3rd Mattie Fleming (4 trout weighing 1lb 7oz).

In the junior section Ciarán O'Connell came first with a catch of 1 trout weighing 7oz, and second was John Fleming with 1 trout weighing 4oz.

Fethard Boy Scouts — 27th Unit



Fethard Boy Scouts and leaders photographed on 14th October, 2000, before heading off to climb the Galtee Mountains. Back L to R: Bobby Phelan, John McCarthy, David Kennedy, Damien Shine, Sean Cloonan, Philip O'Donnell, Richie McCarthy. Front L to R: Dermot Culligan, Fintan Maher, Lory Kenny, Paul McCarthy, Mike McCarthy, Kieran Barrett and Kevin Maher.

The Fethard Cub Pack had another busy year out and about. We attended the Regional Cub quiz in Cahir early in the year. In February Aaron O'Donovan won the individual event at the Regional Cub Swimming gala in Carrick-on-Suir. We were back in Cahir, this time with our hiking boots, for the Regional Cub Hike in March which, between the drops of rain, was an enjoyable day.

Ten eager cubs headed to Mt. Mellary Scout Centre for May bank-holiday annual Regional Cub fun weekend. Summer sunshine ensured that spirits were high for the duration of the weekend, with activities including hiking, a campfire and lots of games to keep everyone busy.

This year, unfortunately, we did not go camping to Parson's Green in June for the Cub Pack's Annual camping weekend due to the unavailability of leaders.

We paraded to Mass on St Patrick's

Day and attended both the May Procession and the Corpus Christi Procession.

Our Scouts first activity of an action packed year was being host to over 80 scouts from the region at the Regional Quiz held in the Ballroom. At other activities our troop won the under-13 Regional Orienteering event in April. In May we made our annual trip to Parsons Green, Clogheen, for the Regional Shield, where our cooking skills and knowledge of knots were tested. We went to Ardfinnan in June for the Regional Sports day where we dominated in the under-13 events taking home medals in all events.

At a local level, hikes to Grove wood featured regularly throughout the year, where the art of pancake cooking was perfected among other things. We also spent an afternoon on Slievenamon in May, for the Parish Pilgrimage to the Holy Year Cross.

This year's summer camp was to

Castlegregory, Co. Kerry. It was 12 years since we had camped there and as in the past, we camped with the scouts of the Clonmel and Ballymac Units. We had an action packed time where we undertook activities including hiking, rafting, water activities and cooking, despite the appearance of the "Kerry Rain" on more than one occasion.

Following the summer break, things got off to a high with a hike to Galtymore, in early October. We head-

ed to Mt. Mellary Scout Centre, the Regional Fun weekend in early November.

We would like to welcome John McCarthy and David Kennedy better known in scouts as "Mac" and 'Stiff' as leaders and welcome back to a more active role as leaders to both Bobby Phelan and Philip O'Donnell.

Finally we would like to thank all who supported us and our fund-raising activities during the year and wish everyone well in the coming year. ☺

The Clashawley

By John Joe Keane

*A harbourer of life
Flowing down to the Anner,
Swollen in wintertime,
Remembering that lost tanner.*

*Brickaleens, red breasts and routags
Before and after school,
Catching pigeons in the Kennels loft
Beside the strange whirlpool.*

*Summertime bathing at Newbridge,
The water wheel at Coffey's Mill,
Tennis pavilion, back of Burke Street,
A childhood, one great thrill.*

*Water hens in the Abbey Rock's mud,
Bright moonshine before dawn,
A stolen kiss, a water cress sandwich
By the springs of the Mullinbawn*

*No matter where Fethard's people are,
They will always answer the call.
That unique sound of the Clashawley
Gracefully murmuring by the Town Wall.*



Marriages



Weddings in the parish

Claire Williams, Killusty to Mr Derek Landy, Clonmel (Killusty)
Deborah Guiry, Peppardstown, to John Dunphy, Dunhill, Co. Waterford (Killusty)
Mildred Lawlor, The Valley, to Kenneth Morrison, Scotland (Killusty)
Jill Barrett, Market Hill, to Shay Ryan, Coolenure (Fethard)
Jimmy O'Meara, St. Patrick's Place, to Sharon Lawton, St. Patrick's Place (Fethard)
Mary Horan, Tullamaine, to Mark Mansfield, Ballinakill, Co. Laois (Fethard)
Caroline Fitzgerald, Monroe, to Michael Quinlan, Tullamaine (Fethard)
Annette Croke, Barrettsgrange, to Mr Jarleth Connolly, Ballinasloe (Killusty)
Jacqueline Conway, St. Patricks Place, to Mr Chris Findlater, Halifax (Fethard)
Corina Morrissey, Cashel Road, to Robin Roe, Borris-in-Ossory (Killusty)
Aaron O'Flaherty, Killusty, to James Spencer, Staffordshire (Killusty)
Catherine Sheehan, Cloneen, to Paul Ryan, Clonmel (Killusty)
Verona Holohan, Killusty, to Tommy Walsh, Kilcash (Killusty)
Denis Hannon, Crossard, to Elizabeth Molloy, Clonmel (Killusty)
Siohán Sheehan, Rathmacarthy, to Patrick McDonald, Killeslin (Fethard)

Weddings outside the parish

Ted Connolly, Main Street, to Ms. Colette Hendrick, Dublin (Dublin)
John Fitzgerald, Crampscastle, Fethard, to Ann Marie O'Neill, New Inn (Holycross)
Eugene Walsh, St. Patrick's Place, to Ms. Tracy Ryan, Clonmel (Powerstown)
Eleanor Morrissey, Tullamaine, to Alexander Mühlwald, (Marlfield)
Paul Wyatt, Jossestown, to Xequina Berber, USA (San Francisco)
Caroline Grant, Clonmel, to Hugh O'Donnell, Grangebeg (Clonmel)
Jennifer Cummins, St. Patrick's Place, to John Harkin, Carlow (Powerstown)



Photographed above is Greta O'Donovan, Burke Street, Fethard, who celebrated her 70th birthday on Sunday 24th September. Greta is pictured above with her family by Fethard's Town Wall on her special day. L to R: Meta, Denis, Kathleen, Andrew, Greta, Marie, Michael, Christine and Vera.

Our dear departed 2000

from available photographs



Eddie Butler



Eileen Dillon



Mick Smith



Mary Slattery



Johnny O'Brien



Eddie Dineen



Eileen Cahill



Evie Croom Carroll



Mick Toomey



Mick Breen



Paddy Dalton



Tate Croom Carroll



Peggy Kenrick



Giles Blundell



Nellie Fitzgerald



David D'arcy



Billy Smyth



Mary Quinn



Jim Fahey



Margaret (Peggy) Fahey



Mary Fleming



Margaret Cummins



Maurice O'Gorman



Nellie Kelly



'Gentleman Jim' Connell

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.

Allen, Gussy, Barrack Street (Grimsby, England)
 Anglin, James Patrick, Lisonagh (New Jersey)
 Blundell, Giles, Slievenamon (Fethard)
 Boland, Michael, Moyglass (Moyglass)
 Breen, Mick, Killerk (Ballyclerihan)
 Browne, Pat, Woodvale Walk (Calvary)
 Burke, Margaret, Crampscastle (Calvary)
 Butler, Edmond, Garrinch (Calvary)
 Byrne, Philip, Claremore (Kilsheelan)
 Cahill, Eileen, Coolmoyne (Rathcoole)
 Carroll, John, Rocklow (Mombassa)
 Carroll, Miriam, Menlo (Holy Trinity Parish Church)
 Connell, 'Gentleman Jim', Barrack Street (Calvary)
 Croke, Kathleen, Derrylusklin (England)
 Croome Carroll, Evie, Donoughmore (Powerstown)
 Croome Carroll, Tate, Donoughmore
 Cummins, Margaret, Mockler's Terrace (Calvary)
 Dalton, Anne (Sayers), The Green (Peterborough)
 Dalton, Paddy, New York and Redcity (New York)
 D'arcy, David, Killusty (Derby)
 D'arcy, Per, Killusty (Killusty)
 Dillon, Eileen, Rocklow Road (Calvary)
 Dineen, Eddie, Kerry Street (Calvary)
 Fahey, Jim, Crampscastle (Calvary)
 Fahey, Margaret, Crampscastle (Calvary)
 Fahy (O'Shea), Bridget, Coolmoyne (England)
 Fitzgerald, Nellie, The Green (Calvary)
 Fleming, Mary, Barretstown (Calvary)
 Gazley, Josie, Woodhouse (Moyglass)
 Gleeson, Josie, Cloran (Cloneen)
 Godfrey, Mary, Derrylusklin (Calvary)
 Kelly, Nellie, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
 Kelly, Tom, The Valley (England)
 Kenrick, Peggy, Burke Street (Calvary)
 King, Tommy, The Green and England (England)
 Maher, Mary, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
 McCarthy, Martin, Tullamaine and Barrack St. (Calvary)
 McEniry, Ann, Knockelly (Cahir)
 Morgan (Mullins), Peggy, Chapel Lane (England)
 O'Gorman, Maurice, Canon Hayes Court (Cappawhite)
 O'Brien, Johnny, Canon Hayes Park (Calvary)
 O'Brien, Mai, Cloneen (Cloneen)
 Quinn, Mary, Lowesgreen (Rosegreen)
 Ryan, Mary (Neville), Woodhouse (London)
 Slattery, Mary, Rocklow Road (Calvary)
 Smith, Mick, Coolbawn (Moyglass)
 Smyth, Billy, Cashel Road (Calvary)
 Toomey, Michael 'Mick', Market Hill (Cahir)
 Wilkinson, Thomas, Killerk (London)



Fethard Patrician Brothers School - Munster Champions 1985

Front: L to R: Rory Keane, Ciarán O'Dwyer, Liam Cronin, Liam Ryan, Gerry Murphy, Justin Maher, Chris Coen, Johnny Connolly, Willie Casey, Willie O'Meara, Adrian Bradshaw.
 Back L to R: John Noonan, Gerry Horan, David Kane, Eddie Casey, Eddie Sheehan, Liam O'Dwyer, Paul Hayes, Fergus McCormack, Malachy Brett, Colm Kehoe, Pat Broderick, Brian Burke and David Hogan.

‘Twas scorching hot in Fethard *by Tony Synnott*

It was my second visit to Fethard when I first felt the heat. But, let me tell you about my first visit to Fethard before I felt the heat.

My sister May and her husband Steve O'Connor invited me to visit them in their flat above Sean Henahan's shop on the Square. The year was 1946 and I was twelve years old.

On the appointed Saturday, I was scrubbed to a shine and my unruly hair was plastered down at my home on William Street in Clonmel. My Mother took me to the bus outside Duggan's Pub on Gladstone Street and paid the conductor for the single half—fare to Fethard. I was thrilled and apprehensive in equal measure. Thrilled because it was my first solo journey, apprehensive because I had been given so many instructions about good behaviour, polite manners at table and to anyone I might meet in Fethard. The return journey on Saturday night was to be by Cahir Machine Bakery delivery van, in the care of Clonmel Town Councillor and family friend Jim Taylor (Jim was Mayor of Clonmel sometime later). "Meet the van at the shop on Kerry Street at 8.30p.m. sharp and get there early." Those last words from my Mother as the bus pulled away were still ringing in my ears at Lisronagh.

My thoughts soon changed as we approached Clonacody. The bus came to a grinding halt and the words "puncture" and "no spare" were passed from passenger to passenger. A passing lorry, they were scarce in those days, took the message of our misfortune to the bus garage in Clonmel. Three or

four people set off for Fethard on foot. Forty or so minutes later that felt like days to me, a spare wheel and a heavy—duty jack arrived and we were soon on our way again. The walkers must have reached Fethard, as they were not seen on the road.

My mind was in turmoil, would my sister May have tired of waiting for the bus and have gone home? Would anyone in Fethard know where she lived, you see, in my mind's eye Fethard was at least as big as Clonmel and may even have been bigger. I didn't realise she had a view of the Main Street from her front windows, not to mention the walkers who had obviously passed the news of the breakdown to the people on Main Street.

However all turned out well, I had a most enjoyable day with lots of treats, including a shilling from Steve on departure, which made me think that I'd never see a poor day again.

The journey home to Clonmel was most enjoyable too. Mr Taylor got a blow by blow account of the days happenings. The crusty bits of grinder I picked off the passenger seat during the eight miles to Clonmel were only delicious. I slept well that night after my first solo and most profitable outing. I wonder if any bread is delivered on Kerry Street at 8.30 p.m. on a Saturday night nowadays.

The second visit, the second of many hundreds to Fethard was either 1948 or 1949. I was then a tenor drummer in the Clonmel Boys Club Pipe Band. The Band was engaged to lead the Fethard Carnival Parade. We were transported as usual by Fennessey's hackney cars, the lead car driven by

FETHARD CARNIVAL

— AND —
DOG SHOW

STRIKING REPRESENTATIONS IN FANCY DRESS PARADE!!

THE BARRACK FIELD, FETHARD, on

SUNDAY, 9TH JUNE

1946, IN AID OF NEW SECONDARY SCHOOL.

★ Grand Open Jumping Competition ★

FIRST PRIZE, £5. SECOND PRIZE, £2. THIRD PRIZE, £1. Entries to Dr. P. Stokes

★ Unique Donkey Derby ★

Those wishing to Enter Donkeys for this Event can have the services of any of the following famous Jockeys: T. Hyde, M. Browne, E. J. Kennedy, R. Gough, C. O'Connor, B. McCarthy, P. Gomez, F. Rafferty.

Great Hurling Contest for Valuable Set of Medals: Boherlahan v. Coolmoyno

Ireland's Champion Step-Dancers--Musical Items will be Broadcast

Side Shows, Hoops, Raffle, Pups, Wheel 'n' Is, Clouting Bango, Treasure Thrown, Money from America, etc.

Fancy Dress Competitions

£25 in Prizes

Adults: (A) Groups 1. Most Original, 2. Most Artistic

(B) Individuals 1. Most Original, 2. Most Artistic

Children: (X) Groups, (R) Individuals, (C) Best Mounted

Juvenile Rider, (D) The Best Pair.

Special Prize for Best Team from Rural Area.

Special Prize for Best Team On Parade, Surprise Item.

Irish Step-Dancing

(A) Four-Hand Reel, (B) Three-Hand Reel.

Jig and Reel or Hornpipe

(X) Over 14 Years, (R) 8 Years to 14 Years, (C) Under 8 Years

Confined to Non-Prize Winners

A. Four-Hand Reel, Open to All Ages. B. Jig and Reel or Hornpipe, 12 Years to 14 Years. C. Jig and Reel or Hornpipe, Under 12 Years.

In the Individual Dancing no one will be allowed to Enter for more than One Competition.

Entrance Fee: Individual Dancing, 6d. Figure Dancing, 1/- per set

Fancy Dress Parade starts from Kerry Street

at 2 o'clock (Summer Time)

Fethard's Famous Confraternity Brass Band, will give a Selection of Irish Airs

ADMISSION TO FIELD: Adults, 1/-; Children, 6d.

PRIZE DRAWING FOR 25 TICKETS, 3d. EACH, or 12 for 2/6

THE COMMITTEE: FETHARD FIELD, FETHARD.

Teddy Fennessey had a trailer attached which carried the pipes and drums. I usually had a seat in Georgie's car, as the craic with him was always ninety. At the top of Market Hill we passed four men from the Old Bridge in Clonmel who were walking to Fethard, such was the popularity of Fethard Carnival. All along Congress Terrace and Kerry Street, the entrants for the Parade were lining up.

The Band took up position at the crossroads by the Cinema. In 26 years in various pipe bands I have never

encountered heat like Fethard enjoyed that June day. As with all fancy dress parades it was slow moving. By the time we reached Newport's

shop, every member of the band was perspiring. The heat of the sun, the pure wool of the uniforms, the excitement of seeing so many people lining the street and cheering us on and the extra effort put in to please an appreciative audience brought us almost to the point of collapse.

The Band Secretary rushed into Newport's and re-appeared with several bottles of red lemonade. It was unheard of to refresh a Band on the move. I can taste it still.

We were given an hour off whilst the Irish Dancing was taking place.

During that time the other Band members went about spending their meagre pocket money, but yours truly headed off to the Valley and the home of Steve O'Connor's mother. I knew that my own mother had gone there after watching the parade. Two of Steve's aunts were there on holiday from England, also Steve and my sister May and several others. A wise move if ever there was one. I was treated like a prince, high praise for the band, my own performance was favourably commented upon, I got a

great feed and departed six shillings and sixpence to the good. I sang the loudest if not the sweetest on the journey back to Clonmel that night. As I mentioned



*The French 'Dion' Quints' at Fethard Carnival.
Includes: Maureen O'Donnell (Yvonne), Joan O'Connor (Annette),
Mary Kenny (Cecile), Noddy Hennessy (nurse).*

earlier I have been back to Fethard hundreds of times since 1946. I cycled from Clonmel; I motored from London to Fethard, Gloucester to Fethard, Birmingham to Fethard, Motherwell in Scotland to Fethard and countless times from Clane in the County Kildare. All visits are like 'home-comings' and many are memorable but none come near to that Fethard Carnival Day and those lovely six shillings and sixpence. Perhaps another time I'll tell you some more details of my visits, especially about my sister Phyllis and the mushrooms! ☺

A working summer

by Tom McCormack

Tillage played a large part in the economic well-being of most farmers in the post-war era, especially in Tipperary. Sugar beet was always one of the main crops as it had two advantages, (i) farmers were assured of a fixed price per acre depending, of course, on the quality and (ii) Thurles Sugar Factory was only a mere half hour's drive so this ensured quick delivery to a factory which, at the time, was booming but now sadly closed.

Some reasonable employment was attached to the beet crops especially in mid-summer and mid-winter. During summer holidays school boys, as they were known then, had the opportunity of earning a few bob by thinning beet. It was in this atmosphere that I allowed myself to be persuaded by Jim

Napier to go thinning beet to Pat Dwyer of Knockelly.

Jim and I became friends after the late Brother Albert caught both of us and four others playing "Twenty-Fives" in the small Leaving Certificate room at the end of the school corridor. In later years Jim emigrated to England where he married Eileen Maher from St. Patrick's Place.

After informing me that we would get a pound a week, which was then a full six days, I agreed to go with him. Under normal circumstances workers were paid by the drill but as we were on a weekly wage our work varied.

The following Monday morning after our discussion Jim and I hit for Knockelly. I was wearing a pair of white runners or "guttys" which I used when playing handball. As we entered



Fethard First Communion c.1938. Back L to R: Tom Sayers, Mick Keyes, John Delaney, Michael Stokes, Michael Cummins. Middle Row L to R: Gerry Mackey, Sean Walsh, Peter Murphy, Chris Mackey, Bill Meaney, Brendan O'Donnell. Front L to R: John McDonnell, Frank McCarthy, Austin Cassells, Tony Newport, Master Crotty, Jim Noonan, Seamus Greene and Jim Napier.

the farmyard Pat came forward to welcome Jim, who had worked there the previous year. Looking down at my feet he enquired where the "tennis match" was being held. I was dumb-struck as Jim, amid great laughter, introduced me as "The Red Rocket - Rod Laver" who after his Wimbledon success was visiting Fethard.

We spent our first day thinning beet in a big field near Anglim's entrance. Crawling on your knees, as the midday sun burned into your back, you earned your pound. Now and again you raised your head, hoping the headland might be nearer. At one o'clock we were called to dinner which was the usual time in most homes. Here we sat round the kitchen table with Neddie Lawless, Jim Cantwell and Mick Keane.

Pat himself and his sister ate in a small room off the parlour. Mrs Jim Flynn, mother of John P. O'Flynn (a man who wrote a wonderful article in last year's Newsletter), was house-keeper and cook.

There was a set menu daily consisting of bacon and cabbage and, believe it or not, it was enjoyed by all. However, due to a poor stomach, Jim Cantwell had the privilege of roast beef which sometimes looked enticing to the rest of us four. This longing was soon forgotten when Mrs Flynn strolled into the kitchen with steaming plates of 'hard-cured' bacon and cabbage. This would be followed by a 'skillet' of new potatoes tossed onto a jute bag on the centre of the long, oblong table. I can say with certainty, those small potatoes vanished pretty quickly! After the grub, and with a half-hour left of our dinner hour, Pat and the five of us would hit for the out-

house. While proceeding up the ladder to the loft, someone would always produce a deck of cards and with a cut for deal, the game of "Twenty-Five" would commence.

Pat was a fine player but he lacked the cunning of some of his companions. Mick Keane was an expert at the game then . . . he still is! Jim Napier always had a deck and a few games were usually played on the step of the Everard doorway before retiring to Mick Maher's of St. Patrick's Place. Around this time Jim was courting Mick's daughter, Eileen. I had served my time playing poker and twenty-fives in Croke's of Rocklow Road after school. Ned Lawless and Jim Cantwell were a bit like Pat, too honest for us fellows. The games would carry on well past dinner-hour until Pat's sister Maggie, missing movement around the yard, would come looking for him.

After the thinning of the beet, it was time for saving the hay. In those days the hay was cut with a horsedrawn "mowing machine". This was done by the man in charge, Ned Lawless, and who Maggie always referred to as 'The Boss'. After a few days we would turn the hay with forks, then into small cocks and later into trams. Baling was light years away in those days. During those long warm afternoons Mrs Flynn would arrive with jugs of scalding tea and thickly buttered brown bread.

As the summer progressed Pat's sister, Maggie, brought me in from the fields and set me to work around the orchard. I spent the last days of that summer mowing and clipping the grass around the apple trees, and clipping hedges. I don't know if Maggie

gave me this job because she liked me or that she was suspicious of me. All I remember is that she kept peering through the white lace curtains from the sitting room.

On Saturday evenings, Mick Keane would bring out a single-barrelled shotgun from the shed and we'd go shooting rabbits, which were quite plentiful then. The gun was tied with twine, which held the stock to the barrel. I often wonder how we escaped being blown to bits!

Afterwards, in the farmyard, Pat would pay Jim and myself our week's wages. He'd forage in his waistcoat pocket and then hand us a pound each. To both of us this was

a fortune. Shortly after that summer Jim emigrated to England. I commenced work in a new bakery that had opened on the Main Street.

Fifty years have passed since that summer. Pat Dwyer, his sister Maggie, Ned Lawless, Jim Cantwell and Jim Napier have all passed to their eternal reward (R.I.P.). Mick Keane is still playing "Twenty-Fives" with a good deal of success. I, after fifty years, have commenced playing again, with a little success.

As I ponder on those from time to time, that summer always stands out in my mind, and at times I wish I was back there again, but, as my wife Kathleen would say "Life isn't a Rehearsal", and isn't that true. ☹



Large group taken after making the annual pilgrimage to the Holy Year Cross on Slievenamon, includes: Christie Williams, Pat Ryan, Tony Newport, John Tobin, Jackie Aylward and wife, Mick Halpin, Tom Sheehan, Cathleen Keane, Mick Keane, Margaret Keane, Cly Mullins, John Harrington, Agnes Allen, Bill & Babe Maher, 'Cap' Holohan and Fr. Cunningham.

(photo supplied by Nellie Ryan, St. Patrick's Place)

Snippets from Millennium year

Christmas 1999

Canon James Power P.P. and Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA, Prior, complimented Fethard and Killusty parishioners on their excellent attendance at the church services during the Christmas period. The Carol services in Holy Trinity Church of Ireland also attracted a full congregation. The weather over the holiday period was quite good. Unfortunately the Childrens' Meet of the Tipperary Foxhounds at Grove coincided with high wind and rain which, we might add, did not mar in any way the enthusiasm and enjoyment of the 102 mounted juvenile followers of all ages. The Fethard & Killusty Community Council started the Millennium celebrations on Wednesday night 29th December, out-

side the illuminated Town Hall with live music from the Pheasant Pluckers and lots of free goodies distributed to the children present by two beautifully dressed 'Millennium Clowns'. The Millennium Eve celebrations went off literally with a bang! The most impressive fireworks display ever seen in Fethard lit up the night sky for an hour following the pealing of the local churches bells at midnight. The crowd attending enjoyed the festivities in a most orderly manner with no undue shouting or disturbance.

Last Abbey Lotto

Marianne Shortall, The Valley, won the £1800 Jackpot in the last Augustinian Abbey Lotto draw in January. The new Community Lotto commenced on Tuesday 17th April.



The bridge at Jesuit's Walk that carried the old Clonmel-Thurles railway line over the roadway was seriously damaged in a mysterious accident in December 1999. Apparently a large truck attempting to negotiate the narrow structure almost demolished the old landmark. The stonework on the bridge was a marvellous example of the art of the stonemasons of the 19th century. It was repaired in February, 2000, by Tipperary S.R. County Council.



LIGHTING UP THE NEW MILLENNIUM

A group photographed at the Community Council's 'Millennium Party' held on 29th December outside the Town Hall. The 'Pheasant Pluckers' provided live music with lots of entertainment and freebies for the kids. The event was part funded by the 'Millennium Events Awards'.

Married 45 years

Congratulations to John and Gladys O'Flynn who celebrated 45 years marriage on Saturday 5th February. John P. O' Flynn left Killerk, Fethard, in January 1954 and travelled to Yorkshire, England, where he met Gladys in September and married her on the 5th February 1955

George Plant

The traditional date of the annual George Plant Commemoration changed this year to Sunday March 5th, at St. Johnstown Churchyard, Fethard. March 5th is the actual date of the anniversary of the death of George Plant, executed in Portlaoise prison on March 5th 1942.

Beat this drum!

The base drum of the old Fethard dance band The Twilight Serenaders, of the forties and fifties returned to Fethard by an extraordinary coincidence. Jim Cauley a former member of Mick Dell's famous band, purchased the drum kit from the then

defunct Twilight Serenaders. He emigrated to the USA and gave the drum kit to his nephew in Dublin. His nephew, now married and living in London, never followed up on his drumming career. After talking to locals in Fethard, Jim found the drum still emblazoned with the Twilight Serenaders logo and drove down especially the Sunday after to give the drum to Brendan Kenny and would not except a penny for it. It was then passed on to Pauline Morrissey (nee Sheehan) daughter of the late Tom Sheehan who was the celebrated leader of the Twilight Serenaders.

Ear to the ground

RTE featured local organic farmer Fintan Rice on their 'Ear to the Ground' television program on RTE 1 on Monday night 20th March.

Skoda agency

Local garage proprietor Frank Meagher was given the Skoda main dealership for the Tipperary area. Frank needs no introduction in the

motor trade in Tipperary or indeed in Ireland. His many rallying successes have long since marked him as one of Europe's leading rally drivers. Frank returned to rallying this year and finished fourth in his new Ford Focus at the Cork Rally.

Dr Mattie says goodbye

Dr Mattie Corcoran, having taken up an appointment with the South Eastern Health Board, relinquished his practice at Main Street, Fethard. Dr Molly Owen, Ardsallagh, took over Dr Corcoran's practice.

Kyleavalla Bridge

Superficial damage to the truck and slight structural damage to the bridge was the only harm caused when the famed 'Kyleavalla Bridge' collapsed under the weight of a fully laden truck which failed to cross the Anner over the historic bridge.

People in Need

Nellie Ryan, St. Patrick's Place, raised over £600 for "People In Need"

by raising the required sponsorship for her entry in the national "Granny of the Year".

Trocaire Collection

The Lenten Trocaire Collection in Fethard and Killusty Parish amounted to £2,600 this year - a 25% increase on last year's figure.

High Jump

Local athlete Jacqui Stokes, competing for her new club Border Harriers A.C. England, won the ladies 100m high jump and long jump at a British athletics meet in Derbyshire.

Record price for horse

Coolmore and associated studs paid in excess of the record 40 million dollars in purchasing Kentucky Derby winner Fushachi Pegasus. The horse will retire next year to Coolmore's American Ashford Stud.

New barbers shop opens

Elizabeth Burke set up a Gentleman's Barbers Shop in Burke Street.



Mrs Mary Grant, Killerk, celebrated her eightieth birthday with her family and friends at Hotel Minella Clonmel, on 20th May, 2000. Mary is photographed above with her family. Back L to R: Pat, Roger, Peter, Seamus, Gerry and Tom. Front L to R: Breda, Mrs Mary Grant and Siobhán.



*Glanbia Fethard & Coolmoynce Area Advisory Committee held a special function in February to honour six of their long serving members who retired from the committee pictured here:
L to R: Joe Hayes, David O'Meara, Mick Ahearne, Dermot Rice, Jim Barry and Gerry Hogan.*

New houses on Rocklow Road

Building commenced of six semi-detached four bedroom houses on the Rocklow Road. The development is to be called 'Cois Falla'.

Daring robbery

Fethard was outraged when news of a break in at the Bridge Bar, Main Street, became public knowledge. Mr Dick Burke, retired proprietor, his wife and brother were locked in a room during the raid. No one was charged with the robbery yet.

Drangan & Cloneen GAA

"A History of the GAA in Drangan and Cloneen 1885-2000" was launched in Cloneen in July. While dealing primarily with the GAA in Drangan and Cloneen, it also contains much of interest to the people of Fethard, Mullinahone, Ballingarry, Killenaule, Grangemockler and Kilsheelan. The book is available to order for £12 (plus p&p. Tel: +353 (0)52 31549 or +353 (0)52 52125.

Chris wins Captain's Prize

Chris Coen won the Captain's Prize at Slievenamon Golf Course.

Rugby captain

John Stokes, Knockbrack, a playing member of Clonmel Rugby Club, captained the Munster junior rugby team in the junior inter-provincial against Ulster at Larne on 2nd September.

New jockey

Shane Walsh, Grove Road, was granted an amateur riders license by the racing authorities.

The Far East

The Presentation Sisters, having distributed 'The Far East' magazine for over 30 years, have now ended their involvement.

Quick thinking Val

Quick thinking and prompt action by Val O'Dwyer prevented far more serious damage being caused when a car caught fire while approaching Main Street. Val entered the burning vehicle and succeeded in moving it safely away until the arrival of the Fire Brigade from Clonmel.

New taxi service

Mr Senan Murray, Redcity, established a new taxi service this year and may be contacted on 086 400 1882.

Honors for Professor

Professor William T. Coffey, Innisfall, Burke Street, Fethard, has been awarded the degree, Docteur Honoris Causa, on October 13th, by the University of Perpignan, France, by virtue of his contributions to Chemical Physics. The significance of Professor Coffey's honour is shown in the fact that this single honour is achieved by just half of 1% of the membership.

Community TV

The Killenaule/Fethard BBC1, BBC2, UTV and Channel 4, signal was restored to the area following the issue of a temporary licence. The annual subscription was set at £50.

Top business woman

Caroline Lonergan, The Square, Fethard, was listed at 24 in the list of 'The 50 most Influential Women in

Irish Business'. Caroline is managing director in Ireland of Novell, the fifth largest software company in the world.

Teachers strike

Patrician Presentation Secondary School teachers went on strike on Tuesday morning 14th November. The members of the ASTI voted in favour of specified industrial action in pursuit of their national pay claim.

Pigtail for CAT scan appeal

Miceál McCormack, Kerry Street, cut off his pigtail to raise funds in aid of the St. Joseph's Hospital Cat Scan Appeal Fund in conjunction with the Tipperary GAA referees All-Star Football Challenge.

Hospice Coffee Morning

The sum of £963 was raised at a Coffee Morning held in Fethard in aid of South Tipperary Hospice.



Kathleen Walsh, Barrack Street, celebrating her 92nd birthday at Fethard Day Care Centre on 16th March. Also included in photograph are Peter Napier, Jimmy Lawrence and Nelly Ryan.

Cheltenham connections

Fethard may not have produced any local trained winner at Cheltenham this year. Nevertheless, the local connection with the famous racing festival was well maintained. Fethard amateur riders had mixed fortunes. P.J. Colville was going very well on the Mouse Morris trained 'Leonardo' in the National Hunt Chase when a very bad mistake by his mount gave P.J. no chance of staying in the plate. P.J. was carrying on a family tradition as his late father rode 'Willie Womkins' to victory at Prestburn Park in 1973. His Uncle T.J. Ryan rode five Cheltenham winners in the eighties. Keith Culligan riding 'Little Buck', had a great run in the Foxhunters chase. Where or what would Cheltenham be without Fethard's official representative the one and only Jimmy Ryan. A regular annual attendee for well over 20 years Jimmy has by now become one of the better known Irish characters of the meeting.

Representatives appointed

The Irish Council of "People with Disabilities", Tipperary County Network, have appointed Bernard A. Walsh, Burke St. Fethard, as a representative on the South Eastern Health board, to deal with the issues affecting people with disabilities in the South Eastern Health Board Area of County Tipperary.

Mr Michael Walsh, The Valley, and Tony Newport, Congress Terrace, were appointed as Fethard's representatives on the St. Joseph's Hospital Parent's Welfare Committee. Suggestions which may help in-patients welfare will be brought to the attention of the committee.



Greyhound success

Tim O'Riordan, local veteran greyhound owner, had his vast knowledge and expertise in greyhound matters fully vindicated in his judgement in purchasing three greyhound pups in 1998. The three puppies from a first litter of both sire and dam Arrigle Phantom and Springmount Dame, Tee on Gee, Mooncoin Harry and Lady Dame all won on their initial outings.

All three received rave notices on the national press sporting pages. 'Tee on Gee' winning by a distance was just .06 seconds off the '325' track record in making his winning debut at Mullingar.

All-Ireland waltzing champions

Congratulations to Marina Mullins, Fethard Folk Farm, and her dancing partner Eddie Murphy, Kilkenny, who won the Munster and All-Ireland Waltzing Championship held in the Lady Gregory Hotel, Gort, Co. Galway.

Both are members of St. John's Ballroom Club in Kilkenny. ☺

Fethard & Killusty Community Games

The first year of the new millennium went well for Community Games. Young people from the area participated in art & model-making, athletics, judo, under-10 GAA and under-16 girls volleyball. In the county art final, Cathal Maher from Dun Aoibhinn won his fourth successive title and represented Tipperary at Mosney. Our only qualifier for the National Finals in athletics was Anthony Feery from Killusty who took part in the boys under 17 marathon for the second year in a row.

Those who won county titles in judo were: Michelle Bradshaw, The Green; Bernadette Costello, Stacey Grace, Christopher Sheehan, Stephenie Lawrence, all from Woodvale Walk and D. J. Gorey, Redcity. Unfortunately all were runners at the Munster finals in Listowel so for the first time in 15 years Fethard did not

have competitors in Mosney.

Our under 16 girls volleyball team defeated Lismore. Co. Waterford in the Munster final and went on to win silver medals at the ESB national finals. The team consisted of Vanessa O'Donnell, Monroe; Sarah Healy, The Green; Ashley McCormack-John, Monroe; Zoe Cooney, Main Street; Evelyn O'Connor, St. Patricks Place; Ailish O'Connell, Coolmoynes; Sarah Standbridge, Knockelly; Helen Frewen, Tullamaine; Miriam Carroll, Crampscastle; Mary Gorey Main Street; and Evelyn Fogarty, Brookhill. The coaches were Denis Burke and Bernie O'Connor and team manager was Rita McCormack-John. The officials from Fethard at the national finals were Joe Keane, Micheál McCormack, Bernard Feery and Peggy Colville. ☺



Congratulations to our local six Dublin City Marathon runners - Alice O'Gorman, Diane Halpin, Neilie Hall, Paddy Halpin, Michael Halpin and Tom Halpin who raised over £2,400 for South Tipperary Hospice in this year's marathon.

St. Rita's Camogie Club



*St. Rita's Camogie team, Fethard, photographed by the Town Wall on 4th June 2000.
The team won the 1999 County Junior 'A' Championship and the 1999 County League.
This year they are promoted to Intermediate Championship level.*

Having beaten Clonoulty in both the Junior 'A' County Championship Final and the Junior A League Final last year, we were promoted to Intermediate status. The players have adjusted admirably to this transition but this level boasts a faster, tougher and more physical style of camogie. However, this promotion has afforded us the opportunity of playing against top calibre players on a regular basis - many of the double All-Ireland winning Senior side hail from Intermediate clubs therefore injecting flair, skill and pace into the competition. We were knocked out of the Championship having been narrowly beaten on a

few occasions when victory was there for the taking.

We have won all of our matches in the League and at the time of writing are awaiting the fixture for our County semifinal. Hopefully we can emulate some of last year's success. The panel of players for this year includes: Jean Morrissey, Sandra Maher, Edel Fitzgerald, Fiona Conway, Emily Sayers, Imelda Spillane, Norah O'Meara, Sandra Spillane, Jennifer Keane, Marie Holohan, Niamh Sheehan, Kay Ryan, Audrey Conway, Mia Treacy, Bernie Horan, Caroline Quinlan, Sharon O'Meara, Vanessa O'Donnell, Laoise O'Connell, Jennifer Frewen. ☺

Arriving in the promised land *by John P. O'Flynn*

John P. O'Flynn left his home in Killerk on 2nd January 1954 and headed for a new life in England at the age of 26. The first 26 years of his life in Ireland was covered by an article published in last years Fethard & Killusty Newsletter, 'Accentuate the positive' (pages 10-17). John's remarkable life-story, including his coping with 40 years deafness, continues here with his arrival in England.

After leaving Fethard, the remainder of my journey to England is still a bit hazy. However, I eventually arrived in Leeds on a fine frosty morning in January 1954. After a cup of British Rail tea and one of their famed stale sandwiches I made my way to the city where I got a bus for Ilkley which is fourteen miles from Leeds.

Arriving at Ilkley

The first thing I did when I arrived at Ilkley was to go in to a pub and sample my first pint of British ale. The beer was called Tetley's and it was brewed in Leeds. I liked this ale so much that from then on it was my favourite 'swally'. Yes, I know being an Irishman, I may roast in hell for all eternity for forsaking the black stuff.

After making some enquiries, I was directed towards the Monastery, which was on the side of a hill about three quarters of a mile from the town. It was set in about two hundred acres of land behind the Monastery, some hilly and some very flat, which also contained the farm buildings. My first

impression of the place was one of foreboding as the building was very medieval looking.

There was a lovely kitchen garden near the house which reminded me of those around Fethard. Some distance up from the monastery there was a walled in wood about one acre in extent, which had the Stations of the Cross on the wall. A footpath went the whole way around. It was a very tranquil place indeed. The priests were called the Passionate Fathers and there were also monks (lay brothers).

A man called Brennan from Kildare, who was the son of an Irish policeman, managed the farm. There was also a married man working there who lived in a tied cottage in the Farmyard.

After five weeks there I was woken up one morning at 2am by the steward who handed me a note saying the pigs were out and he needed me to help him round them up. I took a look out the iced over window and told him to feck off, which he did. The next morning I was taken in to see the Father Vicar; this was the great man's title. He said



Priest's house in Ilkley

I was not suitable for farm work and he would pay my fare back to Ireland. I said, "no way was I going back to Ireland", so he gave me a week's notice. I had a look in the local paper to see what jobs were going and saw a farmer by the name of Fred Dalby was looking for a man, only seven miles down the road from Ilkley.

For the record, there is no difference between an English farmer, and his Irish counterpart, they both have to graft pretty damn hard to earn a crust. Fred had an old Fordson tractor, shades of my young days here when I was gadding about Tommy Flynn's tractor. I did all the ploughing and tilling for Fred. This came about one day as we were working with Eric, Fred's brother, who had just starting to plough. I said to Fred "I have never seen such rooting in all my born days", so he then put me on the tractor to teach me a lesson.

Now I had a lot of experience of ploughing in Ireland with various types of tractor and both with mounted and dragging types of plough. Everyone knows that Irishmen are ploughmen par-excellence so Fred was suitably impressed with my work and from then on I was given all the tractor work. One day I was up the field harrowing when the tractor fan cut a swath through the radiator and three weeks later it was still not repaired. So with no tractor I soon lost interest and had a look in the paper again. This time I got in touch with a farmer in Gisburn, Lancashire.

Gisburn

Here, I would like to recount my experience of a day threshing on an English Farm. I was very surprised to see a tractor and threshing mill roll in

to the farm on one April morning. If I remember rightly it was a fine April morning. We started work mid-morning but unlike at an Irish threshing there were only about ten helpers. An Irish farm would be swarming with men, and the kitchen would also be chock-a-block with women, all of them eager to display their culinary skills. After the threshing was under way for a few hours, Fred came around with the beer. He gave each of us a little bottle of Black Label, in contrast to an Irish farmer and his big milking bucket full of the black stuff, and all of us swigging two mugs before returning to our allotted tasks.

But wait . . . when the threshing was finished we all trooped into the kitchen for a long awaited meal. Flo, Fred's wife, had done all the cooking on her own and when we were seated she planted a plate in front of us with one sausage and a spoonful of mashed spuds plus a bit of cabbage. Fred did the honours with the beer — another little bottle of Black Label — and that's an English threshing. Then every one departed without an offer of a cup of tea to anyone. The next farmer whom I worked for was called Johnson, who lived just a few yards from Gisburn village. I only stayed there three or four weeks as I did not like him one little bit, even though the bed and board was ok, it was just the man himself I could not stomach.

There is always some one whom you could not like, although that person may be ok in every way. That's just the way it is, one of those things really. He never once wrote anything out for me, just waved his arms about as if I was a sheep dog.

I was soon on my way again this

time to a William Booth who had a farm over in Fezior, a small hamlet, under a limestone outcrop. This outcrop extended for about a mile, and was some two or three hundred feet high. Back behind this was an extensive moor full of potholes or what we in Tipperary call 'gullies'. Booth's was a dairy and sheep farm, he had about thirty cows, some cattle and about three hundred sheep. He was a very well off farmer given that the farm was all limestone rock. He also had lots of hay fields, which he saved as both silage and hay for winter feed, no tillage of any kind in this hilly district.

In addition to myself he had two other men, John Towler from Settle, a nearby town also under a huge limestone outcrop, that would make the Rock of Cashel look like a little garden rockery. The other man was from the West of Ireland, and I never got his name. I certainly don't remember it now. I should point out here, that the Yorkshire and Lancashire farmers used to employ Irish migrant farm workers mostly from the West of Ireland.

My wife Gladys told me about the hiring fairs held in her hometown Skipton up to the early fifties. Of course nowadays all farmers have tractors and lots of hay making machinery. Some farmers had as many as four huge tractors and a yard full of machines of all kinds.

The Irish workers used to gather in a pub called the Cross Streets where they would take over a room for themselves. I went in the room once but when they found out I was deaf they lost interest. They were a close knit group and could not, or would not, bother to write out things for me.

However, I soon fell foul of the boss.

It came about like this. One Saturday night I wanted to go into town at eight thirty, but he wanted me to go out for another load of hay with John Towler. I refused point blank as I had been working from six in the morning till nine at night for five days. Anyway, we had a bit of a scuffle, and his wife who was also in the milking shed, ran into the house and a few minutes later a police car rolled up. The police waited till I had packed up and got the money that I was due and then took me as far as the main road and dumped me. I was really glad to see the back of that place as I had no friends of any sort. Indeed I never had a friend from the moment I left Killerk till the day I met my future wife Gladys, when I went to live in Skipton.

Skipton and Burnsall

This town is a little jewel set in lovely surroundings, it has a Castle, and during the war was an army garrison town similar to Fethard in years gone by. It has low hills sweeping up from just outside the town and ends in beautiful moorland covered in heather. It is a joy to behold in the autumn when the heather is in full bloom, shades of Slievenamon here. When the clouds drift overhead they throw their shadows in a similar fashion producing a kaleidoscope effect on the hillsides. On market days it was full of stalls and crowded somewhat like Fethard used to be on fair days in the fifties, but without all the cow dung and urine. Also like Fethard it had, and still has, a water wheel, but the wheel had water fed in via a chute on top, whereas the one in Coffeys mill was undershot, which I think is the term used. The town also had an iron foundry, a small paint factory as well as a very large



Fair Day in Fethard in the 1950's

mill, which produced sewing thread.

When I got into Skipton I put up at the Royal Oak hotel. On Monday I went to the labour exchange and soon was on my way to the Red Lion Hotel in Burnsall, a lovely little Dales village with the river Wharfe flowing through it. This river is somewhat like our own river Suir, a sister river in fact. The village is a focal point for anglers and hikers surrounded by limestone hills, with a smattering of lead here and there. It was also a magnet for landscape artists who were selling their work to the Dalesman magazine, which was produced in Clapham, a village not far from Burnsall. My main tasks here was to wash the dishes and clean up the pub bar and do some 'pearl diving', (army slang for cleaning out the toilets). The manager was a grand man, decent, understanding, and sympathetic to me. I really did like working for him, though his wife was a bit odd. But then as they

say here in Yorkshire "all the world is queer except me and thee, and even thee is a little queer". The Yorkshire people have a lovely wit and sense of humour, no doubt about it. The only fly in the ointment was I had to work unsociable hours, finishing most nights at 10pm. I had all day Wednesday and half day Thursday off instead. I lived high on the hog here for five months. Great food, and lots of my favourite Tetley's Bitter ale. This life was a million light years away from that of a farmer's labourer. Everyone would write out for me and the chef was good to me food wise. The pub used to have a lot of anglers staying who would go fishing in the early morning and come back around nine with a brace of trout. The waiters cleaned and prepared the fish and afterwards the chef would cook them for the anglers. The river was just a few yards from one of the dining rooms.

NOVEMBER 1954

November nineteen fifty-four arrived. One day the manager sent for me and imparted some very bad news — the porter who used to work there was coming back and I would have to go but he was giving me a chance to find another job first. I didn't hang about and went straight back to Skipton, staying at the Royal Oak once more. What a contrast between the two pubs, the Royal Oak was a dump. It cost me four pounds ten and every blessed morning the land lady's dog used to pee against the leg of the kitchen table. This money only got me bed and breakfast and I had to buy all my other meals, which was ok by me as there were plenty of places to buy food in the town. When I worked at the Red Lion I came to Skipton every Wednesday for a look around

town and it wasn't long before I got familiar with the place.

One day while walking I came across a door that had a notice saying 'Skipton Hard of Hearing Club'. Next to the club was a sweet and tobacconists with advertisement cards in the shop window. I decided to place an advert asking for a pen friend but didn't have any great expectations of receiving a reply. However, hope springs eternal as they say.

Some days later a letter arrived at the Red Lion for me. This was from a Gladys Hillary who was hard of hear-

ing and was also secretary of the Skipton club. I accepted her invitation to call to the club and the following Wednesday evening I came from Burnsall as I was still working at the Red Lion there. On my way to her house I bought a bunch of flowers. When we met, we both pointed at each other and said "you!" As the weeks went by we became very close and then she dropped a bombshell. It turned out she was already engaged to another lad and had been so engaged for the previous six years.

Some few weeks after, Gladys and myself discovered we both had the same ambitions, to have a home of our

own and a few kids, so we decided to get married. This caused Gladys some more hard thinking, as she was seven years older than me. I was twenty seven years old then, but I convinced her that

the age difference would not matter one little bit. Also of course, we were of different religious denominations. I remembered a particular couple. He was twenty-six and she was forty-six; the age difference did not bother them, and their marriage lasted. Gladys then told her fiancée she wanted to end their engagement.

With this out of the way another problem arose in the shape of her father and the rest of her family. Her father was a painter and decorator by trade and had his own decorating business. He was not overjoyed at the



The Royal Oak in Skipton

news his daughter was going to marry a deaf penniless Irish labourer. Gladys was very headstrong and once she got the bit between her teeth no power on earth could hold her back. She soon made it clear to all her family that she was getting married.

Gladys was hard of hearing and could never understand my broad Tipperary accent. As I of course was stone deaf, she had to write every thing out for me and I did the same for her so no misunderstandings arose. Another thing I always admired and still admire in Gladys is her great organising skills. She soon had all the arrangements made for our wedding day. Neither of us wanted to marry in the others church, so we settled for a Registry Office wedding. When we had decided the wedding date

I then had to save up for the wedding ring and a decent suit to get married in. On the morning of the wedding I had £3.00 in my pocket, but luckily enough Gladys had a few quid saved up to pay for the expenses incurred. To this very day she maintains I only married her for her money. Gladys booked rooms for our honeymoon, which was only a weekend in Blackpool. Somehow or other she found two rooms for us in Bradford,

about 22 miles from Skipton.

Bradford

At that time I was working at an engineering factory in Bradford City. We returned from our honeymoon on Monday and on Tuesday moved to our new rooms. When we moved in, all we owned was a bed, a small table and two chairs. Later we got some furniture on easy payments. One of the articles we bought was a kitchen cabinet for £11.00 and we still have it in our hall-

way 44 years later. They don't make furniture like that these days.

Our first child, a daughter was born on the 17th November 1955, and we christened her Kathleen. Fifteen months after we moved to Bradford we managed to get a council house on the Buttershaw estate and here we stayed for thirty years. Here too our two sons



John and Gladys on honeymoon in Blackpool

Micheál and Paul was also born. So our dreams had at last come true — a home of our own and three lovely children. On the 6th October 1986 we moved to our present address, a lovely two bedroom council house. One of the advantages in renting a house is you have no hassle with repairs as it's all down to your landlord.

During the years after moving to Bradford I had a wide variety of jobs as it was very difficult to hold one down.



The O'Flynn family L to R: Paul, Kathleen, Gladys and Mick.

Every order had to be written out for me, although at some times I could follow given signs. Whilst working as a labourer in an engineering factory I decided that if I was an engineering turner I wouldn't have the problem of trying to understand orders. Once I made the decision to become a turner I applied to the employment exchange to go on an engineering course at the government Skills Centre in Leeds. They refused as I could not hear or lip read so it would be impossible to teach me such complex work. Well as they say, "God helps them who helps themselves". My next move was to visit our city library and study books on centre lathe turning, and other books pertaining to the engineering trade. The factory where I worked had an angling club and the secretary was a foreman called Sid Schofield who was in charge of the centre lathe line. Sid was a very understanding and sympathetic man. It is a well-known fact that if you want to get on in this vale of tears, it is never "what you know", but "who

you know", that counts. We used to have fishing matches and on three occasions I came second. Sid used to write everything out for me and kept me informed about things I needed to know.

One day on my rounds, I noticed he had an idle lathe. Sid told me the operator had left so I asked him if he would consider me for the job. He said he would take it up with the machine shop manager, David Godfrey, and as luck would have it David was also one of God's chosen children — another kind and sympathetic man. He said he would give me two weeks trial and if I did not measure up it was back to labouring. By then I had a very good knowledge of lathe work and measuring instruments, both English and metric, micrometers, dial gauges etc, so I never looked back. When I retired with ill health in 1980, I had worked as a capstan setter operator for some ten years. I had upgraded from the centres to the big capstans.

By now my balance was gone and I

also had an operation for two slipped discs in 1976, having worked for seventeen years with one disc out. For those of you who never had such an ailment, it is like having a constant toothache centred in the hip bone as in my case. I decided to teach myself watercolour painting as a form of therapy, a hobby which I still enjoy very much to this day.

Through our married life I never earned big wages and I don't know how Gladys managed on the little money left after I finished boozing at the weekends. Yes, I was your typical Irish husband. One wonders how women put up with such treatment and today, when I think of how short of money I kept her, I could cry. How she could keep on loving me through all this I will never, never know. Thank god she had such a strong character. During all this time she managed to keep a roof over our heads and food on the table. If it was left for me to manage we would be homeless, that's for sure.

It was very hard for me to write this but I suppose we all have a down side, but I never raised a hand to her, so I suppose we must be thankful for small mercies. All this happened in the early years of our married life and as time went on I mended my ways. The booze can take over and control ones life very quickly as it tends to creep up on you. Today, it is only a bad memory for both of us, all buried and behind us.

Hearing Again

From the moment we came to live in Bradford Gladys set about trying to have something done about my hearing loss. I had given up all hope of hearing sounds ever again. But Gladys had different ideas about it. First she saw a Mr Otty who said she was wasting his

time. Next she saw a Mr Jones, a lovely man from the Welsh valleys, he had looked at my ears on several occasions but there was nothing he could do about it.

Next she saw a Mr. Tucker who also said there was nothing he could do for me. However, Gladys was not beaten yet, and somehow or other she discovered a Mr Raine who was making the deaf hear again using cochlear implants, so she got in touch with him through Mr Tucker.

Mr Raine granted me an interview in June 1992 and told me he would see if there was anything he could do about my deafness. You knew where you stood with Mr Raine from the start, as he wrote out his questions for you and also gave you a straight answer. He soon had me back in hospital for some scanned photos. The results of these were very good, so he then sent me to Addenbrooks hospital in Cambridge to see a Mrs Ivy Court and John Hartnel. John already had this type of implant done and he was very happy with it.

Early in September 1992 we got the nod from Mr Raine to say the operation was lined up for February 22nd 1993. I was told to report to the hospital at 1.30pm and to check in for the operation at 8.30am on Friday morning. On Friday morning we headed for the theatre at 8.15am. I was back in the ward again at 12.30pm. Mr Raine did a brilliant piece of microsurgery and I did not feel any pain what so ever after the operation. Six weeks later the big day arrived March 4th 1993. We all gathered in the room for the big switch on. When all was ready, David Baugley, the audiologist from Addenbrooks checked out the sound processor to make sure it was working

and also checked out Mr Raine's hand-iwork. By the time this was done Mr Raine had almost chewed his fingers off. When David had 'beamed me up', Ivy took over and switched on the sound processor, then the big "will it, won't it" decision arrived. A clunk, followed by a tiny voice saying "hello" was the first spoken word I had heard in forty years, here too, conflicting emotions took hold, immense joy at hearing Gladys' voice for the first time ever. The joy I felt at hearing Gladys for the first time is indescribable. Seven years had now gone by and it was wonderful being back in the world of sound again. Though I can only understand speech on a one-to-one basis and can't take

part in group discussions, I can yet hear the second hand of a wristwatch ticking in a quiet room. Being able to hear the sounds around me is what the processor is all about, and understanding speech is the icing on the cake. I can also use the 'phone now.

Gladys and myself now have no need to communicate using pen and paper. I will always be grateful to my Gladys for all the effort she put in on my behalf, to enable me to enjoy the world of sound, and what a noisy world I have returned to.

The joy of it all. Thank you God. Stop the world "I want to get on".



Ode to a poet

*I don't know many poets,
in fact I know but one.
He goes by the name of Jim O' Keeffe,
from the foot of Sliabh na mBan.*

*Now Jim was once a neighbour,
as a youth he went to sea,
and visited many places,
unknown to you and me.*

*But his mind would often take him back
to Clashawley's water side.
And to be among the folks he loved,
he hoped one day to reside.*

*But the times they were a changin'
all the old folks nearly gone.
Not too many school friends now,
round the foot of Sliabh na mBan.*

*So now he is Dun Roamin'
no more will he go to sea.
For he's made his home by the water side
down in lovely Kilmore Quay.*

— By Kevin Ryan (Killusty)

Fethard & Killusty Community Council

We have come to the end of yet another busy year for Fethard & Killusty Community Council. The officers for the current year are: Joe Kenny (chairperson), Edwina Newport (secretary), Fr. Ben O'Brien (treasurer). Board of Directors: Peter Grant, Jimmy Connolly, Diana Stokes, Brian Sheehy, Helen Carrigan, Bill Kennedy, Alice Butler, Thelma Griffith, James Roche and Jimmy Lawrence.

In recent months we have been involved in many projects to contribute to the development of Fethard town and it's environs.

In April 2000 Fethard & Killusty Community Council acquired a licence to operate a Community Lotto in Fethard. The aim of the Lotto is to generate a fund that can be made available for the betterment of Fethard and its inhabitants. We would like to take this



Fethard residents expressed their dismay at the lack of respect by motorists for pedestrians, cyclists and those in charge of animals at a public meeting called by the Fethard & Killusty Community Council on Monday 2nd October. This meeting was called due to the many complaints received by the Community Council concerning the ever increasing danger to residents when using our roads. Following a lengthy discussion on various solutions, it was decided that the most effective immediate plan would be to encourage all locals to report speeding cars to the local Garda Station. If you see a car breaking the speed limit or driving dangerously, write down the registration number, the place, and the time, on a piece of paper and hand it in to the local Garda Station. If everyone acts similarly it won't be long before the chief offenders are identified. This action will be supported by 'Community Speed Watch' signs erected on all our roads. Photographed at the public meeting are Back L to R: Geraldine McCarthy, Rita Kenny, Brian Sheehy, Michael Fitzgerald, Joan Woodlock, Paddy Croke. Middle L to R: Michael O'Riordan, Carol Kenny, Ann Lynch, Fr. John Meagher OSA, Frank Coffey, Eamon Delahunty. Front L to R: Cllr John Fahey, Diana Stokes, Clare Sullivan, Kathleen Nagle and Brendan Morrissey.

opportunity to thank all our ticket sellers over the past months and we would like to encourage any clubs or organisations in the parish to become involved in the Community Lotto - it is by supporting each other that we help ourselves.

In May the Community Council was involved in an exchange visit with the Welsh town of St. Davids. This exchange was co-ordinated under an Interreg project to create links between the towns - both similar in size and also having much of their medieval origins remaining.

Members of the committee travelled to St. Davids for a weekend followed by a return visit to Fethard by a contingent from Wales three weeks later. The outcome of this exchange was the proposal to establish a web-site linking both towns and also to establish joint projects between the primary schools.

On June 25th last Cllr. Pat Norris on behalf of Tipperary S.R. County Council officially opened the footbridge over the Clashawley. This brings the Riverwalk in the valley to near completion. The final phase of this project is the illumination of the area, including the renovated section of the Town Wall, which should be finalised next year.

Fethard has been selected for inclusion in the Town Renewal Scheme 2000. This scheme, which encourages the renovation of certain vacant and dilapidated sites in the Town Centre by means of tax incentives to the owners, has been implemented since July 24th last. It is hoped that the general appearance of the town and streetscapes will improve over the next few years as a result of this scheme.

The work on the realignment of

Upper Main Street and the Square, as part of the EU funded Village and Urban Renewal Scheme, has been ongoing all year. There have been many delays in the completion of this work resulting in the Community Council being unable to erect a full complement of Christmas Lighting for the second year running. We have been assured that the Square will be ready for December 2001!

On Monday October 4th the Community Council organised a public meeting to target the ongoing problem of speeding in Fethard, particularly on the approach roads to the town. The consensus of this meeting was to report offenders to the local Gardai. We are currently working towards getting speed reduction measures, such as speed ramps and signage, provided in the town.

In November last members of the Council signed the Contract for the purchase of the Convent Hall from the Presentation Sisters. We are glad to be in a position to secure the future of the hall for use by the Community of Fethard. Our intention is to render the hall suitable as an Adult Training Centre with the provision of a Cyber Café and Childminding facilities on site.

Plans are presently underway to build an extension to the Fr. Tirry Community Centre, on Barrack Street, to improve the facilities of the centre. These improvements will benefit the Day Care Centre, and others, and they will also comply with the impending South Eastern Health Board regulations for the operation of such a facility.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed to work of the Community Council during the past year especial-

ly the Supervisor and participants of the Community Employment Scheme.

We would like to invite any individuals in the community who are interested in the development and promotion of Fethard to become involved in the Community Council. Meetings are held on the second Tuesday of every month in the Fr. Tirry Community

Centre. Also, if any citizens of Fethard have any issues which they would like to have addressed please contact Edwina Newport (Secretary).

On behalf of Fethard & Killusty Community Council I would like to wish all Fethard people, both at home and away, a very Happy Christmas and prosperous 2001. ☺

Exchange trip with St. David's



Members of Fethard Community Council and local representatives photographed with representatives from St. Davids, Wales, outside the Tirry Community Centre on Saturday 29th April.

On Friday 31st March, 2000, members of Fethard and Killusty Community Council and local representatives travelled on the first leg of an exchange trip with St. David's in Wales as part of WICC Project exchange trip on Sustainable Rural Communities. The trip, organised by Tipperary SR County Council and facilitated by TRBDI, offered both communities the chance to look at each others town with the aim of learn-

ing and seeking opportunities for sustainable development. The following representatives travelled from Fethard: Joe Kenny, Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA, Jimmy Connolly, Peter Grant, David Sceats, Mairead Croke, Mary Hanrahan, Chris Nevin, Dóirín Saurus and Terry Cunningham. The group was accompanied by two facilitators, Brian Connor, BP Connor & Associates; and Bridgit Kirwan, TRBDI. Workshops were held in St.

Davids which included a presentation by the Fethard group on the historical, social and economic situation in Fethard. The workshop explored the possibility of creating joint projects that would benefit both towns.

At the end of April, the Fethard and Killusty Community Council hosted the return visit from St. David's Community Council representatives. A joint workshop took place in the Tirry Community Centre on Saturday 29th April to identify future projects that could be developed between both communities.

St. David's were very impressed with the community effort in Fethard and were interested in projects like the Abymill Theatre, Country Markets, Credit Union, Ballroom and the production of the monthly Parish Newsletter. It was decided to commence with the following projects: a joint website which would encourage the exchange of information between both communities and begin new exchange projects; identifying joint ventures in tourism and the development of a multipurpose resource centre which would house a tourist office,

public toilets, library, information centre and access to local research information already computerised by the Fethard Historical Society with the aid of the Students Summer Scheme.

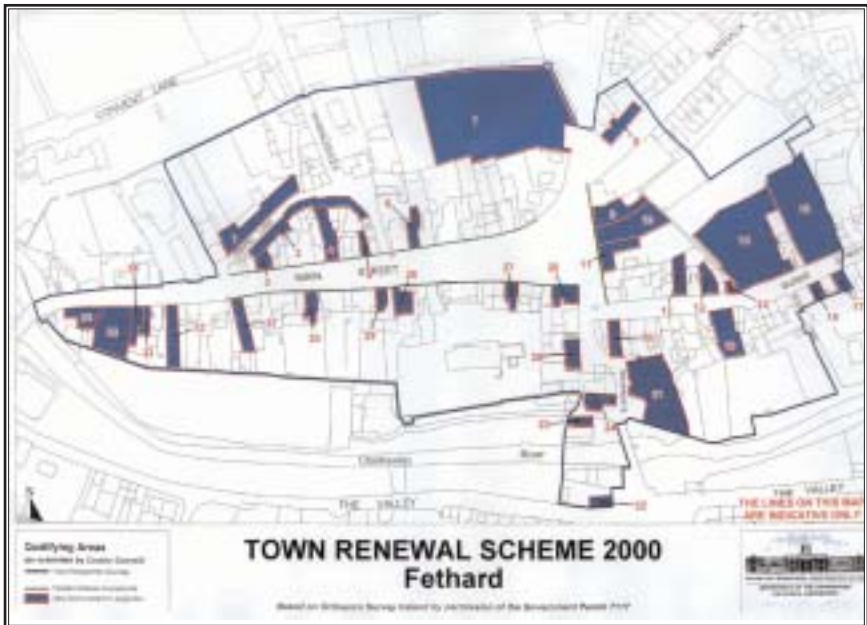
The workshop was facilitated by Seamus Hoyne, Tipperary Energy Agency Limited, and was attended by Peter Jenner and Christine Grimshaw from William Battle Associates, Management Consultants, Swansea; Brian Connor, BP Connor & Associates; Councillor Susan Meagher; Councillor John Fahey; Richard Thornton and Shan Williams from St. David's County Council; and the following Fethard representatives: Joe Kenny, chairperson Fethard & Killusty Community Council; Edwina Newport, secretary Fethard & Killusty Community Council; Mairead Croke, supervisor Fethard and Killusty Community Employment Scheme; Chris Nevin, chairperson Fethard Historical Society; Diana Stokes, chairperson Fethard Tidy Towns; Terry Cunningham, Rural Enterprise Officer Teagasc; Peter Grant, David Sceats, Mary Hanrahan and Dóirín Saurus.



Fethard Town Renewal Scheme

One hundred small towns in Ireland, including Fethard, are to get an injection of new life thanks to a tax incentive scheme. Housing and Urban Renewal Minister Bobby Molloy described it as "an unprecedented opportunity" when the incentives came in to effect on Monday 24th July. The Town Renewal Scheme will provide tax breaks related to the cost of construction or refurbishment of dwellings. For new construction of

private dwellings, the owner-occupier can write off 50% of construction costs, allowed at a rate of 5% a year over ten years, against total income. In the case of refurbishment, the owner-occupier can write off 100% of construction costs allowed at the rate of 10%, over ten years, against their total income. The designated areas for Fethard's tax incentives are marked on the map on the following page. ☺



Zone Number	Recommended Incentives
1	2B, 4A, 4B, 5B
2	2A, 2B, 4A, 4B, 5B
3	2B, 4B, 5B
4	4B, 5B
5	2B, 4B
6	2B, 4B, 5B
7	4A
8	2A, 2B, 4A, 4B
9	2B, 4B, 5B
10	2B, 5B
11	2B, 5B
12	2A, 4A
13	2A, 4A
14	4B, 5B
15	2A, 4A
16	4A, 4B
17	4B, 5B
18	4A
19	4B, 5B
20	2B, 4B, 5B
21	4A
22	2B, 4B
23	2B, 4B
24	2A, 4A
25	2B, 5B
26	2B, 4B
27	2B, 4B, 5B
28	2B
29	2B
30	2B
31	4B
32	2B, 4B, 5B
33	2B, 4B, 5B
34	2B, 4B, 5B
35	4A
36	4B, 5B



*This page lists the incentives recommended by
Expert Advisory Panel on Town Renewal,
Department of the Environment and
local Government.*

CATEGORIES OF INCENTIVES*		
Zone	Condition	Use Case
1A	NEW BUILD	Commercial - Other development
1B	REPAIR/REBUILD	Commercial - Other development
2A	NEW BUILD	Commercial - Retail / Other Commercial
2B	REPAIR/REBUILD	Commercial - Retail / Other Commercial
3A	NEW BUILD	Industrial
3B	REPAIR/REBUILD	Industrial
4A	NEW BUILD	Residential / Green - Other
4B	REPAIR/REBUILD	Residential / Green - Other
5A	NEW BUILD	Residential / Green
5B	REPAIR/REBUILD	Residential / Green

Fethard Day Care Centre

The Annual General Meeting of Fethard Day Care Centre took place in the Tirry Community Centre on Thursday night. The committee were complimented on their running of the centre throughout the year. A special appreciation was expressed to the workers on the Community FÁS Scheme and also the voluntary helpers who attend every day. The outgoing committee remains unchanged for the coming year.

The Day Care Centre certainly was a hive of activity when Tipp FM visited the centre during the year and spoke to many of the members. We had the pleasure of hearing the recording broadcast on the following Monday. On Tuesday 26th June, the annual outing from the centre took place. Seventy members set out for a lovely drive through the Vee, a beautiful sight

at this time of year with all the flowers in full bloom. Later on, everyone enjoyed a delicious meal in Lawlors Hotel, Dungarvan. This was followed by a session of song, dance and fun.

The Day Care Centre closed for the Summer and reopened on Monday 4th September. A very sincere 'thank you' is due to all who worked so hard for the good of the centre during the past year, especially, the kitchen staff, voluntary workers, committee members, musicians and the participants of the Community Employment Scheme. Thank you also to the people of Fethard who supported so generously, our church gate collection for the centre. Over £550 was donated and greatly appreciated.

Next year we hope to commence work on our long awaited extension to the centre in Barrack Street. ☺

Fethard Tidy Towns

The elected Tidy Towns committee members for 2000 are: Diana Stokes, Ann Cooney, Peter Grant, Anna Cooke, Chris O'Dwyer, Thelma Griffith, Nellie O'Donovan, Brian Sheedy, Pat Fitzgerald, Teresa Roche and Jimmy Lawrence.

Results for the year 2000 Garden Competition are:

Area Categories

Knockbrack - Spitalfield - Mocklers Terrace

1st Nora & John Coffey

The Valley & Watergate

1st Pat & Joan Culligan

Kerry Street - Congress Terrace & Red City

1st Madge & Jimmy Hurley

Cashel Road

1st Margaret Smith

Main Street & Rocklow Road

1st Fionuala & Jimmy O Sullivan

Burke St. & Abbey Road

1st Austin O Flynn

The Green & Barrack St.

1st Patricia & Pat Byrne

Tirry Park & Cannon Hayes Court

1st Mr. Paddy & Margaret Grant

2nd Mrs Phyllis Wall

St. Patricks Place.

1st. Mary O'Shea

2nd. Pamela & Liam Sweeney

Slievenamon Close

1st Mary & Benny Morrissey

Strylea & Cedar Grove.

1st Majella & Jim Smyth

Woodvale Walk

1st Rita Doyle

2nd Anne McGarry

Our thanks to this year's judges

Rosemary & Roseanna Ponsonby, and our sponsors for making this competition possible: Coolmore Stud; Tipperary S.R. County Council; Gerry Long, Vet Surgeon; Stokes & Quirke Auctioneers; Paul Ronan; Dawn Fresh Foods; Glanbia; Mrs. Rosemary Ponsonby, Grove.

General Results

Best Baskets

Dymphna & John O'Donovan

Best Window Boxes

Dolly O'Connell

Best Business Premises

Marie & Michael Allen

Best Large Garden

Mary & Don O'Connell

Best Overall Area

Strylea & Cedar Grove

Very Good Effort Barrack St.

Chris & Mary Mackey,

Bob & Noreen Maher,

Esther Breen,

Anthony & Patricia Fitzgerald.

During the year we also held many meetings with councillors and town engineers to highlight areas that need attention. We also commenced work on the grounds at Fr. Tirry Park. ☎

St. Patrick's Boys School



This year's Sixth Class boys class from St. Patrick's Boys School Fethard. Back L to R: Richard Lalor, Christopher Horan, Edmund Sheehan, Craig Pollard, Cathal Maher, Patrick Holohan, Paul Walsh, Dermot Culligan, Eoin Delahunty. Front L to R: Stephen O'Meara, Jonathan Hall, Jeff Coady, Christopher Thompson, Gerard Lawless, David Conway and Niall Hayes.

St Patrick's Boys National School is a four teacher school with 95 students currently on roll. Last year was a busy one, not just in educating the children in all areas of the curriculum, but also in all areas of sports and competitions.

Sport — hurling, football, soccer,

basketball, swimming and more recently athletics — is an essential part of school life. To date this year 22 pupils took part in the primary schools cross County Championships in Thurles. Richard Lalor (6th class) won bronze while his brother John (3rd class) came 5th. This was no

mean feat for two first time athletes.

Our school was also represented at the primary schools swimming Gala in Nenagh by Patrick Holohan (6th class), Aaron O'Donovan (5th class), Dick Walsh and Dave Gorey (4th class) Aaron and Dave were placed 3rd and 2nd respectively.

In a recent Clonmel Library Competition Dean Sharpe, Michael Smyth and Pdraig O'Shea received prizes for drawing their favourite Pokemon characters.

Our Parents Association sponsored a competition for the senior and junior classes in the last school year. For seniors it was an essay competition. Cathal Maher who was then in 5th class came first for his story 'It was April 2010'.

The junior classes had an art competition. The winners were Matt O'Sullivan, Andy Walsh, Dave Gorey and Darragh Dwyer and also Jack O'Sullivan. Many thanks to the Parents Association for sponsoring this competition.

Martha Sheehan continues her speech and drama classes in the school. The boys very much enjoy these classes and we have some fine

actors and debaters in our midst.

Last year was also very busy with preparations for Communion and Confirmation. We had 35 boys confirmed on May 12th. Then on May 27th 15 of our boys received the Sacrament of the Eucharist for the first time. They were both lovely ceremonies and a big thank you to everyone who helped to make them such a special occasions.

Our thanks also to Ann Walsh, Coolmoynne. We are indebted to her for getting another computer for our school through the "Ireland on Sunday" give-away.

The highlight of any school year is the School Tour and last year was no exception. We travelled to Killaloe Activity Centre. A great day was had by all enjoyed by teachers, parents and pupils alike.

More recently our pupils helped to raise money for Hospice by participating in a non-uniform day.

These are just some of the events that took place in our school last year. We the staff and pupils would now like to take this opportunity to wish you all a very Happy Christmas and prosperous and safe New year. ☺

Juvenile GAA Club

The Annual General Meeting of the Fethard Juveniles took place on 10th February, 2000 in the Tirry Centre. The following officers were elected for the coming year, Chairperson- Josie Fitzgerald; Secretary- Caroline Sheehan; Treasurers- Ann Darcy, Teresa Leahy. Committee- Susan O'Meara, Marie Ryan, Laura Lyons, Ian O'Connor, Martin O'Connor, Austy Godfrey and Mary Godfrey.

Michael O'Dwyer stepped down as chairperson after years of service to the Juveniles, we would like to take this opportunity to thank him most sincerely for his hard work and commitment over the years.

The most successful of our underage teams were under/12, beating a very strong Ardfinnan in the south semi-final, but unfortunately lost out to Moyle Rovers in the south final. The under/8 and under/10 teams travelled



Group photographed on the final day of Summer Camp in the GAA Field (14th July 2000)

to Clonmel for the Clonmel Commercials Perpetual Shield.

A very proud and happy under/10 team proved victorious beating all teams on the day.

The under/8 narrowly lost out to Moyle Rovers in a closely fought final. The under/10 team was as follows: Edmund Sheehan, Cathal Gorey, Ben Walsh, Adrian Lawrence, Christopher Sheehan (C), James Kelly, Aaron O'Donovan, Andrew Walsh, Paul McCarthy, Owen O'Connell, Glen Maher, J.P. McGrath, Gavin Fitzgerald, Keiran Ryan, Thomas O'Connell. Subs: Adam Lyons, Kevin Hayes, Jerome Ahearne, Dave Gorey and Darren Prout.

The under/14 & under/16 football teams were unfortunate with their championship opposition proving a little too strong. In the Hurling all teams were in the 'B' group but some of these teams proved a little too strong for our hurlers, great credit is

due to all teams and trainers who never gave up trying until the final whistle blew.

The under/11 ground hurling team gave great enjoyment playing very well over three Saturdays. The third Saturday finished in Semple Stadium with medals being presented to the team at the end of the day.

Many thanks to all trainers who have given their time so generously to look after & train the Juveniles over the year; more parents involvement and support would be greatly appreciated in the coming year.

On a final note, our Summer Camp proved very successful again with over 180 children in attendance. The highlight of the week was the medal presentation with Declan Browne and John Leahy presenting the hard fought for medals. Sincere thanks to all involved in making our Summer Camp and sporting year a happy one. ☺

Old School / New School

by Conor Kane

The secondary school students of today don't know how lucky they are!

Hold on - before you yawn and turn the page, this isn't going to be one of those "we had it hard in them days" homilies about walking four miles to school in bare feet and eating worm sandwiches for lunch. But it has to be said that even in the short few (nine) years since I left the Fethard Presentation Sisters/Patrician Brothers Secondary School, things have come a long way on the Rocklow Road.

The "new" school building (I suppose it's not really new any more) is an impressive sight and conveys the image of a modern, bustling, 21st century educational establishment. Especially for those of us who have only seen it from the outside during visits to the home town and never had the privilege of actually being taught there. In my day, to use the dreaded words, such a fine place was still only a dream. When my classmates and I were in sixth class in primary school, under the guidance of Bro. Raymond, we were used to seeing all of the secondary students walking down the path from the monastery towards the convent. 'Where are they going?', we would wonder. 'Why do they seem to be spending their time walking from one place to another?'

It wouldn't be long before we'd find out the answer. In the meantime, talk of a 'new school' started to circulate. While we were still living in the relative luxury of national school, with about 10 minutes of homework every night and school reports things that big brothers and sisters got into trouble

for, we were paid a visit by one of the secondary teachers - Miss Lysaght - who told us about the new school which was to be built in Fethard. The Department of Education would be paying a large chunk of the costs, while the rest would be raised locally - through a draw.

Ah yes, the draw. It proved to be a big hit, with everyone in the town and further afield keen to support the concept of a modern educational facility for Fethard (while the prospect of a first prize of a car or £1,000 every month probably had something to do with it). Before long, crowds were gathering in the old convent hall beside the river one night every month to witness the draw taking place. On one famous occasion, during the summer of 1985 (I think), one of the worst thunderstorms ever seen in the area couldn't prevent the draw from going ahead. Although it was interrupted a few times by power cuts. That was the night (I think) that the late Fr Stapleton pulled his own name out of the barrel as the winner of the seller's prize of £1,000. It caused great hilarity at the time, and not the slightest bit of jealousy.

Anyway, getting back to the point, within a year we ourselves were secondary students.

Of course, there was no sign of the new school at this stage. And five years later when we were leaving, still not a bit of earth moved or concrete mixed. It took an angry public meeting one night some time after that, again in the convent hall, to persuade the local politicians that the local people were fed up waiting. The timely appoint-



Visit of Minister of Education, Mary O'Rourke, to Fethard Patrician Presentation Secondary school about the proposed new extension. Back L to R: Bill O'Sullivan (Board of Management), Noel Davern T.D., Dick Prendergast (Principal), Br. Phelim (Provincial of Patrician Brothers), Michael Leonard (Teacher), M. O'Gorman (Teacher). Front : Mary Ann Fogarty (Teacher), Sr. Breda, Mary O'Rourke, (Minister of Education), Michael Ferris T.D., and Sr. Carmel. (May 1990)

ment of Noel Davern as minister for education helped, of course. He might have only held the cabinet office for a few months, but that was enough.

But that's going off the point again. When we started secondary education in September of 1986, we found out what all that walking was about. Arriving early, we would go first to the dressing room beside the field and try and get a seat. (What the point of going in early was I'll never know because everybody just sat there - except when there was the odd bit of homework to catch up on.) Then it would be down the path which runs between the field and the primary school to the convent section of the school and the infamous prefab buildings.

Now just a bad memory, those prefabs were where we spent a significant part of our time in secondary school.

They may have been years past their sell-by date, they may have been freezing cold in winter, they may have had sandbags on the roof to prevent them blowing away, and they may have leaked during wet weather, but they were still good enough for us (according to the all-knowing and wise department of education).

Another thing about those prefabs was that when you were put outside for acting the maggot, not that that ever happened to me (I hope Sr Breda isn't looking down on me now), it could be very cold and you'd also feel like a bit of a fool with all of the other classes looking out at you.

During our first year in secondary, the whole thing was a bit of a novelty. For the first time since senior infants, we had girls in the same classroom as us and that was fairly mad. And the



Fethard Patrician Presentation Secondary School boys volleyball team who reached the All - Ireland semi-finals in 1990. Back: Patrick Croke, Anthony O'Meara, William Cuddihy, Jimmy O'Brien, Kenny Hackett and Jimmy O'Meara. Front: Luke Hackett, Patrick Hackett, Patrick O'Sullivan, Patrick Walsh and Michael Conway.

new regime of classes lasting 35 or 40 minutes, with a different teacher for each class, took a bit of getting used to. But apart from the longer homework, it seemed better crack at the time. That didn't last long. As time went on and we realised that we were expected to do more than make smart comments to the teachers and chat with the girls, it got more serious.

We didn't spend all our time during first year in the prefabs. There would be trips down to the convent hall for PE (always a pleasure for somebody as unfit as me), and the music room for musicianship. In the other direction, we would go back up the long tarmac path to the old monastery school buildings for science in the labs, where Mr O'Farrell would entertain us with his flashy experiments and Watergrasshill accent.

Not forgetting a double period of games every Wednesday afternoon. As

Mr Burke will no doubt testify, it was my presence on the field that made it all worthwhile/good for a laugh. On one occasion during a training match I did manage to score a goal which was described by the aforementioned Mr Burke as one of the most spectacular he'd ever seen on the field (he was probably trying to encourage me so that I wouldn't give the whole thing up and deprive him of a weekly guffaw). As far as I remember, Ciarán Hayes crossed the ball from the right and I beat off the challenge of Ray Ryan (who probably wasn't bothering as it was only me) and got to the ball in time to volley it past Eamonn Horgan in the goal. The latter said it was a fluke. I've never forgiven that Killenale . . . person.

As time went on we moved into second and third year and for both of those years, and fifth year, we were mainly based in the monastery section.

This little arrangement was fine by us as the brothers were generally regarded as softer than the nuns (when I was going to school anyway). But there were certain teachers who, the boys thought, went a lot easier on the girls. In some classes it seemed that the girls could be laughing their heads off without reprimand but if a male interrupted their mirth with a gentle cough, he would be on the receiving end of a stiff lecture. Looking back on it now, we were probably just being paranoid. Maybe I had a bit of a reputation at the time, but I seemed to get the blame for a lot of stuff. It was probably just that I was stupid and, whenever I was talking or messing, managed to get caught. Others were more clever about it - they never seemed to get into any trouble. I'm not going to name names here but I'm thinking of a certain Neville from Kilnockin whose first name begins with J, and a Boland from Killenaule whose first initial is A. The

likes of Donny Tobin, Michael Quinlan and I, we always seemed to take the flak for others (didn't we lads). Especially from Mr O'Gorman. Now, I've said it.

Then as time went on, there were no brothers left teaching at post-primary level and Mr Prendergast took over the duties as principal, before the arrival in 1990 of Mr Britton. For Mr Britton, arriving at a school which was made up of about 10 different and unconnected buildings must have been a bit of a culture shock. By that stage, however, the rest of us were well used to it.

As I said already, when I left in 1991 there was still no progress on the new school. It was only after my friends and I were gone did that happen. (Was this deliberate). Anyway, I think we preferred it the way it was at the time. After all, if everything's in the one building there's much less scope for dossing between classes on the pretext of going from one prefab to the other! ☺



Presentation Patrician Secondary School Fethard quiz team October 1990. L to R: Geraldine Daly, Conor Kane, David Woodlock and Niamh Ward. Plaques were presented to the team by Mrs Mary Morrissey (chairperson Fethard Credit Union) and a cheque was presented to the school.

The 'quarter-to-four' from Farranaleen

by Pat Tynan

People notice the end of summer and the arrival of autumn in their own special way. It may be a change in the weather, the evenings drawing in, or simply the first golden leaf falling to the ground. As we grow older summers never seem to be as good as they were when we were young. The trick of age suggests that the summers of our younger days were warmer, longer and much more fun than they are now.

When winter arrives we are confronted by, what for the older generation is, the loneliest time of the year. The long dark evenings of winter find many alone, often bereaved, family grown up and moved away with little but the memories of their younger days for company. As October creeps in I always remind myself that I am only eight weeks away from my mothers annual cry of "ah sure it's only for the children." This phrase alerts me to the fact that come what may mother is about to swing into full Christmas mode.

Some weeks back I found myself walking out through the imposing entrance of the London hospital. My Aunt Mary Ryan a steadfast pillar of our family had been taken ill. There's an old saying "If you want to make God laugh, tell him your plans," well no one had planned for this to happen. When I was a young boy my Aunt Mary was old and when I grew old she seemed to have remained young.

Like Slievenamon she was always there and somehow we as a family thought she would always remain so. As I walked out of the London hospital into a cold dark October evening the Whitechapel Rd seemed a very harsh

place indeed for a lady from the parish of Moyglass to end her days. I felt like crying out that she did not belong here in the mayhem that is London, she comes from a better place and a different time.

As I walked away from the London hospital my thoughts were with my Aunt Mary a feisty Tipperary woman now approaching her final hours. I wanted to run back into the hospital and rescue her from her plight, take her home with me and make her better. It all seemed so wrong that she would be leaving us all for good.

My aunt Mary passed away on Sat 7th October in the London hospital. However, her journey through life had started some seventy six years earlier in the townland of Woodhouse, Fethard, Co. Tipperary.

Now Woodhouse and the rural Ireland that Mary Neville left in 1950 was a very different place to what it is today. As the saying goes "you can't eat the scenery." Many Irish people like my aunt and uncles were forced to emigrate to seek employment in England. The quarter to four train from Farranaleen Station had become synonymous with parting, emigration and the starting point of exile in a foreign country. I often wonder how frightened and lonely people like my mother and my aunt were when they first set off from Farranaleen and what must it have been like for their parents to see them leave. My grandparents James and Bridget Neville saw five of their seven children leave for England.

As a small boy I recall the comings and goings, the joy and excitement of waiting for relatives to arrive and the shedding of so many tears when it came

for them to leave. How many times had aunt Mary looked out through the rear window of a good neighbour's car as it pulled away from Woodhouse to make the journey to Farranaleen. She would have seen the same sight through the car window that we all did leaving Woodhouse, that of my grandparents or in my own case, sometime later, of my grandfather, a solitary lonely figure standing in the middle of the road, waving goodbye, handkerchief in hand.

It's hard to imagine what the pain of separation must have been like for people back then. Some like my aunt would return on a regular basis, others less frequently and many, as the great song "Kilkelly" tells, never set foot in Ireland again. There is many a derelict cottage along the roads of Ireland where this story was repeated over and over again.

As my uncle Jimmy often said to me, "sure what was there here for them in those days? Nothing! but a lifetime of dragging and tearing." There was little employment then in a rural community other than farm work. Paid for the dry days, laid off on the wet days, or if you were lucky full time employment on one of the estates.

In England the resident Irish media now refer to the men and women who emigrated in the forties and fifties as "the

ones who sent the money home." There is a slight feeling of guilt in the modern Irish society that perhaps as a race we have not recognised or honoured the thousands of people who paved the way for others from the famine to the fifties. With the little money they spared from hard work on a foreign soil they kept families at home in Ireland clothed and fed, or helped in some way to keep the body and soul of Ireland together during her difficult days.

I can recall the clothes parcels, wrapped in strong brown paper and twine held together with sealing wax that would arrive at Woodhouse on a regular basis.

Today we know that some who emigrated returned home using the money and knowledge that they had gained in England and America for the good of Ireland. It is a sad fact that many that left lost their way and ended up destitute.

A number of societies now exist in

England to see that the needs of the less fortunate that emigrated in the fifties are taken care of. A proud race and fiercely independent, the Irish often fail to ask for help in the big cities around the world. For many who came over in the forties the help has arrived too late.

Most like Aunt Mary made good and became part of the fabric of England



James and Bridget Neville. Bridget (nee O'Neill, St. Johnstown). Photo taken at Disney Photographers in Clonmel when they were about 21 years of age.

while at the same time remaining as true to her Irish roots as the day she left the parish of Moyglass. I am pleased to say she never lost her Irish accent, or indeed her homely Irish way.

I often think back to those special days during the fifties when Aunt Mary and other family members would return home from England. Her arrival or for that matter the arrival of any guest at Woodhouse was always preceded by my grandfather being in a state of great excitement. All hedges would have to be clipped, flower beds weeded, gate pillars and fireplace whitewashed. The final touches would be the trimming of the roadside ditch, and last but not least Granny's grave in Magorban would be cleaned and tidied, not that it ever needed it. This ritual was repeated year in and year out. Jack Brien my grandfather's friend would stop at the gate and discuss as he and Jim called them "the visitors."

Jack would also be in preparation for his daughters Peggy and Pat returning from England.

At Sunday mass in Moyglass "the visitors" would stand out from the locals. One thing distinguished them - their clothes. It was especially true in the case of the women who returned to rural Ireland bringing with them the latest fashions from the city.

Today you can have ice cream or lemonade whenever you want it; back then it only came as a treat on Sundays after mass. As a child you knew that when the "visitors" were home it was a good time for presents and pocket money. The sixpenny dish - ice cream in a glass dish with strawberry juice on it, or red lemonade purchased from Lyons shop in Moyglass was heaven on earth.

The railway station at Farranaleen has

been gone for many a year; the station house is now a family home, and the shop we knew as Lyon's has changed hands. Employment in Ireland is now better than it has ever been, and fewer people have to leave the country to find work.

With the recent passing of my aunt I have become mindful of the fact that time moves on and stops for no one.

My Christmas card list to Ireland has become depleted down through the years, and holidays home see me visiting many of the old friends I knew in the graveyards of Moyglass and Magorban chapels.

For my part I am pleased to have lived through the fifties and experienced the culture of two countries. I left the parish of Moyglass in 1956 when we drew the water from the well and electricity was just coming to the area. Almost overnight I was living in the centre of London.

One thing that I am most grateful for is that I knew the people of that time, decent hard working folks who always had a warm welcome for you whatever their circumstances.

When I left Ireland, I missed the friends I knew around Moyglass terribly, but my loneliness in England was made all the easier by people like my Aunt Mary who understood how I felt leaving my grandfather and all that I loved behind in Tipperary. Her home and her presence in it was like a little bit of Ireland lifted up and placed in the centre of London. It was to her home that many leaving Ireland stopped off when they first came over from Ireland to England, me included.

I am pleased that I got to say goodbye to my aunt just before she died. After sitting with her for some time on the Friday evening before she passed away, she

squeezed my hand and said in her own particular style, for she was well known for plain speaking "go on son it's time for both of us to bugger off, go home to your family." I knew, and Mary knew, it was time to go, she to her maker and me

into the cold London night reflecting on the life and times of a true Irish aunt.

At the time of writing the clocks are going back and November is almost upon us, funny how the dark evenings bring a sense of loneliness. ☹



A Moyglass entry in the Fethard Carnival Fancy Dress Parade back in the 1940's called "Moyglass Tinkers". Photograph includes Sean Hanrahan and friends.

Fethard Country Markets

Fethard Country Market continues to trade on Friday each week from 8am to 11am at The Town Hall Fethard. During these hours a wide range of goods are on display for our customers. These include such produce as, free range eggs, cabbages, lettuce, potatoes, onions, etc. All our vegetables are grown using traditional organic methods. There's a wide choice of freshly cut flowers available,

together with pot plants, bedding plants, and shrubs of various types to suit all our customers. Confectionery items are a big attraction also; these include various types of tarts, home baked bread, and several cakes. Our special Christmas Market is usually held on the second last Friday prior to the Christmas Festival. This year this event will take place on 15th December 2000. ☹

A trip down memory school!

By L.N.K.

A recent visit to the Presentation Convent brought the memories of my schooldays there flooding back. It was interesting that night, swopping stories of our schooldays, to discover that my memories are just that, *my* memories. I don't know why I thought, up to that time, that everyone remembered the same things.

My earliest memory of attending school in the Presentation Convent is being delivered to school off the bar of my father's bike!!! It was, of course, the old Presentation Primary School I attended. This delivery took a huge sacrifice on the part of the cyclist, as he had to swing in the Convent gates after the small downward slope off the bridge, thus losing all the momentum which would have carried him half-

way up the Main Street hill. However, in he swung, freewheeled from the gate and landed by the small wall with railings which graduated in height from the ground up to about two feet, on the right hand side. I was deposited and off he went. The options here were: up the steps past the little cemetery with the rows of white crosses and on up left into the yard; up the steps and straight on up towards the Convent building, then turn left over towards the Verandah; or down the side of the Hall to the left hand side, past the bicycle sheds and on to the prefab at the back of the hall. Of course, this last option was only ever taken by the sixth class girls. All the rest of us little ones took the first route.

The yard was a wonderful place to



Presentation Convent classroom in the late 1950's

play, in its elevated position on top of the Hall. It afforded great views of all the Cashel Road and the Bridge and over towards the Valley. It was surrounded on one half by classroom buildings in a U-shape and the other half by white railings and was surfaced in a lovely smooth sort of poured concrete, which provided a perfect surface for iceskating on frosty mornings. I remember going to school, in the days when I was responsible for my own transport, up to an hour early to "skate" on the ice before one of the elderly nuns used to come and sprinkle salt on it. (Her name escapes me now but I remember she had a dreadful shake). No matter how early we arrived, soon after she arrived with the salt, I think we eventually gave up!!!

The classrooms were, as I mentioned, arranged in the building around one half of the yard. Compared to newly built schools, the arrangement of the buildings was, I suppose, a small bit unusual, but we didn't know that at the time. Separate from this U-shape there was a classroom, on its own, at the top of the steps. I was never in that one, I don't know why. There was one big room for the babies on the left as you came into the yard, then there were classrooms with half wooden/half glass partitions running along the back section of the yard, these, however were accessed from the back, the door opposite the Verandah. I remember being in one of these for third class, and Sr. Philomena was teaching in the room next door. I never had the pleasure of being taught in primary school by Sr. Philomena, I wish I had, because she used to play the violin and teach her classes all sorts of lovely songs.

"Maryanena, Maryanena, come, oh

come, and turn us into foam" immediately springs to mind. As I said, I was never in her class, but the glass partitions allowed us full access to all the lovely singing going on next door, so much so, in fact, that one day I remember us all starting to sing along, much to the annoyance of our own teacher at the time.

There was one more classroom in that block, making up the U-shape of the building. Between Sr. Philomena's room and this last classroom was a room known as the Cookery Room. There was a cooker in there, so I suppose some cookery was done at some stage, but I never cooked there. I used to practice the piano there in the evenings after school. I remember Sr. Peter used to sell sweets there at lunchtimes during Lent, to make money for the Missions. I think it was in the Cookery Room that the vestments for the Missions were sewn in the evenings. Sr. Peter used to organise this too.

The last room in this building was at the top of a narrow, winding staircase and was called the Dark Room. We were all trooped up here in single file as a treat to watch slide shows. I remember Nature shows and a great film about St. Bernadette. I think it was probably the mention of insurance and fire in the same sentence that brought the sudden end to the slide shows, because about half-way through primary school they stopped and we never went up into the Dark Room again.

The only other room off the playground was the Lunchroom. You had to be staying in school for your lunch to be allowed in there. Sr. Clements used to look after the Lunch Room

every day and she was hugely popular with all of the school children. I used to envy the country girls so much, just having to go over to the Lunchroom for their lunch instead of having to walk all the way home. There was a big Burco boiler in there and loads of different coloured cups for the tea. It was always steamed up in there on the cold days of winter. I mean, really steamed up, water running down the walls kind of steamed up, but that just added to the attraction of the place for me. The grass is always greener . . .

The toilet block was a separate building behind the others, accessed through a narrow laneway between the classrooms and the lunchroom. I was fascinated by the sizes of the toilets, they graduated from tiny ones for the babies class up to a standard size for sixth class, and were like steps of stairs. You know you really had it made when you got to sixth class in that Primary School, you got to use the big toilet and your classroom was a prefab on a different level to the rest of the school down beside the River. However, I never made it as far as the prefab classroom because I was the first sixth class to be taught in the new school on the Rocklow Road (the orange grove; Sr. Claver). All the excitement of the big move, tinged with sadness at realising that I would never get to enjoy all the perks that went with being the sixth class in the old school.

Further up along from the toilet block, through a small gate, were the music rooms. Four small rooms, each furnished with an upright piano, a press and two or three chairs. Mother Agatha, Sr. Philomena, Sr. Finbarr and Sr. Rapheal, I think they were the four

piano teachers in my day, I even think that was the order of their music rooms, starting at the bottom. I used to be scared of the photograph of the child leaning over the cliff to get the flower with her guardian angel leaning over her to save her from falling. I used to love when Mother Agatha turned on the metronome to get the timing right on a piece of music. Tick-tock, tick-tock, the hypnotic rhythm, I could listen to it all day.

There are not too many more places that made up the school except for the bicycle shed, obviously only used if you cycled to school, and last but by no means least, the Hall.

The Hall was a massive place. There wasn't a thing that wasn't done in that Hall at one time or another. To name but a few of the activities, (to go through them all in detail would be another year's article!!); St. Patrick's Day Concerts, Drildas Plays (I discovered years later these were Drill Displays), Sales of Work, School Concerts, Fethard Players plays, Macra na Feirme plays, Passion Plays, Masses, Gymnastics, Volleyball, Basketball, Dancing classes, School Assemblies, Elocution exams, Ceilidh dancing, Career Guidance Seminars, Fashions Shows. You name it, it took place in the Hall at some time or another. There was a grand stage with red velvet curtains, and wings and lights and ropes for closing the curtains, two sets of them. There was a room backstage where you would wait until it was your turn to go on, and you weren't allowed speak in there in case you'd be heard out front, as they say. There was an exit at the back of the hall behind the stage, beside which was a flight of steps that led up to the



Presentation Convent class in the 1970's

Yard. You could go down the front steps - in the front door of the Hall - up onto the stage - out the back door - up the back steps - across the Yard and back in the front door again, all of which gave rise for tremendous dramatic effect as you could disappear off stage and appear in the Hall again like magic. However, you weren't allowed run across the Yard, as the effect of a classload of children doing this was like a herd of elephants on the roof of the Hall, which somehow gave the game away, as well as frightening the living daylights out of the audience.

I got a bit sidetracked writing this article, as it was intended to be an account of my days in primary school, but somehow evolved along the way into a retrospective tour of the school and its buildings. These buildings housed the development of countless schoolchildren down through the years, myself included. Whilst the structures themselves may no longer exist, the happy memories of days spent there will remain with me always. I hope by revealing them in this article, I may have jogged some happy memories for you. ☺

Killusty Pony Show

The story of Killusty's year begins on 22nd November 1999 when the Committee held a party in the Fethard Ballroom to thank all who had contributed to the success of Killusty Pony Show since its inception. The Ladies Committee provided a most succulent meal to music by the Pheasant Pluckers and it was a 'great

night had by all' for the 200 who came to celebrate. Betsy O'Connor received a surprise presentation of a Peter Curling drawing and promised she would not retire for the time being as Secretary. Noel Byrne, chairman, welcomed all who had come and handed over to Christopher Horsman for a short history of the show. Tom

Robinson, chairman of the Irish Pony Society and oft-times judge at Killusty thanked the committee on behalf of the guests. A collection of photographs from early and late shows kept everyone guessing.

The Show itself was held on 1st July 2000 and relocation to a larger venue at Claremore Killusty posed problems for the organisers initially but these were successfully overcome and the Show was adjudged a great success and much the better for having all sections in the one field. The Committee will face the problem of a wet day when it arises. We were saddened in the week before by the demise of Evie Croome-Carroll so long a supporter of Killusty and found time to attend her funeral on the days before and after the Show.

As usual, prizes went to all corners of Ireland but some stayed at home too. The AIB young stock Champion was Peter Byrne's Wyndham Peek-a-Boo from Wicklow with Pat O'Brien's Rathsallagh Style in reserve. Pat also took the Best Local Cup. The Milestown Mills Broodmare Champion was Michael Hourigan of Limerick's Ahane Sue with Norma Cook's Garryhack Pride in reserve. Michelle McMahon of Cork had the

Welsh Champion in Muskerry Charisma. Niamh Melody of Ballymacarbry won the Butler Connemara Championship with Ard Rion Na h'Uidhre. Basil Brindley's Condene Morning Glory added the Coolmore Killusty Championship to a long list of others in the 2000 season. Jane Byrne graciously accepted Tara Bricknell's Show Hunter Pony Championship for Murdy. Lorli Higgins of Kildare did likewise for the Novice Show Hunter, Delight of Rathnaleen. Sean Byrne's Inspector Morse won the Novice Working Hunter Championship. Rebecca Dromey's Marlfield Gilly was reserve. The Clonmel Oil Open Working Hunter Champion was Ann Synnott's Ballivor Belle.

All in all, the show was a great success. The new field and a new set of working hunter fences worked a treat and all our volunteers were so very helpful. The show will be the first Saturday in July as usual in 2001 and it is hoped that any emigrants at home at that time will take in the sights. A job will always be found for those who would like to relive past times.

Officers at time of writing are Noel Byrne, Chairman and Betsy O'Connor Secretary. ☺

Meals on Wheels

Approximately 25 meals are delivered to the homes of our senior citizens three times per week September through June and twice a week in July and August. The staff in the Day Care Centre prepare the meals with some voluntary help, but the delivery itself is carried out entirely by volunteers. The transition

year pupils from the secondary school assist the drivers during the school year. Their help is greatly appreciated and is a valuable contribution to the community and an opportunity for them to give that contribution and to share in the larger family, the parish of Fethard. ☺

Fethard Judo Kwai



Winners in the under 25kg final of the County Community Games Judo finals held in Fethard in May. L to R: Daniel Hickey (joint third), Woodvale Walk; Niall O'Donnell (winner), Cahir; Ben Walsh (silver), Main Street; and Tommy Sheehan (joint third), Woodvale Walk.

Now in its 18th year and with close on fifty members one can now say that Fethard Judo Kwai is indeed back to the forefront in Irish Judo. Under the tutelage of Eric O'Donnell and Valerie Colville the club has gone from strength to strength with twenty members competing at both Munster and National level compared to eight the season before.

The club's first challenge, the Irish Open, which took place in Santry in late October was indeed their toughest. Competition was indeed very strong with competitors coming from Denmark, Britain and America taking part. Because the standard of this competition is so high only our very experienced competitors competed. They being Roy, Tony and D. J. Gorey, their cousin Richard who won gold with a

magnificent performance, Liam Hally who collected a bronze and Eric O'Donnell. All however held their own in what was stiff competition.

The Munsters followed in mid-December with no less than seventeen travelling to the University of Limerick. For most it was their first competition. In total the club collected three gold - Stephenie Lawrence, Roy Gorey and Eric O'Donnell. Four silver - Roy, Tony, D.J. and Richard Gorey and ten bronze - Tommy and Christopher Sheehan, Michael and Bernadette Costello, Cathal and Richard Gorey, Tony Gorey, Samantha Feary, Grace Maher and another medal for Stephenie Lawrence. Aaron and Frank O'Donovan, Daniel Hickey and Pdraig O'Shea also fought gamely for their first outings. All in all a magnificent day for the club.

The All-Ireland's soon followed in January in the Canon Hayes Centre in Tipperary Town where all nine competitors collected medals. Once again gold for Richard Gorey and Stephenie Lawrence, silver for Roy Gorey and bronze for Cathal, Tony and D.J. Gorey, Liam Hally, Christopher Sheehan and Grace Maher. More or less the same team then travelled to the Galway Open held in Salthill, another competition that attracts foreign competitors. The club had another fantastic weekend. On the Saturday, Roy Gorey won a great gold with an exhibition of the finest Judo that day and his twin brother Tony collected a bronze. On the Sunday more medals were collected, a silver by D.J. and two bronze from Cathal Gorey and Grace Maher. A step up in weight saw Richard Gorey and Stephenie Lawrence come away empty handed, but after their many successes during the year they were not that disappointed.

Some of our members competed at National level in the Waterford Open which was held in W.I.T. for the first time. Daniel Hickey, Damien Morrissey, Michael and Bernadette Costello, Matthew Fitzgerald, Seamus O'Keeffe, Michelle Bradshaw and Samantha Feary all of whom performed brilliantly on the day. By now

the clubs seasoned competitors had another excellent day collecting a total of four golds, five silver and two bronze.

Our last trip was to the Mini Mon Competition held in Portmarnock, Dublin. This competition is aimed at beginners to give them experience. Eight in all travelled - Padraig O'Shea, Ben Walsh, Michael Costello and Bernadette Costello, Michelle Bradshaw, Grace Maher and Cathal and Richard Gorey. They collected one gold, two silver and five bronze. A great way to end the season.

Although the coaching is of the utmost importance, the club would not have been so successful without the help of the following people - the club's secretary Rose Gorey, treasurers Helena O'Shea, Sharon Maher and Annette O'Donovan. The club would also like to take this opportunity to welcome back Michael Sheehan Derryluskin, Fethard and Kenneth O'Donnell a former Irish Youth International whose contribution to the club has been so valuable down through the years. We the Fethard Judo Kwai are looking forward to an even more successful new season and would like to wish all our friends, relations and neighbours a peaceful and happy Christmas. ☯

Where is Barrettsgrange?

A recent advertisement in the Nationalist advertising a 76 acre farm and dwelling house at Barrettsgrange has produced a flood of enquires from far and near enquiring "Where is Barrettsgrange". I wonder how well we know our own parish and district? During the past year drivers

of national and international courier vans and household domestic appliances repair men have arrived in Fethard looking for various townlands and have experienced some difficulty in finding where they are looking for.

How many of the following towns-

lands could you give directions to if you were asked by a lost deliveryman or visitors seeking the spot from where their ancestors emigrated.

Annesgift, Ardsallagh, Ballinacclere, Ballintemple, Ballybough, Ballygammon, Ballynaclera, Ballyvadin, Bannixtown, Barrettsgrange, Barrettstown, Bawnkeal, Boolagh, Brodeen, Butlersland, Byrnskill, Cappadrummin, Carrigeen, Castlehiggins, Clarebeg, Claremore, Coleman, Coolanure, Coolmore, Coolmoyne, Crampscastle, Crossard, Curraghscarteen, Derryluskin, Drumdeal, Everardsgrange, Farranaleen, Farranshea, Fehoonree, Fethard, Friarsgrange, Garrinch, Glenagaddy, Gortagea, Gorteenshamrogue, Grangebarry, Grangebeg, Grangeduff, Grawn,

Grove, Higginstown, Kilbragh, Kilnockin, Killavallagh, Killavally, Killerk, Killsallagh, Killusty, Kiltinan, Knockboordan, Knockbrack, Knockelly, Kyleavalla, Loughcapple, Madamsland, Milltownmore, Moanbarron, Moanbeg, Moanmore, Mocklerstown, Moneypark, Monroe, Peppardstown, Prospect, Quartercross, Rathavin, Rathcanty, Rathcoole, Rathdrum, Rathkenny, Rathkenty, Rathmacarry East, Rathmacarthy, Rathsallagh, Rathvin, Redcity, Rocklow, Roebucksland, Saucestown, Slainstown, Spitalfield, Strike Lower, Strike Upper, Tinnakelly, Tullamaine, Tullow, Walshbog,

Wouldn't it be a good idea if someone came up with a map of the area showing all the townlands? ☺



Pupils of Killusty National School presenting a check for £642 to Dr. Muchan, Cashel, towards the St. Joseph's Hospital CAT Scan Appeal. The check was the proceeds of a sponsored walk to Slievenamon and was presented on 16th November by Ciara Aylward and Seamus Holohan.

Remembering Mary Slattery

To anyone who knew her, being able to call Mary Slattery a friend was a priceless treasure, something which many of us nowadays sadly take for granted. Like many of her generation, the door of Mary's home on the Rocklow Road was always open, and friends and strangers alike were greeted with the same welcome, "The kettle is just boiled." Mary had a tremendous love of life and this was never more evident than in her garden where every plant was an individual and each shrub had its own special story. Mary always spoke fondly of her life in Fethard and especially the years spent in Ballinard Castle with the late Mrs Carlton for whom she cared. Her carefree attitude to life was an example to us all and she asked for nothing more than a good laugh, a bob or two on Pat Eddery and her game of bingo where she spent many hours with her friends. One of her favourite bingo stories is of the night she won a live turkey at Christmas bingo in Moyne, Templetuohy. Although the creature was boxed, he created havoc on the bus home.



Mary Slattery having a 'flutter' on the gaming machines in Tramore last year.

Like all grannies, Mary loved the company of her family and liked catching up on all the local news while baking tarts on a Sunday afternoon. Her personality and generosity

stretched far beyond the walls of Fethard and she was often surprised to meet someone who would say, "I had tea once in your house."

After a short illness, Mary passed away quietly. Her final moments were a true reflection of her life, sitting at the fire watching her favourite video, *Bachelors in Trouble*. Mary's death has left a void in the com-

munity, and those who knew her, knew the meaning of a true friend. ☹

DID YOU KNOW

The Pro-Life group in Fethard are heartened with the local support given to the pre-born child and the mother. Support is given by prayer, by attending meetings, or by speaking to others of the respect due to all our little ones, born and unborn. Your concern lightens the burden for those who strive to protect those who as yet have no voice, no means of defence in their expectation of Life.

Of economic and other migrants

by Tommy Healy

A few years ago I was back in Fethard during the school October half term holiday. It was the week of the Presidential Election which saw Mary Mac Aleese dispatched to Aras an Uachtarain. Walking up the Rocklow Road during election day, I was asked by a friend of my parents' generation if I had voted yet. I replied that, being non-resident, I did not have a vote. The incident prompted me to recall that I had never voted in any Irish election for I had left home before I was old enough to so qualify and had spend all the intervening years in England.

A year or so ago I read on the Fethard web site that a frequent announcement at Sunday Masses is the request for prayers for the souls of those who had left Fethard many years ago, usually for Britain, and whose mortal existence has now ended. The article went on to say that the emigration of the period 1945 to the late 1960's was on a par with the exodus of the post Famine times, for probably half a million or more had departed in the post war period and for most their exile was to be permanent.

The article set me thinking of both my own experience and those of my generation. The Fethard we grew up in in the 1950's was one where the reality of emigration was as much a part of the scene as the mist rolling over Sliabh na Mban and as recurring. It was a fair expectation that the end of your schooldays meant the need to buy a single ticket for either the boat train to Rosslare or the faster, more comfortable plane from Dublin. The hope of

obtaining employment at home was remote unless you were blessed with parents who had either the material substance to put you in their business or the "pull" to get you a job in some state enterprise. Since most of us had neither the inevitable result was emigration.

The features we could not help noticing as we progressed through school were everywhere — the older brothers and sisters of friends leaving for England amidst tears and recriminations. The fact that the fathers of several lived in England, sending home money for their family's support. The great increase in the population each August as exiles returned for their fortnight's holiday, the appearance of some at Christmas enjoying a fleeting break. All these and more conditioned the rest to the acceptance of emigration as the only realistic solution to our own employment problems as the end of schooldays approached. We were political and ideological fodder, we would solve the basic problem of Irish society for governments which had not a clue how to approach it nor, I suspect, the guts to face it. These were the well fed inheritors of the War of Independence, who, having secured their own place in the sun, did not give a damn about the rest and who, in a pernicious arrangement with all the vested interests both lay and clerical, were content to let the remainder of us go to hell. Instead they assured us that the solving of the emigration problem was the highest decade on their beads while doing little of any practical significance to tackle it. These were the disreputables whose politics

were the replay of the Civil War but whose social policies were as barren as their political origins were absurd.

Yet while mass emigration was the curse of our childhood, little was done to prepare those who would experience it to face and cope with its reality. It was as though to do so would represent some terrible loss of face. To

ignore it would cause it to go away. Meanwhile the school curriculum was geared to create a culture where contact with the wider world would not happen for it would not be necessary. I refer to the enormous preponderance of the Irish Language in the school curriculum. I recall at a distance of forty years now the hugely disproportionate amount of time given to the study of Gaelige to the neglect of the more practical disciplines. I recall the sheer rottenly inadequate standard of its teaching by staff who

were often totally ignorant of any other subject, their having emanated from the Gaeltacht giving them ascendancy in the teaching profession. I remember a curriculum devoid of the sciences and modern foreign languages where Latin was deemed a vital subject for there was also an expectation that some of us might possess a vocation for the priesthood.

Above all I recall an Ireland where second level education was not free and thousands left school at age fourteen with little by way of formal qualification to seek their way as best they could. "Cherishing all the children of the nation equally", where that section of the 1916 Proclamation was concerned the politicians of the '50s were

all profoundly dyslexic.

I have expressed my long suppressed frustration with the politicians of the '50s whose speeches I often listened to at election rallies held after Sunday Mass. The other influence, the predominant one in all our lives was the church. Independence in 1922 gave the church, by virtue of its holding the usually unquestioning allegiance of the 95% of the population who were its adherents, an unparalleled influence on so many aspects of Irish society. Its role

seemed to be to influence policies and events to create a narrowly confessional state whose social policies were usually narrowminded and whose basic aim seemed to be to secure compliance with its own doctrines by the whole body politic. Its concern for emigrants seldom was with the fact that they had to leave more so with the fear that they might lose their religious



Ciss Casey photographed after Mass in the Abbey Church in the 1960's

faith when they had departed. The only prelate who had the moral courage to condemn mass emigration and to demand that something be done about it was the late Dr. Lucey, Bishop of Cork. The rest seemed to be content or at least resigned to see it continue for, I suspect, they feared that the type of economic growth which would solve the problem would also present problems for them, a fear which now seems to have been realised but which has happened in great part because they are now seen as irrelevant by those who have created and benefited from the 'Celtic Tiger'. In fact I recall the reaction of so many of the clergy in the 1960s when the first fruits of Sean Lemass's programmes for economic expansion began to show as warning their flock against the dangers of materialism, this at a time when emigration was still a significant problem. Do not conclude that I am anti-Catholic, I am not. I still practice the faith but have long viewed with frus-

tration the antics of a clergy who possessed so little vision and who were so easily corrupted by power. The events of Dr Noel Browne's Mother and Child Bill of 50 years ago still rankle in the memory of many a little older than I as an example of the scandalous abuse of power by a cabal of clerical backwoodsmen.

What of the fate of those who emigrated? For many the result was materially beneficial. Jobs in the Britain of the '50s and '60s were plentiful and well paid. Many settled, put down roots and became as much a part of the local scene as it is possible for emigrants to do. They made careers, bought houses, reared families and contributed to their adopted communities as they would have if they had remained at home. However, they felt semi-detached, not fully a part of British society by reason of their origins and the history of the two countries and no longer in any meaningful sense a part of Irish society. The ten-



Fethard group at a London Reunion in the 1970's

sions of the Northern Ireland conflict often emphasised their peculiar situation and they often became the ones who bore the brunt of local anger when the conflict flared up over there. We have not become a part of society here as our brethren of a previous age did of American Society when they settled on the other side of the Atlantic.

For some their experience of exile has been almost entirely negative and even destructive. For many of those whose career path was that of the building trade their lives were an endless succession of building sites, temporary hostel accommodation and all the discomforts of the nomadic existence. Their recreation was the public house, their diet was often extremely unhealthy and the result was ill health and premature death. These were, to quote Fr. Denis Faul, "the ulcerated Irishmen" neglected by Ireland and ill-used by Britain. They rebuilt the war-damaged cities, constructed the motorways, dug the drains and created the physical reality of modern Britain. They paid a heavy price for their exile and Ireland should have their fate on its collective conscience.

A few years ago a report by one of the learned medical bodies here stated that the Irish in Britain are the only immigrant group whose health and well-being do not improve as a result of their coming to settle there. They have a greater incidence of ill-health both physical and mental and their life expectancy is lower than their relatives at home. It is a disturbing reality but one which I suspect excites little concern in Ireland bound up as it seems to be with the concerns of the Moriarty and Flood tribunals and the contem-

plation of the future of the 'tiger' economy. It appears that we are still the skeleton in the neighbour's cupboard, out of sight and conveniently out of mind.

A few weeks ago I watched an edition of 'The Late Late Show' on Tara TV, the satellite arm of RTE. The subject was asylum seekers, their experiences in Ireland, and Irish attitudes to this until recently unthinkable phenomenon. I was happy to note that while at present the attitude of most was positive and welcoming there was, I was saddened to note a number of dissenting voices. One in particular disturbed and annoyed me. A particularly outspoken lady expressed the view that Ireland might be swamped, a stance reminiscent of the fascist tendency. Reference was made to economic immigrants as if the reality of such was totally unknown to Ireland which has produced more of the variety than most countries. Those of us economic emigrants (immigrants to where we settle) have the energy to get up and go and the initiative to survive and contribute to our host society. Those who now oppose such a move are the lineal descendants of the "Know Nothings" who opposed Irish immigration to the USA in the 19th century and like their cultural forebears they have learned nothing. Ireland is a prosperous country, thanks in no small part to those who emigrated in the recent past and acted as a safety valve for Irish society. It should be tolerant and welcoming of others who now find themselves in the position of those of us who had to leave and it should be prepared to see them as a long term asset to Ireland not a short term liability. ☯

Irish Red Cross Society



Fethard Red Cross members photographed with participants who completed a First Aid Course. Missing from photo are Mary Tierney, Bannixtown, and Ann Cooney, Coolbawn.

Once again it is time to give an account of the Fethard branch activities for the year 2000.

In May, Nurse Ellen Keane and Tony Lawlor of the Tipperary branch came to the Fethard ballroom to demonstrate one of the newly arrived cardiac defibrillation units for use at events at which the Red Cross are on duty. They also gave a talk on heart disease in which the large attendance showed a great interest. Later in the year we had a visit from the owner of Pamela's healthfood store in Clonmel and she gave a talk on healthy eating and

herbs for healthy living. On both occasions the ladies committee provided a beautiful tea.

A Red Cross first aid course will commence in the near future. We hope there will be a good attendance and that the members, as in the past, will show the same enthusiasm. New members are cordially invited to join, especially young people interested in a medical career. The experience gained in the Red Cross would be helpful in their chosen field. The Red Cross also sends aid to war-torn countries and countries devastated by famine or other disasters. ☸

Abymill Theatre

This past year saw the Abymill become very much the theatre of youth. Many of our stage shows came from the very young and the teenage years. Patrician Presentation school transition year students, under the direction of Marian Gilpin, staged "Jesus Christ Superstar" last December. It technically suited the Abymill and went down very well with the audiences. In April our youth again

took to the boards with Seamus Hayes and The Abymill Youth Drama Group who staged the ever-popular "Grease".

Nano Nagle National Primary School staged a lovely childrens' show in the late Spring. Here we were delighted by tiny tots to pre-teens.

Visiting shows are also very successful when visiting the Abymill — Thurles Drama Group filled the house with "Da", a bluegrass band from

Alaska called "McLeod" played to a packed, very good and enthusiastic audience.

Every Thursday night we still hold our ever popular Bingo with Gerry Fogarty calling the numbers for his huge following.

Following our summer recess the Fethard Players beat all our attendance records with their eight-night run of this year's production, a comedy - "You Can't Take it With You". A big

cast of seventeen with some favourite returns from the past.

Abymill Board: Austin O'Flynn (administrator); Michael McCarthy (chairman); Marian Gilpin (secretary); Agnes Evans (treasurer). Committee: Carmel Rice, Joe Kenny, Eileen Maher, Noelle O'Dwyer, Mary McCormack, Jimmy O'Shea, Bernard Walsh, our caretaker Christy Mullins and ancillary staff Mary and Benny Morrissey. ☺



Fethard Players cast of "You Can't Take it With You" Back L to R: Lisa Rice, Eoin Whyte, Gerry Fogarty, Seamus Hayes, Vincent Murphy, Ann Marie O'Sullivan, Joe Hanly, Derek Newport, Eoin Powell, Eoin Maher, Marian Gilpin, Michael McCarthy. Front L to R: Mia Treacy, Percy O'Flynn, Ann Connolly, Carmel Rice and Mary O'Connell.

Millennium Musings

by Mia Treacy

Living in the clichéd "Global Village" technology ensures that communication has never been as easily accessible or entertaining. However, this representation often proves aloof and subsequently lacks the subjective kernel which embraces people, their present lives and aspirations, which renders itself emotive, thus allowing for a personal connection. This association can materialise through present day images.

The reason for solidifying images of the inhabitants of this medieval town Fethard in the year Y2K? Serendipity.

Which of these images is the most evocative? Which one encapsulates the very essence of Fethard people? Which one is unique to our proud, historic birthplace?

Is it the intangible camaraderie of the peaked-capped men who endeavour to keep a time-honoured tradition alive by congregating each Sunday

morning after Mass at McDonnell's corner? This re-enactment of their youthful days entitles them to be referred to as "The Corner Boys" — although it is many decades since they donned short pants, the boyish grins sparked by a witty comment or enhanced yarn remain. Inclement weather or arthritic joints fail to interrupt this savoured and unfortunately endangered observation of Fethard rush-hour!

Is it the inimitable drawl (incorporating the guttural tongue-rolling 'r') in the ultimately rhetorical question "Well, how're ya goin' on?" and the paradoxical response "Fine, sure 'tis wicked nice altogether!"?

Is it the angst-ridden face of a young school schamer on the ominous journey homeward bound after several hours of blissful, illicit freedom derived from the deceptive anonymity

of Jesuit's Walk or the banks of the Clashawley? In retrospect, would the trudge through Sparagoleith have been that difficult?

Is it the gritted teeth of determination in the Barrack Field as the Fethard footballers play their unique and admired style of fast-passing football in an attempt to emulate the successes of past generations and retain the much deserved pride of the parish?

Is it the disillusionment of a recently returned emigrant enticed by the lucrative Celtic Tiger, yet uncomfortable with the inevitable changes and evolutions?

Is it the tolerance displayed by the townsfolk whose sleep is relentlessly interrupted by the reassuring clip-clop of horses' hooves on the still-darkened streets of early morning? This melodic sound is synonymous with a town which arrogantly claims to be the



England's ITV camera crew visited McCarthy's Hotel to interview Andrew Lloyd Webber for their South Bank Show. The program, presented by Melvin Bragg, featured Andrew Lloyd Webber and Ben Elton speaking about their new musical 'The Beautiful Game' which was conceived in Fethard. They are photographed above in McCarthy's while having a quiet pint. L to R: Ben Elton and Andrew Lloyd Webber.

home of the racehorse. Such claims may be justified considering the admirable achievements of Fethard-bred horses, jockeys, trainers and owners. This empowering tradition coupled with the inevitable daily proximity of racehorses ensures that Fethard people — regardless of status — maintain an avid interest in National Hunt racing, surreptitiously awaiting that elusive emergence into the hallowed winners' enclosure of Cheltenham or Aintree of a Fethard horse — a scenario which has resulted in prolific celebrations in the pubs of this walled-town.

Is it the effervescent anticipation of a night out in the untainted, unique environs of McCarthy's Hotel? In another town, name-dropping would inevitably become common place but here such would be frowned upon. The famous are ignored yet welcomed and expected! Who shall amble across the floorboards tonight? A notorious jockey? A soccer legend? A world-renowned composer? A T.V. personality? A Formula-One racing manager? The

possibilities are endless and exciting. However, in their absence the locals manage to provide relentless entertainment — in particular, the Camogie girls dubious need to have an elevated dancing platform (tables) after a County Final victory!

Is it the confusion etched in the innocent face of a child who is the product of the ever spiralling dysfunctional family? Is it the blatant fear of a family who realises that a child has become embroiled in the infuriatingly addictive drug scene?

Is it the creative juices that irrevocably flow to ensure another talented production of the Performing Arts in the atmospheric Abymill? Or perhaps it is the profoundly powerful image of a grieving crowd, ignoring logic and common sense, by following the hearse on its enforced journey through Burke Street on its way to Calvary Cemetery?

Tradition or superstition? A Cromwellian curse steadfastly remains. ☯



St. Patrick's Place, June 1967 L to R: Philomena and baby Benny Morrissey, Mary Fox and Rita Callaghan on horse, Johnny Cummins, Christy Allen, Noel Sharpe, Patricia and Anne Morrissey.

Social life in Fethard in 50's & 60's *M.K.*

What marvellous times we are living in, this dawn of the New Millennium! How lucky and fortunate are our modern youth and teenagers with all the material, technological and monetary advantages at their disposal. They have their Sega-Mega and Nintendos, their fifty-seven varieties of television channels (not much on any of them), their dotcom here and dotcom there and then those ubiquitous mobile phones, without which they can't move one hundred yards without having to use them. This latter reminds one of the story of the engaged couple who go out for an evening meal - both arrived with the latest model of the mobile. From the starter course to the petit fours each of our individuals are on the mobile to their respective friends giving an account of each course of their meal. Not a word is spoken to each other during the whole course of the meal! But isn't this progress? Many times we've seen children as young as 7-8 years sauntering around with mobile phones dangling between their ears and their cheeks.

It's a big change from the '50's and '60's - yes, it is 40 to 50 years ago! We only had wireless - not radios - then; no television, no playstations or any of the present technological paraphernalia currently in common usage. From the history, the stories and the people themselves, who lived and grew up in those times, life was simpler and much happier. This is post World War 2 and the rationing years of the '30's and '40's. The men and women of that era were so concerned with providing food, clothing and education for their

families that they didn't have the available cash to spend on material goods - luxuries not necessary for the day-to-day living.

And how did the children and teenagers occupy themselves in those years? No Internet, no mobile phones and no fifty-seven T.V. channels. In hindsight, they didn't have enough hours in the day. I don't know whether it's because of the change in surroundings or the fact that we are older, but it always seems that life was simpler, people were happier and towns and villages were safer in the '50's and '60's.

The year was also divided into two distinct seasons - you had Summer and you had Winter. The summers extended from early May to mid-late October. These were long warm sunny days with the occasional, welcome, warm shower of rain to "keep down the dust". The winters, generally, lasted from December to mid-March. These months were noted for their cold, damp long nights, short days with the frequent flurry of snow and severe frost. The remaining two-to-three months were just an interlude - winding down one season and preparing for the next one. Because of the consistency of the weather one knew what to expect and when to get it and so you could plan your time and days accordingly; unlike presently when there is no noticeable variable difference between summer and winter.

Summers in Fethard forty to fifty years ago were idyllic for children and adults alike. The younger generation, devoid of all the "gizmos" now at their disposal especially "that box in the corner", were occupied and fulfilled

from early dawn to the last ray of sunlight usually around 10pm or 11pm.

One of the major events to look forward to each May and sometimes again in September was the Circus. One got excited when they saw the promotional posters dotted around the town - in shop windows and on E.S.B. poles from late February/early April advertising the coming to town of the Circus in the next month. The large multi-coloured poster hit you like a thunderbolt as you went up or down the town. You had elephants from Thailand, tigers from India, lions from Africa and so on. Then you had the flame-throwers from Russia - the first and only visit to Ireland at enormous expense, the trapeze artists from Italy and the clowns, Coco and Bonzo, from France. Even though the circus would not be coming for another four or five weeks, we waited with frenzy and anticipation for the Big Event.

When the day at last arrived, a group us would gather on the Cashel Road around 8am to see the large trucks and multi-coloured decorated caravans come within the town confines. For whatever reason they always entered the town by the Cashel Road. We still had one-and-a-half hours to while away before the school bell rang for classes and so we would follow the entourage of caravans and cages up to the Barrack Field where, later on, they were to perform their matinees and evening shows. It was fascinating to watch these people unload and assemble the "Big Top" in double-quick time. There were no such things as roadies and "stage-erectors" then to carry out these duties. Instead, the work was done by the same artists who were going to perform in the circus - so

much for specialist workers. During the "play breaks" and lunch breaks at school one's first priority was to climb the Rocklow Road wall to see how the "Big Top" was progressing. Miracle of miracles by one o'clock the manual work was completed and the artists were readying themselves and the animals for the matinee. Come 3.30pm, once we had deposited our books and schoolbags at home, we headed straight for the Barrack Field to gain early admission for a good front-row seat for the 4pm show. Of course, some would hang around the general area of the Big Top and instead of purchasing their admission tickets, would "mooch" around to see if there were any loose ends of the canvas where easy and free access could be gained. Invariably, there was always on one or two "free entry points" but after five or six individuals gained access the seam was detected and that put an end to that "freebie".

The show itself was great fun, but it always transpired that the Russian flame-thrower, the Italian trapeze artist and the French clowns were all from either England or Dublin, but that didn't worry us once. They performed their respective acts, which they did with great versatility and expertise. The circus normally performed for five to seven days and it was intriguing to see how those involved mingled with the local community and at the same time carried out their own daily chores in relation to day-to-day living, and to their twice-daily performances, that were always played to full houses. Once the lights went out for the last show, the artists donned their masks and costumes and began to dismantle the Big Top - this would be around mid-



'Player's Please' Bus visits Fethard in the 1960's

night - load up their trucks and caravans and be ready to move out at maybe 6 am the following morning and move on to their next destination.

Another occasion of joy and excitement was the announcement that the "fit-ups" would be coming to town. These were the theatrical and variety shows of Harry McFadden and George Daniels. It was during the period before we became a global village, when the modes of transport and the speed and availability of same made access to the "Big Shows" in Dublin, London and Broadway attainable by everyone. The long, dark nights of winter - at a time when televisions were non-existent and the wireless could only be purchased by some households, the variety shows were a great source of distraction from the routine and mundane winters. These shows normally "encamped" in the Town Hall for ten to fourteen days at a visit. Like the circus, there was a great sense of anticipation when the announcement of their pending visit became known four weeks before

the actual event.

The group in total numbered between six or eight individuals, but they carried out such numerous and diverse functions that, from an outsider's perspective, one would imagine that there were forty or fifty people in the group. The same individuals drove the trucks, loaded and unloaded same, erected the stage settings and props, did the choreography and finally performed their various acts with such grace, versatility and passion. Their expertise that made those "so-called actors" from the celluloid screen and big-named theatres seem as if they didn't deserve to do the make-up for these local artists. Apart from the variety acts of song and comedy, these "fit-ups" performed a different drama/comedy play each night for the duration of their stay. You had "The Colleen Bawn", "The Red River Valley", "The Informer", "The White Headed Boy" et al performed by Tom Cowley and Moira Deady (of The Riordans fame), Ray McNally and Ronnie Masterson (late of the Abbey



Large crowds arriving at Fethard Carnival in the 1950's

Theatre) and the unforgettable Denis Franks who, like Miceál MacLiammor, was one of the great exponents of Shakespearean acting to grace our shores.

The audience participation in these shows was no less important a function than that of the actors themselves. With their heckling, cajoling and involvement in the performance onstage it was reminiscent of the 17th century Shakespeare and Garrick days where, with the open air theatres you had full audience participation and the cheers or jeers of the audience determined whether a play was successful or not.

Apart from the serious side of the shows you had the singing interludes, where one of the artists would don his sequins and picklewicks and perform the latest hits from Johnny "Pride of Wails" Ray, Guy Mitchell, Pat Boone, Billy Fury and Elvis. This was the time before the onslaught of the Beatles, Rolling Stones and the rock group phenomenon of the sixties.

Harry McFadden was the Elvis on this side of the Atlantic. He was young, slim, good-looking with a quiffed hairstyle, a fabulous electric guitar player (long before such guitar became popular) and a great singer. To hear him perform "Wild in the Country", "Love Me Tender", "Jailhouse Rock" and "Blue Suede Shoes" you could close your eyes and be forgiven for thinking you were in Caesar's Palace in Vegas listening to the real Elvis.

When the visiting troupes from the Circus and the Variety Shows had left and kept us in anticipation for their returning visits in twelve months, the social night life for the younger generation reverted back to the Capitol Cinema, where nightly performances and Sunday Matinees of the latest blockbusters from Hollywood were shown on the silver screen. Now we could escape from reality and leave the world behind us as we lost ourselves in films like "The Big Country", "Gone With The Wind", "High Noon", "The Fastest Gun Alive" et al. In addition

you had the British comedies and thrillers from Pinewood and the Ealing studios. For a brief period the boys became Randolph Scott, Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy and Glenn Ford while the girls likened themselves to Grace Kelly, Shirley MacLaine, Marilyn Monroe and Sophia Loren.

For the younger generation the Sunday matinee was a terrific way to while away the afternoons especially during the long, damp winter days. A certain clique of us would go every Sunday and, though endowed with admission fare for the more respectable seats in the balcony, we instead opted for the cheaper seats down "with the gods" in the pits and

the money we spared by avoiding the balcony was spent on vice habits of cigarette purchases and some extra "junk food" of chocolate and crisps.

It would interesting to contrast the habits and hobbies of the current eight to fourteen year olds with those from the '50's and '60's. Admittedly, generations change and each have their own individual wants and needs and with the emphasis on material gain and wealth in the last decade, it is difficult to see the present younger generation satisfied and having a fulfilled life having to make do with the simple things that gave so much joy and happiness to their parents in earlier years.



Fethard & District Credit Union

Friday morning opening has now become extremely popular and complements Saturday night. This is an important year for all credit unions with the ISIS project taking centre stage. Delegates travelled to Belfast to the A.G.M. this year, which was held in the very beautiful Waterfront Theatre.

The primary school quiz proved to be as popular as ever and ended in an exciting tie break between Cloneen NS and St Patrick's School Fethard.

It is now nearing AGM time again and we would invite and encourage our members to attend. This year the Credit Union sponsored a perpetual plaque for business and enterprise to the Patrician Presentation Secondary School Awards Ceremony. It was awarded to Mary Gorey of Main Street, Fethard.

Our rail tickets to Dublin are as popular as ever despite disruption in train schedules, and are very reasonable at

£8.75 return from Thurles to Dublin.

Our membership is expanding all the time and remember our dividend on shares of 3.5% is still very much ahead of our banking institutions. We would particularly encourage our youth to become members, as once you have set the pattern and developed the habit of being a good credit union member it is something which will be a benefit for life.

Opening Hours for business: Tuesdays 7.30pm - 8.00pm (loan applications only); Fridays 10am - 12.30pm; Saturdays 7pm - 8.30pm. Board of Directors: Rev. Canon J. Power (Hon President), Marian Gilpin (Chairperson), Kate Healy (Treasurer), Eddie O'Brien (Secretary). Credit Committee: Kay Spillane, Mary Morrissey, Sean Callaghan, Angela Dillon White, Jonathan Gilpin. Supervisor: John Barrett. Tellers: Betty McLaughlin, Phyllis Healy. ☺

Manned flight

by Vinny Murphy



Photographed with Mick Smyth's EI-AUE Rally 100 plane at this airfield at Coolbawn in the 1970's are L to R: Joe Collins who was the Chief Flying Instructor in Birr at the time, Tim Webb, Joan Smyth, Mick Slattery, Grace Smyth, Michael Smith and Adrian Corcoran.

Manned flight has interested me since I was about eight years old. My first interest in planes was stirred by a visit to Shannon Airport which was a First Communion treat. I was given a book which detailed manned flight from early balloons to the Wright Brothers to the Concorde. Watching the comings and goings at Shannon that day was enough. I was hooked!

Around this time there was a flying club at Michael Smyth's airfield at Coolbawn Cross. I spent many hours watching the little white aeroplane flying over the town. I have since met people who came to Fethard from as far away as Waterford and Birr to get their pilot's licences in the 1970's. Around the same time another regular sight in the skies was the Camp Rockwell balloon.

I had always wanted to fly but never gave it serious consideration thinking, incorrectly, that you had to be a mathe-

matical genius to fly an aircraft. I had enquired about lessons in Waterford Airport and intended sometime to take at least one lesson. Then out of the blue a friend brought me to Moyne airfield near Thurles where she was going for a flying lesson – a Christmas present from her husband. That was my first time in a light aircraft. I began flying lessons the following week and have been flying ever since.

In the first lesson you learn the basics about the aircraft, how it works and how you work in it. After a brief introduction on the ground, you sit into the aircraft with the instructor and are shown how to operate the controls. You start the engine and you learn the first lesson – how to taxi to the runway.

A combination of nerves and ignorance of the controls makes the first attempt to taxi in a straight line something akin to a chicken running around a farmyard – all over the place. The instructor then takes the plane off and,

once airborne, hands the controls over to you. This is the first step towards becoming a pilot. Eventually you learn to taxi in a straight line, take off, fly and, most important, how to land again. The day finally arrives when your instructor feels that you have undergone enough training to follow a fixed circuit and return to the airfield with both yourself and the plane in one piece. You go solo. It is your first time to fly the plane with nobody to help you if things go wrong. It sounds daunting but you will have flown the circuit so many times, you know you can do it. It only takes about ten minutes, but it changes you forever. All those hours sweating it out in the cockpit have paid off. You have now got your wings.

There is still a lot of work to be done before you get your full private pilot's licence that will enable you to bring passengers with you. Monday night became study night in Joe Davy's kitchen in Littleton. There I learned all I needed to know to pass the five written exams to get the full licence. Unlike school, this was not a chore, as I really wanted to learn.

It took three years from start to finish

to get the licence, going to Moyne when the weather permitted to get airborne and acquire the skills and the necessary number of hours to qualify for my licence. And it has been most rewarding. Ireland from the air is spectacular. When I began flying, one of my dreams, which I fulfilled this summer, was to fly to the Aran Islands. I flew first to Birr, over the bogs and the Slieve Blooms, then over the Shannon which glistened for miles, dotted with cruisers enjoying the summer sunshine. From there I went to Galway, over Connemara, then out to Aran Mor. The return trip was via the Cliffs of Moher, the Burren, Miltown Malbay, Tarbert and back to Kilsheelan, all in five hours.

Michael Smyth's airfield is no longer with us but Pat White's strip in Derryluskin is now the focus for people flying around the area. Regular visitors fly in from airstrips all over the country. There are training facilities dotted all over the country some, like Moyne, operating out of a farm strip and some out of major airports. If your dream is to fly (for fun or for a living), check it out. Who knows what it might lead to? ☺



Vinny Murphy photographed with his Piper plane at Pat White's airfield at Derryluskin, Fethard.

Fethard Historical Society

For Fethard Historical Society the year 2000 could be considered the Year of the French with members travelling to France on two separate occasions - in July to the Vineyards of Bordeaux (report on page 88) and in September to the Battlefields of the two World Wars.

In April Chris Nevin as chairperson and Mary Hanrahan as PRO formed part of the Community Council delegation to St. David's in Wales.

As always it was a busy year for the Society with our usual mix of lectures and day trips. Lectures included: *History of Seeds* by Anita Hayes; *Painters of the early 20th Century* by Peter Murray, Curator of the Crawford Gallery, Cork; *The Wine Geese Worldwide* lecture by Ted Murphy of the Wine Museum Kinsale; *Aspects of Norman Influence in South Tipperary* by Liam O Duibhir.

Day Trips took us to Moorestown House, Glengarra Wood and the Motte of Knockgraffon; The EcoBooley & Mitchelstown Caves; Terry's *Millennium Mystery Tour* (report on page 87) which brought us through history from the Passage Tomb at Knockroe to the Waste Disposal Plant in Clonmel facilitated by Dr. Muiris O'Sullivan; Mr. Gilles McBain and Mr. Liam O Duibhir.

Unfortunately trips to Waterford and Kells, Co. Kilkenny had to be postponed.

Poetry readings were given by Michael Coady from his new book 'Full Tide' and Denis O'Driscoll who in addition to his poetry read extracts from his memoirs.

Our Annual Tipperarian Bookfair was held in February and described as

the most successful bookfair to date with booksellers, dealers and buyers happy with their afternoon's work.

The Student Scheme ran during the summer months with nine students kept busy on a computer database of parish death and birth records.

On Trinity Sunday the Historical Society hosted our second Festival which commenced with a fancy dress parade through the Main Street, culminating in activities and barbecue by the Town Wall.

Mary Hanrahan PRO was available to facilitate conducted tours of Fethard to visiting groups and the Historical Society also reprinted the Fethard Tourism Brochure for the benefit of visitors to the Town.

The Historical Society were delighted to be associated with the Secondary School by sponsoring prizes of book tokens to 2nd year students in recognition of the high standard of their history projects.

FHS member Jerry Long was elected PRO of the Federation of local Historical Societies at their AGM on 8th October 2000 hosted by Longford Historical Society.

Lest I forget, our AGM was held on the 28th March 2000 and the following officers and committee members were elected:- Chairperson: Chris Nevin; Vice Chairperson: Dóirín Saurus; Secretary: Margaret Newport; Vice Secretary: Catherine O'Flynn; Treasurer: Gemma Burke; PRO: Mary Hanrahan; Planning: Peter Delaney. Committee: Joe Kenny, Diane Stokes, David Sceats, Peter Grant, Terry Cunningham and Kitty Delany.

Committee meetings which are open to all members are held in the Abymill

Theatre on the last Tuesday of every month. As the Newsletter goes to print we look forward to our Christmas meal at J's restaurant and send a sincere

message of peace and happiness to all Historical Society members and readers of the Newsletter both at home and abroad. ☺

Outing of the Millennium

by Terry Cunningham



The year 2000 – The Millennium – and I suppose a Historical Society should do something to mark this point in time – and we did.

At 9 am, on Saturday 26th August in the Year of Our Lord 2000, twenty four of us set out – on a lovely fine warm sunny day – from the Town Hall in Fethard to go on the outing of the Millennium.

Yes Millennia, as our plan was to go back in time, to go back to places associated with other Millennia and to contemplate what the world was like then and to somehow better understand where we have come from and where we might be going.

We headed south past Grove Wood where oaks have stood, we think, since Ice Age times.

Our first stop was out in the Commeragh Mountains, below Coumshingaun, the corrie lake gauged out by the glaciers during the last Ice Age which ended around 10,000 B.C.

As the world got warmer, people spread north across Europe and reached Ireland, maybe by 7,000 B.C. (Mesolithic Age). In South Tipperary the oldest known major site is the Knockroe Passage Grave (near Ahenny) which dates from 3,000 B.C. (Mesolithic or New Stone Age) and it was there that we went next.

(But we did stop for a ‘full works’ millennium breakfast in the Park Inn in Carrick on the way).

Dr. Muiris O’Sullivan was with us in Knockroe – a wonderful warm two hours we spent there – and he also

pointed out the Standing Stone near Shea's Cross (2,000 B.C) and the Hill Fort of Carrigadoon (1,000 B.C. – Bronze Age) and then onto Kilkieran, just over the border in Co. Kilkenny. There we saw the La Tene style stone from around the year 1 – The Time of Christ, (our Iron Age) and the other Christian era remains, especially the wonderful high crosses. We then headed for Kilcash after drink and sandwiches in Delaney's pub in the Slate Quarries.

In Kilcash Liam O Duibhir took us through the medieval periods, especially the Butler era, and the fall of the Gaelic Order and the cutting down of

the great woods.

Then we had high tea – a real high tea laid on in the hall in Kilcash – and we ate like lords and ladies as a harper, Steve Haggerty played the old tunes.

And so to the present – modern times (but aren't all times modern while you're living them) to the year 2000. We ended up in Clonmel's shining new Sewage Works where Gilles McBain – a thinker, who thinks the big picture – contemplated where modern life might be taking us!

And so home to bed. But not before some of us had a drink or two to toast the millennium and to get re-focussed for the next 1,000 years. ☺

Trip to Bordeaux

by Mary Hanrahan

This year's trip to Bordeaux was a first for the Fethard Historical Society; the culmination of six month's planning by Mary Hanrahan and Chris Nevin. Inspired by Ted Murphy's lecture on "The Wine Geese", we had decided to follow up the Irish connections within the vineyards of Bordeaux, and in particular that of the Barton Family who once lived in Grove, Fethard.

Our final itinerary comprised visits to Chateau Haut Marbuzet (MacCarthy), Chateau Lynch-Bages, Chateau Kirwan, Chateau Batailly and, the "pièce de résistance", Chateau Léoville-Barton.

As our group of sixteen awaited take-off in Shannon, anticipation was high and our only worry as organisers was that the trip would not live up to expectation. Such fears were groundless! The congeniality of our fellow travellers overcame any slight hitches along the way and Bordeaux itself was magic.

Our first full day in Bordeaux began for most of us with Mass in the imposing surrounds of St. André's cathedral. Nothing daunted, we sang along tunelessly in our very best French! We had arranged an afternoon walking tour of the city to give us all an introduction to the sights and sounds of Bordeaux with an overview of its history thrown in for good measure. Bordeaux is breathtakingly beautiful with splendid 18th century buildings, numerous little squares, broad tree-lined "allées", imposing monuments, its famous flower-free, wrought-iron balconies and, at the heart of it all, the stately river which is its life-blood. We all had our favourite places and mine was the superb Place de Quinquonces with its magnificent fountain.

We had devised our itinerary so that we had a balanced mix of organised activity and time at leisure to pursue individual interests. In practice, this worked out very well for everyone as



Fethard Historical Society members enjoying the hospitality in Bordeaux.

Bordeaux, like all cities, afforded lots of activities: retail therapy in the aptly named Golden Triangle, bargain-hunting in the Rue St. Catherine, antiques in the Arab quarter, river trips, music recitals, art exhibitions, museums, including one of the French Resistance. There simply wasn't time to see and do everything.

A major pleasure for all of us was eating out in the city. The choice was endless, the food and wine superb (and highly affordable) and the service excellent. One wonders how Ireland compares for our French visitors.

And, of course, there were the Chateaux which was our reason for coming to Bordeaux in the first place. They proved fascinating, varying as they did in appearance and size, but each imbued with its own unique philosophy of wine and wine-making. And each one determinedly confident that its way was undoubtedly the best! We learned that wine-making is not so much a way of making a living but rather a whole way of life. We were privileged to meet the proprietors themselves in Chateaux not usually open to the public and from them we gained a unique insight into the won-

derful world of wine. It's impossible to nominate a favourite Chateau as each had its own particular charm, from the family-run Haut Marbuzet, where the son of the house showed us around, to the vast enterprise that is Chateau Lynch-Bages, from Chateau Batailly that opened especially for us even though they were officially on holidays to Chateau Kirwan where M. Schyler and his guide Astrid launched what can only be termed a charm offensive that swept us collectively off our feet! A definite highlight of our trip was our meeting with Mr. Anthony Barton who gave us a guided tour of his beautiful formal gardens, complete with swans, followed by a dégustation of his famous wine. Mr. Barton was born in Straffan House in Co. Kildare and his ancestors owned Grove house in Fethard. It is interesting to note that the wines of all the above Chateaux enjoy a very high reputation. Needless to say, we are now all, even the non-drinkers among us, wine experts "sans pareil".

We also spent a day in the enchanting medieval town of Saint Emilion whose houses seem to tumble headlong down the hillside on which it is

built. It is a bustling, pedestrianised little town, no bigger than Fethard, crammed with restaurants, wine shops, galleries and craft shops. The Monolithic Church and the catacombs were every bit as awe-inspiring as we had been promised. Just to keep us in touch with the 21st century, there was even a cyber café so we could e-mail the folks back home!

We were lucky enough to be in Bordeaux for Bastille Day, the French national holiday. Celebrations began the evening before with a spectacular fireworks display down on the quays. On the day itself we had been invited to meet Professor Michael Scott, President of Les Amis D'Irlande, an association of people living in Bordeaux who are either Irish themselves or have Irish ancestry. Professor Scott and other members of his Association arranged a wine reception for us in the Continental Hotel and we spent a most pleasant couple of hours with them. Apart from Professor Scott himself, who is Dublin-born, they were members of the "Wine Geese" families such as MacCarthy, Phelan, Clarke etc., all with a great enthusiasm for Ireland and all things Irish. We were particularly touched that they were willing to give up precious time on their national holiday to spend time with us. (An interesting footnote: Professor Scott's father was the Dublin architect of the same name who designed the RTE buildings and Busarus).

A fitting finale to Bastille Day, and to our French holiday, was provided by the open-air dance in front of the Opéra House that evening. A wonderful time was had by all. Memories of that night include distinguished

French gentlemen asking us to dance, a one-eyed Moroccan who was to be avoided at all costs, a chance meeting with an Algerian waiter we had met earlier in the week who was patently delighted to renew our acquaintance, and a certain chic Parisienne who added that special "je ne sais quoi" unique to Frenchwomen.

The next thing we knew we were winging it back to Shannon laden with great memories, unanimously agreed that Bordeaux had been a resounding success. Everywhere we went we received a warm welcome and wonderful hospitality. It was a week-long round of good food, good wine and good company with a sprinkling of history thrown in for good measure. Now all we need is a little time to plan our next trip - the Chateaux of the Loire, perhaps, or possibly the castles of the Rhine. Qui sait? ☺

DID YOU KNOW

The Cenacle consists of a group of people who come together on the second Friday of each month at 7 pm in the Abbey shrine. All laity are welcome to come to pray in this Marian Movement for Priests. Information will be given to those who inquire through the priests, or through those involved in the group.

Prayer groups are not new in Ireland. It is heartening to know that the Rosary is prayed daily before the 10am Mass in the Parish Church. The loyal leaders are always ready to start on time, usually twenty minutes before Mass time.

A Holy Hour is held each Thursday 7.30 to 8.30 pm in the Abbey. People come to pray for their intentions and for vocations to the priesthood. All are welcome and are encouraged to attend.

Poems from Frances Long-O'Connor

Frances Long-O'Connor, Fethard, is a relative of poet and patriot John Cantwell, Market Hill, and recently published a book of his poems. She was also involved in the Fethard Historical Society's commemoration of the centenary of his death on 2nd December 1998. These three poems are from her own collection.

WINTER

*Sometimes –
Winter wheels in on
Wings of wind,
Whipping leaves
To woeful doom.
Sometimes the winter's
Wan and white,
Wearisome in
Endless night.
Yet there are those days
When wild and wide,
Sunbeams dance
At winter's side.*



LA ROSE DERNIÈRE

*Exquisite rose,
So delicate,
On your slender
Stem, will you down
My winters days
Echo, etching
Distant days of
Long lost summer?*

FOR MY ANCESTRAL MATERNAL MOTHER IN 1999

31st December 1999

*Inexorable, the dark
Has pulled its shade about
My house and the hours of
The year drain away like
Water through stone. In vigil
I wait and this waiting is
A crucifixion as blue-robed
She bends, crooning over her
Slumbering child. Caught up
In the lore of the child, another
Woman stands upon a hill
Pondering a vortex of*

*images spiralling down
The centuries. Pestilence
And purgatorial pain
Persist and yet her gaze
Transcends night's deepening dark
As down the ages she discerns
Her daughters' daughters moving
Through the circle of her soul.
Prefigured, I am transfigured,
Scribed in the skeins of her time
To carry seeds of generating.*

Researching Killusty records

by Michael Hall

The following information supplied by Michael Hall, Kyle, Drangan, will be very beneficial to anyone researching their baptismal or marriage records in Drangan, Cloneen and Killusty

Information re Baptisms and Marriages in Drangan, Cloneen and Killusty.

All records before July 1826 deal with the Catholic Parish of Cloneen and Killusty. Records from July 1826 onwards deal with the Catholic Parish of Drangan and Cloneen. Mullinahone and Drangan were joined before 1826, therefore,

Drangan Baptism and Marriage Records before 1826 are in the Mullinahone Record Books.

In July 1826, Drangan was joined with Cloneen. Killusty joined with Fethard. Drangan got part of Killusty Catholic Parish (the Civil Parish of Peppardstown) and part got, all of Curraheen townland, plus half of Rathkenny townland and a small part of Knockelly townland.

Killusty Baptism and Marriage Records up to July 1826 are with Cloneen Records and are now stored in the Parish Priest's house in Drangan. No townlands were given in early book records.

In 1826, Drangan Catholic Parish received all Upper Crohane plus half Lower Crohane townlands plus part of Shangarry townland (now often called Wilford), plus nearly all Lismolin

townland. All above are at the south side of the road from Lismolin Cross going west to the Two Trees, next to Barrett's Cross then going south to Crohane Church and then to a small bridge at west or Killenaule side of

Glasheen's Cross. That road is the dividing line between Drangan and Ballingarry Catholic Parishes.

Before July 1826, the Baptism and Marriage Records for the above townlands and part townlands should be in the Ballingarry Record Books and I have seen names from Crohane, Graiguenageha and Moyne in the Killenaule Record Book.

On 10th November 1840, Drangan Catholic Parish received from Moyglass Catholic Parish, part of the Civil Parish of St. Johnstown, namely: all Lismoyan townland, plus part of St.

Johnstown townland now known as Bawntafoora, plus a small part of Kilkennybeg townland. Therefore, Baptism and Marriage Records before 10th November 1840 of the above townlands should be in the Killenaule and Moyglass Record Books.

Killusty

To avoid expulsion under Penal Laws, local priests had to register in Nenagh as Parish Priests after an Act



Michael Hall, author of this article, is photographed above at the Holy Year Cross at Crohane, Drangan. Michael is a rare treasure and an endless mine of information, not alone for his native parish of Drangan, but for all County Tipperary.

of Parliament 1703 which improved the situation for some priests. No other clergy were to be allowed, only the Parish Priest. Some priests went on horseback to Nenagh from this area to register. In 1704, Rev. Geoffrey Sall P.P. Clerihan and Killusty (1704-1713) was registered in Nenagh as P.P. of Coleman, Newchapel and Ballyclerihan (roughly modern Clerihan parish), and as P.P. of Kiltinan, Crompstown, Coolmundry, Peppardstown and Everardsgrange (roughly modern Killusty Parish) with parts of Fethard, Drangan and Cloneen. Killusty was in Kiltinan Parish but the church was in Killusty. This union of Clerihan and Killusty lasted until c.1773. Fr. Luke Shee was the last P.P. and was probably one of the Shee's of Cloran, Cloneen.

In 1773 Killusty was united with Cloneen until 3rd July 1826, since then it has been united with Fethard. There was a thatched church in Killusty in the 1700's which was built chiefly at the expense of Mr Redmond Purcell. In Visitation 1847, it was mentioned that Killusty Church was built on

Lord Lismore's land. Killusty's present church was opened in 1883. It was built by Fr. Thomas H. Kinane P.P. Fethard & Killusty.

Kiltinan Parish

Kiltinan Parish c.1200 is mentioned in the Register of Hospital of St. John the Baptist, Dublin, by E. St. J. Brooks. It states in The Preface that Philip de Worcester gave the church of Kiltinan to Oseney Abbey, Oxfordshire, England, c.1200.

An article written by Mark Hennessy states that a grant of 60 acres in the Manor of Kiltinan was made by David, son of Philip, to Hospital of St. John the Baptist, Dublin, c.1200. The Hospital of St. John the Baptist was a daughter house of Oseney Abbey.

Kiltinan was also listed in Papal Taxation 1291 and 1302. The church in Kiltinan was in ruins in 1615.

Kiltinan Civil Parish Townlands: Ballynaclera, Boolagh, Claremore, Cappadrummin, Clarebeg, Grangebeg, Killavally, Killusty North, Killusty South, Kiltinan, Loughcapple, Moanbarron, Rathkenty, Tullow and Walshbog. ☺



In May this year a Manchester United jersey, signed by all the players, was presented at Coolmore Stud Farm to Dr. O'Regan, St. Joseph's Hospital, Clonmel, to help raise funds for the hospital's 'CAT-Scan Appeal'. L to R: Christy Grassick, manager Coolmore Stud Farm; Alex Ferguson, manager Manchester United; Dr. Paul O'Regan, St. Joseph's Hospital,

‘Eily’ Cahill

by John Fogarty

The hearse turned left off the Main St, leaving the town by an unfamiliar route, through the old North gate and out the Rocklow road, then slowly made its way to the old graveyard at Rathcoole, followed by a long cortege of cars carrying mourners. We were going to say our last farewells to Eileen Cahill of Coolmoynes, affectionately known as ‘Eily.’

The ancient burial place and ruined church at Rathcoole is situated down a winding leafy laneway, far removed from the manic rush and bustle that goes with today’s so-called ‘Celtic Tiger’ economy. And it seemed somehow appropriate that Eily should have the peace and tranquillity of this secluded spot as her last resting place. Because Eily moved gently and unobtrusively through life, rarely straying far from the quiet fields of her beloved Coolmoynes

She was a familiar sight in the area,

strolling happily along with her stick and her message bag — her ‘balancing bag’, she called it. Dressed always in



her purple overcoat, woolly cap and yellow wellies, Eily was a distinctive figure. On Fridays she would make the trip to Fethard with Mary Hayes, sitting regally beside Mary in the blue Mini as they motored along the winding road into town. The highlight of her summer was taking part in the Carnival Parade with Evie Croom- Carroll

when she was transported from the Cross to the Barrack Field by trap or coach. Her greatest joy was the ‘cuartaíocht’ to the houses of her neighbours. She was a gentle soul who never raised her voice or spoke ill of anyone.

On most other days of the week she would make her way across the fields to her great friend, Lizzie O’Shea’s house. ☺

Fethard Macra na Feirme

It is hard to believe that another successful and eventful year has passed for Fethard Macra Na Feirme. As with every other year we have been kept on our toes during 2000.

Our year began with our Christmas party, which was held in Cahir House Hotel. The South Tipperary clubs attended to make it an enjoyable night all round.

We have had our share of success in competitions this year with our Dublin city talent team reaching the All-Ireland semi-finals of the novelty act with their sketch “Challenged Times” written by club member Chris O’Riordan. Our debating team also did us proud in the All Ireland quarter finals. We were also successful in South Tipperary finals with our ladies



Members of Fethard Macra Club photographed at their club meeting held to finalised plans for their 50th Anniversary Dinner Dance' which took place on 7th October in the Clonmel Arms Hotel.

indoor soccer team finishing in 2nd place being narrowly beaten on penalties by Clonoulty. Clonmel Show proved to be a successful venue with the club finishing joint 1st in the "Design a Garden with a Patio" competition and Eoin Whyte, runner-up in the U/23 Sheep Stockjudging. Both our male and female basketball teams were 2nd and our creative challenge team was also in 2nd place. In volleyball we reached the final and were narrowly beaten by Killenaule. We took to the stage again in Macra Capers and finished 3rd. Our novice public speaking team were worthy winners with the team of Aideen O'Donnell, Linda Nevin, Daryn O'Meara and Sinead O'Brien.

Brendan Morrissey had a busy year finishing in 2nd place in the All Ireland quarter-finals of the impromptu public speaking. He won the Culchie Festival in Shrute, Co. Mayo and he travelled to Wales for the European rally. Members took part in the 'Know your Agriculture' quiz in

Rockwell and Patricia Morrissey represented us at the 'Queen of the Land' competition in Tullamore.

As with every club we have to do our share of fund raising. The past year has been no different. We joined forces with the Historical Society at their 'Pattern Day Festival' where we had a sponge-throwing stall. We would like to thank our members who volunteered to put their heads through the stock while the children lined up to throw wet sponges at them. Our next fundraiser took place in the form of a karting competition, which was held in conjunction with Tipperary Raceway & Karting Centre. We had a total of 54 teams taking part. The competition began on the 8th May and ran to the 25th June when the final was won by Lonergans pub team. First prize consisted of £150 plus a trophy to each team member. R.I.P were the second place team and also received trophies. Anthea Browne of the R.I.P. team won the individual driver's competition and

claimed another trophy and £150. We would like to thank Mike Barry of Tipperary Raceway and Karting Centre for sponsoring the trophies.

We continue to have our apple picking day and this year we held a table quiz in aid of Telethon. We also had our sponge-throwing stall at Slievenamon Golf Club in aid of a CAT scan appeal. Kevin Whyte and Lorraine Morrissey, two of our more adventurous members, took part in a drag queen (with escort) night in aid of the women's refuge in Clonmel and finished in 3rd place. We are beginning to wonder about them since!

This year sees the club in another All-Ireland with members taking part in The Futuristic Fashion Show, which will be held at the National Rally on Saturday 25th November 2000. Members taking part are Jennifer Frewen, Linda Nevin, Darren McGrath, Sinead O'Brien and Brendan Morrissey as compere for the above models who have designed their outfits completely

out of recycled materials.

It is not all-hard work however as we play soccer and volleyball on a regular basis. This year we have also played olympic handball and rounders. We hold barbeques, go bowling, karting, & canoeing. We were well represented by Lorraine Morrissey in a blind date competition and we finished in 2nd place in a car treasure hunt.

This year we had a club exchange between Fethard Macra and a young farmers club in Scotland. Thirteen members headed off on the 27th of July. We attended an agricultural show where some members took part in a quad competition. We also took part in a tug-o'-war competition; let's just say we weren't last and will be remembered! Some of the other highlights of our trip included bowling, going to a theme park where we also went out on a lake in paddle boats, discos, and shopping in East Kilbride to name but a few. We arrived home on the 1st of August. A group of 8 joined us for a



Fethard Macra na Feirme committee taken at their Annual Dinner Dance in Galtee Hotel Cahir c.1957. Back: Paddy Walsh, Pat Molloy, John Skehan, Tom O'Dea, Dick Hennessy, Michael Smyth, Paddy Heffernan, Joe Hayes. Front: John H. Delaney, Rody Holohan, David Hurley, Henry Quinn, Nat Burke, Pierce O'Donnell, Denis McGrath and Dermot Rice.

return visit from the 24th to the 28th of August. Some are still travelling! Everyone involved had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Again in Fethard Macra romance is in the air. Our congratulations go to John Fitzgerald & Ann-Marie O'Neill and also to Corina Morrissey & Robin Rowe who were married during the year. We wish them the very best of good fortune, health and happiness.

2000 was a very special year for the Fethard Macra as we celebrated our 50th Anniversary with a well attended Dinner Dance in the Clonmel Arms Hotel. We also produced a booklet where we had a brief look back at some of the illustrious achievements and entertaining moments in the club's existence. A word of thanks must go to all those who helped in any way to make it an interesting booklet and a very enjoyable night. We would also like to thank the many unsung heroes throughout the years for bringing the Club to the success it is today.

At our AGM, held on Tuesday 4th July, the following officers were elected: President Matt Hennessy; Vice-President Patricia Morrissey; Chairperson Lorraine Morrissey; Vice-Chairperson Brendan Morrissey; Secretary Avril Colville; Asst. Secretary Deirdre Cleary; Treasurer Adrian Morrissey; Asst. Treasurer Tom Grant; P.R.O. Mairead Croke; Asst. P.R.O. Darren McGrath; Recruitment Officers Brendan Morrissey & Eoin Whyte.

Our club meetings take place every second Tuesday night in Lonergans. Our members come from all walks of life so if you are interested in enjoying yourself, making new friends, learning new skills, improving your social life and availing of travel opportunities Macra is the place for you. Any of the above committee members would be delighted to hear from you.

We would like to thank all those who helped make the past year a success for the club. ☺



Jaunting in the '60's L to R: Alice Stapleton, Dolly Bulfin, Mary Bulfin and Ann O'Sullivan.

Goldie's shop

by Tony Newport

The decision by Goldie Newport to retire from business and close her shop on Main Street last August brings an end to an era of the day-to-day life of Fethard. It might be looked on by many as just the closure of another small shop but to those of us who ran it for many years it meant much, much more.

On the death of Morty Hanrahan, who ran a druggist shop there, the premises were purchased by my late mother, Catherine Newport. Prior to Morty Hanrahan, the building housed a jewellery store from which the old school clock in Coolmoyné National School came.

Our family used the premises as a dwelling house with a small shop selling confectionery, ice cream and fruit. The shop was opened to relieve the pressure on the newsagents shop further up the street. Following renovations carried out by contractor Larry Kenny, the shop opened in 1939 and

the first two customers were Dinny Mullins and the late Jim O'Sullivan. The war broke out shortly afterwards, food was rationed and coupons were required for tea, sugar, bread, butter, etc. A few of my mother's friends, such as Mrs Murphy, Rocklow Road, asked if she would oblige them by taking their ration coupons and this is how the shop started selling groceries.

My mother was a woman who was always ready to help. During the early years of the war a large company of Irish soldiers was camped at Lakefield. The lads frequented the blacked-out town at night, although there was no cinema and nowhere to go, so my mother decided to open a restaurant where the soldiers might drop in for a cup of tea. Many a good fry-up was cooked in the kitchen and served in the two upstairs rooms. When the boys' secondary school opened in the old laundry she took compassion on the boys eating their



Group of Fethard ladies celebrating in the 1960's. Front L to R: Kitty Sharpe, Mrs Sergeant Byrne, Nessa Shine (nee O'Donovan), Dot Mullins. Back: Stasia Kenrick, Philly Kenny, Tiny Morrissey, Peggy Whyte and Mary Gunne.



Paddy Murphy making a presentation to Goldie Newport on behalf of the Parish Church Choir in December 1992. Goldie was, and still is, the longest serving organist in the church.

lunch in the street, especially on cold, wet, winter days. She converted an outside kitchen in the store to a tea-room where the boys brought their own food. She supplied the tea, milk, sugar and a warm fire in Winter, all for the princely sum of 1/= (5p) per week. Many of those boys, now scattered world-wide, called to see her whenever they visited Fethard to thank her for what she had done for them. The Burke brothers of Killenaule, J.J. in particular, now retired back here from Australia, is still a regular visitor fifty years later.

Through a mutual love of music, mother became friendly with a Mr McCari, a tea salesman from Waterford. Because of this she was able to help out many local farmers at threshing time with an extra allowance of tea which was like gold dust at the time.

I started working in the shop in 1949 through circumstances beyond my control. Annie (Evans) O'Brien, who was working with us at the time, left to commence nursing in England. I was asked to bridge the gap until a replace-

ment could be found. Just recently I asked Annie if she could not have found any time to go nursing other than January 1949. "You were responsible for my misfortune," I said, as I sort of drifted into the shop and there I remained. Of course I was only joking. Though the hours were long, the shop became a way of life as much as a living.

I recall the many customers and friends, the crowds waiting for the late edition of the Evening Herald. The city edition, delivered first by the 8.30pm train and later, following the closure of the railway, by the 9.30pm bus, carried the declared runners for the following day's racing. On nights before important race meetings, keen racing men came from as far away as Cashel to get an Evening Herald. This made for a pretty long day, especially when the bus was sometimes an hour late!

Our own delicious home-made ice cream, which became well-known and popular over a wide area, was enjoyed by young and old alike. The pre-bottled milk was supplied by Coffeys, Brodeen and Jack Cummins, Main

Street. My late father was up making ice cream at 6am in the summer. It was a time consuming job continued by yours truly. I also mastered the art of transporting a full pail of milk by bicycle from Brodeen. I never lost a pail or spilled a drop even when flying down the railway hill. I remember the Moyglass girls Peg Hannigan, Nonie Heffernan, Mary Heffernan, Mary Anglim and Mary Walsh cycling into Fethard on summer evenings and consuming dish after dish of Newport's ice cream.

I have very special memories of the many generations of schoolchildren who came into the shop over the years, from the junior infants to leaving certificates. The annual visit by Brother Damien with his First Communion class, whom he treated to ice cream. The evening visits by the secondary school girls from Killenaule before boarding the Shamrock bus. The girls were not allowed out until the nun in charge could see the bus coming down Market Hill. There was a mad dash then up town to buy some refreshments before getting on the bus. I recall Kathleen Fitzgerald, Poyntztown, Mai Brennan, Ballynonty, Mary Grogan, Thurles, Kathleen Lalor and Lil Dunne,

Killenaule from a leaving certificate class of the early fifties. I often wonder where they all are now.

I have already mentioned Annie O'Brien. Some of the others who worked in the shop during the forties were Betty Kennedy, Kilcommon, Biddy Sisk, Mitchelstown, Biddy Leahy and Kathleen Ahearne. More recently we had Noreen McCarthy, Marie (Lawless) McGrath, Noreen Harrington and Rebecca (Conway) Bradshaw who is still with us. These all helped out when my father was forced to retire and I moved up to the newsagency. Goldie took over then and held the fort up to her recent retirement.

I remember the many commercial travellers, always addressed as Mr., the van delivery men with bread, fruit and confectionery, most of them, like the girls from Moyglass, no longer with us, the carnival days, and much, much more. I have spent fifty-one years behind the counter, though now in semi-retirement helping Edwina. I intend to hang in there for as long as I can because it has been such a big part of my life for so long, I could not live without it. All that remains to be said, on behalf of Goldie and myself, is - thanks for the memories. ☺



Fethard ICA members pictured after making a presentation to Mr Kevin Muldoon, Cashel. c.1980

Fethard GAA Club

After a very successful year in all grades except Senior Football in 1999, our A.G.M. for the first time in its history voted unanimously to change the structure of senior football and intermediate hurling by bringing in outside managers for a trial period of two years. On the field of play in 2000 our senior footballers did not achieve any awards to date. Our intermediate hurlers got to the south final, where we lost for the third time to Ballybacon / Grange and after a gruelling county quarterfinal versus Galtee Rovers in a replay by 0-6 to 0-3.

Junior Football 'A'

On 12th December 1999, we beat Emly in the county final on a scoreline, Fethard 0-10 (0-6), Emly 0-9 (0-5). The team did us proud and brought to Fethard the first county title in this grade since 1929. Team: Miceál Seán McCormack, Michael Fitzgerald, Michael Ryan (captain), John Kelly, Michael Carroll, Michael Ahearne,

Alan Phelan, Shay Ryan, P.J. Ahearne, Glen Burke (0-1), John Hurley, Carl Maher (0-1), Kenneth Byrne (0-2), Brendan Brett (0-5 2f) and Keith Woodlock. Subs: Robert Ryan, Johnny Neville, Ken Hackett, Rubaird Broderick, Paul Hackett, Ian Kenrick, Paddy Cooney, Colin Allen and John O'Meara.

Our team played the Intermediate Championship in 2000 without any success. We had a great run in the Munster Junior Tournament where on 1st April 2000 we drew with Croom (Co. Limerick): Fethard 0-10, Croom 1-10. The replay was played on 16th April in Mitchelstown where we recorded a 3-11 to 2-11 win over Croom. Team: Miceál Seán McCormack, John Kelly, Michael Ryan, Ken Hackett, Keith Woodlock, Michael Ahearne, Alan Phelan, David Morrissey (0-2), P.J. Ahearne, Glen Burke (0-1), Kenneth Byrne (0-2), Colin Allen (2-2), Carl Maher (0-2),



The Nationalist GAA Awards 1980. Back L to R: Willie Boland, Willie Stapleton, Jerome O'Dwyer, Dick Cummins, Paddy Ahearn, Joe Ahearn, Mick Byrne. Front L to R: Jim Gleeson (Drangan), Kitty Ahearn, Pat O'Keefe (The Barracks Kiltinan), Phil Shea (The Mill Cloneen), Jimmy Hickey (Drangan) and Dick Allen.

John Hurley (1-0), Brendan Brett (0-3). On 5th June 2000 we met a fancied Listowel Emmetts. Although short four of our original team, we put up a great performance, going down by 1-16 Listowel, 1-13 Fethard.

Under-21 Football

Our first match was played on 5th February 2000, when we beat Cahir 2-11 to 2-6. In the South semifinal the score was: Fethard 3-18, Moyle Rovers 0-8; in the South final: Fethard 0-11, Ardfinnan 0-11. The replay was played on 8th April 2000 : Fethard 3-20, Ardfinnan 3-8. Team: Tommy Gahan, Michael Carroll (captain), Michael Ahearne, Nicky Murphy, Alan Phelan, Cian Maher, Keith Woodlock, Kenneth Byrne (0-1), Aidan Fitzgerald (0-1), Conor McCarthy (0-6 4f), David Morrissey (0-3), Glen Burke (0-2), Kenneth O'Donnell (0-1), J.P. Looby (1-2), Carl Maher (2-4). Subs used: Garreth

Byrne, Conor O'Donnell and Jason Nevin.

The semi-final was versus Galtee Rovers : Fethard 4-10, Galtee 1-15. Our next game was the County Final on 9th May when Fethard 0-14 (0-6), Kildangan 1-6 (1-2). There was only one change from South Final team, Brian Coen (0-2) for the injured Glen Burke. This was our fifth County Title in this grade.

Under-17 Football

In the inaugural year of this competition, which was played early in the year, we were successful in the final versus J.K. Brackens. Score: Fethard 1-12, J.K. Brackens 1-9. Team: Ronan Maher, Allen Burke, John O'Meara, Patrick Looby, Paul Hackett, Diarmuid Burke, Ian Kenrick, John Needham (0-1), Glen Burke (0-6), John Hanrahan (0-1), Owen Doyle, Brian Coen (0-2), Nicky Noonan (0-1), Ronan Allen (0-1), John Noonan



County and South Tipperary Under 21 A football champions 2000. Back L to R: Jason Nevin, Cian Maher, J. P. Looby, Tommy Gahan, Keith Woodlock, Kenneth Byrne, Karl Maher. Front L to R: Nicky Murphy, Alan Phelan, Glen Burke, Michael Carroll (captain), Conor McCarthy, Michael Ahearne and Kenneth O'Donnell. Kids in front are Ronan Fitzgerald and Megan Coen. Missing from photo are David 'Cha' Morrissey and Aidan Fitzgerald.

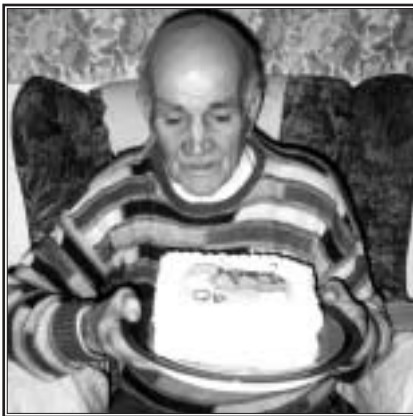
(1-0). Sub used - Patrick Ahearne and Paul Morrissey.

In the Minor Championship a run of bad luck left us depending on other results to qualify for the last four in the south, which was not to be. We are still in the Junior 'B' Hurling County Championship South final and also the South Senior football semifinals. We made early exits in Minor 'B' Hurling, Under-21 Hurling and Junior 'B' Football.

The Officers of the club for 2000 are: Chairman - Gus Fitzgerald; Secretary - Noel Byrne; Treasurer - Nicky O'Shea.

Congratulations to Michael Ryan and Miceál Spillane who brought Munster and All-Ireland honours to the parish when they won Intermediate

Hurling medals. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the families of all Gaels who passed to their eternal reward during 2000. ☹



Joe O'Dwyer, St. Patrick's Place, celebrating his 90th birthday this year.

Fethard Youth Club

by Rita McCormack-John (secretary)

The Fethard Youth Club has been in operation since September 2000. "How long will that last?" and "I didn't even know it existed", are comments we have heard over this period of four months. Well, it's here, it is in operation and it is making an impact.

For those of you who want to know what we are about - here it is!

The club is a member of the Tipperary Regional Youth Services and we cater for a senior group of young people – those in the 13 to 18 age group. Our venues are the local ballroom and the Fr. Tirry Centre and the club runs from 7.45pm to 9.30pm on Saturday nights. To date we have run indoor soccer, volleyball, a drama workshop and a trip to the theatre, photography and Christmas card com-

petitions, as well as providing up to thirty young people with a secure environment in which to chat, socialise and make friends. The major event in the club's calendar to date was our representation at the Tipperary Regional Youth Services inter-club Millennium Variety Show at Oola. The club entered three acts, and a selection of old and new singing and dance routines. The club members involved got a great reception and a big plaque to take home. Well done to Tara, Tracy, Amy, Ashley, Kelly-Anne, Vicki, Michelle, Melissa and Kira whose talent and behaviour did the club and Fethard proud. The girls put a lot of practice and commitment into the acts and it paid off. They could not have done it alone, however, and the support and encouragement from the rest of the club, including the lads, was

wonderful. Thanks Darren, John H., Kyle, Kieran, John, Steven, Brian, John, Adrian, David, Jamie, Russell, Glen, Connie and anyone I might have forgotten. Those who went to Oola to support the club were helpful and well behaved and everyone had a great time.

There will be many more events to follow including a soccer tournament in January. We would like to see a couple of boys' and girls' teams entered. We are short of girls at the moment as they make up only one-third of the membership, so come along ladies and join.

The point I'm trying to make is that things are happening, teenagers are attending and participating, so why not drop in and see what we are all about. The secure environment mentioned earlier can only be maintained by the continued presence of adult leaders. While we welcome your children, we would also welcome your help. We are a group of six leaders presently, five of whom have already completed their leader training. Four leaders are need-

ed at every meeting and club night and going away presents other problems. If you enjoy the sometimes manic buzz of teenagers and want to offer your services, the club needs you.

On a final note, it is not easy to get a youth club going and even harder to keep it running. We would like to thank everyone who has helped us along the way thus far: Noreen Ahearne at the Fethard Arms for hosting our quiz, the Ballroom Committee who have supported us, The Fr. Tirry Centre, everyone who attended the quiz, sponsored it and supported us in any way. I would like to thank the leaders for their spirit and their will to succeed. So thank you Edwina, Michael, Claire, Mary, Tony and Marie. You keep things going. But the greatest thanks of all go to the young people who turn up every week with enthusiasm despite rain or cold. Without the members there would be no club – here's to the Fethard Youth Club 2001.



Photographed above are some of the boys and girls who attended the first meeting to form the Youth Club in the ballroom on Saturday 12th August, 2000.

Meet again after 50 years

by Brendan Kenny



Jimmy McInerney (centre) with Joe Dalton (left) and Gus Cummins in Lonergan's Bar, Fethard.

At the end of the war in 1945 Joe Dalton, like many others, left Fethard to get work in England. He settled down in Peterborough with his wife Anne (nee Sayers), who is a member of one of Fethard's oldest families — still going strong to this day we are glad to say.

Joe is now retired. He has his family reared and making their own way in life. He looks after Anne who sadly has not enjoyed the best of health over the past number of years. Joe and Anne, like many of our emigrants, look forward to the newsletter every year and read it from cover to cover.

Over three years ago while Joe was reading the subscriptions pages at the back of the Newsletter to see what part of the world his old friends are living, he noticed one of them, Gus Cummins was living in Peterborough. Thinking this was a mistake, as he knew Gus had settled and raised his family in London, he decided to check it out.

In Peterborough there's a fairly close knit Irish community and after mass

one Sunday Joe asked his friend John McCormack, who hails from Nine Mile House, did he ever hear of a man called Gus Cummins. John said no but he had met a man called Jim Cummins who had only recently moved to Peterborough from London to live with his daughter as his wife had died. John said that he had given him his telephone number.

Armed with this information Joe decided to ring when he got home. When the phone was answered the conversation went like this - Joe said "Hello Gus". "I'm sorry you must have the wrong number my name is Jim" came the answer. Joe said "You may be Jim over here but back in Fethard you're Gus". "Who have I" Gus answered and amid great excitement they arranged to meet the next morning at mass in St. Oswald's Church, Lincoln Road, as they are both daily mass goers but being from different parts of Peterborough they attend different churches and this was the reason they had not met before this.

Well anyway, Joe turned up at mass the next morning and after looking around and waiting for the mass to end there was still no sign of Gus, so back home he went and was only back in the door when the phone rang. Gus asked him why he did not go to meet him? Joe explained to Gus that he was there but they must have missed each other. They arranged to meet again in half an hour outside Young's chemist shop in the town centre. When they finely met they realised that they were already after meeting one another at mass and they even shook hands with each other during mass but hadn't recognised each other.

This was the first occasion they had met in the 50 years since they both left

Fethard to live in England. They now make up for lost time by keeping in daily contact and meeting every weekend for a few pints and a chat about old times. They also come home on holiday to Fethard together where they enjoy meeting old friends and a few pints in Paddy Lonergan's pub.

Joe was a member of Tom Sheehan's band 'Twilight Serenaders' and is hopeful that when Gus and himself come back in May next year they could meet up with another man - Billy Mackey - whom they haven't met since 1945. Billy Mackey was also a member of The Twilight Serenaders. So Billy, if you read this, let us know and we will arrange a reunion. ☺

Keep it alive !

by Bert van Dommelen

We fell for traditional Irish music long before we ever came to Ireland. To be more precise: Irish music finally brought us there. Now, ten years on, it is by no means the main reason for our regular visits anymore, but it still remains one of the major attractions.

Why? That's a tough one.

First, let me explain to you that Holland is very different from Ireland. For a start: it is totally flat; no hills or mountains. It also is very crowded. We live with 15 million people in a country that is roughly one third of Ireland. So the little greenlands we have are sacrificed: we have to build apartments and one-family-houses, as we call the buildings of two floors and a loft that dominate our ever-growing suburbia.

We have a tradition of international trade; we do business all over the

world and because of that get influenced by partners of many cultures (though I must say the American way of life has the most impact, because we see lots of American tv-shows and films). We also have a reputation of hospitality: people from countries that were at war could always come to us. Centuries ago people from Belgium and France found shelter in Holland, and some of 'our' most reputed artists were from those countries, like the painter Frans Hals and some famous composers.

The consequence of all this is that we did not develop much of a Dutch culture. It is a mixture, a bit Dutch, a bit Belgian, a bit Caribbean, a bit Surinam, a bit Indonesian, a bit German, a bit English and more than a bit American. Traditional music doesn't have much of a chance that way; that is best preserved if for-



Playing music and entertaining our senior citizens at Fethard Day Care Centre are L to R: Janneke van Dommelen, Jimmy Lawrence, John Pollard, Bert van Dommelen and Pauline Morrissey.

eign influences are limited.

Our older people listen to jazz, country or classical music, the middle-aged to jazz and the likes of the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Bruce Springsteen and the old rock & roll heroes, while the young generation is divided between Spice Girls and 'as many beats per minute as the computer will give you'. Or people listen to tear-jerking songs, which is a category on its own in Holland (like in Germany, for that matter).

My generation - I am 50 - was brought up with Beethoven and Little Richard, Cliff Richard and Keith Richards. And with Bob Dylan of course. Only at the respectable age of 35 we found out there was interesting Dutch traditional music. We had to go to the Edinburgh Folk Festival for it - that about says it all.

Right in the middle of the Beatles- and Stones-mania that came over Holland like a flood, we first heard a Dubliners song, that made a small hit in Holland. Don't ask me which song it was: it may have been 'The wild rover' or 'Whiskey in the jar' or one of their many other evergreens; I really don't remember. What I do remember is the

impression of purity, freshness, the special flavour these instruments gave to the music. Never heard something like that before.

Few years later, the English folk revival blew across the North Sea. We listened to Fairport Convention, Fotheringay and all these other great musicians with their Celtic approach. We discovered fine Scottish bands like Silly Wizard, the Boys of the Lough and the Tanahill Weavers - I still enjoy their music - and went to the Edinburgh Folk Festival for many years to listen to and have sessions with our favourite bands. Heard Paddy Glackin play - in those days he was the all Ireland fiddle champion - and were thrilled by his skill and by the charm of a solo fiddle playing reels, jigs and airs.

And at home, we discovered the Fury's, the Wolfe tones - 'Irish to the core' - and the Clancy Brothers. We even started a band and performed songs like 'Four green fields', 'Down by the glenside', 'Bold Fenian men', 'Vale of Avoca' and 'Jug of punch'. And 'The town I loved so well', of course, one of our all time favourites. We even played for Irish people living in Holland, on two Saint Patricks Day's.

They were very, very nice to us, but they must have thought: Do you know what the songs are about? Never made any remarks, except for one time we tried to do a song in Gaelic (we guessed we had it phonetically right, we were even instructed by a neighbour from Dublin, but it must have sounded horrible).

At last, we decided to go to Ireland to see all these places that were mentioned in the songs. Dublin, Galway, Kilkenny, Kildare, Galbally, Sligo, you name it, we've seen it. And we heard people play traditional music - had to search long and hard sometimes, but we always found a pub where, sitting behind many pints, musicians were performing tunes and songs that we knew, or - even better - that were new to us.

We wondered how Irish traditional music could have survived so well, while Dutch folk music had practically died out long before we were born. It is the isolation Ireland has lived in for so long, we guessed. And, of course, it has a lot to do with the history of the countries. For ages, we did not have to fight against being slaved; except for five years from 1940-1945 nobody tried to take our independence from us. War and not being entitled to your own national identity are horrible, of course, but they do bring people together. They make people aware and proud of their country and culture and sing about it. That, we think, is a major

part of the explanation.

Trouble, sadness and poverty seem to influence the music: melancholic sometimes, but vivid - 'it won't bring us down' - on other occasions. And we suppose the landscape has more than a little to do with it as well. You can hear the atmosphere of the landscape and

the pace of living in the music.

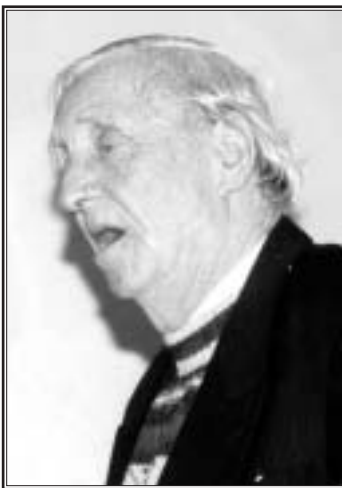
Nowadays, prosperity is growing rapidly in the independent Republic of Ireland; tv's, computers and planes bring foreign cultures to the Celtic Tiger. We are of course more than pleased you are doing so well (though we would like the prices of houses not going up like a rocket).

But there is a danger to it: Ireland could turn into just another west-

ern European country, with the same American-based culture we all have this side of the North Sea. Signs are there: your suburbs are getting bigger and bigger, young people are drinking Budweiser instead of Guinness, and parking your car in Clonmel on a Saturday afternoon is just as hard as in the city of Rotterdam (400.000 inhabitants).

All this could lead to a slowly fainting national identity and, as a result, to declining interest in your national heritage, of which the music is an important part.

So: be rich, be happy, be independent, live in peace, but don't forget to stay Irish and to play Irish music. Keep it alive! ☺



Peter Napier singing a song at the Fethard Day Care Centre

Top award for Fethard museum



Marina (left) and Margaret Mullins (centre), Fethard Park and Folk Museum, receiving an award for Most Improved Voluntary Museum, jointly funded by Michael Starrett (back), CEO Heritage Council and Paula Ridley (right) director Gulbenkian Foundation.

Fethard Park and Folk Museum has received an award in the 1999 Museum of the Year Awards, jointly funded by the Gulbenkian Foundation in London, and the Heritage Council in Kilkenny, which were announced at a ceremony in the National Museum of Ireland in Dublin. The prestigious award scheme is run in association with the Northern Ireland Museums Council.

The Fethard museum was joint winner in the Most Improved Voluntary Museum category, which is open to museums which do not enjoy regular funding from official bodies. The judges described it as "a busy and lively museum that attracts enormous crowds on a Sunday including many families with children who rampage enthusiastically all over the colourful play area and enjoy a tea service in the old bus that has been converted for the purpose" and praised the "considerable improve-

ments" made in recent years. The other category winner was the Sheelin Antique Lace Museum in Fermanagh.

A special commendation went to Carrick-on-Suir Heritage Centre, in respect of an exhibition that dealt with the history of the area and examined all classes of society. The judges recommended that the centre could enter the awards scheme again when the Butler plate has been put on view.

Speaking at the ceremony, Aidan Walsh, director of the Northern Ireland Museum Council said: "These museums owe their existence to the enthusiasm of those involved, who are to be credited for recognising important artifacts and aspects of local history and the local connection to the national and international story".

The awards were presented by Ms. Sile De Valera, TD, Minister for Arts, Heritage, Gaeltacht and the Islands. Presentations were

made in five separate categories.

1999 marked the eighth year of Gulbenkian Foundation and Heritage Council Museum of the Year Awards. The awards were founded to encourage display and innovation in museums, as well as to stimulate educational work.

Michael Starrett, chief executive, the

Heritage Council, commented: "As the museum community continues to build on and enhance the quality of its service to all its customers, so too does the standard of entries continue to rise. These awards are a recognition of the contribution to our local and national heritage of those involved in this work." ☺

Old Town Spirit

by John Joe Keane

*Sun shining on Madam's Bridge
on a summer's morning.
On the river; blackgnat and sedge
eases the fish's soul of yearning.*

*Trees adorn Main Street
and the Town Square,
Burke Street is busy
with greetings to spare.*

*Over the Weir at Coffey's Mill,
up the Valley and Jesuit's Walk.
A chat in Kerry Street,
great to hear the elderly talk.*

*Into town from Kilknockin
down the Green with care.
The history of Barrack Street
and of the Barrack Field wall so rare.*

*Striding up the Rocklow Road
dear old Sparagoleith.
A run down Chapel Lane,
on the Cashel Road, pitch and toss at play.*

*Navigating Watergate Street
heading for Patrick's Place.
Admiring nature at Knockbrack Wood;
Fethard, a town into grace.*



Gus Maher and Philly Kenny photographed at Christmas Party 1987 (photo supplied by Gus)

Let Fly Coolmoyne

by David Morrissey



To mark the Golden Jubilee of Coolmoyne winning the 1950 County Junior Hurling title, a most enjoyable function was held in the Fethard Arms on Friday 25th August, to honour the surviving members of the team pictured above L to R: Tony Newport, Cly Mullins, Joe Ahearn, Stephen O'Brien, Dick Hayes, Jack Wall (sub) and Jim McCormack.

Only one hurling team representing the parish of Fethard and Killusty has won a county hurling title. This feat was achieved by the Coolmoyne junior team of 1950 who won south and county honours.

Early this year somebody with a long memory suggested that it was an achievement worth honouring in its golden jubilee year. A committee was promptly formed and plans formulated to mark the event with a function. The committee consisted of Frank Coffey, (chairman) Mary Godfrey (secretary), Joe Ahearn (treasurer), Jimmy Barry, Mick Quinlan, Tom Noonan, Derry O'Dwyer, Austin Godfrey, Sean Moloney and Michael O'Dwyer. A very successful draw was held which raised ample funds to cover the function and presentation. Twenty-fifth August was the date and Joe Ahearn's Fethard Arms the venue. A fine meal was provided for sixty guests including surviving players and representatives.

There was music and song, stories short and tall, hangovers bought and sold – in other words, a great night.

The M.C. for the evening was Paddy Finnucane, sports commentator for Tipp FM radio, who gave a detailed pen picture of each of the recipients. The presentation was made by our parish priest, Canon James Power. Music was provided by John Pollard and his trusty "squeezebox". Jimmy Trehy video-taped the event. For the record the team was: Tony Newport, Paddy Murphy RIP, Paddy Ahearn RIP, Joe Clarke RIP, Stephen O'Brien, Sean McCormack RIP, Peter Walsh RIP, Jerome O'Dwyer RIP, Cly Mullins, Jimmy (Slicks) McCarthy RIP, Paddy Dalton RIP, Michael McCarthy RIP, Jim McCormack, Joe Ahearn, Dick Hayes. Panel: Jack Wall, Mick (Toby) McCormack RIP, Bro. Dominic Lyons RIP, and John Collins.

Stephen O'Brien travelled from England for the event and Michael

McCarthy Jnr. travelled from London to accept on behalf of his late father.

To get back to the playing fields, Carrick Davins were beaten comfortably in the south final. Rockwell Rovers had a similar fate in the county senior final held in Cashel. Cashel was also the venue for the final where Rahealty were the victims. The team

tagged out in the John McGrath's coal shed in Friar Street and the after-match showers were left to God. The post match celebrations were confined to church gate post mortems after the sodality. Different times indeed!

A balance of £663.54 remained and this was presented to St. Joseph's Hospital CAT Scan appeal. ☺

Where it all began

by Jimmy Ryan

Well I have promised the editors for years to write a few lines for the Emigrants Newsletter and here goes. Well I am still living in the room I was born in, on the thirteenth of May 1937. There was no hospitalisation in those times. Nurse Walsh who lived in the Back Green was the maternity nurse and that was that.

Well my first academy was the Convent and Sister Terisita. Austin O'Flynn was my sparring partner then, both of us went up to the monastery via the convent lane. What a shock leaving the holy nuns and then been thrown in with all the roughs from the country. It did not take long to get acclimatised. We were as good as the rest of them after a week learning new tricks of all descriptions, from how to skin a rabbit to smoke in the cycle shed and skame from school which I

was very good at. The best time to be absent without leave was from September to Christmas when the trashings were on. Perrey Napier RIP and myself were known the country from Cloneen to Coolmoyne and Coolbawn to Coleman; all the machine men driving for different

farmers knew us. At about the age of ten I was able to drive the tractors and we became dab hands at drinking mugs of porter out of the bucket and the quarter cask. Not many farmers wanted the trashing on a Friday because that was a fast day; no meat, only mackerel from Jimmy Slattery from Clonmel and there was no ice in them days so I will leave it to your own imagination as to its freshness. Those

were the days before T.V. We just had the Capitol Cinema for Sunday where you got in free if you said you were



*Jimmy Ryan and Sean Ward in the 1950's
at Newbridge*

pumping the organ in the Abbey for Joan Goldsbrough; it finished up there were an awful lot of organ pumpers. Of course we had serials in them days. Johnny McBrown, The Phantom, Captain Marvel and Hopalong Cassidy etc. They were our gods and we tried very hard to act out the parts. The town was split up into different gangs - Main St, Burke St, St. Patrick's Place, where I threw in my lot. Kerry St had a gang, as did the Valley which was known as Mulligans gang; remember Declan?

The youngsters today often ask how we passed the time. Well the day was never long enough as the season of the year changed so did the games. From spinning tops we graduated to the toss school. Every type of a scoundrel and rogue attended those and pontoon was the favourite card game. It was quicker to lose money at that than 25's. There was also hunting rabbits on a Sunday with every dog in the town. Mick Dempsey, Kilsheelan and Airds on the Green were the principal rabbit buyers, but the 'Mixie' put paid to that.

Well I suppose I have to write a bit about the circus. The two big ones,

Duffy's came in May and Fosset's in October. Harrington's sandpit was the main place then but as the gravel was extracted the field got smaller and then transferred to the Barrack Field and there

is a popular belief that I ran away with the Circus. Not true. The circus ran away with me! In later life I worked for the three big English ones Chipperfields, Billy Smarts and Bertram Mills. In the 60's these big tops could seat up to 4,000 people and were nearly always full.

Well there was no swimming pool then, just the river where you started off at Breen's Bridge, then to the Kennels and you graduated to the New Bridge where the test was to dive from the bridge clear the five foot ledge of concrete and end up in the hole. Remember! Sean Ward, if you could do it, so could I, anything for a dare.

Every orchard had to be visited; every one had its own speciality. McCarthy's Hotel was first on the list; there was many the mishap crossing the pipes over the river. Mulligans, the Convent was tried out, the Rectory for pears and the best thrill of it all was the Post Office glass house for grapes. I



One of Jimmy Ryan's most talked about entries in the Fethard Festival Fancy Dress Parade.

remember John Whyte and J.J. Morrissey as it was called then "fecking apples" with me. Then we worked for Dick Gough mucking out stables and riding out the horses. Sometimes you would get half a crown and that would be for the seven days, but we loved it. Also Mrs La Terriere's ponies when half of us were Red Indians and the other half Cowboys, often there would be around thirty to forty of us down the long range, bareback, charging one another like in the films; how we escaped serious injury is just a miracle.

I also gave a term at Ward's Garage serving petrol and mending punctures for ten shillings a week and 10 Aftons a day but sure a young man was getting educated in the way of the world, learning how to curse and a few more things.

I won't say too much about the

dances in the town hall because there are too many of the girls still around. When "Rock and Roll" came out first it was nearly impossible to get the local bands to play it. They said it was only a flash in the pan and it would never last. That was the era of crewcuts and the start of the denim jeans.

So now you young ones you see how we passed the time. There was many more stories but I think for this year I have covered most of them - the hazel nuts in Grove Wood and the hunts up the Robber's Glen. There was never a dull moment. We lived a carefree life of charm and there was always excitement to be found around the next corner.

Well that's all for this year folks, to be continued next year and to all my friends overseas and in Ireland a Happy Christmas and a Joyful New Year. ☺

Who Owns Those Hills?

by John Fogarty

*Who owns those hills,
those high green hills,
that shelter Fethard town?
Kilnockin Hill... and Bennetshill,
where Cromwell once looked down.*

*Who owns that gentle mountain,
that mountain blue and brown;
it looms above the soft green hills
that shelter Fethard town?
A storied place called Sliabhnamon,
where brave Fionn once looked down.*

*Who owns those ruined castles,
those castles tumbling down,
so grey upon the fresh green hills
that shelter Fethard town?
Barrettstown, Knockelly, Crampscastle,
where Normans once looked down.*

*Those bright green hills,
those holy hills,
that sacred mountain brown,
stood long before men and castles —
when God alone looked down.*

Nano Nagle School Groups 2000



Junior Infants Class at Nano Nagle Primary School. Back L to R: Ms. Margaret Gleeson (teacher), Rachel O'Meara (Woodvale Walk), Gary Bradshaw (The Green), Shane Moloney (Kerry Street), Emma Hayes (Burke Street), Emma Walsh (Ballintemple), Joseph O'Hagan, (The Square). Third Row L to R: Shannon Dorney (Slievenamon Close), Donal Walsh (The Green) Colin Grant (The Valley), Emma Morrissey (Barrack Street), Brian Healy (The Green). Second Row L to R: Kevin Allen (Slievenamon Close), Darrell Needham (Slievenamon Close), Tara Horan (Tullamaine), Vincent Lawrence (Woodvale Walk), Jade Pattison (Spittlefield), Gerard Gorey (Jesuit's Walk), Áine Phelan (Coolmore). Front Row L to R: Jack Connolly (The Green), Adam Hall (St. Patrick's Place), Jessie McGrath (Rathcoole), Anastasia Blake (Kilnockin Road) and Aobh O'Shea (The Valley).



This year's Sixth Class at Nano Nagle Primary School Fethard. Back L to R: Denise McGrath, Martina Ryan, Katie Murphy, Tracey Burke, Donna Ryan, Chloe Power. Front L to R: Kate Maher, Emma Smyth, Samantha O'Brien, Rosanna Needham and Laura Burke.



COLEMAN SCHOOL c.1905

Back L to R: Katty Crotty, Paddy Anglim, Maggie Smith, John Woodlock, May McCarthy, Lil (Alice) Breen, Jack McCarthy, Bridie Carey, (?), Mollie Anglim, (?), Hannie Woodlock, Tom Hurley, Margaret Dobbryn. Third Row L to R: Miss O'Donnell (teacher), George Anglim, Bridgie Flynn, J. O'Meara, (?), O'Donnell, O'Donnell, Katie Smith, Willie Breen, Maureen Egan, Maggie Meara, O'Sullivan, Mary Clancy, Mary Mockler. Second Row L to R: Dick Anglim, Wallace, Alice Hurley, Wallace, (?), Jerome Guirey, Bridie Clancy, Mary Mockler, Lena Butler, Willie Smith, Hannie Hartigan, (?), Maggie Anglim, Miss O'Donnell (sister of teacher Miss O'Donnell). Front L to R: Nellie O'Meara, Jack Flynn, Michael Mocklair, Mary Wallace, Jim Flynn, Kathleen Mockler, Maud Mocklair, Mike Meara, Mike Clancy, Maggie O'Dwyer, Tom Mocklair and (?).



HAPPY 90th BIRTHDAY

A very 'Happy Birthday' to Mrs Alice Keane, Tirry Park, and formerly Knockelly, Fethard, who celebrated her 90th birthday on Monday 3rd July. The above family photograph taken at the celebration was supplied by her son Joe. L to R: Maureen, Jim, Peg (Margaret), Paddy, Alice, Michael and Joe. Missing from the photo are Tom, Sean and Theresa.

Patrician Presentation School

Once again September saw us back on the treadmill of time. - at the start of a new academic year. Congratulations to our leaving certs, and junior certs on their examination achievements. Many of our leaving certs have moved to college, training programmes and apprenticeships. Our junior certs are now the present transition year, and are on work experience as I write.

In sport, our football team were the first school team to ever win the U18 - a momentous landmark. Our volleyball girls got to the final of the community games in Mosney.

Great credit is due to Mr Burke and Ms O'Connor for coaching this

team during the summer holidays and we now welcome to the P.E. department Ms Jill Cunningham.

Debating: Our senior debating team captained by Aileen O'Donnell with Thomas Grant, Terence Fahey, John Lonergan and Ross Maher were doing exceptionally well in the Concern debate until Concern seemed to overlook the fact that they existed. Concern did apologise, but this is poor consolation to a strong team. Young entrepreneurs were sprouting in many of the classes in the school, Mary

Gorey being the most successful in the past year.

Transition year had a very successful run with the musical "Jesus Christ Superstar". They also did very well in their help with "Daffodil Day 2000". In May they travelled to Delphi, Co. Meath where they spent three days in the outdoor pursuits centre. This year's transition year have travelled to

Dublin on a historical/artistic trip. They are currently rehearsing the very popular musical "Oliver" which they will stage in the Abymill Theatre in December.

This year a new prefect system has been established and Ian O'Connor 6th year is head

boy and Elaine Williams also of 6th year head girl. Other 6th year prefects are Lisa Hanrahan, Aileen O'Donnell and Ross Maher.

Peter Kenny 5th year, performed admirably on piano in the A.S.T.I. Millennium Concert held in the Watergate Theatre, Kilkenny.

A number of very successful retreats and prayer/carol services were held throughout the year. The leaving certs travelled out to theirs to Gracedieu in Waterford and a spiritual day in Glendalough on their last



Anthony Keane, Kilmore, winner of the The Perpetual Padraig Pearse Centenary trophy presented by Mr. Ernan Britton (Principal) to Anthony for his excellence in Irish language and history in the Junior Cert class at Fethard Patrician Presentation Secondary School.



Fethard Patrician Presentation School Awards Ceremony (29/9/00)

Photographed after the Fethard Patrician Presentation Students Awards ceremony are: Front L to R: Mary Gorey, winner of the Credit Union sponsored Young Business and Enterprise Perpetual Trophy; Fr. Michael Barry, past pupil; Mr Ernan Britton, school principal; Michael Woodlock, past pupil and sponsor of awards; T.J. Maher, past pupil and guest speaker; Anthony Keane, winner of the 'Pádraig Pearse Perpetual Memorial Cup'. Back L to R: Alison Holohan (joint best attendance 4th year); Sarah Kennedy (1st year pupil of the year); Emmet Burke (best attendance 3rd year); Evelyn O'Connor (3rd year pupil of the year); Eoin Fanning (5th year pupil of the year); Una Prendergast (2nd year pupil of the year); Brian Kennedy (best attendance 1st year).

day in school as a class group.

Friday September 29th was the official celebration opening mass of the year 2000 for the Patrician Presentation Secondary School in Fethard. This millennium year marked the initiation of a new 'awards ceremony' for students. Principal, Mr. Ernan Britton, welcomed all in his opening speech — staff, pupils, board of management, parents association and parents. He particularly welcomed Fr. Michael Barry, celebrant, and Canon James Power P.P., Mr T.J. Maher, national president of Macra, and Mr Michael Woodlock, Flancare, past pupils along with Fr. Barry. He emphasised that this was not just a day to celebrate the opening of a new school year, but also a day to remember two colleagues who had died in service — Mrs Anne Maher and Sr. Breda O'Connor. A commemorative picture was then unveiled in the presence of Mr Paddy Maher and the Presentation Sisters, to be displayed in

the school in acknowledgement of their dedicated service.

The fourth, fifth and sixth year choir sang joyful yet meaningful hymns accompanied by Kevin Hickey, musical director for the transition year shows. The beautiful 'Atlas' piano was kindly loaned for the day by John Shortall, also a past pupil. The soloists from the pupils were Jodie Gilpin, Kersty McCarthy, and Lisa O'Donnell. Ross Maher and Daryn O'Meara assisted Kevin on guitar.

Mr T.J. Maher then presented certificates for excellence in attendance to Brian Kennedy, Claire Ryan, Emmet Burke, Bill Hunt, Ali Holohan and Eoin Fanning. Marian Gilpin, on behalf of the board of directors of Fethard and District Credit Union, then presented a perpetual trophy for business and enterprise to Mary Gorey for her involvement and success in the 'Young Entrepreneurs' competition.

Past pupil Mr Michael Woodlock then

proceeded to present awards which he had sponsored himself; the awards for excellence and contribution to class year groups last term went to Sarah Kennedy (1st year), Una Prendergast (2nd year), Evelyn O'Connor (3rd year), Eoin Fanning (5th year) and David Kennedy (6th year). Rebecca Carroll (5th year) received a replica of the Padraig Pearse Perpetual Trophy that she had won last year. This year's winner of the trophy, awarded for excellence in Irish, History and English in the Junior Cert, was Anthony Keane, Kilmore. Conor McCarthy and Marie Holohan, both now at college, received sports awards for football and camogie respectively. Ian O'Connor and Elaine Williams were declared 'head boy' and 'head girl' for the new academic year 2000-2001.

A note of sadness was evident in the mass that was dedicated not only to the memory of Anne Maher and Sr. Breda but also to Jason Barron, a 19 year-old past pupil who was killed so tragically last weekend.

The ceremony concluded at 1pm with the general consensus of opinion that it had been a day of looking forward to the future as well as remembering all who had done so much in the past — the Brothers and Sisters, Timmy O'Connor, Bro Albert — all were remembered with fondness and gratitude.

As the years moves to a close the principal Mr Ernan Britton, the staff and students greet you, our newsletter readers, near and far, many of you past pupils. We, extend to you and your families our wish for a happy, healthy and safe 2001. ☺



Michael Shelly and Mike Breen (right) photographed in Lonergans Bar. John Michael (Mike) Breen, who died this year, was a farmer and agricultural contractor. He was very mechanically minded. Socially, he was a character in his own right - well known for his wit and humour. One of his comments was "The circus has left town and us clowns are left behind". Another wisecrack was, "They are all leaving town and gone to jeopardy." When asked why, he replied, "To get work, because all the jobs here are in jeopardy." Mike took a keen interest in Irish politics his teacher being Uncle John Woodlock. Mike was well-known and liked throughout the surrounding areas. He is sadly missed by his family, friends and neighbours.

Fethard Bridge Club

Fethard Bridge Club continues to thrive and we play every Wednesday night in the Tirry Centre. Our President's Dinner was held in Hotel Minella on 14th May 2000 and the President's Prizewinners were Nora Lawrence and Rosemary Lalor. Player of the Year, for which the O'Flynn trophy is presented, was Moira McInerney, and the Club Championship, for which the Hayes trophy is awarded,

went to Moira McInerney and Nell Broderick. Our Christmas party was held in the Tirry Centre on 13th December 2000 at which our Christmas prizes were presented.

The club was saddened this year by the death of Eileen Dillon, one of the long-

standing members of the club. Eileen loved bridge and seldom, if ever, missed her Wednesday night game.

At our AGM on 24th May 2000 the following officers and committee were

elected:- president Anna Cooke; vice president, Nora Lawrence; secretary, Gemma Burke; treasurer, Bernie O'Meara; assistant treasurer, Annie O'Brien; PRO, Tony Hanrahan; committee, Nell



'Committee Prize' winners Berney Myles and Margaret Hackett (right) being presented with their prizes by tournament director John Lucey.

Broderick, Breda Walsh, Berney Myles, Margaret Hackett, Frances Burke, Alice Quinn and Betty Walsh.

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

The Monroe Murphys

by Mamie Morrissey

We came to live in Fethard in November 1936. We lived in the town until we moved to the cottage at Monroe in March 1937.

My father worked as a farm labourer when work was available, my mother worked hard at home looking after us all. I am the oldest of 15, so she ate no idle bread. We worked in the summer months thinning turnips, beet etc as times were hard, but we had a happy childhood.

We went to school to the Presentation Convent where the nuns

gave everything of themselves to prepare us for life. We had great neighbours Danaghers, Caseys, Cummins, Cassells, Fergus's and Shines. I have some very fond and happy memories of them all.

There was one funny incident. My friend came up to our house one day on her father's bicycle. I was going to town for some groceries, she asked if I would carry her on the bike. I got on the bike, she got on the bar, and just as we went over the railway bridge she said "Mamie we have no brakes" by

then we were speeding. A lorry came down the railway road, so we were on the grass verge and landed up on the ditch, which was a mass of nettles. When we picked ourselves up we were covered with stings on our faces, hands and legs. We always had animals at the house - dog, cat, pigeons, rabbit, ferrets and a pet jackdaw. Every night my mother fed all the animals on a large tin tray, all of them ate together; no fighting.

We also had an ass which was used to draw water from the judy at the end of Ward's house, and to draw timber from Grove wood to keep the home fire burning.

During my early years we had some very hard winters. We had heavy rain then the frost came and the roads were like glass with ice. Of course we had a great time skating on it, down the railway hill, which was fine until poor Tommy Slattery's pony fell, with his load of

goods from the railway, and he put an end to our sport with a packet of salt.

Peter worked at Annesgift for Major Hughes; the jackdaw went to work with him. As Peter cycled along, the jackdaw flew from telegraph pole to pole, and went around the farm all day wherever he was working, but when evening came, the jackdaw was always home

first, so mother knew she could put up Peter's dinner.

There wasn't much variety in entertainment. We had no radio. Television wasn't in Ireland, so we played cards, and in the Summer we went to the

platform at Kilnockin or Downey's Cross, and in later years to the 4p hop in the hall in Barrack Street.

Our ambition of course was to go to Mick Del in the Town Hall, but 5 shillings was hard to come by in those days.

I wish a happy and peaceful Christmas to each and everyone, at home and abroad. ☯



Mary and Paddy Murphy, Monroe, Fethard. (c. 1960's)

Tullamaine Revisited

Tipperary Foxhounds committee came up with an excellent idea to mark the new Millennium. By kind permission of the landowners, over whose land the old point-to-point took place, they organised a once-off Millennium Hunt Race Day which was held on Sunday 27th February.

The card consisted of four races, two of which are confined to Tipperary Hunt members — a ladies and agents race. The organisation of the event was perfect but the day did not turn out as expected due to a fatal accident happening on the course resulting in the tragic death of Jimmy McCann who

was representing the Meath Hunt in the Inter Hunt Chase. A pall of gloom descended over the entire course following the news of the tragedy. Spectators gathered, shocked, in groups to discuss the tragic accident. These things can, and unfortunately do occur in equestrian sports whether they be three day eventing, racing, hunting or whatever. The brave

sportsmen and women who participate do so in that full knowledge, and Jimmy McCann was no exception. May he rest in peace. As a mark of respect to the late Jimmy McCann, the rest of the Tullamaine card was abandoned and the meet of the Tipperary Foxhounds arranged for Dromwood on Monday 28th February was also cancelled. ☹

Slievenamon Golf Club



Slievenamon Golf Club committee photographed at the clubhouse, Clonacody. Back L to R: Ernie Makin (vice captain), Kevin Lalor (president), Brendan Kenny (secretary), Pat Lonergan (captain), Robert Reed (competitions committee), and Michael Kenrick (competitions committee). Front L to R: Arthur Daly (chairman), Rena Kelly (ladies captain), Fr. Ben O'Brien OSA (treasurer), and Pattie Leonard (vice ladies captain).

Fethard was one of the first towns in the country to have a golf club back in the 1890's. This was in the Deer Park on the Grove Estate. We also had another golf club on Kilnockin Hill overlooking the town, which was in existence in the 1920's and 30's but since then, while we had plenty of people from the town who

played in the different courses around the county, we had no course in the locality.

This all changed over three years ago when Kevin Lalor and John Carrigan who was a neighbour and also a very good friend of Kevin were approached by a group of prominent business men with a view to starting a

golf course on land which would incorporate both their farms. While discussions were still going on, but before they reached fruition, John was tragically killed in a car accident, so naturally then the development could not go ahead as planned.

Before the tragedy Kevin and his wife Margaret had visited various golf courses around the country getting advice and doing research into the viability of a golf course. They decided in the aftermath that they would go ahead on their own and start their own 18-hole golf course.

After getting the course designed and a year of hard work from Kevin and his team of workers it was opened to the public in 1998 on a pay and play basis with a portacabin for his office and shop. This proved very popular with the public and it was very successful in attracting a lot of people to play golf for the first time.

A new clubhouse which included gents and ladies locker rooms etc was finished in early 1999 and it was decided to form Slievenamon Golf Club in June '99. We have the distinction of becoming the last golf club to become affiliated to the Golfing Union of Ireland in the last century when it was announced our application was approved at their AGM which was held in The Hibernian Hotel, Mallow in November 1999.

In the past year the club has gone from strength to strength with a membership of over 400 of which over 80 of these are ladies. At the moment the club is extending the clubhouse to include a lounge bar plus dining area, kitchens etc. This development will also include a golf shop which will be

part of the John Mitchell's chain of golf shops; these will be finished in May 2001.

The second part of this development will then start and will include twelve ensuite bedrooms and a dining room, a new gymnasium, sauna and jacuzzi.

The course development is also ongoing at the moment and the par of 62 will be extended to 65 when the first stage of this development will be finished at the end of 2001. The second stage of the course development will finish in early 2003 and this will bring the par of the course to 71.

We are not forgetting the social side of things either and with this in mind we started a Social Club and this includes Bridge, which we run on Monday nights and we also run classes for beginners. At the time of writing the games of 25's for turkeys are proving popular with members. When the new extension to the clubhouse is finished in May the Social Club will really get going with a lot of exciting things planned for the future.

With the future in mind we would like to send a special invitation to our overseas friends if they would like to become members of Slievenamon Golf Club for the very special price of £100. This will entitle the member to free golf and the use of all our amenities when on holiday and we will also send you our gift pack which will include a golf cap and golf top with our logo and also some other club items.

The address of the club is Slievenamon Golf Club, Clonacody, Lisronagh, Co Tipperary. You can contact the club at 052 32040 or at our website address:

www.slievenamongolfclub.com. ☎

Donations Received

Acknowledged below are donations (£5 and over) received from readers and organisations up to 30th Nov. 2000. We would also like to thank all those who wished to remain anonymous.

Ahearne, Bridie, Youghal
 Ahearne, Joan, Dublin 22
 Allen, Augustine, RIP, Grimsby
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 Cummins, Gus, Peterborough
 Cummins, Joan (Sayers), Cashel
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 Hayes, Joe & Mossie (McCarthy), Fethard
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 Healey, Sharon, Bartholomew, California
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 Heffernan, Michael J., Stafford
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 O'Dwyer, Tom, Roscrea
 O'Flynn, Peggy, Ballincollig
 O'Gorman, Paddy, Woking, Surrey.
 O'Hanrahan, Patrick, London W9
 O'Keeffe, Jim, Kilmore Quay, Co Wexford
 O'Keeffe, Larry & Helen (Cummins), Clonmel
 O'Mahoney, Laura (Ward), Ballybay
 O'Neill, Hal, Cork
 O'Neill, Hugh, Luxemburg
 O'Neill, Ken, Dublin 6
 O'Reilly, Nellie, (Murphy), Melbourne.
 O'Riain, Padraig, Baile Atha Cliath 13
 O'Shea, Patrick, Mexbrough, South Yorks
 O'Sullivan, Marie, Main Street, Fethard
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 O'Donnell, James, New York
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 Sayers, Tony, Peterborough
 Scanlan, Pat, Clonmel
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 Sheehan, Don, Cincinnati, Ohio

Sheehan, Patrick, London N17
 Shine, Nessa (O'Donovan), London E7
 Skehan, Anna, Bramley, N.S.W.
 Skehan, Anne, Fethard
 Skehan, CSsR, Rev. William
 Skehan, John T., Claymont, USA.
 Skehan, Nicholas, Dublin
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 Slattery, John, Coolmoynye
 Somers, Helen (Marshall), Blackrock, Co. Dublin
 Sparks, Kathleen (Murphy), Barking, Essex
 Squires, May (O'Dwyer), Essex
 Staehelin, Linda, (Kane), Galway
 Stapleton, Martin & Rita (O'Grady), Dublin 7
 Synnott, Thomas, Basildon, Essex
 Synnott, Tony & Phyllis, Clane, Co. Kildare
 Szwarc, Agnes (Culligan), Kent
 Tierney, Patrick, Cork
 Tingley, Ellen (Culligan), Seven Oaks, Kent
 Tobin, Michael, Oak Lawn, USA
 Torpey, Kitty (Strappe), Cambridge
 Trehy-Halliday, Max, Sydney
 Trehy, Jimmy, Donoughmore, Lisronagh
 Tumpane, Breeda (Lucey), Naas
 Tyska, Katherine (Sayers), Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Van Brederode, Catherine, Florida
 Van Dommelen, Bert & Janneke, Netherlands
 Vinten, Joan (O'Shea), Maidstone, Kent
 Voss, Eileen (Morrissey), Surrey
 Wade-Palmer, Eileen (Doherty), Hampshire
 Walker, Eleanor (O'Donnell), Australia
 Walsh, Dan & Patty, Martfield
 Walsh, Gerard, Pickering, Canada
 Walsh, Joan (Maher), London NW10
 Walsh, Mary (Fahy), Portlaw
 Walsh, Mrs. Agnes, Lincolnshire
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 Walsh, Tony, Ormskirk, Lancs.
 Whelan, Kathleen (Quirke), Clonmel
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 Whyte, Eileen (Leahy), Drangan
 Whyte, John, Fethard
 Whyte, Michael, Leicestershire
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 Wright, Ann (Flanagan), Wantage, Oxon
 Wyatt, Frank, North Carolina, USA
 Wyatt, Kathryn, Amsterdam, Netherlands
 Wyatt, Kevin, Phoenix, Arizona
 Wyatt, Paul, San Francisco
 Wynne, Monica (Dwyer), Clonmel

If, for any reason, we have omitted your name, please let us know and we will acknowledge your donation next year.

Acknowledgments

Joe Kenny (editor)

I would like to thank Lydia (Newport) Kelly for typing; Carmel Rice for looking after correspondence and donations, and Brendan Kenny for distribution. I would also like to thank 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. ☯



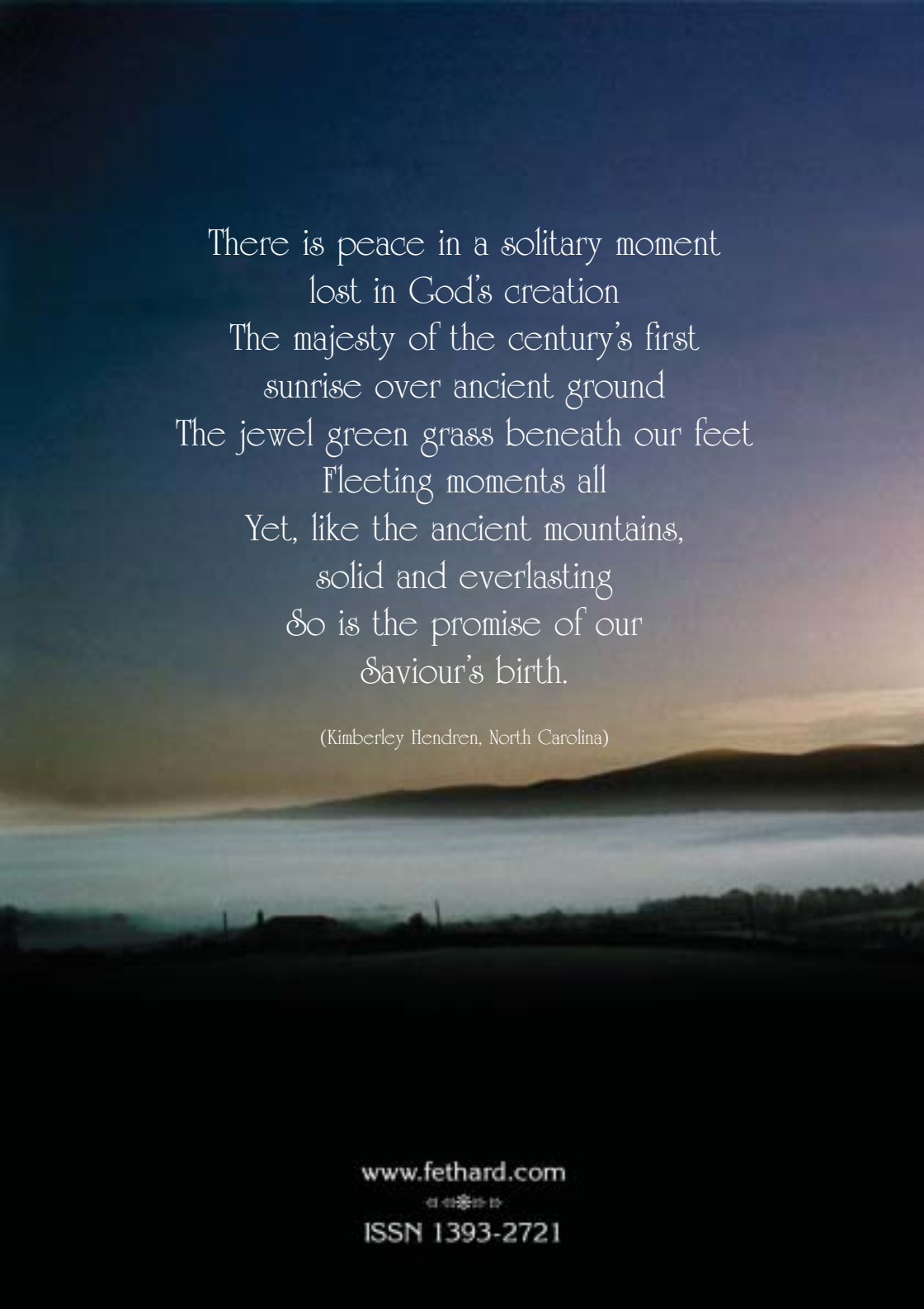
CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR 'SANTA BEAR APPEAL'

The Pheasant Pluckers photographed with some of the many children and adults who joined them singing carols in aid of the Santa Bear Appeal on 21st December, 2000. The amount collected on the night was £297.



CHRISTMAS HAT PARTY NIGHT AT BURKE'S BAR

A selection of hats worn at Marianne and John Shortall's 'Party Night' in aid of the CRC Santa Bear Appeal held on Saturday 18th December, 2000, in Burke's Bar, Main Street. Over £150 was raised for the Appeal.



There is peace in a solitary moment
lost in God's creation
The majesty of the century's first
sunrise over ancient ground
The jewel green grass beneath our feet
Fleeting moments all
Yet, like the ancient mountains,
solid and everlasting
So is the promise of our
Saviour's birth.

(Kimberley Hendren, North Carolina)

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