Fethard & Killusty WSLETTER 2011 €19



The cast of this year's Fethard Players' production, 'The Year of The Hiker', photographed on stage after their performance in the Abymill Theatre. L to R: Colm McGrath, Niamh Hayes, Ciarán Mullally, Pat Brophy, Rita Kenny, Jimmy O'Sullivan and Ann O'Riordan. The play was produced by Austin O'Flynn.



Esther McCormack, The Green, Fethard, photographed on the occasion of her 80th birthday with members of her family who joined her to celebrate the special occasion in April . Back L to R: Tishy, Gina, Kieran, Valerie, Marian. Front L to R: Michael, Esther McCormack and John Joe.

# FETHARD & KILLUSTY NEWSLETTER 2011

Dedicated to our friends and relations living away from home

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Front cover: Approaching Main Street from Rocklow Road - Early 1900s Back cover: Abymill Creamery and Watergate - Early 1900s Photographs supplied by Diana Stokes

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### A year of change

#### by Joe Kenny (editor)



This drawing of Watergate, date unknown, was submitted by Diana Stokes, The Square.

As we arrive at the end of this current year of change, meditation, hardship, emigration and loss for many people in Fethard and Ireland, we find that life still goes on and our Irish spirits are lifted up by those who take up the challenge and make the best of what's left. We will survive without doubt.

Community spirit was never more important than it is today. If we are to get through this recession we will need to support local businesses, shop local, get involved in local organisations, particularly those whose funding was cut or withdrawn, and especially help those in our community who are less

well off and need our support.

Fethard is a great place to live. It has all the groundwork in place for future generations to grow and cultivate a rich community life. With cheap travel and mobile communications the concept of community no longer has geographical limitations, but we all still need a 'home' to embrace our childhood memories. family and friends. Many readers of this Newsletter will have lived away from Fethard for longer than they have ever lived in Fethard and yet their affection for this town pours flowingly in the many letters we receive every year. That alone makes this Annual Newsletter, now over

fifty years in existence, worthwhile.

When I look back at my own life the part I remember most is my childhood. I remember growing up on The Green with neighbouring families, McCarthys, McCormacks, Careys, Trehys, Healys, Sharpes, Hanrahans, to name but a few I still dream of a 'Green' reunion that will probably never happen.

I'd like to thank all the contributors who make this publication possible and all our friends at home and abroad who very kindly make financial contributions towards the printing and delivery of the newsletter. I also thank the great team of voluntary helpers who organise the annual church gate collection and the packaging and posting of the newsletter to all our emigrants.

I take this opportunity to wish all our readers a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. ●



Anglim family from Knockelly c. 1926. Back L to R: Monica, Paddy, Peggy, Angela Front L to R: Mary, Joan and Bunny

#### **Parish Greetings**

The Irish saying goes, 'Ní neart go chur le chéile' – there is strength in togetherness – Christ's birthday at Christmas calls us to that togetherness.

Jesus came on earth to live as one of us, to call us to unity and peace. Each one of us can be as in St. Francis' prayer, instruments of Christ's peace by our words and actions and in return, be filled with that same peace and contentment.

Christmas is a time for giving and it's good to see that it doesn't always have to be expensive gifts. Many in our parish give of their time and talents to others throughout the year in a voluntary selfless capacity in various groups and individually. This is a blessing to all. Thanks to all who do so making Fethard and Killusty a

better place to call home. We know all who do this feel blessed themselves for St. Francis reminds us, 'It is in giving we receive!'

We thank all the children and youth of our parish for the joy and happiness they bring, be it at their concerts, sports events, Holy Communion or Confirmation day. We also thank our senior citizens who continue to inspire and encourage us all with their joy and vibrancy of life and indeed showing the wisdom they have been blessed with down the years.

May we all be blessed with the joy, peace and hope of Christ's birth and go forward into 2012 renewed in Him and in one another.

Fr. Tom and Fr. Anthony



Photographed at this year's pilgrimage to Holy Year Cross are L to R: Christy Williams, Fr. Anthony McSweeney and Gus Maher

## **Legion of Mary**

The members of the Legion of Mary join in wishing all our readers a peaceful, happy Christmas and New Year. The past year has been encouraging. We provided Catholic papers, books and prayer leaflets for all those who wished to purchase them. We attended the Rosaries in the various cemeteries during November with many of our fellow parishioners. The special Rosary in the Abbey on Sunday afternoons for the month of October was welcomed by faithful supporters.

The work of the Legion is not always obvious but is carried on silently, quietly. Members are encouraged by parishioners who constantly attend daily Mass, join in the Rosary each day in our Parish Church, join

in publicly demonstrating, respectfully their love for Our Blessed Mother in attending the May Procession and also their love and respect for the true presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament in attending the Corpus Christi Procession.

We invite you to consider joining the Legion of Mary, or to hand in your name to become an auxiliary member. Our parish is as strong as our weakest link. Therefore, let all of us pray for one another and support one another. Let us reach out to those persons who need us. We might recall St. Augustine's words that tell us our hearts are restless until they rest in God.

Fethard Legionaries are under the spiritual direction of Father John Meagher, OSA. •



'Ladies on the inside, gents on the outside' - Fethard Legion of Mary members enjoying a 'Paul Jones' at their curia social in the Convent Hall 1970s

#### **Augustinian Abbey**



Very Rev. James Danom OSA, photographed in Ireland where he visited Augustinian priests who had previously worked in Nigeria. Local priests, Fr Timmy Walsh and Fr. Martin Crean, between them, spent 60 years ministering in Nigeria. L to R: Fr. John Meagher OSA, Fr. Gerry Horan OSA (Provincial), Very Rev. James Danom OSA (Bishop of Shandam, Nigeria), Fr. Martin Crean OSA (Prior), and Fr. Timmy Walsh OSA.

Dear Reader, to all of you at home or in exile, on behalf of the Community, I hope you are at peace and doing well in mind and body. We just celebrated World Mission Sunday, where the theme this year was 'Together in faith'. To you, the people of this parish, wherever you are, we do keep you in mind and in our prayers. This newsletter does keep us together with interesting articles, photographs old and new and news, 'tipp' bits.

The high point at the Abbey this year was a sad occasion. It was the funeral of our beloved community member, Fr. Tim Walsh OSA. He will be fondly remembered for his cool, calm approach, and his warm smile for each and every one. He was a genius for remembering everyone's name, even the dog and the cat's name. He died on Good Friday, just as the Stations of the Cross were

beginning in the Abbey. This was very appropriate as he always celebrated them on Good Friday. He was interred in his beloved Ballylanders. We the community and indeed Fr. Tim's family were consoled by the attendance of diocesan clergy and people of the area who came to say goodbye. The church was full to overflowing on both occasions.

Fr. John Meagher OSA celebrated his 95th birthday in September. He continues to enjoy good health, which allows him to continue his ministry in the abbey.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and every one for their support, help and generosity throughout the year. It is very much appreciated. On Behalf of Fr. Gerry, Fr. John and myself, I wish you the peace of the Christmas season and a happy New Year.

Fr. Martin Crean OSA

#### **Holohans of Tullow**

Geraldine Coleman (nee Walsh) formerly of Newtown, wrote to us on behalf of her Waterford friend, Frankie Jordan, who remembers spending childhood holidays at the foot of Slievenamon before her mother died when she was 12.

After looking at last year's Newsletter, Frankie started teasing out her family tree and wanted to share the information. The following is the results of her efforts to date.

Her grandparents were Michael and Bridget Holohan (nee Walsh), Tullow, Fethard. They had three sons and three daughters (including twins): Bill (USA), Kevin (Killusty), Michael (Mullingar), Bridget (Waterford) who was born 1910 and died 1952, Eileen (Fethard) and Mary (London).

Their cousin was Fr. John Walsh P.P., Lattin, Co. Tipperary, and her sister owned a pub in Cloneen. There was some confusion over the spelling of the 'Holohan' surname but they settled on this one.

Maybe some of our readers can help with further information. •

Geraldine Coleman



Grandparents, Michael and Bridget Holohan (nee Walsh), Tullow, Fethard.



L to R: J.J. Morrissey, Colette Morrissey and John Whyte photographed outside their garage on Main Street in the early 1950s



Three generations of Morrissey First Communions. J.J. Morrissey (Fethard 1947), Desmond Morrissey (London 1973) and Robert Morrissey (Tralee 2011)



Children from Burke Street area photographed at the Abbey in the late 1950s. Back L to R: June Kennedy, Mary Kenrick, Dolores O'Flynn, Biddy Mullins. Middle L to R: Eileen Hayes, Ann Kenrick. Front L to R: Jacinta O'Flynn, Lou Kenrick and Concepta Healy.



Mary (Kenrick) O'Brien sent us this photograph from Limerick after someone, who recently observed her talking to neighbours at a function, said, "Ye Burke Street people really stick together!" To which Mary replied, "And why not!" This photograph taken at a GAA Dinner Dance in February 1986 will further endorse the fact that they sure do! Back L to R: Richie Hayes, Jimmy O'Shea, Anthony Hayes, Margaret Coffey, Frank Coffey, Paul Hayes, Percy O'Flynn, Paddy Kenrick. Front L to R: Mary (Kenrick) O'Brien, Austin O'Flynn, Peggy Kenrick, Kitty Hayes, Kevin Coffey and Theresa Cummins.



Theresa Cummins and Seamus Cummins photographed at their Burke Street home Christmas 1996

### **Fethard & District Day Care Centre**

Christmas comes around very quickly and once again we will try to keep you up to date on all the activities happening at the Day Care Centre. At this time of the year we are getting ready for our Christmas Bazaar. Our clients start making Christmas Cards and Christmas Decorations as early as February and our knitters are busy knitting throughout the year. This year's bazaar takes place on Thursday, 20th November, 2011.

We continue with our exercise classes every day. We all feel the benefit of doing the exercises, keeping our joints supple and as we all know that is very important.

We had a full programme throughout the year. The Bealtaine Festival held in May is a great showcase for our older citizens who have so much to offer with their varied skills such as cookery, knitting, sewing, pottery, painting, acting, singing, dancing and of course their patience and advisory skills. We had various fundraising events throughout the year. We would like to thank all who helped us in any way.

Our holiday this year saw us visit Dundalk, Co. Louth, in May. We enjoyed some nice day trips up North. We had good food, good company, wonderful scenery and the weather was okay. Our summer



Photographed at Fethard & District Day Care Centre Christmas Party 2010 are L to R: Leisha Fogarty, Fr. Anthony McSweeney and Joan Heffernan



Photographed at Fethard & District Day Care Centre Christmas Party 2010 are
L to R: Esther McCormack and Annie Rvan

outing took us to Loughlinstown, Co. Carlow, Kilkenny.

Our Christmas party will be held in Raheen House in December. We would like to take this opportunity to thank all our sponsors who continually help in our fundraising efforts. In 2010, we had a visit from the Tipperary teams with the 'Liam McCarthy' and 'Cross of Cashel' cups after winning the All Ireland Senior Hurling and Under 21 titles. Tiobraid Abu.

The Day Centre Committee meet once a month. We still continue to provide our monthly 'Senior Day', where our elderly neighbours who do not attend the centre can avail of a hot meal, chiropody service and

meet the district nurse.

Thank you to staff, volunteers, the Secondary School's transition year students and committee members who continue to try and provide the best service possible for our clients. The committee is as follows: Jimmy Connolly (chairperson), Fionnuala O'Sullivan (secretary), Liam Hayes (treasurer), Carmel Rice, Breda Nolan, Desmond Martin, Marie Murphy, Geraldine McCarthy (supervisor) and Michael Cleere (minibus driver).

A very happy and peaceful Christmas to all in our communities and to you our readers from all at the Day Centre. 

Output

Day Centre.

#### **Fethard & Killusty Community Games**

Fethard & Killusty Community
Games are alive and well
thank God. It is hard to believe
another year has passed by and I'm
still in the role of PRO after 26 years.
It is time to be moving on and very
unlikely that I will get a pension.

We were fairly active during 2011, participating in art, gymnastics, athletics, swimming, juvenile quiz and under-ten football. We also entered under-twelve girl's football but were unable to field a team due the regulations of the age group and the parish rule. The same applied to the mini-rugby. The club performs fantastically every year but finds it hard to get the required numbers in a specific category from the area.

We didn't take part in volleyball as we were short of trainers and managers. The volleyball finals at both Munster and National level are held during school holidays and therefore it is very difficult to get people together.

Ben Coen, son of Anne and Shay, Killusty, represented Tipperary in the boys under-ten 100m at the national finals where he qualified for the semifinals on his very first attempt. Well done to Ben.

We had nine children representing Fethard at the county swimming finals and all did very well. Caroline and Zoë Stokes (Ballybough), Aisling Gorey (Moanbeg), Hannah Dolan (Coolmore), Abigail Maher



Fethard Community Games 2011 Artists from Killusty L to R: Cathal Ryan, Jack Pollard, Miceál Cuddihy, Ella Mai Hackett and Francis Holohan.



Artists from Fethard at Community Games County Final in Silvermines. L to R: Cassie Needham, Abby McGrath, Sadhbh Horan, Jennifer Phelan and Matthew Burke

(Tinakelly), the Pearson twins, Conor and Oliver (Coolmore), and the Morgan brothers, David and Thomas (Grangebeg). David Morgan won a gold medal, Caroline Stokes won silver, Zoë Stokes and Oliver Pearson both won bronze medals.

Aobh O'Shea, Ruby Kennedy and Hannah Dolan all competed in the county finals of gymnastics.

There were two teams from Fethard at the county final of the Juvenile Quiz in Thurles. Both performed very well. Silver medals were won by our B Team of Emma Hatton (Ardsallagh), Lucy O'Hagan (Main Street), Mark Heffernan (Ballyvaden) and Jack Dolan (Coolmore). Sub was Matthew Lynch (Coolmore).

Our A Team members were: Luke Brastock, Andrew Phelan, Connie Coen and Ross McCormack. We had a very exciting evening at the area finals in Fethard Youth Café. Special thanks to teachers Rita Kenny, Patricia Treacy, Frances Harrington and Rose Heffernan who prepared the children and were a great help on the evening. Last but not least a big thank you to our quiz host Mrs Mary Healy, The Green, who is so obliging and always does a marvellous job.

Our teachers always play a leading role in the administration of our Art competition. The area results in the Art Competition were as follows:

Girls U8 – 1st Abby McGrath (Fethard); 2nd Ella Mai Hackett; 3rd Ciara O'Meara (Fethard). Girls U10 – 1st Jennifer Phelan (Fethard); 2nd Ashley Bradshaw (Fethard); 3rd Sophie Lillis (Killusty). Girls U12 – 1st Aisling Gorey (Fethard); 2nd Roisín McDonnell (Fethard); 3rd

Amy Cowlard (Fethard) . Girls U14 -1st Cassie Needham (Fethard); joint 2nd Sadhbh Horan (Fethard) and Eimear Kenny (Fethard). Girls U16 - 1st Larissa Clancy Fethard). Boys U8 – 1st Miceál Cuddihy (Killusty); 2nd Jason Thompson (Fethard); 3rd Alex Ryan (Fethard). Boys U10 -1st Matthew Burke (Fethard); 2nd Cathal Ryan (Killusty); 3rd Michael Quinlan (Fethard). Boys U12 - 1st Jack Pollard (Killusty); 2nd Matthew Hunter (Tinakelly); 3rd Conor Harrington (Fethard). Boys U14 - 1st Harry Butler (Fethard); 2nd Jessie McCormack (Fethard); 3rd Francis Holohan (Killusty).

At the County final of the Art in Silvermines Sadhbh Horan won a

silver medal while Jennifer Phelan and Matthew Burke won a bronze medal each. In the first round of the under-ten football, our boys put up a great performance but were unlucky to be drawn against an excellent team from Kilsheelan who went on to contest the county final in Semple Stadium.

We have submitted a motion to the County AGM to transfer the volleyball finals to provincial finals in March and national finals in May.

We would like to thank everybody who helped us in any way during the year especially with the fundraising and extend our very best wishes to everybody for a Happy and a Holy Christmas.



The Fethard Volleyball team which represented Munster in the Community Games All Ireland in Mosney 1985. Back: Monica Kenny, Pamela Lawlor, Mandy Conway, Lorraine McCormack, Claire O'Riordan, Anna Bradshaw, Margaret Quinlan, Kathy O'Donnell. Front: Mairead Croke, Mildred Lawlor, Rebecca Conway and Dorothy Keane. The girls were coached by Ann O'Riordan, who devoted many months of time and energy training the team.

**Gold . . .** by Denis Hayes

Jp in the high country of north-east Victoria in Australia, the mountain streams flowing off Mount Selwyn and the surrounding peaks come together to form the Buckland River. It is not a

particularly long or deep river and it flows eastwards for about 70 kms to join its bigger sister – the Ovens River. During the early part of its course it flows through a very valley, narrow which in places has room only for the river and the narrow unsealed road beside it. In places the valley widens a bit to form a few acres of river flat and occasionally there is a clearing on

the hillsides for a small paddock or two. The hills on each side are very steep and heavily forested.

About halfway along its course the valley widens right out and the river now curves around the base of Mount Buffalo with its vertical granite cliffs rearing above it and the waterfalls gleaming in the sun. On the other bank the land slopes gently towards Devil's Elbow Hill

and is fertile pasture land with cattle and horses, vineyards and crops of canola and sunflowers.

It is a lovely place, much favoured by campers and hikers, bird watchers and artists. Parents bring their

> children here for picnics and to explore the bush. On a hot summer's afternoon there would be no nicer place to seek some shade and listen to the gentle lazy sounds of the forest with the aroma of the eucalypt trees in your nostrils. For the gourmet traveller, there are comfortable lodges with elegant wining and dining.



The narrow valley of the Buckland river in the Alpine region of Victoria, the scene of an early Australian goldrush

But the his-

torical documents tell a different story. In the 1850s, this place was known as the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death'. In 1853 a group of six gold prospectors led by an American named Henry Pardoe found their way into the Buckland Valley and there they found what they were looking for, and lots of it. They managed to keep the news of their find a secret for some weeks despite hav-

ing to make a trip to Beechworth, the nearest town at that time, to purchase supplies and equipment. It was widely known that gold had been found in different parts of the Alpine region of Victoria and there were lots of people in the area. Some were actively prospecting and some were hanging around the towns on the lookout for someone that showed signs of having had a good gold find. They would then follow that person back to the source of their find and commence panning themselves.

Pardoe was a wily prospector and led his group, followed by the hangers-on, back to some other valley and set up camp there for the night. The followers, thinking that they had arrived at the goldfield, would also settle down for the night. Pardoe and his group would then very quietly pack up their camp and head off over the ridge and make their way through the bush and the hills back to Buckland. The plan came unstuck when they sent one of their party back to Beechworth for more supplies. It appears that he let the cat out of the bag after he had a few too many in one of the pubs.

There was no need to follow the messenger this time. They knew where to go and probably got there before he did. The word spread and within a very short time there were thousands of people in the valley. Every square inch of liveable space, no matter how steep, had a tent or a shack or just a tarpaulin over it. Hundreds more were arriving by the day on foot or in horse drawn carts. Wives and children came along too, maybe with all their worldly possessions in a wheelbarrow. The trees were cut down to provide firewood, for building some sort of dwelling and to make the aqueducts to carry water down to the gold screening operations.

The miners depended on merchants for food and essentials and they were easy prey for unscrupulous operators. There was no means of chilling meat so all meat arrived on the hoof and was slaughtered on the spot. There was no place to dispose of the offal but in the river where it joined all the other waste, sewage and mud. The entire valley soon became a stinking quagmire but the search for gold continued along the river.

The gold they were searching for was known as alluvial gold and it occurred as varying sized nuggets or smaller particles in the gravel in the river bed, or at the river side on a bend or buried in the river bank where it had been deposited over the millennia. The gold particles had been dislodged from eroded quartz reefs further up at the source of some of the tributaries and washed down by floods over the years. The simplest form of gold mining was to put a shovel full of gravel into a flat metal pan and swill it around. The obvious bigger stones were thrown out and the contents swilled around with some water The

gold particles, being heavier than the gravel particles, behaved in a different way in the pan. The miners became quite skilled at identifying the gold particles.

The hectic life continued for some months and then disaster struck. Typhoid fever, in a very virulent form, broke out. The mortality rate was very high. Men, women and children fell ill and died. There was no source of medicine or medical help. The vast majority of the

residents at the gold field were single men, so when sickness struck there was no support system to either nurse them or bury them. There was a story of two young min-



Small Cemetery in the 'gold valley' where some Irishmen are buried with names Fitzgerald, Dunphy and Walsh

ers, one of whom fell victim to the fever and in his distress implored his friend to do something to help him. The friend, in desperation, grabbed his pan and headed down to the river. He struck gold and within a few hours had enough to buy a horse and cart to take his friend to hospital in Beechworth.

About half way along the river, there is a small cemetery that is a bit overgrown and easily missed. There are some fairly recent burials with good headstones and a few old headstones from the 1850s. This cemetery must have been filled to capacity

with graves possibly marked only with wooden crosses, of which there are still some signs to be seen. The old marked graves identify a whole family of Fitzgeralds, a family of Dunphys including an infant, a Margaret Walsh, an O'Connor, a Moran, a James O'Shea from Kerry and some more names of Irish origin. This cemetery is all that remains of the township of Buckland, which, records show, contained several pubs, stores, shops and a police sta-

tion. It is said that there are people buried all over the valley – in any spot where it was possible to scrape a hole in the rocky and steep hillsides. Some were probably

never buried at all.

The deaths continued into 1856 although a great number of people had moved out. Eventually the fever ran its course, and a year or so later there was again of population of miners. This time the population contained a significant number of Chinese miners who had come from their homeland to seek wealth and a means of supporting their families back in China. They brought their customs with them and built their temples and shops and kept to themselves. They were skilled and successful miners, which caused

the non-Chinese to become jealous and suspicious of them. Eventually, the racial tensions reached bursting point and in 1857 a serious riot broke out. The Chinese temples, houses and shops were burnt or destroyed. Many Chinese were badly beaten and, almost certainly, several were murdered — another catastrophic event in the Buckland Valley.

The police superintendent sent in to investigate the riots was the Irish-born Robert O'Hara Bourke.

He has gone down in history as the leader of the ill-fated Bourke and Wills expedition that left Melbourne in 1860 to find a route north to the Gulf of Carpentaria. They reached the Gulf in a very poor physical state from starvation and exposure and they set out on their return journey. They were meant to rendezvous with a supply team on a certain date but missed the appointment by a few hours. Both Bourke and Wills died in the desert of exhaustion and hunger.

Eventually, all the easily accessible gold in the river valleys ran out and the miners moved on the new finds in different places. There was plenty of alluvial gold left but it was deep under the river beds or the river flats and required expensive machinery and financial outlay to harvest it. Mining companies were formed and the era of the gold dredge started around the 1890s and continued up to 1954. The biggest dredge was at the El Dorado goldfield near Beechworth. It was a massive two thousand ton structure

build on a raft which floated on the flooded area to be dredged. It consisted of an endless chain on a long boom with huge iron buckets attached to the chain. Initially they were steam-driven but later used electricity. The chain rotated on its boom and the buckets bit into the soil, sand and gravel and tipped their contents into a system of rotating sieves. The small particles dropped into other sieves with finer mesh screens. Eventually the gold was separated from the sand and grit and the rest of the material was dumped as 'tailings'.

Environmentally, they were a disaster. All the trees and plants were removed over a wide area and the dredge process had turned the topsoil and the subsoil upside down with big heaps of tailings left piled up where they were deposited. These dumps are still visible even after half a century or more of Mother Nature trying to repair herself.

Concurrently with the dredging, mining companies had commenced underground and open cut mining. The mineshafts were sunk where the miners found a seam of gold still embedded in the quartz rocks. The shafts followed the seams and the gold bearing ore was brought to the surface. The hunks of quartz were crushed and the crushed material was spread out on flat beds. The gold was then chemically extracted from the ore using mercury and cyanide. The gold attached itself to the chemicals

and the mixture was heated to evaporate the chemicals and leave the gold. Again, it was an environmental disaster and very inefficient, recovering only 40% of the available gold.

The gold mines in Ballarat in Victoria were the richest in the world around 1851 and were the scene of an event of national importance to Australia. When a gold seam was found and a mineshaft was planned. a licence was required from the government of the Colony. The licence gave the owner an area of 3.6 sq meters and a fee of thirty shillings had to be paid every month whether gold was found or not. The licensing system was administered by the police and a Gold Commissioner. The system was very corrupt and a cause of much discontent amongst the 'Diggers' as the miners were called. Also, a 'digger' had been murdered by a group of men friendly with the police and the perpetrators were not charged.

The discontent came to a head in December 1854 when a group of armed Diggers, led by Irishborn Peter Lalor erected a stockade on the Eureka Mine site and challenged the authorities. They flew their own famous Eureka flag which was stitched together by the Diggers' wives. The army was called in and the rebellion was put down in twenty minutes with the loss of several lives and the arrest of a number of Diggers. However, it led to an Official Inquiry which recommended that the all the rebels be freed

and that the licensing system be changed and made fairer. It was the only armed rebellion in Australian history that led to the reform of unfair legislation and is considered to be the 'Birthplace of Australian democracy'. The flag is still to be seen in a museum in Ballarat and is a representation of the stars of the Southern Cross.

While all these events were going on, men were prospecting in every part of the continent and continued to do so for many years to come with varying degrees of success. Laurie Sinclair from Scotland. who considered himself of Norse heritage, was prospecting in what is now Western Australia, at the western end of the Nullabor Plain. He tied his horse to a tree while he did some panning. We do not know how successful Laurie was but when he returned to his horse he found that the horse had been pawing the ground and in doing so had dug up a fine lump of gold. The horse's name was Norseman and the mining town that developed there afterwards was called after the horse. The citizens of Norseman had a bronze statue of the horse erected in the Main Street.

Is there more gold left to find? By all accounts there is a mountain of it in the desert west of Alice Springs. Harry Lasseter was a restless 17-year-old when, in 1897, he thought that he would seek his fortune in Alice Springs. Not finding what he wanted there he travelled on westward along the McDonnell Ranges with a plan

to get to the west coast. On the way, he found a huge gold-bearing quartz reef. He took samples and noted the position of the reef based on local landmarks and set out again. However, the desert took its toll, the horses died of thirst and Harry walked on nearly dead himself. Fortunately he was found by an Afghan camel driver who brought him to safety. Harry returned to look for the reef in 1900 accompanied by a surveyor. They found it again and this time they took proper bearings of latitude and longitude and more samples. However, when they returned to their base, they discovered that their watches had the incorrect time and so the bearings they took were incorrect by a large amount. Harry was a determined man and by 1917 he had cultivated a group of men that were prepared to mount another search. But after some unsuccessful searching, squabbles developed and most of the group went home.

Harry tried again in 1930, this time with funding from the Australian Workers Union. A large truck and a light aircraft were provided but they searched in vain. The truck got wrecked in the rough desert ground and the aircraft crashed on landing early on in the search. Finally, the others went home and left Harry with some camels and provisions. He searched on alone until his camels got spooked one day and bolted with the provisions on their backs. The desert took its final toll on Harry

and he died in a cave. His remains and his diary were found some time later but Lasseter's Reef is still out there in the desert - 10 miles of high grade gold-bearing quartz.

Modern gold mining is a highly sophisticated operation. My nephew Mark Hayes, from Rathcoole, in my native Fethard, works in the industry in Western Australia and describes a system that has huge resources and equipment. Workers are protected by Health and Safety Legislation and are required to observe strict work practices to ensure their safety and a profitable return for the mining company.

What has all this human effort, suffering, crime, murder and environmental destruction been for?

Fifty percent of it goes into jewellery, 40% into investment and 10% into industry-dentistry, electronics and resistance to corrosion. An old friend of mine, now passed away, who had spent all his working life in the finance industry used to say, "What use is gold? They dig it up out of one hole and put it down another one". The good book does not tell us what St Joseph did with the gold that the Wise Men gave the Infant. Did he put it in hole in the ground to be recovered later? Did he grumble about the extra weight that the poor donkey had to carry into Egypt? Or maybe it was in handy coins that he could use to buy provisions and essentials for the Mother and Child. A bit of gold comes in handy at times!



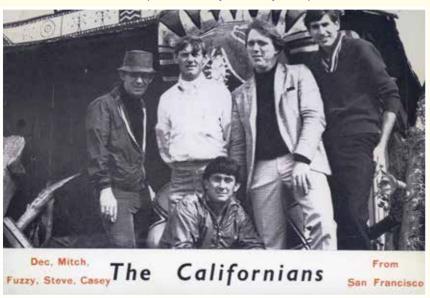
Michael Cummins (right) who died on 28 April 1999 in Northampton pictured with his sister Margaret (Peggy) who died in Edgware in 1986 and his brother Jackie who died in 1988 in Hemel Hemstead.



Gunne family from The Green photographed together after 30 years L to R: Sean Gunne (Clonmel), Kathleen (Fethard), Pat (London) and J.J. (Tralee).



This group of Fethard people includes Fr. Lambe, Ned Maher, Tom Barrett, Betty Holohan, Paddy McLellan, John Collins, Phyllis O'Connell, Helen O'Connell and many more familiar faces we can't put names on. Maybe somebody can help?



Paddy Lonergan sent us this photograph of The Californians band based in San Francisco and featuring Declan Mulligan (front) from The Valley. Declan was best known as a guitarist with American rock band, The Beau Brummels, and played the harmonica opening of their hit single 'Laugh, Laugh' which reached the top 20 of the U.S. Billboard Hot 100 in February 1965.



Nurse Stasia Walsh with her son Paddy in front of car, The Back Green, 1933



Happy children pictured outside the home of Doreen and Johnny Murphy at Rathcoole, Fethard, in the late 1960s. From left, Gerard Murphy, Nina Dawson (nee Murphy), Eamonn Wynne (a cousin of the Murphys) and Pat Murphy.

#### It feels like home!

by George Byrnes

Tremember my mother sitting Lat the dining room table and crying. "What's wrong Mom?" "I'm thinking about my father. He died 25 years ago today. I miss him so much", she said. I was eleven years of age. I had my first experience of death the previous spring when my grandmother, her mother, died, and so for the first time. I understood in a child's way how my mother felt. At the time my grandmother died, I was inconsolable. Several days after her funeral, I had a strong feeling she was there in the living room with me, watching over me playing. I was surprised to look up and not see her there. I got up to tell my mother, "I felt grandma was here." Whether it was real or not, it was our 'Goodbye'.

"Was he from Ireland, like grand-ma?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Did they get married in Ireland?"
"No, they met in New York."

"Where in Ireland did he come

from?"

"He came from a small town in Tipperary called Fethard"

"Fethard", I repeated. It was the first time I heard that name.



Archbishop Patrick O'Donnell of Brisbane, Australia, and Archbishop Thomas Morris of Cashel and Emly, photographed together for the consecration of the renewed parish church on Friday, 31 May, 1969.

Several years later, on my first day of high school, I met a second cousin, Stephen Molloy. We had never met before but my mother told me I would be meeting my cousin. Like myself, Stephen had no idea how we were related. We knew our mothers were best friends although they rarely even talked to each other anymore as neither drove and both were raising families.

I asked him, "Where in Ireland did your grandfather come from?"

He answered, "Fethard."

Mystery solved? Well, not really. In actuality, our grandmothers were sisters from Westmeath who arrived in New York in 1901 and 1903 respectively. In 1905, two young men, Jack O'Donnell and Patrick Molloy from Fethard arrived in New York met the two sisters from Westmeath and married them. (Note: I believe Patrick was actually from Rathduff).

Fast forward to the mid-1990s. I asked my Uncle Jack O'Donnell about his father, my grandfather, Jack. "Haven't you seen the letter Uncle Patrick (Dr. Patrick M. O'Donnell, late archbishop of Brisbane) sent to me in 1978? It tells all about our genealogy," he told me. I had not seen the letter (which is available on the Fethard website), but I soon had a copy and I devoured the information in it. I read the strange (to my American ears) sounding names of places near Fethard: Knockinglass, Rathduff, Moyglass, Coolanure, Rathcoole. The letter even had a

story of the banshee keening for one my ancestors. I laid the letter aside with little opportunity to learn more. When you are raising the current generation of your family, it's hard to take the time to find out more about past generations.

My mother died in May 2002, eight months after the twin towers fell in her beloved New York. On that September day, we stood and cried together at the sights we saw on the television. The next day, her hip broke and the downward spiral towards May had begun. As I went through her belongings, I found many remembrances of her father and family, I resolved my trip to Fethard must come sooner than later.

In 2007, my wife and I were provided our opportunity, a move to Germany with my job. The move provided the perfect springboard to investigate my ancestry. Our first trip was in November 2008. We stayed at the Cozie B&B with Theresa and Willie O'Donnell (no relation as far as Willie and I know). We spent our first day becoming familiar with the area. My great grandparents, Thomas and Johanna O'Donnell owned a draper shop in what is now O'Sullivan's Pharmacy. My wife and I met Jimmy O'Sullivan in the shop. Both Jimmy and I thought we were somehow related although we later found such not to be the case. In any case I have had the pleasure of seeing Jimmy on each of my visits to Fethard and have even seen him perform at the Abymill.

From Fethard, we headed for Movglass. I knew from the Archbishop's letter that my grandfather, Jack, was raised at Rathduff with his grandparents, as he was the eldest son of seven children. I had read as many as 82 first cousins would attend mass at Christmas in Moyglass in the mid-1800s, so it seemed the best place to start. We were surprised to find the new church as we expected to see a much older one. Not knowing where to go from Moyglass, I asked a young girl if she knew where the O'Donnell farm at Rathduff was She said, "Certainly I know where it is," and proceeded to give us directions. We soon found the entrance to the farm, but there was no one there to confirm it.so we drove on for a while.

Several miles down the road, we

saw a man at the side of the road raking some leaves. I stopped, introduced myself and asked him if he knew where the O'Donnell farm was. He replied, "Who sent you here?" I explained I was American and trying to find some of the places of my ancestors. He invited us in for some tea. The man we met was Mick O'Neill. For the next hour or more. Mick told us how his mother had bought the farm and on a later trip he showed me the deed with my great-grandfather Thomas' name. We were not on the farm at Rathduff, but at another one at Coolanure. This was one of the farms where the banshee was heard to keen when my great-great-grandfather James died.

Mick was also a friend of my grandfather's brother Jim O'Donnell and Mick regaled us with stories of



George Byrnes photographed with Mick O'Neill (left)



Diane and George Byrnes photographed with the 'Pheasant Pluckers' at their session in McCarthy's Hotel November 2008. L to R: Johnny O'Connor, Fintan Rice, Tommy O'Brien, George Byrnes, John Shortall, Diane Byrnes and Joe Kenny.

Jim's working the scales at the market in Fethard. I had heard my mother talk of her Uncle Jim and how smart he was: how he used to solve the crossword puzzle in the local paper to win the prize, and would then submit an entry week after week under the names of his friends and relatives until he himself was once again eligible to win the prize. Finally, Mick said: "Would you like to see Rathduff?" and off we went. We soon arrived at the entrance we had been to several hours earlier. The gentleman who now owns the farm is a friend of Mick's and we sat and chatted for a while. As I looked at Slievenamon in the distance, I could imagine my grandfather standing in the same spot looking at that mountain. What I could not imagine was the perspective of that late 19th century youth deciding to leave family and friend to go to America. Perhaps he had read letters from his aunt and uncle who had left Rathduff to settle in Albany, New York. I do know he corresponded with them when he came to New York, and that their descendants attended his funeral in 1937. Although the opportunities were great in America, still, the decision must have been difficult. That's my view as a 21st century American, one whose very existence was dependent on Jack O'Donnell's decision to leave. My mother often wondered where I got my wanderlust and I would always tell her it must have come from her parents.

Later that evening, we went to McCarthy's where I know several generations of my family have lifted a pint and more. Joe Kenny was kind enough to lend me a guitar and invited me to sit in with the Pheasant Pluckers. We played and sang for several hours. Great craic, and a most memorable ending to a memorable day, but the next day we had to return home to Heidelberg.

We returned to Fethard for our

2009. Although on our previous visit we had found the old family farms at Coolanure and Rathduff, I still wanted to find the cemeterv Rathcoole at farm and at Knockinglass. Again, we stayed at the Cozie B&B. Willie O'Donnell directed me to the cemetery at Rathcoole and

next visit in April



Jim O'Donnell last lived on Burke Street in the building that is now Emily's Delicatessen.

Theresa sent me to one of Fethard's treasures, Tony Newport. Theresa and Willie have a beautiful B&B and they have taken some delight in our adventures as well as helping us in our searches.

My first stop was at Newport's where I met Tony and his wife, who prepared some delicious potato pancakes. Tony knew my mother's uncle Jim O'Donnell. He told me Jim last lived on Burke Street in the building that is now Emily's Delicatessen. Tony told me that Jim

had a quick wit and could make quick mathematical calculations in his head. He also told me how Jim made his brother the Archbishop wait outside while he finished his pint at McCarthy's and perhaps even had one more before leaving. The next day, Tony gave me a picture of

> Uncle Jim, with Tony's sister. The picture had been taken on Main Street Fethard, probably in the 1940s

> It rained all the way to the cemetery at Rathcoole but as we arrived the sun shone. The cemetery was overgrown and most of the headstones were impossible to read, so I was una-

ble to find the graves of my ancestors. We prayed there for a time and then went on our way.

The next morning, a Friday, I woke early and drove to Moyglass. I came back to the B&B. My wife Diane knew something was up. I told her we were going to Mass in Moyglass at 9am. "If I'm going to meet a relative, it will be there", I said. There were about a dozen people at Mass, and afterwards, I introduced myself as a grand nephew of Archbishop O'Donnell. One

nice lady spoke to me about her meeting the Archbishop. Another woman said to me: "If ye be kin to him then ye be kin to me". I had met Ann Skehan Kennedy. Our common ancestor is James O'Donnell of Knockinglass (1757-1810). Within minutes we were at Ann's for tea and scones. We had a wonderful visit talking about our families. Later we met Ann's husband Seamus. Seamus and Ann then directed us to the O'Donnell farm at Knockinglass. The current owners of the farm are Tom and Ann Kelly Within minutes of our arrival we were again having tea and explaining my relationship to the O'Donnells. They had as many questions as we did. We then headed for the barn where Ann soon had us in waders and she and her daughter showed us the farm and took us down to where some of the old buildings (now ruins) stand. What a thrill to stand there knowing my ancestors worked those fields before the American Revolution. As I stood by one ruin, Ann said: "Take a rock." I bent over to take one from the ground. "No, take one from the building", she said. "It is from your ancestors." We "smuggled" the rock back into Germany and it now has a prominent spot in our home back in the US.

Our third trip to Fethard was in September 2010. We were in the process of leaving Germany and returning to the US. Prior to arriving in Fethard we spent some time in Kinsale where we learned to mix some Baileys in our porridge. Once again we stayed at the Cozie B&B. Theresa was surprised to hear of our discovery regarding porridge. but accommodated us. This most recent visit had two highlights. Once again we visited the Kellys at Knockinglass. Tom told us he wanted us to look at some pictures they had found and see if we knew any of the people in them. One of the final pictures we saw was one of Archbishop O'Donnell (then a newly ordained priest) with his parents, my great grandparents. We made a copy of the picture. It is the only picture the American branch of the family of that generation of O'Donnells.

As the weather was holding well (in fact it was beautiful for our entire visit), we decided to climb to the cross on Slievenamon. Archbishop O'Donnell had dedicated the cross in November 1950. A week later he was in New York with his American nephews and nieces. I have a picture of myself (four months old) in the Archbishop's lap. The climb was challenging enough in September. We can only imagine what it was like in November 1950. Of course, for the many of you who have been there, you know the view is spectacular.

As you can see, there has been much serendipity on my journey to find the people and places that now have great meaning and affection for me. Through the Fethard website, I have met other relatives



Diane Byrnes (right) photographed with Ann Kelly and her daughter Siobhán on the original O'Donnell farm at Knockinglass.

and learned much to pass on to future generations of our family. Without Archbishop O'Donnell's letter I could have come to Fethard and found nothing. In fact, Fethard may have simply got lost in a childhood memory. Without asking the young girl in Moyglass for directions. I would never have met Mick O'Neill. Without Mick. I wouldn't have seen the view from Rathduff to Slievenamon much less climbed it. If not for going to Mass on a Friday morning in Moyglass, I might never have found the farm at Knockinglass. And it goes on and on. On this journey, I have met Irish cousins living in Ireland, England and France, and a Canadian cousin. Yet to be discovered are relatives in the US, Australia and perhaps elsewhere. We have discovered stories of relatives in the American

Civil War as well as the story of the O'Donnell fiddle passed at the gate at Knockinglass that now resides with one of the Canadian cousins. New stories are even being created today as we have an American cousin (12 years old) who is a fiddler and has competed for the past two years in the Fleadh Cheoil na hEireann in Cavantown. As you can imagine, there have been many other discoveries left out of this story, we have made many new friends and there are still even more family connections to make and discover.

I am hoping to return to Fethard in August 2012, this time bringing my daughter and son and showing them a little bit of the place we came from. I'm sure they will feel as at home in Fethard as do I.

#### O'Flynn's Drapery in the 1970s



L to R: Veronica Bergin, Joan Coffey, Ann Kelly, Ann Keane, Mary Ryan and Breda Neville



L to R: Mary Ryan, Adrian Cashin, Joan Coffey and Ann Neville



L to R: Pat Halpin, Quartercross, Josie O'Connell, Coleman, and Nicky O'Shea, Quartercross.



Aylward House on Slievenamon, Killusty South. L to R: Mary Aylward nee Phelan (married to John Aylward, Jackie's parents), Noreen Tobin, Grove, Kevin Gildea, Paul Gildea and Marian Gildea (children of Josie O'Connell, Coleman, who were home on holiday from London). In the back is Mary 'Minnie' Allen (nee Aylward, a sister of Jackie).



Postman Jackie Aylward carrying groceries home



London Zoo in the late 1950s L to R: Mary O'Shea, Quartercross, Jimmy O'Connell, Coleman and Alice Tobin, Grove.



Fethard Police force 1922 Back L to R: J.J. Carey, Fethard; John Power, Rosegreen, Fethard; Michael O'Connell, The Valley, Fethard. Front L to R: William O'Connell, Crampscastle, Fethard; and Peter Morrissey, Ballydoyle, Fethard.

### Life after Killusty School



This family photograph was taken when Johnny came home from Australia in 1967. Back L to R: Paddy, Tom, Dick, Michael, Jimmy and Ned. Front L to R: Dan, their parents May and Pat, and Johnny.

Tleft Killusty School in the Summer of 1939 at just 14 years of age. In September of that year I got my first job with a farmer, as a creamery boy, milking three cows night and morning and going to Cloran Creamery where Paddy Murphy was manager. My wages were five shillings per week and every Saturday night I brought home the five shillings and gave it to my mother and she always gave me back one shilling. I wasn't asked to hand this up but it was the done thing then and you felt proud to be able to give money to your mother and I suppose it was, in its own small way, a

great help towards the cost of rearing a large family such as ours.

I stayed with my first employer for two years and then moved on, still mainly working for farmers. Now and again you would have to go to the Fair of Fethard which meant you had to be up at 3am that morning and drive the cattle along the road – which in itself wasn't always as straightforward as you might imagine – sometimes they would go down a boreen or take the wrong turn and you had to 'head them off'. It wouldn't do to show up at the fair with one missing and telling the farmer that the last you saw of it,



Killusty group photographed outside Killusty Church in the 1950s. Back L to R: Mick Duggan, Jack O'Donnell, Willie Slattery, Dan Davis, Mick Byrne, Jim Darcy, Jim Corr. Middle Row L to R: Pat Maher, Christy Williams, Johnny Sheehan, Jim Davis, Neddy Dunne. Front L to R: Liam O'Flaherty, Phil Byrne, Carmel Byrne, Ber Byrne and John Byrne.

was heading for the hills. If the cattle were sold the boss might give you a half-crown, a half week's wages. Mike Holohan of Tullow taught me how to plough and John Holohan of Cloneen taught me how to raise a narrow furrow. I was now a ploughman and as we had compulsory tillage during the war years ploughmen were always needed and then, as now, the farmer was the backbone of the country. I have many happy memories of all the farmers I worked for, never an angry word (not from me anyhow), lots of hard work, no tractors in those days, the only horse power we had then was

of the four legged variety.

In between farm jobs I worked with my father doing general building work, making farm carts, wheels etc. My father was a master wheelwright and general handyman as he served only three years of a five-year apprenticeship – however his craftsmanship was second to none and the skills I learned from him have served me well to this day.

In the spring of 1947 I decided to join the Army. Patie Lonergan and I enlisted in Clonmel and we were sent to the Curragh - McDonagh Barracks. We weren't long there when we were joined by my brothers Jimmy



Johnny Sheehan (left) and his brother Jimmy photographed in Dublin as they left for England in 1953.



Cidona Award presentation for achievement in Clay Pigeon Shooting 1973
Back L to R: Tony Sheehan (award winner), Dan Sheehan, Paddy Sheehan, Dick Sheehan, Bridget
Sheehan, Johnny Sheehan, Mary Sheehan, Terri Sheehan. Front L to R: Phyllis Sheehan and Peg Sheehan.

and Ned and then Tom Leahy and Paddy Duggan from Cloran and, as our instructor was Sergeant Johnny Meehan from Thorneybridge, it was like being at home in Killusty. After our sixteen weeks of training Patie and I were transferred to the Medics and spent some time in the Military Hospital in the Curragh studying nursing. Jimmy became a piper and was sent to the 12th Batt. Ned qualified as a driver of all military vehicles, Tom Leahy also became a piper and Paddy Duggan a drummer and both of them were sent to Athlone. I left the army in 1950 and decided to go to England with my brother Jimmy. Like thousands of others at that time we boarded the "Princess Maud" and set sail for Wales, then on

to Liverpool where my aunt Annie put us up. I got a job in Stanlow Oil Refinery as a labourer and worked seven days my first week and got \$16, my Lord! a fortune, I had never seen so much 'green backs' together. The following week I wasn't asked to come in on Sunday which came as a big disappointment, so on Monday I asked my mate 'Taff', a Welshman, why he was in yesterday and I wasn't. He said to me, "did you drop the matchbox?" I had no idea what he meant so he told me that if you are asked to work Sunday you should put \$1 in a matchbox and drop it near your foreman and you would get every Sunday. I never dropped the matchbox, never worked another Sunday there and soon left that job.

One day I saw an advertisement for carpenters in Derbyshire and I had been watching how it was done in Stanlow Oil Refinery and thought this is easy. I knew you had to be a union member so I brought a letter of certification that I was a carpenter that I got from a friend in Killusty.

I was accepted into the union and with the bit of experience I gained from my father and some second-hand tools I bought in Liverpool I applied for the job in Chesterfield and got it. I spent four wonderful years with that company and was the last carpenter of the original sixtyfive to leave. During my first year on the job I met two brothers from Mayo who night school and they

advised me to give it a try, which I did. It was the best thing I ever did; at only \$1 per year I had two night's practical joinery and technical drawing and one night in the College of Science each week. The instructors were extremely helpful and kind. I was taught all about Specific Gravity, Trigonometry, Statics and Dynamics (bodies at rest and bodies in motion), Force Diagrams, Loadings, etc. My years of success on the job and ever since is

due to meeting with the two Mayo brothers and Chesterfield College of Technology and Science and of course the skills I learned from my

While working in Chesterfield I got married to Peg who hailed from Newcastle, Clonmel and whom I

> had met in 1952 prior to going to England. We were married in Southport in 1953 by a Fr. Moynihan from Kerry and that was 58 years ago and we are still going strong.

After left Chesterfield I worked in Co. Durham on a Camden in

base for a brick kiln. after that I came back to my sister Mary Town, London and from there my brother Ned and I set off for Wales had been going to Noel Heffernan presenting Johnny Sheehan where we worked on a Hydro Electric project. After that we went to Hereford to

work for Alfred McAlpine - (a familiar name to many of you reading this). We spent a year there, working seven days a week, 8 to 8 Monday to Friday and 8 to 4 Saturday and Sunday and we had our own rooms in Redhill Hostel.

While there we met an old school mate from Killusty, Padraig O Riain from Loughcopple. If you are reading this Padraig, "Dia Dhuit agus Nodhlaig Shona 's Beannaithe



with his Judo Black Belt in 1990



Fethard wood craftsman Johnny Sheehan (left) photographed in his workshop with visitors Richard Hatton, Colin Dixon and Elaine Dixon in 2007. Colin was in Fethard to research his ancestor, Henry Dodgson, from Oldham, Lancashire, who was a postman in Fethard and lived on the Green after marrying Johanna Coffey.



New range of Fethard pens, handmade this year by local wood craftsman, Johnny Sheehan

a Chara Dilis, go bhfoire Dia ort".

We left Hereford after a year and went to work for a company in Port Talbot in Wales and spent eight happy years with them, doing small jobs in of all places, Ireland from Belfast to Ballymena, Ballina, Co. Mayo to Rathmore in Kerry and major jobs all over South Wales, UK Midlands, Lincoln and Grimsby. While I worked in Rathmore I was taken to London to discuss a contract in Queensland, Australia. It was a water cooling tower of a particular USA design and was being built under licence for a man named Jim De Flon, California. The main contractors were Kaiser Eng. & Constructors from Oakland. California and my company, Film Cooling Towers the sub-contractors. Because of my track record and reinforced concrete construction experience, my bother Ned and I having built a somewhat similar concrete tower in British Celanese in Derby, the company decided I was the person they wanted to supervise this particular tower, the first induced draught tower of its kind in the world. Firstly I had to ask Peg if I should go or not, she was happy that I should go and she would take care of everything at home including our three children. This she did alone for a whole year and thank you Peg for giving me the opportunity to work down under.

In 1962 when Ned and I worked in Birmingham I joined the local Judo Club in Sparkhill, the Kyu Shin Khan which translates to 'Investigator in the House of Shin'. I had a very experienced tutor named Kenshiro Abbe from Japan, he was an eight Dan Judo (eight grade of Black Belt) and 6th Dan Aikido. His high grade entitled him to wear a red and white belt. It was an experience of a lifetime. I spent about six months, three nights a week studying his every technique and later played the sport of Judo in many towns and cities throughout the U.K. and Australia. I taught Judo in Lincoln Judo Club and any club I ever practiced in I was always welcomed with open arms. When you donned that Judo suit you were one of them and the camaraderie and friendliness is an experience vou never forget such were the teachings of Jigoro Kano, founder of Judo and Morihei Ueshiba founder of Aikido.

Life in England wasn't always easy and the thought of coming home to stay was often in the back of your mind. However, I am grateful for the opportunity to have met so many wonderful characters over the years, all of those I worked with and those I stayed in digs with, many gone now but not forgotten, all in all a great experience.

My next adventure was my year in Oz (1966), a chapter yet untold until this time next year and then of course there was my time in Nigeria, a totally different experience altogether.

Nollaig faoi shean agus faoi shonas cun chach sa bhaile agus thar lear

Sean O'Siodhacain

### **Fethard GAA Dance November 1982**



GAA Dance at Cahir House November 1982 L to R: Ned Connolly, Eileen Connolly, Mary Looby, Chris Looby and Kathleen Connolly



GAA Dance at Cahir House November 1982

#### **Fethard GAA Dance November 1982**



GAA Dance at Cahir House November 1982 L to R: Winnie Carroll, Noel Sharpe, Irene Sharpe and Mary Sheehan



GAA Dance at Cahir House November 1982 Back L to R: Francis Kearney, Frank Kearney, Tom Kearney, John Looby, Front L to R: Biddy Kearney, David Lawton, Bridie Kearney, Tossie Lawton and Patricia Looby

# My time in Ghana

by Eva Slattery (Kiltinan)



Eva Slattery at Apam, a seaside fishing village North of the capital Accra

When I think of Ghana, I think of the people and how wonderful it is that they value so highly improvement, community and connecting with people.

In August 2008 I received an email from my employer looking for people interested in an eight-week assignment in Ghana. My initial question was, "Where's that?" I am sure most of you are asking the same question so as a bit of background Ghana, officially the Republic of Ghana, is a country located in West Africa. It is bordered by Côte d'Ivoire (Ivory Coast) to the west, Burkina Faso to the north, Togo to the east,

and the Gulf of Guinea to the south. Ghana has been a republic since 1957 when it achieved independence from Great Britain.

So, eager to take the challenge of a new role, I arrived in Ghana in October 2008 and I am still here. I am working here for Vodafone who bought a local mobile phone operator in 2008. During my time here, as well as long hours and a challenging environment, I have also thoroughly enjoyed the Ghanaian people and visiting the many sights there are to see in Ghana. It has also been of great excitement to have many people over to visit me from Ireland

including quite a few from the Fethard area. I will share here a few of the many experiences of Ghana and how I believe it has been a wonderful opportunity to have been able to live in this country

People ask me many questions

about Ghana. Is it safe? Are people very poor? What is there to do there? What is the religion? What is the food like? Are the people friendly? I'll try to answer some of this based on my experience. Ghana, being a UK colony in the past, means almost all people here speak English integration making very easy. There are also an estimated 80 local tribal languages which I have not exactly mastered in any way. It is a third world country but in recent years has achieved sig-

nificant economic improvement based on the arrival of many international companies and the finding of oil off the Gulf of Guinea a few years ago. The general safety element and ability for people to go out and about without security has also helped in many companies basing themselves here. The population of Ghana is mainly Christian (80%) with the remainder being Muslim. It is refreshing to see both communities living together with no fighting among them.

There are lots to see and do here. traditional villages, markets, slave forts, beaches, safari parks, and waterfalls. Just walking around Ghana is an experience with the street sell-

ers everywhere, selling everything and anything, from fruit and bread to toys to toilet rolls. And all sold to you through the car window as you queue at traffic lights.

A major highlight for me here has been the establishment of the Irish Society of Ghana (ISG) which a few of us set up just over two years ago. It has since led to the establishment Irish Consulate in Ghana which has about 50 people now registered here. We



sanitation in rural villages in Ghana. As I mentioned, I have had the pleasure of many Fethard visitors

Coughlin and her band over from

Ireland for the event. Over the past

two years of events we have raised

about €15,000 for development of



Clare Lee from Killusty at a beach resort in Accra



Carmel Asbury and Eva Slattery with a group of children in a village following some digging to build a new toilet

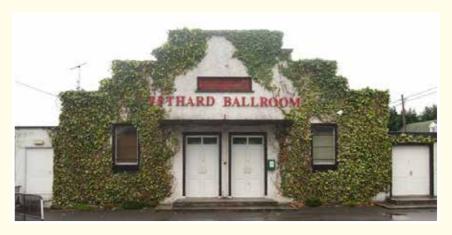
over the past three years. My mother Phyllis Slattery has been here along with two of my sisters, Liz Matthews and Carmel Asbury. Other Fethard friends here have been Karen Kenny (Killusty) and Clare Lee (Killusty). All have enjoyed the fantastic and diverse experience that is Ghana and seen much of the country.

Being in Ghana is a wonderful experience that afforded valuable life-long lessons. I have valued my time here and the opportunities to spend time with the people here and to get out and about into their homes and villages which is a far cry from the Golden Vale land of Fethard. It is refreshing to see how

the small things in life are valued so much, people are happy with what they have and live with the attitude of "what will be will be".

I am sad to say that my time in Ghana is soon coming to and end with my contract here finishing in December 2011. I will forever have wonderful memories of the place and the people. I know all who have visited also have fond memories of here. You may ask have I any bad memories of Ghana – well it will have to be said that the food is not exactly something I'll have good memories of but a small price to pay compared to the other wonderful attributes.

### **Fethard Ballroom Ltd**



The frosty weather indicates it's time to put together a few notes for the Fethard Annual Newsletter. The frost also reminds

us of the damage done last year to a lot of property espe- ler cially around Christmas time. The Ballroom was no exception, having considerable frost damage to the heating system which proved quite costly to repair. During the year we also had a visit from the

Monica Aherne (centre) presenting the Mick Aherne Perpetual Trophy to 2011 winners Mary Small and Christopher Berne

local Fire Officer and as a result some minor changes had to be made, and considerable documentation to put in place and maintained.

During the summer the Ballroom was a sea of blue with the

Gardaí taking over the place 24–7 for a week provide to security the Queen of England's visit Coolmore to Stud. Happily it all went off very peacefully and turned out to be good PR for our country.

A dancing competition in memory of our late chairman,

Mick Aherne, was held in April with proceeds going to South Tipperary Hospice. A special perpetual trophy



to his memory was presented to the winners. This was a most enjoyable night with competitors attending from far and wide. This event raised €1,250 which was presented to Phil Keogh from South Tipperary Hospice.

The ballroom had a very busy year with bookings every night catering for the following groups: Card Games, On your Toes, Girl Guides, Scouts, Under Age Dancing, Irish Dancing, Keep fit Classes, Martial Arts, and Adult Dancing Classes. Two special card games were also held in aid of Parish funds. All of these events keep the

committee busy, along with the ongoing maintenance on the hall.

We have been very fortunate to have Tom Tobin allocated to the ballroom from the local Community Employment Scheme. Tom has blended into the role of coordinating all the clubs and individuals who use the Ballroom and is a great asset to have.

To the groups, clubs and individuals who supported the Ballroom we say thanks and to all the people of the Parish and beyond, we wish you a Happy and Holy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year.

Robert Phelan (Hon Secretary)



Fethard Ballroom and Dancing Club members presenting the proceeds from the Mick Aherne Perpetual Trophy Dance Competition held in Fethard Ballroom. The total amount raised was €1,475 which was presented to South Tipperary Hospice at Fethard Ballroom dance. L to R: Margaret Phelan, Monica Aherne, Tony Marshall (Chairman Dancing Club), Majella O'Donoghue (South Tipperary Hospice), Billy Corcoran, Pat Kirwan and Nancy Barry.

### Fethard's hidden Medieval Roof



The Fethard Historical Society had a great triumph this summer when they succeeded in getting the roof of Holy Trinity church dated. It is now the oldest scientifically dated timber roof on the island of Ireland.

It all started on Walled Towns Day 2010 when Maire Geaney from Cork came to have a look at the timbers. Maire was finishing a degree on the subject of early roofs in Ireland and Fethard was the last roof on her list. She wasn't expecting much because only a handful of early roofs have survived the mayhem of previous centuries and no roof has ever been laboratory-dated to before about 1550. Architect Margaret

Quinlan had discovered early timbers in Fethard when her team were repointing the bell tower in 2004 and Margaret tipped Maire off.

Peter Grant filmed Maire as she made her way round the roof cavity and her exclamations of surprise and delight have been captured for posterity. The early timbers, still in place, are hidden above the plastered ceiling of the nave but sheltered beneath the newer (1800) slate roof that you see from outside.

But how old is this hidden roof? For this we had to turn to the Dendrochronology Lab at Queen's University, Belfast. Queen's are leading players in the world of 'tree-ring dating' and over many years have successfully built up the 'Master Database' which shows the annual growth rate of oak trees in Ireland going back more than 7,000 years (to 5474BC). Depending on weather conditions, and in effect 'recording' those conditions, each year leaves its own particular signature in the growth rings of the tree. This means that if you cut down a 500-year old oak today you can count back along the rings and 'read' the way the tree grew in say, 1550, 1798 or 1916. Queen's can date any piece of oak, from anywhere - from a building or a bog, or a from a piece of furniture - by comparing it with their Master Database, provided there are at least 70 years of growth on the sample. If the actual bark is present, Queen's can tell you exactly which year the tree was felled and as oak roofs were assembled when the wood was new or 'green' (and easy to work) this gives us a very good guide to the date the roof was put up. But the lab work is expensive.

So we applied to the Heritage Council for a grant and to the Minister for Arts, Heritage and the Gaeltacht and to the National Museum for a licence to 'alter' the samples and a licence to 'export.'The Church of Ireland were very accommodating and gave written consent. The Heritage Council loved the idea but regretted that funds were not available this year because the work was not urgent. Next year didn't look too good either. We almost gave up. Then the two licences arrived in the

post. We decided that the Fethard Historical Society should go it alone. Luckily Queen's offered to drastically reduce their fee and Labhaoise McKenna (Heritage Officer for South Tipperary) stepped in with a decent chunk of the budget.

In June 2011, the scientists, David Brown and Phil Barratt, arrived and were greeted by the rector, the Reverend Canon Barbara Fryday. The two experts cut tiny slices from the timbers and drilled pencil-sized cores and took them back to Belfast where they were analysed over the next few weeks.

On the Saturday of Walled Towns weekend 2011, David Brown delivered his results to a packed Holy Trinity Church. It was worth the wait: with a margin of error of just nine years plus or minus, the 'felling date' is officially: 1489! This is just what we had hoped for. David Brown described it as 'a truly spectacular result for an Irish roof.' We now have a roof that dates back to the time when Christopher Columbus discovered America!

Now we can fit it into the context of the time. Tipperary was torn apart in the middle of the fifteenth century and Fethard was no exception. In 1468 the town was devastated and burned by Garret Fitzgerald, brother of Thomas, Earl of Desmond. The Earl, who was an accomplished man of great humanity and education, had been summoned to Drogheda at the beginning of February by the Lord Deputy,



A nationally important fifteenth century roof was identified in Fethard by David Brown of the School of Geography, Archaeology and Palaeoecology, Queen's University, Belfast, who presented the results of his sampling and laboratory analysis of the oak timbers of the roof of Holy Trinity Church in Fethard. L to R: Paul Price, Maura Ganey, Rev. Barbara Fryday, David Brown and Tim Robinson.

Sir John Tiptoft, together with two others. Edward Plunket and the Earl of Kildare. Tiptopf was a sadist and is known to history as 'the Butcher of England.' He admired his contemporary, Vlad 'the Impaler' and introduced Vlad's infamous and grisly torture 'impalement' as an official punishment in England. Desmond had met his match. On Valentine's Day 1468, the Earl was taken outside and beheaded without a fair trial. Desmond's brother, Garret, enraged by this treatment, set out from the south with a reported 2,000 horsemen and 20,000 kerns and they cut and burned their way up through Tipperary and Kilkenny on a tide of fury to the borders of the Pale.

In the aftermath of this calamity, Fethard was slowly and painstakingly rebuilt and the precious oak roof (which is the Roman Catholic roof, predating Henry VIII's break with Rome by some 50 years) survived and now sits in the top of the church like a time-traveller from this distant and terrifying world.

The scribe carpenter, Paul Price, provided a detailed report describing the medieval construction techniques used in the roof and this report together with the Queen's report have both been lodged with the relevant authorities.

You can read the reports on our website and watch our specially commissioned video featuring Mary Hanrahan as narrator which tells the story at: www.fethard.com

And just for the record: Sir John Tiptoft was himself beheaded (to the delight of the crowd) in October 1470.

### Fethard Senior Citizens Club - Clonacody 1983



In 1983 Fethard Senior Citizens Club was one year old. The club went on an outing to Carrigans of Clonacody where a superb afternoon tea was provided by the ladies committee. L to R: Josie King, Nora O'Neill, Bridget Ryan, Alice Keane and Mary Mullins.



At the Clonacody Afternoon Tea Party in 1983 were L to R: Ellen Slattery, Eileen Needham, Bridie Leahy, Johanna Tobin and May Maher.

#### Fethard Senior Citizens Club - Clonacody 1983



At the Clonacody Afternoon Tea Party in 1983 were L to R: Nancy Sheehan, Mary O'Dwyer, Noreen Cummins and Mary O'Connor.



At the Clonacody Afternoon Tea Party in 1983 were L to R: Bridgie Burke, Maggie Sayers, Joe Greene, Alice Ryan and Jim Ryan.

#### The Walled Town

by Tony Dolan (October 2011)

O sleepy town of Fethard in the early morning light, With your majestic castle and those flags flying high.

Those pointy steeples reaching to twilight sky, What was it like in Cromwell's time with its walls so high?

Surrounding this little village at the foot of Slievenamon, A box of toy bricks that a child would play upon.

Would come crashing down as those sides would be breached,
Those people now inside they could be reached.

There is a street they cannot pass with that coffin on their shoulders, After those foreign men went over those boulders.

Once a year it's re-enacted with horses, swords and shields, Keep it still remembered after all those years.

Costumes and ancient games played out for all to see,

All colours of the rainbow 'cause everyone is free.

That winding river
with its bridges here and there,
Water flowing sometimes
when the weather isn't fair.

Those geese walking the streets warbling as they go,
Time passes every year less of them going to and fro.

The churches ringing bells ring out over the town, Summons everybody to put their tools down.

Walking beside that monument in the early morning light, Remembering times past whether wrong or right.

Even the Queen of England was here up the road,
Not in the seventeen hundreds but lately you would be told.

It has all come together old wounds have healed at last, Can take the weld off those sure doors and raise our flag on the mast.

# A tribute to Harry Ferguson



Every farmer is familiar with the name of Harry Ferguson as the inventor of the '3-point-linkage' and 'Depth Control System' found in the sturdy and economical Ferguson tractors which were found on most farms up to fifty years ago. Ferguson's inventive genius revolutionised farming and his inventions in tractor design were adopted by tractor manufacturers all over the world. Today, more than 85 per cent of all tractors world-wide incorporate his brilliant '3-point-linkage' and 'Depth Control System'.

Harry Ferguson was a farmer's son, born one of eleven children on 4 November, 1884, in the small village of Growell in County Down. He showed an inventive streak at a very early age. While working in his elder brother's garage, he became interested in racing cars and motorcycles. He was also fascinated by aircraft which were then in their infancy. At

the age of 25, Ferguson determined that he would build his own aircraft.

On 31 December, 1909, Harry Ferguson successfully made the first aeroplane flight in Ireland, becoming the first Irishman to build and fly his own aeroplane. This tribute marks the centenary of that great event.

In 1911, Ferguson started his own motor business in Belfast. He designed improved carburettors which were necessary to provide improved accuracy and efficiency in fuel delivery to the engine. He introduced two basic improvements in this technology which he patented in 1917. He then turned his attention to the development of farm machinery, inventing the first wheeless plough, known as the 'Belfast Plough'. By 1949, Ferguson tractors held 78 per cent of the tractor market in Britain.

Ferguson had a passion for

motor-sport. He developed the Ferguson Formula Four Wheel Drive System shortly after World War II in an attempt to improve road safety. In 1950, Ferguson designed the R5 Ferguson car which is reckoned to be 40 years ahead of its time with fea-

tures such as fourwheel drive disc brakes, anti-skid braking system, electric windows. and a hatch-back which design. anticipated the modern car. To prove the safety value of his fourwheel drive and his anti-skid braking system. Ferguson designed Formula 1 racingcar known as the P99, which incorporated these features and

became the world's first Formula 1-winning four-wheel drive car, when driven to victory by Sterling Moss winning the Oulton Park Gold Cup in 1961. Ferguson had hoped that the prestige of a Formula-1 victory would result in the wide-spread adoption of his safety devices. Sadly, Harry Ferguson had passed away on 25 October, 1960, before his car achieved this magnificent success. Subsequently, the Ferguson Formula four-wheel drive system was widely

adopted by rally cars and, eventually, by the world-wide motor industry in the form of the 'viscous coupling'.

Harry Ferguson was an exceptionally brilliant engineer and inventor with a passion for doing good, who placed Irish inventive genius on

the world stage. His greatest motivation was to alleviate hunger by developing advanced agricultural machinerv which would increase food production. Another great Irishman, Dean Jonathan Swift. observed that a man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, does more good than a whole



Pat White with his tribute plane to Harry Ferguson restored by local panel beater John O'Donovan.

race of politicians! Harry Ferguson rightly deserves to be remembered.

In 1933, after designing and Patenting his 3 point linkage and depth control system, known as the Ferguson System. Harry Ferguson built a lightweight prototype tractor incorporating his inventions to demonstrate the advantages of the Ferguson System.

This tractor, known as the 'Black Tractor', became the forerunner for all modern day tractors.

# **Fethard Community Playgroup**

The summer months this year have seen great changes in our Playschool. After many years upstairs in the Health Centre we had to find a new premises for September. Having spent the past 2 to 3 years fundraising for a new building, we were very disappointed that government funding for these projects had completely dried up leaving us with a bleak future.

Luckily for the playgroup and the many children who use our facility each year, the old school hall in the boy's primary school had just become vacant due to the amalgamation of the two primary schools last year, and the management of Holy Trinity NS kindly allowed us to take it over. A team of parents and other interested volunteers spent the summer months refurbishing the hall to bring it up to standard for a

Playschool. This work was completed in time for our September opening. We now have a beautiful, bright and welcoming playschool for all local children to avail of.

A huge 'Thank You' to everyone who helped out with the refurbishment, to Mrs Treacy, Fr Breen and the school board for their kind offer and to everyone who donated money over the past few years, this money has been put to good use in updating the hall to a beautiful new playschool that our children can continue to enjoy into the future. A special mention to the playschool manager, Helena O'Shea who co-ordinated the work during her summer break.

For enrolling enquiries please contact Helena on 052 6132316. Hours of opening are Monday to Friday from 9am to 12 noon and 1.15pm to 4.15pm.



Fethard Community Playgroup October 2001. Back L to R: Ronan Coffey, Áine Proudfoot, Eoin O'Donovan, Alex O'Donovan, Annie Prout, Nicola Thompson. Front L to R: Mike Earl, Dean Dorney, Dylan Ryan-Hanigan, Nathan Thompson, Shane Hannigan and Aidan Lyons.



Photographed in Killusty September 1982. Back L to R: Davy Ryan, Louise O'Meara. Front L to R: Aidan O'Meara, Shane Ryan, Jason Ryan and Susan O'Meara.



Photographed on The Green in February 1981 are Back L to R: Rosemary Ryan, Bernadette Ryan, ?, Ann Browne, Annette Fox. Front Philly Ryan and Tony Thompson.



Presentation Convent Class in the early 1950s Back L to R: - Slattery, Catherine Williams, Mary Quinlan, Monica O'Dwyer, Ann Schofield. Middle L to R: Mary Napier, Pauline Hanly, Ann Hanly, Carmel Matthews, Mary Maher, Kathleen Murphy, Mary Croke, Anna Bradshaw. Front L to R: ?,

Kathleen Napier, Theo Fergus, Euna Whyte and Agnes Evans.



Féis Choir winners photographed outside the Convent (early 1950s). Back L to R: Breda Ryan, May Fitzgerald, Honor Mulligan, Margaret Purcell, Ann Schofield, Euna Whyte, Dot Wall. Front L to R: Ann Connolly, Vera McSweeney, Chrissie Sayers, Theo Fergus, Pauline Hanly, Carmel Rice, Mary Sayers, Ann Napier, Rita Walsh, Agnes Evans and Margaret Murray.

# Fethard's Unsung Hero

Everyone has the power for greatness, not fame but greatness, because it is determined by service. (Martin Luther King)

In the pantheon of great men and women produced from the Fethard area, the names of Captain Henry Kellett of Naval Exploration fame, Alice Leahy of 'Trust', Thomas Burke, the confederate soldier and

Fenian activist, after whom Burke Street is named, spring readily to mind. Worthy of consideration for inclusion in that elite group is the name of a forgotten and unsung hero, Thomas F. Walsh.

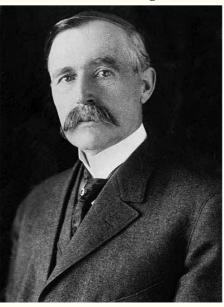
Colarado's mining history is dominated by the stories of three men, Horace Tabor, Winfield Scott Strattan, and Thomas F. Walsh. Of the

three, Walsh was the last to make his big strike, in 1896 near Ouray, called the 'Camp Bird Mine'.

Outside of Clonmel, on the Waterford road, the N76 slips away and heads towards Kilkenny. Before leaving Tipperary, it climbs the steep slopes of Slievenamon, through Glen Bower, levels out for Grangemockler and rises slightly again into Ninemilehouse, before dropping steeply into the plains of South Kilkenny. Dominating the latter border village is the old Bianconi Inn, appropriately named 'The Grand Inn'.

Inside, in a corner of the large dining room, I noticed an old dec-

orative rocking chair. I was informed that it was presented to the establishment in 1899 by a fellow 'Fethard Man', Thomas Walsh. The connection would be that his aunt married was to one of the Coadvs. who have owned and operated the Grand Inn since Bianconi davs. I resolved to learn more about this mysterious



Fethard's Unsung Hero Thomas F. Walsh

Fethard man.

Two studies are available to assist in uncovering the details of his life: 'Father Struck it Rich' by Walsh's daughter, Evalyn Walsh McLean (from 1936); and 'Thomas F. Walsh, Progressive Businessman and Colorado Mining Tycoon', by Denver

Attorney, John Steward, dated 2007.

The former deals primarily with Evalyn's life, but does have detail of her father's activities, particularly after he became a multi-millionaire. The latter is more interesting in uncovering the full Tom Walsh from cradle to grave. In pursuit of accuracy, John Steward visited South Tipperary during his extensive preparatory work, and contacted the Rotary Club of Clonmel, who appointed a guide to take him round the Fethard area.

Tom F. Walsh (the extra initial to distinguish him from his father Thomas K.) first saw the light of day on April 2, 1850, in Baptistgrange, outside Fethard. This was not a good time to be born in Ireland, staggering and starving from the ravages of the recent Great Famine, but worse was to follow He was the fifth child and was to be left without a mother just two years later when Bridget died at the young age of 33, along with his baby sister Alice. Both were laid to rest in Kilmurray Cemetery, Ballyneale, with only a simple marker to identify their grave. Later in life, Tom F. would arrange for the erection of a more impressive monument.

Later also, after he had become a world traveller and renowned after-dinner speaker, Tom F. provided a rear glimpse into his world of growing up, "waylaying the walking pedlars of gingersnaps and cookies as they passed on the way to the patron of Fethard". He finished his formal education at age 12, and became an apprentice millwright in Fethard, which was just north of the Walsh family farm. He never forgot his formative years in Fethard and would later establish a library there plus a fund to help feed the poor of that town.

In 1869, at age 17, with his father, brother and sister, Tom set out for a new home in America. The others continued on to Colorado, where relations, the Coadys, were already in residence, but the young carpenter remained on the East Coast in Massachusetts, living with his cousins, the Powers. He was to stay there for two years and enjoyed steady employment in his trade.

Tom E first arrived in Colorado in 1871. It would be 25 further years before he made his big strike. In the interim, he learned the mining trade, and gradually became an acknowledged expert in ores and where they resided. Walsh was never to be confused with the popular perception of a miner wandering around waiting to make his strike. On the contrary, he continued with his carpentry business and made shrewd property purchases, from which he gradually became a reasonably well-off man. His massive discovery therefore in 1896 at the Camp Bird mine in Ouray was not that of a fortunate prospector stumbling on a rich gold vein, but of an expert mining engineer, well versed in the field.

Careful land research, where he analysed meticulously the samples

which he removed from different areas, convinced him that Camp Bird was a viable area to explore. Having spent several years in painstaking research, he was in a position to decipher the depth and direction of the main and subsidiary ore lines. Armed with this information. Walsh bought up adjacent plots to ensure that his claim could be maximised to its fullest capability. Only when everything was in place, did he announce his 'find', and proceeded with the development which, unlike many of the miners who struck it rich, he was in a position to fund himself.

Tom F.may have been a pragmatic businessman, and this is reflected in his decision to install the best labour-saving equipment available at his mine, but he was also a caring employer who put the comfort and well-being of his staff as a top priority. The living quarters which he designed and had build at Camp Bird, complete with showers, up to date cooking facilities, with a hospital and school at nearby Ouray, ensured that his staff and their families were content. In an era where labour relations, particularly in the volatile mining business, were always simmering one degree away from a strike, Tom Walsh's operation never suffered the loss of even one day's labour. When unions complained of the conditions in the mining industry, they were always quick to praise the Fethardman's approach and bemoan the fact that other owners could not reach his standards

For the remaining 14 years of his life. Tom F. Walsh became the confidant of the highest politicians in the land, including two presidents, and became an outspoken proponent of progressive ideas. His workers were well treated, both on and off duty. to such an extent that his operation at Camp Bird was held up as the worldwide standard for all others to aspire to. His philanthropy became legendary and he donated a library in Ouray and another in Fethard. He set up a fund to aid the poor of Fethard, which was administered by a local publican, one Richard McCarthy, of McCarthy's Hotel fame. It is understood that he always held a close affinity for Fethard, but the larger town of Clonmel was also close to his heart, and he named his mansion in Colorado, 'Clonmel'.

Because of his successful mining operation, he was renowned as a mineralogist, and was appointed as advisor to the Federal Government in Washington, where he owned a house. His fame spread to Europe, and he became friendly with King Leopold of Belgium, who consulted him on his country's extensive mining interests in the Congo. It is understood that Walsh distanced himself from this activity when he learned that the conditions for the native miners in that African country were not up to the standard he desired and indeed practiced. He continued his friendship with Leopold, however, which endured to his death.

Tom F. Walsh became a promi-



President William Howard Taft assisted Tom Walsh in rechristening his Littleton Estate 'Clonmel' at a gala event in September 1909. Courtesy, Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

nent member of national society, and in 1900, President McKinley appointed him as a U.S. Commissioner to the International Exposition which was held in Paris in that year. Walsh's brief was to show his adopted country to the old world which he had left more than 30 years before. Walsh's

Camp Bird Mine exhibit included ore specimens and a description of mine development and activity, complete with a statement that the mine produced \$5,000 in gold each day. Writing about its favourite son, the Ouray Herald proudly proclaimed, "The purple of royalty bows to the

yellow gold of Tom Walsh. Tall, rawboned, blue-eyed, good-natured, the type of man behind the pick, he has practically become the greatest American in Paris". Similar articles, perhaps less grand, appeared in both U.S. and European newspapers.

At the conclusion of the exhibition, the Walsh family returned to

New York and Tom F. attracted the following comments from the New York paper. The World, "Mr Walsh represents the true Tipperary type, and even today has a fascinating trace of the Tipperary brogue. But even from his appearalone. ance any Irishman would guess that he was 'Tipp'. Mr Walsh is about

6 feet tall and weights 195 pounds. His full moustache is reddish though his hair is brown. His eyes are his most striking feature. They are blue and seem to pierce through and through a man."

Sometimes it is a lazy cliché rather than a tribute to describe a man

from the distant past, particularly one who is now dead one hundred years, in classical terms, but Tom F. Walsh was one of those rare human beings who epitomised all that was best of the human spirit.

He returned to Ireland for a visit in 1899 and it was at that time that he donated the rocking chair to

the Grand Inn, in memory of the happy childhood visits he shared there with his aunt, Margaret Scully Coady, who had acted as a surrogate mother after the death of his own. His daughter, Evalyn, accompanied him as a young girl, and remarked that. when she admired the majesty of Slievenamon, Walsh replied, "There's no



Evalyn Walsh McLean

gold in those hills". He would return again in 1903 at the inauguration of the headstone to mark his mother's grave in Ballyneale.

Tom F. Walsh came under strong pressure to run for public office from his many friends but he always refused. Strangely, for an Irishman, he was a member of the Republican party in America and, indicative of his national standing, the Republican President, William Howard Taft, performed the christening ceremony for the Walsh estate in Ouray in September 1909, the name chosen being 'Clonmel'.

On the evening of April 8, 1910, six days past his 60th birthday, Tom passed away after a short illness. His wife, Carrie, who had never enjoyed good health, outlived him by 22 years. Many tributes were paid at the time of his funeral, none better than the eulogy from one Damon Runyon, just embarking on a career in journalism, and who would later become famous for his movies, musicals and short stories. "Walsh was very rich, he was rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but that wealth was clean. He had oppressed not one single soul in its attainment."

Tom F. Walsh was indeed a profile, not alone in courage, but also in honesty and integrity, Fethard can be justifiably proud of him. Perhaps a fitting way to acknowledge and honour his memory would be to consider twinning Fethard with Ouray in Colorado. This would result in his name being remembered, not alone in the latter town where he is revered, but in the former where he spent his youth.

#### **Postscript**

The centre piece of the Jewellery display in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington is the world famous 'Hope Diamond'. Evalyn Walsh McLean purchased this 47 carat piece from Cartier of Paris in late 1911, for \$154,000.

The Hope Diamond is world renowned and carries the legend that it brings nothing but ill-luck to its owners. This myth was certainly true in Evalyn's case as she suffered the loss of her son, who was knocked down and killed by a passing car in Washington when aged 10, her daughter died at age 24 in 1946 from a combination of sleeping tablets and alcohol. Her own marriage into the McLean family of 'Washington Post' fame failed, and she lost a considerable portion of her father's fortune in the Great Depression of the late 1920s.

Evalyn Walsh McLean died from pneumonia at age 61 in 1947, having never recovered from her daughter's death. The Walsh estate had shrunk considerably by that stage and most of the wealth remaining was in jewels. One of her executors, Judge Arnold, later recalled that his immediate problem was how to secure a house full of jewels with the banks closed. He gathered up the jewels, including the Hope Diamond, into a shoebox and deposited them with FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover.

New York jeweller, Harry Winston, later purchased the Hope Diamond, allegedly for 1 million dollars. After years of displaying the stone, he donated it to the Smithsonian Institution in 1958.

Tom Burke (September 2011)

### Coolmoyne & Moyglass Vintage Club



At Moyglass Vintage Day are L to R: Seamus Barry, Sean O'Donovan, Tim Daly, Liam Daly, Matty Tynan, Tom McCarthy (tractor owner), Eamon Barry and Tom Barry photographed beside 1950 Ford 8N tractor.

Tom's father, Daniel T. McCarthy, Garryvale, Co. Cork, purchased the tractor new in 1950

Coolmoyne & Moyglass vintage club held its first meeting on 10 March, 2008, at the Village Inn, Moyglass. The club holds a static show and road run annually for vintage cars and tractors. Funds raised from these events are presented to various charities, such as, South Tipperary Hospice, Our Lady's Children's Hospital Crumlin, Fethard Acorn Playgroup, and this year to Friends of St Patrick's Hospital, Cashel.

To date approximately €11,500 has been raised for charity. This year it was decided to hold a festival weekend in conjunction with the Moyglass Hall committee. The Tractor Road Run event was held on Saturday, 23 July, and was a huge

success. Over forty vintage tractors left Moyglass Village via Knockelly and stopped at Fethard Ballroom to rest the old engines and chat about the various advantages of each particular machine.

The run returned to Moyglass via Barrettstown and Coolmoyne. The tractors taking part included a large variety of models including: Fergusons, Nuffields, Leylands, Lanz, Kramer, Zetor, Belarus, David Brown, Allis Chalmers, Fiat, John Deere and Ford. The 'gold-bellied' four cylinder Ferguson 35 on display was owned by the late Dick McCarthy of Mobarnane who had used it to drive a New Holland baler. A Ferguson 35 was used to pull a Vicon beet harvester. These tractors

would have been phenomenal with their power to achieve time saving and labour reduction in the fifties and sixties. The care and attention given to these machines allows the present generation to get a glimpse of the jewels of the past.

The static show on Sunday was held in Kevin McGivern's field and had exhibitors from Roscrea. Abbeyleix, Clonmel, Newcastle, Grangemockler, Sliabh na Mban, New Ross, Holycross, Golden, Cashel, Thurles and a large local input. The Crosse family from Donaskeigh drove their Fowler Steam engine, which is one hundred years old, through the village. It would have been almost sixty years since such a machine was seen in Moyglass. Other items exhibited were a seventy-year-old Garvie threshing mill and two vintage combine harvesters, along with a very interesting range of

oil engines and other memorabilia.

Over forty vintage cars were including exhibited 1957 Bentley, Jaguar XJS-CV12, BMW 320 Convertible, Triumph Herald Convertible, Volkswagen Beetle, 1950 Austin A35. Merlin MG. Mercedes B180, Convertible Humber 1930, Escort RS 2000 original to south Tipp, 1980 Scamell recovery truck, 1955 Daimler Ferret armoured car. 1977 Land Rover Military Ambulance, and a range of other models most dating back to the fifties. The vintage motorbikes included a 1937 Triumph, 250 and a 1956 BSA 810. The first car to arrive was from Scotland. The committee are extremely grateful to all those who displayed their cars, tractors and other machines.

The field day had a huge attendance and all enjoyed the sunshine, competitions, craft stalls and displays of miniature animals, song-



Making their way to Vintage Day in Moyglass are L to R: Jimmy Purcell, Tommy Purcell and Noel Barry

birds, turtles, fish etc. The mixed crowd relaxed and chatted until all dispersed to the Community Hall where a 'tug-o-war' blitz, family barbeque, dancing and singing took place. The music drifted in the evening air and could be heard over the hinterland.

The dog show was as popular as ever and had over thirty entries. The wheel barrow race was won, after a stewards enquiry, by Conor and Geraldine O'Donnell, other sideshows included sheaf throwing by Michael Griffin, half cwt by Bernard Prendergast and a penalty shoot out by James Walsh.

There were also numerous athletic events including a mothers' race. The busiest attractions of the day were the children's bouncy castles and pony rides.

The committees of the Coolmoyne/ Moyglass Vintage Club and Community Hall wish to thank all those who gave of their time to make the weekend such a huge success. The feeling of community spirit was very evident over the weekend. Photographs of all these events can be seen on Facebook on Ned Kellys, The Village Inn.

In September the club was represented at the 80th anniversary of the Ploughing Championships in Athy by a Garvie threshing mill and an Allis Chalmers tractor. In October we ran a bus trip to Co. Louth to view a private collection of Allis Chalmers machines from 1914 to the last model of 1985 and a video viewing of the first reaper and binder in action. We returned via Howth Transport Museum and were joined



At the Coolmoyne and Moyglass Vintage Day are L to R: Vikie Damon, Betty Kennedy, Kelly-Ann Nevin, Jake Dorney, Jimmy Egan (owner of 1959 Massey 35), Patricia Kennedy and Michelle O'Donnell



Katie O'Flynn with female Harris Hawk at the Moyglass Vintage Day

on our trip by members from neighbouring clubs.

The committee and members are Michael O'Neill (President), Pat O'Loughnan (Secretary), Sean O'Donovan (Chairman), Seamus Barry (Treasurer), Matty Tynan (PRO), Eddy Murphy, M.J. Ryan, Ray Walsh, Maurice Blake, John Slattery, Charles McCarthy, Joe Trehy, Joe Walsh, Pat Kennedy, Michael Fahy, Tom Mulcahy, Hugh O'Donnell, Lar Fanning, John O'Connell, Henry Smyth, Jimmy Egan, Pat Ahearne, John Barry, Tom Barry, Annie Brennan, Thomas Mulcahy, Pat Buckley, Tim Corballis,

Liam Cronin, Martin Hannigan, D. Maher, Liam Morris, Marc Mulcahy, Michael O'Brien, Frank O'Connell, Mark O'Connell, Jimmy O'Shea, Billy Prout, Larry Ryan, Tos Ryan, Michael Trehy and Declan Walsh.

The club will hold their annual Christmas Party at The Village Inn on 9 December 2011, and the presentation of cheque to Friends of St Patricks Hospital will take place during that evening.

Our AGM will be held on 6 February, 2012, at The Village Inn, Moyglass, and new members are very welcome.

# Coolbawn 'Tug of War' Festival



Coolmoyne/Tullamaine combination team photographed at Coolbawn 'Tug-of-War' Festival c.1980

Tom Meehan (formerly of Coolbawn) now living in Brisbane, Australia, sent us this photo taken at the Coolbawn 'Tug-of-War' festival around 1980.

Tug-of-War became popular following a demonstration at a Macra Field Evening in Drangan in 1976. The competition in Drangan was between Ballynonty, under the leadership of Sean Healey and Drangan led by Ned Morris (Drangan won on the night).

This led to a resurgence in the sport and it was not uncommon to see, in the fields around Killenaule and Drangan, groups of grown men (and women) trying to take a rather large rope from each other. There was fierce rivalry between the different villages and townships which was demonstrated at annual tug-of-war festivals.

These festivals included a variety of activities including clay shooting, athletics, and hurling matches. The Coolbawn Festival was held at the Airfield in Coolbawn (thanks to the generosity of Michael Smyth).

The hurling team in the photograph is a Coolmoyne/Tullamaine combination who played against Killenaule on the day.

Tom Meehan



Photographed in Parson's Green, Ballyporeen, while on a pre-school trip c.1985. L to R: Cathal O'Brien, John Harrington, Sharon Burke, Maura O'Donovan and Clare Burke



Presentation Convent students in June 1984 Back L to R: Assumpta Coffey,?, Marion Fenton, Sarah Carey, Meaveen Murray, Front L to R: ?, Mary Ryan, ?, ?.

## **Fethard GAA Club**

2011 was, like all years, a very busy one for Fethard GAA. We fielded seven teams in hurling and football at minor, under-21, junior and senior grades.

It was our younger players who led the way with both minor teams, hurling and football, reaching South semifinals. However, with the footballers defeated by a single point in May by Ardfinnan, and the hurlers bested by Skeheenarinka in October, a South Final appearance for this group of players was not to be.

At under-21 level it was the footballers who started our year in

February and this very young team made up of a number of minors, did very well to win their first two games but were beaten by a strong Mullinahone team in the final game which brought that campaign to an end.

The under-21 hurlers played the opening game in July and accounted for Skeheenarinka on an impressive score line of 6-17 to 3-11, however, we had to wait until the end of October to play the next game and the long break and terrible conditions did not help us, as Carrick Swans ran out winners and ended



Members of the Fethard teams of 1978 and 1984 honoured by The Nationalist, County Board and the Park Hotel at a function on Sunday, November 6, in Clonmel. Back L to R: Paschal Hanrahan, Kevin Ryan, Tom Ryan, Sean Moloney, Sean Aylward, Gerry Fogarty, Jimmy O'Shea, Davy Fitzgerald, Liam Connolly, Tommy Sheehan. Middle L to R: John Keane, Davy Morrissey, Dinny Burke, Anthony Colville, Joe Allen, Waltie Moloney, Gerry Harrington. Front L to R: Michael Healy, Buddy Fitzgerald, Richie Hayes, Seamus Hackett (representing his son Dermot), John Hackett, Michael Kenrick and Paddy Kenrick.

our involvement.

Our junior A footballers played two games in high summer, but success was limited in that competition and we failed to progress to knockout stages.

At Intermediate Hurling level

we played three games over April, May and June, again relying on a very young team and a number of defeats led to our exit from the competition at the end of the league stages.

The senior footballers began on St. Patrick's day against Moyle Rovers in the South Championship and were within a few points of the

champions while giving a number of players their first taste of senior football. The round robin format of the South Championship meant eight games and Fethard were successful against Carrick Swans, Cahir and Clonmel Óg. However, defeat in our final game against Ardfinnan meant we just missed out of qualification for a quarter final. This left us in a situation where we would have to win two games in the county series to reach the quarter final of the County Championship.

Unfortunately we were unsuccessful in the first game against Killenaule in July and thus ended our involvement in senior football for 2011.

While our success was limited on the field for 2011, we can take many positives from the year. The

main highlights were the honouring of our champions of yesteryear at the football county final November when the successful teams of 1978 & 1984 were honoured by the county board. This was a proud day for the individuals and the club and it was great to see these men re-united. Sean Molonev was also



Championship of Fethard GAA Club to Eoin Fitzgerald for his active and were within contribution to the Tipperary minor football final.

Jimmy O'Shea (right) making a presentation on behalf of Fethard GAA Club to Eoin Fitzgerald for his active contribution to the Tipperary minor football panel, winners of this year's All Ireland minor football final.

honoured with the Sean na Gael award in November for services to the GAA. Sean joins a number of previous Fethard clubmen to receive the award and it is a most deserving tribute to a man who has served the association, club and county, with distinction throughout his life.

The club was also delighted to complete improvement works to our dressing rooms during the year. The improved facilities are a particular achievement given that all labour involved was supplied voluntarily by



After months of voluntary effort to update and modernise the dressing rooms at Fethard GAA Park, friends and members of the Club gathered together to celebrate their extraordinary achievement on Friday, September 9, 2011. All involved in this superb project, including those who weren't able to attend on the evening, were thanked by Canon Tom Breen P.P. for their dedication and commitment to the Fethard club and community. Standing L to R: Tom Anglim, Michael Hayes, Austie Godfrey, Tommy Gahan, Pat Sheehan, Eoghain Hurley, Tomás Keane, Shay Coen, Patsy Lawrence, John Hurley, Gavin Fitzgerald, Canon Tom Breen, Ronan Fitzgerald, Jimmy O'Shea, John Paul Looby, Brian Higgins, Jimmy O'Meara, John Fitzgerald, Frank O'Donovan, Mary Godfrey, Michael Sheehan, Padraig Spillane, Stephen Fitzgerald, Eugene Walsh, Denis O'Meara. Michael Quinlan, Noelle Ahearne, Tom McCarthy, Sharon O'Meara. Front L to R: Andrew O'Donovan, Kieran Treacy, P.J. Ahearne, Willie Morrissey, Eddie Crotty, Ian Kenrick, Nick Spillane and Rebecca McCarthy.

our club members and we would like to wholeheartedly thank all those involved.

Perhaps the highlight of the year on the county scene came on the third Sunday of September when the Tipperary minor footballers beat Dublin to be crowned All Ireland Champions for 2011. The club was particularly proud of our own Eoin Fitzgerald, who was a panellist on the day. Fethard have had at least one representative on the minor team on each of the occasions in which Tipperary have played in the All-Ireland final and we were delighted that Eoin was able to carry on that tradition and even more importantly bring an All Ireland medal back to Fethard The

club was also delighted to honour Eoin's achievement with a presentation in the Fethard Arms in October, where many club members came together to mark the occasion. On the night, Jimmy O'Shea, was also presented with a commemorative clock as a gesture of the club's gratitude for a life time of service to Fethard GAA.

So upon reflection our great club had many positives throughout the year, and we will continue to strive for success, both on and off the field, in the future.

We would like to wish a very Happy Christmas to all our members, past and present, far and near, and we hope that 2012 will prove fruitful for us all



GAA friends L to R: Willie and Lou O'Grady, Tony Newport, Alice and Sean Moloney



Fethard GAA Club members photographed at the presentation to Nicky O'Shea who retired as club treasurer after 17 years of service. L to R: Austin Godfrey, Gus Fitzgerald, Mary Godfrey, Andy O'Donovan, Nicky O'Shea, Denis O'Meara and Jimmy O'Shea.



Eoin Kelly, captain Tipperary Senior Hurling Team, with coaches and helpers at Fethard Cúl Camp

# **Seasons Greetings from Killusty N.S.**



Killusty National School Pupils phptographed on 21st November 2011

This year we have enjoyed a busy and varied schedule in our beautiful school. With eight new entrants, our pupil numbers remain healthy.

The children enjoy a diverse curriculum. The Board of Management, the parents and the community in general, are excellent to support their local school. In these times that support is more important than ever. The school and its grounds are maintained beautifully by all the school community, ably assisted by

our good friend, Christy Williams. Christy will be celebrating a 'big' birthday in December. We will all help him to celebrate this wonderful occasion. Christy is a true gentleman and his contribution to life in our country school has been constant, obliging and at all times helpful.

On behalf of our school staff and pupils, I extend our gratitude to Christy and to all the community. A Christmas and New Year filled with peace, happiness and prosperity is wished to all.



Pilgrimage to Holy Year Cross on Slievenamon, 14 August 2011



Roger Daly, busy at work delivering heating oil to customers in Fethard and surrounding areas.

### **Memories**

(i.m. Peggy Marshall nee Kenrick)

The half covered signpost set behind overhanging branches, conjuring so many faces peering from hazy shadows; some almost forgotten others clear and vivid eerily united by their very absence.

Joyfully recalling my first kiss in Harrington's field from a dazzlingly beautiful local girl, banishes all those mysterious visions.

My mother's voice echoing from her birthplace out the road, regaling me passionately about her precious Fethard. Smiling now at the memory of me cheekily calling it a village.

Frank Marshall

### Fethard Youth Club 1969-71



Fethard Youth Club reunion in Gerry Brennan's Bar, Clonmel in the late 1970s. Back L to R: Brendan Kenny, Philip Ryan, Tony McCarthy, Tony Hanrahan, Willie O'Donnell. Front L to R: Miceál McCormack, Fr. Killian OSA, Don McCarthy and Tony Fitzgerald.

s I sat in McCarthy's hotel Aafter attending a performance of the Fethard Players' production of 'The Year of the Hiker' and listening to the Pheasant Pluckers, Joe Kenny pulled back the little curtain near the stove and says, it's about time you wrote something about Fr. Killian and the Youth Club. I pleaded that I didn't have the energy and I couldn't get pen to paper. His reply, "Do it now or it will be never done!" and the hairy guy continues with the fiddle player John Shortall and the bass player Barry Connolly with their rendering of 'Da Fish is Gud'. Later it was explained to me that this piece was a tribute

to Sparky down in the chipper in The Square.

Like all good stories, we will start with, 'Once upon a time'. Sometime in the late 60s a meeting was convened to establish some kind of activity for young people in the town. The usual town Fathers came together plus a limited number of young people to discuss the situation. A further meeting was called and a great discussion took place with a view to forming a brass band. A lot of questions were asked as to the whereabouts of the old instruments and the cost entailed in trying to start a new band. After a long walk down that road we ended in

deadlock. Someone suggested we start a club for young people and maybe use the Tirry Club as a HQ.

Within days a motley crew of the younger generation assembled and we decided it was the way forward. Around this time a new priest was appointed to the Abbey namely, Fr. P.J. Killian OSA and he decided to spearhead the operation. For the few years he spent in Fethard, he became the material of legends and is still spoken about 40 years later by the young generation of that time. Michael Kenny was elected chairman, Fr. P.J. Killian was spiritual advisor and boss. Thomas Barrett secretary, Don McCarthy and Tom O'Connell were secretaries also, and

I was in charge of finance. It is so long ago that I cannot name the committee but I do know we had one, with the chief purpose of trying to keep law in order. In those days the biggest offence would be kicking at the door trying to gain admission when someone had been barred for some minor offence. The meetings took place in the Abbey house and were great occasions. I suppose the late Mary Hally's cooking, her buns and cakes, were the icing on our 'cake'.

My job was to collect the money, 3d per night, to help to defray costs, lighting, fuel for the stove and things in general. Collecting this money was a story in itself and for another



Presentation to 'Miss Apollo' at a Fethard Youth Club dance in the ballroom. L to R: Fr. Killian OSA, Geraldine Maher, 'Miss Apollo', ? and Miceál McCormack



Group pictured at a Fethard Youth Club function in the old Tirry Club, around 1969. Picture includes: Angela McCarthy, Frankie Napier, Toby Napier, Margaret McCarthy, Philomena Morrissey, Catherine Sayers, Mary Fox, Peggy Carroll, Gusty Napier, Joe Kenny, Philip Ryan, Don McCarthy, Michael Kenny, Don O'Connell, Timmy Curran and many more.

time. I used to do my best but the young people were way ahead of me with excuse and stories to avoid the taxation. The favourite excuse was the 'Tick' which meant I will pay you the next night – 'twas like the summer sun, gone and forgotten.

As we progressed we added pieces of equipment, a dartboard, chess, draughts and the late Dick Burke gave us the use of a small billiard or bagatelle table. We purchased a record player from the late Tommy O'Connell which gave us the music that we required. Brendan Bowyer, Joe Dolan, Dicky Rock, and Derek Dean and the Freshmen, 'Pa Pa Oh Mow Mow', and The Beatles were the music of the

day. There were others too, but I cannot remember them now. I remember Gerry Fogarty coming up with the idea that those who brought records to play would be admitted free. Ingenious Gerry.

I made one foray into record buying and came back with the 'Hills of Connemara' and was nearly shot! That was my last time buying records. Joe and Brendan Kenny and Don McCarthy took on that side of the business. Now that I think of it, Don and the 'Green Gang' fancied themselves as a barber quartet and they could give a fair rendering of the Tremeloes, 'Silence is Golden'. I remember Joe Kenny winning the 'Burke Cup' for bagatelle as it was

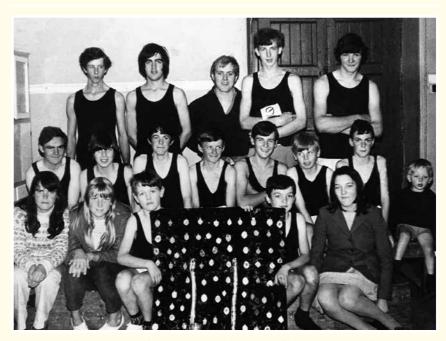
called, beating the hot favourite Philip Ryan in the final.

In our wisdom, at a meeting in the Abbey house, we decided we would run a few hops [dances] to supplement our meagre income. I remember Tom O'Connell going to town on the buns that night at the tea. We decided to charge 6d for entry to the hops. All was well until a big friendly policeman called Mick Fallon told us that we were kind of breaking the law by charging on the door and something about needing a licence. Young heads came together and with the help of Fr. Killian, we found a stratagem to circumvent our little problem. No charging on the door - collect inside.

Joe Ryan, Gerry Nevin, John Joe Keane, Gerry Fogarty of course, the late Philip Ryan, Angela McCarthy and the Hanrahan sisters were all of the opinion that the floor wasn't slippery enough. Expert advice was sought and a conclusion was reached that the method of the late Jim Mullins of the Town Hall fame was the answer, Rinso or Lux. Post haste to Mon Kenny to acquire the goods. The shakers and movers seemed to generate the rhythm that they required. Mind you the 'Hokey Pokey' didn't speed up. As the fellow said, 'those were the days'.

One great occasion I remember well was the news of Toby Napier's imminent departure to the States. At that time it was nearly impossible to get out to America so it was wonderful that one of our own was getting a chance in the new world. Another meeting, more delicious helpings, plus an agenda drawn up to see the boy on his way. The Town Hall was booked for a dance licence and for money to be taken on the door. A three-piece group from Clonmel was booked. A drummer, a guitar player from Mick Delahunty's orchestra, and the leader was a certain talented young musician called Micheál Ó Súileabháin from Mitchell Street in Clonmel. Yes. the same professor of music of world fame that we are all so proud of. The name of the group was 'SIN'. It was a great night with everyone having a great time. Toby received a very expensive Calibre cigarette lighter and replied with a wonderful few good humoured words. But there was a twist to the story one night about six weeks later. I rambled into 'the club' as we called it, and it was flying. John Coffey and Ed Healy were having a cracker of a game of table tennis, Michael Kenny was showing his skill at the dart board, a serious chess game was up and running, the girls were listening to the record player as they sat around the pot belly stove and the usual horsing around with the younger crowd was taking place. At the pool table a quartet of our very best were trying to emulate the likes of Steve Davis and Hurricane Higgins - they had all the trick shots but very few made the pockets for a score!

Over in the far corner of the



Members of Fethard Athletic Club in the old Tirry Club back in 1970. Back L to R: Pat Sheehan, Joe Kenny, Miceál McCormack, Tony Hanrahan, John Shortall. Middle L to R: Eddie Fox, Davy Ryan, Michael Healy, Richard Nevin, Davy Morrissey, Joe Keane, Martin Healy, Fergus McCormack. Front L to R: Teresa McCarthy, Helen Maher, Michael Downes, Donal Downes and Teresa Downes.

room I heard Tom O'Connell stretching a few chords out of his famous Spanish guitar, accompanied by a very familiar and distinctive voice that any Fethard person would not fail to recognise, giving holly to the song, 'O'Sullivan's John'. The famous balladeer, Pecker Dunne, was in residence somewhere around Breen's Bridge at that time and I was sure he had a great influence on the Tirry Club kid, but when I reached the troubadour, who was it only the brave Toby all the way back from the good old USA.

I knew he could not be on holidays so I said, "What's the story, what

happened?" He looked me straight in the eyes and delivered the now famous lines, "Twas freeeeeezing in Montana, nothing only ice and snow about six feet tall everywhere, so I said, it's not for me, I want to go home to Fethard, so here I am!" He then turned away and started singing 'Poor Oul' Dicey Riley' with Tom strumming along beside him.

As we progressed through the year the committee made arrangements to go to Clonmel to a youth club hop in the hall in Morton Street, giving the boys and girls a chance to meet new people and develop new friendships. 'The Jets' from Cahir

and a band from Limerick, 'Reform', were the buzz bands at the time. We went to Cahir, Thurles, Holycross and a few more hops. It was a devil trying to get them all back on the bus and the girls were worse than the boys. Those reading this will know who I mean! Then, when we would get moving, we would have a singsong all the way home to the Square in Fethard. Those were the days, no drugs and very little drink.

Fr. Pat made contact with the boxing club in Mullinahone through Stephen Waters and we tried our hands at boxing in the club. Mullinahone came to us and we visited them and had many great nights of boxing. On a few occasions our lads lost the rag and paid severely for it. It was not uncommon to see the odd black eye or swollen iaw. During this period we decided that we needed to train so we had the idea of running Ballybough a couple of nights a week, all of 4 miles. They could get around in 28 minutes and on one occasion I had somebody back to the hall in 22 minutes. I thought I was after discovering a world-beater. When the remainder returned I told them the good news and they said they had missed him on the Rocklow Road so I discovered he had come in by the school - a shortcut. Disappointed was a word that would be mild in my assessment of the situation.

Adrian Cashin arrived from Carlow or 'Carla' as he used to call

it and started to serve his time as a apprentice at O'Flynns Drapery in Burke Street. Very soon after, Mattie Bradshaw and Joe Kenny designed two new corduroy, blue or red, bell-bottom suits, good to look at but a little tight. It wasn't long until half of the 'good-lookers' in town were ordering these new suits to go with their polo neck shirts. I don't know how long the suits or craze lasted as I only saw them once.

Towards the end of the second year there was a ripple of discontent in the air. The schools were not happy with us, likewise some of the clergy. We were requested to open the club earlier and close earlier. Ireland was changing, ideas was changing, culture was changing. Shortly afterwards, the word came that Fr. Killian was being transferred from the parish. It was obvious to us all why this came about, but Fr. Pat never complained or never wanted us to complain either.

Changes were made, athletics were introduced and 40 odd years later, the Fethard Athletic Club is still in existence.

The reverend Fr. Killian OSA eventually returned to England where he died at St. Clare's Abbey a few years ago. He was great then and is even greater now! We still remember and love him dearly. Thanks for the memories Fr. Pat and God bless you.

Miceál McCormack





#### Snow Jan 1987

A walk in the snow at Congress Terrace in January 1987 saw these children working hard building a snowman.

Top L to R: Joe Bradshaw, Ursula Bradshaw, Belinda McCormack, Edel Bradshaw and Lorraine Tracy.

Left: Three members of the Shine family braving the elements to build their showman at Congress Terrace



Photographed at Grove Wood railway bridge Back L to R: Brendan Ryan, Eamon Maher. Front L to R: Michael Barrett, Pat Barrett, Jim Allen and Tony Fitzgerald.



L to R: Mikey Fitzgerald, Mary Meaney, Peggy Fitzgerald and Margaret Fitzgerald (Mikey's mother)



L to R: Mick O'Donnell and George Bradshaw



St. Patrick's Place in the 1960s L to R: Jim Sayers, Jimmy Fitzgerald and Danny Ryan



Mrs Tierney (Greta Heffernan) July 1957 outside her house in Burke Street



Mai and Nell Grady, Burke Street



Marie and Mossie McCarthy July 1957



ICA group photographed in the Fethard Arms on the occasion of their Golden Jubilee 1977



ICA group photographed at the unveiling of a plaque at Clarebridge, Killusty on Sunday 12 August 1979. The plaque was unveiled to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of An Grianán, the College of the Irish Countrywomen's Association in Co. Louth. The unveiling also marked another very historic occasion - the very first Summer School of the I.C.A., which was started on nearby Slievenamon in 1929 by Mrs Hughes and the ladies of Fethard I.C.A. guild. Mrs Hughes, who was past National President of the organisation, regaled the gathering with a vivid account of those early days, when twenty women trekked up the mountain where they camped out, some were lucky to find accommodation in the hut.



Fethard Patrician Presentation under 16 Hurling team, County Schools 'B' Champions, Hennessy Cup Winners 1991/92 Back L to R: Pádraic Cloonan, Stephen O'Donnell, Martin Cuddihy, Tomás Keane, Raymond Condon, David Flanagan, Declan Maher. Middle: Tom Neville, John Kelly, John Paul Keane, Paul Fitzgerald, Noel Barry, Thomas Bourke, Edmond Walsh, Dick Prendergast (coach). Front: Barry Corbett, Miceál Seán McCormack, Damien Byrne (captain), Michael Bourke and Martin Phelan.



L to R: Dick Fitzgerald, Michael Fitzgerald and Biddy Fitzgerald

# Crocanoir - 'the crock of gold'



Fr Nash climbed over our neighbour's stile and slowly waddled towards me, 'You must be the fool who came home farming - you're living in an awful backward place - no-one will find you down here.' I was 19 years old and doomed! Inspiration was in short supply back in the early eighties and no better man than the late parish priest of Mullinahone to cram 'fool', 'backward' and 'farming' into the same sentence.

The following ten years saw my gradual immersion into the agricultural world of cows, cattle, milk quotas, hay, silage, straw, rain, manure, tractors, ploughs, marts, vets and creameries. Throughout that time there was always a nagging realisation that I was a square peg in a round hole. In truth I preferred chas-

ing footballs than bullocks, plucking guitars than chickens, picking banjos than spuds.

Too many bumps along the way convinced me that there had been an element of truth to Fr Nash's words. Maybe it was foolish to try to be what 'you are not cut out for'. The cows and cattle were sold and I took to the road. Many journeys, countries, stories and songs later, the magnetic pull of my end of the boreen lured me back home.

When my grandparents moved to Mullinahone from Fethard in 1922, the neighbours welcomed them to Croc an oir (the crock of gold). Seventy years later the ancient name of the area would become the template for a venture into the unknown world of tourism. The old farmhouse had been crum-

bling to the ground since 1961 and the adjoining sheds had spent too long tossing slates to the wind.

Stone by stone the renovation of Crocanoir became a labour of love. A wooden footbridge replaced the old 'stick' which spanned the river Anner. Bushes and scrub made way for meandering woodland paths. Flowers and shrubs sprung up in place of weeds.

Powerwashed walls revealed names etched in stone of those who once lived and loved here, WH 1863. William Hawe found no gold in Crocanoir, but mined for it in far away Australia; C H - Catherine Hawe, grandmother of the famous writers Maurice and Padraig de Brun, great grandmother of poet Maire McEntee. The Hawes were farmers and tailors who had lived here since the late 1700s.

We now welcome visitors from all over the world. Many guests use the place as a base to tour the local area or to visit family and friends. There's been everything from 90th birthday parties to history lectures, writing workshops to poetry readings, CD recordings, dance classes to pet grooming workshops. People come to travel someplace new everyday, others love to sit by the fire and do nothing at all.

I often smile at the memory of Fr Nash telling me all those years ago that no one would find us here in this backward place. What I wouldn't give to be able to tell him that someone's been to the end of the boreen from every continent. Guests from Guatemala, Uganda, New Zealand, Ukraine, Russia, United States, Israel, Australia, Canada and many other countries in between have shared their stories, brought their culture and taken a little bit of gold back with them from the end of a Mullinahone rainbow.

We help those researching family history to piece together fragments of their roots that have been lost with time. Jim Sausse from Maryland stood hand in hand with his daughters in Saucestown, Fethard, beaming a smile that shone brightly over all his ancestors who emigrated during the famine. Those who left in droves from these parts could not have known that it might be several generations before their descendants would once more breath the air from Slievenamon.

At Crocanoir we welcome them home and take them on a journey through time to old homesteads and family burial places. There have been emotional reunions with long lost cousins, tears shed in windswept graveyards but above all great pride at returning to the place from which they came.

When the notion of holding concerts in the old potato store was first mooted many thought it an idea bordering on madness. Maybe it's still a mad idea but in its own unique way it works. The 'farmyard theatre' has carved a special niche in the musical landscape of South Tipperary. The calibre of art-



Patti, Jim and Kathy Sausse taken at Saucestown bridge in Fethard

ist attracted to the venue speaks volumes for the musical foothold. which Crocanoir has gained in such a short time. The captive audience have sung their hearts out under the rafters to Charlie McGettigan's 'Rock and Roll Kids', Mick Hanly's 'Past The Point of Rescue' and Jimmy Crowley's 'Boys of Fairhill'. From the exuberant fiddling of Frankie Gavin, the plaintive songs of Kieran Goss, the rich bluegrass sound of the Niall Toner Band - there's been a foot stomping tune or a tear-jerking song to suit every taste - Colin Henry, Janet Holmes, Colum Sands, Sean Tyrrell and Buddy Mondlock are among the many performers to have woven a magical strand into the fabric of Crocanoir.

Where better to hear good old time music than in a barn which once housed the threshing dances of a bye-gone era. Jigs, reels and lancers followed days of toil with wheat and chaff. Dancers might be less than nimble now but the music keeps their memory alive. The rhythm of music under the mountain spans several eras at Crocanoir and the series of never-ending concerts is now passing the beat to the next generation.

A few years ago Crocanoir was a crumbling ruin at the end of a boreen near Mullinahone, a 200-year-old farmhouse steeped in history, music and emigration to distant shores. That tumble down farmhouse is now a 4 Star selfcatering oasis visited by guests from all over the world. Last year the Irish Independent newspaper chose it as 'One of the Top Ten Holiday Hideaway destinations in Ireland.' To get a better idea of the transformation have a look at www. crocanoir.com or better still, come to Crocanoir and check it out for vourself.

### **Crocanoir - the Fethard connection**

My grandfather lifted my father into my Granny's arms, climbed into the pony and trap, took the reins in his hands and trotted away from Kilnockin for the last time. It was the summer of 1922. My Dad was ten months old.

Although Kilnockin had been her home for only six years my Granny spoke about the place throughout her life. It was where she began her married life and where four of her five children were born. My father Gerald, his brother Sean and sisters Peggy and Breda were baptised in the local church. Life took them in many different directions from those first Fethard footsteps but we never passed that little farm in Kilnockin without hearing my father say, 'that's where I was born.'

Ninety years later whenever a journey takes me from Fethard to Killenaule I slow down in Kilnockin, glance to the right and before I get the chance, My son says, 'I know Dad, that's where Granddad was born'.

A few years ago I drove into a farmyard in Kilnockin and introduced myself to Neddy Trehy. He clasped my hand, shook it warmly and said, you're welcome back. Neddy had heard his father talk of the Berminghams who once lived across the road and was delighted to meet 'one of them'.

I looked over a hedge into the fields that my grandfather had ploughed. Clambered over a stone wall down a grassy lane towards the remains of an old house. Time and I stood still. The years melted away and for a moment I was holding my grandfathers hand.

Mullinahone became their new home. My grandfather gave up his job as creamery manager in Cloran and became a full-time farmer. After cycling home from a day's work at the creamery he had to spend many hours drawing water to his animals. He now had a farm with an unfailing supply of water thanks to the river Anner. My grandmother was back living near her own people and another baby was born.

The farmhouse which my grandparents bought was the family home for the next 40 years. Time and the elements caught up with it and the door was closed for the last time in 1961. By now a new generation was growing up and running water no longer a luxury.

A new house was built and the old one became home to a menagerie of living things. Pups, kittens, chickens, calves and a host of other creatures found comfort within the crumbling walls. My father's sudden illness when I was 15 catapulted me into the role of farmer. But I was more comfortable with a guitar in my hands than a plough. The life of cows, tractors and cattle never came easy but it had to be.

After a time the road beckoned and the cows were sold. Time away

lured me home but this time to a different life. The old house was renovated stone by stone slate by slate, the cattle were hunted from the barn next door and replaced with guitars, mandolins and banjos. We renamed the place Crocanoir (the crock of gold) the name it once had many centuries ago. The cattle shed hosts concerts, plays, workshops and drama. Next year Oscar winner Glen Hansard will swap the Hollywood stage for a spot under the rafters at Crocanoir.

My grandparents came from Fethard by pony and trap, lived in a world without electricity phones running water motor cars. Now we get messages via the internet from all over the world in an instant. Here's one of them from Denise Mackey

"Our parents, sadly no longer with

us, left Fethard in the early 50's with the family for London, we always returned every year to Fethard to spend the school holidays with our grandfather Stephen Dwyer who lived in St. Patricks Place. As brothers and sisters we like to get back every few years to take a trip down memory lane and meet up with old friends."

Whenever an enquiry comes from someone with Fethard connections I always tell them that my father was born there. Even though he left as a small child there's still a connection with his birthplace that will never be broken.

In years to come I can hear my son tell his children as they pass by Kilnockin, 'That's where your grandfather's father was born'.

John Bermingham



Kilnovkin Races in the 1940s



Sarah (Murphy) Mullins hunting home the cows some years ago

## **Fethard Scout Group**



Cubs prepare for Sleivenamon Hike

Pethard Scout Group have had a wonderful year. As promised in our report last year, we have set up a Beaver Colony. Our membership has grown by a massive 68% in the past year. As a group we have had many activities from all sections; Beavers 6 to 8 years old, Cubs 9 to 12 years, Scouts 12 to 16 years and Ventures 16 to 18 years. While there have been many group activities, each section runs its own programme, under specific scouters.

#### **Beavers Section**

Beaver Section has 22 members and 4 scouters (Nichola, Anna, Tony and Laura). Their first event was a Teddy Bear's Picnic to Kilcooley Abbey, later they went on a hike through the woods on Slievenamon, they also attended a day on the group weekend camp in Parson's

Green. Having participated in the County Sports Day in Kilsheelan they took home a number of medals. They also took part in a National Event in Cobh, Co Cork.

#### **Cubs Section**

The Cubs with 19 members and 3 Scouters (John, Michelle and Denis) took part in the fun weekend in Melleray, a night hike, and also took part in a hike through the woods on Slievenamon, a hike on the lower hills of the Galtees and in the group weekend camp in Parson's Green. They also took home a number of medals from the County Sports Day.

#### Scout Section

Scout Section has 17 members and 4 Scouters (Brendan, Rachel, Mikey and Dermot, returning after spending nearly 8 months in Spain). Activities included a hike

on the Galtee Mountains, County Orienteering on the lower hills of the Galtees, winning the U16, U14 and coming second in the U12. A number of scouts underwent Patrol Leader training with the emphasis on map, compass and route planning. Scouts organised some backwoods cooking for the Beavers and Cubs during their hikes.

The toughest event was the County Shield a weekend competition that challenges all their skills and a test (albeit it unplanned) in extremely wet weather. The disciplines were many and varied, from first-aid to tent pitching, cooking, map, hiking, compass work, knots and lashings, campfire singing, all done on the mountainside of the Knockmealdowns, While Fethard didn't win the overall event they did exceptionally well and came away winning the cooking (these lads won't go hungry even under such bad conditions).

The main event of the year was the Annual Camp. This year we travelled to Carne, Co Wexford, for 9 days with groups from Ardfinnan, Kilsheelan and Clonmel. This was a most enjoyable camp in the sunny south east, with very good weather. When we came home at the beginning of August we took a break.

We were back in September which led into the County Fun Weekend in October with some very wet weather that saw many showers and changes of clothes. It started with a night hike on Friday to Holy Year Cross (first soaking); tag rugby on Saturday morning and to say it was 'wet an muddy' would be an understatement; Saturday afternoon there was an Obstacle Course that included swamp crossing and a number of river crossings (which helped wash off the mud), a campfire on Saturday night led by our own man Brendan (sound man Brendan). Sunday morning we had a Treasure Trail organised and run again by our own man Mikey. This led us to Scouts Own — a time out from activities for reflection on who we are and what life's about, and where we as individuals are in rela-



Scouts kayaking in Rosslare during Annual Camp

tion to nature and spirituality.

It would be unfair not to mention that the county decided to attempt self-catering for the first time on such a weekend. This was a big task when you consider you must serve four hot meals a day to about 160 hungry people. Well that's what was done this year by four kitchen staff scouters, one from Kilsheelan and three from Fethard. They outperformed anything I have seen (even with my 25 years military service). Full marks to Ann from Kilsheelan, and Michelle, Tony and Anna from the Fethard group. They have set a precedent. The food was excellent and extremely well presented. The nutritional value of these meals helped the troops meet all the various challenges. I imagine the scouts could have gone on and on. As they say, an army marches on its stomach.

#### **Ventures**

With three members and one scouter, (Sean 'Lofty' Cloonan), ventures are most helpful in the weekly running of the Cub and Scout Sections, gaining some valuable supervisory experience. Ventures completed a hike on Slievenamon and are currently making plans for 2012.

I am presently finalising arrangements with Scouting Ireland Supremo, Chief Scout Michael John Shinnick to attend our Group Investiture / Promise Renewal on Sunday 22 January 2012. This will mark the start of celebrating 25 years of Scouting in Fethard and will be the first time the Chief Scout visits us. We extend an open invitation to all ex-members to come and join us on this special occasion.

The Scout Group took part in what is now a tradition, a parade to



Beavers on a day visit to our group weekend camp



Brendan running campfire on at weekend camp

11am Mass on St Patrick's Day, and participation in the annual May and Corpus Christi processions from Holy Trinity Parish Church to the Augustinian Abbey.

As a group, led by Brendan who is a great campfire man having led both our weekend campfires, we celebrated Hallowe'en with a campfire sing-along in Grove wood with the kind permission of Harry and Rosemary Ponsonby.

All four sections have some great plans for 2012, which they hope to fulfil. All concerned have completed their training for the new 'One' programme. Most Scouters have completed training to Stage 3 and are awaiting stages 4,5 and 6. Stages 1 to 6 will take about two years to complete, another three scouters are awaiting Stage 1.

Many thanks to all who helped in any way during the year with meetings and events, the parents, Harry and Rosemary Ponsonby, the 'top table' people of Group Council, chairperson Mary Healy, treasurer Mary O'Donnell and secretary Mary Lynch. Many thanks for your great help and to our leaders (now known as scouters), Sean 'Lofty' Cloonan, Brendan Bailey, Rachel Hanlon, Mikey McCarthy, to return soon from abroad, Dermot Culligan, John Walsh, Michelle Hennebry, Denis Larkin, Nicola Quigley, Tony Burgess, Anna Bailey and Laura O'Shea. Without you it could not be done, your commitment, enthusiasm and love of helping young people is fantastic to see (poetry in motion). Hopefully the challenges you set and your help guiding them through, will stand our members good stead in the future. Bi ullamh!

Many many thanhs to the Ballroom Committee for the facility, and their enduring patience, and to all the people of the parish and beyond, we wish you a Happy and Holy Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

Robert Phelan

### Do You Remember 1982

Though youth will complain of boredom and of the lack of entertaining facilities and beyond doubt the same happened in Fethard in 1982, yet the town then had much to offer the young and active. There was a broad range of GAA games and activities (indeed this article could be filled with GAA

material and nothing else), athletic organisations, three tennis courts, two handball courts, a squash court, a badminton club. a basketball and volleyball court, at least one soccer club, a gun club, a fishing club, a dramatic society, a solvent Credit Union

(always on the lookout for volunteers), a musical society, and disco and dancing facilities at the Country Club. And there was a library.

And the town was served by a number of shops and business premises, some of which have survived to this day: M. Trehy, Mechanical Repairs, The Green; O'Brien's Motor Repairs, The Green; Larry Kenny's Centra Food Store; Paddy Lonergan, The Forge Tavern; Joe and Nora Ahearne, The Fethard Arms; Whyte's

Car Sales; The Bridge Bar, Main Street; Sherrards, Rosegreen Road; O'Connell's Main Street; Reflections Hair Studio; Kay McGrath's Ladies Fashion Shop; The Lantern Restaurant, Main Street; McCarthy's Hotel, Main Street; Hanrahan's Meats, The Green; The Castle Inn; Dick Hayes, Turf Accountant, Main

Street; Newport's Newsagency, Main Street: O'Flynn and Sons, Menswear. Burke Street; Pat O'Shea, Lounge Bar, Main Street. In this year Mai Grady of Burke Street died and her shop was put up for sale. A new restaurant, the Lantern Restaurant, opened on the



Tim Tierney, Burke Street

Main Street in May in the premises formerly owned by Larry Keating, the horse trainer. This was run by local man Kevin Coady, whose mother had a successful cafe in The Valley for many years. But the old creamery on the Grove Road went. During the year it was knocked down to make way for a new Avonmore shop. Many of the older readers of this Newsletter will recall, with a feeling of nostalgia, delivering milk in twenty-gallon churns at the unload-



Barrack Street covered in snow January 1982

ing platform and going round to the other side to collect their allowance of separated milk. Men such as Willie O'Donnell of Kilnockin went daily with their horse, cart and churns to that creamery, but their way of working had no place in a new modern Ireland. And many, too, will always associate Tim Tierney from Burke Street with that creamery.

Most needs, then, were catered for, though the drift to the nearby big town of Clonmel, which had begun about twenty year previously, was strongly evident and increasing.

As the new year of 1982 began it was not the local facilities that exercised the minds of Fethard people. It was the most atrocious weather with its snow and icy conditions during the first week of January. Conditions in the south of the county had been so bad that the County Council had

to spend \$30,000 in the clean-up. The snow began to fall at about 5pm on Thursday 7 January and by the weekend many older folk were of the opinion that conditions were worse than anything experienced in 1947 or 1962. Despite the bad weather Fethard people were not left short of basic foods. Michael O'Brien ignored the frightful conditions to deliver milk and Jim Ivors from Boolagh Bakery and Liam Connolly from Mother's Pride saw that the town did not run short of bread. Even the two grave-diggers, Joe O'Dwyer and Ed Lawless, worked in the most appalling surroundings to ensure that those who died were laid in their graves in a becoming manner. Each one of them everyday heroes, whose bravery in the face of harsh nature is so soon forgotten.

In early modern times Fethard

had obtained for itself a royal charter which granted a form of local government. This mode of governance was to continue in one type or another down to the mid twentieth century. Fethard people, consequently, had a familiarity with running their own affairs and this knowledge is very palpable when we come to look at the Community Council which enhanced in so many ways the social fabric of Fethard. The officers of that Council were Austin O'Flynn, chairman, Peter Colville, secretary, John Whyte and Percy O'Donnell as joint treasurers. The committee were Father John Stapleton, Tom Butler, Johnny Maher, Jerry Skehan, Mary Healy, Sally O'Brien, Kathleen Harrison, Gay Horan, Michael Ahern, Michael O'Dwyer, Sean Spillane, Gus Maher and Tim Slattery.

During the year of 1982 fundraising to repay debts was the primary, though not the only, aim of the Community Council. So as to collect the much-needed money the Council had a weekly '25-Drive' and a ten-week's draw of \$10 per subscriber. A Jumble sale, which consisted of clothes, furniture, food, vegetables and domestic ware and which was a financial success, took place on 7 March. All this was to pay for the lately opened Tirry Community Centre on Barrack Street, a most wonderful addition to the social and cultural life in Fethard.

In July the community invited the then well-known Father Harry Bohan's Rural Housing Organisation (based at Shannon, Co. Clare) to give advice and guidance to couples who had hopes of building their own house or purchasing one. Hopes were also expressed that fully-serviced sites could become available for such building. The area about Strylea was seen as having potential and would be an extension of an existing development. A further meeting of the Housing Organisation was held in the Community Hall on 29 September. At this meeting it was suggested that a house could be built for \$23.875. Later still, in November, a site was opened to the public in the Strylea neighbourhood.

The Council also had an input, together with the Industrial Development Authority, into the building of an advance factory (a factory ready for a working occupier) on the Kilnockin Road. The building work was undertaken by John Harrington and Sons.

Though the Council had its own meeting place in the Community Hall in Barrack Street it did not neglect the old social centres. In the early part of that year the Town Hall had been closed because it did not meet modern fire-safety regulations. It was the property of the County Council, but they were slow to undertake the necessary renovations. It is to the credit of the Council that they prodded the County Council into saving this old building from falling into decay: a structure that may have been built in the early part of the seventeenth



Jumble Sale in the Tirry Centre were very popular and a great source of fundraising for the community (January 1982)



Tom Butler and Mary Healy helping with crowd control at the Jumble Sale (January 1982)



Photographed at a meeting in the Tirry Centre 1982 are L to R: Neddy Delahunty, Philip Maher, Sally O'Brien, John Fitzgerald, Liam Cloonan, Michael O'Doherty, Mr Eustace, Sean Ward, Don O'Connell, Pat Cleary, Denis McGrath and Fr. Tony Lambe.



Photographed at a meeting in the Tirry Centre 1982 are L to R: John H. Delany, Jack O'Shea and Mick O'Riordan.

century. In 1608 the charter granted to Fethard's remodelled corporation ordered that a common hall and tholsel or market house should be built at some convenient place within the town where the officers of the corporation could assemble. The building that was erected is probably the Town Hall we know today. During the month of November the work of re-plastering and painting was carried out.

As early as 29 March the Council held a meeting to plan a Summer Festival – the old Fethard Carnival by another name. A long session of preparatory work and organisation lay ahead during the months of April, May and June before that festival was a reality. Such was the workload involved that parts of it were farmed out to various groups during those months. And this was necessary because it was planned that it would encompass discos, a dinner dance, a ceili dance, a baby show, a dog show various athletic contents. a card drive and other entertainments. The profits from the four-day event were used to pay off the outstanding debts on the Father Tirry Community Centre (The Centre had opened for public functions in September 1980).

The Festival was held on 24, 25, and 26 June. The principal event, a Carnival, was held on Sunday 26 June. The festival open on the Thursday night with a disco in the Country Club and on the Friday night Mick Delahunty's band provided the music. Mick Del had already

been in Fethard on Friday night 26 February to play for the Tipperary Hunt dance. On the night of the Summer Festival about 400 turned out to hear his music and so popular was he that the dancers loudly and continuously shout for 'More'. 'More' as the final notes were played. The dancing was from 10 until 2 and a turkey supper was provided for the admission of \$5. Mick Del was back again in Fethard on 26 November to be again greeted by crowds of ardent fans. On the Saturday afternoon there were various athletic events such as tug-o-war, sprints, skipping, etc. The Bunclody Ceili band was to perform on Saturday night but due to some misunderstanding they did not appear. They did, however, come to the Country Club on the night of Saturday 17 July and were greatly enjoyed. Sunday was the principal day of the Festival with a carnival parade to the Barrack Field. A prize of \$100 was offered for the best item displayed on the parade and the second and third prize items shared a further \$100. On that occasion the first place was won by an item called 'Circus' entered by the Croome-Carroll group. The second prize was won by the Presentation Convent and the third by the Christy Mullins Group. The newly-formed musical society presented 'Kilnockin Races Re-visited' and won a prize with it. In the Barrack Field, among other things, there was a baby show which was won by Marie the daughter of Nora and Michael O'Meara, St. Patrick's Place; and Tony Newport organised a dog show.

The people of Fethard displayed their talents in other ways. the Hogan Musical Society, for example, was one such. The Society had been founded in September 1981, but was not a totally new venture as Fethard had a pantomime group which performed most successfully in the 1940s and 1950s. In the new creation it was decided to honour Father William Hogan who had served as a curate in Fethard from 1 April 1939 to early December 1955 and had played a leading role in the local music life of his day. He was a founder member of the old Fethard Pantomime Society, Father Hogan was born at Main Street, Cashel, on 5 May 1905 and was ordained a priest on 11 May 1930. He was appointed parish priest of Killenaule on 15 January 1966, retired in September 1980 and died at Ballycarron, Cashel, on 30 November 1982. At that founding meeting of the musical society Ned Maher (a well-known figure in the old pantomimes) was elected president and an appeal for singers and actors went out. The original committee officers consisted of Michael McCarthy, chairman, Gemma Kenny, secretary, and Catherine Newport as treasurer. The society immediately got down to the production of a pantomime, 'Goody Two Shoes' (the first in Fethard in twenty-six years). This was staged at the Country Club between Wednesday 21 and Saturday 23 January 1982. The principal role

was played by Ann O'Riordan who was making her debut on the adult stage. Percy O'Flynn played the role of the Dame, a part that his father Billy had made his own in other years. The script was adapted and partly re-written from an original by Billy McLellan and was produced by Michael O'Donoghue. The show had a successful run and garnered much praise. Later, on Sunday 14 February, a shortened version was staged at Holycross and this went forward to the county final in a 'Tops of the Town' competition. The Fethard entry was placed second among four entries. In October, following the summer gap, the society began rehearsals on the Rogers and Hammerstein musical. 'Oklahoma' in the Tirry Community hall.

Dramatics were also an element of life in Fethard in 1982. In October the Fethard Players were busy putting the final touches to their production of 'The Whole Town's Talking' – a farce by Anita Loos. The play was presented to the public at the Country Club between Thursday 2 and Sunday 5 December, with a matinee on the Sunday afternoon. The play was produced by Austin O'Flynn and the performers gave a truly memorable presentation, well worthy of the theatrical tradition that has been a part of Fethard.

Early in this year Paddy Fitzgerald from St. Patrick's Place died; Paddy had served as stage manager to the Fethard Players for many years. This position was taken up by his son



The late Francis Kearney putting festival posters up in 1982

Dick, assisted by his brother Tony.

Drama also had a place in the activities of the local branch of Macra na Feirme. At the end of January they won the county final of a one-act drama competition. The producer was Paddy Maher; for a one-act the play ('Us and Them') had a big cast which consisted of Frank McGivern, Sean O'Dea, Liam O'Connor, Pat Fahey, Simon Delahunty, John Heffernan, John Morrissey, Teresa O'Connell, Ann O'Connell, Margaret O'Connell

and Carmel Butler. Macra held their annual field evening at the local cattle mart premises on Sunday 20 June at which fifty-five teams from six different counties participated. At it a wide range of events dealing with home and farm were contested. By November the members were back to drama when they commenced rehearsals on Sean O'Casey's 'Juno and the Paycock'. Again the producer was Paddy Maher. The play was staged in the Country Club on 18 and 19 December, and later on



Fethard team entered in the Killusty seven-a-side soccer competition 1982. Back L to R: Paddy Burke, Anthony Hayes, Paul Hayes, Richie Hayes. Front L to R: Brian Burke, Michael Hayes and Pierce Dillon.



Team entered in the Killusty seven-a-side soccer competition 1982.

Back L to R: Dermot O'Donnell, Jim O'Donnell, Liam O'Dwyer, Paul Looby, Gerry O'Dwyer.

Front L to R: John Fitzgerald, Gerry Horan, Conor O'Connor and John O'Connor.

Friday 7 January 1983 it was presented in the Clerihan Community Centre as part of a Macra amateur drama competition.

During the year many also reacquainted themselves with places and people. On 15 August a group of people, led by Sister Fidelis walked to the Holy Year (1950) cross where the Rosarv and the Stations of the Cross were recited. The annual Fethard/Killusty re-union took place at the Irish Centre. Camden Town. London, on Friday 5 November. A meeting of old friends, but, sadly, only seven people travelled from Fethard for the occasion to the disappointment of Mr Pat Shine the London organiser. But even by 1982 travel between Ireland and the United Kingdom was becoming easier and less expensive. Families were meeting oftener and the Irish Sea was no longer a great barrier. The past pupils of the Patrician Brothers schools also had their re-union. At their annual general meeting on 2 March it was decided that membership of the union should also be opened to girls from the Presentation Convent and following this change Mrs. Margaret Prendergast of Brodeen was elected president. The annual dinner/dance was held in the Hotel Minella on 16 March. The other notable event was an open day held on 23 May which began with a Mass celebrated by Father James Fogarty, then curate at Bansha and a former 'old boy'. On that day the school grounds and the class-rooms were

open to all who attended.

The locals, however, had their entertainment outside drama and musicals. Throughout the vear the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association was active with meetings held on the first Friday of each month. The Association staged two concerts during the year, one of them on St. Patrick's Night. A group of them travelled to Knock Shrine on 6 June bringing along a new banner which had been designed and made by Joyells of Limerick. This was carried about the Shrine by Mrs. Helen Flynn of Derryluskin and Joe Greene of The Green. For the Association and indeed for many others in Fethard the year opened with the tragic death of Laurence ('Lolo') Trehy of Kilnockin. In the prime of life he was taken from his wife Maura and his children in sudden and appalling circumstances. In his life Lolo was active in his community, in the Pioneer movement and in the Fethard Community Council. The latter provided a guard of honour to his coffin at his burial on Saturday 2 January. On his passing, his neighbours and friends realised with shock that they had lost a jovial companion who was everyready with a laugh and a joke.

Like the Pioneers the ICA was a well-established organisation in the town. As well as holding monthly meetings the association was actively engaged in Meals-on-Wheels, the chrysanthemum show, the Summer Festival and the Milk Run In this

year Mrs. Mary Gunne was presented with a special plaque in recognition of her many years of service to the Association. And An Grianán, the headquarters of the ICA, dedicated a special hall to the memory of Mrs. Olivia Hughes. Fethard women were also enthusiastic members of the Garden Club which also met on a monthly basis, especially during the winter months when nature is dormant. During the year the members visited various notable gardens throughout the country. They also organised that great traditional event the Fethard Flower show (they had taken over the running of it in the previous year) which was held in the Country Club on Thursday 14 October. The club also arranged a Flower Festival in Holy Trinity Church following Carol Service on Sunday 19 December.

Both men and women worked on the Country Markets stalls on

Friday morning after Friday morning. The stalls were filled with a variety of vegetables, cakes, confectionary and fruit. This year a new line in cream cheese, pickles and chutneys were on offer. Their very popular Christmas Market was held on 17 December. Like the Country Markets the Credit Union also supplied a necessary service to the town and countryside. It had a successful year in 1982 with its membership increasing. By the end of that year its share capital stood at £78,000.

An excellent social service in the town was the provision of meals-on-wheels which provided a hot meal on a number of days each week to people who lived on their own. When living on your own it seems hardly worth the effort to give an hour preparing food that is eaten in a few minutes; consequently, this voluntary service was a great blessing. During the year the service dispensed 2,964



Bro Ultan's retirement day from St. Patrick's Boys School 1982



Theresa and Kevin Coady photographed with their new chef at opening of the Lantern Restaurant 1982

meals which meant that each recipient had nineteen meals delivered to him or her. Throughout the year the financial help to this organisation had been most generous. Its leading officers were Dr. J.B. Maher, president, Sister M. Agatha, secretary, and Mr. P. Power, the manager of the local Allied Irish Bank, was the treasurer.

In the last issue of The Nationalist for 1982 there appeared a photograph of Fethard ladies who catered for the old folks and not so old folks of the parish at the Christmas party; a party that was described as being wonderful and a delight for all who attended. The guests were entertained by a group of boys and girls who sang and danced: thirteen young people who were prepared to give up their afternoon to entertain a group of 'old codgers'. The party acknowledged the old who did so much to keep Fethard a living entity in hard and difficult times, but it also gave a dollop of credit to the young people. This party was a part of the monthly social evenings for senior citizens that had been held in the Tirry Community Centre since 4 November. At that first evening the singing of Joe O'Dwyer, Jack Ryan and Ned Lawrence was the highlight of the occasion.

For those still mobile and having a wish to relate to other people there were a number of active organisations. The Bridge Club met during the dark nights of winter, having rested from its labours during the summer months. In 1982 the club had thirty-seven members and among its leading players were Dick Gorey, Betty Walsh, Brendan Kenny and Mrs. Annie O'Brien. The club visited a number of like-minded clubs in south Tipperary and had the distinction returned. The members held their annual dinner in the newly-opened Lantern Restaurant.



L to R: Janice Carroll, Edel Fogarty, Jennifer Fogarty and Orla Carroll photographed on The Green, November 1982

Anyone of a more active disposition had the Badminton Club. It held its practice sessions on Wednesday and Saturday nights and was seeking new members. But the old veterans, Tony Newport, Jimmy McCarthy and Frank Sparrow, were still playing well. Another active sport, volleyball, was still being played by the pupils of the Presentation Convent. They par-

ticipated in various competitions at an all-Ireland level and were very successful in many of them. A judo club was founded in the town on 9 October 1982 by Michael O'Meara and Johnny Sheehan – both from St. Patrick's Place. By year's end the club had forty members and had great hopes of survival. The instructor was Johnny Sheehan and the sec-

retary was Patricia Breen. The town also had a handball club which performed well in different events at county level. At the annual convention of the Tipperary County Handball Board held on Sunday 12 December two Fethard delegates, P. Woodlock and Joe Keane, were elected to that board.

Coursing, hunting and athletics have had a place in the life of Fethard probably for as long as the town existed, and it was no different in 1982. The local coursing club had a very successful year with a plentiful supply of hares. Four clubs, Waterford, Clonmel, Knockgraffon and Fethard, entered the Waterford meet of that year. Waterford provided the winner but John Barrett of the Fethard club was the runner-up. The Blackrock Coursing Club, Cork, paid a visit to Fethard on Sunday 14 February. The coursing meet was held at Derryluskin at twelve noon. An extremely well-organised line of beaters, consisting of Michael Shine, Michael Keane, Derek Walsh and Hugh Lynch, supplied plentiful game for the occasion. A wonderful afternoon of coursing was enjoyed with Fethard being strong winners. The day ended with a much-appreciated tea which was provided by the ladies committee. The annual general meeting of the club was held at the Bridge Bar on 12 October. Michael Keane was elected president, the chairman was Derry Curran and the vice-chair was taken by Hugh Lynch. The treasurer was Tim

O'Riordan and the secretary Michael Flanagan. The St. Patrick's Athletic Club, under the able chairmanship of Tom Butler from Coolenure, held a celebration and dance on Friday 15 January. On the night awards and medallions were presented to the many successful boys and girls who had a triumphant season during the previous year. The evening was quite a social occasion. Among the attendance were Ann and Jimmy Connolly, Brother Raymond, and Ann and Hugh Lynch. A number of voung athletes represented the club at a meeting at Horse and Jockey on Sunday 21 February, but no medals were won. On Monday 12 April thirty-three athletes competed in track and field events at Kilmacow While they gained no 'firsts' they did bring home three plagues. On the 18th of that month four athletes travelled to Newbridge where the competition was stiff. Nevertheless, Jacqueline Stokes and Kay O'Riordan finished first and second in their heat. There was also an excellent performance at Abbeyleix on Sunday 25 April. For the remainder of the season the club continued its active participation in various county events with Jacqueline Stokes being very much the star performer. For example, she won five gold medals at the national track and field championships held at Tullamore on Saturday 3 and Sunday 4 July. The athletes were, in the main, trained by Brother Raymond; the Sisters at the Nano Nagle Homes regularly



Photographed at the official opening of the GAA Dressing Rooms in 1982 are L to R: Paddy Browne, Bro Stephen, Fr. P. Noonan P.P., Mick Frawley (Chairman County Board), Dick Cummins, Dean Christopher Lee, Ned Sheehan, Martin Cuddihy, Dick Fitzgerald, Miceál McCormack and Stephen McCormack.

made their mini-bus available for conveying the participants to the various events, and at the administration level the club was well represented by Tom Butler and Dr. Paddy Stokes. After the summer holidays training again commenced in September on Tuesdays and Fridays after school. St. Patrick's Club was honoured on Saturday 6 November when its leading athlete, fifteen-yearold Jacqueline Stokes, was the recipient of a BLOE star award which was sponsored by the Bank of Ireland. This was for her outstanding achievements in track and field events over the previous season. On the previous night, in the Munster Hotel, Thurles, Jacqueline had been conferred with a further honour. In May the boys from the Patrician Brothers school won the Cusack Cup in football. This game (between Fethard and the High School in Clonmel) was played in Fethard on the night of Tuesday 8 June, and it was the first such win

for Fethard since 1954. The abilities of teacher Denis Burke may have made a considerable contribution to the win.

The roots of the G.A.A. in Fethard go deep and the name of the local football team still resonates at county level. The local club began the year by holding its annual meeting in January under its chairman Dick Cummins. Morale was high among the players even though over the preceding year they had won no championship. The under-fourteen players had, however, performed well, which is always a good indication of the health of a club. For 1982 the chairman was again Dick Cummins, the president was the parish priest, Father Noonan, and the vice-presidents were Father Lambe and Paddy Heffernan. Dick Fitzgerald was elected to the onerous (and probably thankless) post of secretary; a post, that in terms of gratitude, is only a little better than

that of selector. On Sunday 11 April new dressing rooms were opened at the complex. The opening ceremony was performed by Mick Frawley, then County Board Chairman, and the blessing was given by Father Philip Noonan. The occasion was graced by the presence of that honorary Fethard man, Dean Christopher Lee, then parish priest of Cashel. On the day, also, the men who obtained the Barrack Field from the Department of Defence and made it what it was in 1982 were remembered. The local chairman. Dick Cummins, was very much a guiding force in having the addition (dressing rooms and showers) to the complex built. During May extensive re-laying of the floor of the handball court was undertaken at the sports centre and changes were made to the ceiling and the lighting. Later in the year, through the efforts of the chairman Dick Cummins, a stand was erected on the west side of the Barrack Field.

Later, at a dinner dance, Mr Bill Connors was honoured with a 'Player of the Past' award. Others were also honoured during the year: Michael Fitzgerald was voted Young Footballer of the year, and among the referees who gained honour were Joe Keane, Arthur Daly and Denis Burke.

On Sunday 29 August, at Semple Stadium, Thurles, Fethard footballers beat Arravale Rovers by two goals and seven points to eleven points and so qualified for the senior county football final. Fethard had first

won the county final in 1887 and between that and 1978 had won it on thirteen occasions. In 1982 the locals trained diligently and had hopes, but it was not to be. Clonmel Commercials won the day in a disappointing game by two goals and three points to one goal and two points. Going home the Fethard fans had only memories of other great days for consolation. And such memories must have meandered back to the county senior football final of 1957 when the local lads gave a superb display of attractive football when they defeated Loughmore at Cashel Sportsfield by two goals and four points to one goal and four points. On that day Fethard was in debt to centre forwards Chris 'Cly' Mullins and Mick Byrne, to Gus Danagher and Leo English at midfield, to a rock-solid defence by Liam and Sean Connolly and Sean Moloney (who had the distinction twenty-one years later, 1978, of playing on the Fethard county championship team), and to Joe Hannon who defended the goal. A number of those young men, who were such credit to Fethard, are still living. As an aside the Fethard minor football team also won the county championship in that year of 1957.

The local G.A.A. club also brought a little of the exotic to Fethard when, on Saturday 31 July, the Hibernian Football Club from Rockland, New York, were guests of the Fethard Football and Hurling Club. The visit had been arranged

through the co-operation of Tom O'Riordan (in America) and his brothers Mick and Tim O'Riordan in Fethard. The American club's under-sixteen football team, all of them American-born, played against a local under-sixteen team on that Saturday evening and won. The fitness and competitiveness of the visiting side amazed the large attendance; that, and their ability to kick long balls left the local lads bemused and was a treat to watch. A brilliant display of goal-keeping by Fethard's Tom Ryan saved Fethard from a disaster.

Another unusual in 1982 was the 'silver snake'. In July a fencing crew for the Kinsale gas pipeline hit the Fethard area. At the rate of fifty yards an hour they erected two rows of wire fencing some twenty yards apart, running from Mullinahone through Kiltinan and on to Lisronagh; all in less than a week. Following them came a blasting and gas-pipe laying crew. The

'silver snake' pipe that came along behind them was one of the great feats of economic and industrial development in Ireland, the taking of natural gas from Kinsale to Dublin at a cost of \$40 million. This project had been launched on 1 April 1982. It was during the warm days of August that the 'snake' passed under Slievenamon. In the area between Mullinahone and Lisronagh gigantic machinery moved about and a massive workforce of about 400 men worked their way along the planned route. So great was the local interest in the 'gasmen' that adults and children walked up part of Slievenamon to obtain a better view of the temporary highway stretching across south Tipperary. By the end of September all were gone and the landscape gave no indication of the upheaval; thirty years later we can hardly remember the route of the pipeline.

Another change that enhanced the appearance of Fethard was the new entrance to the Presentation



Fethard team that played a visiting team from Hibernian Football Club from Rockland, New York, on Saturday 31st July 1982



In 1982 the new entrance to the Presentation Convent from Lower Main Street was constructed.

Convent which was erected in August. The curved entrance was of cut limestone and was tastefully set off by the polished stonework of the gate piers. The recesses along the walls were paved in a cobblestone effect with seashore stones. The gateway was designed by local architect, Mr. Stringer from Tullamaine and the builder was Frank Barrett. The new entrance enhanced and complimented the fine building that is the convent. To make way for the new gateway part of what was Bill Tierney's shop was removed.

A proposed change which would improve the general appearance of Fethard was the draft plan which was compiled by the County Council. The plan was put on display at the Council offices on 29 October and a special meeting was held in the Town Hall, Fethard, on Tuesday 30 November to explain the contents. Council officials turned

up on the night to clarify to all who attended what the future plans entailed. And it would seem that changes were essential as on various Sundays during 1982 there had been traffic hold-ups on the Main Street during Mass times. Quite a lot of the problem was due to bad parking.

The year began with bad weather and it ended likewise, but with weather of a different sort. This time it was heavy, continuous rain at the end of November and early December. So heavy was the flooding that salmon were noticed running in the Clashawley and jumping the waterfall on the Rocklow Estate. Salmon had not been seen in the Clashawley in over thirty years previously to this sighting. But Fethard did enjoy good weather also, especially during the month of August.

Michael O'Donnell (Owning)

## **Statia Kealy (1903-2011)**

Statia Kealy, was born on 5 July, 1903 at Ballinphrase in the Parish of Galmoy. Her small cottage, where she lived for most of her long life, was always a hospitable, generous, laughter-filled, contented home. When her parents died, Statia lived on her own for fifty-two years. But

she was never really alone. Statia welcomed an unending stream of neighbours, family and friends. Her fire warmed them. Her brown bread nourished them. Her sparkling humour entertained them. Her compassoothed sion them. Her belief in a good God consoled them. They left knowing they had spent time with a truly remarkable

woman. In recent years Statia moved to Castledermot, Co. Kildare where she continued to be an exceptional and generous host and a gracious friend. Her story-telling ability never diminished and her ability to put people at ease never faded. And she continued to pray continually.

Statia prayed for the dead. Prayed for the living. Prayed for priests. Prayed for her parish and for her own people. And she prayed that she would not be alone when she died; that Fr. Ian could be there with her to anoint her and mind her. She prayed for this to Padre Pio ('poor Fr. Pio' she

called him). And Statia had her prayers answered. She died at the age of 108, on September, 23 2011. the Feast of Padre Pio. shortly after Fr. Ian had celebrated Mass, shortly after she had received Holv Communion, shortly after she had been anointed, just as the Rosary was finished. She died as the oldest person in Ireland. to become the newest person in



Statia Kealy (1903-2011), aunt of Liz Sheehan, St. Patrick's Place, died on 23rd September at the fantastic age of 108.

Heaven, after a very long life, very well lived. Statia Kealy's contribution to our lives has been immense. She will be sorely missed. But she is safe with God. We know she will continue to be good to us.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a h-anam dílis. •

### **Irish Girl Guides**



Area event on 20 February in Caherdaniel Church where 950 Guides gathered for 'Thinking Day'

As Irish Girl Guiding Centenary Year 2011 comes to a close Fethard District Ladybirds, Brownies, Guides, Young Leaders and Guiders will have participated in many celebratory events locally, nationally and regionally.

The highlight of the year, 'Bailiú', place in Semple Stadium Thurles on Saturday 9 May. The bus left Fethard bright and early and soon we joined up with thousands of girls and their leaders from all over Ireland. It was spectacular to see all the units parade around the stadium with their flags and banners behind a marching band in the sunshine. However, the rain soon arrived as an attempt was made to create a new Guinness record for tying the most Reef Knots in an unbroken chain. Although no record was broken it was great to be involved. The afternoon of fun and games was thoroughly enjoyed despite the inclement weather.

We attended 'Thinking Day' celebrations in February in Limerick and made a trip to Parson's Green on a lovely sunny Saturday in April. In July two guides, Laura Hards and Amy Brophy, enjoyed five days camping in Murroe, Co. Limerick. Our three Young Leaders Molly O'Dwyer, Molly Proudfoot and Tara Horan accompanied the girls and they were enrolled and commissioned as young leaders. A great achievement which ensures the future of Guiding in Fethard.

Our numbers have increased since September especially in the Guide unit. Presently we are busy rehearsing a sketch for National Gang Show in Thurles this November. This will be the last event of the centenary year celebrations.

Many thanks to the parents who help us out and also to our lead-



Fethard Girl Guides and Brownies photographed at St. Patrick's Day Mass at Holy Trinity Parish Church,
Fethard, are Back L to R: Catherine O'Connell (leader), Majella Drea (leader), Molly Proudfoot,
Molly O'Dwyer, Tara Horan. Middle L to R: Theresa Hurley (leader), Amy Brophy, Noella O'Meara,
Emma Jane Burke, Lucy Spillane, Judy Doyle (leader). Front L to R: Shannon Thompson,
Megan Ryan, Megan Hackett and Jennifer Phelan.

ers: Ladybird Guiders Catherine O'Donnell and Pamela Daly; Brownie Leaders Catherine O'Connell and Majella Drea; Guide Leader Teresa Hurley and Judy Doyle and our fab three, the two Mollys and Tara. And of course, thanks to the children for giving us such fun, they make it all worthwhile!

Judy Doyle



Newly enrolled Guiders and Guides in the Fethard Guide Company, February 1991. Back L to R: Margaret Phelan, Stephanie McCormack, Kate O'Connell, Ailish Sheehan, Mary Murphy Front L to R: Bridget Purcell, Claire Healy, Edwina Kane and Claire Moloney

## **Greetings from Bro Paul in Eldoret**

Greetings to all readers of the Fethard Newsletter from Kenya and from Kabongo in particular where we are busy as usual. I appreciate very much getting the wonderful newsletter faithfully for the past 33 years at least. It is always very interesting and never seems

to weaken from year to year. That is a credit to all involved in putting it together.

I would like to say how much we appreciate the help of some of your readers in the education of very children poor in the Patrician Kabongo Primary School here near Eldoret in Western Kenya. At present we are

educating 452 mainly poor children and four classes have already graduated from our school. All of our graduates to date have secured places in secondary schools and that will put them on the road to breaking the cycle of poverty which is so obvious in their neighbourhood.

Also at present I am fully occupied with the construction of 20 houses for our teaching and nursing staff. These houses will give a much

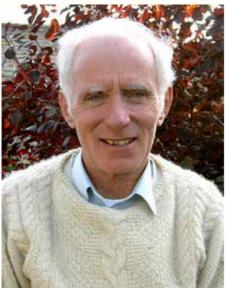
needed morale boost to the teachers and nurses.

We opened our Patrician Primary School (our first in Africa) on January 7, 2003 and our complex now has 11 classrooms, 2 staffrooms, a nursery school, a computer teaching lab, an administration block, a

library, a multipurpose room plus library, a dispensary with a medical laboratory, a drip irrigation scheme for vegetables, two dormitories (girls and boys), a concrete basketball court, a football field (being prepared), and a mobile clinic. None of this bluow have been possible without he help

of many friends around Ireland, Fethard included, Australia, England, Scotland, and the US. I would like to mention and thank very much the children of Killusty National School and their Principal Frances Harrington, the Fethard Players and Abymill Theatre, the Slievenamon Golf Club among others.

Although all the children are very disadvantaged compared to Irish children (even in these hard



economic times) many of the parents try to pay some fees for the education their children get in our school. We subsidize as best we can.May I mention that we can educate a child here for about €45 for one year in school ... and that will include books and writing materials for the whole year. Our visitors are always amazed at how keen our children are for education and that is a great blessing here.

May I conclude by wishing all our 'Fethard Friends' the very best and hope that the Irish winter around Slievenamon this year will be milder than last year's version. I am looking forward seeing Fethard again next May/June and hopefully even in 2013 when we will be celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the Kinane Cup win of 1963. Where does time go! God Bless you all.

For those wishing to contact Bro. Paul, his email address is:

patriciankabongo@gmail.com Mobile phone +254 722377509. Skype: paul.d.brennan and Postal Address: Bro. Paul D. Brennan, P.O. Box 5064, Eldoret, Kenya 30100.

Bro Paul Brennan



Volleyball May 1982. Back L to R: ?, Olwyn Wall, Amita Gaynor. Middle L to R: Marina Gorey, Sharon Grimpson, Geraldine Carroll, Noelle Wilson. Front L to R: Ann Browne, Anna Judge (coach) and Anne Gahan.

## **Fethard Historical Society**



Pictured above are members and friends of Fethard Historical Society on their recent trip to Jerpoint Abbey and Gowran Abbey. Back L to R: Catherine Corcoran, Gerry Long, Terry Cunningham, Jennifer Whyte, Tim Robinson, Ann Gleeson, Dóirín Saurus, John O'Flynn, Martin O'Shea, Catherine O'Flynn, Marie Moclair, Dennis Holland, Marie Hanrahan, John Slattery, Tommy O'Brien. Front L to R: Diana Stokes Richard Robinson, Joan Holland, Julia Holland, David O'Brien, Sr. Maria, Liz O'Brien, David Moclair and Mary Hanrahan.

**9**011 was in many ways a Laturning point for the Fethard Historical Society. Many of the 'big aims' of the Society (founded over 20 years ago) have been mainly achieved and now it is time to set new plans for the next twenty years. For instance, all the detailed archaeological reports have been written, Michael O'Donnell's great history has been published, hundreds of thousands of euro have been spent by The Heritage Council preserving the Town Wall (now the best in the country), Fáilte Ireland acknowledges the national importance of Fethard - as seen by its funding of the new Historic Town signage sys-

tem - and South Tipperary County Council's new Local Area Plan for the town ensures that proper planning will safeguard the unique features of the 'old town ' for future generations.

Medieval Fethard is now recognised by all the government bodies – especially by South Tipperary County Council - as being of national importance and it has taken a lot of work by a lot of people (both inside and outside the society) over the last twenty years to get to this point.

So now it is possible to move on and to begin to see a return for all that effort and money. The society is very supportive of the new Business and Tourism Group that has been established by the Community Council with the intention of kick-starting a real tourism industry in the town. The Society has been advocating for many years the setting up of a 'visitor hub' in the Tholsel (Town Hall), a structure which was built four hundred years ago (c.1600), making it one of the oldest public buildings still surviving in the country and it is ideally suited to the task of a 'focal point' for the town.

### **More Lectures and Outings**

The society (now that the Committee should have some more time!) intends to return to a pro-

gramme of more lectures and outings as these are always very popular, especially with families. The summer outing in June to Jerpoint (including the 'lost village') and Gowran, which was organised by Pat Looby, was particularly successful. Similarly, the wonderful lecture by Dr Bernadette Cunningham on Seathrún Céitinn (Geoffrey Keating) the noted Gaelic scholar in September, organised by John Cooney, also drew a full house.

#### Roots

There is always a steady stream of 'tracing roots' enquiries which unfortunately cannot be adequately dealt with on a voluntary basis, but to help



Photographed at the launch of Historic Town Trail are L to R: Colm McGrath, chairman Fethard Historical Society; Gary Breen, Manager of Fáilte Ireland South East; Cllr Liam Ahearne, acting chairman South Tipperary County Council; and Eileen Horgan, Community & Enterprise, South Tipperary County Council.

in this area the Society funded two college students to make a photographic and scripted survey (on a numbered mapped grid system) of Calvary Cemetery and this will be made available via the Fethard.com website. Also, a colourful book on the medieval heraldic and family plaques that exist in Fethard, written and illustrated by expert Gerald Crotty, will be published by the Society in 2012.

#### **New Visitor Guide**

The Society is working on scripting and publishing a new 'visitor/ town trail brochure' as the supply of the much acclaimed present version is now almost exhausted. It is hoped to include a 'services map' (i.e. accommodation, transport, businesses etc.) on one side and a Historic Town Trail on the other side. The plan is that this new guide can be wholly or partially self-financed through the advertising content of the 'services' section.

#### All the usual in 2011

The year began with the 'Tipperariana Book of the Year' award ceremony on 28 February. The comic book, 'The Curse of Cromwell the Siege', by Dermot Poyntz of Clonmel and illustrated by Lee Grace of Waterford was the chosen book for 2010.

The 16th annual Tipperariana Book Fair, held annually on the second Sunday in February and now in its 13th year, was again a big success, and is a 'must visit' for hundreds of book lovers and history buffs from all over Tipperary and beyond. The Book Fair is the only fund-raising event of the year so its continued success is very important to the society. Donations of books from the public are always very welcome.

The society held its AGM on 29 March in the new Youth Centre as the audio visual facilities were used to show footage of the 2010 Fethard Medieval Festival and also footage of the Society's trip to the medieval festival in Chinon in France in August 2010. The officers and committee elected for 2011 are as follows: Colm McGrath (chairperson), Patricia Looby (vice chairperson), Mary Hanrahan (secretary), Ann Gleeson (assistant secretary), Catherine O'Flynn (treasurer), Terry Cunningham (public relations), Diana Stokes, John Cooney, Marie Moclair, Tim Robinson, Kitty Delany, Marie O'Donnell, Liam Noonan and Jane Grubb.

Members of the society also travelled to events, festivals and meetings around the country and hosted many visiting groups to Fethard. Of special importance was the visit by the majority of the staff from the HQ of the Heritage Council in Kilkenny on 15 July, when they saw at first hand the good use their money had been put to over the past five years in restoring and stabilising Fethard's Town Wall.

#### Medieval Festival

Members of the Society were heavily involved in organising the fifth annual Medieval Festival as part of Heritage Week on the weekend of 19 to 21 August 2011. The society are responsible for organising the finances for the event which involves over €10.000, with €6.000 grant from the Heritage Council and €2,000 support from the Heritage section of South Tipperary County Council. A great deal of effort by the organising committee and support from other organisations and individuals went into ensuring another truly wonderful event, especially the parade and the frolics in the Valley on the Sunday (check out the 'News Archive' section of the Fethard website if you missed the event).

The medieval music concert on the Friday night in old Holy Trinity church and the official launch of the new Historic Town Trail signage on the Saturday night were also fullhouse affairs which again shows the interest there is in good cultural events.

The society sponsored the family crest project in the secondary school, co-ordinated by art teacher and committee member Pat Looby, and again this is a great way of connecting young people to their roots and to society in general.

Five members of the festival organising committee went to Dooley's Hotel in Waterford on 3 February to receive a Munster Express Heritage and Culture award, presented by David Norris, for the 'quality experience' that is the Fethard Medieval Festival. Special mention must be made of the efforts

of the Tidy Towns group, and the County Council staff, for the appearance of the town and the Valley Park area, as without their efforts it would not be feasible to invite any visitors to the town, at festival time or any other time for that matter.

#### Oldest Roof in Ireland?

The 'discovery' of the hidden roof in old Holy Trinity Church and the whole saga of its precise dating is a story that made the national papers during 2011 and the Society were very happy to fund the work of the Queen's University experts in this regard. Tim Robinson must be complemented for his work in 'chasing up' this very significant discovery. The full story appears on page 51 in this Newsletter

### Olivia Hughes Memorial

The limestone inscription to Olivia Hughes, paid for by the Fethard Historical Society some years ago, seems to have got damaged during its removal from outside the Town Hall during the making of the Stella Days film and also to make way for the new Historic Town Signage system. Olivia Hughes was a very important person on the national stage, for her founding of The Irish Country Markets (first one was held in Fethard in 1947) and the ICA training college in An Grianán in Co. Louth, so the Society will again support the initiative to have a memorial to Olivia Hughes restored to a place of prominence in the town.

### Many ideas for the Future.

A project to have professional



Photographed at the presentation of the Munster Express/Dooley's Hotel South East Heritage and Cultural Awards in Waterford where Fethard Medieval Festival won an award are L to R: Terry Cunningham (Chairman Fethard Historical Society), Labhaoise McKenna (Heritage Officer South Tipperary County Council), Joe Kenny (Chairman Fethard & Killusty Community Council), guest speaker Senator David Norris, Michael Starrett (CEO Heritage Council), Pat Looby and Mary Hanrahan. (February 2011)

copies made of Fethard's Medieval Statues – now taking centre stage in The National Museum in Dublin would be a job worth undertaking. but would take much money and effort as they are very precious and rare objects. Because Ireland was controlled by protestant England in Reformation times, it meant that all religious effigies and statues were sought out and destroyed and thus only a handful still exist in this country. Amazingly, Fethard somehow hid three of these 'life size' statues (and one smaller one) and it would be wonderful to have exact replicas back in their home place. It would also be a big attraction in the town so the society is beginning to think of how all this might be organised and financed.

It is very likely that Fethard

will be asked to host some events in 2012 for the return trip of the Newfoundland Irish as part of the on-going connections between South East Ireland and our cousins who went from here to the 'fishing grounds' off North America over three hundred years ago.

Two members of the society, Colm McGrath and Terry Cunningham have set up a business 'Backs to the Wall Tours' to provide a guide service for incoming tour and school groups who wish to visit the town and area. Their website www.backstothewalltours.com will be available in January 2012.

The Fethard Historical Society wishes all Fethard people, at home and away, a very happy Christmas indeed.

### **Fethard Medieval Festival 2011**



Members of the Hayes extended family from Rathcoole at the Medieval Festival 2011



General view of the Medieval Festival by the Town Wall with over 3,000 visitors this year

### **Fethard Medieval Festival 2011**



Fethard Town Wall Medieval Festival 2011 L to R: Rita Walsh, Ann O'Donnell, Philly Kenny, Rose Cudden and Ellen Tobin



Medieval Fancy Dress Parade are Back L to R: Michael Tillyer, Anne Tillyer, Mary Cummins, Monica Moriarty. Front L to R: Abbie Tillyer, Laura Cummins and Amy Brophy

## 'Bootcamp Tipperary' & 'Gi Joes'



Girls being put through their paces at 'Bootcamp'

Just four miles from Fethard on the back road to Drangan and in the townland of Rathkenny you will find the home of 'GI Joe & Bootcamp Tipperary'. A new venture run by Colm McGrath on his family farm that provides a fun filled experience for families, friends, parties and clubs.

'Gi Joe' for example is a series of up to fourteen games that provide both physical and mental challenges. Everyone who participates will have to step up to the mark in individual events such as paintball targets, batter and balance, or spear throwing. But in order to build up a big score everyone must also participate as one of a team in such fun events as the minefield, the tyre wall, or the obstacle course. At the end the scores are added up and only one can be awarded 'Gi Joe' status. It's a

great fun day for adults and children over ten years celebrating birthdays, for hens, stags, or just a break from the norm with buddies.

That's the exception but every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, from 7pm to 8pm Colm runs a great 'Bootcamp'. This is a military style physical workout that covers all aspects of physical training. Fat burn, tone, improve aerobic and anaerobic, core training, improve flexibility, improve posture. It's fun too and does not cost the earth at only €5 per session.

Don't take my word for it, check it out on the website www.tipptours. com or on Facebook, 'Bootcamp Tipperary'. Better still come along some night and find out first hand. Contact: Colm McGrath, Rathkenny, Fethard. Telephone: +353 52 9152129 or Mobile: +353 86 3502360. ●

## One of the Dohenys!

by John Cooney

Perched on the roof of the house while putting mastic around the old chimney, a neighbour passed by and shouted up at me, 'Go on the Dohenys'. It was a hot enough day, which may have gone some way to explain his unusual behaviour, but

after twenty years of being neighbours you would think that he might have got my name right. Meeting another neighbour some days later and in the terrible excitement country living, he got a full account of what had happened. This gentleman burst out laughing said. 'Be God but

I haven't heard that one for a while and it was often you might hear it years ago when you'd go into the town. But sure you know what it is he was referring to?'

'I'm afraid I do not.' Tell the truth and shame the devil.

'But sure aren't you interested in that type of thing? Some times you want the ground to open up and swallow you and other times you want the ground to open up and swallow the other fellow. It was the latter in this situation 'Sure it's Doheny, Michael Doheny the Fenian.'

And so it transpired that the older men from the area of the countryside to the North and the North East of Fethard (that area where you put the stamp on the envelope) were

often referred to when they went into the town of Fethard as a 'Doheny'. This habit has died down it would seem but the remnants still linger. A little thread of history had wound itself around me and there was nothing for it but to follow it.

If, like me, you have a tabloid sense of his-

tory it can be hard to locate Doheny in the story of the country. You'd know about Cromwell and how the Protestant landlord class were in complete charge of the Catholic majority, then Daniel O'Connell emerged and won Catholic emancipation in 1829 or thereabouts and then you have the famine, mass emigration, the Fenians, the IRA, 1916, the free state and then up along to Dana Rosemary Scallon standing for President. A crash course in history was needed but luckily there



Michael Doheny



Miceál McCormack photographed at Michael Doheny's parents grave in the grounds of Holy Trinity Church of Ireland, Fethard

still is a great essay on Michael Doheny on the Fethard website written by Micheal O'Donnell. The period after the famine is somewhat vague for us but the strongest political group to emerge was the Young Irelanders who eventually and after much effort rekindled a belief in the population that they could go on and govern themselves. The Young Irelanders ignited an interest in the Irish language and culture and indeed were the forerunners to Sinn Féin and the so called Celtic Revival. They were the inspiration for many poets and writers not the least of which were Yeats and Wilde.

Gavin Duffy, editor of the influential young Ireland newspaper, 'The Nation', described Doheny as a Tipperary peasant and the official Dublin Castle papers state that Michael Doheny at that time had a

very vulgar appearance and a peculiar coarse unpleasant voice. But let's not forget that he was a barrister. Members of that profession are not to be described in similar fashion today! Instead, it is said that these days a barrister is a solicitor without a personality. This guip could not be applied to Doheny. Brought up in poor circumstances near Brook Hill where he was born in 1806, his parents, Michael Doheny and Ellen Kelly, died when he was young and he worked on the farm to support himself and his siblings. He received part of his education from a travelling scholar before he sold the farm and moved into town, possibly to Burke Street (only the best for him) where he further educated himself and finally became a teacher. He became involved in politics and with financial support from friends

went to London to study the law. Upon returning to Ireland he settled in Cashel to practice as a barrister and made a name for himself in how he helped the people of the town and how he defeated the local landlord class through the courts.

Briefly, Doheny became a major figure in the Young Irelanders which was the group that had broken away from Daniel O'Connell's repeal movement - The Old Irelanders due to differences of opinion about the use of force to gain independence. It would appear that Doheny and O'Connell might not have seen eye to eye on many matters. Around the time of the famine there was considerable agitation in the countryside and people were influenced once again by revolution in France and other parts of Europe.

The leaders of the Young Irelanders, men such as William Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher were unsure in their leadership and most of the Catholic clergy spoke out about a revolt in this country. The leaders themselves like O'Brien would appear to have wanted a demonstration of force rather than its use and most of the gatherings and demonstrations took place in Tipperary where seventy years later the War of Independence would begin. A point of interest surely.

There was a mass meeting in Carrick-on-Suir in July 1848 before the Young Irelander leaders went to Ballingarry. There, a tense stand-off took place between a party of police who had taken refuge at the widow McCormack's House and the large agitated crowd. In the attempt to dis-



Mary Healy unveiling a plaque marking the birthplace of Michael Doheny at Brookhill, Fethard, on Sunday, December 4,1988.

lodge the police from the farmhouse, people were killed. It must be said that this action was ill considered and could not be described as a revolt or an uprising, nevertheless it frightened the British Authorities in Dublin Castle. This incident, it is said, is where the tricolour was first unveiled in the heat of battle

though it had been hoisted in Waterford for some time before. Various arrests were made in the following days which subsequently led to the famous trials in Clonmel of O'Brien and his comrades where

sentence was commuted and they were then

Felons Track'.

exiled to Van Dieman's land. Michael Doheny, after what he terms the 'Ballingarry Disaster,' had to go on the run and his description of this escapade forms a substantial part of his book, hence the title, 'The

Eventually, in disguise, Doheny made his way on board ship to Bristol in September 1848, and from there to France before sailing for America and his freedom with his wife (nee O'Dwyer) and family. In America, Doheny was part of a small group of people who founded the Fenians in America and he also wrote the preface to O'Mahonev's English translation of Foras Feasa na hEirinn written by fellow Tipperary man, Keating. If that was not enough

> he wrote poetry and set up two magazines in New York where he also established a law practice.

The Felons Track was reprinted many times. It might be fair to say it is viewed these days as a historical document or part of revolutionary literature. There is a quality about it in that much of it is not written in his own



they were sen- A Michael Doheny Memorial Fund Committee was started tenced to hang- in New York after reading the Fethard Historical Society's ing before that article in the Tipperary Star 1988. This committee headed by Jim Grogan, Cashel, found Doheny's unmarked grave and erected a headstone to his memory. Michael Doheny is buried in First Calvary Cemetery, Section 4, Laurel Hill Boulevard, Woodside, New York. Pictured above at the unveiling are L. to R.: Michael Flannery, Jim Grogan (Chairman) and Paddy Doheny.

style but in a style that he thought had to be used at that time and, of course, as he travelled around the country there is not a mention of the famine. Nevertheless this book has survived and will be read long into the future as it is a great account of what happened in the 1840's from around the towns that surround Slievenamon. Reading a book about

events that have taken place in the past but which name all the places that you are familiar with has a peculiar feel about it and makes it interesting. In some books from this period, Doheny is referred to as the Cashel Counsel because nationally he made a name for himself in the courts in Cashel as an extremely able and confident practitioner. It was also in Cashel that he was hailed by crowds on the streets when he returned there in November 1861. He died the following year in New York.

Michael Doheny is by far the most influential and the most important historical person to come out of Fethard. He was active on the National Stage and knew all the important people of his time. His co-founding of the Fenians in America was a great achievement and his book is still read today. And, if a bit of a rough diamond, he was definitely brave, intelligent, creative and a man of the people.

There is the plaque to him unveiled by Mary Healy in 1988 and looking back at the Fethard Newsletters there was a commemorative stone erected on his unmarked grave in 1989 in New York.

In August 1997 the Fethard football team went to Dunmanway, Co. Cork, to play a game of Gaelic football. And the reason why? The Dunmanway GAA club founded in 1886 is called Doheny GAA Club. When Doheny was forced to leave

this area, he went to stay for a short period of time with his uncle who was parish priest in Dunmanway, before leaving for America. The football match was a draw but the festivities on the night were won by Fethard. Miceál McCormack was able to tell their hosts the story of Doheny and how he played hurling on The Green in Fethard. The name of the referee on that occasion was Michael Collins and the match took place in the Sam Maguire GAA pitch.

A plaque at his birthplace in Fethard, his grave now marked in New York, a GAA club named in his honour in County Cork and his name still referred to in his own locality, Doheny was a brave barrister who became a felon and worked tirelessly for the freedom of his country. Commentators come and go but his own book survives as testimony to his own life and times and for me was well worth the read and the shout.

The following is the last verse from one of his poems.  $\odot$ 

I've run the outlaw's brief career
And borne his load of ill,
His troubled rest, his ceaseless fear
With fixed sustaining will:
And should his last dark chance befall
E'en that shall welcome be
In death, I'll love thee, most of all
A Chuisle geal mo chroidhe."

FETHARD & KILLUSTY NEWSLETTER 2011



Killusty skittles team, September 1982 L to R: Christy Williams, Mick Holohan, Jim Williams and Michael Holohan (Tullow).



Dance in the 1950s L to R: Bridget Fahey, Jimmy McCarthy, Noreen Ward and Jimmy Crean.



Fethard Pioneer Association Outing in the 1960s



Green neighbours in the 1970s L to R: Joan O'Meara, Nellie Fitzgerald and Mary Gunne

# A time in my life

by Pat Culligan



Survivors all three... Pat Culligan photographed with his two ponies 'Tom Crean' and 'Shackleton'

ne Saturday morning in early January 2006 we decided we would go up Slievenamon and round up four ponies and dose them. While we were trying to catch them one of the ponies got away and ran down the lane. I jumped up on my horse and went down inside the ditch to head him off. When I got in front of him I jumped off my horse like Frankie Dettori and when I landed on the ground I got a violent pain up my back. I lay on the ground for about five minutes before I could move. When I gathered my thoughts I got up and walked my horse back to the gate where the ponies were. I headed home and went to bed. On Monday I went to my doctor and told her my story. She examined me and she referred me to Cashel hospital with a suspected hernia.

I was examined by Mr Murchan and during the course of the examination he asked me if I had ever had a colonoscopy. I said no. He arranged a scope for me the following week. I went into hospital on Wednesday morning for my colonoscopy. I was kept in overnight and when the doctors came around on Thursday morning they told me they had found a growth on my colon. They had done a biopsy and sent it away for analysis and I would have to wait for the results for about three weeks. I went back home and carried on as normal. I didn't think an awful lot about it. At the time I was hunting at the weekends and life was good.

After about three weeks I got a letter from the hospital telling me that I had an appointment with Mr Murchan on February 14 at 5.30 pm. I went over thinking I was going to have to go into hospital and have the hernia removed. When Mr Murchan came in he asked me if I was on my own and I said, yes. He proceeded to give me the results. He told me that I had a tumour on my colon, that it was cancerous and that it needed to be removed as soon as possible. He also told me that he would not do anything without talking to my wife, Joan. I asked him if I could come back and see him the following week because I needed to get my head around what I had just been told and which had taken me by complete surprise. I went home and that evening when Joan came home from work and asked me how I got on I said everything was okay. She said, "that's great you must be relieved". I said I was.

The reason I did not tell Joan the truth about my results was that she was going away on holidays to South Africa and if she knew about my cancer she would not go. I wanted her to go away and enjoy herself. Joan went off on her holidays. I went back and met Mr Murchan two weeks later and he went into more detail about my diagnosis. He again said he would not do anything without discussing it with us both. I told

him that Joan would be home on March 21. He said he would see us both two days following her return. So from February 14 until March 23 I told nobody about my illness. The days were long and the nights were lonely trying to cope with this on my own.

Joan came back from her holidays on a Saturday evening. We gave that night talking about her holiday, where they had been and what they had seen. I decided I would wait until the following day to tell her my bad news. On Sunday morning Joan went to 11 o'clock Mass as she always does. I sat on the armchair in the living room deciding what way I was going to tell her my news. When she came back in from Mass I told her I had something important to tell her. I also asked Dermot to come into the living room with Keith. I then told my family about my illness. Everybody was devastated with the news. That day we also told my extended family. I suppose at that stage I had accepted the situation myself. We both met Mr Murchan the following Tuesday and he gave full details of what lay ahead. I went into Cashel hospital on March 27, 2006 and had my operation. The operation was a success and I went home after seven days. As is standard practice, the tumour was removed and sent away for analysis to see how far advanced the cancer was. I waited about three weeks for the results. Then I got a letter from the hospital telling me to attend Mr Murchan's clinic on April 18. This was



Fethard Community Council Race Night Dance 1978 L to R: Joan and Pat Culligan, Bill and Babe Maher.



Presentation of 1984 Fethard Festival Tennis Tournament runners-Up prizes: Ann O'Riordan, Austin O'Flynn (committee), Pat Culligan and Jimmy McCarthy (committee).

one visit I was not looking forward to I drove over to Cashel on my own, my choice. I sat in the waiting area for about half an hour. Then a nurse came towards me and called out my name, Patrick Culligan. She called, I answered, yes, as if I was being called into the classroom at school.

She escorted me into the room. Mr Murchan was sitting behind his desk. He looked at me and told me the results were good (relief). "It is a mild form of cancer and you won't need any chemotherapy." I walked down the corridor that morning as if I had won the lotto. Life was back on track. I rang Joan and told her my news. Everybody was so relieved, thank God

Thinking back on things that happen when you are in and out of hospital some, of them are funny. I always remember the day Joan and I first met Mr Murchan. When we left his office we were walking down the corridor and Joan was very upset. There was a friend sitting there and when he saw us both he came over to me and asked me if Joan was okay. I said Joan is fine. I thanked him for his concern and we went home.

I was told at the hospital that I would have to have a colonoscopy every twelve months. I said to myself it's a small price to pay for success. I was out of work for six months. I went back to work in October 2006 and everything was going fine. I went hunting again which was most enjoyable. I had my next scan in March 2007. The results were clear.

It seemed I had put that year behind me.That summer Joan and I went on holiday to Italy. It probably was the most enjoyable holiday I ever had. We went to Sorrento. What a beautiful place. The weather was fabulous. If you ever happen to go there make sure you visit the Amalfi coast. It is just breath-taking. The Isle of Capri is worth a visit also but not if you are afraid of heights. We came home from our holidays and the summer moved into winter. My next scope was due the first week of February 2008. Little did I know how much my life was about to change.

I went into Clonmel hospital for my colonoscopy. I remember waiting in the day ward for about an hour as is standard practice. Then I was taken down for my examination. I woke up a couple of hours later and had tea and toast. I was left there for quite some time which I thought was unusual. Then a nurse came in to tell me I was being taken down for a scan. When I came back after my scan I asked if I could go home. The nurse said I would have to wait as Mr Murchan wanted to talk to me. I knew then that something was wrong. It was quite late when Mr Murchan came up to the day ward to see me. When he arrived there was a nurse with him. It was very quiet as everybody had gone home and I was the only person left. He invited me to sit down and he began giving me details of the results of his examination. He told me that when he did the colonosco-

py he found a large tumour on my colon and that is why he sent me down for a scan. He told me that the cancer had returned and that it was quite aggressive. He showed me pictures of the tumour which had been taken during the scan. He asked me if I could come into his office the following week and he would go through it in more detail. I had previously made arrangements for my friend Barry to collect me. I rang and asked him if he could come and pick me up. This was about 7.30 in the evening. I walked down to the front door of the hospital that evening wondering what direction my life was talking. You often hear that saying: "Why me?" Well I really did say to myself, why me?

I got into the jeep and Barry said, "are things okay, you've been very long?". I said, "No, I am in trouble again". He drove me home. There were no more words spoken on that journey home. I think I didn't even thank him for collecting me but he understood anyway. When I got home Joan was waiting. She didn't have to ask me how I had gotten on, it was on my face. We both sat down and talked about it and then we had a good cry. I had been holding it back all evening. We sat there talking until late into the night. Two days later I got an appointment to see Mr Murchan in five days' time.

On the following Wednesday I went into Clonmel hospital to meet Mr Murchan. I went into his office and he proceeded to tell me the

details. He told me he was surprised the cancer had returned so quickly. He said the tumour was quite large and that it was in an awkward place. He gave me details of what he intended to do. He took me through the next two years and he said I should take two years out of my life and concentrate on my situation. He told me I would have to have an eight-week course of radiotherapy. I would have to have a course of chemotherapy at the same time. When the radiotherapy and chemotherapy were finished I would have a break of six weeks. Then I would have an operation after which I would have a colostomy bag. One month after the operation I would start a six-month course of chemotherapy in Waterford Regional hospital. Then after about seven months I would have the colostomy bag removed with another operation. And all things being equal I should be back where I started. I decided at this point that I was going the beat this illness. I needed to be strong and focussed about what was ahead of me. I decided that when I met all the medical people I was going to leave all the negative information behind me in the hospital and take home all the positive opinions. But before all this started I had to have a unit inserted in my chest to facilitate the needle for my chemotherapy. About two weeks passed and I got an appointment for Ardkeen hospital to have the port inserted in my chest. The appointment was for April



Pat Culligan photographed at the Fethard Flower and Produce Show October 1985



Betty Holohan and Mrs Schofield photographed at the Fethard Flower and Produce Show October 1985

9, 2008. That was the beginning of a long journey for me. After I had the port fitted I got a letter asking me to meet Dr. Leonard, the oncologist. He would take me through my course of treatment. He told me that I would have to have two sessions of chemo, one with radiotherapy and the other after my operation. After a short wait I was told that I would be starting my radiotherapy at the Whitfield Clinic in Waterford, I started my course of radiotherapy in the second last week of April 2008. Barry drove me down for my first session. The treatment only takes about five minutes. I had about four sessions and I remember on my way home one day saying to Barry,"I wonder if this treatment is working?". Little did I know what was coming down the line. So I continued my treatment. I began to get very sore and tired. I remember very well my last appointment was the June bank holiday weekend and I said to Joan that I didn't think I would be able to face it as I was very ill. While I was being signed out after my last session the consultant told me I would be okay in ten days. When he left, the nurse told me it would take three weeks for me to recover. How right she was. After twenty-one days it was as if somebody turned off a switch in my body. All the pain just disappeared. Now I had six weeks left before my operation in September and I enjoyed them immensely.

I went to Clonmel hospital the first week in September. They told me in the hospital it was going to be quite a big operation. While I was in the bed waiting to be taken down



Minister for Agriculture Ivan Yates TD pictured with Chairperson of Tipperary SR County Council Theresa Ahearne, garden enthusiast Pat Culligan (left) from Fethard, his wife Joan (right) and child Dermot, at the Ireland in Bloom Festival at Knocklofty on 30 April 1995.

to the theatre I said to myself I have two choices: I can either feel sorry for myself or face up to my situation. So from then on L decided that the glass was always half full and not half empty. The porters came into my room and I climbed onto the trolley. Before this a doctor had been with me and asked me if I would agree to have an epidural as it would deaden the pain in the lower half of my body. I told her I would trust her opinion. I was taken down to the theatre and the last thing I remember was bending forward and getting an injection into my lower back. Then somebody asked me to count to ten. I think I got to five before the lights went out.

I woke later that evening in the intensive care unit and I felt as if there was a bus lying on my body. The nurses told me the operation had gone well. Later Mr Murchan came in and told me how things had gone. He told me I would be in ICU for some time. As I came to my senses after some time the pain was quite hard. On the morning of my second day in ICU the nurses came to me and told me they were taking me out of bed for a few minutes. They are extremely professional about what they do but I didn't think getting out of bed could be so painful. Through the next week I was taken out every day. When I had improved sufficiently I was taken back to the ward. After about two weeks the doctors told me one Friday that I could go home for the afternoon on Saturday and Sunday. I went home on Saturday from 1pm until 7pm. It's funny when you are very ill, I was watching the clock waiting for seven o'clock to come. I went back in at seven and I felt safe and secure in the hospital. I spent a month in hospital then I was left home. My chemotherapy was due to start in about one month so I was not to have much relaxation at home. I had an appointment in Ardkeen hospital in the oncology ward. I was to meet the liaison nurse. When I met her in the ward we shook hands and I introduced myself. She checked to see if there was a spare room available but they were all engaged. So we stood at the nurses' station. She gave me details of the chemotherapy and how it might affect me. I was standing there listening and there were people all over the place. She told me that my hair might fall out and I asked her if it was possible that it might not fall out and she said yes. I said to her we'll go with the option that it won't fall out because you must be positive. She started to laugh and she made me laugh. She really was a very nice person dealing with an awkward issue but I suppose that's her job. She gave me literature to take home and read. I can tell you it didn't make nice reading. I left it on the armchair and I picked up the Irish Field instead – that was a paper I could understand.

My chemo started in October. I was into a new situation which would last for the next six months if I got a clean run at it. I was taken to

my cubicle and I was connected up the chemotherapy unit. It takes about four hours for the procedure to work. While I was there the nurse suggested the next time I came down I should bring a book to read. She also told me when I got out of the hospital to make sure I was well wrapped up. This was October and it was getting cold. That morning Barry had told me that he was going to the horse sales in Goresbridge. He said he would drop me down to Ardkeen and go on to Goresbridge. He said he would collect me in the afternoon on his way back. At about four o'clock my phone rang and it was Barry. He told me he was about five minutes away from the hospital. I put away my paper and I wrapped myself up well. When I got outside the door I heard horses whinnying. I couldn't see the jeep but I said that is my taxi. When he drove into the front of the hospital he had two horses in the trailer. They were whinnying like hell. All the people out smoking must have thought the circus was coming to town. But before I got into the jeep I had to have a look at those two beautiful horses. It just gave me an idea of where my priorities lay.

The next time I went down I brought a book with me. The name of the book was "Peg Sayers" which I found very good reading. As you probably know, it is about life on the Blasket Islands in the late eighteen nineties. The nurse came on late duty and asked me how Peg Sayers was getting on. I told her she had just

found her husband on the footpath outside the house and she thought he was dead. She smiled and disconnected me from the unit and I went home. As the weeks passed by I found the chemo having more of an effect on me. It was a case of leave the hospital, get into the car, go home and get into bed. At this stage I was getting quite sick after each course of treatment. You think at the time that you are the only person suffering from this dreadful disease until you walk into the ward and see all the young people there, some as young as twenty-one. I suppose the lowest point in my treatment came on New Year's Eve, 2008. I felt very sick when I went to the oncology ward. I had my bloods done to see if I could have my chemotherapy. When the results came back the news was bad — my bloods were too low and they could not give it to me. I went home and my morale was very low that particular week. It just seemed as if all the treatment so far was going up inside my body and saying I've had enough. It was the first time in many years I did not attend the Tipperary Hunt meet in Fethard. My next session was due two weeks later and everything was okay this time round.

When doctors give you a time span of six months for treatment, missing some sessions make it seem like it goes on forever. I did not miss any more of my appointments and chemotherapy finished the first week of March. I must say while I



Dancing display at Fethard London Reunion Festival & Fancy Dress Parade July 1995 L to R: Melissa Breen, Sabrina O'Dwyer, Michelle Coffey, Kersty McCarthy, Zoë Cooney, Samantha Sheehan, Eimear Fogarty and Noelle Leahy.



"One Little Indian" Pat Culligan and his son Dermot at the 1995 Fancy Dress Parade



Pat Culligan photographed with his sister Kathleen Dolan earlier this year

was in Ardkeen hospital I found the staff to be very caring and understanding. It took me quite some time to recover from the effects of my chemotherapy.

My next project was to go back into Clonmel hospital and have my surgery reversed. This was scheduled for the first week in May 2009. May arrived and I headed back into Clonmel hospital. It was as if I had never left. While I was lying there in the bed waiting to be taken down to the operating theatre a gentleman outside in the corridor was walking up and down. I noticed he had his gown on for the theatre so I thought he must be waiting to go down to the operating theatre. I went out and I introduced myself and we got talking. He told me he was waiting to go down for an operation that afternoon. We got talking about his operation and it turned out he had basically the same problem as I had. He asked me if I would mind telling him what I had gone through. We went back into my bedroom and I gave him a full account of what had happened with me. After some time the nurse came in and told me I would be going down to the operating theatre in about ten minutes. The man stood up and he shook my hand and thanked me for my kindness. I thought as he walked out of the room he seemed more at ease with himself. When you are in that situation all you need is somebody who will listen to your problem. At times I think we are all totally wrapped up in our lives.

The operation should take no longer than one hour but mine took

quite some time. The staff told me it was complicated. I said to myself, what's new. Everything seems to be complicated with me. It took me almost twelve months to recover from this operation. It was summer 2010 before I felt my life was beginning to come together. I returned in October 2010 for my scan and my colonoscopy check-up. The results were good and they told me to come back for my next check-up in April 2011 which I did and again the results were okay. Between times I have to attend the oncology ward in Ardkeen hospital every six months. It just seems you are going from one appointment to another but I suppose it's well to be able.

Looking back at that time in my life I wonder how I coped with it all. I suppose it was the help and support which I got from my family and friends which helped me get through this illness. I often think of all the days when I would go home, put on my tracksuit and go jogging for about eight or ten miles, three of four times a week and then all this happened. But as they told me in the hospital, my fitness played a major part in my recovery. They also told me that my life would never be the same but I will settle for where I am at the moment. You might wonder at times how much these events will change your life but as the doctors tell you, things won't be the same for lots of different reasons. When I look back on my situation things have definitely changed. There are

some things which still matter to me and there are also things which I thought were important, but are not so important anymore. I wonder if I won the national lottery what would I do with the money? I don't know. Every morning I can get up and go out into the garden. I feel as though I have won this battle. I love my garden and I suppose since my illness it has given me strength and happiness. As they old saying goes, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever". It is great to be able sometimes to go off and see the ponies. I can thank them for saving my life. It is funny how the hand of God works at times. I would also like to think it has changed my idea of a hospital. Since I've been ill my appreciation for the staff in Clonmel hospital has grown immensely. The staff are so kind and professional it goes beyond the call of duty. I hope that Clonmel hospital never closes down.

The next project in my recovery is to get back up on my horse and ride across Slievenamon. You might wonder why I am writing this story. It is because some of the people I met along the way have not been as lucky as me. They have passed on to another life and I think if somebody finds themselves in the same situation that I was in they might get some inspiration from this story and it might help them through their illness. And you must always believe that the glass is always half full and not half empty.

Pat Culligan

## T.A. Kenrick & Co.

by William T. Coffey

Since the building in Main Street, next door to the former bank, is being refurbished this year, it is interesting to recall that this was formerly the hardware business T. A. Kenrick & Co founded by my great grandparents (Kenrick / Coman) in 1874 and later run by my grandparents William Thomas Buggy and his wife (Nora) May Buggy, nee Kenrick, until 1937.

My grandmother was born on 7 May 1884 and apparently her parents died young so she was brought up with her sister Tess by her aunt and uncle in Knockelly.

One of her uncles, Father Ned Kenrick, was parish priest of Borrisoleigh and oversaw the building of the present parish church there. I still have a portrait of him kindly given to me by my cousin Joan Anglim who descends from another Kenrick brother.

Ultimately, May inherited the business circa 1905 and was introduced to my grandfather William Buggy who was from Rathmoyle, near Tullarone, Co. Kilkenny. A letter written to his brother Richard in 1915 concerning the sickness of a beast and the photograph below illustrates the many faceted nature of the business.

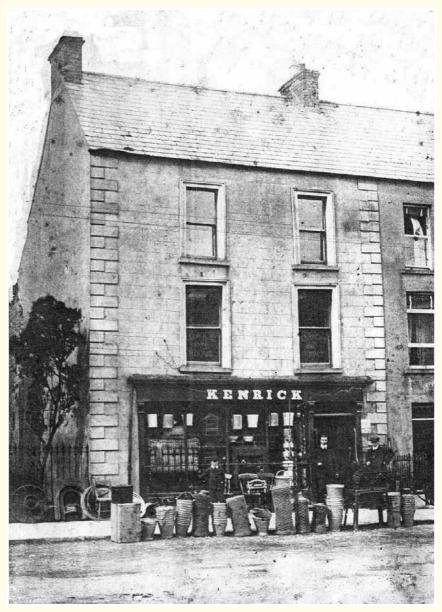
My grandfather had some connection with Sherwoods, Montana, in so far as two of his uncles were involved in the 'Gold Rush' there according to letters which were discovered in the farmhouse in Rathmoyle which had been in the possession of his family since 1769. They appeared to have been well educated and ran a gold assay



office as shown in the photograph (bottom of page 154).

My grandparents lived in Ivy Villa

opposite the Kenrick shop which is a building of great antiquity in so far as it has a medieval core.



## **Fethard Bridge Club**



Carmel Condon (centre) presenting the President's Prize to Berney Myles and Alice Quinn (right).

Tethard Bridge Club is now in  $\Gamma$  its 35th year. At our President's Prize dinner held in the Fairways Restaurant at Slievenamon Golf Club on Friday, May 20, 2011, our president Carmel Condon presented the following prizes: President's Prize to Alice Quinn and Berney Myles; Committee Prize to Rita Kane and Kay St. John; Club Championship (Hayes Memorial Trophy) to Bernie O'Meara and Anna Cooke; Player of the Year (O'Flynn Trophy) to Nell Broderick; Individual Champion (Dick Gorey Perpetual Trophy) to Kay St. John; Lucey Trophy to Eileen Ryan and Jim Lahert; and the Suzanne Opray Trophy to Bridie Lee.

We played for the free sub for the coming year on September 28 and October 5 and the winners of the gross free sub were Betty Walsh and Monica Anglim, and the nett free sub was won by and Alice Quinn and Carol Kenny. In November we held

a charity night and donated the proceeds for the evening to the Fethard Day Care Centre. Our Christmas party was held at Raheen House on December 18 at which our Christmas prizes were presented.

At our AGM on Wednesday, May 25, the following officers and committee were elected: Ann O'Dea (president), Anne Connolly (vice-president), Brendan Kenny (secretary), Anna Cooke (treasurer), Rita Kane (assistant treasurer). Tournament Directors: Alice Quinn, Betty Walsh, Frances Burke and Gemma Burke. Committee: Carmel Condon, Marie Delaney, Eileen Frewen, Kay Walsh and Tony Hanrahan. Partner Facilitator: Berney Myles.

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.



Photographed at the President's Prize dinner are L to R: Nell Broderick, Annie O'Brien, Jim Lahert and Paddy Martin



Carmel Condon (right) presenting the Committee Prize to Rita Kane (left) and Kay St. John.

## **Fethard Ladies Football Club**



Jessie McCarthy, Ciara Tillyer and Katie Butler are pictured with Patsy Lawrence (chairman, Fethard GAA) and Tom McCarthy (chairman, Fethard Ladies Football) following their win with Tipperary in the Munster Under 14 Final against Waterford on May 8. Tipperary went on to win the All-Ireland Final against Roscommon on June 11.

Fethard Ladies Football Club officers elected for 2011 are as follows: Fr Tom Breen (president), Tom McCarthy (chairman), Mick Tillyer (vice chairman), Maureen McCarthy (secretary), Cabrina Roche (assistant secretary), and Joe Keane (treasurer).

2011 prove to be a great year for Fethard ladies football at intercounty level. We had three players represented on the Tipperary U14 ladies football panel, Jessie McCarthy, Katie Butler and Ciara Tillyer and Tom McCarthy as a team selector. The Tipp team went on to win the All Ireland final and it was great to see three All Ireland ladies football medals return to the parish.

The club was also represented at U12 level in 2011 when Kate Davey, Megan Coen, Molly O'Meara and Ciara Hayes were selected on the Tipp U12 development squad. The level of talent coming through in the club is so good at the moment that it is only a matter of time before we see a lot more girls representing the club at inter-county level.

It was also a very successful year for our U12 girls who won the county U12 C title when they defeated Boherlahan in the final played in New Inn. The girls played some wonderful football during the year and having been beaten by Boherlahan in the 2010 decider it is great testament to coach Michael Hayes and

his team for getting the team back to this year's final and bringing back our second U12 county title in three years.

This year saw our U14 team, having been beaten in a D final in 2010, being moved up two grades in 2011 to compete in the B grade, a decision by the ladies county board that had no explanation. However, the girls got their heads down and under the guidance of Michael Hayes and Aisling Dwyer had great wins over Brian Boru's and Galtee Rovers to reach the semi-final where they defeated Lattin Cullen in a thriller in Cahir. This saw the girls into the B final where they faced Galtee Rovers and despite giving a great performance were beaten by a stronger Bansha outfit. This was a fantastic achievement from a team who were two grades out of their depth and just shows that this is a

group for the future.

Our U16 team received five guest players from Killenaule to strengthen our squad and as a result we were ranked in the B grade for the championship. Following convincing wins over Moycarkey, Lattin Cullen, Mullinahone and Aherlow we reached the semi-final in April. Due to poor organisation within the fixtures the semi-final was not played until October where the girls faced Moycarkey. They came through a tough game with a fivepoint win to set up a final clash with Aherlow. Again, due to various circumstances, the final was not played until 27 November in Ballylooby where we were beaten by a stronger Aherlow side despite giving a fantastic performance. It had been a long year for the U16s and their commitment to training was excellent. A big thank you to coaches Tom



Fethard Under 12 Girls celebrate their win over Boherlahan in the County Final on Saturday, June 25.

Ryan, Kieran Butler, Tom McCarthy, Maureen McCarthy and Alice Butler for all their time and effort.

This year our U18 minor ladies tried to go one step further than 2010 when they were narrowly beaten by Ardfinnan. Under coach Tom Anglim the ladies got back to training and despite a first round defeat to Emly they bounced back with a convincing win over St. Patricks. A walkover from Boherlahan saw the girls into the semi-final where they had a great win over Piltown and were back in the final for the second year in a row to face Ardfinnan. The final was a titanic battle played in poor conditions in Bansha on 20 November. Despite being two points down going into the last 10 minutes the Fethard girls rose their game again and closed with a five point win to secure our first ever minor ladies county title. There were great scenes of joy as captain Mary Jane Kearney accepted the trophy on behalf of the team and the memory of the narrow defeat in 2010 was erased

Our junior team was competing in B for the first time this year, having won back-to-back county titles in 2009 and 2010. Fethard started the league campaign with a new look team following the arrival of two new players and five guest players from Killenaule. The ladies had a great run in the league and reached the final where they played Mullinahone in a very wet Ballingarry. This was a brilliant final despite the conditions and the ladies were very unlucky to be beaten by two points and some



The Fethard Under 14 Ladies Team reached the County 'B' Final against Galtee Rovers on September 11.
Back L to R: Aine Proudfoot, Laura Stocksborough, Jessie Ryan, Annie Prout, Katie Butler, Sadhbh Horan,
Nicola Thompson, Ruby Kennedy, Ciara Tillyer, Cliodhna O'Connor, Laura Ryan, Chloe Bourke. Front L
to R: Ciara Hayes, Megan McCarthy, Rebecca Kenny, Molly O'Meara, Megan Coen, Kate Davey, Jessie
McCarthy and Kiya Bourke.



Fethard's Minor Ladies team celebrate their win over Ardfinnan in the County Final on November 20. Back L to R: Leanne Sheehan, Rachel Prout, Faye Manton, Katie Butler, Lucy Butler, Mary Jane Kearney, Ciara Tillyer, Aine Phelan, Aobh O'Shea, Karen Hayes, Evie O'Sullivan, Annie Prout. Front L to R: Ruby Kennedy, Aimee Pollard, Jean Anglim, Jessie McCarthy, Lorna Walsh, Emma Walsh and Hannah Daly.

strange decisions on the night. The championship saw victories over Cappawhite and Boherlahan, and a convincing win over Cappawhite in the playoffs saw us take on Templemore in the semi-final. After one of the ladies' finest performances against the favourites, this game ended in a draw. The replay was played under lights in Templetuohy where Templemore secured a victory. The Fethard ladies could not reproduce the performance of the drawn game given they had a camogie semi-final the following day. This was still a great achievement for the junior ladies in their first year in B with a new look team and they will go close to the title in 2012. Thanks to coaches Tony Fox, Tom McCarthy, Sean O'Regan, Marion Harrington and Maureen McCarthy for all their time and effort

This year the club also put a big emphasis on our U10s and U8s under the guidance of Willie Morrissey, Miceál Spillane, Mick Tillyer, Sandra Spillane and Mikey Ryan. The girls took part in a series of challenge matches and blitzes and with tremendous work done by the coaches the future of Fethard ladies football is very bright. We also started back our 'Gaelic4mothers' programme in 2011 for a thirteen-week period and with some great training sessions in the GAA field and Clonea beach the ladies finished their campaign with two teams taken part in the national blitz in Portmarnock. Thanks to coaches Tom McCarthy and Mikey Ryan for taking on the G4Ms this year.

Overall 2011 proved to be a very successful year on the playing fields for Fethard Ladies Football with two county titles won, reaching three



The Fethard U16B Ladies who played superbly all year to reach the County Final against Aherlow on November 26. Back L to R: Sophie Meehan, Aine Phelan, Aobh O'Shea, Aine Proudfoot, Karen Hayes, Amiee Pollard, Ellen Walsh, Ciara Tillyer, Lucy Butler, Hannah Stapleton, Cliodhna O'Connor, Lorna Walsh, Niamh Shanahan and Annie Prout. Front L to R: Ruby Kennedy, Kiya Bourke, Katie Butler, Jessie McCarthy, Emma Walsh, Kate Davey, Jesse Ryan, Nell Trehy and Roisín O'Regan.

more county finals, three All Ireland medals brought home and fantastic work being done at underage. We look forward to more success in 2012.

On behalf of the club we would like to thank all our sponsors for their continued support, the Fethard GAA senior club for all their help and finally all our players and parents for their co-operation and time given to Fethard ladies football.

Looking forward to seeing you all again in 2012 and we would like to wish all our players, supporters and readers a Merry Christmas and a Peaceful New Year.



Fethard's first ladies football team before their first competitive game against Cahir in Fethard on 6 April 2003. Back L to R: Lisa Ryan, Cathy Waters, Sharon O'Meara, Mary Gorey, Jennifer Fogarty, Edel Fitzgerald, Marie Holohan, Helen Frewen, Ursula Lawrence. Front L to R: Vanessa O'Donnell, Meela Noonan, Jennifer Keane, Valerie Colville, Kersty McCarthy, Barbara Ryan, Rebecca Morris, Kate Hanrahan and Sarah Ahearne. Also on the team were Norah O'Meara, Lisa McCormack and Niamh Sheehan.

## **Badgers Soccer & Social Club**

Anumber of big changes were made in the club this past year, the main one being the joint decision not to return to the community field for the summer months. When we did this in the past numbers would collapse with just six or seven people turning up for games, then when numbers did improve it was time to start moving back to the all weather pitch again. On top of that there was the expense of getting insurance just for those couple of months.

This summer we tried a new initiative of having a number of different activities each month. In June for example we had bootcamp on the first Wed, cycling on the second, racket ball on the third and snooker on the last Wed. We did intend trying

out cricket and made contact with the club in Clonmel but in the end there did not seem to be sufficient numbers interested. Finally, we took a complete break in August as everyone seemed to be on holidays. We returned to the all-weather pitch in Killenaule in September and from the start there was a good turn out.

The move to the Killenaule Astro turf and the break in the summer has worked on a practical level but the down side is that we are sadly loosing our connection with Fethard. But in this present climate I guess we could be waiting for some time before Fethard gets an all weather surface of any kind.

Seasons greetings to one and all from the badger set.

Cave canem!



Boot campers 2011. Back L to R: Rita Phelan, Aine Murphy, Tracy Carroll, Lisa Carroll, Ann Hassey, Mary Maher, Julieann Smyth. Front L to R: Jennifer Rice, Mary Healy, Louise McGrath and Geraldine Casey.

# **Boyhood Days!**

by 'Ringo' Napier



Peter Napier, The Green, photographed with his four sons in the mid 1950s Front: Gus and Frankie. Back L to R: Toby, Peter and Ollie

**Then I was a boy growing** up in St. Patrick's Place we did not have much as everyone was in the same boat. It was a poor time in the early 1950s. I remember we used to play in the Ring around St. Patrick's Place. In the summer we would go down to Grove Wood and cut down some ash poles. When we got them back home we put a line of nails up the side of two poles and use a third thin one as a crossbar for jumping over. The more athletic lads used another pole for pole-vaulting over the high jumps. My brother Ollie was the best pole-vaulter of us all.

We used to play soccer in the plot by the cattle mart wall and what games we had! We had lots of street hurling matches. We were aptly known as the 'Holy Terrors' as we were a terror to play. Our greatest games were against the 'Ma Maws' who were a great team and tough to play against.

I loved going to the pictures at The Bridge when we had the money. When we didn't have enough money somebody inside would open the toilet window opposite Shortall's grocery shop and let the rest of us in, including myself.

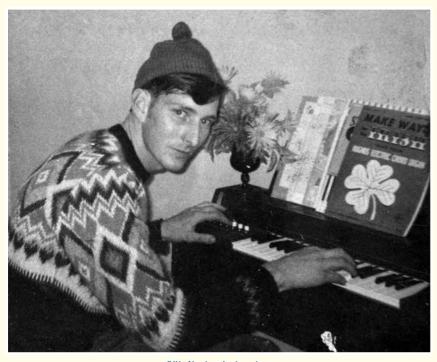
I remember the first Rock n Roll film that came, it was called, 'The Lady is a Square' with Lonnie Donegan. We all went mad down in the Pit, or as it was called in those days the 'Flea Pit'. We were dancing and jumping around like fools. The 'Cuckoo' Shine would come down with his lamp and try to stop us dancing ...some chance!

I remember we used to drop in to McCarthy's orchard and get the biggest cooking apples we could find. We would put them inside our jumper and around our waist so we did not look too fat — not much chance of that anyway! We would go to the pictures and wait for the lights to go out to start the film. Then we would throw the apples up to the balcony seats where the 'lovers' were and wait for shouts when they got hit. Great craic!

We used to have a great time playing cowboys and Indians at the



L to R: Nonie Napier, The Green; Joe 'Kelly' Napier; Ellen Napier (grandmother); and Kate Napier (aunt) home on holiday from the USA.



Ollie Napier playing piano

Abbey Rocks and Crampscastle. That is how I got the nickname 'Ringo' — I thought I was the fastest gunslinger in Fethard, like 'Johnny Ringo', the cowboy in the films.

It was great when the circus came to town, Duffys was a great show. They would come to town early in the morning, driving the wagons by horses then and we would watch them put up the tent in the Barrack Field. There were also great roadshows in the Town Hall, with people like George Daniels and the 'Courtney Brothers' from Wexford. I remember the first show I ever saw was at the back of Trehy's garage up the Green. Talking about

the Green, where my grandmother Nonie used to live there was a house across the road from us where the Bawneen Ryan lived. We used to call to his house where he had a fire in the middle of the room. He told us great ghost stories while he smoked his chalk pipe. He scared the lives out of us but we would never let on. We would then go across to Lovers Lane at the back of Jack Mackey's where he lived with his partner Mary who was also known as the 'Electric Hare'. There we'd have a fag and a chat ... sometimes a kiss from a girl . . . if there was one with us.

Great times they were!

## **Bringing in the Hay**

by Sarah Ryan

How is it that tea from a flask and 'hang sanquiches' or 'samwidges', however you pronounced that piece of ham between two pieces of bread, never tasted so good? "Tay is good for the drought", my father exclaimed, as we were 'abroad' in the field tucking into our summertime picnic. The amusing parlance that we have here in South Tipperary probably needs no explanation around Fethard, but I have since learned 'abroad' means you are actually out of the country. A non-Irish, English-speaking person would probably think we were speaking double Dutch on all counts. That tartan emblazoned flask.

the squeaky picnic basket and the pink and brown woollen rug all meant one thing - no, not the seaside – hay time. I can't imagine that hay to a present day child could possibly instil as much excitement as we felt. It is said that sense of smell conjures up memories and for me a waft of that pure sweet scent of hay drying on a summer evenings is so evocative of my childhood and those carefree days we knew as 'Bringing in The Hay'.

The long grass growing in the meadow, or as it was known in our house and still is, the hayfield, signalled the beginning of summer. In the weeks leading up to cutting the



A group of adults and children having a break during saving the hay in Anglims farm in Knockelly . Paddy Anglim, William Anglim, Connie O'Donnell, Edmund O'Donnell, John "Cutsie" O'Donnell, Bunny Anglim, Tess Anglim, Angela Anglim. Children in front are Eta and Ena Murphy (cousins from Dublin).

hay we would go to the hayfield with my father to monitor the progress. One day it seemed that cattle were munching the lush spring-time grass and within a matter of weeks it had turned to waist-high grass, well children's waists anyway. The hayfield was an amazing place to play hide-and-seek; no one could see you, no one knew where you

were and searching for one of vour five sisters in 15-acres of high grass was no easy feat.

We knew that summertime. end of school bringing and in the hay was fast approaching when Philly Byrne's field behind our house was cut for silage around the end of May. In late June or early July, conversations regarding weather patterns

were commonplace, along with close ears to the weather forecast and even consulting that green book, Old Moore's Almanac - that Daddy still finds in his Christmas stocking every year - all ensued in the cutting of the hay.

The long grass was chopped to the ground and was followed by words such as 'laring' the hay. No matter how many searches of the Oxford dictionary I still can't find what 'laring' actually means, but it meant what it meant to the people who were in the know, and that was all that mattered. Neat rows of grass lay where swishy high grass once stood. It looked like a racing track and we'd run between the cut grass

> and the remaining yellow stubble.

> Another few A man who we didn't know arrived to the tor towing a New which

days of nice sunshine, and hopefully no rain, the hav was tossed and turned and started to turn a greenish brown. field on a trac-Holland baler tossed small rectangular bales randomly around the field. This is where we

got involved; chasing the baler and building neat triangles of four bales stacked with blue string with knots

facing down in case it rained.

Four bales made a great little house to play in and if the sun shone strong enough the bales would be dry in a matter of days. Sometimes on those long summer nights a per-



Bill Mulligan saving the hay in The Valley

fect moon laid a blanket of white moonlight on the rapidly drying bales. I never remember that it rained back then; that is probably a sign of an idyllic childhood with plenty of summer sun and splendour.

'Big boys' from secondary school that we had only ever seen walking to school or at Mass were brought in to help bring in the hay. As we got older we would be roped into bale lifting and stacking and building muscles in our scrawny teenage arms. A few blisters in the palm of our hands were soon replaced with well deserved calluses. As we used the cattle lorry rather than a tractor and trailer, bringing the bales was a little easier and certainly more stable. There was no need to tie the bales with ropes unlike the trailer loads of bales we would see wobbling along the roads of Fethard. They would always seem to lose an

occasional bale along the ditches having fallen on its journey to a barn somewhere. We loved to ride in the back of the lorry as we went collecting bale after bale. The higher the bales went the more of the surrounding countryside you could see. Load after load of bales were dispatched to the hay barn until ever last bale was in its rightful place. The empty hayfield was now left naked with yellow stubble until a few short days would see small blades of fresh green grass emerging from the soil and eventually carpeting the whole field with luscious after-grass.

Exhausted, happy and the hay saved for another year it was time for us to concentrate on some other summer fun. And as every Tipperary person should know, 'Cork bet and the hay saved' was the definition of many a good summer.

What memories! What an era!



Group of Fethard workmen photographed at the hay some years ago.

# **Fethard & District Rugby Club**



The Fethard Ladies' Rugby Under 15 team played their first ever game of rugby on Saturday, April 2, making club history. Back L to R: Valerie Connolly (coach), Aine Phelan, Katie Butler, Emily Kavanagh, Aoife Delaney, Aisling Costin, Loreen Baude, Christina Myler, Aobh O'Shea, Molly O'Dwyer. Front L to R: Niamh Houlihan, Kelly McCormack, Ciara O'Donnell, Karen Hayes, Kerri Purtill, Jayne Pennefather (guest), Aoife O'Sullivan (guest) and Niamh Connor (guest).

According to legend, rugby was created at a school in Rugby, Warwickshire, when a pupil named William Webb Ellis caught the ball in his arms and started running with it during a game of soccer. Sadly, it's hard to find any hard evidence to back this up. But if you pass by the Community Sportsfield any weekend between August and May, you're sure to find a whole lot more people following in his footsteps with the oval-shaped ball.

The history of rugby in Fethard goes all the way back to the 1920s when there was a particularly successful team in the town. Rugby found its way back to Fethard in 2001 after a very long absence, and this year marks the important milestone of our 10th anniversary as Fethard & District Rugby Club.

In April, we marked another great milestone for the club when we fielded our very first Ladies' rugby team. The Under 15 Ladies took on a combination team from Thurles and Carrigaline. Both teams started well, but it was the Fethard team who got the opening score when Marcella Myler touched down, scoring the first ever Ladies' try in Fethard. We wish the Ladies team continued success for the 2011-2012 season, under the direction of Valerie Connolly, Lisa Anglim and Polly Murphy.

The Mini's rugby teams had a fabulous 2010-11 season. The ethos of mini rugby is to foster and develop young players (boy and girls) in the game of rugby in a safe, non-competitive, enjoyable environment. We provide regular training on Friday nights,

with matches most weekends. We have a committed group of coaches working with our players at these ages including Polly Murphy, Paul Scully, Alasdair McDonald, Michael McCormack, Packie Harrington, and Paul Kavanagh. We are also delighted to have two of our senior team players involved in mini coaching – Nigel O'Connell and Kevin Hayes.

The Under 13 team completed the double in May with a magnificent performance to beat Waterpark in the East Munster Cup final, having already secured a League win earlier in the season. Great credit is due to coaches Paul Kavanagh, Liam O'Dwyer and Danny Keogh for their efforts with this group of players. Our path to the final included great wins over Galbally and a much bigger Nenagh side. Waterpark were excep-

tionally well-prepared for the final, but the young Fethard team were never going to be beaten easily. At half-time we led 7-0 through a Paudie Feehan try and conversion, but we knew we had to up our performance in the second half as Waterpark had a strong breeze. Although we fought hard to set up Micheál Gaynor for another try in the second half, Waterpark never gave up and scored a fine try which led to a nail-biting final fifteen minutes. Fethard held out to win 12 points to 7 and created history for our young club in what was a great game of rugby enjoyed by a large attendance. We also wish continued success to this season's Under 13 squad under the direction of Martin Murphy, John Smullen, Hugh O'Connor and Shane Ivors.



Munster & Ireland rugby player Keith Earls was a special guest at the Summer Rugby Camp in Fethard during July. Pictured with Keith are Harry Butler, Patrick Scully and Iain Harrington.

Our Under 15 team had a mixed season with some great wins on the way. This team was made up mainly of Under 14s but they played above their age showing great commitment and spirit along the way. Our thanks to Conor Murray, James Hayde and Pat O'Donnell who provided great support and direction to this group of boys. Our Under 15 season ended with a very enjoyable wind surfing trip to Bunmahon with ideal weather conditions and a great BBO afterwards. Our Under 15 squad for the 2010-2011 season is a formidable group, and we wish them every success under the guidance of Liam O'Dwyer, Conor Murray, and Danny Keogh.

The Under 17 team had a very broken 2010-2011 season between inclement weather and the competition not finishing on time. This left

big gaps in their season but when they did get to play they had some great matches and played with great skill in very close games. Pat Walsh did a lot of work on his own with this team, helped on match days by Tommy Morgan. Their end-of-season paint balling venture was a great success, with more than a few bruises to prove it! Pat O'Donnell and Tony Fitzgerald took over the Under 17 team for the 2010-2011 season – best of luck.

Somebody once said that boxing is like ballet, except there's no music, no choreography, and the dancers hit each other. That's just how it was one fine July evening in The Ballroom. Our Boxing Night fundraiser, organised by Paul Scully to enable ongoing development at the Community Sportsfield, was a great success. Nine matches took



Matthew Tynan lands a straight right on Shane Kavanagh during their match at the Boxing Night Fundraiser in July. This match ended in a draw.

place on the night, each one as entertaining as the next, with most of the boxers coming from the club's own senior rugby team. We are very grateful to all those who supported the event on the night, to those who sponsored individual boxers, and to the many local companies who provided much needed assistance. We also extend our thanks to Dr. John Gillman and all the medical staff on standby, to the Ballroom Committee for making the venue available, and to our 'Master of Ceremonies' Miceál McCormack. Of course, the event just wouldn't have been possible without the boxers themselves, each of whom gave absolutely everything on the night.

On the playing field, our senior players continued to lay foundations in the 2010–2011 season which will surely pay off in the coming seasons. They reached the final of the Casey Cup and the playoff stages of the Gleeson League - a great return for a team that only started in 2009. For the 2010-2011 season we are delighted to have the coaching support of Ed Leamy which will bring an additional edge to match preparation. We wish continued success to the team and Paul Kavanagh, and express our thanks to Liam Hayes for his medical support.

Did you know that Munster and Ireland star Keith Earls was learning the electrical trade before he made it big in rugby? Apparently, that's what some of our young players found out when he visited the

Community Sportsfield with fellow Munster and Ireland star, Conor Murray. Keith and Conor were our special guests when they helped out with the Summer Rugby Camp in July, which was a great treat for the club. With both players eagerly awaiting news of their eventual selection for the Ireland World Cup team, it was a great opportunity for our young players to meet their idols. They answered plenty of other tough questions, signed autographs, played some games, and posed for photographs. We are very grateful to Keith. Conor and the staff at Munster Branch for helping to make this such an enjoyable event.

Participation in Tag rugby continues to grow across the country, a trend that is reflected in our own little patch of countryside. The sport is attracting an increasing number of ladies, perhaps because it is a noncontact game. In October, Patricia Fitzgerald led a crew of 27 ladies into the Community Sportsfield for an eight-week program of Tag and fitness training under the expert eye of Tony Fitzgerald. Tony has drafted in Matthew Fitzgerald to help with the Tag, and Tommy Sheehan to help with the fitness routines. Many of this group of ladies came from the Gaelic4Mothers scene which was active through the summer months. This is interesting because both Gaeilc4Mothers and Tag are intended to be non-contact sports – an aspect of both games which we hear is sometimes overlooked! We'd



As the referee sounded the final whistle, the Fethard Under 13 team celebrate their win over Waterpark in the East Munster Cup Final on Friday 29th April 2011.

like to build on this in the coming seasons, and would welcome even greater participation from ladies in the future.

Involvement of parents in the club is central to our mission. So we were delighted to have a representative from Munster Rugby join us in October to give parents an introduction to the rules of the game, and to help them get involved in training drills. This was a very enjoyable event that helped many parents – particularly those who are new to the sport – get a better understanding of the game.

On a final note, the Fethard & District Rugby Club committee thank all our players, parents and patrons for their support through 2011. Our players are our ambassadors through their good conduct on and off the field of play. Our parents help in so many ways, whether it's through their cheers from the touchline, or through the catering, refreshments and hospitality they provide

to visiting teams. Every year, parents dig deep to support our fundraising efforts, without which we could not survive. Our patrons are too many to mention, but a huge 'Thank You' goes to all who have helped the Club through our first ten years. Many small and large businesses in the locality have helped us greatly, especially our friends at Coolmore and Photostation. We are grateful too for the support we receive from staff at Primus and Susanna Manton's Solicitors. The last word of thanks goes to Ted Cummins for the work he does every week to keep the club grounds looking so well.

We are a community club, playing host to visiting teams most weekends over the winter months. The Club would like to extend an open invite to everyone to join us in the Community Sportsfield for training and match days to support the players - entrance is always free, and you can be assured of a warm welcome, and some great displays of rugby. 

Output

Description:

## **New Tourist Guide Service for Fethard**

A new tourist 'guiding' business, known as 'Backs to the Wall Tours', has been established in Fethard by two enterprising locals, Colm McGrath and Terry Cunningham, both of whom have a long involvement in the tourism

and local history scene. **Details** of the services offered can be seen on www. backstothewalltours.com and is planned it adapt and expand the service in response market demand in the vears ahead.

Colm is the current Chairperson and Terry the PRO of the Fethard Historical Society, a group

that has worked for over twenty years to get state funds and official recognition for this unique town. The Town Wall has now been completely surveyed and conserved (with funds from the Heritage Council) and a new Historic Town Signage System was erected during 2011 (with funds from Fáilte Ireland and South Tipperary County Council). Fethard is now recognised

as the finest example of a medieval walled town in Ireland.

### **Group Guiding Service**

'Backs to the Wall Tours' will initially be a guide service for organised groups who wish to visit and enjoy the story and ambience of the town.

The town is very unusual in having nearly all its Wall still standing and also having its 800 year old Norman church and 700 year old Augustinian Abbey still in current use.

But it will be the story of the town, rather than the detailed history, that the visitor will experience, as the motto on their publicity says, Tours that bring history to



Colm McGrath and Terry Cunningham

life, not bore you to death'.

So all types of groups – be they social clubs, work groups, parish groups, as well as tourist coach tours, will be able to spend a few hours visiting the town. Hopefully some will stay on for food and entertainment and also stay over in the many fine guesthouses in the area.

For 2012, the 'Backs to the Wall Tours' will also target school groups

from both primary and secondary schools from within a fifty mile radius of Fethard. The school tours will involve some re-enactment, games and role-play and will dovetail with the schools' programmes in history, geography and related areas.

It is planned also to have some 'fixed-time' tours (at least one set time per week) during holiday periods to cater for visitors and locals who are not part of a group but who wish to join a guided tour of the town. Time and dates of these walkabouts will be posted on the Backs to the Wall Tours website.

### The two promoters

The partners in this new venture bring with them a wealth of experience that will ensure that a 'Backs to the Wall' visit to Fethard will live long in the memory.

Colm McGrath, a native of Rathkenny, has worked in the 'guiding business' for many years, both in Dublin and here in Tipperary and for the past few years he has promoted his other tourism and activity businesses via his website, www. tipptours.com. Colm's known acting and historical re-enacting skills will also be used in the new 'Backs to the Wall' tours, especially with the school and educational groups.

Terry Cunningham, as well as his local history involvement, has worked professionally for over twenty years with Teagasc on rural tourism and artisan food development in Tipperary and the other five south-eastern counties. Terry ceased

working with Teagasc last Christmas and is now initiating his own tourism and food related projects and his www.foodinseason.ie website is being developed to further his own individual enterprises.

### **Great Support**

The 'Backs to the Wall Tours' duo have got great help and support for their new venture from many quarters and in fact the guide service could not function without this co-operation. Holy Trinity Church of Ireland and the Augustinian Abbey have given every facility, while the Community Council is also assisting through its facilities and information service.

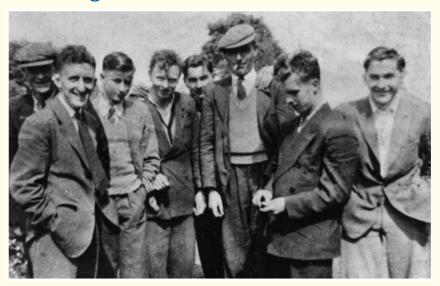
Of course, but for the work and funding of the Heritage Council and South Tipperary County Council and especially the huge effort of the Fethard Tidy Towns group , there would not be any tourism product fit to show to any visitor.

Colm and Terry would like also to thank the other members of the Historical Society for their help, especially Mary Hanrahan who has set and maintained a very high guiding standard for all the visiting 'guest' groups who have come to the town over the years.

### **Information and Contact**

The 'Backs to the Wall Tours' service can be checked out on www. backstothewalltours.com, and contact can be made by emailing tours@fethard.com or by phoning Colm on 086 3502360 or Terry on 086 3905373.

## **Wedding Bells and All Ireland Finals**



Toss-School in Lisronagh in the 1960s L to R: Paddy Markley, Pat O'Mara, Tom Purcell, Donal Slattery, Dick Smith, Mick Norris, Mattie Slattery and Johnny Smith.

September is my favourite month of the year here on Eastern Long Island. After Labour Day the crowds who flock here to swim and surf in the Atlantic waves and sunbathe on our beautiful beaches have left like migrating birds. The beach parties, clam bakes and cocktail parties are over for another Hampton season. Mother Nature pays an overnight visit and adjusts the temperature by 10-12 degrees to give what we year rounder's in Amagansett refer to as 'great sleeping weather'.

In September also, my thoughts turn to Ireland being the month of the all Ireland finals. My love affair with these great sporting events goes back to my childhood in Lisronagh. Every summer Sunday afternoon we would gather in the home of Andy and Nell O'Donnell and listen to Miceál O Hehir's vivid commentaries on the match of the day. The great players of the time were familiar to us despite being too young to have been to a big match. Hurlers like Jimmy Langton, Christy Ring, Tommy Doyle and 'Inky' Flaherty. In football some of the big names were Mick Higgins, Paddy Bawn Brosnan, Sean Flanagan and 'the man with the cap' – Peter McDermott.

One broadcast in particular stands out from the rest, when Cavan and Kerry played the 1947 final in the Polo Grounds, New York. We were spellbound to hear Miceál O Hehir's voice from three thou-

sand miles away fading in and out as he described Dinny Lyne of Kerry and John Joe O'Reilly of Cavan lead the teams in parade behind the New York Police band. The game was played on a rock hard pitch in sweltering heat with Cavan winning this historic final on a score of 2-11 to 2-7.

I have been to many finals over the years. I have listened to broadcasts in Kilburn, Cricklewood, Camden Town, Toronto, Hartford, New Haven and San Francisco. In the 70s live telecasts to the USA began and nowadays, thanks to the miracle that is the internet, I can have Michael Lyster and his panel bring me the GAA action of the day live in my own home every Sunday morning.

When our daughter Justine chose September 18 this year for her wedding it posed quite a dilemma for me. Why, that's All Ireland Sunday! Wasn't that supposed to be my special day? The activity and tension on the morning of a wedding would surely not accommodate watching an All Ireland. So, I resolved to put it out of my mind till the end of the day and watch a delayed telecast on 'The Sunday Game' when the celebrating was over.

From early morning the phone rang continuously and by eleven o'clock the house was a hive of activity. Flower arrangements were delivered, a hairdresser and beautician set up their tables, four beautiful bridesmaids arrived and a photographer snapped his lens by the minute.

Champagne corks were now popping and lunch of nachos, guacamole and quesadillas was set out. In the midst of it all, my nephew Henry O'Mara from Lisronagh and longtime friends Joe and Miriam Lillis from Hamden Connecticut arrived with an urgency that spelled, 'Let's watch the game'. We were just in time to see President Mary McAleese greet the players in the pre-game ceremony. My watching the game was constantly interrupted by calls for my assistance. I was lucky enough however to catch Kevin McMenamin's goal that sparked Dublin's comeback and sent them on the road to victory. The game was over, the limousines were waiting and shortly afterwards we were on our way to the wedding. It was a happy, joyful and emotional day and so gratifying to see old friends united, new friendships made as the partying went on till the late hours.

It was close to midnight when we returned home and rest and sleep were badly needed. A reception for the relatives, neighbours and out-oftown guests was scheduled in our home the following day so viewing the football final would have to wait. It was not until Wednesday afternoon when my wife Lucy and I drove my sister Sally and husband Michael Somers from Clonmel, to the ferry at Orient Point, did the entertaining come to an end. We came home to a house that had rung with laughter and camaraderie for three days and was now strangely silent. The lines

from Thomas Moore's 'Oft in the Stilly Night' couldn't be more fitting

"...I feel like one who treads alone, some banquet hall deserted whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead and all but he departed".

Later on that evening I watched the All Ireland, in blissful solitude and was of course thrilled at gallant Tipperary minors winning the Tom Markham cup. The Dubs were champions now and Kerry was back home, wondering how they let it all slip away.

Great All Irelands are defined by memorable moments, great scores, great misses, records broken and records made. In 1953 when Armagh had Kerry on the ropes a penalty miss by Bill McCorry saw their hopes of a first title disappear. When Kevin Mussen and Down footballers carried the Sam Maguire Cup over the border for the first time in 1960 a new era in Gaelic Football began. Seamus Darby's goal in the dying minutes of the 1982 final denied Kerry of a five in a row record. And what about 2011? Well that is an easy one! Stephen Cluxton's pointed free kick on the call of time on the day Justine O'Mara was married in East Hampton, New York.

Jimmy O'Mara



Class reunion of 1974 photographed in Fethard Arms in January 1991. Back L to R: Liam O'Dwyer, Ian Cooke, Willie Phelan. Middle L to R: Lisa Rice, Sara Carey, Orla Broderick, Cecilia Walsh, John Hackett. Front: Michael Barry.

#### World Champions down under by Sandra Ryan

In April 2007, six of my friends and I got a one-year working holiday visa to Australia. We arrived in Sydney in 2007 and within a few hours of landing we visited the local bar and were recruited by fel-

low Irish to play
Gaelic football
and camogie
for The Central
Coast GAA Club.
We were keen to
meet new people so five of us
decided to join.

When we arrived at training everyone was very welcoming and friendly so we instantly had 20-30 new friends. The team bonded well off the pitch which was reflected on the pitch. In

my first year playing with The Coast we managed to win the League and Championship for both Camogie and Gaelic Football and the winning streak has continued since then.

The girls and my best friends who came to Australia with me, moved back to Ireland after their one-year visa expired but I was lucky enough to be offered a company sponsored visa which would allow me to remain and work in Australia for a further four years. I

jumped at the chance and took it. It was joining The Coast which made staying in Australia easier because there was such a close network of ex-pats on the team and they became my family away from home.



Marie Keating and Sandra Ryan with the Cup for the International Rules 2011

I have now played five seasons with The Coast and by being part of this team I have won over 30 medals between camogie and football through the league, championship, preseason and postseason competitions. Both codes have worked and trained very hard to develop individually and as a team. We

have also been very lucky to have Eoin Moynihan (Cork) coaching the football for the last five seasons as well as Adrian Murphy (Wexford) and Philip Ryan (Tipperary) leading us for camogie.

I've also had the privilege of representing NSW (New South Wales) in The GAA State Games in 2008 (in Adelaide) and 2011 (in Brisbane) for Gaelic football and also in Camogie in 2011. Gaelic and camogie have developed a lot over the

last few years in Australia. Especially since the recession has increased the immigration of Irish to Australia.

In 2008 the GAA joined forces with the AFL (Australian Football League) to start the annual Compromised Rules competition. This is a combination of Gaelic Football and AFL, also known as International rules. This was where I got my first taste of AFL. After the competition I got talking to some girls who said they were setting up an Irish based AFL team and they asked if I was interested in joining. I had never even seen a game but after playing compromised rules I thought I might enjoy it. AFL is similar to Gaelic football in many ways but a lot more physical. It is played with an oval ball on an oval pitch but the main difference is you're allowed to tackle. It was the physicality of the game that I loved.

The club I got involved with was the Bondi Shamrocks. When I decided to join them there was no club, it was just an idea. Three girls, one from Ireland, one from New Zealand and one from Australia got together and came up with the concept of recruiting Gaelic girls to play AFL. They asked me to come on board the committee to help set it up along with a few other girls from the Gaelic. There was a lot of work to do but everyone was enthusiastic and keen to get the club off the ground, although all the enthusiasm would have been a waste if it wasn't for the generosity of the City of Sydney RSL Club who came on board as our major sponsor and has remained our sponsor since then.

In November and December 2008 we began recruiting players,



Bondi Shamrocks in the St Patricks Day Parade 2009



2011 NSW State AFL Team

designed jerseys and organised the paperwork involved in running a club. We began training in January. The Sydney weather is amazing in January so our pre-season training was done Saturday morning at 9am on Coogee Beach. It was a great way to introduce the new girls to the team and learn the rules. The soft sand also helped with the tackling practice.

The Shamrocks have recruited backpackers from all over the world such as Ireland, Australia, England, Germany, Canada, America, Scotland to name a few. In our first season the Shamrocks reached the semi-finals and it was our Gaelic style of play which helped us get there.

In 2010 SWAFL (Sydney Women's Australian Football League) set up the TPP (Talented Players Program) which was designed to develop Women's AFL by selecting players

from each of the teams in preparation for the National Championship which were to be held in Adelaide in 2011. The TPP involved training, fitness tests and skill tests. Professional AFL players such as Nick Davis and Ryan O'Keefe from the Sydney Swans have come to training sessions to give us advice on kicking and tackling, etc. In 2011 the TPP squad was dropped from 52 players to 33 players and then disbanded. The remaining players were then under review for the NSW State AFL team to compete in the AFL National Championships in June.

A month before the competition I was lucky enough to be selected on the NSW state team. I was one of three Irish out of twenty-seven players selected. All three Irish girls, myself, Marie Keating from Limerick and Una McKay from Tyrone were very honoured to be representing

the state we have lived in for the last few years. We came out Division 2 Champions which was the first time NSW had won the Nationals.

The AFL International Cup. which is played every three years, was being held in Sydney and Melbourne in October 2011. The Shamrocks were to be hosts to the Irish Team (The Banshees) due to our Irish background. They were in contact with me asking if there were any Irish girls who would like to play with the team. I and another few of the Irish Shamrock players joined forces with 15 girls who travelled from Ireland to represent our country in the first ever women's AFL world cup. We competed against five teams: Canada, America, Papua New

Guinea and both an indigenous and multicultural Australian team. The competition was very strong but we managed to come out on top against each of the team in the rounds phase making us favourites in the final against Canada. It was a close game but Ireland was too strong and became the first ever 'World Champions' in Women's AFL.

AFL is Melbourne's main sport. It is the equivalent of hurling in Tipperary, so the atmosphere and organisation around the competition was amazing. We had the privilege of walking around the famous Etihad Stadium in Melbourne in front of a crowd of 36,000 at half time. The Banshees have since returned home and won the European cup. 

Output

Description:



John Ryan's Irish Junior Set Dancing classes, October 1991. Back: Fiona Conway, R. O'Donnell, Mary Doyle, Sharon Burke, C. Harvey, Katie White, B. Cloonan, Carina Condon, Kerry Ryan, Jennifer Keane. 3rd. Row: Susan McCormack, Aoife Nagle, Marie O'Meara, Siobhán White, Edwina McGrath, C. Lawless, Ann Looney, Tara Ryan. 2nd Row: Orla Nagle, Pamela Sharpe, Marissa Roche, Eleanor Roche, Melissa Rochford, Sandra Ryan, Eimear Fogarty, Heather Ryan. Front: Marcella Myler, Audrey Conway, Ann Marie Myler, Eimear Gahan, Evelyn Fogarty, Mary Costello and Amanda Ryan.

### **Memories of my Grandmother**



L to R: Margaret Joyce, Marian Sheehan, Nancy Sheehan and Eddie Sheehan, St. Patrick's Place 1968

n New Year's Eve 2010 my grandmother Nancy Sheehan (nee Butler) passed away at the age of 87. Nan was born in number 2 Kerry Street, the youngest of eight children, named Willie, Cathy, Mem, Cis, Edmond, Dickie, Maggie and Nan. Their parents were Edmond and Margaret Butler. Her dad was recruiting officer and secretary for the British Legion and her mother worked in Fethard Laundry and reared pigs as well! Everyone loved calling to number 2 Kerry Street and before leaving the cosy Butler home, all callers would have a full belly (and a haircut if needed - thanks to Nan's dad).

Amongst Nan's friends were Nellie Shine from Congress Terrace and May Watts from the Green. Their adventures together knew no bounds! One of their most memorable escapades took place on a winter's afternoon as they cycled out to Coleman woods. The Garda on duty at the time noticed they didn't have lights on their bikes and both sets of parents had to pay a fine of 5 shillings at the time. Another time when Nan was courting Granddad and Nellie was courting Henry Heffernan they were walking along the railway line, and the story goes that Henry had a lovely new brown suit on and his hands in the pockets walking along when he slipped and rolled down the embankment, well the laughing could be heard all over, especially Granddad who had a real hearty laugh. That day was always a topic of fond recollection whenever they would meet.

Nan and Granddad met at a

dance at the Fethard Town Hall. He was Edmond Sheehan from Red City and his parents Edmond and Bridget. He had one sister called Alice and three brothers, Tom, John and Paddy. The brothers were farmers and also ran a sand and gravel

pit. There was always music in the Red City home and every Sunday was a ritual for family and friends as they gathered for a session that would last until the twilight hours.

Nan and Granddad were married on 29 September 1941. Nan told me that Granddad gave a half crown on their wedding day and they spent the day in Clonmel afterwards. They lived

in Kerry Street, Market Hill, Lakefield and Barne after they got married – moving wherever the work was. I was told that Nan begged Granddad to take the job in Barne as there was an ass and cart going with it and Nan could use it for shopping trips to Clonmel and to the creamery in Clerihan.

They settled down in St Patrick's Place, Fethard and had four chil-

dren, Phyllis, Eddie, my father Pat and Marian. Nan would bring them up to Red City, setting drills for carrots and beet, They were happy times. Granddad had a bad accident soon after their marriage and hence Nan would turn her hand to

anything to help with the finances. Mv uncle Eddie recalls that Nan and Kitty Mackey ob bluow the washing for Duffy's Circus whenever their show arrived into town. The going rate was a shilling per shirt but 'extra dirty' shirts had to be re-negotiated to 1 shilling and 6 pence per shirt.

Nan was a member of the ICA for years and loved everything about it, the flow-

er arranging, baking etc. She and Granddad grew the best of fruit and vegetables, which they'd share out amongst the family and what was left Nan would use to make tarts and jams. Nan also worked In the dispensary for many years and knit Aran jumpers that were made to order. Granddad kept greyhounds and often brought the best of the litter to the Clonmel track for a race



Marian Sheehan and her dog 'Pepsi'



Nancy Sheehan with her son Pat in pram, Philly and Eddie, Kerry Street 1957.

He loved dogs and would keep several in his run.

As kids we loved Nan's house in St. Patricks Place. There was always something on the go like jam making for the Friday market or her special 'orange peel' scones in the oven. She was an amazing cook and nobody ever left her home hungry. She kept lodgers too, past employees of the group homes and they become friends of the family to this day. She was also great with the sewing machine and turned Marian's Confirmation suit into a dungarees for me. We'd love it when parcels would arrive from Nellie in England as they would include dresses and t-shirts. We thought we were great,, and we couldn't wait to get them on. Nan loved the summer time, the minute she would see the sun shine the whole family would be drafted in for a trip to Tramore. We used to go down to Ma O'Brien's chalet for two weeks in the summer. We often laugh now at the amount of people that would fit in the van/car. In later years Nan would go to Carne beach in Wexford with the senior citizens of Fethard, accompanied by my aunt Philly.

Granddad used to go down Rocklow way where Leonards would auction trees. The men would pick the trees they wanted prior to the auction ensuring that no one would bid against them, so they usually got the wood for the 'right' price. The biggest problem then was getting the

timber home. Luckily Granddad got on well with the local Abbey priests who gave him the use of a pony and trap to take home the felled timber. Other than that, the 'lancey cart' would have to come out to bring home the timber. That meant the involvement of several helpers - Peter Napier, Nelly Fitzgerald, Josie McCarthy and Kitty Mackey to

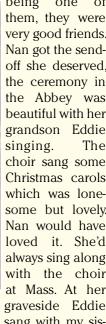
name a few . On occasion one coming home through Grove the wheels gave way under the 'lancey cart' which led to a famous most quote from Kitty, "Oh most sacred heart of Jesus will we ever make it back to St Patrick's Place". These were hard but good times in Fethard.

In February 1993 passed away and

Marian (their daughter) died in December of the same year. That was a tough time on Nan and the whole family. She was very lonesome after them, but her home was never empty for family and friends. She was the head of the whole family and looked after and cared so much about them. Nan loved to go visit her sister-in-law Nora Butler on Sundays in Garrinch

and they'd spend the whole day together. It was nice for them to have each other to share so many memories. When Nan passed away she had 13 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren. We miss her so much. We all loved staying with her and hearing the stories of her life in Fethard. She had lovely neighbours in St Patrick's Place, Mary Mullins

> being one them, they were very good friends. Nan got the sendoff she deserved. the ceremony in the Abbey was beautiful with her grandson Eddie singing. The choir sang some Christmas carols which was lonesome but lovely. Nan would have loved it. She'd always sing along with the choir at Mass. At her graveside Eddie sang with my sis-



ter Julie-Ann and Nan's great-grandson Jack played the fiddle. It was just what she would have wanted. I had a beautiful image of Nan and Granddad clapping away as they listened on ...

Ar dheis De go raibh a hanam dilis (may her faithful soul be at the right hand of God).

Melanie Woodlock (nee Sheehan)



Granddad Pat Sheehan photographed with his mother Nancy in St. Patrick's Place. Fethard.

# **Mrs Murray's Emporium**

by John Lee

Thaven't thought about Mrs Murray's shop in decades. Her one-woman enterprise was located about 300 yards from our house and half way on the road between Kiltinan Barracks and Killusty village. The tiny shop was just inside the front door of her single storey cottage and included an adjacent front window. The front door was always open providing access and essential light for her customers. The window provided illumination behind her counter. Her retail space was stolen and separated from her kitchen with a lightweight unpainted hard-board door and partition "skilfully erected" by her husband Bill. The dividing screen was quite tall – from a child's point of view anyway. The partition did not reach the ceiling and apart from supporting wooden shelves, gave her husband Bill the privacy he craved. It did, however, allow him an opportunity to know what was going on in his wife's shop.

I can't remember what Mrs Murray's first name was – as children we simply called her Missus! She herself was a smallish plump woman and always wore an old fashioned faded blue sleeveless wrap-around apron with a flat red piping around the edges. This particular dress style wasn't common in our area and it marked her out as being an outsider - she was originally from near Drangan which was about seven miles away. Her business must have

commenced trading in the mid 1950s - I don't remember my life before Mrs Murray's shop. Bill and Mrs Murray didn't have any children of their own and even as a small child I was for some reason very aware of this fact. Her husband Bill, who was a tallish stern man, didn't say much but my father seemed to like and have respect for him. Bill voted Fianna Fail and he kept his trap shut. These attributes - and in particular keeping one's trap shut, seemed to be a very important measure of a man's value to my father.

In her shop the high level shelves were covered in an overhanging oil cloth which was cut in a fancy chevron pattern. As her business developed she would purchase and display her more exotic stock offering on these high level shelves - well spaced out tins of Luster Fruit and less well spaced tins of Bachelor's peas. There mustn't have been much demand for exotic canned fruits in our area because I kept a very tight eve on the Luster Fruit and it never ever moved. From time to time she also seemed to have big square tin boxes of loose biscuits - the biscuits were bagged on demand and sold by weight in either 4 or 8 ounce lots.

The fastest moving commercial stock included a variety of cigarettes in packets of ten – Woodbines, Players and Sweet Afton. She also supplied matches. Maguire & Patterson was the particular brand of



Mrs. Murray's old home - now alas without the shop and somewhat modernised!

that time. Her supply in matches was irregular. On a few occasions when I was dispatched for a packet of ten Sweet Afton and a box of matches. my return without the matches, especially when my father was working up the fields and well away from the house and "dying for a smoke", was filled with trepidation. On being informed about the matches he would tear open the cigarettes and place one in his mouth. I was always impressed by this act of optimism and would relax a small bit - he must know something that I didn't. He would then begin to shake his coat for the rattle of some previously undiscovered box of matches. This would be followed by removing the unlit cigarette from his mouth and a frantic search of each individual coat and trouser pocket. Failing to find any match or any way to light his cigarette, the contents of the top pocket would be forensically examined in the vague hope of even one solitary match. The longer and more obviously futile the search became, the more he would lambaste Mrs.

Murray and what he described as her kip of a shop!

What we knew as "white grinder bread" was another item of choice. For sound health, safety reasons and transport purposes each loaf purchased was wrapped carefully in an out of date newspaper. Paraffin oil was also stocked and from time to time its smell pervaded the entire shop (and the bread). For her younger clientele she sold hard toffee sweets and fizz bags. Fizz bags were an appalling concentration of coloured sugar with a toffee lolly pop enclosed for licking when dipped into the sugar. My teeth are still paying the price for my love of fizz bags!

As a child, I was particularly aware of buns (small cakes in the language of today's grocers), delivered twice every week by a bread man wearing a brown shop coat and a battered soft hat. The bread man drove a small green van with the lettering "CBC BAKERY" on the side. The van regularly passed our house and my older brother Jody, who was a class above me in school, told

me that CBC stood for the Central Bakery Cahir. I didn't really care one way or the other for his cryptic prowess as my interest was in the buns themselves and not in their provenance. I admired those buns enormously. They were displayed in a very flat brown box on top of Mrs Murray's little counter. Normally I could just about see the side of the box. Sometimes, if Mrs Murray was delayed in the kitchen, I could put my toe on a skirting board fixed to the front of the counter and using my elbows climb up a little higher than usual. Once while trying this tricky manoeuvre I slipped and fell in a heap on the floor making a bit of a clatter. On hearing the noise Mrs Murray rushed out to find me stretched on the floor - I had to tell her that I was after having a bad turn. I had heard that Tom Greer, an old man who lived up the road, had had several of these bad turns in recent weeks. They seemed to be a common enough complaint so why shouldn't I have one. In any event the risk of falling was always worth it as the small additional elevation allowed me to get a fleeting glimpse of the tops of the buns. They were an unbelievable sight to me but utterly outside my modest purchasing power.

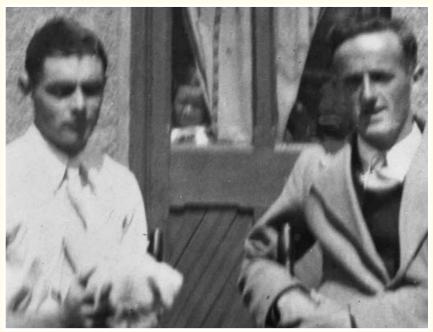
One day, however, when I was still very small, my older cousin Margaret gave me a ride home from Killusty School on the carrier of her bicycle. As a result I must have been a bit early coming home because our

house was totally deserted. I was a little afraid, and I also knew that I was too small to stay on my own so I headed for Mrs Murray's shop. I told her my sad story and she immediately brought me into her little kitchen and made tea for me. To my absolute delight she then trotted off and got me a bun from the flat brown box on the counter. It was a square black bun - I now know it was a Chester cake. It would not have been my ideal choice - I really admired the buns with the cream, iam and the two little vertical wings on top. It didn't occur to me, or as I like to recall, I was too polite to ask for an exchange. In any event, this was turning out to be a great experience. I now had a lovely hot cup of tea and a bun before me - with no distractions and no competition from hungry older brothers. It was a private moment of pure pleasure. I took a bite from my black bun - it was a little hard, but I could manage that, so I kept on going and had a few more bits and filled my mouth. I now really needed the tea to wash this black bun excess down. I took a right good drink of the tea and I couldn't believe it, no sugar! That was the end of my private party - there and then I got up and left Mrs Murray's kitchen. Even today I can still remember what I was thinking on the way home to my mother - Mrs Murray has no children of her own and she doesn't know that children take lots of sugar in their tea.

John Lee.



L to R: Willie Leahy, Mickey Fitzgerald, Kathleen Leahy and her mother Mrs (Margaret) Leahy.



Paddy Murray and Jack Halley

#### **Donations Received 2011**

Acknowledged below are donations (€10 and over) received from readers and organisations up to 30th November 2011. We would also like to thank all those who wished to remain anonymous.

Aherne, Joan (Murphy), Clondalkin, Dublin

Allen, Vincent, Edenderry

Anglim Joan, The Valley, Fethard

Arkell, Joan (O'Donnell), Warwick, UK

Armstrong, Monica (Dwyer), Northampton UK

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Aylward, Tony & Paula, Naas

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Brett, Rosie (Bradshaw) Clonmel

Broderick, Nell and Paddy, Kilnockin Rd, Fethard

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Byrne, Michael, Wellington, New Zealand

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Fitzgerald, Ollie, Leicestershire, UK

Fitzgerald, Paddy, Gwersyllt, Wrexham UK

Fitzgerald, Patrick, Blaby, Leicester UK Fitzgerald, Tony, Clonmel Fitzpatrick, Jo Beatty, Long Island, NY Fitzpatrick, Thomas, Woodlawn, New York Flanagan, Frank & Rita (Fitzgerald), Bristol, UK Flanagan, Tony, London W5 Flynn, Denis, Redhill, Surrey Fogarty, John & Veronica, Garrinch, Fethard Fox, Andy, Thurles Frewen, Willie, Fenor, Co. Waterford Gibbs, Maria (Scanlan), Calgary, Canada Gleeson, Pauline (Ryan), Boherlahan Gordon Morgan Dee, Michigan USA Gorski, Alice (Fitzgerald), Middlesex Grant Gerry, Blackrock, Dublin Griffin, Ena, Herts, England Grimson, Douglas, Queensland, Australia Gunne, Sean, Clonmel Halley, John, Dublin 16 Hanlon, Mary (Ryan), Dalky, Dublin Harkin, Jennifer (Cummins), Old Leighlin Hawe Biddy (McGarry) Kilmoganny, Co. Kilkenny Hayes, Canon Matthew, Bath, UK Hayes, Joe & Mossie, Rathcoole, Fethard Hayes, John, Toronto, Canada Hayes, Willie, Roscrea Healy, Mary, The Green, Fethard Henehan, Paddy, Dublin 20 Hennessy, Mary (Smith), Middlesex, England Hetterley, David & Frances (Kenrick), Hereford Holloway PP, Fr. James, Pallasgreen Hopkins, Mary (O'Connell) Victoria, Australia. Horan, Kevin & Lisa, Braintree, USA Hunt, Maureen (Mackey), Staffordshire, UK Jones, Mrs. Barbara, East Sussex Kavanagh, Rena (Keves), Waterford Keane, Joe, Monasterevin, Co. Kildare Keane, Joe, St. Patrick's Place, Fethard Keane, John, Tullamore Keane, John & Catherine, Minnesota USA Keane, Patrick & Bridget (Carroll), Mass. USA Kearney, Breda, London, UK Kennedy, Fr. A.B., Portumna, Co. Galway Kenny, Billy & Carol, The Green, Fethard Kenrick, Paddy, Clonmel Kevin OSU, Sr. Monica, New York King, Eddie, Derbyshire, England Knight, Mai, Wantage, UK Leahy, Gerry, Kilkenny Lee, John, Bishopstown, Cork Leonard, Euna (Whyte), Cork Lonergan's Bar, The Square, Fethard Looby, John & Patricia (Halloran) Surrey, UK Lovatt-Dolan, Elizabeth (Quirke), Blackrock MacDermid, B. Walter, Silver Spring, MD, USA Mackay, Ann (Murphy), Devon, England Mackey, Denise, London SW16

Maher, John & Anne, Texas, USA Maher, Mary (O'Donovan), Moyne Major (RIP), Betty (Shine) Surrey UK Marshall, Frank, Kilkenny Marshall, Tom & Patricia, Portlaoise Martley, Sr. Margaret, Cork McCarthy, Don, Leixlip, Co. Kildare McCormack Sheridan, Eileen, Naas, Co. Kildare McCormack, Michael, Luton Beds, England McCormack, Thomas, Gwynedd, Wales McElroy Paula (Carey) Newry, Co. Down McLean, Arthur, Thompson, USA McNamara (RIP), Joe, Templemore, Co. Tipperary McNulty, Mary (Maher), Bedford, UK Meaney, James J., London SW19 Meaney, Michael, Ipswich, UK Meehan, Mrs Ellen, Oklahoma, USA Molonev, Patrick F., Bucks, UK Moloney, Tom, Northampton UK Mooney, Anna (Skehan), Belfast Moore, Mary (Gorey), Drogheda Moran, Bro. James, Abbeyleix, Co. Laois Morrissey, Billy, Herts. UK Morrissey, Colm, Delgany, Co.Wicklow Morrissey, J. J., Tralee, Co. Kerry Morrissey, Mary, Falcarragh, Co. Donegal Morrissey, Shaun, Cheshire UK Morrissey, Teresa (McCarthy), Ballymacarby Mullins, Denis, New Jersey Mullins, Paul, London Mullins, Vincent, North Yorks UK Napier Frankie 'Ringo', The Green, Fethard Neville, Michael, Cork Neville, Roger, Tullamore Neville, Seamus, Tramore Nevin, Michael & Christina, Versailles, Kentucky Newport, Tony & Mary, Congress Tce, Fethard Nichols, Betty (Dineen) Warwick UK O'Brien, Mary (Kenrick), Limerick O'Brien, O.S.U. Sr. Margaret, Brussels, Belgium O'Carroll, Lila, (McGrath) California O'Connell-Binns, Katie, West Yorkshire, UK O'Connell, Gabrielle (Hayes), Waterford O'Connell, Jimmy, Hornchurch, Essex UK O'Connell, Mrs Freda, Scunthorpe O'Connell, Peg (Darcy), Basildon, Essex UK O'Connell, Peter, Victoria, Australia O'Connell, Sue & Jim, Halifax UK O'Connor OSA, Fr. John, Dungarvan O'Connor, Mary, Westport, Co. Mayo O'Donnell, James, Tuckhoe, New York O'Donnell, Anna (Mackey), Niles, Illinois, USA O'Donnell, Jim, Minnesota, USA O'Donnell, Jimmy, Dublin 16 O'Donnell, Joe, Surrey, UK O'Donnell, Liam, Glasnevin, Dublin 11 O'Donnell, Mary (O'Meara), Ontario, Canada

O'Donnell, Michael, London N4

O'Donnell, Tony, Dublin 9

O'Donovan, Gabrielle (Mackey), Carlow

O'Dwyer, Johnny, 3 Strylea, Fethard

O'Flynn, Patrick, Glen Ellyn, Illinois

O'Flynn, Peggy, Ballincollig

O'Hanrahan, Patrick, London W9

O'Hara, Catherine, Oxford, England.

O'Keeffe, Larry & Helen (Cummins), Clonmel

O'Mahoney, Laura (Ward), Ballybay

O'Mara, Jimmy, New York

O'Meara Family, , Killusty

O'Neill PP, Rt. Rev. Msgr. William, Savannah, USA

O'Reilly, Rita (Walsh), Dunadry, Co. Antrim

O'Riordan Macpherson Eleanor, Argyll, Scotland

O'Rourke, Paddy, Dublin 6W

O'Sullivan, Brian & Edith, Glasgow, Scotland

O'Sullivan, John & Claire, Clonmel

O'Sullivan, Michael, Rathvin, Fethard

Orski, Patricia (Morrissey), Beckenham, Kent

Patrician Presentation Secondary School, Fethard Phillips, Sam & Joan (Flanagan), Bristol, UK

Power, Ned, Wolverhampton UK

Presentation Convent, Fethard

Quinn, Tom, Surrey, UK

Quirke, Joe & Hayley, Masterton, New Zealand

Reeves, Maureen (Fogarty), Shrewley, UK Roche, Peggy (Kenny), Thurles

Ryan (Jnr), Mattie, Buffana, Killenaule

Ryan, Mary (Murphy), Cashel

Ryan, Michael J., St. Albans, Herts UK

Ryan, Michael, Monasterevin

Rvan, Noel, Surrev UK

Ryan, Philip, Paulstown, Co. Kilkenny

Sgarlata, Patricia (Sheehan), Florida USA

Sharkey, Neil, Galway

Sheehan, Jimmy, Birkenhead UK

Sheehan, Johnny & Peg, St. Patrick's Place

Shine Lynn, Berkenhead, UK

Shine, Pat, Herts. UK

Shine, Tom, Cahir

Shortman Mary (Quirke) Herts, England.

Skehan, Helen, London

Skehan, Nicholas, Dublin

Skehan CSsR, Rev. William, Philippines

Slattery, Eva, Dublin 8

Slattery, William, Mitchelstown

Smith, Robert, Norfolk, UK

South Tipperary County Museum, Clonmel

Squires, May (O'Dwyer) Essex

Stapleton, Martin & Rita (O'Grady), Dublin 7

Staunton, Rena (Stokes), London NW1

Sullivan, John S., Highland Mills, New York

Sweeney, Carol (Delahunty) Westminster, USA

Synnott, Bridie (Roche) Essex, England

Szwarc, Agnes (Culligan) Kent UK

Taylor Family, Saucestown, Fethard

Tingley, Ellen (Culligan), Seven Oaks, Kent, UK Tobin, Margaret (Burke), Altrincham, Cheshire, UK

Tobin, Michael, Oak Lawn, USA

Tobin, Patrick & Ellen (Walsh), Clonmel

Torpey, Kitty (Strappe), Cambridge UK

Totonchi, Louise (Kenrick), Illinois

Trehy, Jimmy, Donoughmore, Lisronagh

Voss, Eleanor (Morrissey), Surrey UK

Wade-Palmer, Eileen (Doherty) Hampshire UK

Wagner, Rita (Fallon), New York

Walsh OSA, Fr. Joseph, Victoria, Australia

Walsh, Anne (Kenrick), Glenageary, Co Dublin

Walsh, Gerard, Ontario, Canada

Walsh, Pat, Leeds UK

Walsh, Pat, N.S.W. Australia

Walshe, Michael A, Surbiton, Surrey, UK

Warren, Susan, Omaha USA

Watson, Simon & Amanda, North Shore City, NZ

Whelan, Jimmy & Susan, Preston

Whelan, Paddy, London UK

Whyte, Michael, Leicestershire UK

Williams, Sheila, Effingham, Surrey UK

Wyatt Phil, Jossestown, Fethard

Wynne, Monica (Dwyer), Clonmel

If, for any reason, we have omitted your name, please let us know and we will acknowledge your donation next year.

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Alan, Kitty and Billy Power, St. Patrick's Place



Fredrick and May (Mackey) Cribbens with Kitty and Dick Power

#### **Dublin to Kazakhstan via Fethard**



Irish Champion, Jack Connolly, photographed with some of the crowd who turned out to greet him on his return to Fethard on Saturday, March 12, 2011

2011 has being another outstanding year for Jack Connolly, who is a member of Clonmel Boxing Club. Just fifteen years old, Jack continues to be very successful, and the highlight of the year was when he was chosen to represent Ireland at the World Junior Championships.

The year started on Friday 21 January with a home international against Wales, in the City North Hotel, Dublin, where Jack beat the Welsh Champion, Jim Price from Cwnbran, at 57kgs. A very hard fought three rounds against the rugged Welsh man, with Jack coming through on a majority decision. Next up was a home fight in Fethard, for the T.J. Redmond memorial. Jack was up against Prince Swaili from Bracken Boxing club, Dublin, with the Fethard man taking the honours 14 points to 5, much to the delight of

the home supporters.

On January 27 Jack was honoured with a presentation made to him by the Fethard Community Council for his outstanding achievements in boxing during 2010. A great night was had by all who came to salute their local hero.

Jack won his fourth county title in a row on 4 February, when the County Championships were hosted by the Slievenamon Boxing club in Cloneen, where his opponent would not enter the ring. Boxing can be a hard sport especially when you are drawn against one of your close friends, which was the case on 20 February, when Jack fought and beat Paddy McDonagh of St Francis Boxing club.

Saturday March 12 was the day Jack won his third All-Ireland title in a row, his fourth in total, at the National Boxing Stadium in Dublin. The 2011 finals began on March 4, when Jack defeated the Ulster Champion, Conal O'Boyle from Letterkenny Boxing Club, in a class exhibition of boxing, by 9 points to 2. Semifinal day was Saturday 5 March and across the ring was the Connaught champion Edward Ward from Athenry Boxing Club. A much harder fight this time but the Munster man did not disappoint and went on to win 4 points to 2.

A week's break before the final, with more training and dieting and a lot of time spent on the weighing scales, then it was back to the National Stadium to meet the Leinster Champion, Martin Collins from the K&K Boxing Club. This was heart attack time, everyone knew Collins was the one to beat, and everyone knew there was nothing

between them, it would go down to the wire, and by God it did. After round one, zero zero, round two, two-two, and mid-way during the third round Jack scored the winning point with a beautiful straight right, to win the contest 3 points to 2. This was a sweet victory as 2011 is the centenary year of the Irish Amateur Boxing Association.

Another honour for Jack in May was being named on the under card for the Night of Champions at the Walter Raleigh Hotel in Youghal, headlined by World Champion Katie Taylor. Jack was up against Stephen Moylan from Dungarvan Boxing Club, where he put in one of his best performances of the year, with a very convincing unanimous decision.

The highlight of the year was of course being picked to represent



Members of Fethard & Killusty Community Council presenting Jack Connolly with a cheque and plaque to mark his remarkable boxing achievements at national and international level in 2010. L to R: Joe Keane, Joe Kenny (chairman), Jack Connolly and Jimmy Connolly (treasurer).



Jack Connolly after winning his fight. L to R: Prince Sawili, Ref, Jack Connolly

Ireland at the World Junior Boxing Championships, held in Astana, Kazakhstan. A record 380 boxers from 52 nations in 13 weight categories entered, with 26 boxers entering in Jack's weight at 60kgs. Jack was drawn against the brilliant Shamil Malsatov from Russia, who three weeks earlier became the 60kg European Champion.

Malsatov knew he was in a fight, with Jack having lost the first round, pushing the Russian all the way and had him on the back foot, the Tipperary-man winning the second round, 7 points to 6, but the Russian, who went on to win the world gold medal, snatched the third round 3 points to 2.

Jack, who boxes out of Clonmel

Boxing Club, came home with his head held high, after pushing Malsatov to the limit, with both boxers getting a standing ovation after what was voted best contest of the day Jack, who has past international experience at European level, having boxed in Russia 2009 and Bulgaria 2010, can now add his experiences at World level to become an even better boxer and person.

Another fantastic year for this very popular young man. Continued success and safety, Jack, in your chosen sport for the coming 2011-12 season. You are a credit to yourself, your family, your town, your club, and your country.

# Gentleman & sometimes philosopher

Ned Donovan was a tall physically fit man who lived almost all of his long life on the western slopes of Slievenamon. He smoked Major cigarettes, had a keen interest in horse racing and was a confirmed bachelor. Apart from his sense of humour, which wasn't

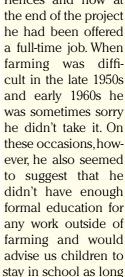
always immediately apparent, his most distinguishing physical feature was his full head of carefully groomed wiry grey hair. When away from the Hill he travelled by bicycle and almost always dressed in a longish dark coat and soft dark hat,"I'm always ready for a funeral", he used to say. In rural Ireland in the 1950s and 60s funerals were very often the only social occasion of any con-

sequence. At Ned's own funeral his life and several of his stories were recalled and I must say that I knew most of his stories by heart. When death finally came Ned was ready. He had lived a simple life, and his life, like most of his stories had a sound moral core.

With the exception of his time spend away from home in the late 1920s Ned lived all of his life in a thatched farmhouse on

Slievenamon. He had walked, with other local men, all the way from Killusty Village to Ardnacrusha in Co. Clare to find work on the building of the Shannon Hydro-Electric Scheme. The journey to Co. Clare had taken two full days and his search for work was successful. He often spoke

of his Shannon experiences and how at



as possible. Despite this apparent lack of confidence, Ned was not easily impressed, and if you were trying to impress him with a really good story he would often say, "that's a lot of I roved out" meaning he'd heard it before or didn't believe a word of it!

The construction of the first and biggest civil engineering project in the Irish Free State didn't impress him much either - what really impressed Ned during his time on



Ned Donovan



Back L to R: Eddie Cormack, Tom Fogarty, Jim Cormack, Clanora, Glengoole; Front L to R: Mick Trehy and Nellie Trehy.



Jim and Mary Trehy (nee Kenny) with their daughter Mary.

the Shannon Scheme were the wives of the German workers. He often spoke of the very modest accommodation provided by Siemens for the German families temporarilv transferred to Ardnacrusha. These families, he told us, lived in little more than timber boxes. However, the German women made these little boxes into 'pure palaces' according to Ned's account. The women hung frilly curtains on the windows and created beautifully stencilled designs with colourful paints around the outside of each window and door. Every single hut had an outside seat with a little flower box also painted in vibrant colours. Endless winding pathways were created to link the huts and as these pathways weaved in and out they were fringed in an endless variety of blooming flowers. Rabbits were reared for the pot, and little gardens were dug on the sunny side of each hut in which the German women grew every sort of vegetable imaginable. Ned just couldn't believe that these women could create something so beautiful and achieved so much with so little. More than anything else he could not believe their spirit and endless capacity for very hard work.

By today's standards Ned's own accommodation back on Slievenamon was also quite modest. However, from a modern planner's point of view, Ned's house satisfied, indeed exceeded, all good planning aspirations. Not only was its design simple, it also had no unsightly

power lines to spoil the mountain, and no running water or sewage systems to pollute the planet. The original footprint to accommodate Ned's house was dug deep into the slope of the hill and the completed thatched structure was almost invisible. Apart from a few modest outbuildings surrounding the Donovan homestead and the thread of white smoke rising from an open fire in the kitchen, the cottage reflected its owner, and kept its business to itself. Ned I'm sure would be very amused that homes like his are now protected structures. Irish archaeologists and planners would now classify his old home as a 'directentry type' thatched house. This particular layout belongs to quite an ancient style and is generally regarded as having evolved from the 'byre dwelling' where animals and humans lived under the same roof. On his return from Co. Clare. and amongst other farm yard and building improvements, Ned had added a flat roofed porch to the front - so I suppose Ned's house type would now be classified as a direct entry with a porch added.

The cottage interior was reached through the added porch which brought you straight into an open kitchen which occupied the centre one third of the overall accommodation. The main feature of the kitchen was a big table and an open-hearth fireplace. A cast iron bellows fanned the open fire and a wrought iron crane with hooks, pots and adjust-

able hanging irons, provided the cooking facilities. Immediately off the kitchen and towards the eastern gable were two small bedrooms with timber floors and sheeted ceilings. The parlour was on the opposite end of the cottage and towards the southern gable - this room had a small fireplace and a stained timber floor and ceiling. The dark stained ceiling was skilfully cut in a decorative geometric pattern to reflect its importance - however, except for a very occasional visit from the local senior clergy this good room was seldom if ever used. Apart from the kitchen table I can't recall anything further about furniture in the house. Outside the deep overhanging eaves protected the fragile walls from inclement weather and the thatch. which virtually submerged the small chimney, was regularly maintained by Ned himself.

I met Ned Donovan's mother once on a return journey from the Cross on Slievenamon. That must have been in the mid to late 1950s and she seemed like a very, very old woman to me at the time. I can't remember anything else about the visit except getting very hot tea, blackberry jam and bread, and the size of the keyhole in the front door! That keyhole was enormous. Ned told me he remembered the new porch filling with snow - it seems that the fine snow had drifted in through that enormous keyhole and settled at an angle down to the floor. He was recalling what he referred to

as winter of Black '47. After clearing the porch and his way out of the house he had to go looking for his sheep. He found them, according to his account anyway, when his famous dog begun to bark when she came across little yellow breath holes in the show. The sheep it seems had clustered behind a wall and although they were buried under several feet of snow drift, their warm breath kept an air channel open and the sheep survived unscathed.

As I've already mentioned, Ned never married, but he seemed to enjoy his single life and he most certainly loved his house and where he lived on Slievenamon. His house was just below the hill wall with the hill rising sharply behind it - he often joked that he had so much land that he had no choice but to make a heap of it at the back of the house. In his stories for us children he always used his house as the setting - in some of his stories he had two sons - Jack and Tom There was no end to their ability and the lifestyle that they enjoyed - one of lads even had a helicopter. I'm not sure which one, but he could according to Ned fly anywhere he wished to go. In the late fifties I found that very very impressive and very appealing. It was just a pity they weren't about when Ned was walking to Co. Clare!

We never got to meet Jack and Tom in the flesh, we always just missed them - they had it seems rushed off urgently to some exotic place or another. Many of Ned's stories also involved familiar things -farm animals, crows, dogs, cows and even spiders. His dog, for example, was so clever she could look at the clock and read the time and always had the cows in for summer milking on the dot of 9am and 6pm respectively. When my cousin Shem heard the dog story he suggested that if the dog was that clever, and could read the time, surely she was clever enough to send Ned out for the cows! Anyway, Ned told us once that a particularly wild young calf had escaped from the shed and broken into a neighbour's fresh field of grass. Despite all kinds of entreaties from Ned the miscreant calf wouldn't return home. The dog, on seeing Ned's dilemma had run back to the milking shed, dipped its tail in a fresh

bucket of milk, and returned to bring the calf home sucking his tail.

One of my favourite stories involved two black crows who meet at a funeral - they were first cousins apparently and hadn't met for some years. It seems that they got into discussing their age and respective health - not an unusual topic for a funeral. One the crows enjoying this funeral conversation lived locally and was in great condition - his eyes were bright, his feathers were gleaming and he looked and felt really great, The other crow was in bad shape - no shine on his feathers and a bit lethargic too. In an effort to help his cousin the local crow suggested that the other should consider improving his diet. No, he didn't need to do that he felt his diet



Slievenamon forestry workers Back L to R: John Quinn, Chris Grant, Jackie Cahill, Tom Ryan, Jimmy Walsh, Connie Ryan, Joe Hanrahan, Bill O'Brien, Christy Lee. Middle L to R: Connie Cahill, Tommy Kearny, Ned Sheehan. Johnny Whelan, Tom Tobin, Pat Corbett. Front L to R: Willie Cahill and John O'Donovan.

was okay as he was feeding regularly on a sheep farm in the Nire Valley in Co. Waterford. "The Nire", said the other, aghast, "you would get nothing for nothing in a place like the Nire, and definitely nothing from a Nire sheep farmer!" "Look", said the local crow, "meet me at Cantwell's farm in Loughcopple tomorrow morning and I will show you how to get in good shape." The next morning the two crows met as arranged. The plan was quite simple, they would follow Cantwell's overfed bull and eat whatever grain excess the bull passed.

Within a few weeks the Nire crow was feeling absolutely wonderful and he couldn't believe it. He was feeling so well in fact that he began to soar into the sky and for the first time in his life, wheel around in circles and allow the gentle breeze carry him wherever it wanted. He felt he really must go and thank

his cousin for telling him about Cantwell's bull. One day after leaving Cantwell's farm the warm summer breezes were particularly strong and he was really having a great time he thought he might enjoy gliding in the warm breezes with his eyes closed. No sooner said than done. With his eyes closed and the breeze carrying him off to extraordinary places he suddenly came to a painful stop. He hit the top of an ESB pole just outside Kiltinan gates and was thrown flat on his back in the middle of the road in a semiconscious condition. His local cousin, who was keeping a bit of an eye on things flew down beside him to see if he was okay and also remind him of something that Ned Donovan felt we all should be mindful of Bullshit will get you up there, but it won't keep you up there!

John Lee



L to R: Kathleen Leahy, Back Green; Josie Carey, Biddy Dwyer, Back Green; Maggie Higgins (lived in Johnny Carey's house on the Green) and spent most of her life in the Good Sheppard Home, Waterford.





Brendan McIlroy and Lee-Ann Burke



Sisters Bridget and Mary Ellen O'Reilly, Barrack Street,, Fethard, who were both married in a double wedding ceremony at Holy Trinity Parish Church



Ashling Croke and Ian Kenrick





Noel 'Harry' Barry and Pauline Millea

## 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.

Bergin, Veronica, Magorban (Magorban)
Connery (Bradshaw), Angela (Powerstown)
Connolly, Ned, Garrinch (Calvary)
Crean, Willie, Annesgift (Redcity)
Doyle, Owen, Woodvale Walk (Calvary)
Fox (Delahunty) Peggy, (Kilbehenny)
Harrington, Hannah, Abbey Road (Calvary)
Keane, Margaret, The Green (Calvary)
Leahy, Hannah, Fr. Tirry Park (Calvary)
Maher, Tony, Killenaule Road (Calvary)
Major (Shine) Betty, Monroe (Surrey UK)
McGrath (Duggan), Eileen, (Calvary)
McInerney, Jimmy, Burke St. (Newlands Cross)

Morrissey, Sheila, Cheshunt (Herts UK)
Mullins, Pat, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
O'Brien OSU, Sr. Philomena, (New York)
O'Donnell, Pierce, Grangebeg (Killusty)
O'Shea, Rita, Main Street (Calvary)
O'Dwyer, Tracy, Canon Hayes Tce. (Calvary)
O'Neill, Terri, Jossestown (Island Crematorium)
Ryan, Annie, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
Sheehan, Nancy, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
Walker (O'Donnell), Eleanor, (Australia)
Walsh OSA, Fr. Timmy, Abbey (Ballylanders)
Walsh, Breda, The Glebe, Coolmoyne (Calvary)





Redcity Cemetery clean-up in July by local Tullamaine residents assisted by members of Fethard Tidy Towns. L to R: Seamus Barry, Martin Leahy, John Barry, Pat Burke, Kevin Shelly, Jimmy O'Shea, Michael Fitzpatrick, Joe Keane, John Slattery, Gus Smith, John O'Connell and Noreen Sheehy.

# Our dear departed 2011 from available photographs



















Angela Connery Peggy Stapleton (2010)

# **Days of the Half-Door**

by John Fogarty



Agnes Allen photographed at the half-door of her house at Barrack Street March 1989.

The Valley. A summer morning. Sitting on the stile opposite our house. Sliabhnamon blue and curvy to the east. Stone of the stile cool on the backs of my bare legs. Mamie Mackey leaning over her half-door smoking a Woodbine. Taking in the sights and sounds of the morning – sights and sounds that arrive and depart with leisurely intervals in between. Now and again Josie Barrett's head darts inquisitively over her half-door, looking left, looking right, like a demented cuckoo popping in and out of a clock.

Jim Croke, wearing bicycle clips, drags his bike hurriedly through the doorway, followed by a muffled tirade from his sister, Mamie. By the sound of it she is standing in the middle of the kitchen floor, hands on hips. He swings onto his bike and pedals swiftly down The Valley and away - the air of an escapee about him. Mamie watching his departure across the rim of the half-door.

Larry Shortall and Martin Nagle are busy feeding timber to a big circular saw. It spins at blinding speed, screams insanely, like a banshee, rising, falling, rising, ripping madly through logs, spraying their clothes with sawdust until they look like snowmen in summer.

A farmer from Tullamaine goes by standing to the rear of a big boxcart that runs smoothly along on inflated tyres. The horse trots briskly, hooves clattering on the tarred road. Draught chains rattling. Cart creaking. Shafts swaying slightly, occasionally you can hear the sound of milk sloshing inside the churns. The farmer winks and nods a greeting from under the brim of his hat, ripples the reins along the horse's back. Urging him gently on to the creamery. Sometimes we'd run along behind carts and straddle the short shafts on the rear, getting a bumpy spin for as long as it took the farmer to spot us. Not this morning though.

Time passes. The circular saw screams on. Mamie and Josie have abandoned their posts. An ass and cart turns into The Valley from Kerry Street. Makes its way slowly along. Peter Hegarty from Barrettstown is seated on one side, his sister, MaryEllen, on the other, a cushion insulating her frame from the bumps and vibrations of the trundling, un-sprung cart. Making their once-weekly shopping trip to town. The iron-hooped wheels on the cart wobble and rattle thunderously. The wheel-spokes are painted a rusty-red. The sound of the wheels draws Mamie and Josie to the half-doors once more. This time Mamie Croke appears as well. They exchange greetings with Peter and Mary-Ellen, comment on the weather. The ass plods on head down. Mamie and Josie watch as they disappear slowly down The Valley.

A fresh focus of interest comes up The Valley.

Ned Bulfin appears on his red milk-cart, standing behind the churns. Wearing a brown shop-coat. The pony stops unbidden on the



Group of ladies and men who helped with the catering at Fethard Carnival in 1945. Includes: Mary Gunne, Mamie Mackey, Mrs. McSweeney, Mrs Ned Bulfin, Mai Goode, Mai Grady, Mrs Henehan, Josie Carey, Mrs Stapleton, Mrs. Finn, 'Lady' Mackey, Tommy Wall.



Annie Sayers, taken in the plots on the Green, damp canvas was put on the ass 'Billy' to keep down the flies during summer. The cart was used for drawing sticks from Grove.

space outside our house. Mamie and Josie withdraw from the doors, reappear carrying enamel, blue-rimmed milk-jugs. They are joined by Mamie Croke wearing a cross-over apron and a man's body coat. Johnnyo the Valleyo appears wearing wellingtons with turned down tops. David Kane, who lives next door to us, comes out. All carrying jugs. I run inside for our jug. Ned remains standing on the cart, fills the jugs from a long-spouted milk-can. They chat with Ned, stand around with filled jugs in their hands, he leans on the churns while they probe for any fresh titbit of news he may have picked up on his rounds. Talk of the living and the dead.

The pony appears to be dozinghe has heard it all before.

They move off once more along the Valley and turn into Kerry Street.

A car sweeps in from Kerry Street and roars past, bringing curious heads out over the half-doors once more. A brand-new, two-tone Triumph Herald. Low to the ground with fin-shaped wings at the back. Driven by Dick Hogan, the creamery manager. I gawp at it and imagine the thrill of getting a spin in such a car. I had been in a car only once, a black Prefect. Pat Gunn had brought Tony Sayers and me for a spin to the top of Market Hill and back. The trip and the thrill of a lifetime.

The Triumph seems almost futur-

istic compared to that workaday Prefect, seems like something from a science fiction movie seen in the Capitol cinema across the road. Dick Hogan gives a jaunty wave, roaring along like Toad of Toad Hall. It disappears in a flash, dust from the dry road settling slowly in its wake.

Mamie Croke shakes her head disapprovingly.

Johnnyo leaves his house and sets off down The Valley carrying a cow-stick. Shortly after, his father, Denis, opens the door and looks out, closes it again. He doesn't have a half-door to look over, keep an eye on things. He peeps occasionally from behind the curtain of his small front window instead. He would see more from a half-door, if he had one.

Another ass and cart appears. Moving slowly as ass-drawn carts always do. The Daltons of Red City have arrived in town. Tom has the reins. But has control only of the ass. He is seated at one corner of the cart, Moll at the other. Nonie sits regally on what looks like a pared-down butter-box. Both women sit on cushions. They stop at Mamie Mackey's house and there is immediate drama. There is always a fierce energy fizzling around them, especially when they are talking. Words tumble over one another like quicksilver, they range from one thing to another with abandon. Interrupt one another freely, look to one another for confirmation of some point or another.

'Isn't that right, Nonie? 'Tis true for Moll' 'Well Jesus, Mary and Holy Saint Joseph, I'm not telling you a word of a lie'.

Tom lights a Woodbine, spins the peak of his cap to the back of his head, places his elbows on the asse's hindquarters - and resigns himself to a wait. He is well used to resigning himself.

There is no hurry, time doesn't matter. Going to the shop at the creamery takes so long for them that it is more an expedition of discovery than a trip.

They pause and salute as Arthur Eustace comes cruising up the Valley in his bread-van, eases past the ass and cart and the talking women, pulls up outside Nellie Shortall's shop. Steam from freshly-baked bread billows around him as he draws the bread-trays out and stacks loaves along his arm.

The women discuss Boulea bread from Ballingarry versus Fethard bread. They all agree that the new, Mother's Pride sliced pans that have appeared in the shops are just a new-fangled craze that won't last and aren't a patch on the pan loaf.

'Tom, Tom, come on Tom, get the aul' ass going, or we won't be home for the day'.

Tom shakes up the ass and they move off.

It seems very quiet when they are gone.

Pad O'Shea comes wheeling his bike up Mulligan's hill. He has a shovel and a garden fork strapped along the cross-bar. He turns into the plots where he will spend the morning working on his vegetables and potatoes which are as close to perfection as can be: tall rich green potato stalks with pink and white blossoms. Thick carrots and parsnips. Bulbous onions, scallions, lettuce, beetroot.

Shorty after Pad enters the plots his brother Mick arrives. Mick is thin, Pad portly.

Their plots are side by side, the first two inside the gate.

Brother Virgilius comes briskly along on his morning walk, his sausage dog trotting beside on his little bandy legs. He looks strange to me without his soutane and green sash. Almost like a different person. Almost.

'Dia dhib' he says politely to the

ladies.

They chorus a respectful answer. 'Dhia dhuit' he says to me, a little more curtly.

I know the answer I should make is 'Dhia is Mhuire dhuit'. But I don't make it.

I stiffen, mumble something, watch him pass like a dark cloud.

Soon he is out of sight.

Behind me, at the far side of the Clashawley in McCarthy's orchard Dick Nevin is ringing a horse. Many horses have been ringed in that spot under a towering pear tree. A deep circular track has been worn into the ground. He rings him first to the right, then to the left. Talking all the time. When he is done he walks behind the horse guiding him with



Maggie Sayer's mother, 'Kate White Sayers' with young girls Joan and Catherine (right). Dog's name was 'Jimmy' who accompanied Maggie's father Tom when he went fishing at night. Also included are Annie Sayers (Dalton) and Kitty Sayers (Lawrence). The sunhouse in the background was built by Paddy Sayers (brother). Taken at their home in the Valley.

two long ropes, the surplus looped in his hands. The horse prances along as if on springs.

The three women have withdrawn from the doors once more. Josie can't resist the occasional

out even look when there is no sound to indicate that something or someone is approaching. Larry and Martin Nagle have finished cutting timber, the diesel engine that powers the saw shuts down with a loud. gasping shudder.

Α woman dressed all in glides black smoothly by on a bicycle. There is an elaborate mudflap around the front wheel and a basket on the front. She wears a hat, sits ramrod straight, looks

directly ahead, doesn't salute. She passes this way every Sunday morning on her way to second Mass at the Abbey. I wonder how far she has cycled.

A rolling, rumbling sound comes from further down The Valley – like the din of a distant battle. Paddy 'The Racket' Ryan is on his way. Everybody knows the sound of his cart. The women reappear and study him with an undertaker's eye. He is en route to the goods store at the railway station. He is thin and pale and looks cold even on a summer's day.

Jimmy Mullins appears on a postbike making his way from door to door along The Valley. He is filling in as town postman. He goes in to our house for a cup of tea. That is my cue to go inside. He will show us his hand with the missing finger and tell us that he chopped it of while splitting kindling.

And so it goes on, the daily rhythm of traffic on the road outside our house, the horses, donkeys, cars, people constantly moving, all

in their own time, with their own quirks. The three women stand at their half-doors watching the comings and goings of life in their little world. Up and down the traffic goes, over and back the women go, day after day, like dancers dancing to the music of time until their days run out and their dance is done.



This lady, we think, is Maggie O'Brien who lived in The Valley in the 1950s.

#### Tipperary House, Grantham by Michael Millett

There's a well-known Irish story, as old as the hills of Ireland themselves – it goes, that a man was travelling through the beautiful countryside of Ireland, when he came to a crossroads with signposts pointing in all directions

but none of the names on the signposts meant a thing to him. As luck would have it, a local man was strolling by at that moment, so the traveller approached and asked him: "Sir, can you tell me the best way to Tipperary from here, please?"

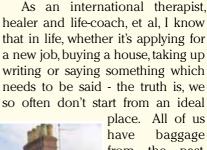
The local man thought about the question, thinking

deeply and finally answered him with hesitation:

"Sure, if I was going to Tipperary, I wouldn't start from here."

It would be easy to laugh at this and dismiss it as a rather silly answer and an Irish idiosyncrasy of expression, but there's more to it than meets the casual eye.

Isn't it the truth, that, given the choice, in so many aspects of our lives, we "wouldn't start from here" either?



from the past. Old fears, traumatic memories and the rest. We also have current life challenges whether they are to do with relationships, money, family and work responsibilities or a multitude of other things including constraints of time. All of these conspire to challenge



'Tipperary House' Grantham

us on the journey to our particular destination, our own Tipperary or destiny if you like.

My Tipperary has brought me to Grantham in Lincolnshire, beside the River Witham. This area for me personally is a timeless place with a magnetic quality.

I spent my earliest years up to the age of fourteen growing up in the city of Nottingham. My family then relocated from Nottingham to Fethard where I spent a number of years as a teenager. My father is buried in Tipperary and my mother currently lives there and will in time

end her days there too.

I spent 25 years in London before moving to live in this new house in Grantham. 'Tipperary House' is located approximately 26 miles south of the city of Lincoln, and approximately 24 miles east of Nottingham.

It stands on the East Coast Main Line railway (London-Edinburgh) and is only just over an hour by

train from London's King Cross. I think, all in all, it's well worth the extra

mileage to come and visit Grantham and Lincolnshire for yourself.

A friend of mine asked, "Isn't

'Tipperary' a strange name for a house in Lincolnshire?" I disagreed because one reason for naming it 'Tipperary House' is that Lincolnshire is steeped in Norman history with its castles and cathedrals and Tipperary is the same with its castles.

To read more on Michael's work at 'Tipperary House' you can visit his website at:

can visit his website at: www.elevatedtherapy.org.uk/tipperaryhouse.html



Michael Millett



Fethard Carnival Fancy Dress Parade entry c. 1954

## Killusty Pony show 1962-2012



Photographed at this year's Killusty Show on 2nd July were L to R: Jean-Marc Moquet, Stud Manager, Kiltinan Castle Stud, Tara Moquet on 'Blackie' and Clarisse Moquet-Boisgard

In 1962 there was a surplus of Igood ponies in Slievenamon and in the surrounding areas due partly to the presence of a number of high quality pony stallions standing at Kiltinan Castle owned by Mrs De Sales La Terriere. Killusty Pony Show was founded in that year to provide a shop window for these ponies. Fifty years on, Killusty Pony Show continues to expand and caters for all categories of ponies at its annual staging on the first Saturday in July. More than a thousand entries in eighty-seven classes do battle for the coveted rosettes. Killusty has always led by example and to demonstrate the esteem in which it is held, it is one of the only three 'double points'

shows in the calendar, the other two being the RDS Show and the IPS Championship Show From small beginnings it has risen to the top of the heap thanks to the volunteer committee who work so hard each year and to the generous sponsors who see to it that the journey to Tipperary is worth making.

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

international show-jumper, to judge at the first show and Patrick Quirke did his best to sell the surplus ponies and a great time was had by all.

Committee meetings in the early years were well attended in Keane's Pub, Killusty, with Ted Butler as chairman. As soon as the business of the day was complete, new members were asked to perform their party pieces as a form of initiation. This did not stop at the usual songs and recitations. One new member walked on his hands from the room and up the corridor and return, in the same position to rapturous applause.

The elite of the pony breeding and showing world were well represented on the committee Stallion masters Gus Keane, James O'Shea and Frank Keane added their considerable knowledge to the expertise at hand. Hard-working local community stalwarts Arthur Curtain, Bill Holohan, Patrick Quirke, Mick Byrne, Johnny Sheehan and Nicky O'Shea saw to it that the field was present and correct. Judy Butler, Rosemary Ponsonby, Di Stokes, and Betsy O'Connor attended to the beautification of the grounds and the feeding of the multitudes. Liam Quirke was the first secretary followed by Rosemary Ponsonby, Adelia Grier, La Curtain, Betsy O'Connor and Lorraine Thompson. Monica Keane and Mary Quirke acted as treasurers for many years. On show day, Christopher Horseman's dulcet tones have kept the throng informed and amused on

the public address almost without exception since the show began. The Civil Defence ambulance crew have attended to any mishaps with expertise and efficiency. Dr. Paddy Stokes was chairman for many years. Since his retirement, Noel Byrne has kept the show on the road.

The venue has changed over the years as yet more and more space is required to accommodate the growing numbers of competitors with larger and larger horseboxes. Clare Castle and the parish field were outgrown and the present show is now situated in Claremore.

As the first of many pony shows, Killusty was the forerunner in more ways than one. The first Slievenamon Championship was \$50, the equivalent of 9 ½ weeks agricultural wage, nearly €2,000 in today's currency. At present, total prize money approaches €4.000 with ten €150 championships. As demand increased for versatile ponies at every level, it was the first show in Ireland to stage a Working Hunter Class (over natural fences, banks and streams the likes of which would not be countenanced now). Show ponies, Welsh ponies and Connemara ponies, both in hand and ridden, have been joined by side-saddle classes (on the flat and over jumps), show hunter ponies, performance and working hunter ponies. Equitation classes for riders on the flat and over jumps are also staged now for those whose ponies might not be of show standard.

From 2003, coloured ponies have had a separate in-hand for the first time. A colourful dog show and a well-subscribed Fancy Dress Class complete the picture. The 2012 show will be the fiftieth show and will see eight rings in operation staging 87 classes including 15 championships.

**Ponies** will come from all parts of Ireland and the cups trophies and will spread wide at the end. In the early vears. many of the best pony breeders in the North. such as Frank McCormack

and Andy Cathers, made the long trek

to Killusty to measure their ponies against the best of the South and they did not always win. In latter years the Northern representation is sparser, partly because the Ulster Pony Society holds their Championship Show on the same weekend. Even with the proliferation of classes and the entries from all over Ireland, locally bred and owned ponies continue to do well against the rest.

Ponies shown, bought and sold at Killusty have gone to the top in their fields of endeavour whether showing, show-jumping, evening or hunting. As the progeny of All Springs and Kingfisher brought fame to Kiltinan, so did Kiltinan Charles, Gold and Silver Pepper, Rare Night and Jackets Goldfinch bring fame to Killusty. After 50 years, Killusty has fulfilled its aim of being a shop window for the Irish Pony and it is

a name recognised around the world where ponies are found.

1962 committee was: Ted Butler (chairman), Liam Quirke (secretary), Monica Keane (treasurer). Committee members were Judy Butler, Gus Keane, James O'Shea. Frank



Lorraine Thompson, secretary, making a presentation at this year's show to Bernie Byrne to mark her long years' service to Killusty Pony Show.

Keane, Dr. Paddy Stokes, Arthur Curtain, Bill Holohan, Patrick Quirke, Mick Byrne, Johnny Sheehan, Nicky O'Shea, Rosemary Ponsonby, Di Stokes, Betsy O'Connor, Adelia Grier, La Curtain and Mary Quirke. 2012 Committee are: Noel Byrne (chairman): Pat Culligan (secretary and treasurer) Michelle Walsh (public relations officer), Donnie Slattery (field manager). Committee members: Lorraine Thompson, Betsy O'Connor, Judy Butler, Jenny Butler, Derek Walsh, Barry Walsh, Jacinta Kennedy, Pat O'Brien, Cillian Slattery and Orla Walsh

# **South Tipperary Military History**



Members of the South Tipperary Military History group on a tour of First World War battle sites in Belgium and France. L to R: Joss Whelan, Richard Howley, Kay Neagle, Robert Reid, Brendan Kenny, John Neagle, Seamus Gleeson and Rena Lawrence. In front is Christine Downey.

South Tipperary Military Society was formed in March 2010. It came from an idea by Kay Neagle. Almost two years on, now the society is well established and very active. STMHS is non-political and non-religious. It is open to anyone interested in military history and can be found on Facebook and on Twitter.

During the winter months the society organises a series of lectures which have been held at Slievenamon Golf Club on the third Tuesday of every month. We try to hold talks on subjects as varied as possible. This year we covered the Irish Army's peacekeeping mission in East Timor, the activities of a member of The Third Tipperary Brigade in the War of Independence and Civil War, Irish Soldiers in foreign armies, and the WW1 Gallipoli battlefield and the activities of the

Luftwaffe over and around Ireland in WW2. Over the summer months we organise field trips to historic locations such as the Kilmichael and Beál na Blath ambush sites and the military barracks in Limerick and Kilkenny. The highlight of this year's activities was an overseas tour of the battlefields of World War One in France and Belgium.

From January we will be moving our lectures to the newly opened IUNVA House at Clonmel Railway station. Forthcoming lectures include one by Kay Neagle on the Battle of Ginchy, local republican George Plant, and the Irish soldiers who fought in the American Civil War and in Korea. In June we plan to visit the battlefield at Aughrim and later on, hopefully, Normandy.

You can get details from our website http://www.stmhs.ie/ or look for us on Facebook and Twitter.

## The Epicurean Review

The Epicurean Review is the official newsletter of 'The Epicurean Club of Boston', America's oldest professional chefs' association. Fethard featured in the March 2010 edition after board member Doug Corrigan of Dean

Foods and his wife Kathleen had the pleasure of visiting Ireland. And so the story goes...

"If this chicken was a girl, I'd marry her!" So said Adam, the son of our hosts. Theresa and Willie O'Donnell, upon tasting the main course of Doug Corrigan's home-cooked meal at the Cozie Bed & Breakfast (www.coziebandb.com)

Fethard, Tipperary, Ireland. Doug and his wife Kathleen made their first-ever trek to Ireland this past January and stayed three nights in Fethard, the hometown of Kathleen's grandfather.

One thing they didn't know about the small Norman town of Fethard was that finding a place to eat on Monday through Wednesday evenings would present a bit of a challenge. Aside from the Chinese restaurant, (yes, there's actually a Chinese restaurant in town, which served the best spicy hot and sour soup Doug and Kathleen ever had), there were no restaurants open for dinner. After walking back to

the Cozie on Monday night through fog as thick as soup, Doug suggested to his hosts that he cook dinner for them the following evening. Thinking it was the Smithwick's (the best ale in Ireland, according to Doug) talking, Theresa and Willie didn't take Doug seriously, but Kathleen, knowing her husband, knew that



Doug Corrigan at the Cozie B & B in Fethard

meant it! The next morning before Doug made it to the breakfast table, Kathleen snuck in a quick conversation with Theresa about his idea for cooking that evening's meal. Laughing, Theresa thought it was a grand idea, "If you think he's really serious, Kathleen?" Oh, about as serious as a heart attack, Theresa.

Knowing he'd be cooking made Doug's day. A back-of-the-envelope meal plan had beef as the main source of protein, prompting Doug to buy the red wine they'd need for the meal. Returning home from the grocery, Theresa and Willie filled their kitchen table with a mountain of food, but in place of beef Doug found chicken. The beef, according to Willie, a former butcher himself, "needed to hang another 48 hours." Not to be deterred. Doug cracked open one of the two bottles of Chilean wine-a cabernet and merlot-purchased at the local convenience store and went to work. Sorting through the great array of chicken, vegetables, Irish sharp cheddar cheese, and pasta and getting acquainted with Theresa's selection of spices, Doug decided on the meal for all of his diners. including the vegetarian meal for Theresa.

Theresa, wanting to ensure that Doug did no harm to his clothes, provided a rather amusing Christmas apron with silver bells in just the right spot. As the wine breathed and Doug prepped, Willie chatted with him, interrupting to ask if he wanted a beer. "Sure!", said Doug. With that, Willie reached into the fridge and pulled out a Bud. You know, some things you just can't make up.

Hearing Chef Massey's voice in his ear, Doug added cheese to both of the whole grain pasta dishes — a roasted pepper and fresh basil pesto — to ensure an adequate source of protein for Theresa. Using plenty of garlic and herb with a splash of olive oil, Doug baked the chicken for 30 minutes.

To dress the salad, Doug created a mixture of olive oil, fresh-squeezed lemons, some herbs, and a sprinkle of vinegar. The O'Donnells' daughter Lisa thought that the chicken was "just gorgeous", but a chicken worth marrying? That's a compliment to last a lifetime, as are the memories of Doug and Kathleen's first (but not last) trip to the Emerald Isle.

We've heard that Doug loved the apron so much, he took it home. 

Output

Description:



The Cozie B&B on the Rosegreen Road, outside Fethard. GPS Coordinates: N 52deg. 27.770' Latitude W 007deg. 42.187' Longitude.

### **Fethard ICA Guild**

The twenty-seven members of Fethard ICA Guild have been taking life a little easier this year after the many centenary celebrations of the organisation in 2010. We thought and spoke a lot of the great women who founded the ICA in Fethard. Their motto was, 'Deeds not Words' and it is indeed thanks to them that the ICA in the early years became a place where women could find warmth and laughter, an attractive haven in times that otherwise provided little cause for joy.

In December 2010 our loyal member, Mrs Rita O'Shea, Main Street, passed away. We miss her presence from our meetings. May she rest in peace.

Our meetings are held on the second Tuesday of every month in the ICA Hall on Rocklow Road. We break for the months of July and August. At each meeting we have guest speakers or demonstrations. This past year we have had talks on nutrition, health, up-cycling clothes, gardening, Reiki, sole therapy (a



La Walsh accepting the Cós Féile an Tostáil trophy from Colm Cleary on behalf of the Fethard ICA Choir in 1960

unique skin treatment, massaging your feet using Garra Rufa fish), and a very good cooking demonstration.

Our AGM was held in March and the following officers were elected: Betty Lanigan (president), Margaret Phelan (vice-president), Anne Gleeson (secretary), Phil Wyatt (treasurer) and committee members: Anne Horan, Marie Crean, Sheila O'Donnell and Breda Slattery.

We held our Christmas Party in Raheen House, Clonmel. Most of our members came along and had a very enjoyable afternoon with great food and lots of chat.

For our summer outing we paid a visit to Waterford Crystal factory. It was great to see the factory up and running again, but on a much smaller scale. We saw some very decorative pieces of crystal which were commissioned for prizes for the London Olympic Games. After lunch we travelled on to New Ross to see the Ros Tapestry Exhibition, another wonderful display of art work. Each piece took many years to complete and the colours were so vibrant. We returned to Waterford

for some shopping and ended our trip with a meal and a show in Dooley's Hotel.

South Tipperary ICA Federation held a sponsored walk in May in aid of Breast Cancer Research. One of our members took part and a total of €4,278 was collected.

In March we had Tai Chi classes which lasted for seven weeks. We found them very beneficial and hope to do them again after Christmas.

Workshops on card-making, handbag making, beading and other crafts are held in the South Tipperary County Museum in Clonmel. Many of our members attend. We are always looking for new members so if any ladies would like to join the ICA, please come along to one of our meetings or contact any of our members.

The members of Fethard ICA would like to extend Christmas and New Year greetings to all readers of the Fethard & Killusty Newsletter. It certainly is a good read that is looked forward to by so many, at home and away. 

Output

Description:

# **Country Markets**

Here in Country Markets Ltd we are still going strong in spite of the recession. It was a good year all round. Luckily we got a new member who specialises in confectionery. Her cakes, brown bread and meringues are eagerly looked forward to. It was a strange

year for tomatoes, just one or two suppliers had them early.

We are in the Town Hall every Friday morning where all our helpers are ready to greet our customers. We are now looking forward to 2012 when we celebrate our 65th anniversary.

### The man who used to lie on the nails!

I was talking to a boyhood friend, Don McCarthy, early this year. He asked me, "do you remember the man who used to lie on the nails?" I remember him well and I hope this little account will bring back memories to others as well as Don.

I first met 'the man who used to lie on the nails' when he started camping on the back road at Garrinch. He was a travelling man and his clan consisted of his wife, his infant son and of course, himself.

When we were tired of football and hurling we, the kids of the road, started to gather around the encampment. After a while we got quite used to him and he to us and we sat around the fire listening to stories and even sometimes drinking tea with him.

He told us his name was John Byrne and he was originally from Co. Wicklow. His wife was Maggie but he referred to her only as 'the woman'. She was quieter than Byrne and pitifully thin with a constant cough that even an ignorant 12-year-old could see was not a sign of good health. She was very diligent to the baby and treated him with great gentleness.

Byrne loved telling stories. If he had a few drinks taken he would tell us great tales of traveller life. We learned of the kindness of many people to the travellers and the many injustices that others visited

on them. Ghosts and priests figured largely in many stories and Byrne's favourite topic, the guards.

He hated the guards. He never did explain exactly why but he told us of a myriad wrongs done to him and other travellers. He would rant and rave when drunk, "what did them \*\*\* guards do when 'twas put up to them" at some lodge in Carlow or Wexford. He didn't tell us what was put up to the guards and we had of course no idea what did guards did anyway. We just listened.

He didn't have very much but he was decent enough with what had, and offered us cups of tea. He loved plenty of sugar in it and it was great to be treated as adults by the light of the camp fire. He treated us as equals.

At GAA matches we would see him sitting up near the gates inside the ground. He would crack a whip and shout, "may I attract your attractions Ladies and Gentlemen". Maybe his grammatical error was deliberate to create an amusing atmosphere. He would then put on his little show which consisted of lying on bed of nails with a concrete block on his bare chest. He also lay down on a pile of broken glass. He then proceeded to put a large pin or small nail through the skin of his throat just below the Adams Apple. Even at twelve, I had heard of the danger of infection and I never saw any Dettol or boiling water or any other means of preventing it. However, I never heard of Byrne getting any illness or infection either!

The crowd would then throw a penny or a halfpenny on to a blanket and disappear to watch the match while 'the woman' collected the small cache of coins which was the pay for his possibly dangerous labour.

With the coming of TV in the sixties, the 'nail man's' performance seemed to get very infrequent. A

few times he appeared around on his own with no family with him and eventually he stopped his visits altogether. I often wonder what became of John Byrne, his sick wife Maggie and their little boy. If anybody does know I'd like to hear from them. After drinking sugary tea with the Byrnes I could never think badly of the travellers afterwards. In truth, the experiences of our child-hood is our greatest teacher.

Denis Burke

# **Fethard Camper Van Parking**



A new camper van park has opened on a one-acre site at Tullamaine, Fethard. It is situated in a very scenic area, surrounded by stud farms, on a quiet country farm three miles from Fethard town. If you use a 'sat nav' device you will find us at the following GPS coordinates: N 52 28.077, W 7 45.573.

The serviced sites are on hard standing, with ESB, water, toilets and sewerage facilities, picnic and barbeque area, football pitch and quiet county walks.

At €10 per night, and open all year round, it is great value for money that cannot be beaten. So far customers have come from Ireland and abroad being only 8 miles from the 'Rock of Cashel'. They have expressed great praise for the facilities and value for money. Contact: Seamus Barry on 086 2547162. 

Output

Description:

### **Senior Citizens Club**

Senior Citizens meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month at the Tirry Centre where all our members are served tea, sandwiches and cakes, followed by entertainment such as music, bingo or a guest speaker.

In March we had Dr. Carmel Condon speak and she gave a very informative talk on different aspects of health. In April we had our Easter Party in the Tirry Centre where members presented their Easter Bonnets. These were judged by Ms Pat Looby and prizes were awarded to the first three chosen.

In May we held Mass in the Tirry Centre celebrated by Fr. Anthony McSweeney and followed by a lovely tea. In June we held our annual outing. This year's venue was Clonfert where all our members attended evening Mass. On the way home we stopped for dinner in Racket Hall Country House, Roscrea. All our seniors really enjoyed the day out.

In August we had our mini-trip to Tramore and our evening meal in the Waterford Manor Hotel, Kilmeaden. A very enjoyable evening was had by all our seniors. November is our quiz month with the questions very ably prepared by Eddie, and always another very enjoyable night.

Preparations are underway at the moment for our annual Christmas Party to be held at the Anner Hotel, Thurles, in December, preceded by Mass in the Augustinian Abbey.

We take this opportunity to thank each and everyone who has helped us in any way, either financially or otherwise, to keep our club going. A very happy and peaceful Christmas to all our friends at home and abroad.



'Birthday Party' entry in Fethard Carnival Fancy Dress Parade in the late 1950s

## **Fethard Tidy Towns**



Mrs Mary Harrington cutting the tape at the official opening of the new 'Harrington Walkway' at Jesuits Walk, Fethard.

Fethard Tidy Towns committee for 2011 is as follows: Joe Keane (chairman), Thelma Griffith (secretary), Brian Sheehy (treasurer), Deirdre Brady, Jimmy Smith, Eamonn Kennedy, Vincent Doocey, Sr. Marie, Tom Tobin, Jimmy O'Shea, Johnny Burke, Mary Connors and Gabrielle Schofield.

Fethard Tidy Towns are now working to a three-year plan and things are going very well. This year we had an increase of four points on our score in the National Tidy Towns competition. While this wasn't a huge increase for all the work completed we are still learning what makes the judges 'tick'. This year we planted two sections of wild flowers by the Clashawley River which were very popular with the people of Fethard adding a great splash of colour to the land-

scape, but unfortunately the judges were not as impressed as the butterflies and photographers!

The Valley river walk is a great joy to walk and more people are availing of this facility every year. We still have difficulty in getting dog owners to keep a closer watch on where their pets do their 'business', so maybe it's time for the litter warden to do his 'business'. We also still have the ongoing problem of cans and bottles being dumped in the river but our diligent crew of volunteers do tremendous work in keeping the walk looking well.

We always welcome more volunteers to help us with the all-year task of litter picking, so if you're local and willing to help please give your name to one of our committee members. This year we have planted a selection of bulbs, shrubs, trees and more wild flowers, the fruits of which should be obvious in spring. The tubs of flowers at the churches were also a great success and will be back in time for the summer growth.

Our wildlife adviser, Kevin Collins, has spotted many kinds of birds, fauna and flora around the town and hopefully we can encourage a wider range to make Fethard their home in the near future.

One of the major projects undertaken this year was the 'Harrington Walkway'. This new walkway takes pedestrians off the busy Clonmel road so they can safely walk from Congress Terrace to Jesuits Walk away from traffic. The whole project was made possible by the generosity of the Harrington family for allowing us the use of their land,

South Tipperary County Council, local foreman Jimmy Horan and his fantastic team of workers. Mrs Mary Harrington officially opened the walkway on 14 September, 2011.

We still have a tremendous amount of work to be done in Fethard but it is very rewarding when you begin to see the results on the ground. We thank everyone who gives us encouragement and support, and special thanks for the many donations we receive to help make our work possible.

Keep a close look on the local paper, The Nationalist, for details of upcoming meetings if you would like to get involved. We take this opportunity to wish all readers a very Happy Christmas and a litterfree New Year.



Members of the County Council who worked on the Harrington walkway project. Back L to R: Bertie Moroney, Michael O'Connor, Joe Keane (Tidy Towns), Cllr Jimmy O'Brien, Jimmy Horan (Overseeer) Eoin Powell (Area Engineer), Cllr John Fahey. Front L to R: T.J. Sheehan and Bill Coffey.

# **Vice Principal retires**

Mrs. Maureen Maher retired from Holy Trinity National School, Fethard on 31 August 2011. Maureen trained as a Primary School teacher in Mary Immaculate Training College Limerick and spent one year teaching in Carlow before joining the staff in Nano

Nagle N.S. Fethard in 1974. Maureen taught with us first as Miss Adams before changing her name on marriage as was usual at the time. During her teaching career, taught Maureen most classes and she served as Viceprincipal for her final six years in

Nano Nagle, a position she retained for the past year in the amalgamated Holy Trinity N.S. that came into being in September 2010.

Maureen brought boundless enthusiasm and huge commitment to all aspects of her teaching career. Her classroom was a treasure trove of learning materials, educational games and challenging hands-on activities, many devised and handmade by herself, all designed to afford a comprehensive learning experience for her pupils. Maureen's dedication to her school work never waned and she was continually striv-

ing to improve the facilities on offer to the children in her care. She readily embraced computer technology and, likewise, her love of photography enriched her teaching and introduced another dimension to the classroom experience. Her passion for the environment and all

things ecological enthused staff and pupils alike, and was reflected importance

in our commitment to promoting litter-awareness, healthy eating, energy conservation and the recycling. She was also responsible for our successful involvement in the Tidy Schools competitions

and other related projects such as tree-planting, water-harvesting and growing flowers, fruits and vegetables. This year, she spearheaded Holy Trinity's first steps towards gaining Green School status and we look forward to inviting her back to be present with us when we receive our first green flag.

As many of those who are familiar with the ethos of our school will be aware, we subscribe to the Adlerian approach to discipline based on mutual respect, inclusiveness and encouragement. This came

naturally to Maureen with her innate sense of fair play and her genuine concern for the entire school community. She was always thoughtful, kind and caring and her instinctive modus operandi with her pupils was that of the gentle reprimand as opposed to the stringent rebuke. We, her teaching colleagues, appreciated her habitual good humour her ready wit and her lively sense of fun. Every school community, just like all other work places, experiences its own challenges and Maureen's calm good sense, her willingness to listen and her ability to see another's point of view, undoubtedly played an important part in promoting a positive working environment for all of us. Incidentally, when we came back to school in September we found a "welcome-back" hamper from Maureen awaiting us in the staff room - a typically thoughtful gesture on her part.

As Maureen embarks on this new phase in her life, we wish her all the very best because, as they say nowadays, she so deserves it. We know she won't have time to be bored (or even to miss us!) as she is already busy with plans involving hill-walking, learning Spanish, completing the Camino del Santiago and possibly travelling even further afield. We congratulate her on her involvement with the recent photographic exhibition in the Arts Centre in Clonmel and the stunning pictures she displayed there. We know also that we will stay in touch and that she will be as keen to hear our news as we will be to share hers. We wish her joyful travelling with her husband Seamus and continued happiness with her four wonderful sons. Ross. Niall. Fintan and Kevin.

A Mháirín, a chara, go n-éirí do bhóthair leat agus go dté tú slán.Slán go fóill.Adios! ●



Fethard Carnival Fancy Dress entry in the 1950s L to R: Bridie Bulfin, Margaret McCarthy, Girlie Healy, Kathleen Cummins, May Donovan, Annie Flynn, Dollie O'Donnell, Baby O'Donnell, Rita Flynn and Maggie Tierney (Kerry Street).



A young John Carroll (proprietor Lonergan's Bar, The Square, with his wife Roseanne) photographed with a 'Turkey' as a prize for a Christmas Pool competition when he worked in Paddy O'Gorman's Pub in Clonmel. John was good at 'promotion' then and still is today in Fethard.



Photographed at the 60th Anniversary Pilgrimage to Holy Year Cross on Slievenamon, 14 August, 2010 are L to R: Con O'Connell, Paddy Croke, Eleanor O'Connell and Jim O'Connell

## Some of your comments . . .

It was so amazing to visit Fethard in 1952 when Gran would always give me 6d to go to Jimmy Hanrahan's shop. Wonderful advertising pictures of racing yacht selling Player's Tobacco – but much better a 3d bar of Cadbury's Chocolate and a bottle of pop made in Clonmel. Why so amazing? Over here all such sweet stuff was on ration and totally impossible to buy. No wonder Fethard made such an impact!

Alan Cantrill (Tutbury UK)

I will be celebrating my eightieth birthday next June P.G. and hope to do so by climbing Slievenamon again. Looking forward to saying hello!

Pat Shine (Herts UK)

2010 edition, best ever! Well done on a marvellous production. Fabulous quality and so professionally put together. Many thanks.

Fr. Michael Barry (Borrisoleigh)

I am not a native of Fethard but I enjoy reading your annual newsletter. My native parish is Solohead and Cappawhite. I never cease to be amazed with the quality of your newsletter. I read it from cover to cover. You can be very proud of Fethard and your wonderful newsletter. I was ordained in 1967 and I have been here in America ever since. I usually go back to Ireland every summer, but it is now a very different Ireland from the Ireland I left in 1967

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Willie Oliver O'Neill, PP,VG. (Georgia USA) This year's pride of place must go to 'To an Athlete Dying Young', a delightful story, beautifully told by Tom Burke. I have read it many times and will again. The fact that Frank bought a house in Ireland, for retirement, pleased me. Sad that he died so young.

Rena Staunton (London)

August 2010 was the 60th Anniversary of the Holy Year Cross on Slievenamon. My family and I travelled especially to attend as I was there when it was erected. I can chat about items in it to brothers and sisters spread around England, Ireland and Australia. A fantastic tool to keep ties to our place of birth.

Jim O'Connell (Essex UK)

I still think of Fethard/Killusty my home, even after being away 56 years. I still love to come back, less often these days. I find it lonely as most of the older people are gone. I really appreciate you sending me the Newsletter.

Bridget Morrissey (Warwickshire UK)

What would we do without the Newsletter each year? Thanks for remembering us.

Tony O'Donnell (Dublin)

Looking forward to the next Newsletter already. Hope you can continue for many years to come. Many thanks!

Eleanor Voss Morrissey (Surrey UK)

Say hello to Seamus Hackett!

Michael Tobin (Illinois USA)

Thank you for sending the Newsletter. It's interesting to see Fethard growing and blooming. All the best for 2011.

Karin Evans (Germany)

Great to hear the news from around Fethard and also great to know you have so many young contributors, God Bless.

Maureen Mackey (Staffordshire UK)

I think of the words of the song "Home town, want to wander round your backstreets", when I get the Newsletter. I love it!

Laura O'Mahoney (Monaghan)

Another excellent read. Thank you so much.

Patricia Orski (Kent UK)

Congratulations, it is really an extraordinary achievement for Fethard & Killusty!

Denis Kelly (Cork)

A booklet of quality with lots of news to look forward to at Xmas. Thank you.

Patrick O'Hanrahan (London)

Although I spent so little time in Fethard, I left when I was about nine years old (1950), Fethard still remains in my heart and I look forward to the Newsletter. Keep up the good work.

Ned Power (Wolverhampton UK)

I was baptised in Fethard in 1945. My father was Ted King and my grandfather was Ned King of the Green. My aunt was Josie. I would love to return one day.

Eddie King (Ilkeston UK)

Like a visit from a family member, the Newsletter. Locked away indoors time stands still...wonderful production.

Rita Flanagan (Bristol UK)

Congratulations on another superb production.

Fr.A.B. Kennedy (Portumna)

As always, delighted to get the Newsletter. Bigger and better this year. Fethard will always be home, happy times and memories.

Tom Shine (Cahir)



## The scenic route to college

by Lee-Ann Burke



Lee-Ann Burke photographed with her family at Red City, Fethard. Back L to R: Dermot, Glen, Lee-Ann, Kevin, Emmet. Front parents Dinny and Eileen

Twork as a lecturer in the Leconomics Department in University College Cork, and have been there for over six years. I took what I like to call 'the scenic route' to college and had a variety of parttime jobs to get me there. My earliest memories of school are of being taken to school on the crossbar of my dad's bike. I felt so grown up coming home to tell my brother Kevin what to expect when he started. I started school at Easter. It was common then but it meant I had to start back over again in September. That's when Kevin started school too and we were now in the same class. My parents did not want us coming up the ranks together so we were to be

put in separate classes. However this was not as straightforward a task as the teachers thought. We clung to each other and cried. I shouted at the teachers saying, 'you're not taking my brother'. He was only going to the class next door, but I was very protective. Dad had to be called in from the secondary school to separate us and eventually they were able to take Kevin to a different class and so we never shared any more classes.

A lovely memory that my friends and I still talk about on occasion is Rita Kenny reading Jane Eyre to us in 3rd Class. As far as we can recall she read to us every Wednesday afternoon for maybe 20 minutes or so before the bell rang. It was something that we looked forward to all week. We loved to hear all about Jane and Mr Rochester. She read it so well that we were almost transported to Thornfield Hall every Wednesday afternoon and unusually enough, we were disappointed when the bell was rung.

My first part-time job when I was in school was working out at Annesgift picking tulip bulbs. Dad, who has been keeping a diary every night for over forty years wrote on that day, June 8, 1992: "We were feeling nostalgic this morning with Lee-Ann and Kevin off to their first job, 'the bulbs'. I suppose it is part of the painful breaking away process that will have to be gone through as they become more independent and break away entirely from us. They both 'survived' their first day and are going back tomorrow".

We survived over two months of it even though it was tough work but loads of our friends were there too so we did have some fun. We used to meet at the Ballroom and cycle out together. We got paid \$1 per hour which was \$35 a week. Myself and Kevin used to give in \$5 for 'our keep' at home and keep the rest. We spent it on video rentals in the new Night Owls video shop in town or in Clonmel on Saturdays but we kept some for the monthly hugely popular, Killenaule Disco. It was hardly surprising that I truly learned the value of money that summer. Working part-time in O'Sullivan's chemist a couple of years later was

a much cleaner and nicer job altogether and while I worked there I never had to get my mother to wash my hair at the sink because I couldn't bend my neck, like I did when I worked at the bulbs or picking potatoes for Manfred Naundorf!

Unlike a lot of my friends, I was not really sure what direction I wanted to take when I left school. I really enjoyed studying French in school so I decided that I would go to Brussels to work as an au-pair for a lovely Belgian woman called Caroline Fallon, no Irish connections but she loved Enya! She had two children, Noe and Lucie. I lived with that family for a year and really enjoyed it. Brussels is a beautiful city. I attended French classes in the University of Brussels and met so many people. There was no Facebook then so I have lost contact with them unfortunately. I came home with a fantastic level of French and have put it to good use over the years since so it was a year well spent.

My dad, being the career guidance teacher in the school, told me about a new course starting in post leaving cert colleges in 1997 funded by the IDA and including a 17 week funded placement in a European country. I applied for it and started in September 1997 and spent the summer of 1998 working as a receptionist in a hotel in Montpellier, in the South of France. It was during the World Cup and as it was held in France the excitement was incredible. The night that France won was absolutely

unbelievable. No one went to bed and the city of Montpellier went wild. I remember meeting some Irish fans (even though the team didn't make it in that year) who were over 'for the craic anyway'.

After finishing that course, and working for a couple of vears for Sheraton Hotels and subsequently for Siemens where I dealt with calls from Ireland, the UK and French speaking countries, I applied for a night degree in Arts in UCC in 2000. As it turned out, evening study was not

for me and I trans- Lee-Ann Burke photographed with her brother ferred to being a

full time day student in 2001. Being in a very big class in UCC was very different to the community feeling of being in a smaller college and it took some getting used to. I continued working part-time for Siemens at weekends but also got another part-time job in the infirmary of the convent of Our Lady of the Apostles, a missionary order nearby in Ballintemple in Cork. I worked there every Friday, bank holidays and college holidays.

Kevin and his children Kiefer and Eboni

The sisters in the convent treated me so well, they gave me time off for my exams, they said novenas for me while I sat the exams and they shared in every single achievement throughout my time in UCC. I absolutely loved that job. The stories that the sisters told me about life in Africa were fascinating, from the work they did, the schools they

built and the languages they spoke. I remember in particular Sr Johanna from Fermov. She had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease when started working there but remembered parts of her childhood and had some memories of her time in UCC also. During her time in Africa she had been made chief of the village. Such was her

work ethic and her enthusiasm for school building and education. A white woman being made chief of a village in Africa was unheard of. She was an amazing person. The sisters in the infirmary often called me Sister too and some asked me if I would sign up for a life of service to God. The sisters loved to hear about life in UCC and about what the lectures were like as a lot of them were UCC graduates. They often asked me how my love life was, what dates did I go on and so on. They loved getting a bit of gossip every now and again, like any woman I suppose!.

I finished my undergraduate

degree in 2004 and then started a masters degree in economics. I wrote a research thesis on Malaria expenditure in The Gambia. Of course the sisters were very interested in that and used to tell me about the times that they were very ill with malaria and what medication they got.

Lstarted a PhD in 2006 researching mental health in Ireland. During those three years I worked par-time as a lecturer in the economics department but also part-time as a teacher in a secondary school for children in the care of the Health Service Executive The classes were very small and the pupils I taught were living in care in order to keep them safe. These were two very different worlds of education. I taught, and still teach, privileged people in UCC. I knew that those I taught in the school would never in all likelihood go on to university, while those in UCC would never in all likelihood, understand what it is like not to have that privilege or similar ones. At times it was very frustrating moving from one world to the other a couple of times during the working week. The teachers in that school did fantastic work trying to encourage the young people to stay in education, but it was very difficult and not many of them even sat the leaving certificate.

I now have a full-time job in the Economics Department in UCC. My area of focus is health economics and I teach at both undergraduate and postgraduate level. I very much

enjoy lecturing and all the other aspects of the job. When people ask how many hours we teach, and I say, on average 6 hours a week, they almost laugh. However, those 6 hours in front of a class require maybe 20 hours preparation, even if you have taught that subject before, in order to keep up-to-date with the material and the ever changing economy. We prepare and set our own exams and we deal with student queries. As a lecturer, I am expected to carry out academic research. I am working closely with the National Suicide Research Foundation in Cork on a mental health study in schools in Cork and Kerry. This is a European-wide mental health study and involves working with suicide research centres in Sweden, Italy, and France amongst others. I am the lead health economist on this project and we are trying to decide on the most cost-effective way to improve mental health in young people and reduce the numbers of those committing suicide. It is a very interesting project and one I believe can be worthwhile with long-lasting consequences for some of those pupils involved.

It is nearly twenty years now since my friends, Kevin and I picked tulip bulbs for £1 an hour. I have learned so much from every job I have had and there has definitely been a wide ranging variety of them each requiring lots of different skills and aptitudes which I know will always stand to me in both my personal and professional life. 

Output

Description:

### A Winter's Tale

For many years we have enjoyed relatively mild winters. It is to do with global warming, we have been told, and some even go so far as to predict that in a generation or so we shall be experiencing Mediterranean style weather with the prospect of vineyards mushrooming in these islands. However the last two winters have given those of us who grew up in the 40s and 50s a reminder of winters past and, in my case, set in motion my penchant for reminiscing.

The first winter of which I have memory, very hazy and patchy, is that of 1946-'47. It was probably the coldest of that century so far. Certainly it wreaked havoc on the lives of most people, it disrupted lives to a degree it is now difficult to imagine and for some, especially the old and frail, it was lethal. My memory of it, apart from hearing the tales my parents told me subsequently, is of being brought to the backdoor by my mother and Aunt Girlie to see the huge floods from the eventual thaw as the Clashawley flowed into the Abbey Fields and a mighty lake arose.

The coldest winter of the last century was probably 1962-'63, the year I left home with the intention of finding work in England for a few years until the Irish economy picked up and I could return. A vain hope it was to prove but, I



Sheila and Michael O'Donnell (Mary Flynn's children) photographed with Brendan Kenny, Don McCarthy, Marie Scanlon, Cathy Trehy and Norma Hanrahan playing in the wooden crates at the back of Mick Trehy's garage. July 1959.

digress. That December the temperature dropped below freezing a week before Christmas and was to remain so day and night for the next ten weeks. I recall shivering as I waited for the airport coach at Bristol Temple Meads Station and watching through the train window on the route from Dublin to Fethard the ice adhering to the telegraph wires as the train headed southward. The journey back in early January is one I still remember vividly; Dublin Airport was being kept functioning by a snow plough which swept and piled the snow in great banks on the sides of the main runway. As the plane, a fully laden Fokker Friendship, climbed over Dalkey Harbour you could detect the sheet of ice covering the water inside the harbour wall. The coach from Bristol Airport slithered its way into the city and the train from Bristol was delayed by hours as staff struggled to unfreeze frozen points on the track. It was quite an experience and people pulled together to assist each other and make the best of things. That January the final England rugby trial was shifted from Twickenham to Torquay, five miles from where I was then working, because it was far too cold in London to stage it. At Torquay it was made possible by covering the local rugby pitch with several feet of straw on Wednesday and removing it on the Saturday an hour before kick-off. The game went ahead but only just. Elsewhere the schedule of sporting fixtures was disrupted totally and it was well into summer before the backlog was cleared.

Winters at school hold dismal memories for me. Apart from a fire at the end of each large classroom at the primary school, there was no heating. What heat the fire offered largely went up the chimney and we all shivered. Such conditions are often described as character-forming, certainly people in England used to be in the habit of so describing them. It rather reminds me of George Bernard Shaw's remark, "the English believe they are moral when they are only uncomfortable". Freezing in that dim and dingy pit which passed for the old school might have been character-forming but not, I would speculate, in the way some people would like to believe. It made me appreciate all the more the fact that my mother kept a very warm kitchen, the product of a Stanley range fuelled by turf, briquettes were still some years away, and it was a haven to which we were glad to return each winter's evening.

The other memory I have is of chilblains. These were the result of the inadequate heating and, perhaps, poor circulation. Most suffered from them and they were very uncomfortable. My abiding memory of the condition is the infernal itching they brought on and scratching them seemed to make them only worse. Still we survived and grew up without, I hope, too many hang-ups. The fact that I have not experienced

them for almost fifty years makes me grateful for the many comforts we now take for granted, central heating being by no means the least.

When the temperature fell in November it really froze hard. One amusement we resorted to was skating on the road in front of the public water pumps which were situated at street corners. One. I recall in particular, was at the junction of Barrack Street and the Square. We often sprayed the road liberally as night fell knowing that in the morning that road would be a mini ice rink and we could skate on it. There were few cars about in those days so motor accidents were not an issue. When it froze I remember the ice in pools in the Abbey Field was often more than half an inch thick, almost sufficient to support our weight. We often amused ourselves by trying to break it and it brought home to us how tough frozen water really was for it was not easy to smash. In retrospect it reminds me of how cold the weather of fifty years ago was and how unused to such conditions we have become.

The happy event of winter was Christmas. It began in mid-November when the toy displays appeared in the shop windows of Landers in Main Street and O'Meara's in Burke Street. Toy cars and trains for boys, dolls for girls were the most popular and many of these were made by a Birmingham company called Chad Valley. The business still exists but, I believe, most of their products

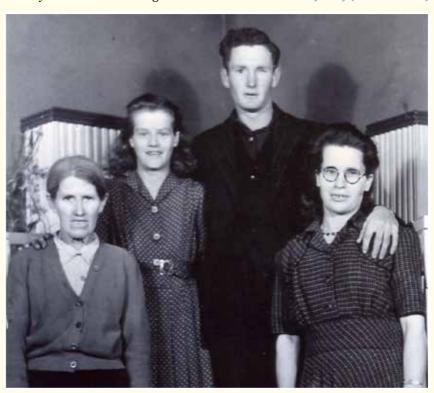
are made in China. By the evening of Christmas most of the clockwork models had broken reflecting the fact that our parents were shamelessly exploited by firms who produced such utter garbage and profited from it. I liked comic annuals and can still recall the exploits of Desperate Dan, Biffo the Bear and the adventures of Buffalo Bill. Christmas began in earnest with six o'clock (am) Mass and I have happy memories of being woken at 5.30 and emerging into the world outside our house and being hit by a temperature of minus several degrees Celsius, enough to take your breath away. Still, despite the hour, the Abbey was full and people crammed into the pews for there was never enough room to accommodate us all comfortably. I doubt that that still applies for the past fifty years have seen, among other things, the decline of religious faith and practice. Nevertheless I still look forward to this aspect of winter as its most important feature and find myself making my way through the silent streets of Plymouth to midnight Mass. Until she died a few years ago at 93, I used to drive a neighbour to this ceremony, she had being going continuously since she was a very small child and was unwilling to give up despite her age and frailty.

In 1957 the Russians launched the first space satellite, Sputnik. It crossed the sky in low orbit at 90 minute intervals and, at times, could be seen as a star moving across the night sky. The newspapers gave the times when it was likely to appear and I remember being awakened by my father at 3 am to watch it. The night was cold in the extreme, everything was covered in a stiff hoar frost. We stood outside for about half an hour waiting to see it. It did not appear and we went back to bed frozen to the marrow. A few days later it appeared at about 6 pm and we were enthralled to see this tiny but luminous object crossing the sky. It was the harbinger of so

many other developments, satellite television, worldwide communication and, of course, globalisation with all its benefits and drawbacks.

Last winter brought back many memories of winters in the 1950s. However, this was so much easier to contend with for the numerous advances of the intervening years have raised our material quality of life immensely. We are better housed, better fed and generally more comfortable and for these blessings my generation are, I think, grateful.

Tommy Healy (November 2011)



L to R: Madge Kelleher/Cummins, Nell Cummins/O'Reilly, Johnny O'Reilly and Margaret Mary Kelleher. Taken July 1946

## John Joe's Corner

### Generosity of brightness

As a young, brash boy on entering Newport's Newsagency, Tony guipped. 'It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness'. Sayings of a tolerant age, such as, 'For the grace of God, there go I', or, May the troubles of the year go with it'. Others were, 'A good start is half the battle'; 'He who laughs last, laughs best'; 'When you buy the calf, you buy the cow'; 'A river runs its course'. Days of holy water when everything was blessed and if someone did well, there was no begrudgery, only pride. Value was widely known, knowledge, burden, the Rosary recited daily. Different times, they resonate now and again.

#### **Crowds of Gaels**

Pipe band amidst the sunshine, they came, from near and far, lengths of suits were the prize, for the winners of the Fethard tournament. Sarsfields and Jimmy Doyle playing, goaled, that's the chat, roared the many spectators, material supplied, suits had to be tailored, individually, valuable at that time. Other teams were Mount Sion, Glen Rovers, a forerunner of the All-Ireland Club.

#### A bed of nails

Over by the town wall, on match day, the ground sheet was spread. People, streaming to the Barrack Field, watched, as Johnny cracked the whip, a boy asked why, to keep

#### by John Joe Keane

away the wasps. Stripped to the waist, he lay on a bed of nails, and placed a large stone on his chest, applause and coins were given. Then he pierced his arm with a large safety pin, a hardy individual, on an earner

#### Johnny Leahy

Wit, being part of his conversation, here are a few examples, a fine day, how is it going? Flying, a great way to travel, replied Johnny. The hit song was 'The Twist', what part goes, when you do the twist, was the question he asked. The answer Johnny gave was, your bowels. In a parade, decked out in tyres and exhaust pipes, Johnny's placard read, 'Tired and Exhausted'. Another item was boots tied on to boots called 'Coming and Going'. Entertainment.

#### Mary Ann Keane

Hailed from North Cork. Castletownroche. married Tom Keane, settled in Fethard, knew tragedy, with the loss of twins, a boy and girl, Eleanor and Joseph. Reared seven children, believed in the power of prayer, was a staunch patriot, had a big heart, was very tolerant, saw many changes and had a big affinity for the Abbey Church, passed away in 1990, the year her beloved county won the double. A great mother, wife, daughter and Christmas always thought of fondly, son.

#### Jimmy McInerney

Emigration being rife, he spent time in England, attended the reunions before coming home to Fethard, ran a shop in Burke Street, wrote a book on the Patrician Brothers in Fethard. Liked walking the dogs and having a drink socially, reared in Barrack Street during tumultuous times, sorry to hear of his passing, a character, one of the old stock, may he rest in peace.

#### Born to Score

On hearing Dush Keane, is not too well,
The man who held us all in a spell
Starred against Bansha and Loughmore
That boy, could play football and score.
Took a penalty in seventy-eight, title on a plate
The goalie, never moved, saw it to late
One of Fethard's messiahs, at senior level, joy
Cute, athletic, built tall, appeared to be coy.
Played for the county, came from The Green
Sought foreign pastures, his senses keen
All want to wish him, a big recovery soon
Deserves it, in his prime, a discovery's boon.



Thomas McCormack sent us this photograph from Wales of his grandfather, Michael McCormack, Ardsallagh, Fethard, photographed outside his house and workshop about 70 years ago.

Michael was a carpenter and wheelwright specialist by trade.

## **Holy Trinity National School**



Junior Infants' Class 2011 at Holy Trinity National School. Back L to R: Keira Daniel (Ard Alainn), Nicole Murphy (Monroe), Ben Allen (Woodvale Walk), Lucy Burke Lawrence (Woodvale Walk), Lucy Brett (Kilnockin Road), Aoife Harrington (Kerry Street). Middle L to R: Olivia Ward (Garrinch), Leo Makhinya (An Seanlíne), Charlie Brennan (Lisronagh), Liam Kiely (Coolmoyne), Danny Hayes (Abbey Street), Róisín Geoghegan (Woodvale Walk), Ciara Donald Besso (Friarsfield), Isobel O'Donnell (Coleman). Front L to R: Rebecca Needham (Abbey View), Emily Spillane (Tullamaine), Joshua Hall (St. Patrick's Place), Angel Louise Reilly (Canon Hayes Park), Kate Murphy (The Valley), Aoibheann Collum (Ballyvaden), Zoë Prout (Woodvale Walk). Missing from photograph Robert Thompson Brawders, Jake Fox and Cian Murray.

Ctaff: Mrs Patricia Treacy, Principal, Ms Tríona Morrison, Vice-Principal (1st Class), Mrs Margaret Gleeson (Junior Infants), Ms Denise Meehan (Senior Infants), Mrs Mary Hanrahan (2nd Class), Mrs Rita Kenny (3rd Class), Mrs Eileen Fitzgerald (4th Class), Ms Aisling Fanning (5th Class), Mrs Sarah O'Sullivan (6th Class), Ms Carmel Lonergan, Ms Lorraine de Lacey and Mr Tom Butler, Learning Support\ Resource, Mr Keith MacAmhaidh (High Support Unit), Ms Ann-Marie Harty SNA, Mrs Ann D'Arcy (secretary), Mr Willie Ryan and Mrs Mai Costello (caretaking staff).

Ms Peig McGarry from Gortnahoe is still with us on a voluntary basis and we all benefit hugely from her many years of experience. Peig works with learning support pupils as well as participating in team-teaching in the classrooms. Without Peig, many of our children would not get the help they need as our official learning - support provision isn't sufficient to meet the current demand. We have felt the effect of cutbacks just like everyone else in Ireland. We have lost one of our teaching posts and in June we had to say goodbye to Agnes Grogan who worked so dedicatedly with us as a SNA. However, Agnes, too, has returned to us on a voluntary basis and as always her assistance is a huge support to pupils and teachers alike. Sr. Maureen Power retired from Nano Nagle in 2010 but she has also opted to return to assist us two afternoons per week. As a result, knitting is flourishing among the boys and girls from 2nd to 6th class.

Throughout the past year other volunteers have come to our assistance as we coped with the on-going disruption of builders on site. A new extension housing learning support rooms, storage areas, toilets and a new, much bigger staff room was added on to the rear of the building. The original staff room and the offices were reconfigured to provide proper offices for the principal and the secretary, as well as additional storage space. Internal walls were demolished to afford access around, rather than through, the P.E. hall. Mrs Kenny relocated to that hall with 6th Class while Ms Fanning's class and Mrs Fitzgerald found themselves over in the old St. Patricks N.S. hall. At times, it felt like musical classrooms as we packed up and vacated before various school breaks to allow necessary work take place; unpacking and re-occupying in time for the school re-opening. We all learned to negotiate around the builders' equipment and the safety barriers and to ignore the sound of drilling and hammering. Throughout it all we were kept going by the thought, "it will be worth it all in the end" but there's no doubt that the end would not have been so successfully realised without the on-going support of our wonderful parents who collaborated so whole-heartedly with the South Tipperary Volunteer Group under the leadership of Mrs Amanda Quigley. Amanda had approached Mrs Treacy offering support and with all hands on deck throughout the summer holidays, the entire school was cleaned, refurbished and painted. No task was too daunting as volunteers plastered, painted inside and out washed windows, cleaned and polished floors and installed sound-proofing. The courtvard was given a make-over and beautiful new flower beds were planted in the school grounds. It is truly one of those occasions when words are not adequate to express the depth of our gratitude. We can only offer a heartfelt "go raibh míle, míle maith agaibh" to all concerned.

The South Tipperary Volunteer Group also organised a competition for the schools in South Tipperary where children were asked to draw pictures or write stories and poems on the theme 'what it means to be Irish'. We were delighted when our school was asked to host the prizegiving for the competition and even more thrilled to learn that Holy Trinity N.S. was the overall winner. Mary Davies, the then presidential candidate, was the guest speaker on the day and she paid glowing tribute to all those who so unselfishly give of their time and talents volunteering to improve things in their respective communities and without whom so many undertakings would never be possible. She established a genuine rapport with all the children present and had an insightful and appreciative word for each of the prize winners. The winning entries have been compiled in a lovely book entitled 'What it means to be Irish' that retails at €10 and is available from the South Tipperary Volunteer Group. Ms Davies then presented our Principal with a cheque for €1,000.

We had another occasion to celebrate in October 2011 when we received 1st prize in the 'Love Where You Live' photographic competition. Ciarán Moroney and Patrick Shine represented our school at the Green House in Dublin and accepted the prize of €500 on our behalf. The competition was run by An Taisce and sponsored by Alupro Ireland. The boys were accompanied by Mrs Treacy and Mrs Maher on their trip to Dublin. A very enjoyable day was had by all!

The children take part in a number of art and writing competitions throughout the school year and while we emphasise the primary importance of participation we are also delighted to celebrate success when it comes. Well done to all who won prizes during the year!

Sport continues to play a large part in our school year with the children participating in athletics in Marlfield, inter-school Cumann na mBunscoil, spike-ball and Futsal soccer leagues. Mrs Kenny, Mrs O'Sullivan and Ms Fanning have trained as spike-ball coaches and after-school training takes place every Tuesday and Friday. The GAA trainers, Tom McCarthy and Johnny Cummins, come every Friday afternoon to do Gaelic football and hurling in school with the pupils in 2nd-6th Classes. Mr Butler and Mr MacAmhaidh take the children training after school every Wednesday. 3rd-6th classes go swimming in the first term and this has proved a resounding success. The class teachers have availed of the opportunity of being in Clonmel to pay visits to both the Clonmel Library and the County Museum. The staff of both venues are always most welcoming and keen to facilitate interesting activities for the children. To date the children have attended workshops in pottery and ceramic painting as well as visiting the River Suir project. Sixth Class also got the chance to meet children's author Judy Curtin when she came to do a reading session in the library in Cashel. The Museum staff also facilitated after-school art and craft sessions for all class teachers in October and November.

Gillian Coulter, of 'The Magic of Music', continues to do music with all classes every Wednesday. Gillian's enthusiasm and her boundless energy inspires her pupils and gives them a wonderful grounding in all aspects of the music curriculum. First class learned the tin whistle, all classes



Sixth Class Pupils at Holy Trinity National School. Back L to R: Courtney Walsh, Erica McGrath, Aisling Gorey, Jack Ward, Bradley Phelan, Dylan Lyons. Third Row L to R: Laura Butler, Rebecca McGarry, Liam Quigley, Jesse McCormack, Shane Curran, Adam Dorney, Jordan Coen. Second Row L to R: Roseanne Dalton, Mark Hayde, Harry Butler, Jack Spillane, Megan McCarthy, Amy Cowlard, Eric Fogarty. Front L to R: Carly Tobin, Farrah Cummins Doyle, Amy Needham, Vanessa Pyke, Róisín McDonnell and Tara Regan. Missing from photograph is Amye O'Donovan, Alan Doherty and Conor Clancy.

got to do percussion and after Hallowe'en this year everyone got a chance to experiment with her wonderful new set of drums; big drums, little drums, all kinds of drums. Lots of noise, lots of fun! Last Christmas the children, under Gillian's direction, put on a Rock Nativity in the Fethard Ballroom and it proved a resounding success.

Marina Mullins, who will be familiar to many of you as a ball-room dancer and also for her artistic talent, approached the school regarding the possibility of offering ballroom dancing lessons to the children. Marina explained that she wished to raise funds for the Fethard Day Care Centre so she proposed charging a nominal fee for the les-

sons, all of which she would then donate to the centre. This was a first for us but we were delighted to support Marina in her endeavour. We felt it was a great opportunity for the children to engage with the wider community in doing something for our senior citizens. The dance lessons took place every week for an hour after school. Before we knew it, the children were waltzing, doing the cha-cha-cha, the quickstep and the rumba with élan. Marina and her dance partner, Pat, proved to be born teachers and their pupils took to the floor to showcase their talents before families and friends in a 'Come Dancing' competition in the Fethard Ballroom on 25 May last. Marina ran the competition exactly

as the professional competitions are run and the superbly costumed competitors were put through their paces in the various heats. Judging was a serious business but in the end all received prizes thanks to the generosity of the Maher family, the Green, who donated beautiful trophies that had been won by their parents Bill and Babe Maher during their dancing days. Micéal Maher, very fittingly, was there to present the proud participants with their lovely prizes. Our pupils' foray onto the dance floor was a wonderful success and we are happy to report that Marina continues to offer ballroom dancing lessons for children in the ballroom.

First Holy Communion took place in May 2011. As usual, it was a wonderful day for the 24 girls and boys in 2nd Class, their families and the wider church community. Fr. Anthony McSweeney officiated and the school choir sang accompanied beautifully by Goldie Newport on the organ. We are blessed to have Goldie so readily available and we would like to acknowledge her invaluable contribution to all our special occasions. It was a final outing as First Communion teacher for Mrs Maureen Maher, before her retirement in August and, as always, the children were excellently prepared for their big day.

Mrs Rita Kenny again undertook



Holy Trinity N.S. pupils photographed at the Challenge to Change seminar in Kilkenny. Back L to R: Corey Carroll, Andrew Phelan, Connie Coen, Timothy Hurley. Front L to R: Sadhbh Horan, Chloe Burke, Cassie Needham, Lesley Ann Prendergast, Emma Keating and Ciara Hayes.

a 'Challenge for Change' project with 6th class on the theme of biodiversity. The aims of the project named 'All Things Bright and Beautiful' were: to learn about biodiversity and its value to the planet; to appreciate the world's biodiversity; to study the flora and fauna of our locality; to look at an exotic ecosystem- the rainforests; to examine the threats to biodiversity: to see what we can do to halt this loss. Sixth class planned to do all the above and to also include all other classes in the project. Their many activities included: a guided nature walk to our local Grove Wood with naturalist Liam Bourke; using newspapers, magazines, books and the internet to research the topic; each class in the school was invited to produce art work based on the theme of biodiversity; a talk by Ms Labhaoise McKenna, Heritage Officer about the flora and fauna of the region; working with local Tidy Towns representative, Brian Sheehy, to set up habitats in the school grounds that the pupils checked regularly; a visit by 5th and 6th Classes to the Nagle Centre in Ballygriffin, Co. Cork to explore that community's approach to protecting and enhancing the environment; contacting Ms. Denise O'Meara, mammal ecologist at Waterford Institute of Technology who set up experiments with them that revealed that the Bank Vole, previously uncharted in South Tipperary, visits our school grounds!; publishing two articles in the Nationalist newspaper and on the Fethard website; presenting the content of the project to the other classes in the school; presenting the project at the 'Challenge To Change' seminar in the Springhill Court Hotel in Kilkenny.

The pupils summed up the impact of the project on them by stating that they learned lots of new information, realised how a small change can make a big difference to the environment, enjoyed the day in Kilkenny, especially the workshops, and gained a deeper appreciation of the beauty of the world around us.

An annual highlight for pupils and teachers alike is the school tour: for the pupils because they are out of the classroom and experiencing something different, for us teachers because we get the chance to interact with them in a more informal setting. This year, the senior school tour for 1st-6th classes took us to the University of Limerick campus where the children enjoyed a variety of outdoor activities such as canoeing, rafting, orienteering, swimming, etc. The pupils had a great time and we enjoyed watching them enjoying themselves. The little ones or as they prefer to be called, the Junior and Senior Infants, visited one of our favourite places, Parson's Green over in Clogheen. It's a great place for all age groups but particularly suitable for them. They had a great time visiting the animals, boating down the river, going for a ride in the pony and trap, viewing the old farmyard implements and, best of all, having fun in the playground.

As most readers of this newsletter will be aware we have a longterm commitment to recycling and protecting the environment. We have always endeayoured to develop our school grounds in order to afford pupils various learning opportunities: planting the grove of native Irish trees that now features a nature trail, creating a 'bug hotel', putting in raised beds to grow vegetables, planting a wildflower patch, installing a water-barrel in the courtyard to conserve water, harvesting apples from the container-grown trees in there and putting in a bird table to coax birds into this inner space that can be viewed from the surrounding corridors as one passes in and out. Once again, parents have made a major contribution to these endeavours and we have also been able to call on the expertise of local naturalist Liam Bourke, Mrs. Kenny and Mrs Gleeson applied to South Tipperary County Council for funding and received €410 that will be used to extend the school woodland by introducing hazel, alder and horse chestnut trees and to facilitate environmental workshops for the children. This year, we are taking what seems to be the next logical step and beginning the process to obtain Green School status. Watch this space!

As we go to press, we have received news that the school has received a grant of €410 from South Tipperary County Council to further develop our grounds. Mrs Kenny

and Mrs Margaret Gleeson are spearheading our Green School project.

Annual windfall: In recent years, Traas's Apple Farm Cahir has presented us with boxes of apples at Hallowe'een – one for everyone in the audience! It is a very generous gesture from a local producer of quality organic fruit that provides a healthy treat for our pupils. Another example of how we are supported by the wider community.

Another major change occurred this year when Mrs Maureen Maher and Sr. Winnie Kirwan retired from Holy Trinity National School, Fethard on 31st August and 30th September respectively. Maureen joined the staff of Nano Nagle in 1974, teaching most classes along the way and serving as Vice-Principal for six years, a position she retained when Holy Trinity N.S. came into being in September 2010. She taught 2nd Class for the last number of years and was responsible for preparing the children for First Holy Communion, a task she accomplished with her usual verve and efficiency. Sr. Winnie came to us in 2004 from Zimbabwe and, while she sorely missed her African pupils and the very different way of life out there, she threw herself wholeheartedly into the teaching of our Senior Infants. Sr. Winnie loves nature and the Derek Mooney webcam broadcasts were a daily feature in her classroom. Sr. Winnie brought a new perspective into our school; an awareness of how blessed we are in so many ways. She helped us to be



First assembly meeting for Holy Trinity National School with prayer service led by Sr. Winnie, on the first day back at school following the amalgamation of St. Patrick's Boys School and Nano Nagle N.S.

a little less complacent and a little more appreciative of the difficulties faced by those less fortunate. Sr. Winnie also became involved in the local community and her house in Árd Álainn became a centre of Christian welcome, prayer and spirituality. Like Maureen, she transferred with us to Holy Trinity N.S. though, as a Presentation sister, the demise of Nano Nagle, was particularly poignant for her.Sr.Winnie also suffered the loss of her mother during that year, took charge in the convent and then had to contend with health problems. Through it all, she remained resolutely committed to school and the pupils in her care. Her concern extended to all members of staff, she took a genuine interest in our personal concerns and she was always

ready to lend a listening ear. We miss both Maureen and Sr. Winnie, we acknowledge the wealth of knowledge, talent and experience they shared with us all. We thank them for their dedication to the pupils they taught, we remember the good times we shared, we look forward to continued friendship and we wish them both every blessing in the future.

The Parents' Association continues to do sterling work supporting us in all our endeavours. They give most generously of their time, energy and expertise and they are always ready to help in any way they can at school events. The association also undertakes fundraising when the need arises. We would like to thank them most sincerely for their support without which our school

would be much the poorer.

Likewise, the Board of Management has always afforded us every possible assistance and we gratefully acknowledge the unstinting support of all those who have served on the boards of both St. Patrick's Boys School and Nano Nagle N.S. over the years. We welcome the members of the new Board of Management of Holy Trinity N.S. which has just begun a new term of office. We are confident that they too will prove an source of encouragement as we all work together to do the very best we can for the entire school community.

As Christmas approaches, we are all getting ready to celebrate the season that's in it. The Parent's Association have just put up a beautifully decorated Christmas tree in the courtyard that will brighten the dark December days. Our Infants are practising for their Christmas play.'A

Christmas Angel', and the rest of us are busy making and doing for our upcoming Christmas Bazaar. The builder's dust may have only just settled, Holy Trinity National School may only be fifteen months old but we have made an assured beginning, the rhythm of our daily routine is well established and our school community is moving forward confidently to meet whatever challenges the future may bring. Once again, we proffer our thanks to all who support us in our task especially the parents, Canon Tom Breen, Fr. Anthony McSweeney, the Board of Management, all our volunteers and the wider Fethard community. We would like to wish them all the joys of the festive season and we would also like to extend greetings to all who read this newsletter especially all those who are far from home. Nollaig Shona agus Athbhlian faoi Mhaise dhíbh go léir.



Tiag, Shane and Kian Lonergan saying 'hello' from San Francisco for their parents Mark and Ann Marie.

## **Queen Elizabeth visits Fethard**



Do you have any revolutionaries, rebellious types, murderers, mercenaries, students or any other member of a dissident group living in your house, or due to visit your house on or before 20th May?, was the question implied on the questionnaire being brought to the people of Fethard. It did not state anywhere that Queen Elizabeth was coming to visit Fethard. But everybody knew that she was coming as her visit was an Irish secret. If you marked the box marked 'No' - that was fine - the Queen could pass by your house en route to Coolmore Stud without fear of incident.

There were a few signs around town that something of note was about to happen. Helicopters hovered over the town and surrounding area, obviously photographing and filming the area for the impending visit. Then it was announced. Queen Elizabeth and her husband Prince Phillip were going to visit Coolmore Stud in a private capacity during their official State visit to Ireland, as guests of John and Sue Magnier.

Security for the visit was paramount. Teams of Gardaí surveyed the area, searching hedges, manholes and any place else that the aforementioned revolutionaries might plant a bomb. One man was seen x-raying every manhole in town, before they were spot welded or sealed with silicone to prevent them being opened prior to the visit.

The Ballroom in town became the official headquarters of the Fethard-based contingent of over 300 Gardaí. In the days leading up to the visit, there was a member of the Gardaí patrolling every few yards, at crossroads and in fields. The rumour mill kicked in, with reported sightings of Irish Army snipers on the tower of

the Church of Ireland and on the surrounding hills. Whilst this wasn't true. one good story emerged about a certain individual who worked within the tight three-mile security cordon around Coolmore. Rather than travel through the various checkpoints to

get back to the toilet, he opted to use the neighbouring woods to relieve himself. When the Oueen had left the area following the day, he noticed a number of soldiers emerging



Drains and openings were spot-welded and marked

from the same woods in camouflage gear. "Were ye in there yesterday?", he asked. "Yes. and it wasn't very pretty", came the reply.

Finally, the day arrived for the Queen to leave Dublin and head for Cashel and from there on to Coolmore, Busloads of extra Gardaí poured into Fethard. Every road was blocked and access was granted to inhabitants who had given their details to the Gardaí. The shut down of the area was very thorough. One girl got through the checkpoint even though she had brought a car that wasn't in the Garda database, when she informed the Garda on the checkpoint that she had the meat from the butchers in the boot of her car for the caterers that were cooking dinner for the Gardaí! Oueen or no Oueen, the dinner was getting through.

Even the air was blocked to any local or visiting pilots. There was a 20 mile no-fly zone around the Fethard area. When a Garda representative was asked what would happen if one of the local fliers took to the sky during the visit, he said sternly, "just

don't . . . you will be forced down or shot down ... . and don't even dream of going inside the zone when Obama comes (President Obama of the USA was due to visit his ancestral

home in Moneygall on the Tipperary /Offaly border a few days after the Queen's visit). Seemingly Obama had fighter jets out of sight and earshot, but within range.

The television showed the Oueen leaving the Rock of Cashel and thus ended the media coverage until she got to Cork. The weather was poor in Tipperary and the top brass of the Gardaí in Fethard seemed worried. If the weather closed in the Queen would be travelling by road, which was their worst nightmare. Word crackled over the radio..."the VIP car has left Cashel". Those of us who heard that announcement over the Garda radio wondered if she was indeed coming through Fethard en route to Coolmore. There were rumours that the Oueen was going to stop in Fethard and visit McCarthy's where some of her

friends had recently visited (one of whom is secretary to the Queen's Charity Trust, who is descended from the Kellett's of Clonacody).

Sirens were heard, and soon a fleet of cars sped down the Cashel Road, shot through the Main Street, up Barrack Street and on to Coolmore. It looked like the Queen had whizzed through Fethard. Then, another fleet of cars approached, stopped outside McCarthy's and a number of men in suits, wearing ID tags emerged from these cars. One approached the bar. "Are ye still serving dinner?", asked the detective. "We are, but where is the Queen?", came the reply. "Having dinner in Coolmore, and now we have a break to have ours. Her helicopter just landed. What's on the menu?".

A while later, three helicopters

were seen heading for Cork. The Queen's and two gunships to protect her. And as the Gardaí were stood down, many were boarding busses to head for Moneygall to protect President Barack Obama, while many of the staff who entertained the Queen in Coolmore were arriving into Fethard to wind down after the event.

A number of people were put on the spot and asked what their abiding memory of the Queen's visit to Fethard. Most recalled the heavy security, one woman with small kids said that their children were very impressed with the amount of squad cars and wondered if they could bring their (toy) guns to town, and another man summed it up quite succinctly, pointing out that she didn't actually visit Fethard at all!



Waiting for the Queen of England's visit through Fethard on 20 May 2011 were L to R: Brian Palmer, Caroline Palmer, Judy Butler and Christopher Horsman.

## **Patrician Presentation Awards Day**



ur Annual Awarus Ceremony was held on **Awards** Friday, October 21. Present for the occasion were guest speaker, Dr. Lee-Ann Burke and her family, the chairperson of the Board of Management, Br. Matthew Hayes and other board members, the chairperson of the Parents' Association. Mrs Catherine O'Donnell and other parent representatives, the principal of Holy Trinity Primary School, Mrs Patricia Treacy. Presentation Sisters. Sr. Maureen and Sr. Maria and the parents and family members of the award-winning pupils.

The awards were presented as follows: Students of the Year: Katie Whyte (1st Year), Cormac Horan (2nd Year), Jane Fitzgerald (5th Year); Jean Anglim (Best Leaving Certificate); Karen Hayes (Padraig Pearse Award), Michelle Walsh (Paddy Broderick Award), music group Army Rising (Marian Gilpin LAM Award).

Fethard Quill Awards to Tara

Horan (senior) and Thomas Channon (junior). Sports Awards to Jessie McCarthy and Gerry Horan.

Attendance and Punctuality awards: Orla Walsh (1st Year), Eoghan Hurley (2nd Year), Karen Hayes (3rd Year), Aobh O'Shea (3rd Year), Michelle Walsh (3rd Year), Molly O'Dwyer (4th Year) and Ted Barrett (5th Year).

Achievement Awards were presented to Christina Myler (Art), Daiana Adamczak (Art) and Michael McCarthy (Woodwork).

Student Council Certificates: Mike Earl (2nd Year), Aine Proudfoot (2nd Year), Shannon Dorney (3rd Year), Adam Fitzgerald (3rd Year), Aobh O'Shea (4th Year), James Maher (4th Year), Emma Hayes (5th Year), Chloe Byrne (5th Year), Ronan Fitzgerald (5th Year), Jane Fitzgerald (6th Year) and Andrew Maher (6th Year). 6th Year Mentors: Jane Fitzgerald, Rachel Prout, Mary Ann Fogarty, Sean Whyte, Andrew Maher and Louis Rice.



Dancers from Holy Trinity National School who took part in the Ballroom Dancing exhibition organised by Marina Mullins on 25 May 2011. Proceeds were donated to Fethard & District Day Care Centre



Billy Morrissey and his son John, Tullamaine, Fethard, photographed with their dog 'Clover Hill' ready for Coursing Week in Clonmel this year



Delivering milk to the Abymill Creamery in the early 1900s



Watergate Bridge in the early 1900s