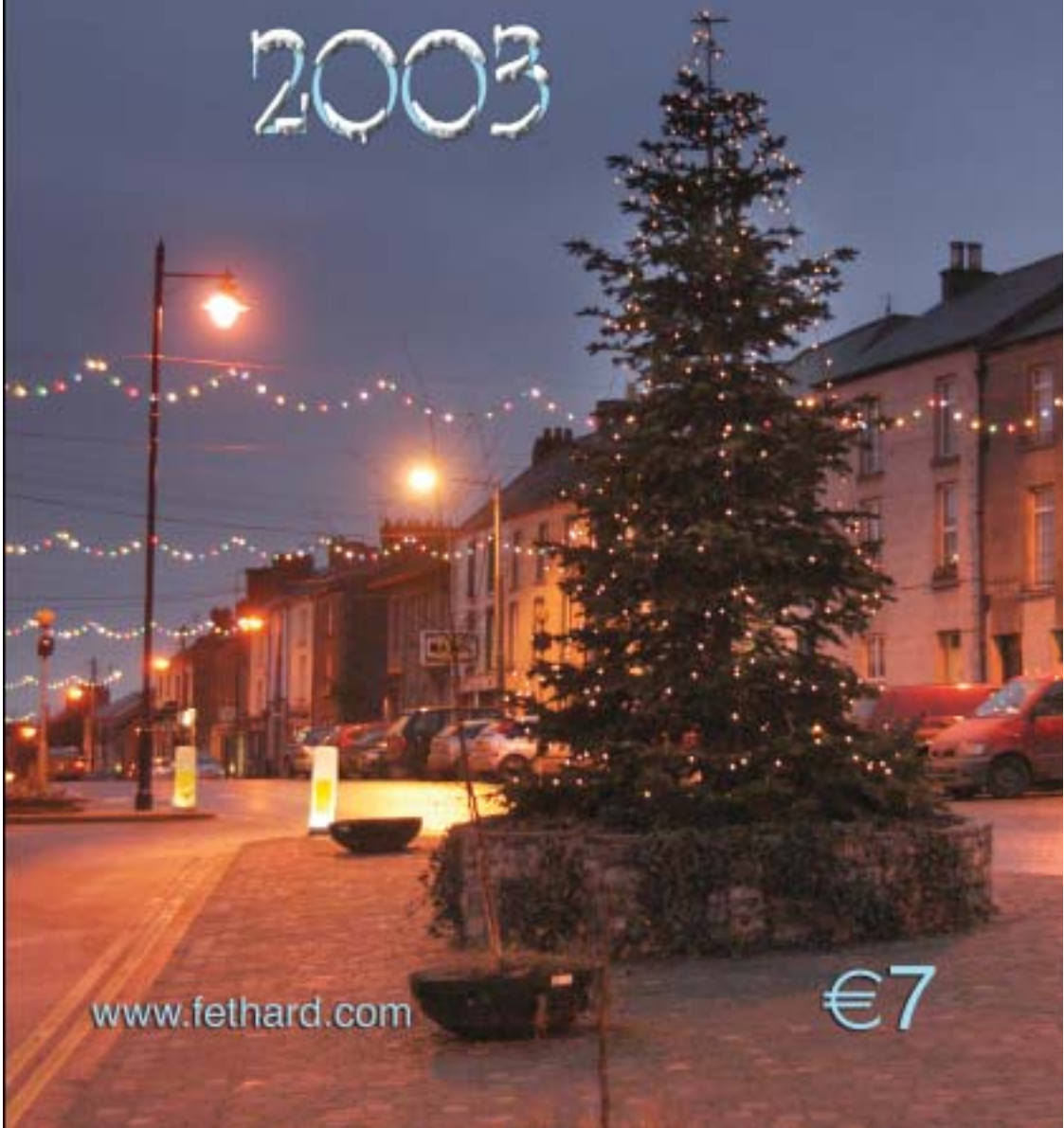


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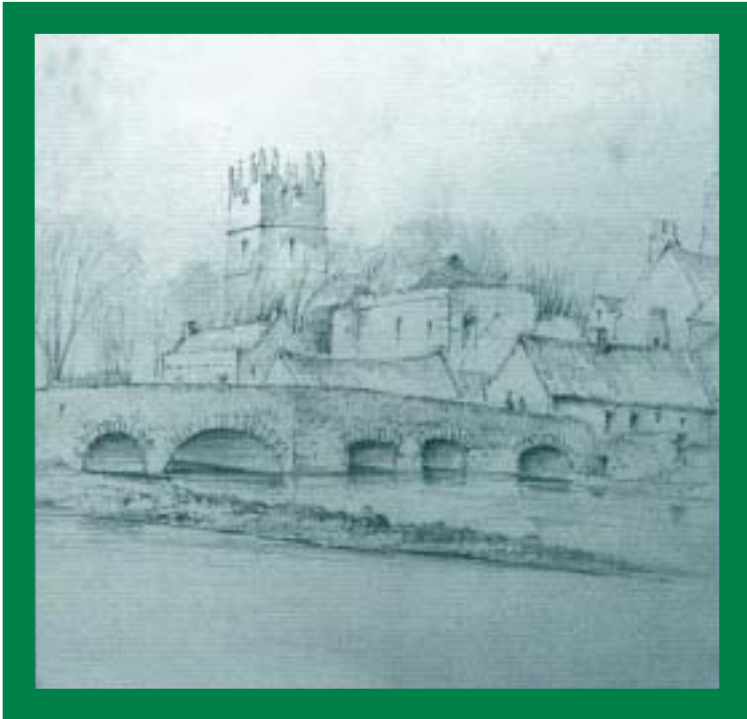
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IRISH HISTORIC TOWNS ATLAS

FETHARD

by Tadhg O'Keeffe

PRE-LAUNCH OFFER FOR EMIGRANTS



This atlas will include historical and archeological details of over 400 sites, an historical essay, and a range of large-format maps, reconstructions, views and photographs. All trace the growth of Fethard from its possible origins as an early Christian church site, to its foundation as an Anglo- Norman town in the early 1200s, right up to the 20th century.

Irish Historic Towns Atlas, no.13, *Fethard*, by Tadhg O'Keeffe will be launched in the Abymill Theatre, Fethard, on Saturday 7th February 2004, and the retail price will be €30. The price for Fethard emigrants ordering before that date is €20 plus €5 post and packaging.

Orders to:
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Royal Irish Academy,
19 Dawson Street,
Dublin 2

Contact: Sarah Gearty
Email: s.gearty@ria.ie
Tel: +353 (0)1 6762570

FETHARD & KILLUSTY NEWSLETTER 2003

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

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*Published by the Fethard & Killusty Emigrants' Newsletter
ISSN 1393-2721*

WWW.FETHARD.COM

*Layout and design by Joe Kenny, Kenny Photo Graphics, Fethard
Printed by Modern Printers Kilkenny*

Cover photograph: Christmas Tree, The Square, Fethard, 3rd December 2003 (Joe Kenny)

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Finishing at the start

by Joe Kenny (editor)

Another year over, a new one just begun – at least it will have by the time many of you receive this year's Newsletter.

I really admire many of our regular contributors who can write so freely and so well, especially when this little piece takes me so long and is usually the last entry in the book as a result. My involvement with the Newsletter started in 1978 when the Fethard Players helped with editing and typing articles under the direction of Austin O'Flynn. My job was taking and supplying photographs. Ten years later, in 1988, I got the job of editing the Newsletter as well. Here I am 15 years on and it still hasn't gotten any easier.

If I had a choice, I would probably publish every article received as well as filling the book with photographs that I have on file. Unfortunately, the price of postage limits the size of the book. As we post well over 1,000 copies every year, the postal rates must be taken into consideration. At the moment it costs €3 to post a Newsletter not over 250g,

to the USA. If the newsletter weighs 251g, the postal costs increase to €5 per Newsletter – that adds up to a lot to money for a few extra pages.

This year's Newsletter includes some articles that were omitted last year. Unfortunately, it doesn't include all articles submitted this year. I hope to use those next year. When deciding what to leave in and what to leave out, the most important considerations are: having your article submitted in good time; relevance to the locality; and keeping your articles short and to the point, as these will get preference over longer ones due to pressure of space.

I hope you like this year's issue. If you feel your 'age group' is neglected, then put pen to paper and tell us your story in good time for next year! Trust me, I really do know and appreciate how hard that can be for most of us, but often the biggest obstacle is just starting – I just did, 30 minutes ago, and now I'm finished, after spending a month wondering what I'd write about for this little piece. Give it a try! ♦

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Parish Greetings

Greetings to all the readers of the annual newsletter both far and near. May the season and the days ahead bring you new hope and new life.

The year that is now drawing to a close is no exception to the pattern of challenge and change facing Irish Catholics in recent times. The challenge now facing Christians every-

where is quite unprecedented. Let us hope that we can meet this challenge in the most appropriate manner possible, as we ask the Lord to guide and protect each of us now and always. May the time ahead have reason to tell a good story regarding the faith of the Parish of Fethard and Killusty. May God bless and protect each of you. ♦

Fr Tom Breen P.P. and Canon James Power.



Canon James Power distributing Communion at this year's Mass at the foot of Slievenamon following the annual pilgrimage to the Holy Year Cross held on 15th August 2003.

Augustinian Abbey

Homily at the funeral mass for Fr. Michael Twomey O.S.A. Fethard, 3rd September 2003

The sadness of death gives way to the bright promise of immortality.

Suppose you had a friend who flew out last Saturday for a month-long holiday in the Canaries or Morocco. Glorious sunshine and the best of food

would be guaranteed along with everything needed for a really enjoyable, relaxing time. Suppose then that I was to say to you this morning: "Wasn't it very sad about poor Joe?" You'd wonder what terrible tragedy had struck.

Did the plane crash? Did he drown the day he arrived? Had he been struck down by some seriously incapacitating illness? You would want to ask me right away, "What happened?" You would be more than puzzled if I were to answer: "He arrived safely after a lovely flight. The hotel is super. The cuisine is first-class. The weather is perfect, he is having a wonderful time." You would suspect that my mind had become a little unhinged if in such circumstances I could regard Joe's situation as "Very sad".

It's easy enough for any of us to slip into a similarly twisted way of thinking when speaking of the death of someone we have known and loved. We can find ourselves saying: Isn't it very sad about Michael? In one way, of course, it is sad. The pain of parting - even if for a time - from someone close to us is always sad. But for us who believe, that is not the whole picture. If we accept what our faith teaches about why God made us - to be happy with Him for ever in heaven, shouldn't we at least try to say - even through our tears: "Isn't it great about Michael, he has arrived at the end of the journey on which he set out the day he was baptised 90 years ago, and became a child of God and heir to the kingdom of heaven. He has come into that inheritance now."

Our first reading underlined the joy awaiting us in heaven. It describes the happiness of our heavenly home in terms of a splendid feast with the best of food and wine ("lashings and leavings" as we say). But the assurance it gives that sorrow and death will have no place there, is even more appealing to us who live in this 'valley of tears'. God, it told us, will destroy death forever. He will wipe away the tears from

every cheek. The short second reading reminded us that heaven is our true home. So for a Christian, death is a going home. So that too is something about which we can rejoice; all the more so, as the reading goes on to assure us that our poor feeble bodies will be changed into copies of Christ's glorified body - and so free from all the pains and weaknesses that can make life in this world difficult for us. I looked back over Fr Michael's life; I was struck by the fact that both the beginning and the end of his priestly existence were continually marked by the cross of illness. Back in 1935 when those who entered with him were preparing for their ordination, he was sent to a sanatorium, suffering from an illness for which at that time there was usually no cure. His family did not expect him to see his 25th birthday, never mind his 90th. But God had his own plans for him. About three years ago Michael was diagnosed as having a tumour on the spine. When, because of that, he came to Ballyboden in the autumn of 2001, we were told that he had about three months of walking left to him. With characteristic determination, he kept on his feet until last Easter. From then on, he declined rapidly. In the light of that deterioration, it consoles us to recall what our second reading said: The Lord Jesus will transfigure these wretched bodies of ours into copies of his own glorified body. "My soul gives thanks to the Lord."

As well as Fr Michael's family, his Augustinian brothers are grateful for his many years of devoted apostolic work. Although his first contact with the Order may have seemed at the time to be the result of chance, I have no doubt that it was providential. During

Lent, Michael's mother used to bring him to daily Mass in St. Augustine's, Cork. One morning the priest who had celebrated it, sent an altar server down the church to ask her to come to the sacristy with her son. Mother-like, she probably wondered what he could have done wrong! In fact, the good priest just wanted to ask her if young Michael would become an altar boy. He did - Thank God! And that was the start of his long association with the Augustinians. In time, this brought him to Good Counsel College, New Ross, to the Augustinian Novitiate in Orlagh, near Dublin, to St. Patrick's Rome and, after the delay caused by his illness, to ordination in Waterford on 19th September 1937.

In the light of his obvious devotion to his Augustinian vocation, he was assigned quite early in his priestly life to the work of training the young men who joined the order. He spent 12 years in this ministry; first as assistant to the Master of Novices, then as Master himself, and later as Prior of the Novitiate in Orlagh. It was probably during those years that he most influenced his confreres. Those who passed through his hands must have caught something of his great devotion to prayer to our Lady and to the Blessed Eucharist.

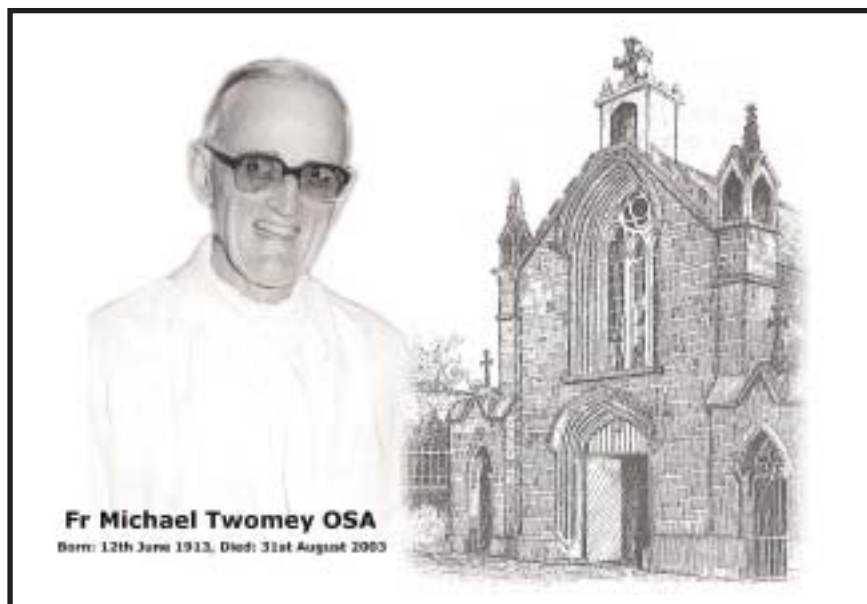
His beneficial influence was by no means restricted to young Augustinians. If we could somehow contact the myriads to whom Fr Michael has ministered during his 66 years of priesthood - in Dublin, Drogheda, Ballyhaunis, Limerick, his native Cork and his adopted Fethard, they would certainly rejoice with us that he has gone to God. I am certain that the innumerable penitents whom he has helped in confession, and the

countless sick or troubled people he visited and consoled are especially grateful to God for sending Fr Michael into their lives.

This is particularly true of the people of his beloved Fethard. He first ministered here from 1939 to 1945, and was sent back here twice for short periods before returning eventually in 1981. I know that he really felt having to leave Fethard two years ago for health reasons. He was always pleased to hear from those of you who wrote, telephoned or called to visit him in Ballyboden. I don't have to remind you how punctilious he was about replying to letters. He was greatly distressed that in view of his rapidly declining health since June, he was not able to reply in person to those who sent greetings or gifts for his 90th birthday. The increasing doses of morphine prescribed to counteract the pain, had the unfortunate side effect of making him sleepy and confused. The growing feebleness and difficulty in concentrating, are among the disabilities which our second reading assured us would be removed by our risen Saviour: "The Lord Jesus will transfigure these wretched bodies of ours into copies of his own glorious body" - an assurance that should give us no small comfort in our loss.

Right in front of you there is a pointer to that truth. You can see the lighted Easter candle, a symbol of our Risen Saviour, and a reminder that Jesus died for us and rose from the dead. A reminder too of our baptism, which, as St. Paul clearly teaches in his letters, links us in a mysterious but real way with the dying and rising of Jesus.

The Eucharist too links us with the rising of Jesus, and, as you heard in the



words of Jesus in our gospel reading, is the assurance that we shall be raised as Jesus was and live with him in glory for ever: I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if anyone eats this bread, he will live for ever. Those who lived with Fr Michael could not fail to notice how long he spent daily in the oratory. When, in recent months, he could no longer walk, he would ask one of the carers to wheel him into the oratory and leave him there. His cousin, Sr Nancy, did that for him as recently as last Thursday. I am confident that our Risen Saviour will reward Michael's life-long devotion to the Sacrament of his love in accordance with his promise: "He who eats my flesh and drinks my blood," as Michael so devoutly did, "has eternal life, and I will raise him up on the last day."

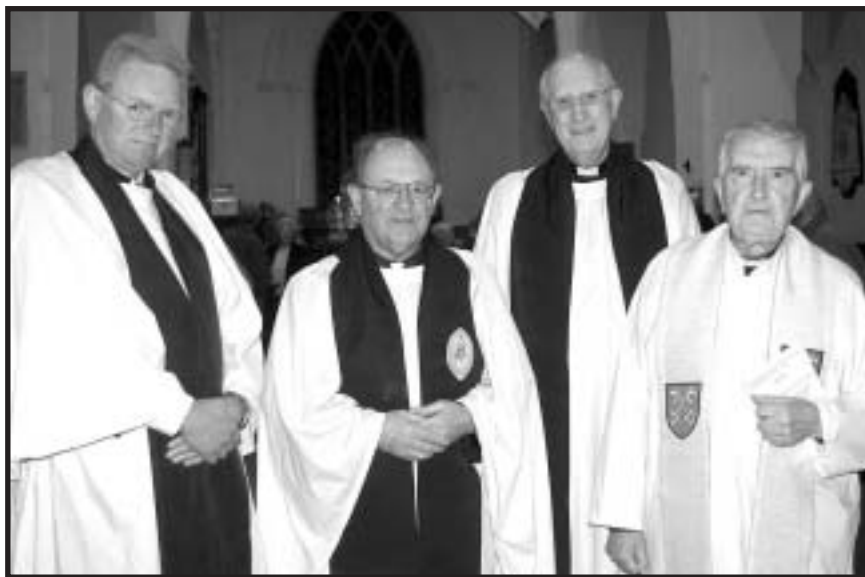
That is why we can say, in Masses for the dead at the start of the Eucharistic Prayer: The sadness of death gives way

to the bright promise of immortality. That is, to the promise of unending life, free from everything which could ever again make us sad. We shall be bathed in joy and peace.

St.. Augustine spelt out some of the implications of the unending peace of heaven for which he prayed so beautifully at the end of the book of his Confessions. In the name of all here present, I will now say part of that prayer for Michael.

Lord, grant Michael your peace, the peace of tranquillity, the peace of your Sabbath rest, the peace without sunset. For this worldly order in all its beauty will complete its course and pass away. It will have its sunset, as it had its dawn. But your Sabbath knows no evening and no sunset because You have sanctified it and willed that it shall last forever. May Michael share in your Sabbath rest of unending life. Amen ♦

Church of Ireland



Photographed at the Harvest Thanksgiving at Holy Trinity Church of Ireland, Fethard are L to R: Jonathan Gilpin, The Very Rev W. Beare, Rev George Knowd, and Fr John Meagher OSA.

Restoration work has now been completed on the historical west window of Holy Trinity Church. We are very grateful for the large donation that was given to us anonymously. This very kind gesture allowed this restoration to take place.

There were two funerals during the past twelve months. The first took place on the 11th November 200; Mrs Ida Wells of Grove, Fethard, and Kent, England, a dearly loved sister, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. The second took place on 15th March 2003 when Henry Neil (Tishy) Roberts died. He was mourned by family in England and Ireland.

On the 22nd December 2002, we held our annual Carol Singing Service which was well supported and again we thank the people of Fethard for their

generosity to the collection, which was in aid of Meals on Wheels. The organist for the service was Kevin Hickey.

On Friday 10th October 2003, the Clonmel Union of Parishes held the annual Harvest Thanksgiving Service in Fethard. The Very Rev W. Beare B.A., Dean of Lismore Cathedral, Co. Waterford, preached a most interesting sermon. He drew our attention to the difficulties of farming in the modern day, and also reminded us of the dreadful years during the famine. We often take our own delicious food for granted, but a lot of work goes into producing it.

The service was well attended and following the proceedings, all present were treated to a glass of wine, and lots of tasty refreshments supplied by the congregation. ♦



Harvest Thanksgiving Service 2003

Top: L to R: Rev George Knowd, Gwen Knowd, Hillary Carter, Barbara Essame, Rose Beare, Judy Butler and Rev. Arthur Carter.

Middle: L to R: Andrew Reidy, Margaret Hayde and Bill Lalor.

Bottom: L to R: Jenny Butler, Catherine Kearney, Caroline Palmer and Thelma Griffith.





The Class of 1945-1946

Front Row L to R: Jimmy Trehy, Tom McCormack, Billy Kenny, Tommy O'Shea, Danny Walsh, Nicholas Skehan, Dermot Barry, Jim Napier, Tom O'Connell. Middle L to R: Gene Walsh, Michael Butler, Paddy Tierney, Jim Delaney, Paddy O'Flynn, Dick Fitzgerald, Dick Byrne, Tossy Stapleton., Jim Fogarty. Back L to R: Bro. Kileen, Jimmy Crean, Eamon Butler, P.F. Quirke, Chris Mackey, Pat Delaney, Toby Boy McCormack, Fr Joe Walsh and Frank McCarthy.

Legion of Mary

The Fethard Legion of Mary members greet all readers and wish you true peace and happiness during Christmas and throughout the coming year. Each year that passes brings with it the joys of family life together with its trials and crosses. We extend felicitations to all who celebrated the sacrament of Matrimony during the year and to all who welcomed the births of new members into their family circles.

All of us have been touched this year with the deaths of so many of our friends and neighbours. The Legionary of Mary members were saddened by

the deaths of so many of their loyal supporters as well as the death of one of their members, Tommy Fleming, who was called to his reward last December. Tommy joined The Legion of Mary at the invitation of Fr. Twomey. He was a loyal and faithful member who assisted at daily Mass in the Abbey and in the Parish. He was always present at Legion meetings and at meetings of the 'Marian Movement of Priests' for the laity. He attended the rosary for the Holy Souls in not one but in two of our cemeteries each Sunday during November. He attended the

rosary in each location during October. He gave great support to fellow Legionaries. We miss Tommy's presence but his example will be ever before us.

Our other sad loss was the death of our very dear friend, mentor and spiritual director, Father Twomey. Tommy's

wish was that Father Twomey would visit Fethard and spend a holiday in the town he loved so well. This was not possible as Father became more incapacitated last Easter. No one ever knew how much pain or discomfort Father really endured and offered up for all of us. A friend who was with him a week before he was called to his reward found him sitting in his chair, quite ill, but still dignified and attired in his

priestly garb. Father Twomey was such a great friend to all in our parish and to many throughout Co. Tipperary. He was well known by Legionaries throughout Co. Tipperary. People from many locations in the county knew where to go when they needed support to gain that special attention from Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Father gave his time, his attention, with his prayer and penance to help all who needed him. He was ever warm-hearted, never judged, and never spoke about any person's affairs to another.

He tried to help old and young. He never deflected nor hedged, nor waffled in speaking out on the teachings of the church. He looked at the truths of the faith and not at public opinion. Father knew the local people; he knew their relatives and their connections. He was interested in the people. A true

follower and representative of Christ, he loved God and he loved God's people. Today we still have Father with us. He and Father Hourihane are buried in the Augustinian cemetery. Many people have visited the grave. Many more ask Father for his intercession and have had their prayers answered. He is indeed still with us. It will not be too long until some of us meet him again. We can try to live in such a



The late Tommy Fleming

way that all of us can one day be reunited; all of us living with God and His Blessed Mother.

Many friends and relatives came to visit our town this past year. It was a joy to be reunited with you. Many changes are taking place in our town, but hopefully its historic and Christian ambience will be preserved by all of us.

Enjoy true peace during the coming year. We welcome the continued support and prayers of all of you. ♦

Fethard Legionaries of Mary

Fethard Ladies Football

At a very well attended meeting held in the Tirry Community Centre on Monday 3rd February 2003, it was decided to form a ladies' football team in Fethard. Thirty girls attended and all were most enthusiastically in favour of the foundation of a new club. The following board of officers was elected: President, Fr. Tom Breen P.P.; Chairman, Joe Keane; Vice-chairman, Geraldine McCarthy; Secretary, Jennifer Keane; joint Treasurers, Patsy Lawrence and Vanessa O'Donnell.

A further meeting was held on Monday night, 17th February, and it was decided to affiliate to the county board and enter teams in the following grades, under/16, minor and junior. Training commenced in the GAA field on Thursday nights at 7.15pm.

History was created on Sunday 11th May when the new team won their first ever match against stiff opposition from Moyne-Templetuohy. In this championship game, the many specta-

tors who attended were treated to a very exciting match. The final score-line was, Fethard 2-8 and Moyne Templetuohy 1-2. The team was: Jenny Fogarty, Kate Hanrahan, Ailish O'Connell, Sandra Maher, Valerie Colville, Marie Holohan, Rebecca Morris, Jacqui Stokes Frayne, Barbara Ryan, Ailish Sheehan (0-2), Vanessa O'Donnell (1-2), Meela Noonan, Edel Fitzgerald, Sharon O'Meara, Jennifer Keane (1-4). Subs: Cathy Waters, Tracey Walsh, Sarah-Mai Ahearn, Helen Frewen, Lisa Ryan, Clodagh Blake, Lisa McCormack, Lisha O'Connell, Stephanie Fitzgerald, Gillian O'Connell and Mary Gorey. Formed only for a little over a month, it was a great achievement for the team and great credit must go to Tom Anglim, Conor McCarthy, Aidan Fitzgerald and Geraldine McCarthy for all their coaching and organisation.

The club would like to say a great big "Thank You" to Bob Grant of Grant's



Fethard ladies junior football team. Front L to R: Valerie Colville, Rebecca Morris, Camilla Noonan, Lisa McCormack, Jennifer Keane, Jennifer Fogarty, Cathy Waters, Olwen Noonan, Sharon O'Meara. Back L to R: Conor McCarthy, Joe Keane, Sarah Mai Ahearn, Kate Hanrahan, Michelle Moloney, Ailish Sheehan, Vanessa O'Donnell, Ailish O'Connell, Barbara Ryan, Stephanie Fitzgerald, Gillian O'Connell and Bob Grant (sponsor of jerseys) holding his son Robert.

Pub, Main Street, who generously sponsored a set of jerseys for the ladies. The girls wore them with pride and distinction for their first championship game against Cappawhite on Monday June 30th.

The committee invite any young ladies, especially those at home during school summer holidays, to come along and join in the training sessions on Monday and Thursday nights. ♦



Fethard ladies under-14 football team. Front L to R: Nicola Harrington, Rebecca Fogarty, Niamh Fanning, Louise Baily, Lesley Looby, Lisa Anglim, Mary Ann Keane. Back L to R: Joe Keane, Sarah O'Meara, Sarah Hayes, Aimee Smyth, Clíodhna McCarthy, Samantha Morrissey, Gráinne Horan and Bob Grant (sponsor of jerseys) holding his son Robert.

St. Rita's Camogie Club

Beannachtaí na Nollag go dtí ar Bgcairde go léir sa Chumann Camogaíocht na hEireann agus Cumann Luthchleas Gael.

This year St.. Rita's Camogie Club began a new year with a new trainer and a new panel. Tony Shelley from Killenaule took over the position of trainer and gave a great commitment to the club, for which we are very grateful. A number of new faces made their debut in the blue and white, and their presence was a huge boost to a panel which had been depleted.

We took part in the Intermediate Championship, and had a combination

of success and failure, culminating in a heroic battle against a very strong Holycross side in Rosegreen. Despite the torrential rain and wind, we fought an amazing comeback and were narrowly defeated by one point. Although bitterly disappointed, the atmosphere in the dressing room that night was one of immense pride and achievement, and the team spirit hit an all time high.

Reflecting on the year gone past, I can only conclude that it has proved a very important year in the history of the club; a year for rebuilding and encouraging new blood, which will ensure that St.. Rita's Camogie Club

survives in the town. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those involved with the club, both officers and general well wishers, and issue an urgent plea for people to express an interest in the club, from an administrative and supporting view point. It is

vital that parents of our new young players attend our matches, and we would encourage anyone with an interest in playing or becoming involved to attend our AGM.

*Le gach dea-ghui don Athbhliain.
Ailis Ni Shiochain.*

The Carnival is Over!

by Tony Newport



Acutting from a mid-July Nationalist of 1943 will remind many of free-travel age, of the glories of the widely known and supported annual Fethard Carnival of that era. Definitely Fethard's biggest day of the year; in these modern times it is almost impossible to recall the significance. The Carnival provided a programme of events which could each provide an afternoon's entertainment on their own.

The Fancy Dress Parade was recognised as one of the best in Ireland. A gymkhana, seven-a-side football tournament, sporting programme of cycling and athletics, a complete Irish Dancing competition, choir and solo singing competitions, a dance platform, and a very wide selection of stalls, mineral bar, catering marquee, gives some idea of the attractions available. There were also two classes, one

for 12 to 14 hands, and one for over 14 hands, for the best turned out pony and trap. In addition, there was always a top class band in attendance on the day and a special train from Waterford, travelling via Carrick and Clonmel, usually brought 400-600 passengers to Fethard for the Carnival.

Amongst the prizewinners in the various events were: Paddy and Michael Stokes, P.J. Holohan and Dick McCarthy in the gymkhana; Marie McCarthy as 'Spotted', Eva and Mossie McCarthy, Declan Mulligan, Johnny Leahy, Mamie Matthews, Goldie Newport, Mary Lynch, Peg and Barney O'Byrne in the Fancy Dress Parade. Goldie Newport also won the individual singing competition, and choirs from Presentation Convent Fethard, Drangan and Clonmel were winners in the choir singing competition. Winner of the 100 yards under/15 sprint was Jackie O'Gorman, Clonmel, who incidentally, went on in later years to win national titles in the N.A.C.A. sprint and long jump. Tommy Conway, Coleman, was 2nd and Sean Hogan won the 100 yards confined to Fethard parish race.

Many will be surprised to learn that Fethard had some top class track cyclists competing at that time. John O'Donovan won the 2-mile race and Jack 'Lovely Johnny' Power was second in the mile race. Other well-known Fethard cyclists of the time were Tom Fogarty and Tom O'Brien, Ballard — probably the best known of the bunch.

John O'Donovan told us he bought a top range second-hand racing bike at that time for £12. All top-class riders in Carrick and Clonmel now ride bikes which cost over £1,200, and that's not

even converted to Euro. How times have changed!

Mrs La Terrier, with her great trotting pony, 'Brilliant', won the best-turned out pony and trap event. Mullinahone won the seven-a-side football and their team would have included such players as Waltie Scott, Mick O'Sullivan, Mick Quirke, Paddy Dreen and perhaps some very young Cahill brothers.

In these present times of our 'compo culture', it would be impossible to hold such an event due to the prohibitive cost of insurance. Maybe we could rise, with a bit of effort, to revive at least the annual Fancy Dress Parade in Fethard. Some of the long-lasting memories of childhood always recall the efforts at dressing up for the annual Fethard Festival Fancy Dress Parade. What better way is there to share our art, music and culture in our own community. Soon enough our children leave for greener pastures. Once again we quote the mantra of Dick 'Gurdy' Cummins from The Valley, "Times change, they certainly do!" ♦



Beware of trains

by Vinny Murphy

April 11th 1903, a man dropped dead on the train travelling between Clonmel and Thurles. The first I heard of it was in January 2003. I got a phone-call. "There's some people here who want to see you about a funeral that you might have done. They sound American." I presumed that it was someone researching their roots. People often arrive in town trying to find their ancestral home or grave. The first place that they visit is usually the priest's house to view the parish records; if they find what they're looking for, their journey ends. They normally don't, the Parish Priest sends them to us, the local undertaker. We've been in the trade since the 1840's, and many of the old record books exist, so we can often help to locate a grave. The priest may have a record of the funeral, but the place of burial wouldn't have been written down. We can normally trace the graveyard through the old bills in the ledgers. We can then direct the family to the relevant graveyard.

The Americans were waiting for me to arrive. They introduced themselves and got down to business. The gentleman did most of the talking, "We are trying to locate the grave of my wife's grandfather. He died on a train between Clonmel and Thurles, and was taken from the train in Fethard. We were wondering if you did the funeral." As we have been the only undertakers in Fethard since the 1840's, that seemed quite probable. I warned them not to get their hopes up too much, as some of the books were a bit scant on detail though a lot of the others are very detailed. It was potluck. I found all the hooks that had a mention of 1903, but

we couldn't find a thing. It was a shame, because the story of the man and his family was very interesting, Patrick Cody died on the train in 1903. The story made the headlines of the local paper as he was carrying a loaded revolver in his pocket. This was not normal in Ireland in 1903. Most people had a hole in their pocket! The more affluent ones had a handkerchief. The gentleman in question was returning from Waterford where he was trying to negotiate with a financial institution who were going to evict him and his family from their holding near Thurles. The family wasn't up to date with their payments. Mr Cody had earned the money for the deposit on the holding in Australia where he spent many years mining for gold. That was back in the 1800's when most people who left for Australia never returned. He returned, bought a farm and started a family. He had a large family. Many of the older siblings had already emigrated to America by the time of his death. Two were members of the St. Louis fire brigade. Nobody knows why he was carrying a loaded gun. Maybe it was a habit he had acquired during his gold mining days. He certainly would have had to look out for himself in the mining areas. Maybe he was going to shoot someone that day and changed his mind. There are no reports of any bankers gunned down in Waterford on that particular day. Maybe he hadn't made up his mind who he was going to shoot, if anybody at all. We'll probably never know. It didn't save his wife and kids. They were evicted. His wife gathered all that she had and emigrated to America. She went to St. Louis where

the rest of her family was already settled. Two of her sons were working in the Fire Department but one of her younger sons led a more colourful life. He was a gangster. His name was Cornelius Cody and he hung around with an Irish gang who was the most ruthless of all the gangs in St. Louis at the time. Their rival gang, a bunch of Italians, nicknamed the Irish gang 'The Cuckoos', because they thought that they were insane. The Irish gang killed, maimed and mauled with no mercy for anyone. Cornelius was eventually caught and spent some time in prison. He was released on parole and working in a bar when two men ran in the door and riddled him with bullets. "He probably got what was coming to him," said his niece, "He had probably shot someone belonging to them." Mrs Cody, whose husband had dropped dead on a train and whose son was shot in a bar, lived for many more years in St.. Louis until the day that she was killed. She was hit by a train. I asked if the family who remained were a little wary around trains. "Not at all", she replied, "One of my uncles loved trains. You couldn't keep him off of them."

Patrick Cody was buried in Callan in Co. Kilkenny, but nobody knows where. It appears that his family are originally from there. They claimed to be from Windgap in Co. Tipperary in some of the family records, but Windgap is in Kilkenny and not Tipperary. This complicates things, as he might have been buried in one of the small graveyards which dot the countryside. The family have researched in much detail and have got a good record of the man's life, but his final resting place remains a mystery. The relatives had searched Callan for a grave, but

presumed that because his wife and children had emigrated to America, nobody had erected a headstone. They were told that the parish records in Callan started in 1904. The family would like to be sure of his resting place before passing the information on to the next generation. This I can understand, as mistakes have often been made. One was pointed out to me in a graveyard after a funeral one day. A man brought me to a grave. "See the names on that headstone. There's two names on the stone, but there's only one of them buried there." Most of the family had emigrated and only two sons remained in Ireland. They were young when their parents had died and they couldn't remember where they were buried. Decades later, some of the family sent some money home to have a headstone erected in their parents memory. Their father's plot was located and it was presumed that their mother was in the same plot. The stone was carved and erected. The relatives arrived home from overseas and were very pleased with the headstone. The man who pointed out the mistake was sure that the mother wasn't in that grave as he had been at her burial, which took place in another graveyard three miles up the road. I can understand why Patrick Cody's relatives want to be certain. I hope that they find what they're looking for. ♦

Garda Mairead O'Toole

Best wishes to Garda Mairead O'Toole who retired from the Garda Siochana on 9th Nov 2003. To mark her retirement, a function was held on 21st November at Slievenamon Golf Club.

Alcoholism!

by Jimmy 'Buckie' Ryan

This article is by a qualified alcoholic who has no way of trying to dry out. I'm guessing you don't want to read about the Walls of Fethard or the Sheela na gig or the Garrison Town,

so let me tell you about how we got porter when money was low and sometimes non-existent. We didn't beg or steal but somewhere along the line we managed to get a few pints. One example I recall was in Wall's Bar. A certain gentleman came in and called a pint from Derek. Mr Wall handed up the pint on the counter and the gent threw whatever few coppers he had on the counter saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention". While Derek started to count the few coins, the man had started taking a few slugs from the pint. Mr Wall realising the shortfall

asked him, "What do you think this is?" and the man replied, "I told you, necessity is the mother of invention".

After moving on, we took a look into Jack Brett's pub, but as there was another crowd already in there, we decided to go further up the town. Things were bad so we put whatever money we had together and went up to Pat Lonergan's bar and called for a round of drink. All the money was put

on the counter and while Mr Lonergan was counting it into a drawer (no tills at that time) the boys were drinking away. When he discovered there was two pence short, he came back to the man

who paid for the round and said, "Excuse me Mr Cahill you are twopence short". Mr Cahill replied with smile, "My God, Mr Lonergan, I'm not, but you are!"

With no money left we headed for the 'Ballroom of Romance', the Town Hall. We were all youngsters between 14 to 16 years of age at that time. None of us could dance but there was a lady there that could — Sarah Mullins (nee Murphy). Sarah dragged me out from the side of the wall saying, "I'll show you how to dance". I think it was Tom Sheehan's

band that was playing at the time, with Paddy Grant on the drums. "Keep going Jimmy", she said. "You are doing fine, just listen to the sound of the drums and your feet will follow along". It was an old time waltz playing. "If you can dance that you can dance anything", she said, and from that day to this, it is the only thing I can do well.

The lady in the cloakroom was Nell;



Jimmy Ryan by the only steam clock in the world. (Vancouver November 2003)

a lot of the girls would hang out there, but as soon as the band called a half-set, everyone raced out on the floor. The ladies had the excuse to hop and jump, but not without consequences — the elastic would sometimes go on their knickers (there were no panties at that time). They would then have to go out to the ladies' cloakroom looking for a safety pin. Nell used to charge a penny for the service. Another service offered at the cloakroom was for those

who might want to titivate themselves — Nell had a collection of bits of lip-stick left over from previous dances, also powder and rouge. All were offered for use at the cost of another penny. Those were the happy days!

I can't think of anymore as I'm running dry and the pen is running out of ink. So, to all my friends overseas, especially to the man in Wanaroo, and to all of you in the 'Irish Heather' in Vancouver — God bless you all. ♦

Woodvale Walk Residents Association



The annual general meeting of Woodvale Walk Residents' Association took place in the Tirry Centre on Tuesday 27th May and the new committee and officers elected were: chairperson Colette Geoghaun; vice-chairperson Patsy Lawrence; secretary Teresa Roach; and treasurer Dolores O'Donnell. During the past year we operated our door-to-door collection for the upkeep of the estate. We are very grateful to all the residents who contributed to same.

With the help of our local Community FAS Employment Scheme

we succeeded in getting twelve houses painted. South Tipperary County Council paid for the paint. During the year we also held our estate clean-up once a month.

We thank anyone who helped us during the year, both councillors and Tess Collins our Tenant Liaison Officer from South Tipperary County Council. We are delighted to see the road-sweeper coming to the estate every Friday — it is a great help to us.

We would like to wish all the residents a very Happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year. ♦

Memories from my life

by Sean Henehan

When I finished in 6th class, my school days in Fethard were over as there was no secondary school then. I was sent to Rockwell where I spent four not so happy years except for the last. I got inter-cert and matriculation, which was a necessary exam to get to university, where I never went.

In my last year I was involved a lot in sport. I was on the winning team that won the football league. The captain, who happened to sit beside me in study, picked me because he was afraid nobody else would. He was from Tralee and he was a lovely footballer and I always thought he would make the Kerry team. I went to a big number of All-Ireland finals, saw all the greats from Kerry, Galway, Cavan and always felt he would be amongst them. I had to wait nearly forty years to find out why.

It was rugby this time and I must refer to the final. I was in the front row and opposite me was a guy called Abbyssinia. He was called Abbey because there was, or had been a war out there and they were regarded as wild men. He was a wild man, as harmless as a child, but when he was in a ball game he was dangerous. I was in the front row on that team and beside me was Paddy from Baltinglass, who was hooker. In later years, the then minister appointed him to the Post Office. Behind me in the second row was one Patrick Hillary who was to

become a doctor, a minister and the only president to serve two terms without ever being elected. Out in the left wing was a chap who won three Triple Crowns and one Grand Slam with the famous team of Jackie Kyle. I was in Landsdowne Road on a number of occasions to see the team win. He was nominated or elevated to the 'hall of fame' a few years ago and, of course, I



P.J. Henehan (Sean's father)

am talking about Bertie O'Hanlon. In the final match we had only to draw to win the league. Early in the second half we got a try. I kicked over the line and another player ran down and touched down. With a short time to go Abbey got the ball on his own 25 and headed for the posts as fast as he could. Nine of us followed him because if the 15 of us caught him he would haul the lot of us over the line. It had been raining a lot and there was a big pool of water in front of the posts. When Abbey hit the water he dropped down and when we arrived on the scene he was on his right side submerged in water, the ball under his arm and his left arm in the air shouting very loudly, 'A score! A score! A score!' We could all see that he was a foot short of the line and another step would have taken him over. Even our team hoped he would be awarded a score and waited until the referee came up. He looked at the scene, took a few steps forward and put his heel in the ground to indicate a

scrum. Poor Abbey got up and he looked a sorry sight. Water dripped from one side, he looked confused and could not understand what was happening. He had all our sympathy; you see the few words he roared were the only words he ever spoke in his four years.

The prize for winning a league was what we called a dab — a dinner with most of the priests and the prefects attending, and an orchestra (so that we could crow to music). It was top of the list for all players to get into a dab and all matches were played with that in mind. I had qualified for one. The captains and vice-captains of the other teams were also guests and I qualified for the hurling dab as captain of a hurling team. The dabs ended the school year and it also ended my school year at Rockwell.

In 1939 I went to the Tech in Clonmel and learned more in that year that was useful to me in business than all I learned in Rockwell. I had some shorthand, typing, commerce and bookkeeping. In 1940 I applied for a job with auctioneer William Toppin, whose office was next to the bank on Main Street. I got the job and started work at £1 per week. The government started recruitment and I joined the L.A.F in June. We drilled in the Town Hall and had officers from Clonmel Barracks to make soldiers out of us. We drilled regularly which also included arms drill. We went on army manoeuvres sometimes and were on regular 'call out' where we had to stand by many nights. On a couple of occasions

we were told that the Germans had actually landed in Dublin. On one occasion we were issued ammunition for our 303 rifles but by 7o'clock the call out was called off and we had to hand in our ammunition and disband.



*Rosie and Sean Henehan
on their wedding day.*

Apart from the L.A.F. activities we also had to go to the shooting range outside Cahir for shooting practice. Life went on as usual except that we lived only from day to day as it was expected that the Germans would invade to make Ireland a stepping-stone to Britain. We were very secure, but in England they were bombarded every night and went from air raid

shelter to work, seven days a week. We often wondered and worried on what it would be like if Germany won. Everybody tuned in every night to a broadcast from Germany, by Lord Ha-Ha, an Irishman. He was executed after the war by the British. He gave vivid details every night of the bombing raids on England and the amount of havoc caused. He had an extraordinary voice and we all enjoyed listening to it but what he said was terrifying. We were all wondering how we would like to go. The gas chamber, the machine gun, starvation or beaten to death. It was a frightening time.

The auctioneering business was going very well. I sold a big local farm for the record price of £4,300. I met the owner the night before and he said he would have to get £3,000 before he sold. At the auction I withdrew the farm at £3,500 to consult. When we were alone at the back of the shop he



Sean and Rosie Henehan photographed at a dance social with Sean's sister Maeve and her husband, Michael Keane.

told me to go back immediately and sell. I said, "Hold on a few minutes and we will give the impression that I am trying to persuade you to sell". I went back out after the delay, started again and finished at £4,300, which was a very big price at the time. The question today would be, how many million?

In the late 50's I became the sole proprietor of Henehan Auctioneers, 29 Henry Street, Limerick, and I had a brass plate indicating same erected outside my office. I became the only auctioneer to engage in the business I was assisted to start — selling property to the Germans. The Germans were scared that one of their neighbours intended dropping an atomic bomb on them and many decided to move to Ireland. I advertised under a box number in the Independent newspaper looking to buy properties in Ireland for Germans. I got many replies and picked out the most likely ones, went to

inspect them and met the owners. I had a cine camera to take films of the suitable ones and a tape recorder to record details, which I gave to an interpreter to translate and make up a file for distribution to clients in Germany. I was well organised and when the first client arrived, he purchased a rectory on 30 acres near the Shannon. From then on I had a steady flow. The clients flew into Shannon, where I collected them and drove them around. My second sale was a bungalow on the seashore about 2 miles from Dungarvan. I was back in that area within a short time to sell Duckspool house, a large house nearer Dungarvan. Then followed a bungalow and 20 acres about 2 miles off the Dunmore road and near Woodstown and a forty-acre residential farm on the Waterford Dunmore Road. Then followed farms with and without residences in various parts of the country. The biggest one was Corballymore — a

Scottish baronial mansion with 200 acres on the coast road. It can be seen from Tramore Strand looking east but it is shaded from view as there are 50 acres of woodland around the house. After the sale I conducted a two-day clearance sale with staff from Fethard who stayed in the house. We had great fun and very hard work for five days. As soon as word started to filter that the bomb scare was over, my German connection ended and my brass plate had to come down. However, although I did not know it then, I was to give another five years working in Henry Street, Limerick.

I had built up a thriving business but misfortune was just around the corner and struck a near fatal blow. The bank returned a number of my cheques,

which left me devastated. I checked my books and found I was well under the approved limit allowed by the bank. The biggest was for £41 and about six under £10. I felt I was under the limit but felt at the time I could do nothing about it. In the meantime we had to take in paying guests to keep the ship afloat and as it happened, most of them were bankers. One left a copy of banking rules when going home for a bank holiday weekend. I had a look at the rules and discovered that if the bank returned your cheques while you were under the limit you could sue. I checked and found out I was well under in all cases. I felt I must vindicate myself, so I went to the central office, the High Court and took out a summons against them. It came before



Fethard Badminton team in the 1950's. Back Row: Sean Henahan, Jimmy McCarthy, Frank McCarthy, Cly Mullins, Tony Newport. Front Row: Laura Ward (O'Mahony), Betty Holohan, Mary Kenny (Newport), Marie O'Sullivan (McCarthy), Pat McCarthy (Walsh), and Aine Tierney-Dalton

the court in September 1981, the case was called and there was no appearance for the bank. Council stood up and said he thought he was acting for the bank and asked for an adjournment.

I objected stating I had travelled over one-hundred miles to be in court and the bank was based in Dublin. The case was adjourned for 15 minutes and when we resumed he had instructions to act and to change the defendant's plea to the Statute of Limitations. The judge allowed the plea and dismissed the case. I objected and stated that my claim was based on my constitutional right to vindicate

myself and I told the judge that he was stating that the Statute of Limitations took precedence over the constitution. I asked him to state this in his judgement. He refused and dismissed the case but awarded me costs. I had actually won the case and was congratulated by three former bank managers of Fethard, who said that they always felt I would take on the bank. Two days later a letter from the bank told me I did not owe them any money and released my deeds. I had the satisfaction of taking the bank to court and embarrassing them and winning the case.

In 1950 we were expecting our first baby. My wife Rosie was taken in early because of some medical problem. I was called into St.. Anne's, Clonmel,

some days later when I was hit by very, very bad news. They told me Rosie was all right but the baby had died. I was shocked and went in to console my wife. It was very difficult to find



Sean and Rosie's son, Paddy, born 1953.

words. Eventually Rosie asked if she should see the baby and I told her I would get the nurse to take her in. When I spoke to the nurse she told me in rather harsh words that under no circumstances could she see the baby. She said it was against the rules and that was that. I thought it was a very cruel approach. She did allow me to see the baby for less than a minute - she was a normal baby and just appeared to be sleep-

ing.

I went back in to try and explain to Rosie that she was not allowed to see the baby. I can't explain her grief and mine. About an hour afterwards the nurse called me out and said I was to drive the baby to St.. Patrick's Cemetery. I told my wife I was going out for a short time and would be back. The nurse held a small box.

When we arrived she told me to drive to the top of the cemetery and when we got to the un-consecrated plot a gravedigger was waiting. She placed the box in a small grave and we left. On the way back a frightening thought stuck me. We were after burying a nobody. She lived the first nine months of her life the same way as the rest of us

human beings, yet in death she was not recognised as having existed. It was a very hard pill to swallow and one you never get over.

Some consolation came forty or so years later when I was with the Tipperary Wheelchair Association on holiday. The Sunday before we left, a tour was organised but I decided not to go. I went into the dining room and on my way, passed the chapel. There was notice about a prayer session from 3pm to 6pm. I went in at three and stayed an hour. I came back again at five and the chapel was full. The priest was preaching and at some stage he asked if there were any mothers or fathers in the audience who had babies that were not born alive. He would baptise those babies and asked parents to stand up. About 40 people including myself

stood up and he said to repeat the words of the Sacrament of Baptism after him and when we came to the part where he says, I baptise you in the name you have chosen for the baby, I called her Róisín. When this ceremony was over and we had baptised our children, it made a remarkable change in my life and my family's life. I remember the words of God, "Whatever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." I had an elated feeling and it made my holiday a very happy one.

Today, I'm glad to see the same situation is treated more sympathetically and recognition is given to the life created, however short, and the parents emotional needs at such a traumatic time. ♦



Jimmy O'Donnell, winner of the 2003 Literary Award Trophy at the McGill Literary Festival in the Glenties, Donegal.



Áine O'Dwyer, Strylea, who came third in the Munster U-18 Irish Dancing Championship and qualified for the world under-19 championships.

Country Sounds 1940-1950

by John Ryan

When the September breeze was right, we heard the hum of the threshing mill as we crossed the Killenaule/Fethard Road at Coolbawn Cross on our way home from school in Moyglass. That wonderful sound hurried my step home to rush down the dinner and then race off to the threshing. In my earlier years I watched the 'big machine' and marvelled at everything about it, and to have been there to see it arrive and set up was an added bonus. I still see it clearly, Spencer's big mill, steam engine and elevator taking up the whole road and then edging its way into Plant's or Hayden's haggard.

All set up beside the full haybarn, or the big rick of sheaves, the belt on tight, and with all stations manned by the neighbours, shirt sleeves rolled up, the big threshing mill came to life, and that sound which filled the farmyard was imprinted on my mind and remains with me to this day.

For most days of the school year, when we walked home at a more leisurely pace, the music of the anvil greeted us as we neared Ned Brophy's forge at the cross of St.. Johnstown. Here we often dallied awhile. I

remember working the bellows to keep the fire blazing. I watched Ned shape the shoes on the anvil, fit them on the horse's hoofs, I smelt that smell of burning hoofs and then watched the steam fill the forge as Ned thrust the red hot iron into the big stone water trough. I recall the banter and chat that filled the place between the sound of the hammer on the anvil, the stories and bits of news from the locality and abroad which Ned received from and imparted to everyone who dropped in.



Mrs Davis, Killusty having a chat with postman Jack Myles. Photographed July 1946.

Just up the road from Ned Brophy's forge, Quigley's Quarry produced its own sounds. I have a clear picture from the early forties of several men sitting on cushions of hay or straw, breaking big

stones into little ones with small hammers. I remember too the big bang now and then when dynamite was used for blasting - the blast was heard for miles around. Progress, and a big stone crusher, changed all at the quarry and brought a new sound to replace the men with the hammers, the tunes they whistled, and the songs they sang while breaking the stones.

These were just a few of a multitude of sounds all around me growing up in the country, including the unique and

individual sounds made by God's creatures and every living thing, their presence and purpose never fully appreciated by youth. There were the sounds too, of those closest to us. I remember my father's tenor voice and his often told story of getting to Cashel's Rock on a bike, with no brakes, to see and listen to John McCormack; my mother's rosary, her way of saying and doing things. Both of them speaking their caring and precious comfort sounds, which my sisters Nora and Mary and I, wanted to hear so much while growing up and which soothed our childhood problems and settled our differences. There was also the cuckoo, the corn-crake, and the curlew, the dawn chorus of the birds, the animals in the fields, the cock crowing, hens clucking, bees buzzing on the flowers, and the ducks, geese and turkeys. Fresh in my mind also is the 'Cashel Set', and the hob nailed boots or shining shoes on the concrete floor in time with the music of the melodian and fiddle playing at the last few house dances I can remember. As soon as I could ride a bike, I made my way down by Coolmore on summer and autumn evenings to watch over the hedge and to hear the dancers rattle the boards at Kilnockin platform. When

the wet battery was charged and saved for Sunday, from the wireless on the kitchen window came Miceál O Hehir painting pictures for me in blue and gold and when I heard the crowd sing 'Faith Of Our Fathers', I wished the day to come when I could be there myself.

There were the silences - the golden ones of the countryside, not so much interrupted, but complemented by the creamery lorry and the clanging of Brophy's or Millett's milk churns, the donkey and cart, the pony and trap, and the horse boxes or dray carts with the iron rimmed wheels. A neighbour's footsteps, the postman's whistle, the sound of the councilmen's shovels on the road, cattle and sheep and the cows being driven up and down the road past our gate. The motorbikes, the few motorcars the neighbours had, and the tractors that passed our gate leaving in the fresh country air that lovely aroma of TVO (Tractor Vaporising Oil). It was that silence which allowed conversation and there was plenty of time back then for the daytime chat with anyone passing by, or around the fire at night - the talk, discussions and the arguments on just about everything and anything. I recall hearing the travelling tinsmith's hammer several times a year crafting



Large crowd at Kilnockin Platform in the 1940s

the tin and copper buckets and milk cans, making all the things needed around the house and mending and fixing everything which leaked or was broken. I remember the many words of wisdom my father imparted to me beside our fireside, the nights when he told me what he knew about the stars in a clear night sky - in the wonderful silence of the countryside broken only by the barking of a fox in the fields below the house, and when my bedtime came and I fell into sleep in the room above the kitchen, I heard the crickets in the embers.

There were the sad silences too. It would be five years down the road from my tenth birthday when my father was taken from our fireside by ill health. That chair from which he had spoken so many words of wisdom to me during his long illness was empty. I had to age a few decades more before I fully appreciated all of everything he



Jim and Maggie Ryan

said and left unsaid back then. The decade into which I was born saw so many chairs emptied - emigration silenced many a fireside in the homes around ours, when relatives, friends and neighbours, just a few years my elder left for London, Birmingham and

M a n c h e s t e r . Fathers also went away to make a living and left a terrible loneliness and silence to be endured by those behind with heavy and broken hearts. Many of those who went away, set out with that wonderful innocence of youth, and with a sense of adventure — they brought with them a treasury of their experiences of their

young lives, moulded and influenced by those who gave them life and showed them how to live it. I am certain that time and time again they will have called upon their memory bank of the sounds and silences of their childhood and of the countryside they left behind them. ♦

Award for Jim McGrath

Jim McGrath, Sparagoleith, an employee of Merck Sharpe & Dohme, was first prize winner at the National Boiler Awards Ceremony in Dublin during the year. The awards ceremony was organised by Sustainable Energy Ireland whose chairman is SEI Professor Frank Convery. Jim, who took second place

in last year's competition, has been 27 years with the company and his duties at the plant include preparing industry to meet the challenge of a changing energy market, thus making the environment, very much in the news recently, cleaner and safer. Jim's well-deserved award consisted of a trophy and a substantial cheque. ♦

Fethard Secondary School

The new school year for 2003-2004 is now well under way, and it is time, once again to greet those near and far, many whom are past pupils, through the newsletter.

On February 26th this year, thirty-two of our students from second to sixth year took their first steps on Italian soil, accompanied by Mr Britton, Mrs Gilpin, Mr Leonard and Ms Maher.

The following day we departed for Rome. We had a wonderful experience in this beautiful city travelling the path of Imperial Rome-Coliseum, Forum, Capitol Hill, and the Pantheon, where one can feel the sense of history of over 2000 years. After lunch we visited St. Peter's Square and the Vatican. The serenity and calmness of the Vatican was good for the soul as we admired the beautiful 'Pieta' and prayed at tombs of popes long settled in history.

Next day on to the mighty Vesuvius and a very obvious change of climate - - and to the delight of all . . . snow! Like true Tipperary stone-throwers, the more athletic made it to the crater in no time at all and on to Pompei, which was destroyed by Vesuvius in 79 A.D. With a beautiful sunset over the Bay of Naples we reached Sorrento and our second port of rest — 'Hotel Mary'.

Saturday March 1st dawned bright and sunny as we set sail to the isle of Capri. Our first stop was Anacapri where we took the chair lift to Monte Salaro with its magical views of the sea and cliffs. After a little souvenir shopping and a leisurely lunch, Italian of course, we returned to Capri town, visited the perfume factory, saw Gracie Fields' villa and met in the late after-

noon in the main square, Piazza Umberto.

That night it was test your knowledge with a table quiz, which was won by Joe Cunningham, Niall Maher, Niall Hayes and Ciara Aylward - with very substantial prize money! Sadly, next day it was back to Rome, to Dublin and home to Fethard.

Before the summer break, our transition year pupils produced the annual school yearbook, 'Off The Wall 2003'. This annual production is a great record of the school year captured in photographs and articles. I'm sure in years to come, it will be a collector's item.

Our leaving certs and junior certs are to be congratulated on their excellent results and many of the leaving certs have now gone to study in colleges of further education. A number of our junior certs have now become the Transition year of 2003-2004, and we are already getting into the spirit of the year with visits to Fethard and District Day Care Centre, Meals-on-Wheels, setting up their 'Mini-Companies', sporting activities, work experience in November and the annual Transition year production in December. This year's production of 'Buddy's Song' a play cum musical, will be staged in Abymill Theatre.

The Lourdes Table Quiz, organised by Mr and Mrs Prendergast, held in the school hall was a huge success and proceeds funded two of our students to travel to Lourdes as helpers with the pilgrimage.

On the sporting arena we had success in Gaelic football, winning county titles in both under-16 and under-18.

The school also engaged in basketball, badminton, athletics, show-jumping and volleyball.

Richard Gorey qualified for the Judo Youth Olympics in Paris and Shane Aylward won the young soccer player of the year. Ms Cleere left us after spending a very productive first term with us and we welcomed back our permanent P.E. leader Mrs O'Connor.

Mr McGree and his debating team, Miriam Carroll, Niall Maher, Emma Fogarty and Claire Ryan participated in the Concern Debate and our Transition Year helped to raise €2,024 for cancer on Daffodil Day.

Mrs Margaret Prendergast left to take up a position lecturing in the Gardai Training Centre in Templemore for a year, and has been replaced by Mrs Lorraine Quinlan; we also

welcomed back Mrs Joan Walsh who was undertaking a course in guidance.

On a more solemn note our sympathy is extended to Mr R. Prendergast on the death of his brother at such a young age; to Mr M. Leonard on the death of his mother, Mrs Gleeson; to Kevin Hickey, our show/school mass musical director on the death of his mother; and to Mrs M Gilpin on the death of her sister Honor's husband, P.J. Davern.

On a lighter note our English geogra-

phy teacher Mr. Justin McGree got married on August 16th and we wish both himself and Sinead a very happy life together.

Friday October 24th dawned crisp and clear with an air of expectancy filling the school from early morning – Awards Day, and no doubt the prospect of a week's relaxation for Halloween mid-term.

The student body assembled at 11am, in the main hall, accompanied by staff. The guests then arrived, Parents Association, Board of Management, Fethard and District Credit Union and our special guest speaker Alice Leahy and her husband Charlie Best, and of course a gathering of parents.

Fr. Gerry Horan, Prior, O.S.A. cele-

brated the mass assisted by Fr. Tom Breen P.P. and Canon Jim Power. Fr Horan, who has such a pastoral role in the school, and also does some substitute work, gave a homily, which reached out in its sincerity to all the student body.

At the conclusion of the mass Mr. Ernan Britton, Principal, addressed all and thanked all who had contributed such time and energy to the day. The organising committee of Mr. Michael



Mr Ernan Britton, principal, presenting student Sara-Mai Ahearn, Redcity, Fethard, with the 'Padraig Pearse Perpetual Memorial Cup' for her academic excellence in Irish and History in the Junior Cert examination.



Recipients of awards at the School Awards Ceremony held on Friday 24th October, 2003. Back L to R: James D'Arcy (Best Attendance 4th Year); Vanessa O'Donnell (Sports Award); Fintan Maher (Junior Fiction Writer Award); Lory Kenny (Student of the Year, 1St. Year); John Frewen (Student of the Year, 3rd Year); Ronan Shee (Student of the Year, 2nd year); Jonathan Hall (Poster Art 14-17); Joe Fogarty (Best Attendance 1St. Year); J. P. McGrath (Poster Art 11-14); Dave Gorey (Poster Art 11-14); Brian Kennedy (Student Council Award); Shane Walsh (Business and Enterprise Award); Miriam Carroll (Student of the Year, 5th Year). Front L to R: Stephanie Lawrence (Sports Award); Samantha Morrissey (Poster Art 11-14); Richard Gorey (Sports Award); Past Pupil and Special Guest Speaker, Alice Leahy; Mr Ernan Britton (Principal); Gillian O'Connell (Junior Poetry Writer Award); Suzanne Gorey (Paddy Broderick Memorial Award) and Sara-Mai Ahearn (Padraig Pearce Perpetual Trophy).

O'Gorman, Mr Denis Burke and Mr. Richard Prendergast had done a great deal of ground work to make this day a success. Miss Mary-Ann Fogarty had preluded the occasion with a harvest thanksgiving and wonderful display in the music room.

Alice Leahy, a past pupil of the school, then addressed all in a humane and touching manner. Alice, a director of Trust, set up in 1975 to provide medical and related services for people who are homeless, is a woman of immense depth and humanity, whose message to the students was simple and clear – not to judge others too harshly.

Alice has a deep sense of community and recalled, when she was sitting her Leaving Certificate, how Mrs Halpin and Mrs Newport, mother of Tony and Goldie, invited her to lunch every day,

knowing she was a girl from the country. She stressed the fact that we all need this sense of belonging and community

Alice then presented the student of the year awards to 6th year Barry Shee (Leaving Cert); 5th Year, Miriam Carroll; 3rd Year, Sara-Mai Ahearn; who received the perpetual Padraig Pearce award for excellence in Irish and History in her Junior cert. Suzanne Gorey 3rd year received the Paddy Broderick memorial award for her junior cert results in geography and Irish. Ronan Shee received the student of the year in 2nd year 2003-2004 and Lory Kenny in 1St. Year. Brian Kennedy 5th year and Sarah Kennedy 5th year received commemorative plaques of both the Padraig Pearce and the Paddy Broderick Awards, as they were last year's winners.



Third year pupils photographed while undertaking a 'cleanup' of Old Chapel Lane in Fethard. Old Chapel Lane is one of the oldest lanes in Fethard and is included in the Fethard Medieval Tourist Trail.

Denis Burke and Bernie O'Connor, our P.E. teacher then took to the podium to present the sports awards. Denis spoke of the huge advantage of participation and teamwork; it's not about winning or losing, but being involved. For outstanding school sportsmanship, awards went to Vanessa O'Donnell and John Conway. Huge achievement had been made out of school in Judo by both Richard Gorey (4th Year) and Stephanie Lawrence (2nd Year) for which they received certificates.

Deputy principle Marian Gilpin then called on Credit Union director Jonathan Gilpin to present the perpetual credit union award for business and enterprise to Shane Walsh (5th Year) with a commemorative award to Martin Sheehan, last year's winner.

Under the careful eye of art teacher

Patricia Looby, the schools Credit Union Poster Competition awards were then presented by Jonathan Gilpin. In the 11- 13 years age category 1St. prize went to David Gorey, 2nd to J.P. McGrath and 3rd to Samantha Morrissey. In the 14 – 17 years age category, 1St. prize went to Siobhán Prout, 2nd to John Frewen and 3rd to Jonathan Hall. In this category Donna Burke was highly commended. The theme of the poster competition was 'Credit unions – The heart of our community', which was very appropriate in the light of Alice Leahy's emphasis on community.

The principal Ernan Britton and deputy principal Marian Gilpin, then presented certificates of attendance to Miriam Carroll (5th Year) James D'Arcy (4th Year), Suzanne Gorey (3rd

Year), John Frewen (2nd Year) and Joe Fogarty (1St. Year)

English Department teacher Majella Whelan then presented the Fethard Quill Creative Writers Award 2003 to Jodie Gilpin (Senior Fiction), Daniel Lawrence (Senior Poetry), Fintan Maher (Junior Fiction) and Gillian O'Connell (Junior Poetry).

Mr Britton and Mrs Gilpin then awarded prefect badge to Lory Kenny (2nd Year) John Frewen (3rd Year), Sara-Mai Ahearn (4th Year), Mary Gorey (5th Year) and our Head Boy, Paul Kenny and Head Girl, Miriam Carroll for the academic year 2003-'04.

Justin McGree of the Geography/English department presented Student Council Awards to Niall Maher and Sarah Healy (6th Year), Brian Kennedy and Sharon Duggan (5th Year), Liam Ryan (4th Year) and Niall Hayes (3rd Year). The ceremony concluded with a gift to Alice Leahy of a framed photograph of the 'Millennium Sunrise over Slievenamon'

From our principal Mr Ernan Britton, our deputy principal Marian Gilpin, staff, Gwen Cronin in the office and our caretaker, Con Sullivan, we extend seasons greetings and wish you the best for 2004. ♦

Our Lady of Fethard

by Willie Hayes

Sometime in the late 1920s, Father Edward O'Leary, the then Prior of the Abbey, and Joe Coffey, engineer, of Burke Street, came upon the blocked-up entrance to an underground passage somewhere in the vicinity of the Abbey crib]. Fr O'Leary had often heard of the passage or tunnel from some of the older people of the town. He had been searching for it in the hope that he might come across some evidence of the burial place of Father William Tirry, the much-revered Augustinian priest who had been hanged by the Cromwellians in Clonmel in 1654, and whose body had been brought back to the Abbey where it was secretly buried.

A little way into the tunnel the two men came across two wooden boxes. One of them contained a carved statue of Our Lady with the Child, and the other contained an old glass chandelier and a silver sanctuary lamp. It was an exciting discovery for the two men who had spent many an hour together searching the old ruins of the friary for

some clue as to the burial place of Fr Tirry. If their search for the burial place of the martyr was unrewarded at least they had the satisfaction of finding some precious belongings of the Abbey itself. For Fr O'Leary it was a red-letter day in his life, and his account of it in his diary is an important record of the event. He died in 1932.

Among the items found that day, the small statue of Our Lady was the one which Fr O'Leary prized most. It could have been lying hidden in the tunnel for as long as 300 years. He consulted with some experts and it was declared that the wooden carving was from the 16th century. The dark oak-coloured figure certainly looked antique. It still has its aged and natural wood-coloured appearance. I went into the National Museum in Dublin recently to view it. As it is stored in a basement section of the building still awaiting some conservation work, I had to get the permission of some members of the staff, who were very

helpful and accommodating.

The first thing to be remarked on about the statue is its small size. It is only 70.8 centimetres, (approx 2 foot 4 inches) high, and in the file on it in the museum it is termed a statuette rather than a statue. Our Lady is supporting the Child with her left hand. The Child has tight curls and is looking outwards. His right hand is shown in an act of blessing, while his left hand holds an orb representing the world. There is a socket on top of the orb, presumably to hold a small cross, which is missing. The striking thing about the Child's oval face is that the expression is more that of an adult than a child. The museum report describes the expression as 'elderly'.

Our Lady's face is also oval, with a high forehead. She has long hair, gathered in ringlets, the central ones of which extend almost to her waist. She is dressed in a full skirt which drapes into folds, and over her shoulders is a cloak which is gathered at the elbows. Mary's right hand is extended outwards from the elbow, and her hand is presented as holding something, such as a lily or some such emblem. But whatever it was it also is missing.

Although there is a stiffness about the carved figures, the museum report states that "the carving is competent", and that "there is a fine dignity about the Madonna's pose and in the expression of the features." Ms Catriona MacLeod, the art historian, who drew up the report, stated that she thought



that the wood was a brown oak, and added that the carving was Flemish in style and has "real dignity", but with "a strength and individuality, which suggests that it was executed by an Irish artist familiar with overseas sculpture". She came to the conclusion that it probably dates to the second half of the 16th century.

Nothing is known about how the statuette came into the possession of Fethard's Augustinian Priory. The old town's parish church of the Holy Trinity had its imposing set of highly coloured carved statues depicting the Blessed Trinity, Our Lord crowned with thorns ('Ecce Homo'), and John the Baptist (now also in the National Museum and on display), and it was to be expected that some donor would have wished that the Abbey would have a carved statue as well. The subject chosen was Our Lady and the Child ('Mater Dei'), and it seems that some Irish craftsman, who was familiar with

Continental workmanship, was commissioned to do the work. The finished work of art was apparently painted as there are slight traces of red paint on Our Lady's gown. It can be imagined that different colours would have been used for her skirt, and her bodice, and also for the Child's dress. The faces too would have been coloured, and the string of beads with cross attached around Mary's neck, making it stand out.

Although the statuette of Our Lady

and Child would not have made anything like the impression made by the life-sized carvings in the Holy Trinity Church, it must have been greatly revered nonetheless. It would seem that it was mounted in some special place in the Abbey, likely in the Lady Chapel. There are six small holes in the back of the carving suggesting that there was a bracket attached to it to mount it on a wall.

The statue and the other objects found that day some eighty years ago by Fr O'Leary and Joe Coffey may have been carefully concealed in the underground passage sometime in 1650 when Cromwell and his army were in the vicinity of the town. The previous year, 1649, a Provincial Chapter of the Augustinian friars took place in the Abbey, showing that the friary was then fully back in the ownership of the order. But 1650 brought a profound change. Cromwell recorded that he found an old abbey outside the walls of the town where he spent the night, and where he stabled his horses. It can be imagined whatever friars were there would have hastily taken down and concealed whatever precious artefacts and belongings the Abbey possessed, before they themselves scattered to keep as low a profile as they could.

After being found in the 1920s the statuette was generally kept in the sacristy of the Abbey church. I recall seeing it there in the 1960s. It used to be brought out in processions of the Cincture Confraternity, which are still remembered by some of the oldest parishioners of the town. Its small size and the fact that it was a dull brown and had lost all its original pigmentation meant that it did not make any

great impact. Then in 1972 Fr Gus Leddin, the then Prior, sent it to the National Museum for assessment as to its age, provenance and conservation. While the assessment as to its age and provenance has been done, nothing more has happened regarding it. The museum report states that the entire surface requires cleaning prior to conservation work, which would include the infilling of the cracks in the wood with suitable fillers, and the applying of oils suitable for old oak and a protective coating of bees wax or micro-crystalline wax. It also recommends that when it does eventually return to the Abbey it should have proper environmental controls and proper security.

The only time the statue was publicly seen since it was sent for assessment to the museum was in 1995, when it was taken to Cork for the special commemorations in honour of the Cork-born Fr William Tirry, who was declared Blessed in 1994. He would have prayed many a time before the statue. And no doubt he knew where it was carefully hidden away during those three years after the Cromwellians take-over of the town when he lived hermit-like among the friary ruins administering the sacraments as best he could, until the Holy Saturday of 1654 when he was captured in his Mass vestments. At the commemorations in Cork on 12 May 1995 one of the speakers was Fr John Meagher, who is at present one of the priests serving the Abbey.

When the Abbey church will have undergone its long awaited restoration work, it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made for the return of the conserved statuette to its old home, where it can be given some place of

prominence and the honour it deserves from the people of Fethard.

There are a few other medieval carved statues of Our Lady and Child (the usual way of depicting Mary in all that period) in other churches in the country. One of the most notable is the life-sized black oak statue now honoured in Carmelite Church in Whitefriar Street, Dublin, which originally belonged to St. Mary's Cistercian Abbey in the city. This, like the Fethard statue, was hidden when St. Mary's Abbey surrendered to Cromwellian forces. It was discovered in a junk shop in 1824 by Fr John Spratt, a Carmelite, and has been in Whitefriar Street ever since. It is now

entitled Our Lady of Dublin. Other notable statues of Our lady and Child which have survived is Our Lady of Youghal, an Italian-style carving of the 15th century, and the one in St. Brendan's parish church in the parish of Eyrecourt-Clonfert, Co Galway.

Patricia O'Leary, who has written a few articles on the Abbey statue, one in *The Irish Catholic* in September 1999 and another in the English magazine *Catholic Life*, entitled her articles "Our Lady of Fethard". This seems an apt and fitting title for this little statue of Our Lady and Child which has been in the Abbey for at least 450 years. ♦

Fethard Ballroom Ltd

In October 1992, with the help of local people and business, that the Ballroom was purchased from dance hall promoter Mr Danny Doyle of Wexford. Without the generosity of these debenture holders, we would not have been able to purchase the Ballroom, and bring it from a state of dereliction to its present condition.

This year has seen us make our final repayments to all our debenture holders, and to each of you we say many thanks, you stayed with us when the situation was bleak and uncertain.

This year also saw the Ballroom premises receive a major clean up: a big painting job was undertaken both inside and outside, improvements were made to the gent's toilet facilities, an upgraded central heating unit, which is yet to be fitted, was acquired.

Earlier this year one of our directors completed a Fire Safety Management Course in Cork. In addition he previ-

ously completed a Fire Marshall's Course, an Occupational First Aid Course and a Safety Officers Course. This is an indication of our commitment to generating a safe, friendly, comfortable and pleasant atmosphere for all our patrons to enjoy; our aim is to continue with that programme.

To our dancers, clubs and individuals who use the Ballroom, many thanks for your support. We hope you enjoy the facilities and we look forward to catering for your needs in the future. To all who helped in any way, we say thanks.

We wish everyone a very Happy and Holy Christmas and a prosperous and peaceful New Year.

Board of Directors for 2003: Mick Aherne (chairman), Margaret Phelan, Gay Horan, Sean Spillane, Catherine O'Connell, Breda Spillane, John O'Connell, Seamus Barry, Paddy Hickey, Monica Aherne (treasurer) and Robert Phelan (secretary). ♦

Wedding Anniversaries



John and Ann Lucy, The Square, Fethard, who celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary this year, are photographed above with their children. L to R: Linda, Marie, John and Ann, Richard and Breda.



Breda and Dick Burke, Bridge Bar, Fethard, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary this year.

Fethard Historical Society

In November 2002 Marie Taylor gave a talk based on her thesis 'Continuity and change in the Parish of Fethard 1830-1838'. It was fascinating in the changes in place names and the society hopes to publish it in booklet form. At the end of the month Tadhg O'Keeffe gave a talk on the estate maps of Fethard and he is due to return to launch the publication of the Fethard Town Atlas.

In December we met in Grants pub for a viewing of Casablanca, marking its 50th anniversary.

Activities in 2003 began as usual with the book fair. This year we gave a vote of confidence in its future by investing in stands and tables in order to reduce the workload of preparation. The fair went well with over 25 stalls

and plenty of people through the door, many of whom made straight for the café to meet friends from previous years. This year's innovation was to have a Tipperary book of the year award. This year's winner was a beautifully produced and illustrated work in three volumes: 'A life of its own – Moyne Templetuohy. The story of a Tipperary Parish'. This was a labour of love that took the combined effort of many people from Moyne Templetuohy and surrounding areas to compile. Through the detail of local history, the large trends and happenings on the national stage were made visible. We hope to make this an annual award.

At the A.G.M. in march 2003, the following were elected to the committee: Chairperson, Terry Cunningham;



Fethard Historical Society members photographed at the County Tipperary Local History Day in Fethard are L to R: Catherine O'Flynn, Margaret Newport, Peter Delaney and Mary Hanrahan.

Vice Chairperson, Catherine O'Flynn; P.R.O., Mary Hanrahan; Secretary, Dóirín Saurus; Vice Secretary, Margaret Newport; Treasurer, Peter Delaney; Planning Officer, Diana Stokes; other committee members, Chris Nevin, Kitty Delany, Marie O'Donnell, Gerry Long, Joe Kenny and Gemma Burke.

In May, we had a trip in vintage cars from the transport museum Clonmel to Marlfield Lake. The proprietor of the museum passed on all proceedings to the Chernobyl Children's fund.

In June there was a trip to Callan. Joe Kennedy of the Callan Historical Society gave an interesting and informative lecture tour. For heritage week Mary Hanrahan gave a tour around Fethard to a large group of people including the I.C.A. who hosted the event. Then there was the town 'Treasure Hunt' in September and finally the County Tipperary Local History Day on Saturday 11th October.

This was a seminar hosted by the Historical Society in the Abymill. The morning was an informative session with several speakers from heritage officers and museum curators to local history society representatives giving a run down of their roles and functions. The theme in the afternoon session was the conservation of older buildings. The afternoon session was both entertaining and informative. About 70 people attended and it is hoped that the seminar will be hosted in North Tipperary next year. Thanks to all who helped in organising events, sponsorship of prizes, making of furniture and provision of refreshments during the year.

Our meetings are held on the last Tuesday of every month. Everyone is welcome to attend. Membership fees are €10 for family, €7 individual, €5 students and senior citizens. To join give your fee to any committee member and you will be informed of upcoming events and developments. ♦

Fethard ICA Guild

Another enjoyable year has just passed for Fethard I.C.A. We have 28 members and there is a good attendance at our monthly meetings on the second Tuesday of every month.

Our Christmas party was held in Sadels restaurant in Fethard, which was a nice social evening for all. We had our summer outing in July, we visited Inistioge and Woodstock, Co. Kilkenny. This is a very scenic part of the country and well worth the visit. Then we came back to Kilkenny Design Centre to view a rush work exhibition.

Marie Crean, one of our members, had some work on display and since

then Marie has been asked to submit baskets for a show in Philadelphia.

Our annual general meeting was held in June and the officers elected were Nuala Delaney (president); Sheila O'Donnell (vice-president); Anne Gleeson (secretary) and Anne Horan (treasurer). Recently two of our past members have gone to their eternal reward: Pauline Coffey, Burke Street, and Nora Walsh, Baptistgrange. May they both rest in peace.

We in the I.C.A. would like to wish everyone a very Happy Christmas and prosperous 2004, and look forward to good times in the next year for our own organisation. ♦

Slievenamon Holy Year Cross

by Kevin Ryan



Given the marvellous year we had, the odds were we would have a sunny day for our walk and that is exactly how it turned out. As we made our way to the starting point at the hill wall, our local Dutch friends Bert and Janneke van Dommelen had cool clear water on tap and bowls of fruit for the travellers. Bert and Janneke have lived for many years in what was originally Duggan's cottage.

The crowd was slightly down in number this year but although some old faces were missing, it was nice to see a few new faces, not least among these was our celebrant, Fr Gerry Horan OSA. For the third year in a row we've had a new celebrant lead the way, following our parish priest, Fr. Tom Breen, and last year, Fr Timmy Walsh OSA. We are truly very fortunate in this parish to have clergymen who give so freely and readily of their

time. On reaching the Holy Year Cross, we had a brief respite and had our photos taken by Fethard's unsung hero, the man who keeps Fethard and Killusty on the world wide web, Joe Kenny. We then made our way back to O'Donnell's field where a large crowd had gathered for mass and where the rosary had been recited by Canon Power and Fr Walsh for those who were unable to make the climb.

After mass, the locals once again came up trumps, providing a much-appreciated cup of tea and refreshments. There's nothing like a day on the mountain to give you an appetite.

Canon Power once spoke about this tradition of celebrating August 15th, a tradition that has lasted over 50 years, so it's up to all of us to keep this tradition alive, and to spend one day on the most famous mountain in Tipperary, and it's right on your doorstep! ♦

Killusty Pony Show

On Saturday 5th July, Killusty Pony Show reached another milestone. The fortieth Killusty Show took place at Claremore, Killusty on that day. A record entry of 220 ponies, some in as many as five classes, gathered on the field, which was in pristine readiness for the day. To celebrate their achievements, eight athletes who had represented Ireland at the Special Olympics in the equestrian events received rosettes and our thanks for their great efforts in the weeks before. Judges from previous Killusty Shows were asked to lunch in appreciation of their efforts on behalf of the Show and a good time was had by all in attendance. Unfortunately, not all were able to come on the day and others we could not find current addresses for, but they are welcome on any future Show Day.

As usual, the Championships were widespread with entrants from Kerry, Cork, Dublin, Tipperary (North and South) Kilkenny, Limerick, Meath

Wicklow and Wexford all taking home either a Championship or Reserve Champion Rosette, Trophy and Prize Money. After forty years Killusty Show Committee had many people to thank and it was a treat to welcome many old friends back to the Showground and to reminisce about the good old days.

The show has changed over the years as new classes were added and general numbers forced a change of venue but the unspoilt nature of the Show remains with a beautiful field under Slievenamon being transformed annually for a day to celebrate the pony. It could not happen without the volunteers who turn out in numbers to set up the field and, indeed, take it down again. The gatemen, car parking men, stewards, judges, sponsors, catering crew, committees, not forgetting competitors, all make Killusty Pony Show the institution it is. If you are in the area on the first Saturday in July 2004, we look forward to welcoming you. ♦

Country Markets Ltd.

Fethard Branch

The Fethard branch of Country Markets have 16 producing members who sell their goods at Fethard Town Hall each Friday morning from 8am to 11am.

Fethard Country Markets held their Christmas Market on Friday December 20th last year. Established 1947, it is the longest established Country Market in the country. Hannie Leahy, a founder member, is still very actively involved in the weekly operation. The annual general meeting was held in the Market Shop on Friday 31st January and the following were elected:

Chairperson, Marie Moclair (Plants and Eggs); Secretary, Hannie Leahy (Plants and Baking); Treasurer, David Curran (Vegetables and Flowers); Eve Goodbody (Eggs); Marie Delaney (Eggs); Margaret Slattery (Eggs and Flowers); David O'Donnell (Eggs and Plants); Diana Stokes (Eggs and Vegetables); Maura Meaney (Baking and Vegetables); May Kennedy (Baking and Flowers); Christy Williams (Vegetables), Rena Kennedy (Eggs); Megan Sceats (Crafts); Nellie Donovan (Jam); David O'Meara (Honey); Ann Quinlan (Potatoes). ♦

Irish Farmers Association *by John O'Flynn, Knockelly*

The last year has been a year of many developments in the farming scene in South Tipperary

The system of Premia Payments, which has been in place since the McSherry reform, is now being dismantled. It is being replaced by a single farm payment. These changes will have conditions related to animal welfare and environmental considerations. A number of meetings took place in South Tipperary to get the views of the farmers in the area. The role of women in agriculture, the subject of a major forum held in Croke Park recently, was attended by a number of South Tipperary representatives. A proposal for a major extension of special areas of conservation (S.A.C's) was announced during the summer. This will affect the river valley up as far as Grove and the river area extending to Cloneen and back as far as Mullinahone. A concession has now been made to inform all farmers indi-

vidually whose land is to be included. The landowners concerned will have three months to lodge an appeal of they do not wish to be included.

The South Tipperary executive has put much effort into Féile Bia. This is a scheme where traceability of the meat served in restaurants is guaranteed. It also has to be Irish and of the highest quality. Two establishments in Fethard have qualified for inclusion. Sadels restaurant and the Oriental gardens are Féile Bia approved establishments. This initiative is part of an effort to put an approved quality assurance and full traceability system in place. It results from the disclosure that some South American and Non E.U. meat has found its way into the food chain locally. Consumers like to know where the food that they eat comes from. It is hoped that local farms and organisations will favour approved establishments when organising functions and events. ♦

Nano Nagle National School

The staff of Nano Nagle National School for this year is: Sr Maureen Power, Principal (3rd & 4th classes); Mrs Patricia Treacy, Vice-Principal (Senior Infants); Mrs Rita Kenny (6th class); Ms Mary O'Brien (4th & 5th classes); Mrs Maureen Maher (1St. & 2nd Classes); Mrs Margaret Gleeson (Junior Infants); Mrs Mary Hanrahan, Learning Support Teacher; Sr Mary McNamara, Resource Teacher; Ms Ann-Marie Harty, Special Needs Assistant; Mrs Anne D'Arcy, Secretary; Mr Willie Ryan, Caretaker.

Our return to school this September was tinged with sadness at the passing

of Sr. Áine Ryan who died on Thursday July 11th 2003 in St.. Joseph's Hospital, Clonmel, following a long illness which had occasioned her early retirement from teaching in 1994.

Formerly known as Sr Thomas, she had spent her entire teaching career here in Nano Nagle National School and there are many adults 'of a certain age' out there who will remember her well from their time in baby infants. In latter years she taught 5th class with the same indefatigable enthusiasm she brought to every task.

Sr Aine's deep faith was the well-spring which informed her every action



Junior infant class for 2003. Back L to R: Corey Carroll (Slievenamon Close); Bradley Phelan (Slievenamon Close); Sadhbh Horan (Tullamaine); Andrew Phelan (Coolmore); Luke Brastock (Strylea). Middle Row L to R: Ross McCormack (Woodvale Walk); Thomas O'Reilly (Barrack Street); Tony O'Reilly (Barrack Street); Connie Coen (Knockelly Road); Timothy Hurley (Slievenamon Close). Front L to R: Vanessa Pike (Woodvale Walk); Erica McGrath (Woodvale Walk); Joseph O'Connor (North Gate House); Rachel O'Meara (Garrinch); and Chloe Burke (Woodvale Walk). Missing from photo is Thomas Phelan (Slievenamon Close); Kyle McGrath (Slievenamon Close); and Nathan Thompson (St. Patrick's Place).

and which was realised in her zest for life and a deep abiding concern for those around her in school, pupils and fellow teachers alike. After school hours, Sr Áine on her bicycle was a familiar figure in the environs of Fethard and her involvement with the local community was obviously very important to her.

Towards the end of her teaching, Sr Áine realised a long-term ambition to take a sabbatical from school and spend a year in the Holy Land. Her sojourn there brought her great joy and it is a consolation to all her friends that she was able to avail of this opportunity before the onset of her illness.

The large attendance at her funeral in Fethard bore testimony to the high

esteem in which Sr Áine was held. It was particularly fitting that pupils from our school formed the choir that sang at her funeral Mass. As the funeral took place during the school holidays we are especially grateful to parents for their co-operation in ensuring that the children were able to participate.

Following con-celebrated Mass by Canon Jim Power A.P., Rev. Fr Tom Breen P.P., Rev. John Meagher O.S.A., and Rev. Fr. J. Holloway P.P. Pallasgreen and Rev. Fr. G. Hennessy C.C. Thurles, Sr. Aine's remains were laid to rest in the Convent Cemetery. Ar Dheis Dé go raibh a hanam dhílis.

In September 2003 we were delighted to welcome a new member of staff, Ms Mary O'Brien, who is teaching 4th



Sixth class pupils. Back L to R: Sarah O'Meara, Gráinne Horan, Kelly Walsh, Melissa Wallace, Aisling Sullivan. Middle L to R: Siobhán O'Brien, Sandra O'Sullivan, Lesley O'Meara, Clíodhna McCarthy, Tracey Needham, Laura Moloney, Aimee Smyth. Front L to R: Niamh Fanning, Nicola Gleeson, Laura Rice, Kelley Coady, and Aisling Dwyer. Missing from photo are Debbie Lawrence and Lisa Condon.

and 5th classes. Mary replaces Ms Emma Maher who worked with us in the school year 2002-'03. Emma is about to leave for Australia and we wish her well 'down under' and continued success in her teaching career when she returns to Ireland. It is our good fortune to have such young enthusiastic teachers who make such a valuable contribution to school life.

Sr. Angela continued her sterling work as a remedial teacher last year and we look forward to her return later this term. As regular readers of this newsletter will be aware Sr. Angela joined us on a voluntary basis following her retirement from the Presentation Primary School, Clonmel and we are most appreciative of her efforts on behalf of our pupils.

Our Parents' Association has been very involved in various events

throughout the year: the annual October cake sale, the Sponsored Walk and our ever-popular Fun Sports Day in June. The parents' ongoing commitment and support is a major factor in the successful realisation of our goals for our school and we are deeply appreciative of all their efforts on our behalf.

A very important visitor to our school in March was the 'Cigire'. Doubtless, many of our readers will recall the advent of the dreaded inspector during their own schooldays! Thankfully such visits nowadays are a much less daunting experience for both pupils and teachers. An tUasal Pádraig O Conchubhair spent a week in total in the school visiting each class in turn. He was most impressed with the standard of work in all areas of the curriculum and he expressly commended the excellent behaviour of all the pupils.

So we would like to say congratulations and well done to everyone.

Our school year incorporates many activities, curricular and otherwise: participation in art and handwriting essay competitions, local and national, is encouraged while the inter-schools athletics in Thurles and Clonmel have become annual fixtures in our school calendar. Success, when it comes, is very welcome but we also emphasise for our pupils the importance of taking part and doing one's best. Céilí dancing has also featured for all classes in recent years and has proved most enjoyable.

Last May, we were delighted to return once again to the Abymill Theatre to stage our school show, which comprised two plays: 'The King's Magic Cloak' performed by junior and senior infants and 1St. and 2nd classes; 'Beauty and the Beast' performed by 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. As always, the children thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to 'tread the boards' as did the highly appreciative audiences who attended their performances. We continue to promote environmental awareness among the children especially by means of our perennial anti-litter campaign and by the recycling of cans and inkjet cartridges. We have also planted an area of the school grounds with various types of trees concentrating especially on native Irish species. We hope to further develop this project by labelling the trees and creating a walkway through them.

The Book Fair in February was a great success with sales totalling €2,652, which means that we were entitled to claim, as commission, books to the value of €1,591 for our class libraries.

All classes were involved with fundraising for the Special Olympics and thanks to their efforts and the generosity of the local community we actually raise enough money to sponsor an athlete. We are also helping to educate a pupil in the Philippines as well as supporting the Children-Helping-Children fund.

A major innovation last year was the introduction of the Primary Movement programme to the Infant classes by Mrs Patricia Treacy and Mrs Margaret Gleeson. Primary Movement is a unique movement programme that replicates the primary reflex movements in very young children. Evaluation studies have shown that children who completed the Primary Movement Programme made very significant progress in literacy skills. Mrs Treacy and Mrs Gleeson undertook a training course in Dublin to qualify in the facilitation of this programme, which we all feel prove most beneficial to our pupils.

Parenting classes for parents of pupils in Junior and Senior Infants are now being held in the school on Monday evenings at 8pm. There was such a great response from parents that two classes are running concurrently. Our own teachers, Mrs Rita Kenny, Mrs Patricia Treacy and Mrs Mary Hanrahan, facilitate these classes.

We look forward to another busy and productive school year during which, hopefully, our school community will continue to grow and flourish. To all our pupils, past and present, parents, board of management, the wider parish community and to all who read this newsletter we would like to say "Beannacht Dé oraibh agus Nollaig Shona Dhíbh go léir." ♦

St. Patrick's Boys National School



Winners of the Under-11 'B' County Football Final. Back L to R: Andrew Maher, John Gartland, Michael Smith, Ronan Fitzgerald, Colm Shanahan, Frankie O'Donovan, Simon Standbridge, Alan Lawrence, Gerard Maher, Cathal Hurley. Middle L to R: Brian Delahunty, Tommy Sheehan, Damien Morrissey (captain), Gavin Lonergan, Dean Butler. Front L to R: Gerard Horan, Ciarán O'Meara, David Gartland, Dylan Fitzgerald, Eoin Walsh and Jamie Walsh. Also on the team is Dean Sharpe.

St. Patrick's Boy's National School is a five-teacher school with seventy-two students currently on roll. The staff for 2003 is: Mr Eamon Dwyer, Principal (4th/5th classes), Mrs Eileen Fitzgerald (Resource Teacher), Mrs Carmel Lonergan (1St./2nd classes), Ms Aisling Ryan (3rd/4th classes), Mr Dan Gallagher (5th/6th classes).

As we enter our new school year 2003/2004 we are delighted to welcome a new member to our staff, Mr Dan Gallagher from Ballycahill, who teaches 5th/6th class boys. We wish every success to Cathriona Morrissey who has taken up a post in Killusty National School.

On the sports scene we have had

much participation and achievement. Our mini-sevens football team represented Tipperary in the provincial finals in Kilworth, Co. Cork. The team included, J.P. McGrath, Darragh Dwyer, Eoin O'Connell, Adam Lyons, James Kelly, Adrian Lawrence, Ben Walsh, Ciarán Ryan, Thomas O'Connell and Jonathan Fleming. Following this match Darragh Dwyer was chosen to play at Croke Park on August 22nd. Eoin O'Connell was also chosen to play for Tipperary in the Primary Game held in Tralee last June. Well done to all the boys.

We have also been busy so far this term in the area of athletics. Our 5th/6th class team won bronze medals

at the school cross country event held in Thurles this autumn. John Lalor picked up a bronze medal in the individuals section.

On Wednesday October 22nd boys from 3rd to 6th class travelled to Marfield G.A.A complex to participate in the primary school's cross country competitions sponsored by Cidona. Once again all teams received medals with both John Lalor and Louis Rice coming 1st. in individual categories. Our under-11 B football team have also seen great success, as they are the current county champions following successful wins against Ardfinnan, Upperchurch and against Cashel in the final. Last May 11 boys in second class received their first Holy Communion: Ronan Fitzgerald, Dion Butler, Mark Fogarty, Dylan Maher,

Eoin Walsh, Kieran Walsh, Dylan Fitzgerald, Ciarán O'Meara, Gerry Horan, Cathal Hurley and Davis Gartland.

This year our 5th and 6th class pupils look forward to and are preparing for their confirmation. Our annual school tour in June was a great success. We travelled to Dunmore East Adventure Centre where the children enjoyed canoeing, abseiling, archery, pedal boat and speedboat rides. A great day was had by all. Sincere thanks to the parents who accompanied us on the trip.

And so as that family season of Christmas approaches, all that remains to be said is that principal Eamon Dwyer, staff and pupils wish all of you the compliments of the season and a prosperous New Year. ♦



Sixth class pupils from St.. Patrick's Boys School 2003. Back L to R: Owen Prout, Kevin Hayes, Jerome Ahearn, Sam Manton, Ben Walsh, Glen Maher. Front L to R: Jake Maher, Andy Walsh, Adam O'Donnell, Darren Connolly and Adam Lyons. Also in the class are John Lalor and Philip Doyle.

Liberated by England

by Ann Kenny

We came to England in 1960. We left because of economic circumstances. Lots of people were leaving as farming was going through a recession. There was very little work available locally, and both of my parents were ambitious. My parents couldn't make a living, so they left Ireland.

My Dad left first and went to Derby to live with his sister. He found a job and bought a house. We followed later, leaving my older sister behind with my Gran. We settled in Derby where my sister and later my Gran joined us. My mother, although very homesick, was very liberated by England. She loved the technological advantages of living in a city with shops, transport and modern amenities. I don't think she missed Ireland, or being a farmer's wife. She missed her sisters, who all joined her later, with their husbands and children. My father was liberated by being able to earn an income and keep his family, so he saw very positive advantages of living in England. He sometimes yearned for Ireland, and always referred to Ireland as home. My parents had one short spell when they returned to live in Ireland, but they could not settle, and were faced by all of the old hardships of not having enough work. My Dad died in 1993 and made the decision to

be buried in England near his children.

He was a very popular man and had Irish friends, as well as Indian, Pakistani and West Indian. They were all involved in a similar economic struggle. Growing up England meant a very close involvement with my, extended family. It was also seen as

important to do well. All five children have had the benefits of a university education. I wonder if we would have had the same if we had stayed in Ireland.

We came from County Tipperary and lived near a small village called Killusty, which is close to a town called Fethard. Killusty consisted of a church, a few houses and a small



pub. Its main attraction is Slievenamon, which we all referred to as 'The Hill'. My mum, her children, her brothers and sisters and her parents all came from 'The Hill', where they farmed the land. My father's parents lived on a farm, just outside of Fethard. My grandmother had two children from her first marriage. Both of my grandfathers were farmers and their farms are still here today. ♦

Ann is a daughter of the late Laurence Kenny, Grove, and Joan (Donovan), Killusty. Source: Making it Home — Experiences of being Irish (Nottingham Irish Studies Group).

Community Games



At the County Community Games Judo Finals in Fethard are L to R: Lorainne Feery (Killusty), Joseph O'Hagan (Fethard), Gary Bradshaw (Fethard), Gerard Gorey (Fethard) and Katie Coen (Killusty).

Fethard/Killusty area continued on the road of success in Community Games in 2003. The area entered the following teams: draughts, under/10 mixed football, under/12 girls' football, under/13 boys' hurling, under/11 rugby and tag rugby, under/12 boys' soccer and under/15 boys' and under/16 girls' volleyball. In the individual events we took part in art, model-making, athletics (cross country and track and field) and judo. Kevin Hayes, Redcity, was our sole competitor in the county swimming finals, which took place in Nenagh.

The county finals of the art and model-making events were held for the first time ever in Fethard Ballroom and three young people from the area qualified for the National Finals in Mosney: Laura Rice, Everardsgrange girls under/12, Cathal Maher, Dun Aoibhinn, won his sixth and final county boys under/16 title. David

Gorey, Main Street, won the boys' under/14 model-making event. Faye Manton, Main Street was silver medalist in the girls' under/10 event and Mike Earl, Slievenamon Close, won a bronze medal in the boys' under-8 category. Cathal Maher received a certificate of merit in Mosney.

In the athletics area finals, the following qualified for the county finals in Thurles: Under/8, 60 meters, Emma Walsh, Aobh O'Shea, Gary Bradshaw, Eoin Hurley; Under/8, 80 meters, Emma Morrissey, Kate Quigley, David Heffernan, Darren Bradshaw; Under/10, 100 meters, Rachel Prout, Jenny Pyke, Ciarán O'Meara, Louis Rice; Under/10, 200 meters, Áine Phelan, Evie O'Sullivan, Garrett Lawrence, Brian Healy; Under/12, 100 meters, Siobhán O'Brien, Sarah McManus, Michael Costello, Eoin Healy; Under/12, 600 meters, Kelly Fox, Claire O'Brien, Ben Walsh, John

Lalor; Under/14, 100 meters, Kate O'Brien, Ida Carroll; Under/14, 800 meters, Ciara O'Connor, Jason Lawrence, Dion Tobin.

In the Relays: Under/12, Aisha Tobin, Kelly Fox, Sarah McManus, Claire O'Brien (girls); Under/12 (Boys), Michael Costello, John Lalor, Jerome Ahearn, Damien Morrissey; Under/14 (girls), Ciara O'Connor, Kate O'Brien, Ida Carroll, Bernadette Costello.

Michael Costello, Woodvale Walk, won a gold medal at county level and earned his place in Mosney for the second time during the year as he also competed in cross country at the sports induction weekend in May.

In Judo we were represented at the Munster Finals in the University of Limerick by Gary Bradshaw and Aobh O'Shea (under 25kg); Pdraig O'Shea

and Emma Walsh (under 30kg); the Feery sisters, Lorraine (under 35kg) and Samantha (under 45kg); Katie Coen (under 40 Kg); the Gorey brothers, Cathal (under 55kg) and Richard (open event). Pdraig O'Shea, Lorraine Feery and Richard Gorey all won Munster titles and went on to win gold medals in Mosney. All the other competitors were second in Munster. Our two remaining squad members were Niall O'Donnell from Cahir and Stephanie Lawrence from Coleman, representing Clerihan and both also won gold medals.

Boys and girls volleyball teams competed at Munster level. The boys won and the girls were runners up. Girls team consisted of: Emma Walsh, Sarah Mai Ahearn, Stephanie Fitzgerald, Margaret Smyth, Suzanne Gorey, Jillian O'Connell, Sinead



Fethard Volleyball team who won the Munster title and reached the national finals at Mosney. Back L to R: Paul McCarthy, Lory Kenny, Michael Fleming, Denis Burke (manager), Cathal Gorey, Christopher Horan. Front L to R: Stephen O'Meara, Joe Fogarty, Christopher Sheehan and Aaron O'Donovan. Also on the team are Alan O'Connor, Liam Ryan and Declan Doyle.

Coffey, Ciara Aylward. The boys' team was: Stephen O'Meara (captain), Lory Kenny, Michael Fleming, Christopher Sheehan, Aaron O'Donovan, Joe Fogarty, Christopher Horan, Declan Doyle, Paul McCarthy, Cathal Gorey, Liam Ryan. Team managers were Denis Burke and Liam Frewen. The boys received certificates of merit in Mosney.

The boys' under/13 hurling team had some great victories and reached the county final in Thurles where they were defeated by a very experienced team from Loughmore. Team members were: Jonathan Fleming, Seamie O'Keeffe, Pdraig O'Shea, Matthew Fitzgerald, Kieran Ryan, Adrian Lawrence, Philip Doyle, Ben Walsh, James Kelly, Kevin Hayes, Adam Lyons, Kieran O'Connell, Tom

O'Connell, Owen O'Connell, Darren Prout, Tommy Sheehan, Owen Dillon, Damien Morrissey and Daniel Hickey. Team manager was Liam Hayes.

Current Community Games committee for this area is: Joe Keane (chairman), Bernard Feery (secretary), Peggy Colville/Joe Keane (joint treasurers), Peggy Colville (public relations officer), Helena O'Shea / Michael O'Dwyer (development officers). Committee: Michael Fitzgerald, Denis Burke, Caroline Hall, M.C. Maher, Sean Devaney and Fintan Rice.

The committee would like to thank all those who assisted in administrating events during the year, the GAA who were always most helpful and Coolmore Stud for their continued support. Best wishes to everybody for a holy and Happy Christmas. ♦

Fethard Community Sportsfield

Fethard Community Sportsfield Committee was formed in November 2002, following the generosity of Coolmore Stud who leased a 6 acre field for sporting activities in the community. Those elected were: Rev Tom Breen P.P. (chairman), Peggy Colville (secretary), Fintan Rice (treasurer), Suzanna Manton, Jerome Casey, Clem Murphy, Gus Fitzgerald and Sean Devaney. Jacqui Frayne and Valerie Colville were later co-opted on to the committee.

Currently the field has parking facilities, two storage containers, a long jump pit, and goal posts are being erected. However, much work needs to be done to develop this worthwhile facility and the club wishes to thank the people of Fethard for supporting the committee's fund-raising efforts to date. The proposed developments for

the field include a six-lane athletic track, long jump arena, throwing area, playing pitch, flood-lighting, 5-a-side Astro Turf pitch for multi sports purposes and eventually fully equipped dressing rooms.

This field is a great asset for the Juvenile Rugby Club and the Fethard Athletic Club who had no proper training and playing facilities up to now. The community field is also available for the following activities: GAA, ladies football, camogie, rugby, athletics, soccer, community games, and senior citizens.

The committee organised a Sponsored Community Walk and Fun Sports Evening on 27th June as their first fund raising event. To further develop the facility, we will still need a major financial injection to help us reach our target. ♦

The Well Golf Society

by Kevin Ryan

Our season began with our Annual General Meeting held on 11th February 2003. The following officers were elected: Pat Woodlock (captain), Kevin Ryan (secretary), Danny Mullins (treasurer), Michael Kenrick (assistant treasurer). Committee members elected were: Brian Higgins, Michael Leahy, David Lawton, Michael O'Flaherty, Pat McCarthy and Davy Woodlock.

We had a total of six outings this year and there were some great scores returned. Davy Williams on his rookie

year had three victories to his name and a serious cut in his handicap! Davy Woodlock, certainly no rookie, claimed two wins. There were many other good returns from our forty plus members. Last season, Mary Kenrick became our first lady member and at a time when there are so many ladies playing golf, we hope she will be the first of many. Preparations are already underway for next season and if any of you readers wish to join us for a fun day out, check out the Fethard Notes for all the details. ♦



Thelma Griffith, chairperson Fethard and District Day Care Centre, is photographed above accepting a donation from The Well Golf Society, proceeds from their recent Golf Classic. L to R: Michael Kenrick (assistant treasurer), Pat Woodlock (captain), Thelma Griffith (chairperson Fethard and District Day Care Centre), Danny Mullins (treasurer) and Kevin Ryan (secretary).

Fethard Sports Centre

Fethard Sports Centre was officially opened in 1974. Ongoing upgrades and improvements took place over the years, giving us today a sports

complex that any community would be proud of. The centre includes two covered alleys suitable for handball and racquetball. Over the years locals have



Boys and girls who took part in a week's tennis coaching programme in August 2003 at Fethard Sports Centre. The course was organised by Jimmy and Fionnuala O'Sullivan, and given by Tony McCarthy.

played both games at the highest level nationally. We always hope that past successes would inspire our youth to emulate them.

We had some renewed interest in handball this year and offered coaching. Hopefully the interest will grow. We held racquetball coaching headed by Bobbi Holohan of international fame who put her vast experience at the disposal of our interested youth. In June we had a week of tennis coaching for boys and girls. We repeated this again in September and we are hoping this effort will bear fruit.

We are grateful to Jimmy O'Sullivan and his wife Fionnuala and Carmel Rice for the big clean up of the dressing room and toilet and painting and also their valued help with the coaching. We also appreciate the help given by GAA committee and members for

all work carried out pre-season. Our main regret continues to be that the centre is not used to its full potential.

While being so thankful to all who helped establish the sports centre and our gratitude to all who helped in any way over the years – we must always be mindful of the fact that the provisions of the facilities is only a small part of it all. Keeping the facility working to its full potential for the benefit of our community continues to be the real challenge.

We appeal to parents especially to come forward and perhaps help with supervision etc, which is vital in terms of safety, insurance cover and opening hours. Sub-committee officers are: Gus Fitzgerald (chairman) Tel: 052 31354; Mary Godfrey (secretary) Tel: 052 32024; Ann Darcy (treasurer) Tel: 052 31606. ♦

Fethard Players



*Cast of 'The Plough and the Stars' after their first night's performance on Sunday 16th November.
Back L to R: Michael Tillyer (Corporal Stoddart); Eoin Powell (Sergeant Tinley); Robert O'Keefe (Jack Clitheroe); Joe Hanley (A Bar-tender); Vincent Murphy (Capt. Brennan); Philip O'Meara (The Young Covey); Marian Gilpin (Bessie Burgess); Jimmy O'Sullivan (Fluther Good); Eoin Whyte (Lieut. Langon).
Front L to R: Mia Treacy (Nora Clitheroe); Mary O'Connell (Rosie Redmond); Sarah Kennedy and Siobhán Prout (Mollser); Angela Dillon White (Mrs Gogan); and Gerry Fogarty (Peter Flynn).*

The Plough and the Stars, by Sean O'Casey, was this year's play, produced and directed by Austin O'Flynn. The play is set in the years 1915/1916, just before and during the Easter Rising when the Irish Citizen Army rose up against the English occupation of Ireland, taking to the streets against a far more powerful foe. It was first performed in 1926 in The Gate Theatre in Dublin, where the stage was stormed on the fourth night. The characters in the play portray the mixed elements of Irish society at the time, from 'The Covey', a young radical socialist, to Jack Clitheroe, a bricklayer who was a commandant in the Citizens Army, to Bessie Burgess, a woman who had a son fighting in the trenches with the British Army, like many other Irish mothers of the era. Other characters include a consumptive child, a housewife, a barman, a prostitute and some professional soldiers. The large cast

included, Robert O'Keefe, Mia Treacy, Gerry Fogarty, Philip O'Meara, Marian Gilpin, Angela Dillon White, Sarah Kennedy, Siobhán Prout, Jimmy O'Sullivan, Eoin Whyte, Vincent Murphy, Michael Tillyer, Eoin Powell, Mary O'Connell and Joe Hanly. John O'Connor provided the invaluable sound effects and lights, which are an integral part of modern theatre.

The show played to full houses from Sunday to Sunday and enjoyed strong local support, as well as a large number of theatre fans who make the effort to travel to Fethard from the surrounding towns, many of whom are members of their respective theatre groups. Thanks to all who took part, treading the boards and working behind the scenes, who helped to make this year's play yet another success. The officers for 2003 are: Carmel Rice (chairperson), Geraldine McCarthy (secretary) and Lisa Rice (treasurer). ♦

Abymill Theatre

Once again another year has passed us by and shades of autumn have returned to the trees. After its summer rest, Abymill has already 'taken to the stage' once more with the 'Fethard Players' production of Sean O'Casey's 'The Plough and the Stars' under the direction of Austin O'Flynn.

Bingo is, of course, an all year round event at Abymill, and every Thursday night Austie, with the valuable assistance of Gerry Fogarty, Cinta O'Flynn and Christy Mullins, provides entertainment and the prospect of a win, to a diversity of age groups in the area. Apart from our own amateur theatrical group, Abymill welcomes a good play, and such is the reputation of the theatre and the shows, that a captive audience from a wide area attend our shows.

Abymill is very supportive of our schools, both primary and secondary, and is host to Nano Nagle and St. Patrick's Boys School and Patrician Presentation Secondary School, where

each December the transition year stage their annual show. One show of extreme interest was of course Pete McCarthy's visit to Abymill. It generated a 'buzz' in town and he proved himself to be as interesting in 'real life' as in his novels. The theatre is also used for 'On Your Toes' annual dance show, and for important meetings where it is hoped to generate a crowd.

The building is a beautiful one and is kept very well by Mary and Benny Morrissey, Michael McCarthy and Christy Mullins under the watchful eye of Austie O'Flynn.

The board of directors for the coming year is: Michael McCarthy (chairperson), Marian Gilpin (secretary), Agnes T. Evans (treasurer), Austin O'Flynn (administrator). Board members: Joe Kenny, Noelle O'Dwyer, Eileen Maher, Carmel Rice and Jimmy O'Shea.

"Let your own discretion be your token; suit the action to the word, the word to the action!" — from 'Hamlet' by William Shakespeare. ♦

Senior Citizens Club

The Senior Citizens Club had another successful year. Our numbers are increasing all the time. Meetings are held in the Tirry Community Centre and with the large new extension to the centre we have a lot more room. Each month we try to have a guest speaker and some demonstrations.

In September 2002, we travelled to Raheen House, Clonmel, for afternoon tea and a great time was had by all. With Christmas looming, we followed on by making preparations for our

Christmas Party which began with Mass being celebrated in the Abbey Church followed by our Christmas dinner. We had a great sing-song, followed by some dancing with music supplied by our resident musicians. A visit by Santa Claus rounded off the evening nicely.

The ladies of our club arrived at our Easter Party wearing their Easter Bonnets. Unfortunately I cannot write a sonnet about their Easter Bonnets.

For our summer outing we decided to take a trip along the coast from

Dungarvan to Cobh. We had a lovely lunch in Clonea followed by high tea in Cobh. At the time of writing this article we are once again preparing for our

Christmas party. On behalf of the Senior Citizen's club may I wish each and every one of you a happy and peaceful Christmas. ♦



Moyglass entry in the Fethard Carnival in the 1960's

Front row L to R: Martin Kennedy, Michael Fahy, Paddy Healy, Sean Hannigan, Mick Lynch, Neddie Grant, Paddy Grant, Pat Grant, Margaret Hannigan, Bobby Healy. Back Row L to R: Ollie Morrissey, Pat Maguire, Tommy O'Brien (with accordion), Pakie Gazely, Mick Shelly, Liam O'Connell, Mary Thompson, Helen Grant, Joan Carroll, and Johnny Gazely.

Olympian Ray Clarke

by Tony Newport

Fethard sports fans will have a keen interest in the track cycling events at next year's Olympic games in Athens. Raymond Clarke, Clonmel, whose father, Sean Clarke, a native of Crampscastle, has been chosen on the Irish Track Cycling team for the 2004 Olympic Games.

International track cycling is very far removed from the old NACA and grass track races, which were part of every sports programme up to the fifties. Modern track cycling is held on a specially constructed indoor

Velodrome. The track is very steeply sloped and riders come off the top into the bends at speeds of up to 60mph on their specially constructed bicycles.

Raymond qualified for the olympic team by finishing third to two Koreans in the international track cycling championships in Agile, Switzerland in July. Some may ask what is so great about finishing third. These Koreans are full-time professionals. They hail from a country that specialises in this type of racing; they are very highly paid, and race for huge prize money.

Ireland does not even have an indoor track. From the date of his selection Raymond had to travel to Belfast or Manchester to train on the Velodrome. He probably gained selection by his expertise at the Kermesse or round-the-hours competitions, which are a part of all stage races. These are run over an hour and usually five laps of a very tight city or town centre, generally about one mile in circumference.

Space does not allow a detailed report of Raymond's successes over the past 15 years. As a juvenile rider his greatest victory was to win the all-Ireland u/15 road race championship. He has since won an All Ireland Senior road race championship. He was overall winner of the all Ireland classic league in 1997, and wore the polka dot mountain jersey for stages 5, 6, and 7 in the 2000 FBD Milk Rás. He was also 1997 Irish cyclist of the year. He has represented Ireland in such places as Japan and Malaysia, where they raced in over 100 degrees of heat. The above are just

some of his list of achievements. Raymond, it must be remembered, is an amateur. He is forever grateful to the help given by his parents Sean and Margaret. Sean once told us, starting at around £1,000 for a bike, it cost as much to fit out Ray for competition as it would to kit out an entire football team. His training schedule is perhaps where the real grit and determination is shown. A non-smoker and drinker, his early to bed regime has meant he has had to forgo much of the socialising enjoyed by others. Perhaps it might not be a bad idea to have him out some night to talk on training to our local footballers. The problem is would they be able to stand the shock.

To represent one's country in an olympic games is a great honour in itself. To do so in a sport almost unknown in the country is an even greater one. We wish Raymond the very best of luck in Athens where we are sure all Fethard sports fans will follow his progress with great interest. ♦



Ray Clarke in action on the Irish team in an international cycle race in Malaysia. The heat during the course of the race reached 120 centigrade.

Gus Kenrick's D-Day

The following are some memoirs of Gus Kenrick, discovered after his death on 17th November 2002.

His early life was spent at school in the Patrician Monastery, Fethard and later in the Catholic Seminary of St.. Augustine in Dungarvan. His parents

were poor. His mother was organist and choir mistress of the Augustinian Abbey for 50 years. His father was a violin and cello player of some distinction. Gus's brother Ted became a priest of the Augustinian Order so it was quite natural for Gus to also go to an Augustinian seminary. He excelled at the classics, Greek, Latin and English literature. However, in his fourth year in the middle of the matriculation exams he was

caught climbing the iron railings and 'breaking-in' to the college after an exam celebration party. The rector of that time left Gus in no doubt that there was no place in the order for such miscreants and disgraceful characters such as he, particularly as he was from a poor family availing of cheap education. Later that night, a very upset Gus Kenrick ran away and parted company with the Augustinians forever. (The

effects and consequences of this incident remained with Gus all his life.) However, Gus retained a great knowledge of scripture from those early days, and his life as a layman was distinguished by the Christian virtues taught by the scriptures.



Gus Kenrick

In the 1930s, Gus went to work in England. When the War started, his sense of duty and commitment led him to enlist as a volunteer in the British Army, where he became a private in the Middlesex Regiment, the "PBI - Poor Bloody Infantry", as he put it. There was rapid promotion to corporal, followed by equally rapid demotion when he was delayed in returning from leave.

But if there is one lesson more than any other in Gus's life, it is to pick yourself up in any adversity and get on with life, to count your blessings and to overcome setbacks. So it wasn't too long before he was again promoted. D-Day, 6th June 1944, saw him on the British beachhead in Normandy, and it didn't stop there. Gus's unit continued on through Northern France and Belgium and into Germany, reaching Bremen by the end of the War.

The following are personal notes made on the days leading up to D-Day:

Wednesday 31st. May 1944: "To-day we saw the place, the river, the canal, the beaches. We saw the map of the country in which we were going to fight. But all the names were fictitious. I could find my way blindfolded provided they put me down at the right place. I wonder will it all go as well as it is planned? Will we get there, and if so, can we get the guns firing before they kill us? How do I feel about killing them?"

Thursday 1st. June 1944: "Final preparations – we got all the little odds and ends that will keep me going for about two or three weeks. We should be home by then. Discovered a Fr. Paddy in camp. Served Mass two mornings."

Friday 2nd June 1944: "Attended the final service, a special Benediction for the troops. Everyone attended confession and Communion at 10pm and after that we were prepared for battle. We move off at 6am. Too much last minute excitement to go to 5am mass."

Saturday 3rd June 1944: "We move out amongst the civilians once more. Soon the streets are busy with shoppers and nobody bothers about us. Through a village or two with the usual waves and smiles from a passer-by. Most people just look and carry on. I suppose they think it is about time we finished this playing soldiers and get down to business. I had a lump in my throat as we came into Shoreham Road. I didn't notice these things before but I thought they might at least stop and say "good-luck". But they weren't to know. I shall always remember that solitary woman who came out on to the road and waved and threw kisses after us and wished us luck as

we passed her by. I think she had an idea . . ."

Sunday 4th June 1944: "Disappointed that Sunday morning should arrive and no signs of invasion. We were well out to sea, the weather was bad. Many were sea sick. We returned ashore to Newhaven under strict guard for a walk, a bath and a meal. Back on board in two hours. We decided to invade France on Monday June 5th. On Sunday night headed for Southampton. Things were bad. Soldiers don't like the sea.

Monday June 5th 1944: "The day brightened up. We played cards all day, the stakes were high. We didn't worry about money, it was no use to us. At tea-time things began to happen. The destroyers and cruisers and battleships were going into position. The fast MTBs were everywhere, the sea was a mess of ships. The Admiral was aboard and he hailed the captain, — "The show is on. We land one day late. Open your sealed orders and issue instructions and maps to the army." The atmosphere aboard was now more tense and exciting. I put ten rounds in my rifle in case I have to use that. I don't think it will be necessary. I must prime the grenades in case they get too close and load the smoke generator. Bardwell says the carrier is ready for action and so we try to rest and wait for the dawn and H-hour. (The terms D-day and H-hour are used for the day and hour on which a combat attack or operation is to be initiated. They designate the day and hour of the operation when the day and hour have not yet been determined, or where secrecy is essential.)

They were long hours and thoughtful ones. I asked myself a hundred times

over, "Are you frightened?" I told myself over and over again that I wasn't, but ask me again tomorrow in case my mind has been altered. During the hours of darkness I said a few prayers. I prayed that no matter how bad it was that I shouldn't show fear or neglect of duty. I might be afraid but I mustn't show that I am. I dozed for a while but the ever increasing roar and thunder of the bombers and fighters and paratroop carriers made rest impossible. Those paratroops have my undying admiration, every one of them is a bloody hero. They went in six hours before H-Hour and did a mighty job of work.

All night long the RAF went over, someone said, "Leave some for us," and the light came and we were ready. Now I was worried about one thing, getting ashore. The order was in the event of "abandon ship" we must sink or swim and I came on this prepared to die by machine gun fire, shells, mortars, mines, bombs, snipers, but not by drowning.

Tuesday 6th June 1944: "Invasion, the day dawned and H-Hour arrived and the first lot went ashore. We had 2 hours and 50 minutes to wait for our turn to go in and it came quickly. The sight of France was one of dense clouds of smoke and many fires and the thunder of big guns and the whine of shells, the ships pounded away unceasingly and then as the shattered beaches of Lion-sur-Mer drew close the shells began to fall round us. Then Bill Topp got hit in the head. Another chap got it in the knee and we had our first casualties.

I was shaken but thank God I wasn't scared. The ship beside us got hit and a stout mate shouted, "They landed one in the ward room, the bastards." In we

went and struck bottom in six feet of rough breakers. The ramp crashed its twenty tons into the water and the bulldozer took to it like a fish. We couldn't make it, five feet is our limit. We would be completely submerged. I was worried.

The captain shouts an order. The ramp comes up and out we go and with cool clear courage he edges his way through the shells to a spot lower down and once more we crash the beaches and this time our ramp crashes down in about three feet of water. It was easy. We were ashore. I jumped out. I was in France.

In the pause we had to await our turn. We tore off our waterproofing attachments and threw them on the beaches already littered with the horrible paraphernalia of war. The sunken ships, we lost a platoon in one of them, the disabled tanks and the submerged jeeps and worst of all the lads who had died in their proudest moments. They lay there and stared at the sky. There is no time yet to bury them. The wounded came first. I'm sure they didn't mind.

The tank driver hardly saw that poor fellow lying dead (he was a beach commando), he rolled over him. There was an endless procession of stretchers carried by two Jerry prisoners on each, they wore no hats and looked most unhappy under their own shell-fire.

Our turn came in a few minutes to go through one of the gaps and Bardwell was coaxing the carrier as it sunk to its belly in the soft sand. He made it, and then as he was almost through the gap a large lump of concrete jammed in the track and smashed a link. We were helpless and out of action for a while. A bulldozer is on the spot, he hauls us clear of the gap to let the stuff go

through and with a sinking feeling we take turns on the hammer and chisel and file to cut the broken link and replace a new one. We were ready in forty-five minutes and all still alive. A couple of RAF lads helped us out.

Six Focke Wulf 190s were the only signs of the Luftwaffe so far. They came in low, dropped a bomb and fired a few rounds and were gone. We were to follow up the platoon and locate them. We were now on the road to Hermanville, the road is massed with tank, guns and men, some just marching on and all on the look out for those elusive Jerry snipers. What a death is in store for those fanatics when they are spotted. Plenty more dead and wounded, they are all moved on to the side of the road to be seen to later on.

One horrible sight just ahead and an arm and pieces of flesh all over the road. The trucks go through the flesh and blood of what was a Jerry.

We find our platoon at Hermanville. The shells were falling and our heavy stuff was thundering away from the sea, from the beaches and from both sides of the road. There were whines from all over the place but now to battle. I couldn't tell which were ours, those passing over or those coming at us. I knew by sunset on D-Day. The bravest man in battle is the one who doesn't realise what he is up against.

In Hermanville I saw our first civvies. We waved to those dazed looking civilians, one or two waved back unsmiling as if they were frightened to do otherwise and one woman shook her fist and jabbered away in French. They didn't seem to be very keen on this business of liberation and no doubt they were paying a terrible price for their liberty."

After the War Gus stayed on in the peace time army. He saw service in the United Kingdom and overseas, in Hong Kong, Cyprus and West Africa. He rose further through the ranks and became a Regimental Sergeant Major. As an RSM Gus set high standards for his men, but the standards he set for himself were higher still, and in recognition of his abilities, he was promoted from the ranks and commissioned, retiring from his Regiment as a Captain.

But his working life was not over. On leaving the Army, Gus became secretary to a golf club in St.. Andrews. Shortly after he celebrated his sixtieth birthday, he retired for a second time and returned to Fethard. Initially involving himself once again in golf club activities in Clonmel and latterly in a lengthy and fulfilling complete retirement.

Gus in fact spoke little of his army life always preferring to relate the funny incidents and lighter side of the war. In 1994, at the age of 77, he travelled to Normandy for the 50th anniversary of the D-Day landings. For him, as for so many others, this visit represented closure, even after 50 years, of experiences lived through with such fortitude of spirit in 1944 as well as fulfilment of a debt owed to those who lost their lives at that time.

If one word can be applied to Gus's working life, it is fidelity — dedication to his principles and to his beliefs — and it is fitting that this fidelity, together with his faith and his early desire to become an Augustinian, was acknowledged by his taking leave of us in the Augustinian Abbey with burial in the adjoining cemetery. ♦

Killusty Soccer Club



Killusty Youths' soccer team and officials photographed in Lonergan's Bar at a social held before they left on a trip to Peterborough, England. Killusty Youths won the Tipperary 2nd Div Youths League this year and continued on their winning way in Peterborough by beating local area champions Laungtop United 5-2. With an excellent team performance, Jamie McCormack was outstanding throughout the game and contributed four goals with Eoghan Aylward scoring the remaining goal. A round-up of his success this season with the team, Jamie has scored 18 goals in the Tipperary League — fourteen in youths competition and four in junior, and to top it all, a further four goals for the Killusty side in this famous win in England. His total contribution was 22 goals scored this season.

Killusty soccer club junior team did not win any major honours this year. We were not able to field a settled team and this did not help our cause. We finished mid table in the league. Shay Coen was the junior leading scorer. Our youth team were more successful winning the Tipperary and district league Div 2, beating Galbally in the final in Tipperary. Jamie McCormack was the leading scorer. Shane Aylward was honoured with the Tipperary and district league youths' player of the year award. This award was presented by the referees' association at a function in the Clonmel Arms Hotel. Killusty Youth also went on a weekend trip to Peterborough, England, where they defeated a local

team. This trip was arranged by Bernard Feery, Stephen McCormack and Sean Aylward, and a most enjoyable weekend was had by all. We also ran a very successful Golf Classic at Slievenamon Golf Club.

We would like to thank all our sponsors and supporters for their continued support for the classic and also our weekly lotto. The junior manager this year is Chris Coen, Youths' manager Sean Aylward and Willie O'Meara is the trainer. On the social front, both Tom and Sarah and Mick and Debbie walked down the aisle and we wish them well for the future. In conclusion we would like to wish a happy Christmas and New Year to all at home and abroad. ♦

A long way from Fethard!

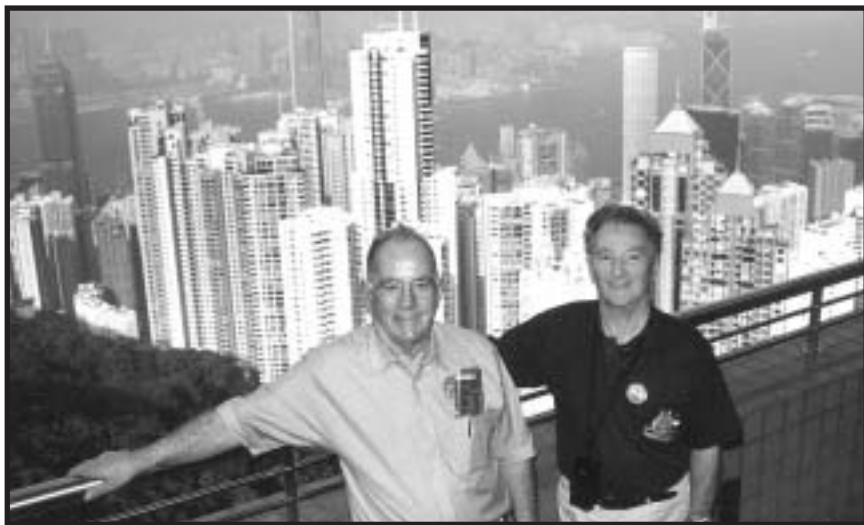
by Pat Shine

It's a long way from Fethard and Cramps Castle. This was a thought most prominent in the minds of my brother, Tom, and myself as we stood on the highest point of Hong Kong. Looking down over this most astonishing city, we discussed it and how it compared with the tallest building we had ever seen when, as boys we grew up in the shadow of Cramps Castle. How huge it seemed to us, and thank God it's still there, having stood the test of time.

Hong Kong? What brought us there in the first place anyway? Well, we were on our way to Australia to our sister, Mary's, wedding. She had been widowed a few years, and was about to marry a wonderful Australian man (also widowed) whom I had met on a previous visit to that country. We decided to break our journey and spend a few days in Hong Kong. It was a wise decision, a good rest after a long

journey. Hong Kong is one of the most exciting places I have ever been to. I had been there previously with my wife, Josie, and it was great to make a return visit. To see again the warm and friendly people living on their Sampans on the great river, as they have done for thousands of years. And at night the lights and colours are mind-blowing! Prior to this trip Tom had not travelled far from home other than numerous visits to London; but the incentive to go to our sister's wedding was enough to spur him on. So he decided to throw caution to the wind and make the trip with me. We arrived in the Far East and after a day's rest we started to explore the delights of the eastern world.

A man devoted to horse racing for most of his life he could only have dreamed of seeing places like Happy Valley Race Course. It was priceless to see the expression on his face as he



Brothers, Tom Shine and Pat Shine in Hong Kong

stood at the finishing post (yes, we actually walked across the course before a security guard came to see what on earth was going on (nobody is allowed on the course). When we explained, he welcomed us and was most helpful and informative, escorting us to the exhibition centre where Tom was able to sit on the jockeys' weighing scales. What a thrill for a racing man! A great experience.

After three days in Hong Kong it was off to Australia. First stop, a week or so with my son Chris and his family in Melbourne. That, of course, was very special for me as we obviously don't see each other very often. Then, on to Adelaide to Mary. This was a fantastic episode of our trip - Mary knew that I had planned to go to her wedding, but she had no idea that Tom was also going. You can only imagine the joyfulness and tears at this great surprise. To say the least, she was a bit overcome!

And of course the wedding was something else. I could write pages about that event alone. If you have never been to an Australian wedding you have missed out big time. They have such a great capacity for enjoyment and of course, the Irish connection adds quite a bit of flavour, oh yes, the gentleman's name is Ted Guerin - good Irish stock.

A big part of the fun in Australia was introducing Tom to people I had met and made friends with on previous visits. They are such an outgoing people and so hospitable.

Another great experience was a visit to Flemington Race Course where the Melbourne Cup is run. We were lucky enough to visit the course on the day that they were holding an 'Irish Day', with music and dancing, and of course,

horse racing. A visit to the Melbourne Museum was another highlight where Tom was able to see and take photographs of the great Australian racehorse, Pharlap, reputed to be the greatest Australian racehorse of all time. This was the real horse. Another great day for a racing man.

When in Melbourne, a visit to the 'Crown Casino' is a must, and even for someone like myself - a non gambler - I found it very exciting. Melbourne is very special to me, not merely because my son Chris lives there. I find it such a varied and vibrant city, it has virtually everything, the very old and the very new, wonderful architecture and lovely parklands.

While in Melbourne I achieved one of my long standing ambitions, and that was to trace one of my long lost boyhood friends. I had last seen him fifty-six years ago in 1947-'48, and had never forgotten him and the friendship we had, and all through the years I had often wondered what had happened to him. The last time we had met I was a telegram boy in Fethard and he was just about to finish school. I asked him what he wanted to be when he left school and he said he wanted to be a priest. As we said goodbye that day I congratulated him on his ambition.

The boy was Joe Walsh from Kilconnell Castle near Coolmoynce. Before going off on my travels I learned that indeed Joe had become a priest in the Augustinian Order and was based in Victoria, Australia. Well, after a number of telephone calls, I tracked him down and what a surprise he got, he couldn't believe that after all these years I managed to find him. As luck would have it, Joe was down in Melbourne for two days on a short



Old friends meet, L to R: Tom Shine, Fr. Joe Walsh OSA and Pat Shine.

break from his parish in Echuca, way up in northern Victoria. After speaking on the phone we arranged to meet, and what a glorious afternoon the three of us spent together. We talked of school-days, bygone days and the pattern of our lives and where they have taken us full circle to this fantastic reunion. Apart from the time with my son and my sister this was the highlight of the whole trip for me.

At the end of our stay in Australia it was time to return and we decided to come home via San Francisco, and of course we had quite a time there. It

was wonderful to go to places which we had only seen on television or on the cinema screen, places like the Golden Gate Bridge, and across the bay to Alcatraz, to take a ride on those world famous tram-cars, and dinner each evening at "Lefty O'Doul's". The "Streets of San Francisco" are every bit as noisy as we have come to know and love through the medium of cinema and television. The police sirens and car chases do actually happen at 2am and 3am on a daily basis. Overall, a trip to remember! ♦

The Coronation Fethard 1838

Excerpt from The Tipperary Free Press Saturday 30th June 1838

Every demonstration of joy which a small town could show was exhibited here on Thursday. In the morning the sweet-toned church bells commenced ringing merry peals; about 12 o'clock the depot of the 58th, under command of Capt. Collins, paraded in the street and fired a Feu-de-joie, and at night every house in the town was illumi-

nated. The officers of the 58th had the Barracks brilliantly lit, the fine front of which appeared to great advantage. The house of the Rev. Archdeacon Laffan was also conspicuous, the beautiful-veranda in front was tastefully lit up; and although the streets were greatly crowded during the night, not the slightest disturbance or annoyance took place. ♦

Fethard Park & Folk Museum



The grounds of the museum are the scene for the weekly car boot sale and collectors market, which is held every Sunday and bank holiday Monday and often brings several hundred people to Fethard: some selling, some buying, others collectors of one type of item who come again and again.

Telecom Call-Cards are still very popular with collectors but appear to be a lot rarer now that mobile phones are used so much. Coins and stamps were much sought after in the early years of the market, but these days they're on the down side of the 'swings and roundabouts' of collecting fads. What we find now is that some people come often to buy bargains, that they eventually take a stall themselves. Many of those who browse in the market take a look around the museum, and it's also open by appointment at

other times of the week.

The folk museum is very popular with school tours, groups of elderly people, ICA groups and historical societies. Young parents coming to see it with their children, often tell the Mullins family that they remember coming as children themselves and are delighted to see it again. Friends and families who live in different parts of Munster, use the market as a meeting place, and have a cup of tea in the bus café to look over their purchases. Romances have blossomed among regulars there, and there's a generally relaxed air as people have time to talk and chat.

The market at the Fethard Park and Folk Museum is open every Sunday and Bank Holiday Mondays, from 11am to 5pm. To visit at other times, call 052-31516. ♦

Greetings from Eldoret

by Paul D. Brennan (Bro.)

Greetings from Eldoret once again and I hope the year is drawing successfully to an end. I'm sure it is a busy time for you as you put together this year's Newsletter.

I was very happy to visit Fethard last year and was delighted to see something in the Newsletter about Kabongo and the Patrician involvement. Of course, I was particularly very gratified to get a wonderful donation of €1,000 from the Abymill Theatre and would like to assure them all that it was very, very much appreciated here.

Our project here, especially the Primary school, is going very well and in January we hope to take in about 60 more children to start them off on the road to a proper education. That will bring the number to approximately 165. As I mentioned last year, practically all of these children come from homes where neither parent is employed and our long term objective is to break this sequence once and for all so that the general standard of living will improve. Consequently, we are somehow dependent on help from elsewhere and up to now our Friends of Kabongo have been very generous

indeed. Many around the world have joined in our "Adopt a Child" scheme whereby €50 will guarantee a child's education in our new Patrician Primary School for one whole year. May God bless each and every one of them abundantly. We are about to start construction of the proposed Dispensary/Clinic and hopefully it will be operational by next July.

My regards to all Newsletter readers and a special word of thanks to all involved with Austie O'Flynn and the Abymill Group. It is likely that I will be in Ireland in June of 2004 and would love, as usual, to meet some Fethard people, maybe some of those who played against Doon CBS in Thurles on that famous day way back in 1963!

I can hardly believe it is very close on 40 years since I left Fethard when posted to our school in Los Angeles! And no sign of retirement yet! I can be contacted by email at this address: **stpats@multitechweb.com** or by post at: The Patrician Primary School, Kabongo, Box 5064, Eldoret, Kenya. God Bless you and all our friends there at the foot of Slievenamon! ♦



Two of our pupils on the 'road' down to our school at Kabongo, Kenya

Fethard Bridge Club

Fethard Bridge Club is now in its 27th year and still going strong. We are fortunate to have the Tirry Centre available for our weekly game, especially since the new extension was opened last year. Our numbers have dropped a little in the last few years, so we would welcome new members and encourage as many as possible to take up the game.

Our president's prize lunch was held in Hotel Minella, on 25th May 2003 and the President's Prize winners were Gemma Burke and Carol Kenny. The Committee Prize was won by Margaret Hackett and Berney Myles. Player of the Year, for which the O'Flynn trophy is presented, was Kay St.. John, and the Club Championship, for which the Hayes trophy is awarded, went to Kay St.. John and Rita Kane.

We played for the free sub for the coming year on 24th September and 1st. October and the winners of the

gross free sub were Margaret Hackett and Berney Myles. Kathleen O'Connell won the nett free sub. On 8th October we held a charity night and donated the proceeds for the evening to South Tipperary Hospice. Our Christmas party was held on 17th December at which our Christmas prizes were presented.

At our AGM on 28th May 2003 the following officers and committee were elected: President: Breda Walsh, Vice President: Kay St.. John, Secretary/PRO: Gemma Burke, Treasurer: Frances Burke, Assistant Treasurer: Anna Cooke; Berney Myles, Teresa Cummins, Marie Delaney, 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 and a prosperous New Year. ♦

Irish Girl Guides

The Irish Girl Guides provide an environment where girls from all backgrounds can grow in self-confidence and develop a variety of life skills in an un-pressurised atmosphere. All the time, emphasis is on fun and making friends and since early 1988, Fethard Girl Guides have been providing the above environment for our members. Presently our weekly meetings are held on Mondays from 7pm to 8pm in the Ballroom. The three units are Ladybirds for 5½ to 7 years old, Brownies for 7 to 10 years old; Guides for 10 ½ to 15 years old.

Besides our weekly meetings, last

year's activities included some area events, 'Gang Show' in Thurles in November, 'Thinking Day' in Cashel in February and a 'Table Quiz' in Thurles in March.

The highlight of the year was the climb of Slievenamon from Kilcash on the last Saturday in April – 69 girls and leaders and one dog, from Cashel, Fethard and Thurles set off in bright sunshine – but April showers and hailstones plus fog hindered the progress, particularly of the younger girls. Only Teresa Hurley from our unit reached the summit. It was a day where the guide motto, 'Be Prepared' was very apt.

This year we are involved with the Samaritan Christmas Child project, packing shoeboxes with goodies for children who are living in poverty or war torn countries. We would like to thank all who supported any of our fund raising activities in the past year, also our leaders Susan O'Meara, Teresa

Hurley, Catherine O'Connell and Judy Doyle and the parents who helped out on occasions. We also thank Mary Gorey, our young leader. So ladies, if you have time to spare you are always welcome to help out and have fun at the same time, contact Judy Doyle 052 31109. Happy Guiding for 2004! ♦



Fethard Girl Guides on Slievenamon April 2003 L to R: Mary Jane Kearney, Fay Manton, Deirdre O'Dwyer, Louise O'Donnell, Jade Patterson and Nicole Looby.

Killusty Church Renovations

Over the year a number of badly needed renovations have taken place in The Church of the Sacred Heart, Killusty. They started with the replacement of the aisle floors and the dry lining of the Sacred Heart aisle. Alterations were also made to the porch and the interior of the church was cleaned and painted. Added to that, we have the new sanctuary lamp and the excellent job completed on the Stations of the Cross.

Our Parish Priest, Fr Tom Breen,

came across a few pieces of paper which might be of interest, particularly to people associated with Killusty church. They were handed to the parish by Dean Lee, now retired, and former Parish Priest of Fethard and Killusty. The papers were found in the belfry of Killusty Church when it was taken down on March 26th, 1936.

The papers tell us that the work commenced on the building of the church in May 1881, a Mr James Newstead, Fermoy being the contractor, and M.A.

Doolan of Dublin the architect. The turret in which the pieces of paper were found was built by Mr James Drysdale of Fethard in May 1882. The amount which the Church cost being close to £2,000. The Most Rev Dr Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, subscribed £120 at the commencement of the work. The church was officially opened in 1882.

The notes were written by a Mr Thomas Meagher teacher of Killusty National School and placed in the turret by James Drysdale on this 3rd day of May 1882. We join with Fr Breen PP. in offering our sincere thanks to Dean Lee for taking good care of the papers and passing them on to the parish. ♦

The times they are a changin'!

Survey of school traffic passing school gates between 3.30pm and 4pm (gates to old Convent Primary School adjacent to Bridge Bar).

The survey taken in 1972 was carried out by Margaret Newport and Eleanor O'Riordan when in 5th Class. The survey in 2003 was carried out by Margaret Newport assisted by Jane Kenny and Mary Jane Kearney who are in 5th class and 4th class respectively.

	1972	2003
<i>Motorcycles:</i>	1	1
<i>Pedestrians:</i>	170	14
<i>Cars:</i>	107	175
<i>Bus:</i>	2	1
<i>Vans:</i>	11	13
<i>Lorries:</i>	7	11
<i>Tractors:</i>	2	0
<i>Bicycles:</i>	9	0
<i>Jeeps:</i>	0	21

Fethard petrol pumps closed

Fethard's oldest petrol pumps were closed and taken down on Tuesday 4th November. Due to new safety regulations, underground petrol tanks adjacent to streets are no longer permitted. The two underground petrol tanks were filled in with concrete and took well over three lorry loads to complete the operation. The garage on Main Street, formerly Whyte's Garage, has now closed and current proprietor,



Kieran Duggan, will now operate his business from his home in Kiltinan. ♦

Faith in depth!

by William Mullins

St.. Patrick is a name to conjure with. His proclamation of the Good News to the Irish people in the late fourth and fifth centuries continues to the present day into the 21st. century in the far flung parts of the world. My good friend - Joe Pilendiram had often spoken to me about the immense formative influence that St.. Patrick's College had on him from the age of seven until he matriculated in the year 1944. Pioneer Irish Missionaries established this St.. Patrick's College in the year 1850. The school celebrated the 150th anniversary three years ago in the year 2000. I had the great pleasure of visiting Sri Lanka, and particularly the Jaffna Diocese in which St.. Patrick's College stands. Joe Pilendiram accompanied me on this visit in early October and we spent four weeks in that picturesque and beautiful part of the island sometimes referred to as the pearl of the Indian Ocean. If one looked at a map of the Indian Continent, one would see the island of Sri Lanka - pear shaped and hanging like an eardrop on an entrancing and enchanting maiden at the southern extremity of India.

One of the places we visited first was St.. Patrick's College - Joe Pilendiram's Alma Mater with the motto: 'Fide et Labore' - how very appropriate 'Faith

and labour'. There in the ample and extensive acreage stood the monument of St.. Patrick's College, an enduring edifice celebrating the faith and labour and toil and tears of those early missionaries who came from Ireland, England, Italy, France and other parts of Europe. A special tribute is due to Fr. Timothy Long who came from County Cork, and the one who



presided over the destinies of this great educational institution from 1921 till 1952. He was not only a local hero to the people in the Jaffna Diocese but a national figure in the field of education, social reforms and the general welfare of the nation as a whole, prior to gaining independence in 1948. He travelled throughout the English speaking world - England, Ireland, Canada, USA, Australia - and built the best resource library in the Jaffna Peninsula if not throughout the country. Such an achievement was only possible by his exuberant vitality, high spirits, his tirelessness, and indeed his dedicated missionary zeal and idealism as a son of St.. Eugene de Mazenod, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. He had his initial education in the Oblate Seminary in Inchicore, gaining his first degree in Ireland and proceeding to Cambridge to complete his masters degree. That outstanding library so patiently and

St.. Patrick's College

laboriously built was carpet-bombed in a moment of insanity by the government forces during the twenty years of civil war. Now that a Memorandum of Understanding (MOU) has been signed by the government and the Tamil Tigers, mediated by the Norwegian government, the Sri Lankan government has come forward to re-build that library. Bishop Savundaranayagam was kind enough to take Joe Pilendiram and me to show us the new building that is being erected. Whether such a new building will restock and replenish such priceless volumes lost in the bombing is a matter for conjecture.

As I entered the premises of St.. Patrick's, I saw the green and gold flag high on a pole fluttering in the wind. There in the centre of the flag was the emblem of the shamrock. As an Irishman, I am not at all ashamed to say that my heart throbbed and I could scarcely suppress my tears. Not too far from the flagpole was a new building arising out of the ground like a phoenix from the ashes. At the invitation of the Bishop of Jaffna - The Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Savundaranayagam, Joe Pilendiram had lived at St.. Patrick's

College while working on needy projects, arising as a result of 20 years of civil war. That was three years ago in the millennium year of 2000. When he was working from St.. Patrick's, it suffered and endured the ravages of the civil war. In fact, the school premises served as a refugee camp for the people fleeing from the coastal regions where the fighting between the opposing forces was the fiercest. When the civil war intensified, the Rev. Fr. Jero Selvanayagam, Vice-Rector of the College and some staff together with my friend Joe Pilendiram, had to be evacuated to a safer place called Manipay.

I was yearning to know how in the midst of such great difficulties, there was a grand new building arising out of the ground. We then made our way quickly to the Rector's Office. The present Rector who rules over this vast institution is Fr. Justin Gnanapragasam who is the seventh in succession after Fr. Timothy Long concluded his rectorship in 1954. Fr. Gnanapragasam invited the Vice Rector, Fr. Jero Selvanayagam to join the company so that they could welcome me as the Irish visitor as well as to extend a cordial

greeting to Joe Pilendiram after an absence of three years. They wondered whether I had any connection with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Inchicore in Dublin. I had to explain that I was born and bred in Fethard in the County of Tipperary. Immediately I mentioned Tipperary, Fr. Rector recalled the first line of that melodious song: "It's a long way to Tipperary". Then we inquired about the new building. It became abundantly clear that our own Irish government led by the Taoiseach Bertie Ahern take all the plaudits. Bishop Savundaranayagam and Fr. Justin Gnanapragasam made an approach in Dublin and the response by the Irish government was swift and decisive. The Irish government has an Embassy in Delhi to take in the whole of India as well as Sri Lanka. There is, however, a Consulate in Colombo. One of the Irish Embassy Officials visited the Jaffna Diocese and an expeditious decision was made to make a very substantial donation to erect a large building in honour of that educational giant - Fr. Timothy Long from Cork whose memory is engraved in the hearts of people in Sri Lanka but now a visible monument to missionary labours in that country.

It seems to me that this magnanimous gesture on the part of Bertie Ahern and his government speaks volumes. William Thackeray wrote in his

Irish Sketch Book: "It is clear that for a stranger the Irish Ways are the pleasantest, for here he is at once made happy and at home." After the four week visit to Sri Lanka, I could pass the same compliment to the Sri Lankans. It is most commendable that a small island in the Atlantic Ocean, approximately 27,000 square miles in area and a population of over 4 million, with a high standard of living is so generous to help a part of the population in the northern part of Sri Lanka and that country by comparison is approximately 25,000 square miles in area but contains a population of well over 18 million people. The twenty years of civil war has certainly left its wounds and scars in the political, social and economical spheres of the people. Bertie Ahern and his government facing complex problems at home are certainly appreciated and admired for the help they are giving to St.. Patrick's College in the Diocese of Jaffna. Sri Lankans are aware that the Irish Taoiseach is striving to bring peace in Northern Ireland, not only co-operating with the British Premier Tony Blair, but also harnessing and coordinating the endeavours of church authorities like Archbishop Sean Brady of Armagh. In a symbolic manner, the help offered by the Irish Government is seen as a step towards peace the Sri Lankans hunger for. ♦

Cholera hits Fethard 1832

Excerpt from The Tipperary Free Press — 7th November 1832

We regret to state that Cholera, has appeared in Fethard. The patriotic parish priest Rev. Mr Laffan was expected in Clonmel today, to announce

the collection of £70 for the tithe martyrs, collected in that town, and would he here were it not for the prevalence of the epidemic in that town. ♦

Fethard & Killusty Community Council

The annual general meeting of Fethard and Killusty Community Council (Fethard & Killusty Muintir Council Ltd.) was held on Tuesday 21st. October, 2003, in the Tirry Community Centre, attended by Tom O'Gorman, representing O'Gorman Brannigan Purtill & Co., Accountants & Registered Auditors, Clonmel.

The board of directors appointed for the coming year are as follows: Joe Kenny (chairman); Jimmy Connolly (treasurer); Edwina Newport (secretary); Marie Murphy (public relations officer); Ger Manton (vice-chairman & Christmas Lighting); Peter Grant (Community Employment Scheme Coordinator); Thelma Griffith (Day Care Centre Delegate); Diana Stokes (Tidy Towns Delegate). Board Members: Liam Hayes, John Barrett; Brian Sheehy; Fr. Tom Breen; and Jimmy Lawrence.

The total income for the year was €120,179 with €65,864 coming from Community Lotto ticket sales and the balance from rent, fundraising and donations. Expenditure, including Lotto prizes and administrative expenses, amounted to €61,196 leaving an operating profit of €59,573 (which includes €590 bank interest received).

The passing of another year gives us an opportunity to highlight the various projects undertaken and accomplished by the Community Council for and on behalf of the people of Fethard and Killusty. The committee began the year carrying a debt of €100,000 (arising from the extension to the Tirry Community Centre and the acquisition of the Convent Hall the previous year). This debt has been cleared within

twelve months - an achievement that was made possible by the tremendous support from the community. The continued support for the Community Lotto on a weekly basis contributed in no small way to the clearing of this debt.

Fethard & Killusty Community Council invited guest speakers to many of their meetings throughout the past year. The information and guidance that these guest-speakers provided has enabled the committee to make strategic decisions to help achieve the long-term objectives for the future development of Fethard. People who contributed included: John Devane - Tipperary Leader Group; Martin Maher - Tipperary County Libraries; Michael Bulfin - Tipperary Institute; Sheila Comerford - South Eastern Health Board; Stephen Fallon - Conservation Officer, South Tipperary County Council; Tess Collins - Tenant Liaison Officer, South Tipperary County Council; Chris Sheehan - South Tipperary Childcare Committee and Barry O'Reilly - Archaeologist, DEHLG, (formerly Dúchas). Fethard & Killusty Community Council would like to record its gratitude to Cllr. John Fahey for attending our meetings and his continuous help and support.

Past supervisor of the Day Care Centre, Sr Christine, was given the honour of cutting the tape at the official opening of the extension to Fethard and District Day Care Centre on Thursday 5th December 2002. The extension was built by the Fethard & Killusty Community Council and was part funded by the South Eastern Health Board. Following the opening, Mass was celebrated at the centre by Fr



Sr Christine is photographed cutting the tape at the official opening of the extension to Fethard and District Day Care Centre on Thursday 5th December 2002. Among those attending were, Joe Nixon FÁS Clonmel, Cllrs John Fahey, Denis Landy and Susan Meagher; past and present members of the Community Council, Fethard FÁS Community Scheme Staff, voluntary workers with the Fethard Meals on Wheels and Day Care Centre and the senior citizens who attend the centre every day.

Tom Breen P.P. Among those attending were, Joe Nixon FÁS Clonmel, Cllrs John Fahey, Denis Landy and Susan Meagher; past and present members of the Community Council, Fethard FÁS Community Scheme Staff, voluntary workers with the Fethard Meals on Wheels and Day Care Centre and the senior citizens who attend the centre every day. Laurence and Rosena Kenny, Centra Foodmarket, kindly sponsored the food and wine reception that followed, for which we were most grateful.

The newly erected Christmas Lights on Main Street, after an absence of many years, and the planting of a permanent Christmas Tree in the Square, have been the source of much favourable comment from both locals and visitors. The Christmas tree, kindly supplied by Coolmore Stud, is a growing permanent fixture. A special

type of Norwegian Fir, there is actually only one other tree of this type in Ireland and that is in Belfast. This year's lighting project has also included Burke Street. The cost of installing and erecting the lights annually is very expensive and the committee would appreciate donations to help defray the huge cost. Donations may be made to Gerard Manton, Main Street, Fethard. It is hoped that this lighting will contribute to the festive season in the town for many years to come.

The committee would like to thank all who supported their Open Day in aid of the Special Olympics Fund and Athlete Campaign on Sunday 13th April. A total of €555 was raised which was added to other fundraising efforts in the town to sponsor four athletes by our community.

Fethard & Killusty Community



Congratulations to Paddy Cooke, St.. Patrick's Place, who won the €10,000 Fethard and Killusty Community Lotto Jackpot on Tuesday 4th November 2003. The winning ticket was sold by his wife Anna, who received the sellers prize of €1,000. Photographed at prize presentation are L to R: Joan O'Donohoe, John Barrett, Paddy Cooke, Jimmy Connolly, Anna Cooke, Thelma Griffith and Marie Murphy.

Council is an umbrella for other committees formed within the town of Fethard and to date have been quite successful in helping and guiding those groups. It is our experience that the most effective way of improving the quality of areas around the town is when each area forms its own Residents' Association. By doing so we can work effectively with those groups, deal with various problems and issues arising for people living in the town. For those living in newer developments in Fethard and not feeling adequately represented by the Community Council, we would recommend that your area form a Residents' Association. During the year we have worked in conjunction with Tess Collins, Tenant Liaison Officer, South Tipperary County Council, to successfully set up new residents' associations in Fethard.

Members of the Fethard & Killusty

Community Council met with Cllr John Fahey, South Tipperary County Council officials Michael Fitzgerald and John Moloney, along with Conservation Officer Stephen Fallon, on Wednesday 25th June, in Fethard, to discuss the future use and renovations needed for the historic Town Hall building. It is hoped that a suitable project can be drawn up that will bring the building back into community use, make it viable, and also attract EU funding for the conservation of the building. In August 2003, James A. O'Connor & Associates, Architects, Blackrock, Co. Dublin prepared a preliminary condition report of the Town Hall, and this was followed by a full architectural inventory and photographic assessment by Dublin Civic Trust, commissioned by South Tipperary County Council. The next stage will be to draw up suitable plans incorporating the findings of the report

and the needs of the community. Employing a quantity surveyor to cost the project will follow this. When this is completed, we will be in a position to apply for funding.

Sheila Comerford from South Tipperary County Childcare Committee attended our meeting on Tuesday 17th June, along with members of the Community Playgroup Committee, and spoke on the possibility of including an all-day childcare facility in the future development of the Convent Hall in Fethard. Sheila had previously viewed the building with committee members and was very impressed with the potential and layout of the building. She also stated that it was a great advantage for the group to have their own building when applying for funding. The committee also met with Mr Chris Sheehan, County Childcare Committee, and Ms Phil Mackey, South Eastern Health Board, on site to discuss the feasibility of opening a full-day Childcare Facility on the premises. We also invited guests from Tipperary Leader and Tipperary Institute, to view the building. The committee have now engaged Paul Keating from Tipperary Institute to undertake a feasibility study that will help determine the best sustainable solution for the development of the premises while also serving community needs.

We would like to thank Jimmy O'Shea, Johnny Burke and their two loyal young helpers, Patrick O'Brien and C.J. Taylor, who worked on opening up the Monroe Walk to pedestrians again. As well as clearing some fallen trees, they have also erected a stile on each end to prevent stray animals from wandering. The Monroe Walk is a very beautiful experience that takes you past

Breen's Bridge and out at Rocklow. Not suitable for buggies or prams. The work was all voluntary and expenses sponsored by Fethard & Killusty Community Council.

Fethard & Killusty Community Council and Day Care Centre would like to thank all who participated and helped make this year's Golf Classic a great success. The winning teams were: 1st., Peter Gough, Paul Kenrick, Philip Ryan and Aaron Kelly (98pts); 2nd, Ben Johnson, Charlie Johnson, Joan Morrissey and Pauline Lucey (96pts); 3rd, John Smyth, James Smyth, Jim Smyth and David Lawton (96pts); 4th, Dave Williams, Tom Halpin, Liam Kennedy and Noel Higgins (94pts); Ladies Longest Drive, Mary Comerford; Gents Longest Drive, John Hurley; Nearest the Pin, Sean Aylward.

From Tuesday 30th September, Fethard & Killusty Community Lotto introduced a new prize of a 'Holiday Break of your Choice' to the value of €1,000. This prize can be won by matching three numbers with a 'bonus number' that is drawn separately each week. We are delighted to say it was 'First Time Lucky' for T.J. Sheehan, Killusty, who won the prize on the first week of its launch. All proceeds of the Community Lotto are used for community projects in the parish. Local Projects supported by the Fethard & Killusty Community Lotto to date include: Fethard Day Care Extension; Purchase of Convent Hall; Hogan Musical Society; Christmas Lights & Christmas Tree; Fethard Foróige Club; Medieval Town Wall Floodlights; Fethard Tidy Towns; Historical Society Medieval Trail; Woodvale Walk Residents Association; Senior Citizens

Club; Fethard & Killusty London Reunion; Trust Foundation, and the Community Sports Field.

Other projects undertaken throughout the year included resurfacing the car park at the Tirry Community Centre; connecting Town Wall flood-lighting to town network supply; participation in the Slieveardagh Tourism Project; and preparation of a submission for Fethard Development Draft Plan 2004.

The Committee would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the excellent work of Joan O'Donohoe, supervisor of the Community Employment Scheme, and her participants, who work tirelessly on a daily

basis to maintain services in the Tirry Centre and in the community; the members of the various sub-committees and voluntary workers who help on an ongoing basis in the Day Care Centre, Meals on Wheels, Community Lotto and Tidy Towns. We would also like to thank all who supported us during the year and a special 'thank-you' to Jonathon Cooney, Tom Fitzgerald and the staff of Tipperary County Council for their help and ongoing cooperation over the past twelve months.

We wish all Newsletter readers a very Happy Christmas, especially to all Fethard and Killusty people living away from home. ♦

Day Care Centre & Meals on Wheels



Musicians playing at the Day Care Centre.

L to R: Janneke van Dommelen, John Pollard and Bert van Dommelen

The Day Care centre is a wonderful facility for our senior citizens, here in Fethard and its surrounds, opening five days a week and twice a week for our neighbours in Killenaule.

It is warm and comfortable, very nicely decorated and fitted out, and most importantly of all, a friendly lively atmosphere with live music every day, very kindly provided by our talented

musicians, Pauline Morrissey (daughter of the late Tom Sheehan of Twilight Serenaders fame), John Pollard, Jimmy Lawrence and sometimes joined by friends from Holland, now living locally, Bert and Janneke van Dommelen.

We have our own minibus driven by Jim Keane providing transport for those who need it. The Community Council are currently organising the purchase of a new 15-seater bus locally, which will be fitted with an electric wheelchair lift. We are expecting delivery before Christmas.

Each day we serve our clients three meals, starting with breakfast from 10am, then a full lunch at midday and afternoon tea before they leave to go home. The average number attending on any one day is 25. The clients chat together, read the daily newspapers provided, enjoy the music, sing-along, and in the afternoon bingo is played. From time to time experts come to talk on interesting subjects such as security in the home. A chiropody service is available on a regular basis at a reduced rate. An exercise regime specially devised for older people is soon to be introduced by supervisor Geraldine McCarthy, and should prove to be very popular.

A 'Friendship Club' was set up between the clients, they sell tickets and hold raffles and with the profits, like to subsidise their outings or buy something for the centre. A bazaar is held at Christmas time, which is a great occasion with lots of goods for sale made by the ladies themselves, such as knitting and crochet. The Day Care Centre is part funded by the South Eastern Health Board together with committee fundraising, such as golf classics, sales, church gate collection

and of course, our generous benefactors.

Our supervisor, Geraldine McCarthy, was appointed just over a year ago, she is very popular lady with all concerned and doing a fine job. She and our bus driver, Jim Keane, are employed by the Day Care Committee. The meals are cooked by the FÁS Community Employment Scheme participants, who are a great bunch of people providing very tasty and nourishing meals, not alone for the Day Care Centre but also for the twenty-two or so recipients of the Meals on Wheels. Meals are cooked and delivered three days per week. This service has been going on in Fethard for more than 40 years! For a town of its size, this must be a record. Voluntary helpers play a big part in the running of both facilities. The volunteers wait on tables for lunch, clear away afterwards, help with general cleaning up and also set up tables. Meals on Wheels are delivered by voluntary drivers who also provide their cars. During school term, they are helped by the transition year pupils from our local secondary school. This in itself is a very useful exercise for these young people who seem to love helping and interacting with the clients and the drivers alike. They also spend time in the centre joining in the sing-along before they go out on delivery.

Unfortunately, a feature of modern day life now is, that it is extremely difficult to recruit volunteers for any voluntary society, so we are blessed to have our loyal people who give of their time, whether it is to play music, work in the dining room and kitchen, or drive their cars, thanks to all concerned. I must mention here our chairperson, Thelma Griffith, who gives hours and

hours of her free time to the centre.

The annual general meeting was held on Thursday 27th March in the Tirry Community Centre. The elected officers for the following year were: Thelma Griffith (chairperson); Carmel Rice (secretary) and Liam Hayes (treasurer). Committee members, Brian O'Donnell, Agnes Evans, Nellie O'Donovan, Joe Kenny, Phil Wyatt,

Marie Murphy, Jimmy Lawrence, Jimmy Connolly, Patsy Lawrence, Megan Sceats, Nora Lawrence and Mary Guilder (both District Nurses). Also attending the meeting were Cllr John Fahey, Joan O'Donohoe (supervisor Fethard & Killusty Community Employment Scheme) and Geraldine McCarthy (supervisor Fethard & District Day Care Centre). ♦

Fethard Tidy Towns

A big thank you to our two FÁS workers Tom Purcell and Martin Bolger; without their hard work, we as a small group, could not have achieved all we have done in the past year. In Tirry Park we had roofs, chimneys and gutters cleaned, and grass and flowerpots kept neat and tidy. We also had the footpaths gravelled. In Woodvale Walk we had thirteen houses painted, which helped make a big difference to the area. Daffodil bulbs have been planted on the approach roads to Fethard. We have also planted flowers in the tubs outside the Abbey grounds and in the window boxes at the Tirry Community Centre. Flowerbeds have also been tendered for under the Sheela na gig at Watergate and on The Green. We have also repaired the picnic area opposite the Town Wall.

One of our main projects during the year was the car park outside the GAA Field. With the cooperation of the County Council, we were able to facilitate a new car park and pathway, which has made a huge difference to the GAA entrance.

After four years' of discussion and promises, we are now delighted to see the automated road sweeper in operation in the town. The sweeper visits the town every Friday and we would ask

homeowners to keep their cars off the road and in their driveways where possible, to smooth the progress of the sweeper. Unfortunately, we have lost the services of our very talented gardener, Jim Allen, who used look after the town's flowerbeds. Jim, an employee of the County Council, works and travels with the new sweeper.

The monthly meetings with the Council are bringing good results and they are very responsive to our suggestions. Joan O'Donohoe, the FÁS supervisor, acts as our secretary at these meetings. A very big thank you to Joan for all her help over the years to the Tidy Towns.

The committee meet every second Tuesday of the month in the Tirry Centre at 8pm. Anyone interested in attending would be more than welcome.

The results of the 2003 Garden Competition are as follows: (1) Knockbrack / Spittlefield / Mockler's Terrace: Martina & Donal Lonergan; (2) The Valley / Watergate: Nora Lawrence; (3) Kerry St.. / Congress Tce. / Red City: Madge & Jimmy Hurley; (4) Cashel Road: Irene & Noel Sharpe; (5) Main St.. / Rocklow Road / Cois Falla: No. 3 Stephanie Moore; (6) Burke St.. / Abbey Road, Mrs. Nora

Harrington; (7) The Green / Barrack St.: Mary Carroll & Chris Mackey; (8) Fr. Tirry Park / Canon Hayes Court: 1St.: Biddy Hannigan / John Tobin; (9) St.. Patrick's Place: 1St.: Kathleen Coen / Annie Ryan; (10) Slievenamon Close: Maura Tynan / Tony Morgan; (11) Strylea / Cedar Grove: Majella &

Eamon Drea; (12) Woodvale Walk: No. 49 1St.: Patricia & Jim O'Meara, 2nd: No 65 Sharon Burke. Best Business Premises: Post Office; Best Baskets: Bill Maher; Best Window Boxes: Esther McCormack; Best Large Garden: Eileen and M.C. Maher; Best overall area: Strylea. ♦



Childrens' chorus group from 'Old King Cole', January 1986. Back L to R: Jennifer Fogarty, Belinda McCormack, Elizabeth Burke, Nicola O'Riordan, Marie Cloonan, Laura Doyle. Middle L to R: Niamh Ryan, Edel Fogarty, Lorraine Treacy, Patricia Purcell, Mia Treacy. Front L to R: Lisa McCormack, Vicki Roche, Patricia Morrissey, Áine Doocey and Olivia Phelan.

Birthday Greetings

Happy birthday wishes to Timmy O'Riordan, Barrack Street, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on February 12th 2003; and to Mamie Morrissey, St. Patrick's Place, who celebrated her 80th birthday on July 24th.

Special greetings to Nelly Shortall, The Valley, who celebrated her 90th birthday in October. The combined talents of the extremely very musical Fitzpatrick family was very much in evidence at her party held at Slievenamon Golf Club.

Community FÁS Scheme by Joan O'Donohoe (supervisor)



Tipperary senior hurling goalkeeper, Brendan Cummins, photographed on a visit to the Community Office with the 'McCarthy Cup'. L to R: Míceál McCormack (vice-chairman South GAA Board), Martin Bolger, Brud Roche, Janet Byrne, Brendan Cummins and John Neagle.

Here we are again nearing the end of another year in the Tirry Community Centre. Things have settled down very well since the opening of the new extension. While it has gotten much busier for the scheme participants with the extra numbers coming to the centre, we do have fantastic facilities to work in. We are lucky to still have our ten participants employed on the scheme. Despite very severe cut-backs within FÁS nationally we were still able to maintain our current workforce. They are, Janet Byrne, Esther Breen, Marie Hannigan, Monica Aherne, Martin Bolger, Michael (Chas) Keane, Patsy Lawrence, Robert O'Riordan, Tom 'Edge & Measure' Purcell and Brud Roche. The participants had a variety of training during the year, which included, health and safety, working with chainsaws, introduction to computers, communications and assertiveness. One of our partici-

pants, Janet Byrne, passed her driving test. Well done Janet!

This year, we are losing Patsy Lawrence after three years on the scheme; we wish him the best for the future. We also said goodbye to Melanie Ryan who worked on the scheme for the past two years. Our future hope for the Community Employment Scheme is that we will be allowed to keep our current number of participants, as they are an integral part of the running of the Tirry Community Centre, Fethard and District Day Care Centre, Tidy Towns, Community Information Office and the Fethard Sports Centre.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and every one for their commitment and hard work throughout the year. I would also like to thank the scheme sponsors, Fethard & Killusty Community Council, and Joe Nixon, FÁS Regional Officer, for their sup-

port through the year. Lastly but certainly not least, the people of Fethard who use our facilities at the Community Office and make working

in the Tirry Centre very enjoyable. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from all of us to everyone at home and away. ♦

A visit from the ‘Cigire’

by Vinny Murphy

There was a rapid transformation within the school as soon as it was announced that the cigire was to pay a visit in a few weeks. He was the school inspector. The very mention of his title was enough to instill fear into the hearts of ten-year-olds. Everybody had heard of the cigire. He was more important, rumour had it, than the headmaster himself. Lots of rumours flew around, the scariest being that if you answered a question wrong for him, you would automatically be “kept back”. He had the power to ensure that you spent an extra year in school. This was the most terrifying thought in a schoolboy’s mind, when school years felt like decades, especially in an era when corporal punishment still existed and the less academic usually got the worst of the beatings. Nobody wanted to

answer a question wrong for the cigire.

Preparations began straight away. Unfortunately, the subjects that interested the cigire most were the same ones which interested the pupils least. More and more of the days were spent learning Irish, which we all hated. The teacher had all the mod cons of the day to aid his teaching methods. These consisted of a board covered in cloth onto which he stuck bits of cardboard, which had pictures of common objects on them. He pointed to those with a stick and we said the name of each in Irish. By the end of the first week we knew the Irish names for mammy (a figure on cardboard that wore a dress), daddy (this figure wore a suit), a cat (a figure with a black and white cat, which for some reason didn’t have another piece of brown coloured card-



Fethard Presentation Convent 1952, L to R: Sister Teresa, Ann Thompson, Kathleen Mackey, Sister ?, Catherine Delaney, Margaret Butler, Connie Grant, Sister Alphonsus and Bernie Myles.

board behind it to represent the mess that our one at home used leave everywhere), a door, a window and a car. That was the easy bit. We then had to learn how to string these words together. By the end of the next week we could say, "Mammy and Daddy are in the car". With a little more effort I'm sure that we could have learned useful Irish phrases for the cigire that we could also have used at home, like, "Mammy isn't talking to Daddy because he kicked the cat out the door after it shit on the floor, and then it got run over by a truck and the kids are all upset". We already knew most of the words.

The prize students were lined up to answer the questions. These were the ones that would be least likely to let the teacher down in front of the cigire. This was practiced every day until it was perfect. Then we got down to some reading in both Irish and English, learning some poetry and, last but not least, learning a song to sing for the cigire. The song was the best part, as it didn't feel like schoolwork at all. The mood in the class soared as soon as the teacher pulled out his guitar. That marked the end of the boring part of the day. The song that we learned in our pre teen soprano voices was 'Country Roads'. Preparations were going just fine.

All too soon, the day of reckoning arrived. There had been a few last minute items to clear up the day before the visit. We were asked not to wear our wellies to school, something that most of us did at the time. The stench in the classroom must have been horrible, but we never noticed it. The headmaster also warned us not to fake an illness. I can't remember what the punishment was if we pretended to be sick, but it was serious enough to ensure that we

all turned up.

I had visions of the man before I ever set eyes on him. None of them were pleasant. The fear grew with each passing day. I half expected him to walk into the class, polish his horns, rip off someone's head, tear his heart out and devour it as a light snack just to let us know that he meant business. I've always had a vivid imagination. Around eleven o'clock, there was a knock on the door. It was him. He walked in and greeted the teacher in Irish. He was tall and old, as all adults are to ten year olds. He wore a hat and glasses and carried a briefcase. He didn't smile. He just sat on the teacher's chair in the corner as we went through our routine. We were playing the game, all hands in the air as the questions were asked, knowing that only the pupils who knew the answers would be picked. And then the cigire stood up. He began to ask the questions. Hands that had previously been flying high in the air were now rising to about ear level, hoping that they wouldn't be picked to give an answer that they didn't know. This happened a few times. The cigire went back to his chair, opened his briefcase and pulled out a notebook. He made a few notes, sat back in his chair and observed. We were sure that he had written the first few names of people that were going to be kept back.

He jumped up a few more times as we went through the various exercises. I was asked to read, in English. He seemed happy with my effort. With only a few minutes to go, all we had left to do was sing the song. Then we could go home to our dinners and when we returned, he'd be gone off to terrorise some other school. We belted the song out with gusto.

"Country roads, take me home to the place I belong, West Virginia, mountain mama . . ."

He congratulated us in Irish. We were safe. He was finished. We could all go home. But then he sprung the last attack. He asked us questions about the song.

"And who wrote that song?" he asked. Nobody knew.

"Where is West Virginia?"

We barely knew where Clonmel was, let alone West Virginia.

"Does anybody know where the Blue Ridge Mountains are?"

He might as well have been looking at a bowl of goldfish as we stood before him with our mouths wide open, filled only with a great silence. "And how about moonshine...anybody know?" Silence all around!

"You should really know these things", he said, looking at the teacher, who was looking a bit uncomfortable at this stage. "Go on off home to your dinner boys."

We charged off home before the other classes were left out. Nobody was told that they were going to be kept back. We had survived the cigire. ♦

Fethard Boy Scout Unit



Braving the elements in March 2003, before hiking to Grove Wood were (Left to right) Eugene Walsh, Tommy Sheehan, David Burke, Ted Barrett, Garreth Lawrence, Orla Lawrence, Tony Myler, Niamh McGrath, Noel O'Brien (Missing from photo cub scout Andrew Maher)

Fethard scouts and their leaders certainly had a busy year in 2003. It was a year memorable for many reasons; the hikes, the weekends and the fun enjoyed by all.

Regional events were plentiful during the year. The quiz was the first regional event of the year and was held in Ardfinnan. Fethard, this year, were hosts to the Regional Orienteering,

which took place at Dundrum International Scout centre. A very successful event for the Fethard lads, who dominated to take the under-16 title. Well done to all the lads, in particular Kieran O'Connell, who was running on his first competitive event. We also took part in the Regional Shield in Parsons Green. Our team consisted of Michael McCarthy PL, Dermot Culligan, Kieran



Cub Scout Garreth Lawrence is welcomed into the Unit, by Unit Leader Robert Phelan as cubs Niamh McGrath and Noel O'Brien look on.

Barrett, Paul McCarthy Declan Doyle and Kieran O'Connell. A weekend was also spent in Melleray Scout Centre where, as is now tradition, the emphasis was on fun, aided no doubt by the late October sunshine.

Many a hike was done during the year also. Old reliable Grove Wood was revisited, and a cycle hike to Redcity Wood proved to be popular with all who attended, the extreme 'blind man's trail' being the highlight, no doubt! Leaders' and scouts' map reading, navigation and endurance skills were put to the test when a fog came down on a hike in the Galtees. Thankfully, all returned home, safe and well. The St. Patrick's Day parade, May and Corpus Christi processions were also attended by scouts and cubs.

One of the better weekends of the year was our troop weekend to Dundrum, where the newly formed cub section had their first experience of sleeping under canvas, alongside their

more experienced scout counterparts. While many activities were combined, the scouts headed for the Galtees on the Saturday. A different route was taken this time, from the Glen of Aherlow side of the Galtees that proved to be a popular choice with all. Also, the weather proved to be less testing than our previous event earlier in the year. Other activities on the weekend included soccer, a night hike, campfire, orienteering and the commando bridge, which was a major success – all in all, a great weekend.

As has been tradition for many years now, the Fethard scouts joined the Clonmel and Ballymac Scouts on their annual camp. This year, Carne beach in Wexford was revisited. If only the weather was as nice as the place! Still, we're a hardy bunch and spirits weren't dampened – our scouts attended for the second week of camp, highlights of which were the visit over the water to the ever popular 'Oakwood' adventure

park and daytrip to Wexford, to name just two.

Training continued this year for two of our leaders – John Cloonan (cubs section leader) and Philip O'Donnell (scout section leader) who attended training in the Dundrum scout hall on the May bank holiday weekend with the national training team.

At the time of going to press, the scout troop is looking forward to the 2003-2004 year of scouting. As always, new members are welcome and equally important, new leaders. Any of the leaders listed below can be contacted

for details of same. Our weekly meeting time is 19:00 in the ballroom.

We would like to thank all who supported us and contributed to our fundraising throughout the year, the '12 Days of Christmas' raffle, our flag day and church gate collection. Finally thanks to all the leaders who give up their time regularly for the scouts: Robert Phelan, Philip O'Donnell, John McCarthy, David Kennedy and John Noonan of the Scout section, and John Cloonan and Olivia Phelan of the cub section. Also, not forgetting our unit treasurer, Mary O'Donnell. ♦

Fethard Cub Unit

Saturday February 1st. 2003 was a historic day in the Fethard Unit as the first female youth members were enrolled, following a recruitment campaign within the schools. The cub pack's activities resumed after an absence of some time with weekly meetings held on Saturday mornings. It wasn't too long before we had our hiking boots on and March 8th was the date for our first hike of the year to

Grove Wood. The rain didn't dampen spirits, as the cubs worked in their sixes building shelters before the fire lighting and sausage cooking skills of 'Lofty' were put to the test. The day got the thumbs up from all.

Weekly meetings moved to Friday nights at 6pm in the Ballroom, with the cubs working on badgework and preparing to be invested. On St.. Patrick's Day we joined the Scouts and



Rachel Prout demonstrates the art of crossing a commando bridge while camping in Dundrum in June.

paraded to Mass in the Parish Church.

The following were invested on Saturday 5th April in Grove Wood: Niamh McGrath, Orla Lawrence, Ted Barrett, Garreth Lawrence, Noel O'Brien, David Burke, Andrew Maher and Eugene Walsh, following months of learning the basic skills of scouting at the weekly meetings. Joan Casey ARC (Scouts) assisted at the ceremony at which Kieran 'Curly' O'Connell was also invested into the scout section.

The Cub Pack were hosts to cub scouts and their leaders from Ardfinnan, Carrick-on-Suir, Clonmel and Kilsheelan for the Regional Hike which took place on Sunday May 25th in Grove Wood. Bases were set up throughout the wood with different challenges completed by all participants. These helped to work up an appetite for the traditional feed of rashers and sausages before finishing up the day with a few campfire songs.

The highlight of the year for the cubs was the Unit's Camping Weekend in Dundrum in June. For all of the cubs it was their first experience camping under canvas. Friday night's activities (after the work was done of course) included games and a night hike in the wood after supper before everyone 'retired' to their respective tents.

Saturday morning and early afternoon was occupied with games and activities around the campsite for the cubs while the scouts headed off to the Galtees for a hike. On their return from the hike, scout leaders 'Stiff' and 'Nugget' prepared a commando bridge in the wood for the cubs. This proved to be very enjoyable and wet for some but worked up an appetite for the tasty barbecue which Bobby, Nugget, Mickey and Dermot had cooked. The traditional campfire took place on Saturday night with Mickey, Kieran and Declan demonstrating their musical talents playing with some non-traditional campfire songs accompanied by a guitar. Our expert scouts gave the cubs an introduction to orienteering on Sunday after Mass. On the way back the scouts stumbled across the commando bridge — one wonders did they actually use the bridge to cross the water at all, judging by their state when they returned to the den. After a quick clean up and a bit to eat it was off home for us, to enjoy a good night's sleep, after an active and memorable weekend's camping.

At the time of writing we are commencing the new scout year's activities with an action packed programme planned, which we hope will be as enjoyable as last years. ♦

Last Year's Crossword Solution

Here is the solution for the Crossword in last year's Newsletter.

We hope you enjoyed it!

ACROSS

1 Market Hill
6 Duty
8 Watergate
11 Mulcote
14 Oil
15 Aon

16 Aim

17 Sea
19 Pie
20 Rocklow
21 Slag
23 Clonmel
26 Rig

28 Everard

29 Mode

DOWN

1 Madams
Bridge
2 Rut

3 Treat

4 Sheila na gig

5 Braose

7 Cramps

8 Won

9 Tea

10 Tie

12 La

13 Cork

18 John

22 Lord

24 Lir

25 Mad

27 ie

Meeting on Main Street

by Joe Dalton



Fethard Brass Band marching on Main Street c.1940s. Front L. to R. - Tom Hickey, Eddie Cummins, Paud Shea, ?, Jim Danagher, Jimmy McNerney, ?, Liam Greene, Joe Dalton, John Sheehan, Mikie Moore, Paddy Dalton, Willie Ryan, ?, Jimmy Shea, Henry Heffernan, Back - Tommy Fitzpatrick, Seamus Greene.

On my recent visit to Fethard on September 16th while walking down Main Street, I bumped into Joe Kenny. During our short conversation Joe asked if I would write a piece for the Christmas Newsletter. Although I'm not a keen letter writer and very poor at spelling, I still thought, why not?

I was born in Redcity in March 1921 and was brought up by my grandmother and grandad. At that time you started school at seven years of age. During my term at school, which was just seven years and not a happy time, instead of learning your lessons, you spent most of the time getting the bamboo cane across your shoulders. After leaving school I spent some time working on the local farms of O'Keeffe's and Delany's.

The next part of my life was more exciting. I joined the Fethard Brass Band, the bandmaster being the very talented Tom Hickey. Band practice

was held in an old shed by the river bridge in Kerry Street (about where the cycle shop is now). I'm not quite sure about the names of all the band members at that time, being sixty years ago, but I do remember Georgie Matthews, Joe Dalton, Paud O'Shea, Jimmy Shea, John Sayers, Jim Boy Danagher, Eddie Butler, Johnny O'Reilly, Billy Mackey, Billy Madden, Billy Ryan, Mick Shea (side drum), Jimmy or Tommy Fitzpatrick (big drum), Henry Heffernan (cymbals and triangle). Most of the band have now passed on and only four that I know of are still alive.

Paud Shea was the life and soul of the band. On occasions he would do a stunt — like when we were marching down to the Abbey — Paud decided to go down Watergate while the rest of the band went down Burke Street. On another occasion, we were returning by train, I think it was from Tramore, Paud

was so drunk that he left his instrument on the train, and it ended up in Thurles; it took a week to get it back.

Fethard at that time was a fairly lively place; we had dances in the Town Hall with the famous Twilight Serenaders. We also had the 'four-penny-hop' in the old school house in Barrack Street. Leo Meagher provided the music, assisted by Tom Kelly on banjo and myself on drums.

Set dancing was the favourite dance and after the sets were finished you could not see yourself with dust. It was like being in a desert storm. They were good old days

Back in the thirties when a mission was on in the parish church, I remember the Main Street lined with bicycles from the bridge to the Town Hall. One of our favourite stunts was to nick a bike while 'The Mission' was on and go for a ride out the Cashel Road. I

remember one night, four or five of us coming down the Station Hill (we were racing of course), three or four of us got tangled up and there were bodies and bicycles scattered over the road. The biggest problem was getting the bikes back to the Main Street without being spotted.

I would like to thank a few people for their generosity while I was in Fethard. Paddy Lonergan and his good wife Ann, Paddy O'Reilly and Pat, and also my very good friend Gus Cummins who let us have his house in Fethard for two weeks. Thank you all and best wishes and a happy Christmas to all who know me. And don't forget, if there are any Fethard people living in England who would like to ring me for a chat, my phone number is Peterborough 01733 567090 and my address is, 80 Lawson Avenue, Peterborough Cambs, PE2-8QD. ♦



The Melody Makers c.1930 (Joe Kelly Napiers Mouth-Organ Band) Back: L to R Jimmy Ryan, Bansha Dwyer, Joe Kelly Napier, Jimmy Fitzpatrick. Front: John Sheehan, Eddie 'Goll' Butler, Georgie Mathews and Christy Mathews. The band used play at the Schoolhouse (Barrack Street) and for Garden Parties at The Rectory. The rosettes were won at an 'Arts and Crafts Show' organised by Mrs Hughes and Ms D'eat.

Parents' Association

by Catherine McGrath

The 2003 school year is swiftly moving over. Excellent leaving and senior cert results brought the year off to a very nice start. Our new first years and parents attended the entrance exam and were made very welcome. The students are now well settled in. The first year students have recently taken part in a sponsored walk. A fun walk was had by all.

The Fethard Patrician Presentation awards ceremony 2003/2004, was held on October 24th. Invited guests, teach-

ers, parents and pupils had a very enjoyable morning. The Lourdes fund raising table-quiz took place in the school on the night of November 11th. Over thirty tables played with quite an equal number of pupils and adult tables. Nice prizes and refreshments were had by all.

The Christmas raffles and prizes are now being organised. There is also a lot of work being done at the moment on the drugs abuse policy which has almost neared completion. ♦

Fethard Judo Club

Fethard judo club has had a very good year. It started off in January with Richard Gorey competing in the under-16s international judo championships in Wales and returning with a bronze medal for Ireland. In July Richard was selected to represent Ireland in the 2003 European Youth Olympics, in Paris, France. At only 14 years of age this was a wonderful achievement.

The following club members qualified for the Munster Community Games Finals: Aobh and Padraig O'Shea, The Valley; Lorraine and Samantha Feery, Killusty; Gary Bradshaw, The Green; Emma Walsh, Main Street; Katie Coen, Killusty; Cathal and Richard Gorey, Moanbeg. Other club members taking part and representing other areas were: Stephanie Lawrence, Clerihan; Orla and Niall O'Donnell, Cahir; John O'Brien, Clonmel. We had three winners and six seconds. Winners were: Padraig O'Shea, Lorraine Feery and Richard Gorey. Runners up were:

Gary Bradshaw, Emma Walsh, Aobh O'Shea, Katie Coen, Samantha Feery, Cathal Gorey. Other successful members were Niall O'Donnell and Stephanie Lawrence who will represent Cahir and Clerihan. Orla O'Donnell (Cahir) was second. Well done to Eric O'Donnell and the club who never come home empty handed. Thanks also to Patricia Bradshaw and Josephine O'Donnell who officiated at the games.

We had great success at the Community Games National Finals in Mosney, coming home with five gold medals. First to win was Padraig O'Shea in under 30kg, followed by Niall O'Donnell in under 35kg with a brilliant display of judo skill to claim gold. Next up was Richard Gorey in the open event, winning another gold medal. It was our ladies turn next. Lorraine Feery was first on the mat showing great fighting spirit and winning our fourth gold medal. Last but not least was Stephanie Lawrence to win our final gold medal of the week-



Judo Club presentations to members at a social in the Fethard Arms on 19th July 2003. L to R: Samantha Feery (most improved girl in 2003), Eric O'Donnell (head coach), Richard Gorey (best judo player 2003), Josephine O'Donnell (coach) and Padraig O'Shea (most improved boy 2003).

end. This was a great achievement for the Fethard club.

The club was also very well represented in the Mini-Mons Competition at which Lorraine Feery won gold, with Emma Walsh, Aobh O'Shea, Hannah Stapleton, Sophie Meehan, Ben Walsh, Gary Bradshaw, John O'Brien, Alan Sutcliffe, also bringing home silverware. The club travelled to Maynooth and Dublin where Orla O'Donnell, Niall O'Donnell, Martin O'Donnell, Stephanie Lawrence, Richard Gorey, Cathal Gorey, Padraig O'Shea, Samantha Feery, Lorraine Feery, Tom Woodlock, Alan Brannigan and Jake Walsh all brought home medals. The last competition was the North West Open which was held in Derry with Padraig O'Shea winning gold, Orla O'Donnell winning silver, Samantha Feery bronze, Richard Gorey bronze, Alan Brannigan silver, Jake Walsh bronze, Stephanie Lawrence silver, D.J.

Gorey gold, Martin O'Donnell silver, Roy Gorey winning two medals having fought fantastic fights, Grace Maher bronze, and Liam Halley gold. Niall O'Donnell showed great skill on the day but was unlucky not to win. Tom Woodlock had to fight 3kgs above his weight and demonstrated some fine judo. Cathal Gorey was in a winning position when he unfortunately fell and broke his collar bone. Cathal was fighting brilliantly at the time and was very unlucky to have the match pulled up.

Our thanks goes to Eric O'Donnell for his dedication to the club and the support of Josephine O'Donnell who has just received her black belt. Training takes place in the Town Hall every Friday and Saturday night. The club members also travel to National Squad and Munster Squad training sessions. We wish all our members a very Happy Christmas and look forward to another successful year in 2004. ♦

Poetry

The Fethard Fifties

by John Joe Keane

*Money was scarce
Neighbours were good
Jobs were few
Humbly religion withstood*

*Horses and carts were many
Women made do with little
Christmas dinner was uncanny
Crowds at matches in fine fettle*

*A short cut down the back lane
Ding dong on the Green
Tar bubbling on the street
Slaps in school from a cane*

*Cow dung, deals on a fair day
Starch, corduroy britches, hobnail boots
Carnivals fancy dress parade
The hunt leaving Sparagoleigh*

*Zam Buc, Pegg's legs, warble fly
Arms in a bath of suds
A stud for the shirt collar
Dripping on the spuds*

*Water from the judy by bucket
On the bed a top coat
The last of the Dúdin, half door and shawl
Everyone in the same boat*

*Along came the electric light
The buck rake and the sliced pan
A piece of cake at visiting time
Big was the GAA ban*

*Rabbits in abundance
Orchards laden with fruit
The suit for special occasions
A patch in the Wellington boot.*

Memories

by John Joe Keane

*Thinking of the people
Who lived, loved, won or lost.
The nature of the environment,
The times and the cost*

*Big Lou a man of talent
Dan Heaney for the pun,
Tom Miles with the basket
Mrs Byard for a bun*

*Tommy Carey replaying great matches
Johnny Leahy for wit
Paddy McDonnell of the good counter
With Jack Leahy in the sun we did sit*

*Jack Shea while u wait
Nell and Beatty for a jar
Arthur Eustace of the bakery
Jack Flynn's old motor car.*



Tramore Beach

I never saw you looking better!

by Pat Tynan

It's been a funny old year, some joy, much sorrow, like the weather you never know what's coming next. I seem to be using the expression, "the world's gone mad" a little more than I used to, then again, it has gone mad!

As I reach my fifty-fifth year I am a long time gone from Tipperary – 1957 my year of departure. The train from Farnaleen my means of transport, taking me, as the locals around Moyglass liked to say back then, "to a better life in England. What is there here for you?"

How true it is I don't know, but in the Thames Valley to the West of London not so long ago, there were over twenty-one thousand Irish passport holders. Today it's somewhere around ten thousand. The Irish have returned home in their droves, to a better life in Ireland.

In February last year my stepfather, an exile of some fifty years, fell victim to mesothelioma, a cancer induced by asbestos which was probably absorbed into his lungs at sometime during his early working life. We all searched our memories to see if we could trace the point in time when he could have been exposed to such a lethal dosage. Did it happen when he worked for the farmers, the mines, ESB, Bord Na Mona, CIE, London Transport, the railways or

the post office? Could it possibly have been when as a very young man he worked for his uncle in Moyglass, building schools.

Like many Irish men who left the Fethard and Killenaule district he accepted almost without question any work that he could lay his hands on to make ends meet. His wages were never

his own as he always sent money home to his mother and father in Cattaganstown; brothers and sisters were not forgotten either. He was the eldest of nine children although he always maintained there were thirteen; I could only assume that some did not make it. As one of his sisters recalled at her brother's graveside,

"Tommy was very much the little man of the house, sure he kept us all going."

There were countless tales of good deeds concerning those early pay days. Upon receipt the money was divided up and shared out. It was these pennies coming into Ireland from the UK and America that helped to build today's Ireland. The financial help that these emigrants gave so freely enabled other members of the family to leave and make a living elsewhere.

It was also a great comfort to those who remained at home providing them with the occasional luxury, but mostly essentials.



*Tommy Tynan with his wife Angela Tynan
(nee Neville, Moyglass)*

Back then health and safety were two separate words; health was something you had or did not have, and safety was a word you often saw on the side of razor blades.

My stepfather told me some stories of the work he did in Ireland, England, and the distances he travelled to find it. Little attention was given to safety when you followed the coal seam and received your pay by the amount you mined. Piece work often led to dangerous short cuts. It was probably work of this or a similar nature that exposed him to asbestos; his reward would be to die in great pain and distress from the poison that entered his body as a young man. Not once did he complain of his fate; his only response to the pain, "If it's God's will let it be", uttered to his good friend Fr Danny Horan and the indomitable Sister Francis, the ward sister from Roscrea. As the nurses liked to speak of him, "he's not a complainer." Staff Nurse Mary once said, "where has he been, he's so unspoilt?" The fact was, in Mary's eyes he was like her own Irish father and she treated him as if he was one of her own.

Today the people of his era, in recognition for their work at home prior to leaving Ireland are entitled to some pensionable rights from the Irish State. The state in turn frustrates its elderly exiles by asking them to provide evidence of paying stamps (social insurance contributions) as proof that they toiled for at least five years for their country. Stamps back then, certainly in rural areas, were items you found on envelopes, and well the Irish State knows it. Much of its own dirty work was carried out by casual labourers, hired on a dry day, fired on a wet day, not a stamp in sight except for the man

doing the hiring and firing.

To add insult to injury the government then takes so long to deal with the exiled pensioners applications that many die before their claims are dealt with. The very people the state should make a special case for are consigned to a paper queue. Those at the back of the queue pass away, and those at the front don't live long enough to enjoy any reward for the fruits of their labour. Many, who are in financial hardship and could do with the help, have no knowledge of their entitlement.

Little did those souls know who first sat down to put together "The History & Folklore of Killenaule & Moyglass" that a copy of the book would eventually make its way to the Nightingale Ward of the Whittington Hospital in Highgate, North London, and become a great comfort to a dying man.

As Neddy Brennan, chairman of the Killenaule & Moyglass Community History Committee, described in the book's opening page, "It's a book put together as a labour of love." How fitting then that it should be part of a local man's last days, the love returned, unconditional love, the best kind.

For nineteen nights I visited my step father taking up my watch, allowing my mother and sisters to retire exhausted from their daily bedside vigil.

To put down the time when he could muster the strength, we would browse the pages of this well thumbed book recalling our days in Tipperary, and in particular the summer holidays when each year we returned from England.

As we turned the pages we saw places and faces he knew well, churches, townlands, castles and rivers but most of all the people, many of whom were his contemporaries. There was

even a picture of himself on page 211, front row of the Killenaule Senior Hurling Team 1941, jet black hair – the original Brylcream boy.

He was very proud of each and every one of the Killenaule team, tracing their game and the positions they played; on reaching his own part of the story it was always the same tale, “sure I was never much use.”

This 1941 picture of the Killenaule team always caused much amusement as the Tipperary Star had carried a copy of the same picture some years earlier with the words Tommy Tynan (RIP). He was well aware that at that time he was one of the few remaining survivors of the team, but not quiet dead. On a visit to Killenaule some years before the picture had appeared in the Tipperary Star he had set up a bet with one of the survivors as to who would outlast the other. I wonder who won the bet.

Much of our reminiscing centered on the summer holidays in Woodhouse and up in Cattaganstown, particularly the long summer evenings. “Do you remember during the summer holidays, hurling in Woodhouse with Bill Prout the postman, Eamon Cummins, John Cummins, Tom Cummins, Hugo Brown and John Lacey. “Prout was wicked fast,” he recalled, “he could strike a ball too.” And so he could, Bill Prout was a hardy

man, he always stopped off at Woodhouse for the tea and a chat and if it was on the table a spot of dinner.

On the morning of Tuesday 26th February 2002 this son of Killenaule, Co Tipperary took his last breath. The journey that started from Cattaganstown, probably accompanied

by a little brown suitcase held together with an old trouser belt was now finally completed. Every Irish man coming out of Paddington Station in the fifty's, seemed to have an old brown suitcase like that, as they headed off for digs and employment on the buildings, the roads or the many factories throughout England.

And so it was that we all gathered at the church of St. John the Evangelist in Duncan Terrace London on the evening of Tuesday 12 March to receive the coffin into a church where the Irish from our area have worshiped down through the years. Many made the trip over from Tipperary.

The mass cards and wreaths flooded in, phone calls and letters from all over Tipperary and the UK in acknowledgement of this Killenaule man, for that is what he was through and through. His spiritual home was and always will be Cattaganstown, Killenaule, a place he came to live in at the age of three. Although most of his adult life was spent in and around Islington and Highbury he never forgot his Irish



This picture of Bill Prout was taken with an old box camera c.1960.. The location is the acre at what was then Jim Neville's house in Woodhouse, Fethard.

roots. Throughout the years he, like so many of his time, always returned to his townland. It was from this base that he would set out to visit the friends and neighbours that he knew from long ago. He would hold court in Burke's Bar in Fethard and Foley's in Killenaule. A walk through Fethard or Killenaule could take forever as he met and greeted old friends.

Down through the years we received numerous gifts from relatives and friends in Ireland. In the fifties and early sixties it used to be the boxes of shamrock for St. Patrick's Day. The Nationalist or Tipperary Star would in turn be folded into a small square and bound with twine and sent off to England on a regular basis.

Then came the little Moyglass Newsletter and later on we received the more ambitious and most excellent Fethard & Killusty Newsletter. All of these would be read from cover to cover by my stepfather. They represented a little piece of home, portable and personal, each story like a mirror of his own life.

On Wednesday 13 March following a funeral mass attended by one of the biggest crowds the church of St. John the Evangelist had seen in recent times,

Tommy Tynan crossed London for the last time; his final stop would be Finchley cemetery in North London. Buried in a particular pleasant spot, all around him are the gravestones of fellow country men and women – Duggan, McGillicuddy, Killeen, McCarthy, Ryan, O'Brien, and Burke.

Like him all of a generation that had to leave their homeland.

Who would have thought that a book prepared by locals would bring moments of great comfort to a dying man, many years after it was first published and such along way from home. The Fethard & Killusty Newsletter will I am sure bring much the same comfort to many around the world who receive it each year. A little piece of home, compiled by local folk, giving up their stories and in turn revealing their life

and the life of their area for all to see

A generation of people who shaped our lives and in turn our country are passing on now in great numbers, we will never see their like again. Perhaps you like me have lost a family member who helped shape your life; I dedicate this article to all those men and women from our area who did just that and in particular Tommy Tynan. ♦



Woodhouse Hurlers

Back L to R: Pat Tynan (aka Sonnie Neville), Hugo Brown, John Lacey. Front L to R: Eamon Cummins, Tom Cummins and John Cummins.

Old Father Lynch

He was stooped and frail with skin the colour of putty, which hung on his face in loose folds. He was in residence at The Abbey in the early 40s and was known to us altar servers as "Old Father Lynch". It is not at all certain that he was old but he certainly was very sick.

Daily Masses were celebrated at 7:30 and 8am and, on the rare mornings that he could drag himself out of bed and through the slow, painful walk from the old residence, he would appear at the church just as the eight o'clock Mass was finishing.

Nobody was keen on serving eight o'clock Mass since it was difficult to get to school on time. My parents had pronounced the edict: "You will never leave a priest without a server" and, despite all entreaties, there was no exception to this rule. Newly-arrived Patrician Brothers had no more success with them than I did.

When "Fr. Lynch" appeared about 8:20am I found that I was the only altar server in sight. Since, due to his physical condition, he could not negotiate the steps of the main altar he celebrated Mass in Our Lady's Chapel. When they saw him appear, the old women who had attended the eight o'clock Mass all moved over to stay for this Mass. They recognised something in him that it took me considerably longer to recognise.

He started in front of the one small step to the altar: "Introibo ad altare Dei...". Each word was spoken clearly and reverently. And so the rest of the Mass went. He was totally oblivious to his surroundings, completely lost in the ritual, the words of the Mass dropping

like precious pearls from his lips. He often needed to pause in order to gather his strength so that he could carry on. Terribly frail and sick though he was, in his intense worship of God he was more alive than I have ever seen a man to be. In a time when Mass was said in about twenty minutes, he often took more than an hour to perform this wonderful act of adoration.

As I became more accustomed to serving his Mass, my railing impatience changed to wonder as I came to see what the simple, wise old women had seen from the start: a man totally in love with his God.

He was not long with us. He moved elsewhere, presumably to a health care facility.

I have travelled far since those days and have had many memorable experiences but serving Mass for "Old Father Lynch" in a miserably damp and cold church has had, and continues to have, a most profound effect on my life.

I look forward to seeing "Old Father Lynch" again but he probably will not see me, he will be lost in the all-consuming worship of his Heavenly Father.

(Note: It was in 1996 that Father Twomey was able to tell me that his name was really Fr. Clinch?) ♦

NEW RESTAURANT

Best of luck to popular young local couple, John and Rosanne Carroll (Flanagan), who opened a Chinese Restaurant at Loneragan's Bar, The Square, on 19th August. John and Rosanne will provide a first class service of lunch and evening meals. Tel: 052 32914

Fethard & District Credit Union

Another year has gone into history and we at Fethard & District Credit Union greet you, far and near, through the annual newsletter. It has been a busy year, and as I write, our new financial year has just commenced. With European interest rates at an all time low we offered a very respectable dividend last year of 3% on shares. Credit Unions are indeed 'the heart of our community' and we encourage new people to join.

The Credit Union Quiz organised for primary schools was held in the Ballroom in January. It was very well attended and the winning team were from our local boy's school, St.. Patrick's National School.

April was the month of the biennial General Meeting, hosted this year by

our own Chapter 10. Each credit union in the chapter had to supply personnel for the weekend, which was held in Waterford Institute Technology (WIT). Marian Gilpin volunteered and acted as teller and Jonathan Gilpin volunteered and acted as steward. Catherine Healy and Angela Dillon-White were our delegates.

Unfortunately during the year, Angela Dillon-White retired from the Board of Directors. She gave dedicated voluntary service for a long number of years, and we thank her most sincerely for her contribution to our local Credit Union

The Annual General Meeting will shortly approach us on 16th December 2003 and we hope and anticipate a good attendance. ♦

Fethard Athletic Club

The 2002/2003 season has been a hallmark one for Fethard Athletic Club as, after many years, the club has finally secured a venue for training and storing equipment. This venue is Fethard's new Community Sports Field on the Killenaule road, which is available for the use of all interested sports organisations in the area. The Community Sports Field Committee is chaired by Fr. Tom Breen and has representatives from the GAA, Rugby Club, Community Games, Coolmore and Fethard Athletic Club.

Club activities revolve around our weekly training sessions, which take

place on Mondays and Wednesdays from 4.15pm to 5pm. Fun and participation are emphasised by the club coaches, who aim to strike a balance between hard work and enjoyment. The club welcomed three new members to our coaching staff in 2003, Cora Stapleton, Rose Heffernan and Jacqui Stokes.

On the competitive front, Fethard AC provided three county cross-country champions and two on the track. Gregory Henry (u/9), John Lalor (u/11), and



Pat Heffernan, Fethard A.C.

Mary Gleeson (u/13) were cross-country gold medal winners, while Michelle Ryall was u/11 200m champion and the versatile John Lalor was u/11 65m hurdles champion. In team events, Fethard boys u/12 were county cross country champions and Munster bronze medallists. Our u/12 and u/14 cross country relay teams were also county champions. Winners of the club's annual athlete of the year awards were Darragh Dwyer and Aoife O'Gorman. These awards are presented to children who, through determination, discipline and hard work, achieve their potential in competition and training.

On the senior scene, Pat Heffernan had an excellent road-racing season, compiling many wins and placings in top races throughout the country, the highlights being his win in the County Senior 10K and his marvellous victory

in the M40 category of the National Half Marathon Championships. Club public relations officer, Fintan Rice, also had a fine season, winning the county intermediate road race, while chairman Miceál McCormack won a plethora of medals in M55 field events at county and provincial levels.

Other activities organised during the year included our hugely enjoyable Christmas party, which incorporated a table quiz and a very successful sports evening. Our annual sponsored walk was forfeited this year to accommodate the Community Sports Field walk which took place in June.

Club officers: Dick Cummins (president), Miceál McCormack (chairman), Carmel Condon (vice-chairman), Mary Trehy (secretary), Laura Lyons (treasurer) and Fintan Rice (public relations officer). ♦



Joe Ahearn is offering €25 to anyone who can name the boys at the Fethard Carnival 'Shooting Gallery'. They must have got away without paying!

Fethard GAA Club

by Nollaig O Broin



Junior A Football Team, South Champions 2003. Back L to R: Johnny Neville, Paul Kenrick, Michael 'Buddy' Fitzgerald, Chris Coen, Eoin Doyle, Shane Walsh, Diarmuid Bourke, Philly Blake, Tommy Sheehan, Jamie McCormack, John Noonan, Shay Coen, John Hurley. Front L to R: Philly Prout, Ian Kenrick, Kenneth O'Donnell, Brendan Brett, Shay Ryan (captain), Colm Coen, Paul Hackett, Ronan Maher, Shane Aylward, Martin Coen, Garreth Byrne, and Martin Ryan. Mascot in front is Luke Coen.

At under-21 and minor level, 2003 was a very lean time with no success for our club. At senior football, we made our exit at both semifinal stages in the South and County Championships to Moyle Rovers and Cahir respectfully. We still have to play the county league final against Aherlow before the year ends.

Our Junior A footballers won the South final (Fr John Egan Cup) on a scoreline, Fethard 2-11, Ballingarry 1-12, and we are still involved at county level. The team was: Ronan Maher, Chris Coen, Diarmuid Burke, Philly Blake, Ian Kenrick, Shane Walsh, Jamie McCormack, Eoin Doyle, Colm Coen, Shay Ryan (capt), Martin Coen, Brendan Brett, Tommy Sheehan, Shay Coen, John Noonan. Subs were: Michael (Buddy) Fitzgerald, Shane Aylward, Garreth Byrne, Kenneth O'Donnell, Paul Hackett, John Hurley and Paul Kenrick. Michael (Buddy)

Fitzgerald played in goal up to the final (injured). He won his first south senior medal in goal in 1980 and again in 2003, a south junior medal in goal, and very rarely played in goal in the 23 years between.

The 2003 intermediate hurling south final ended in a draw on 26 October 2003, on a scoreline, Fethard 1-11, Ballybacon 1-11, with replay still to come. The County Championship is in progress and our achievements are still in the balance. We are striving for two divisional titles in a row in this grade, as we have never achieved it so far.

Our county representatives during the year were: Damien Byrne and Aiden Fitzgerald (Senior Football); Brian Coen and Michael Dillon (Under 21 Football); Paul Fitzgerald and Micéal Spillane (Junior Football).

Congratulations to Gus Fitzgerald on becoming Chairman County Board Draw Committee. Club Officers for

the current year were, Mick Aherne, Prospect (chairman); Noel Byrne, Killusty (secretary); Nicky O'Shea, Tullow (treasurer).

Gaels who went to their eternal

reward during the past twelve months include: Cly Mullins, Nobby Hayes, Derek Wall, Mick Quinlan and John Burke. Go Ndeanai Dhia Trocaire ar an ainm. ♦



Photographed with the Jerome O'Dwyer Cup in 2002 are L to R: Frank Coffey, Jimmy Hickey, Dick Wall and Joe Aherne.

A Normandy visit

by Matthew Hayes, Bath

A month ago I found myself standing in a church in Normandy on a wet and cold autumn day. The church was St. Stephen's in Caen, once the Abbaye St. Etienne. I was reading the inscription on a tombstone set in the floor of the sanctuary. I imagined this to be the burial place of some important church personage. It was that of a very important person indeed, but not a churchman. The inscription was in Latin and it read that here lies William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy and King of England. Died 9th September 1087. This was William's own church, as we shall see. Then it was a Benedictine Abbey and its first Abbot was Lanfranc, who later became a notable Archbishop of Canterbury.

A long train of thought set in; day-

dreams I suppose. My thoughts took me by devious ways to my home town. You may well wonder what all this could possibly have to do with Fethard. Nothing indeed directly. But thoughts, musings, do not necessarily go in straight lines, so the Norman Conquest came to the fore. William invaded and conquered England in October 1066 with the Battle of Hastings. He never crossed the Irish Sea and I'm not sure if he ventured into Wales. But Ireland did have a Norman Conquest under Strongbow a century or so later.

The Irish conquest had a direct connection with William. His granddaughter, Matilda, the uncrowned Queen of England, was mother of Henry Plantagenet, who reigned as Henry II from 1154 to 1189. He

believed he had the overlordship of Ireland, with the blessing of the English Pope, Hadrian IV. On the strength of this, Henry was invited there by the dispossessed King of Leinster, Dermot MacMorrough. Henry's support did not materialise, but Strongbow's did. He, Richard FitzGilbert, Earl of Pembroke, invaded and captured Waterford in 1171. It is said he married Dermot's daughter in Reginald's Tower in that city.

My musings at William's tomb took a fresh and interesting turn at the thought of Reginald's Tower. It stands on the banks of the Suir and upriver is Carrick and its Ormond Castle; and the Butlers and Kilcash; Slievenamon and so to Fethard. I wondered if the many castle remains in Fethard parish had Norman connections? Carrigeen, Rathcoole, Knockelly, Kiltinan, Tullamaine, to name but a few?

Falaise in central Normandy was the birthplace of the Conqueror. He was the younger son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, who fell in love with a beautiful maiden, Arlette. It was a passing romance and she had his child, who became known as William the Bastard. They weren't too squeamish about names in those days. Robert, his father, died whilst on a pilgrimage, aged 27 years. Young William succeeded to the Dukedom in 1035. He had to fight for his inheritance as there was another claimant, his cousin Guy of Brionne. They eventually had to fight it out, in William's favour. He then became a soldier and had the reputation of being ruthless and brave.

William's authority increased with his marriage to Matilda in 1053. She was daughter of the Count of Flanders and a distant cousin. This displeased

the Pope and made William unhappy. In reparation he and Matilda had two large abbeys built in Caen, one for men, St. Stephen's; the other for women, Holy Trinity. Benedictine monks and nuns were to form communities and thrived there until the Revolution. As mentioned above, William is buried in the men's abbey; his wife Matilda in the chancel of Holy Trinity Abbey. The monastery and the convent no longer function as religious houses. St. Stephen's is now the Town Hall and Municipal Offices. The town is dominated by a large fortress, which was the Duke's chateau. It is one of the first of Normandy's stone castles.

The parish church is St. Peter's in the town centre, built between 13th and 16th centuries. Like most of the town, it is built in local limestone, the famous Caen stone. The church has an elegant tower and spire, which were hit and destroyed by shelling from the harbour of Ouistreham by British navy in 1944; the town also was destroyed by bombing during the Battle of Normandy, June and July of that year. The west front of St. Peter's still bears the scars; two bombed arches left standing tell the tale. Caen is now a thriving city with a University. Like Bath, it profited from its vast quarries. Caen Stone is used all over Europe. Here in Bath our quarries are world famous as well. Bath Stone is softer and more porous. We are proud that the sanctuary steps in the refurbished Thurles Cathedral are of polished Bath Stone.

Another town visited was St.-Lo, to the west of Caen and nearer to Bayeux where I stayed. This lovely walled town, dating back to 6th century, suffered terribly from aerial bombing by British and American planes during

1944. It became known as the Capital of Ruins. It was rebuilt and is now a pleasant modern town with restored wall, ramparts and towers, overlooking the River Vire. It is noted for its famous stud, the largest in Europe. The church of Notre Dame, 13th century, still has its twin tow-



A section of the world-famous Bayeux Tapestry

ers shored up as a witness to the intensive bombing of '44. The town was then the administrative centre of the German occupation.

St.-Lo is famous for another reason – statues of the Unicorn, the mythical beast with a goat's beard, cloven hooves and spiralled horn from its forehead. In the Middle Ages unicorns were seen as shy and wary beasts, embodying purity and morality, symbolising Our Lady, to whom the townspeople have special devotion. The unicorn features on the town's coat of arms. There is a village a few miles north of Bath called Newton St. Loe. I believe there is

some connection.

The City of Bayeux was the first French town to be liberated, 7th June 1944. Fortunately it was spared during the war, largely because it houses the

world-famous Bayeux Tapestry, which must be priceless.

It is believed it was embroi-

dered in England by the Bishop of Bayeux to adorn the sanctuary of his cathedral which had just been built. The embroidery is in coloured wool on linen; 19 inches wide and 200 feet long. It was commissioned soon after the Conquest and shows in great detail the whole story of the Conquest from embarkation to the Battle of Hastings.

It is one of the wonders of Europe certainly and the original can be seen in all its glory. It is the Episcopal city of the Diocese of Bayeux and Lisieux. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, a fine Norman Gothic building, was built in 1077 and has been recently refurbished. ♦

Sean O'Shea, Burke Street (1937)

Tributes to the late Sean O'Shea, Fethard, from The Tipperary Star January 2 1937.

There was a remarkable demonstration of public regret at the removal of the remains of the late Sean O'Shea, Fethard, who died on 21st. December 1936 and was removed to the Parish Church on Tuesday of last week. The attendance was representative of all classes and comprised a large number of Gaels from all parts of the county. The coffin was draped in blue and white, the colours of the Fethard

club, and was borne on the shoulders of six of his former club mates. On Wednesday morning there was Requiem Office and High Mass at Fethard Church. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Fitzgerald, C.C., Fethard, and the other clergy present were: Very Rev. Father O'Dwyer, P.P., Fethard; Very Rev. Canon Russell, PP., Loughmore; Rev. Father Mulvihill, C.C., Fethard; Rev. J. J. Meagher, C.C.,

Thurles; Rev. P. Fogarty, C.C., do.; Rev. Father Holloway, St.. Patrick's College, Thurles; Rev. Father Burke, C.C., Cashel; Rev. Father O'Donoghue, O.S.A., Fethard, and Rev. Father Power, O.S.A., do.

At 12 o'clock the funeral took place to Red City, where the remains were laid to rest in the family burial ground. Manifestations of regret were visible on all sides and touching scenes were witnessed as deceased's former comrades and fellow-Gaels paid a last tribute of respect to the memory of one beloved by all. Members of the Fethard club again formed a guard of honour and the funeral cortege was preceded by members of the section of the Fethard Sacred Heart Sodality, to which deceased belonged. They wore red sashes, with crepe bands.

After the bier marched footballers and hurlers, and among the ranks were noticed many whose days in the arena are passed. All the priests who officiated at the High Mass attended at the final obsequies, and when the sod had been placed on the grave a decade of the Rosary was recited in Irish by Rev. Brother Leo, Fethard.

The chief mourners were: Mrs. K. O'Meara (sister); Andrew O'Meara (brother-in-law); Tom McGrath, N.T.,

Russelstown (relative); Miss May Goode (fiancée). Mass cards were sent by the following: Fethard "General Burke" Hurling and Football Club; Tipperary County Board, GAA; South Tipperary Board, GAA; Killenaule Hurling Club; Drangan Football Club; Clonmel Commercials Football Club; Killusty F.C.; Clonmel Shamrocks F.C.; Ardfinnan F.C.; Old Reliables F.C.; Kilsheelan F.C.; Johnny Harney; Jerry and Nellie O'Keeffe; "May" (Novena of Masses); K. Lonergan; John Kiely; Parish Church Choir, Augustinian Church Choir; Members Irish Countrywomen's Association; Members Fethard Tennis Club; D. A. O'Shea; Members Tirry Club; his Godson, "Gustie "; Alice Stapleton; Larry and Ciss Kenny; Jimmie and Lila; Tom and



The late John O'Shea

Maggie; all at McCarthy's; 'Babs' O'Shea and family, Milestown; Rev. Mother and Community, Presentation Convent, Fethard; B. Barrett; Will and Annie Tierney; Katie; Rev. Kevin O'Flynn; Rev. John O'Flynn; Larry and Maggie Kenny; Ciss and Bert; N. Breen; Jim, Maggie and Mary St.. John; Matt Millett; Nellie and Mary O'Grady; John and Margaret Skehan; Healy family; L. and M Keating; Paddy and Mrs. O'Flynn; Mrs. McInerney and

family; "Andrew"; T. McGovern, Clonmel; Denis and Nellie Looby; Jack and Liz; Kittie O'Connor; Tim and Gretta Tierney; Josephine Bulfin; Madeline Looby.

The following clubs voted sympathy to the family and relatives: Kilsheelan, Clonmel Commercials, Fethard (General Burkes) and Thurles Sarsfields. At a specially convened meeting of the old Annervale Hovers Football Club, Mr. Ned Duhy presiding, the following resolution was passed in respectful silence: "That the deepest sympathy of the members of this club be tendered to the family and relatives of the late Mr. Sean O'Shea, Fethard, in their great bereavement. Proposed by Mr. Jack Nagle and sec-

onded by Mr. Patrick Davis.

The Chairman in putting the resolution said he keenly felt the passing of Mr. John O'Shea as he had been closely identified with him all his life. He was one of the most unassuming of men, generous, straightforward and honourable, one of nature's gentlemen really, and his death will be sincerely regretted by every true Gael in the country. He wished particularly to tender the sympathy of the Gaels of Killusty to the late Mr. O'Shea's only brother Ned, a resident of the U.S.A. for some time, an old comrade, and one of the greatest Gaelic footballers of all time.

Clonmel (St.. Mary's) Club also voted sympathy to the relatives. ♦

Killusty National School *Frances M. Harrington, Principal*

Greetings from Killusty National School. This school year was, without a doubt, a year of 'comings and goings', or to be more precise a year of

'goings and comings'. On October 25th 2002, a special mass was celebrated in Sacred Heart Church, Killusty, by Rev. Father Tom Breen, to mark the retirement of

Danny Kane, School Principal since 1967. The children of Killusty National School, through their participation in the Mass, and through their prayers and good wishes, endeavoured to thank Mr Kane most sincerely for his years of teaching, his devotion to, and friendship towards all the pupils of Killusty N.S.

past and present. Our 'surprise party' in the school, was enjoyed by all, young and old. On Friday 15th November 2002, the children bid a sad farewell to



Senior Infants 2003 L to R: Thomas Sheehan, Killusty; Ronan Coffey, Fethard; and Orla Walsh, Killusty.

the 'Master' as he left the school in his own quiet way — one of life's gentle people. Mary McGinn taught in the senior room until February 17, when Catriona Morrissey commenced as permanent teacher. We welcome Catriona most sincerely and look forward to the years ahead.

Local artist Austin McQuinn guided the children towards the completion of a wonderful display of the Nativity Scene, which was on view in Sacred Heart Church, Killusty during the



Junior Infants 2003 Back Row L to R: Kate Davey, Tinakelly; Sean Smyth, Killusty; Kate Aylward Brown, Abbey Road, Fethard; Megan Coen, Killusty; Front L to R: Francis Holohan, Killusty; Dean Kenny, Fethard; Sarah O'Donnell, Grangebeg; and Molly O'Meara, Killusty.

Christmas period. Ms Karen McGree, B.Mus. commenced recorder tuition for the children in March. Noel Byrne provided the children with a weekly session of hurling or football. Variety is the spice of life!

The children demonstrated their gift of caring through their valiant effort to collect toothpaste for the Chernobyl

Children's Project, through contributing generously to the Disabled Driver's Association, and through supporting an athlete during the Special Olympics.

On June 1st., six children received their First Holy Communion. Once again, all the pupils in the school contributed in various ways to make the occasion very special for Shannon



1st. & 2nd Class pupils 2003. Back L to R: James Harrington, Tinakelly; Shannon Hickey, Fethard (2nd class); Michelle Walsh, Killusty (2nd class); Niamh Crotty, Killusty. Front L to R: Kate O'Donnell, Kyleavalla; David Morgan, Grangebeg; and Derek O'Brien, Main Street, Fethard.



5th and 6th Class pupils 2003. Back L to R: Daniel Hickey, Fethard; Aaron Conran, Fethard; Patrick Kearney, Killusty; Fiona Crotty, Killusty; Katie Coen, Killusty. Front L to R: Joseph Sheehan, Killusty; Sinead Lee, Loughcopple; and Lorraine Feery, Killusty. Missing from Photo, Stephen Coffey (5th Class)

O'Brien, Sara Aylward Brown, Nicola Harrington, Aisling Harrington, Mathew Holohan and William Morgan.

Our school trip which took place on June 6th, to Hook Head, Waterford Glass Factory and the Dunbrody Famine Ship was enjoyed by the children, the mums and the teachers alike.

Our annual sports day took place on June 13th in Cloneen Sportsfield.

On the day, the children of Kilvemnon N.S., Cloneen N.S. and Killusty N.S. enjoyed themselves in a sporting manner.

The school year came to a conclusion on Monday June 23rd. A busy year full of 'goings and comings'. On September 1st., we returned to school, after a beautiful summer break, looking forward to the new school year. ♦



3rd and 4th Class pupils. Back L to R: William Morgan, Killusty; Joseph Morgan, Killusty; Matty Holohan, Killusty; Seamus Holohan, Killusty; Aisling Harrington, Castlehiggins; Ita Pollard, Grangebeg; Shane Power, Cloneen; Jessica Conran, Fethard. Front L to R: Nicola Harrington, Tinakelly; Leanne Sheehan, Killusty; Natalie Cahill, Fethard; Shannon O'Brien, Fethard; Sarah Aylward Brown, Fethard.

Killusty's Prince, Dick Allen

by Kevin Ryan

When Tipperary played Donegal in this year's All Ireland Football Quarter Final at Croke Park, it was the county's first time playing there since 1935. Tipperary were Munster Champions that year and they played Cavan in the All Ireland Semi Final. This was a close game, but the stronger Ulster team won the day. Tipperary's sole survivor from that Munster winning team is one of Fethard's greatest ever footballers, Dick Allen.

Dick, now in his 91st. year, and living as he has for many years near Killusty, still recalls those days when Tipperary were a match for most teams, and when football was played as it should be. When the art of catching and kicking were the norm, skills that have now been eroded from



the modern, 'win at all cost' game. Dick not only played for Fethard and Tipperary, but was also a member of the Munster Railway Cup teams on many occasions at a time when Kerry

and Cork players dominated Munster's teams. It was only proper then that when the Cumann na Sean Gael Awards were announced this year Dick was among those chosen for his outstanding contribution to Tipperary football. These awards were held in Brú Ború, Cashel in November.

Of course Dick is no stranger to awards, as he was a recipient of a Fethard 'Player of the Past Award' and was also elected to the 'Knocknagow Hall of Fame' in 1985. Fitting tributes for a player once described as a Prince among Footballers. Long live the prince! ♦

Fethard Community Playgroup

Fethard Community Playgroup offer services five mornings per week, Monday to Friday from 9.30am to 12.30, and every Tuesday from 2pm – 4.30pm. The playgroup offers a safe and stimulating environment for over thirty children from the surrounding areas. Our activities include art, crafts, sand, water play, building, jigsaws, music and movement, rhymes, counting, nature and free-play. The children enjoy the experience of three highly qualified staff who meet the children's individual needs.

Playgroup leader is Helena O'Shea

and during the year we were delighted to welcome our new childcare assistants, Eileen Kennedy and Ruth Higgins. We look forward to expanding our services in the near future as part of the Fethard & Killusty Community Council's development plan. The Playgroup is very lucky to have a strong hard-working committee, Joe Kenny (chairperson), Alice Butler (secretary) and Pamela O'Donnell (treasurer). We also would like to thank all parents, past and present, for their support and help with playgroup outings and parties. ♦

Remembering Mon

by John Joe Keane



*Fethard Flower
Show in the 1960s.
L to R: Mon Kenny,
Rosie Henahan and
Mrs Madigan*

At ten or later in the morning she, with her handbag, came out into the shop; Angela was already there. A social gathering followed, Mae Carey, Ester McCormack, Mary Ann, Mary Healy, Bridie Hanrahan, Willie Cummins and Jo Barrett, to name just a few. The groceries and cigarettes were lined up. Bookkeeping had to be done. All the news had to be relayed. Vans called with supplies. The calendar was consulted, 'Cash and Carry' organised, fuel sold. An intimate community survived at a time when money was not plentiful. Mon, a member of an old Fethard family, the Kenricks, was widowed in 1962, and reared Laurence, Brendan, Gemma and Joe.

Sometime around 1960, the Bainín Ryan's house went on fire as there was no adequate fireplace in his house for burning tyres. Today that site is a grassed area with beds of roses. Mon used have a garden there where she grew spuds, onions and vegetables for the shop. Laurence, in an outhouse, made kitchen units, which were very uncommon at that time. Joe won a prize for the best shop window display

from Bórd na Mona.

On the street the children played beggar-me-neighbour, queenie, fag-cards, rounders, hopscotch and skipping (girls). Girls played among themselves, as did boys. At that time a penny got you six toffees, a 'trupenny bit' meant you had change, and a 'tanner' bought you chocolate.

The older children used play tricks, Don, Waxie, Billy and Jim sent tots into Mon for skyhooks, glass hammers, rubber cups, wooden medals and curly teeth. Mon smiled!

On the counter was a Mission Box, with a black man on top, and he would nod if a coin was put in. Jim took a ten bob note and pretended to put it in. Mon said he would do some nodding for that!

On a hot day when the tar was bubbling, the kids got water from the judy or a filled empty lemonade bottle from Mon. Willie Mullins did odd jobs for Mon. Laurence delivered coal with an ass and cart from a shed across the road. In those bygone days, Mon was an institution, long before Mná na hÉireann! ♦

Fethard & Killusty Anglers

Fethard & Killusty Anglers held their annual general meeting on 28 February 2003 at 8pm in The Tirry Centre, Fethard, and the following officers were elected:

Tom Fogarty (chairman), Matty Fleming (secretary), David Grant (treasurer). Committee members: Norman O'Regan, Tony Quigley, Tom Sayers, Jim Sayers and Willie McGrath. Membership fees were set at €15 for seniors and €5 for juveniles.

Our first competition was held on Sunday May 25 for the John Sayers trophy and the Tom O'Shea cup. It was agreed at our annual general meeting to fish this competition with dry fly and wet fly only, no nymphs were allowed (i.e. weighted nymphs or 'goldheads'). Following this competition, the returns showed

clearly that the traditional dry and wet fly fishing seems to be almost a thing of the past on The Anner and Clashawley rivers. Twelve rods fished all day and only nine trout were returned.

Competition results for the John Sayers Trophy and Tom O'Shea Cup were: 1St. Eddie Casey (4 trout weighing 2lb), 2nd David Grant (1 trout weighing 9.5oz), 3rd Paul Burke (1 trout weighing 9 oz). The Tom O'Shea Cup for the heaviest trout went to David Grant.

The results for the Jack O'Donnell and Eddie O'Neill Cups were: 1St.

Matty Fleming (5 trout weighing 2lb 11 oz), 2nd Eddie Casey (6 trout weighing 2lb 9oz) and 3rd Tom Fogarty (5 trout weighing 2lb 5oz). The Eddie O'Neill Cup, for the heaviest trout, was won by John Fleming. ♦



The late John Sayers, fishing

PhD's by the numbers

Three brothers, Patrick, Michael and Jim Heffernan, grew up on the Lower Green and emigrated to Scotland, England and Canada respectively. In time, Jim, first son of the first brother was awarded a PhD in Polymer chemistry by the University

of Glasgow. John, second son of the second brother was awarded a PhD in biochemistry by Salford University, Manchester. Patrick, third son of the third brother, was awarded a PhD in civil engineering by the Royal Military College of Canada. ♦

First Steps Playschool

First Steps Playschool is situated in the Tirry Centre, Barrack Street, Fethard. It is opened Monday - Friday 9.30 - 12.30 and works in conjunction with our local schools holiday time table. It offers a fun and stimulating services in safe and secure surroundings. It caters for children aged 2yrs 10 months - 6 years.

It is run by Patricia Fitzgerald who

has nationally recognised childcare qualifications as well as five years experience working in the childcare sector, she is assisted by Susan O'Meara who has previous experience working in childcare.

Please feel free to drop in at any time, an "open door policy" is part and parcel of the service or you can contact Patricia on 052-32164/086 1580897 ♦



Maria Dwyer-Dutton, Tina and Chloe photographed at the Dublin Marathon last year. Mary Dutton and her daughter Tina (21) joined an 80 member team from Ireland who competed in 21St. Beijing International Marathon to raise funds for 'Fighting Blindness', a charity which is committed to funding research into eye degenerative diseases and finding causes and cures for blindness.

"We have already raised money for Breast Cancer research and other charities. We decided on the Fighting Blindness charity because a relative has suffered from degenerative eye disease and I know how important it is to continue research into the causes of blindness."

Fethard Rugby Club

Fethard & District Rugby Club is happy to report on yet another successful year. We now have a growing membership and four teams in training: under 8, under /10, under /12 and under /13. During the year our

under /8, under /10 and under /12 teams were successful against Clonmel, Cashel, Carrick-on-Suir, Shannon, Waterpark, Thurles, Fermoy and Dungarvan.

We are delighted to have use of the

new pitch in the Community Sportsfield, thanks to Coolmore Stud. It is a huge boost for the club to have a place to call our own for training and for hosting home matches. The first try in the new sportsfield was scored by Keith Bergin, from Kilbragh in an under 8 match against Cashel.

The reputation of the club has quickly spread to other areas and many players come from Ballingarry, Gortnahoe, Moyglass, Killenaule, Lisonagh and Rosegreen.

The O'Sullivan brothers, Jack and Matt, from Main Street are great grandsons of the late Dick McCarthy, Burke Street, who played on the last rugby team in Fethard approx. 70 years ago. These lads are carrying on the family tradition.

The recently formed under /13 team had their first game against Clonmel where they put up a brave performance against an experienced side. Hopefully

2004 will bring more success to this team and to the rest of the club.

The club travelled to Lansdowne Road to see the Ireland v Fiji game, which was subsidised, by the Munster branch of the IRFU. We have plans to go on tour and hopefully facilitate travel for under-age sides.

Training takes place every Saturday and Sunday morning. Our coaches are Sean Devaney, Valerie Colville and Paul Kavanagh. The committee

would like to take this opportunity to wish everybody at home and away a very happy and peaceful Christmas and prosperous New Year. ♦



Keith Bergin photographed with his award after scoring the first try in the new community field.



The Under-12 Fethard rugby team at training. Back L to R: Paul Mackey, Aaron Conran, Colin Shanahan, Sam Manton, Jerome Ahearne, Kevin Hayes, Matt Sullivan, Michael John Murphy, Padraig O'Shea. Front L to R: Ben Walsh, Frankie O'Donovan, John Lalor, Daniel Hickey, Conor Kavanagh, Joseph Maher, Andrew Kelly, David Walsh and Paul Tierney.

An Indian summer

by John Fogarty

Once we spent a whole summer pretending we were Indians. It was Morgan Fergus's idea, so on account of that, he was made the big chief. He'd sit on a stone outside the biggest of the wigwams that we'd built, wearing an old tattered remnant of a feathered headdress. He'd fold his arms, trying to look wise and inscrutable, like the Indian chiefs we'd seen in Westerns at the Capitol Cinema; Geronimo usually, or Cochise, because they were great warriors as well as being chiefs.

We built our wigwams in a field close to Morgan's house on the Cashel road, beside the old crumbling ball alley. It wasn't much of a field really, but we barely noticed the overgrown ditches or the clumps of buachalainns and thistles. Larry Shortall's horse would stand there in the farthest corner, belly-deep in thistles, swishing his tail and throwing malevolent glances at us, unwelcome intruders into his summer kingdom. In our imagination that impoverished field became part of the landscape of the American Wild West and there in its humps and hollows and clumps of bushes and briars we fought endless imaginary battles between the Indians and the US Cavalry, just like we'd seen in countless Sunday matinees at the Capitol cinema. Except in our versions the many battles that the Indians had lost were turned into victories. Of course there were always rows since none of us ever wanted to be the US Cavalry, because you'd end up being grabbed and stabbed with wooden daggers and dragged by the hair in mock scalplings that were often close to being real.

At one side of the field was the railway-line and every afternoon the three-thirty train would grind its way up the incline from Crane's Rocks and rumble across the Red Bridge at Kerry Street. We'd lie in wait for it where the track cut through high ground close to the station and fire arrows down on its roof, pretending it was the white man's Iron Horse steaming across our own private prairie. And when we peered out through the ditch that hid our make-believe world from passers-by on the Cashel road we were laying an ambush for the paleface Paddy (The Racket) Ryan. Several times every day Paddy rattled his way to the goods store at the railway station on his red cart with thunderous, iron-rimmed wheels. When he and his bony old horse passed we'd mime shooting arrows at them.

Building the wigwams was the hardest. Days it took us, going back and forth, back and forth to the wood at Grove where we cut hazel poles to make frames for the wigwams. Straight away after breakfast we'd try to slip out of the house before our mother could say, 'where are ye off galivantin' to now?' and find jobs for us, digging out spuds for the dinner maybe, or weeding the carrots and onions in the Valley Plots. Across Jesuit's Walk we'd run, past the gate where Mrs McGrath stood in her wellingtons and tam staring blankly at us while Popsy her hairy mongrel dog, jumped and snarled at the end of a thick rope, trying to look vicious. Up through the Furry Hill then, slowing and stooping as we met the rocky face of the Doctor's Hill, pausing some-

times at the top to look back down at the old town, pointing out houses and arguing over who lived where. We never stopped for too long though. We'd fly down the far side of the hill on runaway legs as far as the Boody Bridge that straddled the railway line. From there it was a short run along the line and across the field, then through the hunting-gate and into the wood.

Entering the wood always brought a subtle change: it was cool and green, a little murky and slightly mysterious and you'd get the feeling that somewhere, just a little further away among the trees, there was somebody, or something, lurking, watching, waiting. And sometimes there was: Paddy

Sullivan, the gamekeeper. When he appeared it was time for us to disappear. And we wouldn't stop running until we had a couple of green fields between him and us. Mostly though, we rambled aimlessly through the wood without being disturbed. Our mission on the mornings of that summer was to find young hazel trees. Hazel was best because it was pliable and could be bent and arched to make bows and the thin shoots that grew at the base could be shaped into arrows.

The journey back was slow with many stops as we hauled the poles along the railway line until we reached the spot just below the station where an old train carriage lay on its side in a



Photographed in the early 1970s are L to R: Margaret McCarthy, Marion McCarthy, Richie Barrett, Angela McCarthy and Theresa McCarthy.

wilderness of thorny bushes. The field lay on the opposite side of the track and when we'd dragged the poles in we cut them into even lengths and laid one against the other, lashing them together with binding twine until we had three cone shaped skeletons. One big wigwam and two smaller ones. Then we went to Larry Shortall's to cadge old sacks to make coverings for the frame. Larry had built a new, galvanised coal shed on the Valley and the sacks that he weighed and delivered coal, turf, and timber blocks in were neatly piled in a corner. He gave us old sacks with torn or threadbare bottoms that were beyond use.

'Ye're droll boys, droll boys,' he repeated, checking the bottoms of the sacks with a quick, powerful jerk of his hands. Any that ripped he gave to us. These we slit down one side and along the bottom and tied around the makeshift frames.

Every morning then, we'd gollop down our breakfast and as soon as our jobs were done – splitting sticks, bringing water from the 'Judy', maybe going to Jimmy Hanrahan's for a few messages - we'd head for the haven of our camp. We spent long days there lazing around the wigwams, sitting patiently while Morgan Fergus painted elaborate designs on our faces in imitation of Indian war paint. The fantastic blue, red, yellow and green stripes on our faces - and sometimes on our chests and backs - shone brightly in the dullness of that overcast Irish summer. We spent ages with penknives paring decorative patterns on the hazel bark of our bows and arrows. Sometimes we'd split the tops of the arrows and slide in crow or pigeon feathers to make them look like real Indian arrows, or try to

shape pieces of slate into pointed arrowheads. We'd hold councils of war in the big wigwam. We were always preparing for skirmishes with rival gangs from Patrick's Place or some other unknown source. Mostly these encounters remained in our imaginations. Still, we spent ages discussing battle plans for battles that never happened and ways of torturing information from prisoners that were never captured. Morgan finally decreed that pegging prisoners to the ground with outstretched arms and sticking arrows, or better still, daggers around them like a knife thrower in a circus, would be the best way to make them talk (we'd seen the Apaches do that in a film). We'd finish off then with a good smoke of the peace pipe (a thick lump of hollowed out alder), stuffing it with scraps of paper or wisps of dried grass. The smoke made our eyes water, and brought on fits of coughing, spitting and spluttering, and sometimes even vomiting.

Then, somewhere in the middle of July the adult world of work intruded. We had to go thinning beet. So every morning, instead of going to the camp, we mounted our bikes and cycled to a farm about three miles outside the town. We set off on the first morning with great enthusiasm. The three mile cycle immediately developed into a race and before long we were strung out along the road, racing madly down hills, those who were carrying others on crossbars pedalling really hard, trying to build up a momentum that would carry them as far as possible up the hill at the other side before the inevitable wobble to a halt.

All day long we crawled up and down the beet garden, pieces of sack-

ing tied around our knees - the thought of the 2s-6d a drill that we were going to be paid was all that kept us going. Thinning the beet, too, developed into a race, as the more competitive tried to beat one another to the headland and raced to see who would thin the most drills. If the sun shone we baked. If rain came we stood miserably under dripping whitethorn ditches. After the rain mud caked our knees and hands and clothes. Thistles pricked. Nettles stung. Backs ached.

Sometimes to relieve the boredom and monotony we had running battles pelting one another with hardened lumps of clay. And of course, if there was a stone in a lump and someone was hit hard, there was the distraction of a fight, a wrestling match among the beet drills.

When we were finished the farmer walked up and down the garden inspecting our work, bending occasionally with an ominous shake of his head as we watched anxiously from the headland. We sensed he was looking for faults and suddenly our 2s- 6d a drill didn't look such a sure thing. And when we went up to the house for our money he began rooting in his pocket and said he was cutting us a tanner a drill.

'Too many doubles, lads,' he said.

That night we sat on the ring of stones that we'd placed outside our wigwam calling down every kind of curse on that farmer's head, feeding our resentment, feeling sorry for ourselves following our first harsh lesson in the world of work. Some, who had been our playmates a few short months earlier, had already entered that world permanently, having turned fourteen. Tommy Sayers was working as the pro-

jectionist in the Capitol cinema and crossing the convent bridge you'd sometimes see him furiously rewinding spools of film. He would probably have been our chief if he hadn't been working. He was in a different world now.

And every morning outside the cinema Pat Fogarty climbed onto the pillion seat of a green monster of a motorbike that Davy Lawless had inherited from his uncle. They'd pull away with a deafening roar that echoed up through the Main Street and out across the countryside as they made their way to work on a farm out in Knockelly. Their return time was variable, sometimes half-six sometimes seven, but always late. They were no longer interested in bows and arrows or Indian camps. Girls had replaced those childhood distractions. Now they slicked their hair, squeezed pimples in front of the mirror, put on clean shirts and strolled up and down the Main Street after work; or played records on Moll O'Brien's juke box and dreamed of other things.

Most of those who were sitting around the wigwams that summer were only a few short years away from the world of full time work. We were aware of its approach, of the real possibility of a boat journey to Liverpool or London, like so many of our predecessors who had also played Indian games in the fields around Fethard, and had probably thinned beet and called down curses on stingy farmers. Sometimes too, we'd seen men dressed in suits walking down the Cashel Road from the railway station. Men home from England for a holiday. And we'd seen them going back too, slowly, walking up past the Osiery to catch their train. Someday soon we knew, it could be

one of us. We knew that these kind of summers would soon end

That evening, however, we contented ourselves with imagining the most intricate forms of torture that we'd like to inflict on 'that mane hoor of a farmer' and finally agreed that the Apache way of death by a thousand cuts would be the most fitting end for him.

One day Morgan Fergus decided that he would mount Larry's pony. After a lot of slow circling and stalking we managed to corner the pony and grab hold of his fringe. Morgan pulled himself onto his dusty back and twined his fingers into his mane. Then – even though he was meant to be an Indian – he roared the Lone Ranger's catchcry. 'Hi Ho, Silver away!'

Nothing happened. The horse stood perfectly still and rolled his eyes horribly. We stepped back, fearfully. Suddenly he arched his back, farted, dropped his head, squealed, flung both hind legs to the sky so viciously that Morgan shot high into the air. Everyone dived into the thistles, anywhere to get away from the flying hooves. Morgan managed to cling to the horse's mane and somehow came thumping down onto his back. The horse then bolted at breakneck speed along a track that led into a huge clump of bushes at the far end of the field. 'Ride 'im cowboy!' someone roared, as horse and rider disappeared into the bushes. We watched the bushes and waited. There was a lot of crackling and violent swaying of bushes, but no sound from either horse or Morgan. Then suddenly the horse burst from the far end, tail flying. Minus Morgan. 'Jaysus, he's kilt', someone said. We ran towards the bushes and just then he emerged, without his headress,

scratched, slightly bruised, but triumphant. We cheered. We spent days afterwards talking and laughing about his daring ride, each telling adding some new, doubtful detail to savour until it gained the legendary status of a Jesse James or a Billy the Kid story from the Wild West.

Soon August was in its last week and the dreaded walk down the briary lane to the terror of the classroom was looming. Larry Shortall's horse was back in harness gamely drawing cartloads of coal and turf around the town, being gently coaxed along by Martin Nagle. His encounter with the kamikaze jockey on the Cashel road probably a hazy memory. Summer was over and its ending was painful because there was a suspicion deep down that we would never again build wigwams or make bows and arrows as we had that summer. All that was over for us.

On the last evening of the summer holidays we sat outside the wigwams reading and swapping comics until the last light of the sun was glowing beyond the Galtees. In the dying light we tied balls of newspaper to arrows and soaked them in petrol that someone had managed to lay hands on. We stood then in a semi-circle with flaming arrows and at a signal from Morgan we released them into the sacking of our wigwams.

We'd seen Indians burn their wigwams like that. In a kind of ritual. We stood for a long time watching the dried sacking and hazel poles burn and soon our camp, our summer, our childhood were reduced to a pile of embers that glowed and glowed for a while and then slowly faded and died away under a covering of grey ashes. ♦



Fethard Leaving Cert Class 1955 Back L to R: Kathleen O'Donnell, Mary Ryan, Ann O'Donnell, Patsy Byard. Front L to R: Marie Dineen, Frances Evans, Rose Walsh, Rita O'Donnell and Sr. Theresa.



Bill and Statia Bradshaw (Drumdeel) at the Spring Show in Dublin in 1953



Michael Whelan and Catherine McKenna who are planning to get married in 2004

Fethard/London Reunion

by Paul Looby

This year saw the revival of the London Reunion which was held in the London Scotia Bar in South East London. Attendees travelled from as far afield as Cornwall, Coventry, Chatham, St.. Albans and High Wycombe to ensure that the event was a success and to ensure that it would become an annual event. Perhaps I should offer a bit of background.

Probably the highlight of the year for emigrants from Fethard/Killusty



Jimmy O'Connell (Coleman) and Eleanor O'Connell

is the arrival of the Annual Newsletter. There is always joy at catching up with the current events, laughing at happy memories and then the inevitable sadness at reaching the page that lists those that have passed on during the year. The reminiscing over the pages offers hours of conversation; if only there was another local to share it with.

The sharing of news, memories and views was a great feature of the London Reunion and was, for me, perhaps the second highlight of the year. An opportunity to not only catch up with old friends, but to meet new friends as well. The tracing of relatives and friends, the stories of mis-spent youths, the many times the expression "sure I knew/went to school with them" or, "whatever happened to..." is heard at these events is unbelievable.

Over the past few years, I had been feeling that this was one social event

that was really missing from the calendar. This year I floated the idea of reviving the Reunion to the Community Council through Joe Kenny and generally via the Forum on www.fethard.com. The message asked for feedback and ideas on various

aspects. Joe kindly put my message on the front of the site which resulted in several people emailing or phoning with positive comments and suggestions all with the common desire for the

Reunion to be revived.

One phone call in particular, from Pat Shine, who had organised the event for many years, set the seal on it and made me determined to make sure that the Reunion would at least go ahead for this year. Pat offered a unique insight into the Reunion, revealing that originally it used to be held in the spring, but was shifted to the end of October to try to fit in more with the farming year in Fethard/Killusty.

Fethard & Killusty Community Council agreed to provide some funding from the Community Lotto for which we are all very grateful. Some of the feedback highlighted the difficulty of late night travel especially in October when the nights have drawn in. Everybody wanted it to be as informal as possible with the opportunity to just sit and chat, have some food and a bit of live music to cheer things along.

The idea of having an event that began relatively early to allow people who had to travel or needed to get away early began to take shape.

Even though I now organise events as part of my job, this one was different. Firstly, it was an open invitation, no need for advance booking or tickets. This meant I couldn't answer the first

question on every banqueting managers lips, "How many people will be attending?" "Err, I'm not sure, I would hope about 50, but maybe more". Not much success on the traditional hotel venue front.

By chance I mentioned to a friend in the pub trade that I was looking to organise this Reunion. He suggested that we might like to use one of his pubs and further suggested I call the manager and pop in to see the place. I took up the offer and headed off to the London Scotia bar in Bermondsey Street. The manager, Darren, was only too happy to help and offered us the exclusive use of the outside area with a barbeque that their staff would cook. He also recommended their resident traditional band, which I went to listen to on another occasion and booked.

It was to be held on a Saturday, start at 5pm, BBQ for 6.30, music at 8, outdoors or indoors dependent on the weather. An entry fee of £7 was set to

help defray the costs. The scene was set.

By the Friday night, 40 people were confirmed attendees with perhaps 10 more as possibilities. On the day, 70 people came along. As I greeted them, most of whom I had never met, I was universally asked, "Is there anybody there I know?" The number of people



Helen Curran, Tim Curran, Ena Griffin (nee Curran)

willing to travel amazed me, there wasn't one person who lived locally at the venue.

The weather was fantastic, we were truly blessed. There was no rush to leave early either.

One of the great things about organising something like this is when somebody says, "It was well worth coming as I hadn't seen them in nearly 30 years", or similar. As we all said goodbye or at least au revoir at around midnight, I had to give assurances that this wouldn't be a one-off. Keep your eyes peeled in the New Year for details of next year's Reunion.

A special thank you to all who attended, especially those who travelled from Fethard and Killusty. Thanks are due to the management and staff of the London Scotia Bar. A very special thank you to the Community Council for the funding which helped to defray the costs and to keep the entry charge down.

Hopefully see you all soon. ♦

Peggy O'Connor

by Kevin O'Connor

My mother, Margaret (Peggy) O'Connor died on 23rd December 2002. Born the 2nd September 1932, the fourth daughter of Paddy and Kathleen O'Shea of St. Patrick's Place. Around the age of 21 she left Fethard and came to live in London. A year later she married my father, Thomas O'Connor of Grove. She was the mother of three sons, Michael born in November 1953, myself, Kevin in 1955 and Patrick 1958.

My Mother had so much quality to her life, everyone she came in contact with always came back to her. She could mix with anybody and she did. She was a very friendly woman and retained friendships with people throughout her life. Some of my earliest memories go back to my childhood in the 1960s when we lived in Kentish Town, North London. Many people from Fethard lived in London at that time. Names that come to mind, Reedy Power and Kitty Mackie, Todd Shine, Jim Sullivan, Mary Ashby, Mary McCarthy and many more. The house was always full of conversation and plenty of laughter. Another pleasant memory was my first trip to Fethard with Mum and my younger brother in the summer of 1973. It was so wonderful to meet her mother and father, such a lovely couple. I remember when we used to go to the shops in the Main Street and how people would stop and say hello and inevitably invite us to their house where you could

spend hours laughing and reminiscing about old times. It was exactly the same over here until she died. People liked being with her!

More pleasant memories come to mind of myself, Mum and Dad going to the Fethard Reunion in London each year. I particularly recall the early 70s when the event drew huge crowds.

They were very, very special nights and Mum and Dad absolutely loved being there.

My mother was very close to her sister Jo and husband Johnny from Kent. Jo was always quite amazed how Mum could remember people, places and events from the past.

Mum also enjoyed visits from her nephew, Anthony Colville, who would call every couple of weeks. He and his wife

Kelly were very close to Mum, particularly in the last couple of years in her life and I know this gave her great satisfaction. Kelly came to visit Mum in the hospice the morning she died and she sat with her for two hours before going off to work. One of the last really happy days was an autumn Saturday when Anthony's second son, Ronan, was christened. It was probably the last really special day in her life before the illness took a final grip on her over the coming months.

Fr Sharratt, the priest who conducted her funeral service, visited her every Thursday and give her Holy Communion. I think he used to enjoy the visits as much as she did. Mum was



very brave throughout her illness. In September 2000, I remember sitting in the consultation room when the specialist told her it was cancer and he would have to deal with it as soon as possible. Mum replied, "Can't it just wait until after Christmas." Throughout her illness she was more concerned for those around her, particularly her close family.

I would like to end by saying she was

everything a Mother really should be, and I miss her so much. I miss talking to her, just being able to sit down alongside her and talk things out and hear her familiar voice. She is sadly missed by my brother Patrick, his wife Sharon, Danny, my daughter Carina, her sister Jo, her husband Johnny, Elizabeth, Anne and Patrick, Nellie, Mary Ashby, Katherine, Veronica and Mandy, two of her closet friends. ♦



Fethard Coursing Club in the 1960s. Back L to R: Pat Carroll, Austy O'Flynn, Jack Kenrick, Timmy O'Riordan, Jimmy Hanigan, Derek Curran, Jimmy Hayes, Mick Hayes. Front Row: Jimmy Ryan, Davey Morrissey, Tom Smyth, Dick Curran, Danny Carey, Jimmy Heffernan, Desmond O'Donovan, Denis Donovan, ?, Michael Keane, Seamus Hayes, Michael Kenrick, Tommy Fleming.

Marriages

Weddings in the Parish

- Sarah Coen, Killusty, to Mr Tony Shelly, Killenaule, (Killusty)*
Cora Breen, Barrack Street, to Mr William McGarry, Woodvale Walk (Fethard)
Tracy Maher, Barrack Street, to Mr Seán Óg Ryan, Rosegreen.(Fethard)
Shirley Maher, Rathsallagh, to Mr Alan Colman, Dublin. (Killusty).
Philip Ryan, Killenaule, to Ms Sheila Hackett, Co. Clare, (Killusty)
Michelle Butler, London and Garrinch, to Mr John Roche, Cork.,(Fethard)
Linda Sayers, St. Patrick's Place, to Mr Declan Burgess, Lisronagh, (Fethard)
Debbie Coen, Killusty, to Mr Michael Hackett, Grange, Ardfinnan,(Killusty)
Catriona Hackett, Strylea, to Mr Terry Boland, Drangan,(Fethard)
Helen McGarry, Woodvale Walk, to Tommy O'Brien, St. Patrick's Place,(Fethard.)
Avril Colville, Spitalfield, to Adrian Morrissey, Tullow (Killusty).

Mary Connolly, The Valley, Fethard, to Mr Kevin Shelley, Moyglass, (Fethard)
P.J. Shine, Congress Terrace, Fethard, to Carmel Allen, St. Patrick's Place, (Fethard)
Marianne O'Sullivan, Main Street, to Mr Robbie O'Connell, Charlestown, Co. Mayo. (Killusty)
Hilda Walsh, Kilnockin, to Declan O'Donnell, Coleman. (Gougane Barra, Co. Cork)
Caroline Phelan, Kiltinan to Alex Benson, Oxford, (Killusty)

Weddings outside the Parish

Lisa Rice, Brookhill, Fethard, and Kari Laaksonen, (Finland)
Ann Marie O'Meara, Grove Road, to Richard Corcoran, Railstown, Cashel, (Rome)
Richard Cummins, Monroe to Kay Walsh Grangemockler (Grangemockler)
Niamh Ryan, Rocksprings, Cashel Road, to Paul Hayes, Burke Street, (Florence)
Kim Barrett, Market Hill, to Mr. Ambrose Hanrahan. (Ballyneale)
Richard Marshall, Portlaoise, to Frances O'Neill, Shankill, Co. Dublin (Myshall, Co. Carlow)

Engagements

Marie O'Meara, St. Patrick's Place and Stephen O'Donnell, Monroe.
Helen Morrissey, St. Patrick's Place, and Eamon Power, Old Parish, Dungarvan.
Shane Kenny, St. Patrick's Place, and Niamh Connolly, Kilsheelan.
Siobhán Ryan, Brodeen, Fethard, and Richard Hayes, Rathcoole, Fethard.

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.

<i>Barrett, Pat, Balloughboy, Ballinure (Ballinure.)</i>	<i>O'Brien, Sally (Finn), Strylea (Calvary)</i>
<i>Bourke, John, Tullamaine (Cashel)</i>	<i>O'Brien, Tom, Ballinard (Leamington)</i>
<i>Breen, Vincent, Burke Street, Fethard (Calvary)</i>	<i>O'Connell, Bridget (Fogarty) Garrinch (Calvary)</i>
<i>Butler, Jimmy, The Green (Calvary)</i>	<i>O'Connor, Jo (Barrett), The Green (Calvary)</i>
<i>Coffey, Margaret (Rita), New Ross (Calvary)</i>	<i>O'Connor, Mary (Nagle), Crampscastle (Calvary)</i>
<i>Coffey, Michael John, Clonmel & Fethard (Leeds)</i>	<i>O'Connor, Peggy (O'Shea), St. Patrick's Plc (London)</i>
<i>Coffey, Pauline, Burke Street (Parish Church)</i>	<i>O'Connor, Sr. Imelda, New York</i>
<i>Connell, Bridget (Fogarty), Barrack St. (Calvary)</i>	<i>O'Donovan, Mary (O'Brien), Walshbog (Killusty)</i>
<i>Connell, May, Coolmoine (Moyglass)</i>	<i>O'Mahoney, Rev Fr. Pierce OSA, The Abbey</i>
<i>Croke, Alice, Tullamaine (Calvary)</i>	<i>O'Rourke, Josephine, Kilnockin Road (Calvary)</i>
<i>Croke, James, Coolbawn (Calvary)</i>	<i>O'Shea, James, St. Patrick's Place (Wolverhampton)</i>
<i>Dargan, Larry, Red City, Fethard (Calvary)</i>	<i>O'Shea, Sheila (Hyland), Cloran (Cloneen)</i>
<i>Delahunty, Elinor 'Nellie', Market Hill (Calvary)</i>	<i>Power, Michael, St Patrick's Place (England)</i>
<i>Deveraux, Noreen (Henahan), Main St. (Dublin).</i>	<i>Prout, Kevin, Portmarnock & Killusty (Ballygriffen)</i>
<i>Fahey, Monica, Crampscastle (Calvary)</i>	<i>Quirke, Ann, Dukesmeadows (Clerihan)</i>
<i>Fitzgerald, Jack, Crampscastle (Moyglass)</i>	<i>Rafferty, Frankie, Barrack St. & London (Calvary)</i>
<i>Fleming, Tommy, Coolmore, Fethard (Calvary)</i>	<i>Roberts, Tishy, Main St. (Holy Trinity Cemetery)</i>
<i>Goldsboro, Andrew 'Sonny', Ballingarry</i>	<i>Ryan, Ellen 'Nell', Cashel (Calvary)</i>
<i>Hayes, Jimmy, Main Street, Fethard (Calvary)</i>	<i>Ryan, Sr M. Áine, Presentation Convent (Convent).</i>
<i>Heffernan, Jimmy, Shanakyle (Drangan)</i>	<i>Shine, Elizabeth, Monroe, Fethard (Calvary)</i>
<i>Humphreys, Doreen Mary, Shrewley (England)</i>	<i>Skillen, Josie (Grant), The Valley (England)</i>
<i>Lyttleton, Kitty, Mockler's Tee (Calvary)</i>	<i>Slattery, Alice, Congress Terrace (Calvary)</i>
<i>Maher, Nelly (O'Dwyer) Clonmel (Cloneen)</i>	<i>Sparks, Kitty (Murphy), Knockelly (England)</i>
<i>McCarthy, Josie (O'Shea), St Patrick's Plc (Calvary)</i>	<i>Treacy, John, The Valley, Fethard (Calvary)</i>
<i>McCormack, Con, Shanakyle (Drangan)</i>	<i>Twomey, Fr Michael OSA, The Abbey and Cork (Abbey)</i>
<i>Morrissey, Margaret (Lawrence), Cloran (Cloneen)</i>	<i>Vigers, Tim, Coolmore and Newscastle (England)</i>
<i>Mullins, Cly, Mockler's Terrace (Fethard)</i>	<i>Wall, Derek, Main Street, Fethard (Calvary)</i>
<i>Murphy, Breda (Tynan), St. Johnstown (Calvary)</i>	<i>Walsh, James 'Jim', Coolenure (England)</i>
<i>Naundorf, Manfred, Killusty</i>	<i>Walsh, Nora (White), Baptistgrange (Lisronagh)</i>

Our dear departed 2003

from available photographs

				
<i>Pauline Coffey</i>	<i>Bridget Connell</i>	<i>Con McCormack</i>	<i>Cly Mullins</i>	<i>Derek Wall</i>
				
<i>Doreen Humphreys</i>	<i>Fr. Michael Twomey</i>	<i>Fr. Pierce O'Mahoney</i>	<i>Jack Fitzgerald</i>	<i>Jimmy Hayes</i>
				
<i>Monica Fahy</i>	<i>Vincent Breen</i>	<i>Tommy Fleming</i>	<i>Sr. Áine Ryan</i>	<i>Tom O'Brien</i>
				
<i>Kitty Lyttleton</i>	<i>Larry Dargan</i>	<i>May O'Connell</i>	<i>Peggy O'Connor</i>	<i>John Bourke</i>
				
<i>Jo O'Connor</i>	<i>Sally O'Brien</i>	<i>Jimmy Heffernan</i>	<i>Nellie Delahunty</i>	<i>Noreen Deveraux</i>

Donations Received

Acknowledged below are donations (€10 and over) received from readers and organisations up to 30th November 2003. We would also like to thank all those who wished to remain anonymous.

Aherne, Joan (Murphy), Dublin 22
 Allen - Downs, Mrs Margaret, Jersey City
 Allen, Vincent, Edenderry
 Angel, Noreen (McDonnell), San Diego USA
 Anglim, Nan, New Jersey
 Arkell, Joan (O'Donnell), Warwick
 Armstrong, Monica (Dwyer), Northampton
 Aylward, Mrs. Mary, Bray
 Barnard, Brian, Castine, Maine
 Barnes, Frances, Kent,
 Barrett, Angela (McCarthy), Ardfinnan
 Barry, Michael, Kilkenny
 Barry, Rose (Ryan), Lismore
 Beavis, Pat (Finn), Herts., England
 Bradley, Teresa (Fogarty), West Sussex,
 Breen P.P. Fr Tom, Fethard
 Burke, Eamonn & Nora, Tralee, Co. Kerry
 Burke, James, San Francisco
 Burke, Joanne, Dublin
 Burke, Mary, Thurles
 Butler, Liam, Sutton, Coalfield
 Byard, Dr. Donal, Cincinnati, USA
 Byrne Healy, Peg, New Jersey
 Byrne, R.A., Daingean Road, Tullamore
 Cannon, Tom & Margaret, Les Annonney, France
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 Davin Haran, Mrs Lois, New York
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 Dineen, Lory, Tramore
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 Evans, Bob & Karin, Germany
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 Farrell, John, Tralee, Co. Kerry
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*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 Sarah Murphy for typing; Carmel Rice for looking after correspondence and donations, Brendan Kenny for distribution, Gemma Burke for proofreading, and Michael Hall, Kyle, for researching newspaper articles relating to Fethard.

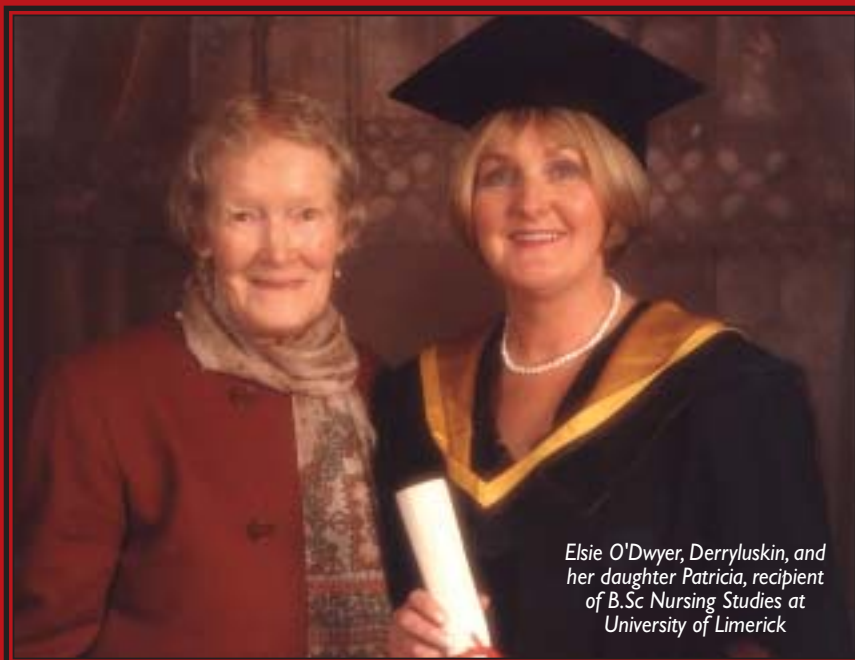
I would also like to thank all who submit articles and photographs; those who subscribed to our Church Gate Collection, and a special thanks to all those who make annual donations which help make the whole publishing of this newsletter possible. ♦



Nellie Ryan, St. Patrick's Place, helping Santa find his way to Fethard Park & Folk Museum.



Members of Fethard Youth Club photographed on the final night of their 'Coping On' project facilitated by Des Bell, Juvenile Liaison Officer Garda Siochana Clonmel, and Noelle O'Dwyer, Rural Outreach Worker with Tipperary Regional Youth Services. L to R: Des Bell, Juvenile Liaison Officer Garda Siochana Clonmel; Kyle O'Donnell, Tracey Coady, Tom Gilpin, Ashley McCormack, Suzie Harvey, Sarah Kennedy, Helen Frewen and Noelle O'Dwyer, Rural Outreach Worker with Tipperary Regional Youth Services.



*Elsie O'Dwyer, Derryluskin, and
her daughter Patricia, recipient
of B.Sc Nursing Studies at
University of Limerick*



Brendan Morrissey (in yellow) of Cashel Road, who shook hands with 14,169 people in eight hours at this year's Annual Ploughing Championships. This represents an astonishing rate of 1,771 handshakes per hour and gives Brendan a place in the Guinness Book of Records.