

Fethard & Killusty

NEWSLETTER

2012



€12



Members of Fethard's new Choral Society photographed at rehearsal for their first public performance in the Augustinian Abbey, December 16, 2012, under the direction of Ann Barry.



Taking part in the Fethard Medieval Festival Parade in August were L to R: Kay O'Riordan, Jennifer Whitney Rothwell, Margaret Newport, John Kelly, Eleanor O'Riordan, Catherine Kearney and Paula Kearns.

FETHARD & KILLUSTY NEWSLETTER 2012

Dedicated to our friends and relations
living away from home

Copyright © 2012

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

WWW.FETHARD.COM

Layout and design by Joe Kenny, Rocklow Road, Fethard
Printed by Modern Printers Kilkenny

All rights reserved. No parts of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

*FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPH — FETHARD MAIN STREET 1930s
Mary O'Sullivan standing in front of the new site for the Provincial Bank of Ireland*

Table of contents

27th Tipperary Scout Group Fethard . . .	158	Holy Year Cross in the 1950s	242
50th Anniversary Killusty Pony Show . .	172	Home thoughts from abroad – Part 2 . .	245
A year in the Life of The Tipps.	227	Hunting in Tipperary.	229
Abymill Theatre.	58	In memory of Liam Quinn.	59
Albert The Great!.	138	Irish Girl Guides	136
All Change	134	Jack Connolly's International Year. . . .	60
Among my souvenirs	75	John Davin 'The Tipperary Peasant' . .	237
An Indian Assignment.	20	John Joe's Corner	188
Art & Entertainment Award.	187	Junk Kouture all-Ireland finalists. . . .	194
Augustinian Abbey	8	Killusty National School	205
Badgers Sports and Social Club	220	Killusty Sheepdog Trials	25
Bootcamp Tipperary	221	Legion of Mary	6
Community Employment Scheme. . . .	200	Legion of Mary 60th Anniversary . . .	239
Do You Remember 1983?.	105	Leish.	231
Donations Received 2012.	218	Marriages	197
Feast of the Assumption	243	Memories of Killusty Show	176
Fethard & District Day Care Centre. . .	185	My Oz Adventure	47
Fethard & Holycross, historical links. . .	62	New York Television award for Sean . .	26
Fethard & Killusty Community Council .	248	Newsletter Contact Details	197
Fethard & Killusty Community Games . .	96	Our Dear Departed 2012.	198
Fethard Ballroom Company Ltd	44	Parading up Main Street	90
Fethard Bridge Club	84	Parish Greetings	5
Fethard Business & Tourism Group . .	103	Patrician Presentation Awards Day. . .	192
Fethard Carnival 1929	73	Piano Lessons in Fethard	168
Fethard Country Markets.	195	Presentation 150th Anniversary	178
Fethard Faraway.	191	Revisiting Fethard memories.	222
Fethard GAA.	151	September Memories!	14
Fethard Historical Society	78	Spoiled for choice!	32
Fethard ICA Guild.	30	T.A. Kenrick & Co.	133
Fethard Ladies Football Club	126	The Coffee Van.	165
Fethard London Reunion Photos	70	The Gathering.	3
Fethard Senior Citizens Club.	156	The late Sr. Philomena Croke.	183
Fethard Tidy Towns	166	The Man Who Lived in 51.	46
Fethard, the Northwest Passage	101	Up the street came the Rebel tread. . .	86
Green & Barrack St. Reunion	212	Walled Towns Network	153
Here's to Fethard's next reunion! . . .	216	William Slattery remembers	76
Holy Trinity National School.	201	Willie Mullins remembered.	210

The Gathering

by Joe Kenny (Editor)



This photograph received some years ago from the late Mikie Slattery, The Green, is believed to be of May Wall who lived on the Back Green. This photo was used on the cover of The Green Reunion Booklet.

Every year that passes appears to be a lot shorter than the previous one! It could be something to do with getting older and an overflowing memory filled with useless and useful knowledge. If one could only differentiate between the useful and the useless at point of entry there might be a little more room left to appreciate the passage of time.

This time last year as I was writing this introduction, I mentioned my childhood living on The Green and my dream of a 'Green Reunion' that might never happen. Well I was pleasantly surprised when I received many phone calls following the article, with offers of help and words of encouragement to go ahead and organise a 'Green Reunion'. A meet-

ing was called on June 27, 2011, and following a very enthusiastic discussion from a very enthusiastic crowd, it was decided to have a 'Green and Barrack Street Reunion' on Saturday, August 18, 2012.

The reunion was a tremendous success with over 200 attending the event in the old Convent Hall. We held an informal walkabout in The Green and Barrack Street in the afternoon followed by a Mass in the Augustinian Abbey for past residents from the area. After Mass everyone then retired to the old Convent Hall where a reception was held with food and wine, photographic display of old photographs and a continuous large screen display of over 700 photographs gathered for the occasion. A souvenir 'Reunion Booklet' was also given to everyone present. The evening was very informal and it was great to see old school friends meet up and chat after so many years. A 'reunion' cake was cut by the five eldest residents. My personal special thanks to all the members of the hard-working committee who helped my dream come true.

This coming year, 2013, has been chosen nationally as the year of 'The Gathering' when Ireland will open its arms to hundreds of thousands of friends and family from all over the world, calling them home to gatherings in villages, towns and cities. Over 70 million people worldwide claim Irish ancestry. The Gathering Ireland 2013 provides the perfect excuse to reach out to those who

have moved away, their relatives, friends and descendants, and invite them home. To keep up with what's happening or planned visit: www.thegatheringireland.com

Here in Fethard it would be lovely to have a 'Fethard Gathering' over a weekend where some emigrants might return to meet their friends and relatives. As we go to print we have no definite plans but, when we have, we will publish details on the above website and www.fethard.com

Over the past year many of our young residents have had to emigrate to find work in various countries. I would like to take this opportunity to wish them every success in their lives abroad and hopefully they will return to their native town again when times get better.

I thank all those who contributed articles and photographs for this year's newsletter and in particular all who made donations, from home and abroad, to help meet the cost of publishing the newsletter and posting it free of charge to almost 1,000 emigrants throughout the world. I would also like to thank our newsletter team who organise the annual church gate collection, Carmel Rice for correspondence and secretarial work, Brendan Kenny and his team of helpers for distribution, packaging and posting of the newsletter, and Gemma Burke for proofreading.

Finally, I take this opportunity to wish all our readers a very Happy and Holy Christmas and a Very Prosperous New Year! ●

Parish Greetings

Greetings again to all our readers. As we enter the middle of December the evenings grow even shorter as darkness falls noticeably earlier each evening. But as they grow shorter we know that soon after the joy of Christmas time, they will begin to grow longer again and we are renewed with a sense of hope for the future.

It is good for all of us to gather at Christmas and rejoice for what we are and to thank the Lord Jesus for coming among us in such a special way. Just as it was wonderful during

the past year to rejoice with Goldie Newport in her celebration of 50 years as our organist and the recipient of the Papal Medal 'Benemerenti'. Goldie's mother Ciss also served as organist for 50 years. We thank them both just as we thank all who have contributed to our parish in any way.

May the Lord reward you for all your kindness and may he guide each of us now and always. May God bless and care for each of you. ●

*Canon Tom Breen P.P.
Rev. Anthony McSweeney.*



Canon Tom Breen P.P. making a special presentation of a Papal Medal 'Benemerenti' to organist, Goldie Newport, marking over 100 years' service as church organist to Fethard Parish between herself and her late mother, Ciss Newport. L to R: Goldie Newport, Canon Tom Breen P.P., Fr. Anthony McSweeney C.C. and Aisling Gorey who also made a presentation on behalf of this year's Confirmation Class. (Feb 5, 2012)

Legion of Mary



May Procession leaving Burke Street for The Abbey, May 1988

Greetings to all readers from Fethard Legionaries of Mary, in this the 'Year of Faith'. We extend our prayers and wishes to all of you and ask God's peace and blessing on all our families. This past year has been an eventful one. We lived through the Eucharistic Congress held in Dublin which should have served to renew our faith in the Divine Presence in our churches. Here in Fethard many made the effort to attend our annual processions in honour of our Blessed Mother and in honour of Jesus present in the Holy Eucharist.

Many faithful parishioners attended the Rosaries in all our graveyards. The numbers attending are an encouragement as we remember our dead, our loved ones, our neighbours and friends long gone and whose remains lie in

many areas in our parish. Catholic papers, leaflets, booklets, medals and scapulars are provided for sale by the Legionaries of Mary. They also see that Holy Water is provided in bottles for the convenience of those who wish to bring it home. Some of our Legionaries have been attending a Praesidium in Clonmel to re-establish the one that had fallen away. They also do house visitation there. They visit hospitals and nursing homes where some of our parishioners reside.

Now more than ever in our lives we are challenged to activate the faith that was a free gift and is so easily let slip away. There must be more than a few who receive the help to attend Mass each day when it is possible to do so. We need more to pray at Eucharistic Adoration; we need the full support of all to pray before



May Procession leaving Burke Street for The Abbey, May 1988

our Eucharistic Saviour and to recite the Rosary each day.

Won't we be happy when we are called to account and we look back and know that we did do our best to respond to the helps available to us. This year we celebrate sixty years of the Legion of Mary's presence in

our parish. This will be celebrated with a Mass on December 2, 2012. To survive and continue the work of the Legion many more members are required. Perhaps this will be the year the men and women in Fethard will find they could try to respond to this invitation. ●



May Procession leaving Burke Street for The Abbey, May 1988

Augustinian Abbey

Dear readers, to one and all, at home or away, on behalf of the community I wish you a very peaceful Christmas.

Fethard town is at the foot of Slievenamon. From the kitchen in the Abbey, I look out on the mountain every morning of the year at 7.30am. By what I see of the Slieve, I can judge the forecast for the day. This last summer, if I saw the tip of the mountain five times, it is the most. It's recorded that we had the wettest summer on record.

On January 25, 2012, William J. Hayes was awarded the Tipperarian Book of the Year 2011 - for his writing of 'Holycross - The Awakening Of The Abbey'. In his acceptance speech, he referred to two abbeys in Co. Tipperary - Holycross and Fethard. The first founded by the Cistercian Order over a hundred years before the Augustinians came from England to build this Abbey in Fethard. He said that the Augustinians are 'one up' since they are all still living on the original Abbey site of 1305 A.D. He went on to wish that the Augustinians continue to live many more years in Fethard.

In June this year, the congregation at the Abbey were put on the alert as a letter from the Irish Provincial was read out in all Augustinian churches in the county as to the problem of the shortage of manpower. In a very short number of years we are reduced in numbers from over

200 friars to less than one hundred. Therefore the sad note is - the bottom line is some communities must be closed.

May the wishes of William Hayes and the people of Fethard come true this time around. So I am appealing to you to pray to Our Lady of Fethard that we will continue to live on in Fethard.

You may never have heard of Our Lady of Fethard? On July 5 a delegation, led by myself with Gus Fitzgerald and Liam Cloonan, travelled to Dublin to visit the National Museum. Our main object was to view the statue of Our Lady of Fethard. The statue is oak and measures 67 centimetres in height. It consists of the Blessed Virgin Mother supporting the child Jesus on her left hand. It is estimated to be of Flemish origin and dated 17th century. The statue was venerated in the Abbey. Then, as Cromwell came to town, the statue was hidden in the secret tunnel going from the Abbey to the Holy Trinity Church of Ireland. It was found in the tunnel around 1900. For the next seventy years it was again venerated in the Abbey.

In 1974, the then Prior, Fr. Anthony Leddin OSA, sent the statue to the National Museum in Dublin to assess the origin and age. There it continues to rest, out of sight of the public, not on display.

We are all one year older. Fr. John Meagher celebrated his 96th birth-

day in September. He was delighted with all the greeting cards and gifts from his many friends in Fethard.

So as Christmas comes around,

Fr. Gerry, Fr. John and myself wish you a blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year. ●

Fr. Martin Crean, O.S.A.



Fr. Martin Crean O.S.A. photographed with 'Our Lady of Fethard' at The National Museum, Dublin.



L to R: The late Kitty Roche and her sister Maisie Murphy photographed in Ballinard.



Mary Tynan (back) and members of the O'Shea family at Fethard Car Boot Sale c.1990



Tramore, August 1945. 'Shangri', five-year-old horse with Paddy Stokes up, his mother on right and led by his brother Michael. The horse won on Tuesday, August 14, 1945 (Seaside P. one and half mile hurdle), and on Thursday, August 16, 1945 (Castletown Plate 2 mile Wt. A. H.)



South Tipperary County Council Social 1969. L to R: Nurse Quinlan, Sheila Tierney and Bill O'Sullivan



L to R: Joan Bergin, Joan Coffey, Ann Wall, Jimmy Kelly, Mary Ryan (Drumdeel), Ann Neville. 1960



Three children of Davy Murphy who used to live at Sparagoleith, Rocklow Road.

September Memories!

by Marian Mulligan-Gilpin



L to R: Aileen Madigan and Marian Mulligan photographed in the 1950s

“It’s a long, long way from May to December, and the days get shorter when you reach September...” The lyrics and melody of this lovely song drift through my mind as I reflect on the first of May 2012 – the 150th Anniversary of the Presentation Sisters’ arrival in Fiodh Ard.

Sister Annunciata, such a wonderfully strong and vibrant person, has travelled with me down memory lane as I recall sisters who have long since gone to their eternal home.

The old primary school, now demolished, was an oasis of peace where I taught music in what would have been ‘babies’ and ‘top class’ for me and so many others, our

first encounter with ‘real school’. The long beads of ‘counters’ suspended on the wall, where Sister Teresita would firmly, but effectively, teach us our numbers ‘as Gaeilge’.

On a cold winter’s morning we would warm our hands on the long pipes, despite Sister Finbarr, with her distinct Cork accent, warning us that we would contract chilblains . . . which we surely did!

I remember in the depths of winter a family arriving at the school, the Ross family from Tullamaine, recently back from the Cocoa Islands. We were told that their father was ‘The King of the Cochas’, whatever that was, the implication of the title we never found out.

Linda Ross weathered the Irish winter better than her brother Johnny, whose favourite place was squatting beneath the boiler in the yard – then the roof of the new Mary Immaculate Hall. The Ross family didn’t stay long!

On more benevolent June days the roof of the hall was the venue for the Drill Display organised by Mrs Le Gear from Limerick, always accompanied by her husband. Marie Shortall, Anne Kenrick, Aileen Madigan, Frances O’Flynn, and of course, Mise, loved strutting our stuff with dumbbells and hoops whilst our family members looked on with pride.

Let me not forget the plays and pantomimes with Sister Teresita and my grandmother, Nora Gough, in the late 1950s. One in particular was ‘The Imp of Mischief’, and to my

grief my grandmother cast me as the ‘Imp’ (probably very apt as I wasn’t exactly a docile child). I cried for a week as I wanted to be a fairy like Aileen Madigan and Marie Shortall in their pretty pink dresses, whilst I was trussed up in this silly green outfit somewhere between one of Snow White’s Seven Dwarves and Darby O’Gill and the Little People. However, I did have a certain amount of nemesis as I ran around the stage chasing the fairies brandishing a ‘Corncrake’!

‘The Lady of the Lantern’ had a long and lasting impression. Playing Nano Nagle had a profound effect on me, particularly looking down on my subjects from Heaven – at least I got there – once! Catherine Newport in later years played Nano Nagle Take Two.

Mrs Treacy ran the lunch hall at the right-hand side of the yard, and



Presentation Convent in the 1960s

I persuaded quiet Sister Assumpta that it was too far for me to go home to the Valley at lunchtime and so, despite my mother's protestations, I decamped to the lunch hall. Oh! the bliss – fresh grinder and steaming mugs of cocoa – home was never like this!

One of my lasting memories of life with Sister Peter was persuading Joan Coffey-Culligan – great at knitting and sewing were the Coffey girls – to turn the heel of my sock, in return for helping her with a composition. The wrath of Sister Peter I did not wish to incur, and knitting and sewing were certainly not my forte!

One ominous day the then principal, Mother Agatha, requested that all the partitions be opened and the entire school had to kneel down in front of the statue of Our Lady (behind glass) in 6th Class and pray that the world would not end. I remember being so fearful that I wouldn't see my father Bill again, as he was with 'Irish Life' in Dublin. It was the ulti-

mate hour when J.F.K. told Castro, in no uncertain terms, to get the Russian missiles out of Cuba, or else! I did get home to the Valley that evening, and Bill did arrive on Friday with his usual beaming smile and his soft

West of Ireland "Hello Mar". Was it a close call? Who knows!

Unlike the younger people of the present day our only 'escape' after school hours were music lessons and Goldie's choir practice. Oh! We were great "presentees", Anne Kenrick, with the lovely Sister Philomena, on piano, Marie Shortall on violin, and yours truly in the top room with Sister Raphael – minuets and fugues – Bach and Beethoven.

Poor Sister Raphael was not up to my tactics, learning all twenty or so pages by heart and playing from memory, so she handed me over to Mother Agatha. 'Formidable', as I soon learned. I was not quite the match for this talented and straight-talking woman.

March would arrive – exam day – with the daffodils blooming in the



Tommy Sayers and Marian Mulligan taken on Tommy's Confirmation day. c.1960

nuns' beautiful garden and like the opening of Pandora's Box we would enter the sacrosanct depths of the convent. The front parlour and Miss Rankin from The Leinster School of Music. Mother Agatha would give me her final word of warning, "Turn the pages". I would seat myself at the piano gazing at the painting of 'The Angelus', which Sister Annunciata tells me is still somewhere in the convent, and, seated behind at the table, Miss Rankin would say, "You may begin Marian". I did turn the pages!

A return visit with Miss Burke for elocution exams would secure me

yet another 1st Class Certificate and a prize of a book appropriate to my age group. I still have the certificates and the books – precursors to my life on stage and in production, in my subsequent years as a teacher and a colleague of Sister Annunciata.

So many memories of these wonderful women, the Presentation Sisters, with such diverse natures and personalities – so many stories – too numerous to tell.

Agatha, Ita, Teresita, Assumpta, Raphael, Finbarr and Peter and especially Sister Annunciata, my teacher and colleague – I salute you. ●



Gough family photographed outside house in the Valley. Richard Gough (Sen.), Nora Gough holding baby Paddy in her arms, and in front are Mary, Fred, Dick and Dan.



The late Rita O'Flynn photographed with her sister Cinta O'Flynn



L to R: Mary O'Flynn, Barry O'Flynn (Peter O'Flynn's son), Lila O'Flynn and James O'Flynn (Peter's son)



*L to R: Maureen Whyte, Helen Fergus, Eileen (Carey) Connolly and Alice (Flynn) Roberts.
Photographed in September 1991*



*Photographed in Clonmel, September 2012, are Back L to R: John Whyte, Maureen Whyte, Declan Mulligan.
Front L to R: Austie O'Flynn, Ann Lonergan, Percy O'Flynn and Paddy Lonergan*

An Indian Assignment

by Jim Trehy



Jim Trehy, Donoughmore, Lisronagh, showing his grandson Jamie how to use a shovel and barrow on his organic farm. 2005

A very funny Trocaire ad on radio about a mother wanting to send the gift of a goat to a deserving family in Africa got me thinking about Christmas 1970 when my family and I were preparing to spend two years in a remote part of India to manage a project which involved a gift of a different kind to the government of India.

It all began in Dublin when GORTA, the Irish Freedom From Hunger Campaign Committee, allocated three hundred thousand pounds to fund a development project in the State of Andhra Pradesh in South India.

A preliminary study had been carried out by a missionary, Rev. Bob Livingstone, and he concluded that the funds should be used to develop

a pig production project in an area where protein was very scarce in human diets. Also, some time previously, the government of Denmark had constructed a small bacon factory beside a livestock breeding station in a place called Gannavaram. While the factory was modern in every way, there were no pigs being produced in the area and so the factory had lain idle for two years.

GORTA personnel and the Irish Department of Agriculture consulted with the state government of Andhra Pradesh and it was agreed that foundation pig stocks would be sent out from Ireland to establish a breeding programme in the livestock station and that eventually farmers would be trained to keep pigs on their predominantly rice farms in the vicinity

of the livestock station.

I was asked if I would be interested in setting up and managing the project for a two-year period. I would be on leave of absence from my job in Ireland and I would be given a small resettlement allowance on my return. The final result was that in February 1970, I found myself, my wife and three young children on a remote livestock station situated about halfway between Calcutta and Madras, awaiting the arrival of 120 ten-week-old pigs from Ireland.

The first three days of that assignment were frightening for all the family and if it were not for the arrival on our doorstep on Sunday afternoon of a very energetic Irish Franciscan Missionary, I really think we would have thrown in the towel even before the pigs arrived from Ireland. We had only the local food - rice and chillies, no transport to buy supplies and our little house so hot that we could not sleep properly. Sister Anne Marie took over and bundled us all into the convent car. She knew where to get cooking utensils, food, gas for cooking and all the essentials that we needed but had no idea where to find them.

Later we learnt that she was the principal of a second level school for girls in the nearby city of Vijayawada which she had built over the previous 13 years from a greenfield site raising all the funds from the predominantly Hindu community of the city and surrounds. When we met her, the college had pre-University status and accom-

modated 1,700 girls at any one time. After our afternoon with her, we just had to try to succeed!

The next milestone in our project history was the arrival of the pigs. They arrived in the cool of the night after a journey of thousands of miles ending in a 200 mile truck ride from Hyderabad International Airport. There were no casualties and all 120 twelve-week-old animals seemed in reasonable health. They had been looked after by a young volunteer, a technician from the Agricultural Institute in Ireland, who stayed with us in Gannavaram for a few weeks before returning to his work in Moorpark in Cork.

The accommodation for the Irish pigs (as they were referred to locally) was good. Pens were open and airy to counter the intense heat of that part of India. Some refits were necessary. Netting wire had to be procured to cover the open spaces above the walls in order to keep out birds which could be a source of disease spread and watering systems were extended to hose down the animals in the event of temperatures climbing above 30° centigrade which happened before the breaking of the monsoon in April and May each year.

Two fully qualified veterinary officers were assigned to the project and, even though their knowledge of pig husbandry was minimal to start, they were fast learners. They helped in devising rations from whatever feeds we could get our hands on

and were quick to report any effects of changes in formulation. This was of enormous help in getting animals to maturity quickly in order to start the breeding programme which was our next target.

Then disaster struck

Late one night, one of the vets called to our house to tell me that there was an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in the area and we could hardly escape it in the station. Sure enough within 24 hours there were distinct symptoms in a few of the pigs. My two colleagues were not fazed by the outbreak. They told me what medication to procure and an all-night drive in our canvas-topped Willy's jeep to Hyderabad secured the supplies. I thanked God for petty cash accounts allowed by GORTA for emergencies. It took about ten weeks to get matters under control and our breeding programme was delayed by that time. But contrary to my beliefs, we had under 10% mortality and there were no effects on the fertility of the animals.

Events took on a pattern after this and my veterinary colleagues commenced the breeding programme and true enough, the FMD had no effect on fertility. We now had more confidence that we would achieve some success with the project and we could send some positive reports to GORTA.

Around the same time, we got an additional team member to start up

the bacon factory. Erik was a fully qualified butcher and a volunteer from Danida, the Danish equivalent of the Irish Freedom From Hunger Campaign. Some cull animals were selected and he commenced his training programme in butchering, adding a new dimension to the diet of the Irish family also in the process.

And the family!

Well, one should never underestimate the resilience or adaptability of youngsters to change. Long before the parents were acclimatized to the intense heat of our new home, Angela, aged seven, Gaye, five, and Marcus, aged three, were enjoying their new environment and experiences. School was a thatched roofed building, airy and cool, and had over 400 pupils from the ages of 4 to 14. The school was managed by the Brothers of St. Gabriel and provided a good all-round education in the Indian environment. Telegu, the local language, was used generally but English was also given prominence.

Looking back, we had lots of little hiccoughs but lots of laughs as well. We celebrated the Hindu and the Christian festivals during our time in Gannavaram and, of course we joined Sister Anne Marie at her college, Maris Stella, for the odd Irish celebration as well.

One of the great celebrations of the Hindu calendar is Diwali or the Festival of Lights. Just like Christmas



Trehy Family photographed at Annsgift 1949. Back L to R: Lolo, Catherine, Mary, Jimmy. In front are their parents Mary (Kenny) and Jim Trehy.

here every place is lit up with small lights and fireworks are used to illuminate the night sky in all the cities and towns. Cakes and sweetmeats are made in preparation and house visits are part of the celebration.

On one Diwali festival, the shop owner where we did much of our shopping in Vijayawada, invited my wife to come and see his Diwali cakes. As was usual, we came at about dusk on the eve of the festival and his cakes were displayed on shelves at an open window looking out on the street. As we stood on the dusty pavement, Mr Raju saw us and switched on special lights to show off his cakes to best effect. Immediately, millions of flies zoned in on the window and crawled over the cakes

from all directions. My wife, ever practical, said that the display was beautiful but if he covered the cakes with some clear plastic it would protect them from the flies.

Ever polite, Mr Raju said, "No, no, I have protection," and he reached behind the shelves, brought out a Flit gun and proceeded to spray the cakes with Flit aptly demonstrating what the phrase "dying like flies" looked like. Then, with sales uppermost in his mind, he asked if she would like to buy a cake from the display. My wife declined gracefully and said that she had baked her own, thank you, and went into the shop to buy some tins of fruit - a safer option.

Our two years flew by. We were able to see the first ten farmers take

up pig-keeping in the area of the live-stock station and we selected breeding stock to be sent to other government livestock stations in Calcutta, Bombay, Bangalore and Orissa. Later, the Irish government and GORTA were complimented for their efforts in breed improvement in the various states over the next three years by the Central Government of India.

For us, my family and myself, we learned so much about life in our part of India and we made a friend for life in Sister Anne Marie who vis-

ited Fethard on a number of occasions after she retired to Ireland having spent 36 years working in education in South India. Sadly she passed away, aged 93, in Dublin a few years ago. Truly she was an unsung heroine of missionaries sent out from Ireland in the 20th century

We also had other friends whom we met during our time in India and, now, so many years later we still remember the small incidents which were the highlights of our time in Gannavaram. ●



Jimmy Trehy demonstrating traditional butter making techniques at the Tipperary Harvest Food Festival held in Clerihan on September 30, 2012

Killusty Sheepdog Trials 2012

This year's trials ran off on the October bank holiday weekend. The sun shone on Saturday for the Open trial, competition was keen and was won by Tom O'Sullivan. The weather took a turn for the worst overnight and Sunday was a very wet day. The crowd came despite the weather and the Paddy Morrissey Cup competition ran off well. The judge was Toddy Lambe and the results were as follows:

1st: Dan Morrissey with Dina
2nd: Tom O'Sullivan with Jan
3rd: Martin Walsh with Lou
4th: Tom O'Sullivan with Peg
5th: Simon Mosse with Dark
6th: John O'Brien with Shep.

The doubles also ran on Sunday and top three places went to Dan Morrissey, Martin Walsh and Milo O'Brien. ●



Paddy Morrissey cup being presented to Dan Morrissey by Simon Mosse at the Killusty Sheepdog Trials 2012

New York Television award for Seán

Congratulations to Sean O'Riordan (24) on winning the 2012 New York Television Festival (NYTVF) prize for the best independent pilot game show. After months of speculation the news was announced at a press conference in New York on Thursday, July 19. This is the first time anyone from Ireland or the UK has won this prestigious award.

Sean, son of Michael O'Riordan formerly from Barrack Street, Fethard, created and produced the show 'Newton's Law' as part of his final year project while studying for his MA in the National Film & Television School, London.

The world famous Warner Brothers Corporation was so impressed that they signed up the rights to the show. Sean will be joining their London based operation to develop the concept further. According to Andrew Zein, SVP, Creative, Format Development and Sales WBTV, Newton's Law was the stand out format from the com-

petition this year, the pilot was well produced and the idea highly original. We look forward to working with Sean to develop his format further and hopefully bringing it to market"

Sean, who went to school in

Templemore and has a degree in Media Studies from Maynooth NUI, has just completed his MA in London. Since winning, he has dealt with media requests at local, national and international level and is naturally delighted, as it has always been his ambition to work in television.

This latest award is only part of a very impres-

sive portfolio, as already in May this year at the world renowned Cannes Film Festival, Sean won the Panavision prize for his commercial 'Paranoid'.

Back home in Killea, Templemore, his parents Michael and Imelda are very proud of their son as are his brothers Kevin, Stephen, Alan and Colin. I'm sure we will be hearing more from this young man in the future. ●



Seán O'Riordan (right) photographed receiving his Master of Arts Film and Television certificate from John Hurt in February this year.



Jacqui Stokes (left) on 'Apache' after winning the 'Working Hunter' at Killusty Show, July 1977.



L to R: Paddy Stokes (Main Street) and Donal O'Rourke (Mobarnane) photographed at a pageant in Cashel in the early 1950s



Barry Connolly singing, accompanied by Eddie Sheehan and members of the Carroll family from Killenaule at a Fethard party July 1988.



Some of the large crowd enjoying the music.



John Shortall and Phil Shee playing fiddle in the late 1970s. The Thatch pub in Cloneen was the regular venue for music at that time.



Jimmy and Fionnuala O'Sullivan dancing in 1988

Fethard ICA Guild



Monument erected on Main Street in memory of Olivia Hughes, founder member of the Fethard Guild of ICA in 1926 and founder of Country Markets in 1947.

Fethard ICA guild had another very enjoyable year. We have twenty-four members and our meetings are held as usual on the second Tuesday of every month, except for July and August when we take our summer break. We have guest speakers or demonstrations at most meetings. During the past year we've had talks on 'The Angels', 'The Gathering 2013', and health shop products which are beneficial to us. We have also had demonstrations on card making, flower arranging and creative writing.

Three of our past members have gone to their eternal reward; namely Celia Byrne, Kay McGrath, and Maura McCormack. May they rest in peace.

Most of our members attended

the Federation Christmas dinner in Cahir House Hotel on November 27. It was held on a Sunday afternoon. Two-hundred ladies sat down to a very appetising four-course meal, after which we danced the evening away to live music and, before we left for home, indulged in refreshments and Christmas cake. It was a most enjoyable event.

In December, Fr. Anthony McSweeney celebrated Mass in our hall and all our past and present members were remembered. A delicious tea was served afterwards by the committee members. Margaret O'Keeffe from the South Tipp Sports Partnership then demonstrated some everyday exercises to perform before our meetings or at home.

We held our summer outing on July 5. We left Fethard at 10am on Owen Walsh's coach and visited Fota House where we had our morning coffee followed by a tour of the magnificent house. Next we had our lunch, also in Fota, and browsed around the large gardens, which looked very well cared for. We headed on to Cobh at 3pm to visit 'The Titanic Experience'. This project was well worth the visit. We then had a boat trip out to sea to see the port where 123 passengers boarded the big ship for their fateful journey. We arrived back to Kilcoran Lodge Hotel for a four-course meal - with a glass of wine included! It was another very enjoyable day and as 2012 will be remembered for all the rain that fell, we were blessed with a wonderful summer's day.

Our AGM was held in March

and officers elected were: Margaret Phelan (President), Betty Lanigan (Vice President), Anne Gleeson (Secretary), and Phil Wyatt (Treasurer). Committee members: Anne Horan, Rose Holohan, Marie Crean, Sheila O'Donnell and Kathy Aylward.

At present we are attending Tai Chi classes in our hall on Monday nights. We are always very happy to welcome new members.

Lastly, we would like to remind all who read this wonderful Newsletter that 2013 is the year of 'The Gathering', so we are hoping that many Fethard people will come back to visit our town sometime during the year, where you will all be very welcome.

Good wishes to all for a very Happy Christmas and all the best for 2013. ☺



Members of Fethard ICA Guild photographed at their premises at Rocklow Road in June this year. L to R: Catherine O'Connell, Anne Horan, Phil Wyatt, Noreen Allen, Marie Crean and Anne Gleeson.

Spoiled for choice!

by John Cooney



Rathcoole Graveyard, Fethard.

Having stumbled into middle age realising that death may now become a possibility, it seemed prudent to consider the spots around Fethard where the body, borrowed for this lifetime, might be put to rest. It is time to visit the final frontier, the graveyard.

Years ago graveyards were popular places to visit, especially on a Sunday, maybe because Woodies Hardware Store didn't exist. Families visited their relatives' graves where older family members could point to neighbouring headstones and begin tracing that person's relatives, an activity of great interest to older wayward teenagers. Or, you might see a young couple in love, strolling hand in hand to the cemetery and, quick

as a flash, the young man would spring the question, "Would you like to be buried here with my mother's people?" Of course the young nowadays are far too cynical and don't consider romance important.

One disadvantage us blow-ins have to face is, only natives know who is buried where and why some individuals want to be buried in their traditional family graveyards. But knowing who is who and where is where regarding cemeteries, can give the living a real connection to the dead and perhaps does make the energy and goodness of their ancestors more readily available; it may also allow people come to terms more easily with their grief and to make peace with their ancestors.

We all have ancestors, embarrassing though many of them may be.

Anyway, it seemed reasonable to check out the places of the dead and where better to start than on Main Street with my back to McCarthy's bar. The parish churchyard seems already packed and they are a stately bunch. It is nice to walk past all the graves on the way into the church. A prime spot, but hard to get in unless you had pull from your relatives.

Reading about cemeteries in medieval times, the more prominent families took and paid for prime spots especially near the church so

the attention of the living would be drawn to their memorials and in consequence, more prayers offered, which would ensure a shorter time in purgatory. Not such a daft idea for an investment now that we are in the post Celtic tiger period. It is said that Father John Lambe, in the 1950s, gathered loose stones from the various medieval churches around Fethard to form a base for the statue of Our Lady (photographed below) at the churchyard entrance, so there is a wonderful and practical connection to the past and tradition.

Behind the church there is the



Presentation Convent graveyard. Would the nuns take a sinner in there? Some of us may need all the help we can get and blessed is he surrounded by women. Although more liberal with the passing years, our good nuns would hardly go that far.

Next on to Holy Trinity Church on The Square, a near perfect churchyard. Oh to be buried in such an important historical setting, could you beat it for history and location? Location is everything according to the auctioneers though it appears there isn't a great demand for places here. How would you get in? The Catholics are on one side and the Protestants on the other, is there a place in the middle?

Down Burke Street and into the Abbey – a busy compact cosy square of graves. The most beautiful pig is carved here. All those wonderful engravings are some consolation for eternity and many from the Holy Orders might be a help when the trumpets are sounding. There are great slabs leaning against an old wall and the Celtic crosses are all



Carving of a Pig at the Abbey

different sizes, it looks a good place on a moonlit night.

Up to Calvary. This is a sacred place where most recent burials take place and most tears are shed. It is a place of raw grief where most local people will end their days. The Buddhists tell us that grief is grace knocking at the door, and our poet Paddy Kavanagh says, grief lets the light into our hearts. So considering it is Calvary, condolences to all who suffered a bereavement this year and to those who are still in mourning. Grief is hard going and there is no way around it but to go through it.



Everardsgrange Graveyard

Time to go east, out to Crampsbridge over the 'Bean Óg' or the little Maiden, left at Downey's cross where the platform dances used to be, on towards Drangan but stopping at Everardsgrange church ruins and graveyard before the pull of the hill. This is very easy to pass by and not realize it is a burial place: a gentle place, quaint and small for, "Earth's embrace of the silent dust", as can be read inside.

Back towards town, taking the

first turn left, down a wicked crooked road to Killusty itself. What a setting for the dead, by the road, airy and well kept and now that the trees are gone, has a refreshing atmosphere, old but not ancient, dainty but not twee, it's a good setting by the mountain side. The wittiest and best headstone of all is in this burial site.



Kilmaclugh Graveyard overlooking Tinsley Bridge at Grove

Continue on back towards Kiltinan and into Kilmaclugh where things are a little higgledy-piggledy. It is said Catholics went to hear Mass here during penal times but who knows where the mass paths are now or the Mass Rock. Middle-aged people speak warmly of attending outdoor services in this graveyard years ago. Prayers under the sky have a quality about them not readily available inside a building and this tradition lives on in this parish. On a winter's day there is an openness about the place and good views overlooking the repaired Tinsley bridge on the river. To your right Grove house, to your left a bit of Slievenamon and in the distance, the Comeraghs, romantic in a bleak

sort of way especially if there's snow on the hills. The butt of the church wall is all that is left and a lovely new grave amid all the old ones. It is the hidden gem but each to his own. Out and on to Kiltinan - a nice thing about this graveyard is that the ruins of the church still dominate and there is also a good view. It is very sweet when you find a cut pathway to a grave where people have spent time tending a grave. A lament for Sheela na Gig here first before heading back to Fethard.

We take Jesuit's Walk up to another graveyard at Templemartin. When the Catholic Church was in a more fundamental mood and required unbaptised babies to be buried in what was termed 'unconsecrated ground', locals travelled secretly by night and chose a spot inside the church ruins for such burials. Now that more decency and common sense prevails, it is no longer used.



Bill Meaney

At this stage local help was need-



Cooleagh Graveyard

ed and Bill Meaney came to the rescue, so into the car and on towards Killenaule, crossing the parish border for this sneaky run. How far does the writ of Fethard run? Some of us rely on a car and every time the car passes the crossroads at Coolbawn it shudders, so that must mean the end of Fethard, but, before the crossroads on the right-hand side of the road is Cooleagh cemetery. Technically in Killenaule parish, it sits in a gorgeous setting and is well worth a look. A wall surrounds this circular place in the middle of a field with one substantial wall still standing inside what appears to be ruins from a large church. This place is full of bird song.



St. Johnstown Graveyard

Back into the car and on gingerly to Coolbawn Cross, turning right and

on to St. Johnstown church ruins. A short walk will bring you there and it is visible from the road. The nearby castle and the ruins further add to the depth of silence here.

Next on to Peppardstown which has the feel of an old country cemetery though many townspeople are also buried there. The side of the hill can be so windswept and bleak on a winter's day but yet it has such solidity about it that one feels nothing will ever be moved. Although we may have strayed out of the parish, there is a compensation to be had in the view of Knockelly Castle and the bawn. Some people think this might be the finest historical view in the area.



Peppardstown Graveyard

In the old unused country cemeteries where the markers lean and the writing withered in the wind, there is a final satisfaction to be had that here at least we are no longer in hock to the dead, we are finally free of previous generations and fully on our own. The dominion of the dead is no more. Country graveyards are quiet reflective places, easy to explore and cheap to visit. A prayer

for the dead isn't really such a waste of time, is it? We can but try to make peace with our ancestors, all of them.

Older generations still retain much information about where people are buried, especially in the country graveyards and it may make an interesting exercise to record this information before they too 'kick the bucket'. If we don't collect this information now, it will be forever lost.



Marker at Redcity Graveyard

Before taking the Cashel road, a quick trip out the Rosegreen road to a most interesting place less than a mile from the town, bordered by stone walls. Redcity cemetery, the one that crossed the road, has old, new and a variety of markers from wood and steel to elaborate and simple stone. Since being cleaned up, it is well worth a visit to see slabs that can be clearly read from 1775, headstones with great and detailed markings, a yew tree and a grave away from all the others with a mark from the Royal Irish Regiment. Further out is Tullamaine with a most majestic view but be warned, the ground is uneven. The Galtees, Rosegreen, the motte, the castle, all form part

of the view and on our visit we met Cashel/London people trying hard to locate where their relatives were buried. There is a sixteenth century inscribed headstone with a floriated cross inside the old church ruins which is rare. Part of the inscription in Latin refers to 'Edmund Comyn of Tullamain who died in 1575'. In 1840 John O'Donovan, the great antiquarian scholar, drew this exact tombstone and he also drew a second one nearby but it appears alas to be gone. I am grateful to Willie Hayes, a Fethard native, who knows so much about Tipperary, for bringing this to my attention. Many of the old graveyards sit on hilltops, in a way they are nearer to heaven.



Detail at Rathcoole Graveyard

Back to town, out the Cashel road

and turn right at the crossroad on to Rathcoole with its great sweeping view of the countryside. Again there are gravestones here from the 18th century clearly visible. Well within walking distance from the town, the entrance is well kept and easy to enter but the ruins of the church are overgrown. Back out to the Cashel road and on to Magorban church, a lovely small quaint church with

pretty surrounds and majestic trees before walking to the Quaker cemetery. This one is overgrown and has no headstones. The only clue to its existence



Magorban Church

is a bigger than usual gateway. It is believed that about twelve people were buried here when the Quakers lived hereabouts though probably more towards the Cashel area. It seems a pity that this graveyard is not marked because Quakers are still held in such high regard for the great work they undertook during the famine and the industrial heritage they left behind.

Old Lisronagh graveyard is quite a little place and there's another one on the Fethard side of Lisronagh called Baptistgrange with strong historical links to Fethard, but it would be too cheeky to include them here.

Fethard Historical Society has

begun to look at this grave issue and recently organised photographs be taken of graves in Calvary so people may more easily trace their dead relatives. The descendants of emigrants may wish to pursue a search in the future to find their roots. Fethard doesn't seem to have any marker for famine victims who constitute a big enough group. On so many gravestones there is a plea

to 'Pray for,' so it seems the dead want us to visit and give them time, so no need for shyness or excuses. We are wanted.

For me, where to go is the question

as there is no shortage of choice. Hopefully there is no rush for my own little plot, just yet, but also no guarantee in the morning that we will see this evening. As the joke goes, when an old person was asked by a young person, "Who wants to live to be eighty?" The old person replies, "Ask the person who is seventy nine."

There is a great richness to be discovered in country graveyards and it is sad that we let old church ruins fall to pieces. Christian burial places are not seen as part of our heritage, yet, for members of our diaspora these places have a strong emotional link to their ancestry. ●



Ollie Fitzgerald photographed with Ned Bulfin's milk cart at Moclair's Terrace



*Photographed at a Munster Final in Limerick are
L to R: Gus Fitzgerald, Dick Fitzgerald, Jimmy Fitzgerald and Tom McCormack*



Jim Heffernan, Mary Kelly, Michael and Patrick Heffernan early 1950s. Mary and Patrick later married.



Agnes Allen with her nephew John Ryan c.1942 in Barrack Street



Patrician Brothers school team photographed with Bro. Raymond, July 1984. Back L to R: Mark Moloney, Barry Purcell, Robert O'Dowd, Paddy Ryan, Rory Bradshaw, Richard Butler, Kevin Coffey, Dermot Kane, Micheál Broderick, Evan Colville. Front L to R: Paul Barrett, Christy Looby, Martin Ryan, Donal Cummins, John Stokes, Micheál Spillane, Alan Colville, Teddy Morrissey, Michael Neville and Jim Connolly.



Knocking the old Abbey wall to widen road in 1968. Back L to R: Larry O'Meara, Elaine O'Meara, Fr. Anthony Leddin OSA Prior. Front L to R: Jimmy O'Sullivan, Mark Holohan, Paul Hayes, Dermot O'Sullivan, Brian O'Sullivan, Johnny O'Sullivan and Marylou Holohan



L to R: Mary O'Dwyer and Rena Moclair, Ballinlough July 1957



L to R: Honor Mulligan, Carmel Rice, Euna Whyte and Ann Schofield taken in the Mid 1950s



Killusty Soccer Club team, winners of the Clonmel Sports Quiz 1983-84. Back L to R: Paddy Kenrick, Willie O'Meara. Front L to R: Andy O'Riordan Joe Keane and Christy Aylward.

Fethard Ballroom Company Ltd



'Fethard Enterprises' the group of business people who converted the Capital Cinema to 'The Country Club' in 1967. Photographed on Grand Opening Night L to R: Sean Ward, Paddy Martin, Austy O'Flynn, Paddy Maher, Mick Delahunty (band), Donal O'Sullivan, Paddy O'Flynn, Canon Lee P.P., Fr. Clifford O.S.A., Fr. Killian O.S.A., and Joe McMahon.

The building known as the Ballroom was built as a cinema and opened its doors to the public in January 1946. Some 20 years later it closed and with some alterations by a local business group, 'Fethard Enterprises', reopened as a dance hall called The Country Club in 1967. The maestro himself, Mick Delahunty and his Orchestra, provided music for the Grand Opening Night. In 1972 the hall was sold to Wexford man, Danny Doyle, who managed a chain of successful dancehalls all over Ireland ensuring top quality showbands such as Brendan Bowyer, Dickie Rock, Joe Dolan and many other international acts would grace the stage of the Ballroom. Fethard was the place to

be for a good night's dancing. This continued to flourish well into the 1980s until the decline of the showband scene.

The Ballroom eventually closed and was left derelict before community action ensured it would survive as one of the few remaining 'Ballrooms of Romance' left in Ireland. In 1992 a committee was formed and the Ballroom was purchased from dance hall promoter Danny Doyle. With a tremendous community effort it was re-opened on March 17, 1993, with a celebration dance. Now, almost 20 years later, dancing is still alive and kicking every Sunday night in Fethard.

The Ballroom facilitates many events that make up its weekly and

annual programme. Mainly card games; adult social dance classes; On Your Toes; Girl Guides; Scouts; Zumba Classes; Martial Arts; keep fit classes; circuit training; Adult Dance Competition in Aid of Hospice; Tipperarian Book Fair; and dance tuition from Marina Mullins, whose pupils from Holy Trinity National School gave an exhibition in ballroom dancing, with proceeds going to Fethard Day Care Centre.

The day-to-day running of the Ballroom is discharged by a most diligent Tom Tobin, from Fethard Community Employment Scheme, and without whom it wouldn't be possible to facilitate all the organisations and individuals who use the Ballroom.

The Committee: Chairman Gay

Horan; Treasurer Monica Ahern; Sean Spillane, David O'Donnell; Paddy Hickey; Sheila O'Donnell; Breda Spillane; Pat Horan; Margaret Phelan and Seamus Barry are kept busy with operational duties. In addition to regular duties this year a number of card games were held in aid of Parish Funds, and a dance competition was organised that raised €1,395 for South Tipperary Hospice. We also fitted a new kitchen in the hall.

To organisations and individuals who support the Ballroom we say thanks, and to all the people in the parish and beyond, we wish you all a Happy and Holy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year. ☺

Robert Phelan (Hon Sec)



Fethard Ballroom and Dancing Club members presenting a cheque for €1,505, proceeds from the Mick Ahern Perpetual Trophy Dance Competition, to South Tipperary Hospice. L to R: Pat Kirwan, Rosie Murphy (South Tipperary Hospice), Tony Marshall (Chairman Dancing Club), Majella O'Donoghue (South Tipperary Hospice), Monica Ahern, Billy Corcoran, Margaret Burke, Pat Fitzell and Breda O'Carroll.

The Man Who Lived in 51

*A man so strong, in muscle and limb
We called him Dad, his name was Jim.
Off to work, so hard each day,
So food and clothes, could come our way.*

*As we grew up, stories were told,
Of Fethard teams from days of old.
Proud and passionate, his eyes lit up,
When Fethard won and took the cup.*

*Down to the alley, for a game of ball,
Fast and hard, around the wall.
Kept him fit, he loved the thrill,
When he took the game, with another 'kill'.*

*Loved his Guinness, as you know,
Called it a 'Cantona', or a 'Keano',
He loved his darts, there was no doubt,
When he hit 'tops', to finish it out.*

*He loved to whistle many a tune,
At any time, morning or noon.
You just might hear, as he cycled by,
Jim whistling, 'The Fields of Athenry'.*

*So now as we stand here,
And all is said and done.
We were proud to be, a daughter or a son,
Of Jim, the man who lived in 51.*

— Willie O'Meara



My Oz Adventure

by Johnny Sheehan

In December 1965, my brother Ned and I had been seven years with Film Cooling Towers 1925 Ltd., of Richmond, Surrey, and had erected many water cooling towers throughout the British Midlands, Wales, and at various locations in Ireland including Belfast, Ballymena, Mayo and Dublin. We had also constructed their first ever concrete induced draught tower in British Celanese, Derby, as we were the only employees with reinforced concrete construction experience. In December 1965 we were sent to Rathmore on the Cork/Kerry border to erect a wooden forced draught tower for Fry Cadburys and it was while working there that I was asked to come back to London head office to discuss a concrete induced draught tower in Queensland, Australia.

I took a flight from Dublin to Heathrow and was picked up and taken to meet head office staff to discuss contract documents, drgs etc. and they made no secret of the fact that they needed me to carry out the complicated structure. The main contractors for Queensland Alumina were Kaiser Engineers & Constructors from Oakland, California, and the tower had been designed by Jim De Flon, San Dimas, California, and was the first of its kind ever constructed in the world. I told the meeting that I would have to consult with my wife Peg and if she had any objection I would not

go. After the meeting our assistant managing director, Lou Stevens took me to his home for the night where we had a meal and he later took me to his club and introduced me to his friends as his colleague from Ireland and I was made to feel very welcome. I came home the next day and spoke to Peg and she was adamant that I should go and she would take care of our three children and all the rest for the duration of the contract which was one year. During our lifetime we always agreed on matters that affected our family lives, she has been my rock for 59 years (and always will be), a wonderful wife and mother and because of her willingness to work alone I was able to work as far afield as Australia and West Africa.

So it was back to Rathmore to complete the job and while working there we stayed in what can only be described as a home from home with Mrs Long and her son Paddy – wonderful people. It will tell you how well we got on that, although never a gambling man, we used all go to Gneeveguilla to play bingo in aid of the local church – sure you would have to support a good cause like that. One night the jackpot number wasn't called so the man calling the numbers looked behind the stage and said, "You can get up off your knees now Father, the jackpot is saved for another night". I was glad to have lived among the

people of Rathmore, they made you feel very welcome and you felt very much at home with them. Of course no matter where you go there will always be those characters who, for one reason or another draw attention to themselves and not always in a good way. There was one such character who lived alone in a cottage on the Mallow road just before you came to Rathmore. He liked his few jars and I often saw him coming past our digs walking in the centre of the road singing and shouting. He was constantly being bothered by a traveller who was always looking for money and food so he came up with a plan to get rid of him. He owned a rifle and a shotgun, so the next time the traveller called he asked him if he was a good 'shot', your man said, "Not bad at all sir", so he handed the unloaded rifle to the traveller and raised up the kitchen window and said, "Shoot one of them crows in the garden". The traveller knelt down to take aim and our man had loaded the shotgun and fired a shot through the top of the window and with that the traveller jumped through the window and never appeared again - not sure what the real target was!

We were told another story about a man in Scartaglin, a few miles over the road. As a child he was taken to America by his uncle and after forty years he decided to come home and bought a small farm on the side of the hill. He had lost all contact with God and the Church and didn't go to mass. The local priest heard about

this client and decided to visit him. The priest said, "I don't see you at Mass any Sunday", to which your man replied, "I don't bother about Mass or religion", and the priest, not happy with this, said, "if you are not at Mass next Sunday I will put grass growing to your door", "Well begorra Reverend, that would be great because if you look around you will see nothing growing here but furze and ferns."

I left home around mid-January 1966 and got a plane from Dublin to Heathrow where I was met by a company colleague and he took me to the B.O.A.C. Terminal for vaccination then back to H.Q. for briefing. Around six that evening I boarded a Qantas 707 V for Australia accompanied by a young draughtsman, Bill Whistler, who was sent with me by the company to gain experience. Our first stop was Athens, then Teheran, New Delhi, Hong Kong, Manilla and Brisbane. The company had booked us into Lennon's Hotel in Brisbane. In those days with all the stopovers the actual flying time was 29 hours from London to Brisbane. The war in Vietnam was raging at the time and commercial planes could not fly over it to reach Hong Kong, they flew out over the China Sea. The captain told us the problem and said if we looked down on the left hand side we would clearly see the flashes of the guns in Vietnam and sure enough they were clearly visible - not something you would want to witness even at that distance let



Johnny Sheehan (left) photographed with young Bill Whistler (Draughtsman)

alone imagine what it was like to be on the ground.

When we landed in Brisbane the temperature was 80° Fahrenheit and to make matters worse my suitcase was missing. The customs found out it had been taken off in Teheran and after two weeks it arrived intact. We spent that day and night in the hotel and got an internal flight the next day to Gladstone which was about 500 miles north of Brisbane on the Bruce Highway. We were met there by our company rep. Mike Mackey who had years of overseas experience as a senior civil engineer and he took us to our accommodation in the Hi-Way Motel (a lovely place with its own restaurant owned by one of our own, a Mrs Cashin). I was given my own personal transport: a new three-seater utility pick-up commonly known as a "UTE". Mike Mackey and I became firm friends.

He took me under his wing and taught me critical path programmes, how to do the final account and the monthly valuations. He invited Bill (our draughtsman) and me to dinner one evening and for some unknown reason he had taken a dislike to young Bill and when we arrived at his house he introduced me to his wife Meg, as his assistant, John Sheehan, and to his two children as, "your uncle John and this is Mr Bill".

The construction of the tower was held up for two weeks as Kaisers had discovered that the reinforcing was not good enough and had to be re-designed for earthquake loadings. In the meantime I hired two Aussies, Charlie Wells and Jim Greenslade. Jim and I became wonderful friends and we corresponded regularly up to the time of his death two years ago. They both built our office and

Mike bought two desks and a galvanized water tank to collect rainwater for drinking – no fresh water in Gladstone – plenty of beer though.

Part of my job was interviewing personnel and putting a gang

together. I eventually had a full gang of ten Aussies, two Hungarians, two Yugo Slavs, two Americans and two Paddies. The two Irish boys came on site one day looking for temporary work. One was Norman Kerr from Enniskillen and the other Pat Bogue from Monaghan; they were backpacking around the world. They stayed with me for about three months and then went to New Zealand. They

came to Fethard afterwards to see me and thanked me for employing them. By then they had been to Kiwi land, Canada and America. They told me the Kiwi money was about the same as Oz, Canada was terrific but they never earned money anywhere like the money they got in the U.S.

In February 1966 I bought what was known as a Miners Right. It was a certificate that gave the bearer the right to dig on Crown Lands for precious stones. It only cost 5/6, that

was prior to the changeover to dollars which happened in March of that year. I never found any perfect stones but I brought home a lot of imperfect amethysts. Neither did I find any opals or emeralds but

who could pass up the opportunity of being a prospector in Australia – it has a value all of its own.

Norman and I bought a .22 rifle each and we used to go to the outback most Sundays looking for scrub turkeys, flying foxes, 'roos and bandicoots. We were warned that if we got lost in the outback to stay with our car as it would serve as our best chance of being found and also to

drink the radiator water from your vehicle if you had no other water. That year a family from the U.K. got lost in the outback, they abandoned their car and attempted to find civilization, which in the outback could be a hundred miles away and in any direction. Unfortunately, they were found dead long after their car had been located.

Other Sundays we went swimming to a place called Tannim Sands. The sand was lovely and



Johnny Sheehan photographed in the Commercial Hotel 1966

white and the water was very warm but due to the high salt content you had to have a shower afterwards. I was told by my friend Jim to always wear sandals, as even in this most beautiful place there was a danger of standing on broken glass, or even more likely, coming in contact with a stonefish whose venom is fatal. I was always conscious of the red back spider, the funnel web and the black house spider, again thanks to Jim. Every morning I would shake my shoes or boots and my clothes in case any of the indigenous wildlife were in residence.

I spent Easter weekend on Heron Island on the Great Barrier Reef, about 40 miles off the coast. The weather was calm on the outward journey and we had a lovely week-end; I spent most of the time at low tide walking around the reef admiring the beautiful coloured coral and the sea life that lives around it, ever watchful of the clams with their mouths open about two inches. I used to love to see their reaction when I put a stick in their mouth and they would grab it, only to let go a few seconds later when they realised it wasn't lunch after all. I also spent some time snorkelling there which was truly amazing, an experience not to be missed. The weather was very rough on the homeward journey and I was very sea sick and bar jumping overboard to escape I just had to hang in there until I reached dry land.

The construction was going well

and in general we had no union problems though the union was very strong. We had our own shop steward, Ray Rappensburg and after four blows of the hooter, all stewards had to convene in the union office and they would decide whether to strike or not; in a photograph of Ray and me it would appear that I am not enquiring about his health. We did, however, have one strike during my time there over a very silly incident and it lasted eleven days. Kaisers had a camp and canteen for all the workers and everybody had to line up at meal time with a tray and the cooks placed our food on the tray. One evening an Aussie refused the steak he was getting and stuck his finger in the dish full of steaks and said, "That's the one I want." The cook touched him with the fork and said, "Take your filthy hand out of there," so he turned to his mate and said, "You saw him assault me." Next morning at 7 starting time there were four blows of the hooter and a strike was called which only ended when the person who was allegedly assaulted left the site. During that eleven days the only sound heard on the site was the two Kookaburras, better known as the Laughing Jackass (their call is akin to laughter), who used to perch on the end of our office. Their 'laughter' only served to remind us of how silly this strike was in the first place.

The site returned to normal after that, we had no more stoppages and we were making good progress. Sadly, two men were electrocuted

accidentally; they were the only fatalities with the main contractor. Each crane driver had a helper known as a 'Doggie', whose job was to tie the load for the crane and who also had to hold the load. In these two cases it was steel plating being conveyed and the crane jib came in contact with overhead wires and unfortunately two 'Doggies' died.

I was long since a member of the local Judo Club, the Ju No Kwai in Yarrow Street. I was senior instructor along with Jan Witte and Vince Romain, who were from Holland originally and who had come in from Indonesia and were wonderful friends. I got a nice write up in the Gladstone Observer for services rendered to the club, as Jan Witte and I did a number of gradings, under Australia's Judo Rules, for the club. I had trained under Gunji Koizumi 6th Dan and Kenshiro Abbe 8th Dan, both Japanese. The article described me as an excellent all rounder, i.e. both contest and formal styles, and that it was a pity I would be returning home some time later. All the club's Judoka were keen to do Randori (practice) with me to learn my techniques and I did a two-hour training session every Friday night. They brought Joe Watts, Queensland Kyu Open Champion up to Gladstone to have an exhibition with both of us which was wonderful. His father, Harry, ran the Ju No Kwai at that time – a gentleman if ever there was one! I was invited to Biloela, fifteen miles up the Bruce Highway to take

classes in the club there also. I have to say that I enjoyed the friendship and respect shown to me in both these clubs and loved every minute of my time there.

I was also at two rodeos, one in Gympie and another in Rockhampton. It's amazing how these guys don't get killed or seriously injured, although there are lots of broken bones. The clowns were very funny and entertaining but in reality their job was quite serious. If a rider fell off and got injured or dismounted then clowns had to distract the enraged Brahma Bull, putting their own lives at risk in the process – their speed and agility was vital to their survival.

I had a photograph taken sitting on the base of Capricornias Needle, outside 'Rocky' and on that base is a brass plate with the line of the Tropic of Capricorn etched on it.

One evening my old Aussie friend Jim said to me, "John, Jimmy Shand is in 'Rocky' tonight, how about it?" I said, "No problem Jim," and we took off and I drove eighty miles to Rockhampton to see him. The first thing we heard on arrival was the Scottish pipers and their music was just terrific and Jimmy Shand and his band were brilliant. We were back again by 12.30 – we had a good road, the Bruce Highway, and in Oz a 160 mile round trip for a night out wasn't unusual.

I was introduced to a man from Clogheen who had been in Australia for 37 years without every setting foot



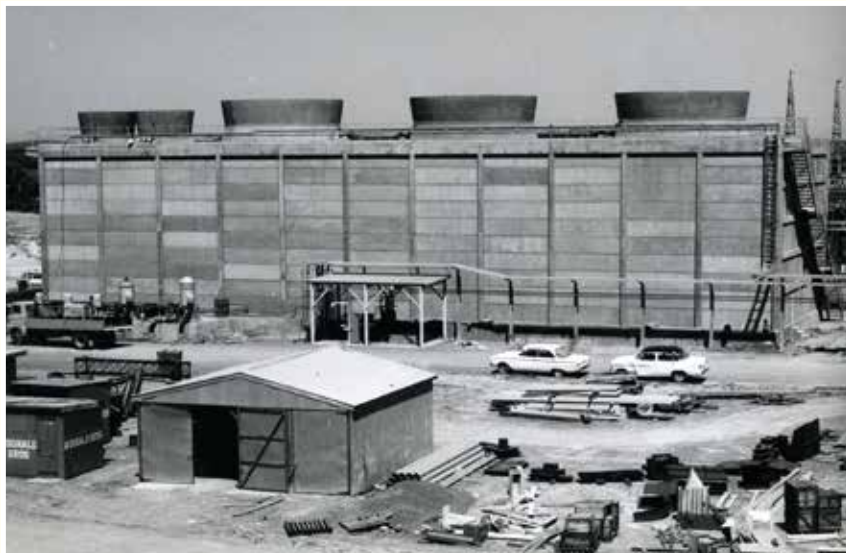
Johnny Sheehan pointing to the base of Capricornias Needle with the line of the Tropic of Capricorn etched on it.

on the auld sod, his name was Chris McNamara and we became great friends. I had Christmas dinner with Chris and his family and it seemed strange having Christmas dinner on a veranda in about 84° Fahrenheit. Chris and I would meet up every Saturday night and I would give him the Nationalist which I regularly got from home. My only other contact with home was in the form of letters, (all so different now) which were eagerly awaited, even if the news was about two weeks old when we got it, it was nonetheless enjoyed.

My boss, Mike Mackey, was taken home in November of that year so I had no shoulder to lean on. I had to see that the job was completed to the satisfaction of the

Americans, not an easy task. The Americans have different inspectors for each section of the contract unlike Ireland and the U.K. where one man inspects everything. When you asked an inspector to do an inspection and give you a 'cert', if a problem arose that needed attention and you asked him the best way to solve it, the answer was always; "If you can sell it to me I am prepared to buy." So, T.G. I was able to sell the whole box of tricks and they bought it.

Just prior to going home from Gladstone I got in touch with Mary Hickey from Cloran who was living in Toomwomba about 80 miles or so inland from Brisbane. Mary had married a Clare man named



One of the water cooling towers projects that Johnny worked on.

Tom Mintner in Australia and my family got her phone number from her brother Jim in Walshbog, Killusty, and sent it to me. I rang Mary and told her I would pay her a visit on my way home. We hadn't seen each other since around 1939 – about 27 years. I had arranged to leave Gladstone a day early and when I landed in Brisbane I took a train to Toomwomba. Sadly when I arrived at her address she had been taken to hospital the previous day, but had left instructions that I be given the keys to her car and go to the hospital. I visited Mary and found her in good form; she hadn't changed much in 27 years. We traced back to our school-going days, our teachers Mrs Meagher, Miss Flood and Connie O'Donoghue, and how the Hickeys, Dunnes, Sheehans and Kearneys all

went barefoot to Killusty National School, along the Cloran Road together. I visited Mary again in hospital the next day and then left for Brisbane and home via Honolulu, New York and London. Sadly, Mary passed away that year, but I was so glad to have spent some time with an old school friend who at one time was just a fond memory.

When the time came in January 1967 for going home, my employers were so pleased with the contract that they paid the extra fare to fly me home via Honolulu, San Francisco, New York and London. I was to go to San Dimas, Los Angeles to talk to Jim De Flon. I thought San Dimas was a suburb of San Francisco so when I arrived there I rang him and he said, "Where are you?", I told him and he said quite casually, "You are

only 400 miles away, grab a plane and come right down." I had to make an excuse about my flight out next day so I would not be able to make it. They booked me into the Plaza Hotel in 'Frisco' and we had breakfast compliments of Qantas in the Blue Room, New York. I had completed a complete circle of the globe and Qantas sent me a beautiful certificate as Freeman of the Skies.

I was glad to be going home but sad leaving such a wonderful country and the wonderful and caring Queenslanders I had the pleasure of knowing and living with for a year as well as all the other nationalities with whom I crossed paths during

my time there.

I landed back in London and went to head office for de-briefing, then on to Heathrow for a flight to Dublin where Peg and the children were waiting for me. Mike Mackey fought hard for me to join him in Cardiff but I was never going to leave Ireland again. It was good to be on the same island as your family, but in 1978 I broke that promise when I spent a year in Nigeria working for an Irish company, only to be constantly told, "European man you go home, this is black man's country," – that's just how it was there then. Saying that, it wasn't all bad - to be continued. ●



Johnny Sheehan with his wife Peg in the kitchen of their home in St. Patrick's Place July 2, 2012.



Sr. Gamma Kenny's Golden Jubilee in Bradford. Back L to R: Lolo Trehy, Fr. O'Keeffe P.P. St. Peters, Bradford, Larry Kenny, Ken Duncan, Gemma Kenny. Front L to R: Marion Fitzpatrick, Mary Connolly, Sr. Gemma, Nuala (Connolly) Duncan and Kathleen Bradshaw.



Friends from St. Patrick's Place 1970s L to R: Roseanne O'Meara, Louise O'Meara, Alice Ryan (back), Susan O'Meara, Mary Ryan, Philip Ryan and Julia Ryan.



Runners-up in the St. Patrick's National School soccer league final, June 1998.. The final was played in atrocious conditions watched by Middlesborough Scout, Freddie Murray, Clonmel. Back L to R: William Doyle, Noel Walsh, Shane Walsh, Brian Kennedy. Front L to R: Mark Lawless, James Williams, Peter Gough, David Conway, Josh Harrison and Gerard Lawless.



Jason and Shane Ryan, St. Patrick's Place c.1975

Abymill Theatre



Fethard Players cast of 'Shadow of a Gunman' photographed after their successful run, which concluded on Sunday, November 18. L to R: Anne Connolly, John Fogarty, Liam O'Connor, Ciarán Treacy, Gerry Fogarty, Ann Walsh, Colm McGrath, Ciarán Mullally, Tom Gilpin, Jimmy O'Sullivan and Mia Treacy.

That time of year . . . Abymill and the Fethard Players, preparing for this year's production of Sean O'Casey's 'The Shadow of a Gunman'. Austy in his element as opening night draws closer. What a wonderful venue for a play like this. Remembering the two former O'Casey plays, 'Juno And The Paycock' and 'The Plough And The Stars', and how well they were received in the Abymill.

Thursday night is Bingo night, and, play or no play, Gerry Fogarty is on hand to call the numbers in his own inimitable style, as the faithful followers hope for a lucky break. Christy Mullins, always on hand to keep a watchful eye on Abymill, and Cinta (Austy's sister) always ready to give a helping hand.

Next May 2013 Abymill will cel-

ebate 25 years. A poignant, yet lovely, reminder of the life of Catherine O'Shea, was the framed picture Austy presented her with just before her untimely passing, officially opening Abymill Theatre in May 1988 when she was Lady Mayoress of Fethard.

Over the past almost 25 years, the board of directors is still the same, some have gone, some have joined, but the 'core' group still remains, loyal and faithful to the promotion of the arts in this lovely building.

Visiting players take to the stage boards from time to time, and Majella Forte holds her annual dance show 'On Your Toes' in June of each year.

A popular venue for meetings, one of the most recent groups to gather there is the new choral group under Abbey organist Ann Barry. Nice to hear the upper echelons

resounding with Mozart's 'Ave Verum'

The A.G.M. was held in June 2012 and the following officers were elected: Chairperson, Joe Kenny; Administrator, Austin O'Flynn; Secretary, Marian Gilpin; Assistant

secretary, Michael McCarthy; Treasurer, Agnes Evans. Board members: Vincent Murphy, Eileen Maher, Carmel Rice, Jimmy O'Shea and Mary McCormack. Auditor: John Fahey. ●

In memory of Liam Quinn



My younger brother Eddie (photographed above left) and two friends recently ran the Birmingham Half Marathon to raise funds for the Stroke Association in memory of our father, Liam Quinn, who died on May 11, 2012, late of Barrettsgrange, Fethard, and Banbury, Oxfordshire, UK.

Dad was Munster boxing champ in his youth and a trainer for Moyglass Boxing Club. He was also a jockey and later, groom in the UK.

Liam was the youngest of the Fethard Quinns and his last surviving sister, Mary Haigh, died in Brisbane, Australia, in 2011. Going through

Dad's family papers I found a lot of history, including details of my great-uncle, Lt James Quinn, who died as a result of injuries sustained at the Somme during WW1, and of another great-uncle who emigrated to Australia and was one of the first ANZAC soldiers to land on Gallipoli. Very interesting history which I hope in due course to prepare a brief article on for the Emigrant's Newsletter.

Before Liam died, we were able to reunite him with an elderly gentleman who had spent time at Barrettsgrange farm as an evacuee in WWII. ●

by Prof Tom Quinn

Jack Connolly's International Year

2012 has been another successful year for Jack Connolly, a member of Clonmel Boxing Club, who continues to produce the goods, with his consistent displays of boxing, up and down the length and breadth of the country, and most notably this year, his results and performances on the international stage.

The year started for Jack at the Hotel Minella, Clonmel on Saturday, January 28, when he was presented with his Tipperary Sports Panel Annerville Award, formerly the Cidona awards, for his outstanding achievements in boxing during 2011. A very proud young man accepted his award that night, watched on by his equally proud family.

Not much time for Jack to dwell on his success or his fine dinner at the Minella, as the following day was county final day, when Jack picked up his fifth county title, defeating his Clonmel Boxing Club team mate Ryan Hyland, on a unanimous decision. Mark Lennon from Thurles Boxing Club, on finding he was to fight Jack in the semi-final, pulled out of that contest.

The Munster finals were hosted

by Nenagh Boxing Club on the weekend of February 18 and 19. Jack's semi-final was a repeat of last year's final, when he was drawn against Arron Ronan from the Glen Boxing Club in Cork City. Jack never gave



Jack pictured with his 'number one' fan Kathleen Kenny

the Cork man a minute's peace, in what was one of his best displays ever, to book his place in the Munster final on a convincing scoreline of 22 points to 4. After that fine performance Jack picked up the vomiting-bug. With the Munster final looming the following morning, he thought of conceding the contest, but got the strength from somewhere to enter the ring way below his best, to face Michael McDonagh from Mitchelstown Boxing Club. Jack, on the back foot for most of the three rounds, put in a determined and dogged performance on how to pick up points on the defence, and went on to win his fourth Munster title, 12 points to 9.

Jack joined up with the Irish squad attached to the high performance unit at the National Boxing Stadium in Dublin, on April 7, in preparation for the first international of the season against Scotland, which was held at the Rochestown

Park Hotel, Cork, on Saturday, May 12.

Jack was drawn against Scottish champion John Doherty in the 60kg fight. Jack was in outstanding form, winning the first round 3 points to nil, the second 6 to 1, and the third by 9 points to 2. Ireland went on to win this international fixture 10 fights to 7.

After that display it was back to the High Performance unit in Dublin for the next 11 weeks, where Jack was selected to represent Ireland at a training camp and a multi-nations tournament to be

held over three weeks in July, in the Kurgan region in Siberia, for the very prestigious Valse Cup. After a very intensive training camp in primitive surroundings and extreme weather conditions, Jack's opponent was Edgar Belanga, a member of the USA Olympic youth squad, and American 60kg champion. Jack got his tournament off to a flying start when he beat the American from the Bronx, New York, by 7 points to 3. Jack, on a high now, was up against home favourite and World Junior champion, Konstantin Mishechkin. Jack pushed the Russian to the limit, but Mishechkin came out on top 7 points to 4, a brilliant performance by Jack considering the Russian is a very talented and gifted technical boxer.



Jack and Olympic Silver Medallist John Joe Nevin

A rest day followed, with time to recharge the batteries and take in the sights of this beautiful part of the world, before it was back into the ring. Next up for Jack was the German champion and current European Bronze medallist, Wladislaw Baryshik. Jack needed

a big performance and he did not disappoint when he defeated the German by 13 points to 9. A fantastic display in all his fights so far away from home, where the food was not very appetising to say the

least. Once again Jack represented his country with the greatest of pride, and to have the Irish High Performance coaches singing his praises when they landed in Dublin Airport, made all the sacrifices worth while. Jack has represented Ireland at European and World level for the past four years – Russia 2009, Bulgaria 2010, Kazakhstan 2011, and Siberia 2012, where he continues to learn the sport of boxing from the best fighters and coaches around the world.

Another fantastic year for this very popular young Fethard man, continued success and safety, Jack, for the coming 2012-2013 season. You are a credit to yourself, your family, your club, your town, and your country. ●

Fethard and Holycross, historical coincidences and heritage links



Dóirín Saurus presenting her own pottery representation of the stone-carved barn owl in Holycross abbey church to Willie Hayes in the Abymill to mark his being awarded the Tipperarian Book of the Year 2011

On a Saturday night last January, at a function hosted by Fethard Historical Society in the Abymill, my then newly-published book 'Holycross, The Awakening of the Abbey', was declared the winner of the Tipperarian Book of the Year 2011. This was a singular honour for me, not only on account of my book, but also because the award was conferred by my own native place.

Close in starting dates

The first news of the award led me to reflect on some historical coincidences and heritage links between Fethard and Holycross. One of the main ones is that both places have their origins close to each other in time – Holycross founded as a Cistercian monastery around 1180, and Fethard founded as an Anglo-Norman town settlement just around twenty years later.

That period, the closing years of the 1200s, was a time of intense development and transition in Ireland, as well as a time of much conflict and disturbance due to the advancing colonisation of parts of the country by the Anglo-Norman invaders. Even though the Anglo-Norman advance was encroaching from various sides on his kingdom of North Munster, King Donal Mór O'Brien, the founder of Holycross, kept his kingdom intact right up to his death in the 1190s. With the passing of that determined and powerful Gaelic king, the way was more open for William de Broase to establish his small manorial town settlement of Fethard around the year 1200, while, around the same time, Theobald Walter, the first of the Butler dynasty, had succeeded in establishing Thurles, a former O'Fogarty fortress, as his first manor and town settlement.

Between about 1200 and 1230, as the Anglo-Norman colonisation proceeded in the area that later became County Tipperary, the towns of Fethard, Thurles, Carrick-on-Suir, Clonmel, Cashel, Nenagh, and Tipperary were basically in place, each with its linear main street, which in some cases, such as Fethard, widened into a market area at its east end. In the hinterland of those towns Anglo-Norman manors came into place as well. The Fethard hinterland had its manors of Tullamaine, Kiltinan, Crampscastle, Rathcoole, Peppardstown, and St

Johnstown, to name the main ones.

Fethard had its parish church, originally named the Church of St John the Baptist, as early as about 1208. The building must have loomed above the small, closely packed houses of the Anglo-Norman burgesses or citizens. Being a large church for its time, it indicated confidence on the part of the founder and burgesses that the town would develop and prosper. Consisting of a nave and chancel, it was the first sizeable parish church built in the whole area of Tipperary. Later it became named the Church of the Holy Trinity. The chancel has been roofless now for well over two hundred years, but the nave has continued serving as the parish church for the Church of Ireland community for some centuries.

Some similarities in architectural style

Another link between Fethard and Holycross is the striking similarity between the nave of Holy Trinity Church and the nave of Holycross abbey. The naves of both churches have side aisles cut off by arcades of four bays with simple pointed arches. It is tempting to think that Holycross church, built shortly before that of Fethard, may have provided some inspiration to the Fethard builders. Holy Cross church would have been a much-visited and revered church even then, because of its treasured Relic of the True Cross, and the sim-



The similarity between the nave of Fethard (left) and the nave of Holycross (right) is striking, especially now that both are shown off to best effect by the pure white treatment of their interiors, following restoration in the case of Holy Cross, and refurbishment in the case of Fethard. They are two of the oldest churches in use in Tipperary

plicity and outline of its nave may even have acted as a model for Fethard's church.

The Cistercian movement, patronised by both Gaelic chiefs and Anglo-Norman nobles, proved to be particularly popular, so much so that by the early years of the 1200s there were 27 Cistercian abbeys throughout the country, including three in the county area of Tipperary. With the Cistercians came a new layout for monasteries as well as a new style of architecture, namely the Gothic style, introduced from France. The Cistercian ideal was that their communities would be self-supporting by farming the generous amount of lands they got through endowment from founders and other benefactors. Those land endowments had to be considerable in order to maintain the large communities of the abbeys as well as to provide funds for their extensive buildings. Holycross abbey, for instance, had an endowment of over 8,000 acres.

Arrival of the friars

More development and change was to come in that 13th century through the introduction from Europe of the new religious orders of friars called the mendicant orders. These were mainly the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Austin Friars (also known as Augustinians or Friars Hermits of St Augustine), and the Carmelites. They were all called the mendicant orders, because, unlike the Cistercians, they depended on alms for their support and livelihood.

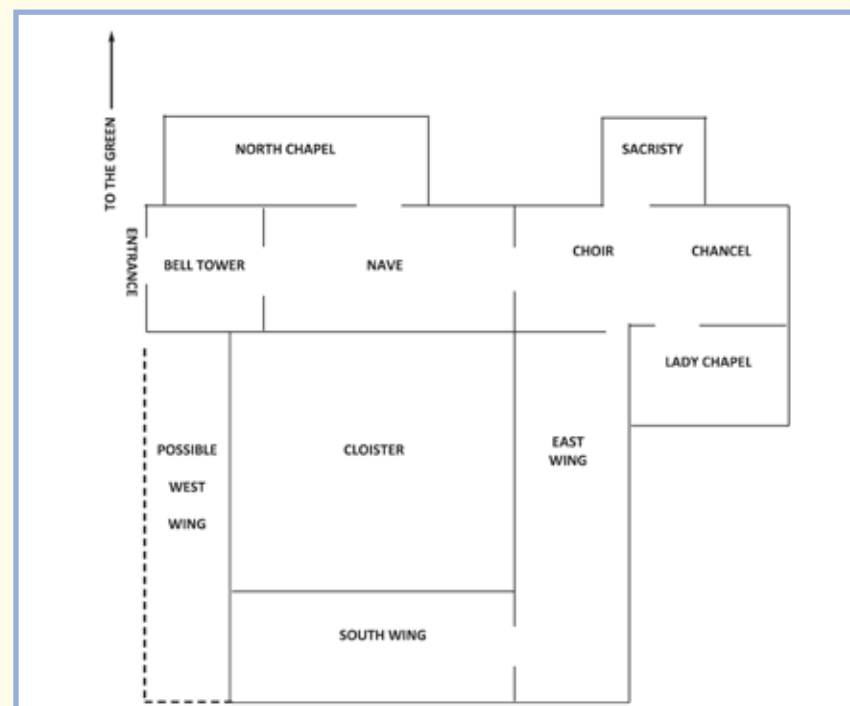
While the monastic orders, such as the Cistercians, emphasised withdrawal from the world in order to lead contemplative lives, the friars sought to evangelise the world and gravitated towards the established Anglo-Norman towns where their preaching would be all the more effective. All of the orders needed patrons to give them a location. In 1306 Walter Mulcote, probably one of Fethard's burgesses, provided a location for the Augustinian friars, by granting them an acre and a

half of land on the east side of the town and outside the walls, such as those walls were at that time. That is all the land the friars needed, at least then, as they depended on the people to whom they preached for their upkeep and for funds to build their church and priory.

Similar ground plans at Holycross and Fethard friary

The lay-out or ground plan of the Cistercian abbeys was in turn adopted with minor variations, and on a smaller scale, by the mendicant

orders, including the Augustinian friars. The layout of the Fethard priory was thus basically similar to that of Holy Cross Abbey. The main monastic buildings were grouped together, with the church on the north side and a quadrangular courtyard or cloister in the centre, which had a roofed walkway around it. It is difficult now to visualise the full ground plan of Fethard's medieval priory, as only the church, restored in the 1830s, and the ground floor section of the eastern range have survived. The former quadrangular cloister now serves as a car park.



The basic ground plan of the Augustinian priory in Fethard was adopted from the ground plan for Cistercian monasteries, well exemplified by Holycross abbey

Popularity of the friars

The priory at Fethard, or the 'abbey' as it came to be popularly called, enhanced the status of the town, even though it was sited outside the town walls. No doubt the friars were much welcomed and became popular as preachers. Their church was given a long main body with the western part of it allocated to the laity, and the upper part, cut off by a screen, reserved for the friars, where their sizeable community had choir stalls. A pulpit was conveniently located at the head of the large laity section of the nave, and it was there that the friars did their preaching. Besides their role as preachers the friars led a partly contemplative life and shared the daily divine office as a community.

The Fethard priory was the only house of Augustinian friars to be established in Tipperary. The priory of Callan, just over the border in Co Kilkenny, was not founded until sometime after 1393. Two houses of the Dominicans or Friars Preachers were founded in the County Tipperary area as early as 1243, in Cashel and Lorrha. By the middle of the century the Franciscans were established in Cashel, Clonmel and Nenagh, and the Carmelites were established in Thurles by the early 1290s.

15th century reconstructions in Fethard and Holycross

Another notable historical coin-

cidence between Holycross and Fethard is that both places underwent major reconstruction in the 15th century. Holy Cross Abbey was largely reconstructed, with the work there going on from at least about 1430 to about 1500. The Cistercian community of Holycross wanted their buildings, especially their church, to reflect the growing status of the abbey as one of Munster's main centres of pilgrimage. They brought together a team of top-ranking craftsmen for the great project, which included the addition of an imposing bell tower. It was one of the most elaborate reconstructions of that century, and the distinctive Irish craftsmanship of the team of masons, who worked on the different phases of it, has been termed 'the Holycross School' of masons by modern historians.

The reconstruction work in Fethard, on the other hand, had much more urgency about it, as it was as a consequence of the destruction and widespread damage inflicted on the town and its parish church in 1468, by Garrett Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Desmond. Garrett had come out in revolt after his brother was attainted for treason by the Dublin authorities, and hanged, and he went on a rampage over much of the territory of his enemies, including the Earl of Ormond, whose territory included Tipperary. After that destructive assault the strengthening of the town walls and the rebuilding of the damaged houses had to be

given priority, and it was not until about 1490 that the restoration work on Holy Trinity Church was taken in hands. The main work involved was the reconstruction of the roof timbers of the nave according to its original pitch, and re-slatting the church, and the building of a very impressive bell tower to its west end.

Similarities in roof designs

As recorded in last year's Fethard Newsletter, it has been scientifically established that the oak trees used in the reconstruction of the roof timbers for Holy Trinity Church were

felled around 1489, give or take ten years or so. That reconstruction would have been taken in hands shortly after that, as it was customary in medieval times to work the oak while it was freshly felled or 'green', and easier to work.

We can only conjecture where the oak trees for the new roof of Fethard's church were sourced. The scientific analysis done on samples of the oak timbers show that the trees felled were relatively young trees, with only two of them over a 100 years old. It is thought that they were part of a generation of trees that started to grow after the



Photo of the oak roof of the nave of Holycross, which was constructed in 1975. It is basically similar to the oak roof constructed for Fethard church c.1590. In the case of Fethard the carpenters were following a traditional pattern of roof construction familiar to them; in the case of Holycross, the carpenters of 1975 followed a roof design based on medieval patterns. Most of the oak roofs of Holycross are visible from the floor of the church, whereas the timberwork of the roof of Fethard's church is hidden above its plastered barrel-vault ceiling.

Black Death of around 1350. As a result of the widespread mortality, especially in towns, that the great plague caused, human activity was greatly slowed down, giving cutaway woodlands a change to regenerate. Wherever those trees were sourced, the scientific analysis showed that the young oak came from the one stand of trees and hence growing close to each other.

Just as the parishioners of Holycross and the pilgrims coming there watched the painstaking reconstruction of the oak carpentry of the roofs going around the 1450-60s, likewise the Fethard citizens got daily views, from the Main Street and from across the river, of the carpenters working away at the timberwork of the new roof of their parish church around 1490. Whether a plaster ceiling was fitted at that early stage under the axe-hewn timberwork, with its historic carpentry, has not been definitely established.



Two of the mason's marks to be seen on the archway joining the chancel and Lady chapel in Fethard's friary church are to be seen also in Holycross, showing that some masons who worked on the reconstruction of Holycross also did some craftwork in the priory church. The mason's mark in the form of an elongated hand seems to say: 'This is the hand that did this work'. (Drawings based on reproductions in *Mason's Marks at the Augustinian Abbey* by Denise Maher)

Some Holycross masons' marks in Fethard

It may well have happened that at least some of the masons and carpenters who worked on the rebuilding work at Holycross also worked on the building of the new bell tower of Holy Trinity and on its roof construction as well. The masons and carpenters of the time were journeymen craftsmen, moving around from one major work site to another. There is evidence that some masons of the 'Holycross School' worked on the additions to their church around the same time that work was being done on Holy Trinity Church, so it is likely those masons would have worked at both of those important Fethard sites.

The royal grants of land that were made to the priory of Fethard in the 14th century, including what came to be known as Barrettsgrange and Friarsgrange, enabled the friars to

embark on some additions to their church. These additions were principally the adding on of a Lady Chapel (also known as the Dunboyne chapel) to the south of the sanctuary or chancel, and a small chapel (now in ruins) onto the north side of the nave. The embarking on those additions and improvements, on the part of the friars, would have been stimulated by all the restoration and improvement work going on generally in the town and its walls and on the parish church.

The craft of the master masons of the Holycross School was so distinctive and of such high quality that their work on other sites is recognisable. In many cases those masons put their own mason's mark on their work, both in Holycross and in those other sites, including the Fethard priory church. There are at least three or four mason's marks on the dressed stone on the arches leading from the chancel into the Lady chapel in the priory church which are similar to mason's marks to be found in Holycross. Those mason's marks are personal memorials, designed to record for posterity the achievements of the masons and their craftsmanship.

By around the year 1500, Fethard had its restored parish church with its new elegant bell-tower, and the gift of highly coloured carved representations of the Holy Trinity, Christ in His Passion, and St John the Baptist, all mounted in places of

honour within the church. By then too, Holycross abbey was gloriously reconstructed. No doubt many of the citizens of Fethard, now feeling more secure within the recently strengthened walls and gates, joined groups of pilgrims from time to time making their way by Cashel and Toberadora to Munster's chief place of pilgrimage by the Suir. ●

Sources:

- *Survey of Historic Roof Timbers at Holy Trinity Church*, Paul Price, 2010
- *'Mason's Marks at the Augustinian Abbey, Fethard'*, Denise Maher, *North Munster Archaeological Journal*
- *'The Friars of Ireland 1224-1540'*, Colmán Ó Clabaigh OSB, 2012
- *'Fethard, Irish Historic Towns Atlas No 13'*, Tadhg O'Keefe 1995
- *'Fethard, Co Tipperary'*, Michael O'Donnell, 2010
- *I'm also indebted to John Cooney, Tim Robinson and Joe Kenny for providing copies of source material and some photographs.*

Willie Hayes (November 2012)

Fethard London Reunion Photos



Reunion photographs supplied by Patrick Sheehan, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, originally from Killusty



Fethard London Reunion Photos



Back L to R: Jimmy Sheehan, Mary McCarthy (Sheehan), Patrick Sheehan, Elizabeth Sheehan, Deborah Mann, Michael McCarthy. Front L to R: Norma ?, Josie Whitney (Sheehan), Maura Sheehan and Bridget Mann (Sheehan).





A proud photograph of Paddy Fitzgerald from Wrexham, North Wales, taken with his wife Madeline and their four great grandchildren, Liam 14, Charlie 10, Fin 10 months and Eira 8 months, on his 85th birthday. Paddy formerly lived in The Green and St. Patrick's Place before leaving in 1948.

Fethard Carnival 1929

The following article, taken from The Nationalist published June 8, 1929, was supplied by Sean Watts, Killenaule.

All arrangements are now complete for the great day – Fethard to-morrow is the watchword heard on every side. Enormous crowds are expected and judging from the huge entries received for the various competitions, and the preparations made, this year's carnival promises to surpass all previous records. Indeed, the fame of the Fethard Carnival has spread far and wide, and attracts visitors from all over the country, many travelling very long distances to be present at this unique fête.

The proceedings will open with the Fancy Dress Parade. You must see

it for yourselves and you will agree that it is the most refined, artistic and original display to be seen anywhere, either at home or abroad.

Irish singing and Irish dancing will be heard and seen at their best. Competition, always keen, and the enthusiasm both of competitors and spectators unbounded.

As if the above were not enough, we are promised one of the keenest and most thrilling hurling contests seen in these parts for many a long day. Who that has never seen Killenaule and Carrick in action will miss this great match. Go to Fethard to-morrow if you want real



Carnival Parade in the 1950s making its way down Burke Street, back via The Green and Barrack's Street.

enjoyment and you won't be disappointed. The Carrick Brass and Reed Band and the Clonmel Fife and Drum Band will play choice selections of music at intervals.

A sporting correspondent writes: One of the great attractions at the Carnival at Fethard on Sunday will be the meeting of Killenaule and Carrick-on-Suir in a hurling challenge. When those teams met in the South Division Championship the verdict was much in doubt up to the last five minutes. Many thought that Carrick, who were surprisingly clever on the ball up to this, would emerge victorious, others thought with a bit of luck Killenaule would wear down their doughty rivals. What seemed the impossible happened – a goal by Killenaule made the game a draw, and immediately

another goal in lightning-like fashion, and Killenaule had won a hard-fought game in an exciting finish.

Do not imagine for one moment that last Sunday's defeat of Killenaule by the redoubtable Boherlahan stalwarts will in any way deter them from again showing their superiority: they will try, anyway.

The Carrick boys are of the opinion, and no doubt there are many who agree with them, that the right team did not meet Boherlahan, and are determined to turn the tables on Killenaule and secure the valuable set of medals put up by the Carnival committee.

In a word, those fortunate enough to be present at the game may rest assured of a thrilling hour's play, brim-full of excitement. ●



'Window-Box' an entry in Fethard Carnival Fancy Dress (Children - Original - Group) in the late 1950s

Among my souvenirs



Gay Little Geishas, an entry in Fethard Carnival. Standing Back L to R: Alice Stapleton, Mary Walsh, Rita Danaher, Laura Ward, Goldie Newport, Collette Morrissey. Kneeling Middle Row L to R: Philomena Murphy, Maureen Moore, Noreen Evans, ?. Front L to R: Kathleen Cassells and Mary Phelan. Photo supplied by Laura Ward.

I do admit to being a 'hoarder'. However, in a recent spirit of tidying I came across a couple of letters (among my souvenirs) written to me about 60 years ago by that wonderful lady of that time, Mrs Nora M. Gough of Villa Therese. The letters evoked wonderful memories of music, fancy dress, theatre, cinema; a friend to all, young and old.

Many will recall the shows she put on in the Town Hall and her association with the renowned

Fethard Carnival and its Fancy Dress Parade. Mrs Gough was acclaimed for her wit, judgement and knowledge on all matters of art. Of course another interest of hers was race-horses as her family was associated with the racing world for many years.

It was a privilege to have known and to have memories of this wonderful unique Fethard lady. ●

Laura (nee Ward) O'Mahoney

William Slattery remembers

I was born in Abbey Street Fethard on June 1, 1936. My parents were James Slattery and Mary Slattery (nee Danagher). In 1946 my father left to work in England leaving my mother with three small children. In 1948 my mother went into hospital with TB and my two sisters were taken into care in a convent in Cashel.

I spent much of my time at my Uncle Tom Slattery's house which was on The Green, Fethard. I also worked behind the stables in Rocklow Road cutting thistles. I later discovered that my mother died of TB in 1950 and my two sisters and I were sent over to

my father in St. Albans, England. The two girls went into foster care and I went into a boys' home in Barnet.

On my mother's death certificate it gives her most recent address as 25 St. Patrick's Place. On a recent visit to Fethard we walked around St Patrick's Place and I didn't remem-

ber those houses being there. I remember being in number 17 on the Barrack field side of St. Patrick's Place. I believed that to be my Uncle Tom's house.

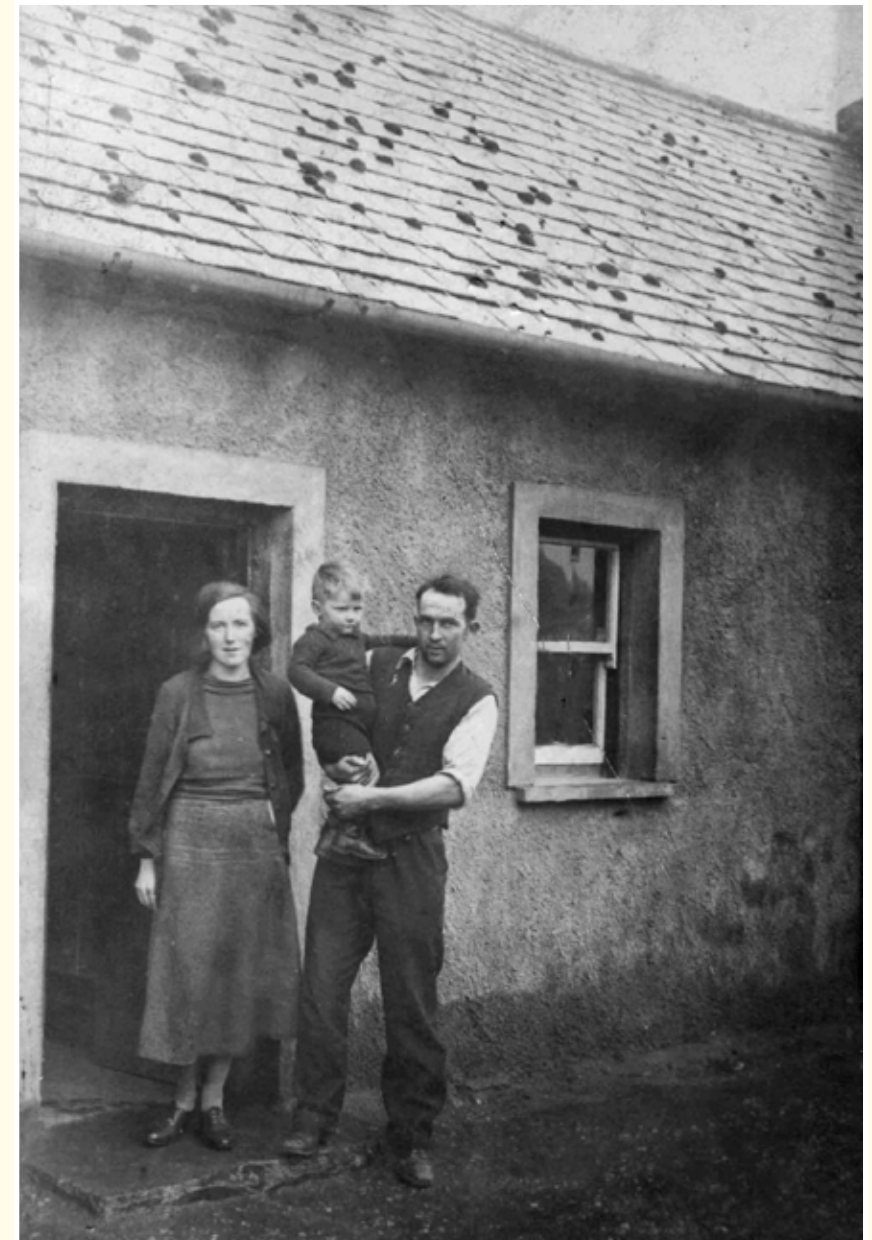
I also remember my granddad Danagher who lived on the Cashel Road and my maiden aunt who lived in Cashel Road as Mrs Bridget Connolly. I also spent time at my Uncle William Slattery's house which is in the Rocklow Road. Memory concerning my childhood is very poor. My uncle William Slattery had died by the time I managed to return to Ireland but his wife Mary managed to fill in some of

the gaps.

Some of my childhood friends were Perry Napier, Dick Power and Todd Keating who all lived in St Patrick's Place. I would be very grateful if anyone who remembers me or my sisters could pass on any other information. ●



This photo is of William's mother (Mary Slattery) and his two sisters Rita and Anastasia (known as Steve).



William Slattery, as a child, photographed with his parents, James and Mary Slattery, outside their house on Rocklow Road, just under the arch. They then moved to St. Patrick's Place.

Fethard Historical Society

The committee of the Fethard Historical Society as elected at the AGM on Tuesday, March 27, is as follows: Patricia Looby, Chairperson; John Cooney, Vice-Chairperson; Mary Hanrahan, Secretary; Anne Gleeson, Assistant Secretary; Catherine O'Flynn, Treasurer; Terry Cunningham, PRO; Colm McGrath, Jane Grubb, Kitty Delany, Tim Robinson, Marie O'Donnell, Diana Stokes, Gerry Long and Ann Lynch.

The past year has been as busy as ever on all fronts; organising lectures and trips, hosting our annual Book Fair and helping to co-ordinate the Medieval Festival in August. As time goes on we also find that a lot of

our time is spent working with bodies such as our local Community Council, the newly founded Business and Tourism group, South Tipperary County Council, the Heritage Council of Ireland and the Irish Walled Town Network. We are very fortunate that there is now a widespread acknowledgement of Fethard's importance as an historic town which should have beneficial implications for any future planning for the town. Committee members have attended information days, training days, seminars and various conferences throughout the year to enable us to further develop skills to enhance the work of the society. We are delighted



Photographed at the presentation of Fethard Historical Society's 'Tipperarian Book of the Year' for 2011 to William J. Hayes for his book, 'Holycross, The Awakening of the Abbey', at a special reception held in the Abymill Theatre, Fethard on Saturday, January 28, are Back L to R: Fr. Tom Breen P.P. Holycross; Fr. Celsus Tierney C.C. Holycross; Marie Moclair; Molly Moclair; Joe Hayes. Front L to R: Maureen Hayes, William J. Hayes and Mossie Hayes.

also that we continue to work with our local schools promoting local history and related art projects as well as facilitating guided tours on request.

In December 2011 Tim Robinson led a small group on a weekend trip to North Wales focussing on the castles in Carnarvon and Conway that date from the same period as the foundation of Fethard. It is hoped that we might be able to reprise this trip on a larger scale at a later date.

Local archaeologist Barry O'Reilly gave a most interesting lecture and slide show on the Town Hall in December. It was felt to be a very apposite topic as the Town Hall has been adopted as a project by the new Business and Tourism group. Barry's lecture gave a comprehensive overview of the development of the Town Hall through the ages since its beginnings in the early 1600s. It also clarified for us those features that are integral to the building and the more modern addition at the rear which, in fact, is now in disrepair and superfluous to requirements.

The society's Christmas dinner took place in the lovely surroundings of Clonacody House and we would like to thank Helen Carrigan for her seasonal hospitality and to wish her well in her venture.

The Tipperarian Book of the Year Award this year went to Willie Hayes for his book, 'Holycross, The Awakening of the Abbey', in which he tells the story of the restoration of the Abbey spearheaded by Willie

himself. He also gives a fascinating account of the history of the Abbey and its environs through the centuries, the factual details of formal history much enriched by the addition of local folklore. The award, a specially commissioned piece from local potter Dóirín Saurus, was presented to Willie in the Abymill Theatre on Saturday, January 28, 2012. John Cooney, speaking on behalf of the Fethard Historical Society, commended the author for his comprehensive study of the Abbey and the interesting way in which he told its story. He noted the wealth of detail included in this definitive work and stated that it was a most welcome addition to the body of literature on Tipperary. In reply, Willie said how happy he was to receive the award especially as he is a native of Fethard, hailing as he does from Rathcoole. A large number of our members, as well as Willie's own family and friends, were present to celebrate with him as he received this well-deserved award for what is truly a wonderful book.

On Saturday, February 11, 2012, it gave us great pleasure to host the launch of 'Spring Song', a commemorative selection of the poetry of Rudi Holzapfel who was a bookseller from Tipperary town and a great friend to us in the early days of the Book Fair. Rudi's wife Ulla and other family members and friends were there in large numbers to remember Rudi. Joe Kenny presented an audio-visual retrospective of Rudi's life including



Photographed at the Tipperariana Book Fair in Fethard Ballroom are L to R: Terry Cunningham, Tipperariana Co-ordinator; Mona Beisegel, a sister of the late Rudi Holzapfel; Luke Golobitsh and Ulla Holzapfel Stroucken, wife of the late Rudi Holzapfel, who all travelled to Fethard for the launch of 'Spring Song, The Poetry of Rudi Holzapfel 1960-2005'.

him reading some of his poems. In his introduction, Terry Cunningham paid tribute to Rudi's enthusiasm for life and literature, his great love of conversation and his generous support to the society when we first went about setting up the Book Fair. Rudi compiled a catalogue of all the then books relating to Tipperary and called it Tipperariana. In his own typically generous fashion, he then allowed us to adopt Tipperariana as the name of the Book Fair. James Vallely from Armagh, another regular bookseller at the Fair, also paid a very moving tribute to Rudi, celebrating him as both a friend and a fellow bibliophile. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam dhílis.

Our Book Fair, which always takes place on the second Sunday of

February, was once again a resounding success. Over thirty book-dealers from all over Ireland were in attendance, as was the piano-player who is now also an annual fixture. Authors were there to promote the latest Tipperary books and our own stall which was stocked to overflowing with kind donations from local supporters. The café proved as popular as ever and we were delighted to welcome back the familiar faces who come every year to support us, meet old friends and find that elusive 'must-have' book of the moment. It's a book-lovers haven so don't forget to put it in your diary for next year: Sunday, February 10, 2013.

Noel Mullins, who used to write for the Irish Field, gave a most informative lecture on 'The Origins

of Irish Horse Fairs and Horse Sales' on March 22 in the Abymill Theatre.

In April we visited the Archbishop Croke Library, St. Patrick's College, Thurles where archivist Fr. Christy O'Dwyer gave us a guided tour. There was a great selection of very interesting and very beautiful old books including a 17th century psalter. We were also able to see the ecclesiastical treasures of the Library which included the Crozier and various chalices.

On Holy Trinity Sunday, June 2, 2012, Ms Pat Looby and the Transition Year students of the local

Patrician Presentation Secondary School presented this year's art project, sponsored by the Fethard Historical Society, namely a papier-maché replica of St. John the Baptist modelled on one of the original Fethard medieval statues. The event took place most appropriately in the Church of Ireland Holy Trinity Church where the statues originally belonged. Replicas of the other two statues, The Holy Trinity and Christ at Golgotha, were made in former years by previous students and they were also displayed on the day. Dr Andrew Halpin, Assistant Keeper of



Pictured above Transition year students from Patrician Presentation Secondary school Fethard, dressed in Medieval costumes, with their Papier Maché replicas of the three wooden medieval statues from Fethard that are now housed in The National Museum Dublin. The students created the figure of St. John the Baptist with lamb on the right, while the other figures of Christ at Calvary and the Trinity Statue of God the Father were completed by a previous Transition Year group some years ago. Back L to R: Karen Hayes, Tara Horan, John-Paul Fitzgerald, Paul Norby, James Walsh. Front L to R: Michelle Walsh, Aobh O'Shea, Sveta Novikova and Danielle Sheehan

the national Museum, gave a most informative illustrated talk on the medieval statues of Fethard, (including the Madonna that belongs to the Augustinian Abbey) and he emphasised their importance as the finest examples of such statues currently extant in Ireland. Pat had also arranged a drumming workshop with John Sutton that took place in the Mural Tower.

On Sunday, June 10, the Society paid a visit to Holy Cross Abbey for a most enjoyable tour with Willie Hayes and on June 21 we participated in a historical walk of Killurney that Terry Cunningham had helped to organise.

The main focus of our endeavours of the summer was, of course, helping the festival committee to organise the Medieval Festival. On Saturday, August 18, our first event was the Silent Walking Tour of Fethard's Secret Places. This was not a typical guided tour; participants led by Tim Robinson, got a chance to view aspects of Fethard that are hidden from general view and/or are not usually accessible to the public. Along the way they were entertained with song and story, a little bit of poetry, some dainty morsels and a very special insight into what makes our historic town so special.

The Launch of Gerard Crotty's book 'Heraldic Memorials of Fethard' took place in Holy Trinity (C.I.) Church at 8pm that evening. The book details all the heraldic memorials to be seen in Fethard

and is a most impressive publication, beautifully illustrated and well-written. Gerard also provides a comprehensive yet easily understood guide to heraldry at the beginning of the book which further enhances the reader's understanding of the topic.

Congratulations to Joe Kenny on the success of the Green and Barrack Street re-union that also took place that evening. It was a wonderful idea that evoked a great response and, hopefully, it will prove to be the precursor of many such reunions in the future.

The usual organisational challenges in organising the festival were further complicated this year by such diverse factors as the scheduling of the All-Ireland Hurling semi-final which fell the festival Sunday, personal illness and unforeseen family commitments, culminating in flooding on the Monday before the festival weekend. However, to coin a phrase, "All's well that ends well," and the day itself proved dry and even sunny after a shaky start. The parade featured many regular visitors such as the Moycarkey Pipe Band, Irish wolfhounds, Wobbly Circus, our local re-enactment group and there was a most impressive display by those children and adults who had participated in Pat Looby's shield-making workshops during the previous week. A definite highlight for us was the presence of two members of the Garda Mounted Unit on their splendid horses who brought up the rear of the parade.



Members of Fethard Historical Society photographed on their outing to Philip Quinn's 'Stone Mad' workshops, Holycross

A newcomer who added his own special sense of fun to the proceedings was none other than Humpty Dumpty. Later in the afternoon he was to be seen sitting on our very own Town Wall and he also, very fittingly, was called upon to judge this year's art competition based on the same theme. As usual the festival took place along by the Town Wall and in the grounds of Holy Trinity Church featuring re-enactments, falconry, interactive craft activities for the children, coin-striking, a drumming workshop, wheel of fortune, dunking tank, food and craft stalls and much, much more.

On August 28, sixty Canadians, hailing from Newfoundland, all with Irish connections came to visit Fethard, going first to Coolmore Stud, then returning for refreshments provided by the FHS in the Youth Centre

followed by a guided tour of the town with Terry Cunningham. They rounded off their day with dinner in McCarthy's and a sing-song as many of them were musicians who had brought along their instruments.

As we look to 2013, we anticipate celebrating 25 years as a society in March, launching the new Town Trail guide, participating in the Butler Trail and having some fun along the way. History, like life, is a voyage of discovery and we are learning all the time. If, at any time you feel like joining us be assured, "beidh fáilte romhat."

We send greetings to all, at home and abroad, who have a Fethard connection and who will read this Newsletter. We think especially of those who are missing home and would prefer not to be away. Nollaig Shona Dhibh go léir agus Ath-bhliain faoi Mhaise Dhíbh. ●

Fethard Bridge Club



Members of Fethard Bridge Club celebrating with member Bridie Lee, Killusty, on the occasion of her 90th birthday at their weekly game at Fethard Community Centre.

Fethard Bridge Club is now in its 36th year. At our President's Prize dinner held in the Cashel Palace Hotel on Sunday, May 20, 2012, our president Ann O'Dea presented the following prizes: President's Prize to Rita Kane and Kay St. John; Committee Prize to Monica Anglim

and Betty Walsh; Club Championship (Hayes Memorial Trophy) to Michael Kenny and Tony Hanrahan; Player of the Year (O'Flynn Trophy) to Rita Kane; Individual Champion (Dick Gorey Perpetual Trophy) to Rita Kane; Lucey Trophy to Alice Quinn and Berney Myles; and the Suzanne



President's Prize winners L to R: Kay St. John, Ann O'Dea (President Fethard Bridge Club) and Rita Kane



Photographed at Fethard Bridge Club Christmas Party are L to R: Eileen Frewen and Marie Delaney

Opray Trophy to Sean O'Dea.

We played for the free sub for the coming year on September 26 and October 3 and the winners of the gross free sub were Nell Broderick and David O'Meara, and the nett free sub was won by Brendan Kenny and Carmel Condon. In November we held a charity night and donated the proceeds for the evening to South Tipperary Autism. Our Christmas party was held at McCarthy's Hotel at which our Christmas prizes were presented.

We note the death this year of two former club members, Suzanne Opray and Brigid Gorey. Suzanne played bridge from childhood and her indomitable spirit kept her playing well into her nineties. She rarely, if ever, missed a night even when failing health would have prevented a lesser soul. Brigid was a regular

Wednesday night player for a long number of years until her retirement from the game about 18 months ago. Both will be fondly remembered by the club members.

At our AGM on Wednesday, May 22, the following officers and committee were elected: President, Anne Connolly; Vice-President, Eileen Frewen; Secretary, Brendan Kenny; Treasurer, Anna Cooke; Assistant Treasurer, Rita Kane; Tournament Directors, Alice Quinn, Betty Walsh, Frances Burke and Gemma Burke. Committee members: Carmel Condon, Marie Delaney and Mary Tierney. 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. ●

Up the street came the Rebel tread

In 1957 my class at the Patrician Brothers High School, as it was then called, arrived in September to discover that the teacher assigned to teach us English was none other than the redoubtable Brother Albert. Albert was better known or, perhaps, notorious as a teacher of Latin. The

syllabus in those days was a varied one; we studied poems and essays by various writers, many from the 18th and 19th centuries. I remember being introduced to the poetry of Wordsworth and Thomas Gray and the polemics of Henry Leigh-Hunt. However one poem which has stuck in my memory from that time and which I can still recite is "Barbara Frietchie" by the American poet, hymn-writer and anti-slavery campaigner, John Greenleaf

Whittier. It is set in the US Civil War and the year 1862 when Confederate General, Robert E. Lee invaded the North for the first time. I say the first time because he tried the same tactic the following year only to come disastrously adrift at the Battle of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. The poem describes the defiance of

the ninety year- old woman, Barbara Frietchie who stood up to the ruthless General "Stonewall" Jackson in the town of Frederick, Maryland. Tom Burke and I once composed a parody of it describing the antics of some of Fethard's more prominent citizens of the time, but I shall not digress.



Statue of "Stonewall" Jackson at Bull Run (Manassas) Battlefield

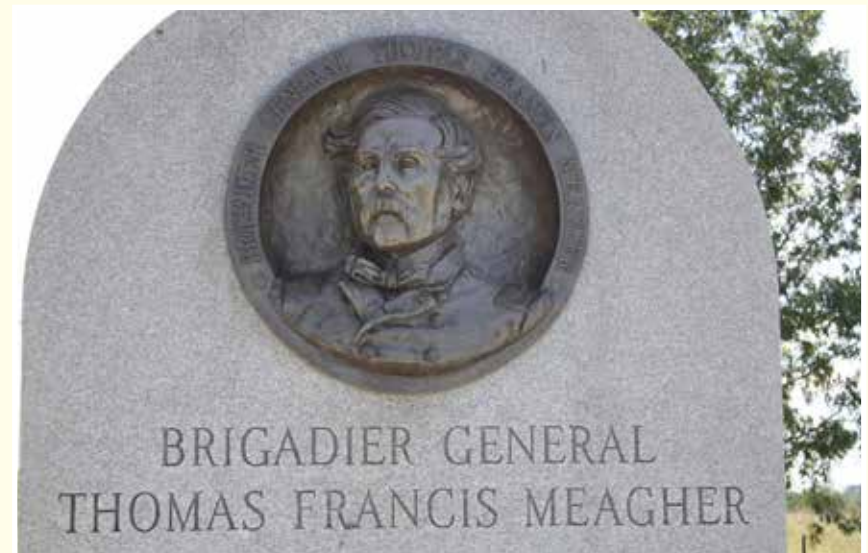
The poem awakened my interest in the US Civil War and like the Great War I have continued to read about it and study various aspects of it since. This autumn I was able along with my wife, Julie, to visit the USA and walk some of the battlefields of that most terrible and ruinous conflict for much of the action occurred within one hundred miles of Washington DC and the area is very accessible.

Among the places we visited were Gettysburg and Antietam. The Battle of Antietam was the bloodiest single-day event in US history, worse than Omaha Beach on D Day by a wide margin. Prominent in that battle was the 69th New York Regiment, raised in that city by Thomas Francis Meagher. Meagher, we learned from our history lessons,

was one of the leaders of the Young Ireland Movement who campaigned for the repeal of the Act of Union with Britain. Meagher's grandfather had a farm outside Fethard in the last quarter of the 18th century. He was obliged to flee from it in 1798 for his involvement with the United Irishmen and the '98 Rebellion. He settled in Newfoundland, started a business which prospered and led to him extending it to Waterford where, in time, it was managed by his son, also called Thomas. The Young Irelander, grandson of the '98 man, was born in Waterford in 1823, and educated at Clongowes Wood School and at Stonyhurst College in England. However, this member of the Meagher family had little interest in business and by the early 1840s was deeply involved in poli-

tics. His political career was to take him to organizing rebellion in 1848, to arrest, trial for treason in Clonmel Courthouse and a death sentence. The sentence was commuted to transportation to Australia for life but from which he escaped in 1852 and settled in New York.

The outbreak of war in 1861 saw Meagher active in raising a regiment from among Irish immigrants in the city to defend the Union. Strangely his fellow Young Irelander, John Mitchel, was to be equally active on behalf of the Confederacy. The outcome of Meagher's efforts was the 69th New York Regiment. It was to fight under his command in battles from Bull Run (Manassas) in 1861 to Chancellorsville in 1863. It was the involvement of his regiment in the Battles of Fair Oaks in June 1862



Thomas Francis Meagher's grandfather had a farm outside Fethard

and Antietam in September, which gained Meagher and his regiment their reputation as fierce fighters and did much to advance the status of Irish immigrants in the USA. A lithograph by the prominent American printers, Currier and Ives, of Meagher leading the charge of the 69th at Fair Oaks became a best seller at the time. At Antietam he led his troops in an assault against the Sunken Road or, as it afterwards became known, the Bloody Lane. Over five hundred of his men became casualties and Meagher himself was injured when his horse was shot

from under him. In the Battle of Fredericksburg in which Meagher was indirectly involved, out of 1,200 members of his regiment only 280 answered roll-call the following day.

Following the Battle of Chancellorsville in May 1863

which proved to be the nemesis of “Stonewall” Jackson, he was a casualty of what we now call “friendly fire” but which was a crushing defeat for the North, Meagher resigned his commission in a dispute over policy

but was summoned back to the army and spent the rest of the war in the West. He became Acting Governor of Montana Territory in 1865 but two years later died in unexplained circumstances when he disappeared overboard from a steamboat on the fast-flowing Missouri River. His body was not recovered. A statue of him stands outside the

state capitol building at Helena, Montana.

At Antietam there is a monument to the Irish Brigade and a separate one to Meagher. Both are situated not far from the “Bloody Lane” where so many of the troops he had raised

IRISH BRIGADE AT ANTIETAM

SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION,
SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

ON 17 SEPTEMBER 1862, THE BRIGADE CROSSED ANTIETAM CREEK (9:30 A.M.) AT PRY'S FORD AS IT FORMED AT THE EDGE OF A CORNFIELD. FATHER WILLIAM CORBY, CHAPLAIN, RODE ALONG THE LINE GIVING ABSOLUTION TO THE SOLDIERS. THE 69TH NEW YORK OCCUPIED THE RIGHT, THEN THE 29TH MASSACHUSETTS, THE 63RD AND 58TH NEW YORK. CROSSING THE CORNFIELD, THE COMMAND ENCOUNTERED A RAIL FENCE WHICH WAS TORN DOWN UNDER SEVERE FIRE. AN OPPOSING CONFEDERATE COLUMN ADVANCED WITHIN 300 PAGES OF THE BRIGADE. AFTER SEVERAL VOLLEYS, THE IRISH BRIGADE CHARGED WITH FIXED BAYONETS. AT 30 PAGES, IT POURED BUCK AND BALL INTO GENERAL GEORGE B. ANDERSON'S BRIGADE (2ND, 4TH, 14TH AND 30TH NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY REGIMENTS) WHICH FELL BACK TO BLOODY LANE. AFTER FIERCE COMBAT ITS AMMUNITION EXHAUSTED, THE IRISH BRIGADE WAS RELIEVED.

THE IRISH BRIGADE'S LOSSES WERE:

	KILLED	WOUNDED	MISSING	TOTAL
69TH NEW YORK: OFFICERS	4	6		10
ENLISTED MEN	40	146		186
58TH NEW YORK: OFFICERS	2	2		4
ENLISTED MEN	25	75		95
63RD NEW YORK: OFFICERS	4	5		9
ENLISTED MEN	31	160	2	193
29TH MASS: OFFICERS				
ENLISTED MEN	7	29	3	39
STAFF: OFFICERS		1		1
TOTAL	113	422	5	540

perished. The battlefield and its monuments, of which there are many, are kept in immaculate condition by the US Parks Department and a recent attempt by a supermarket chain to build a store near the site was summarily rebuffed. At Antietam is a chapel which stood at the centre of the battle, the Dunker Church. The Dunkers were a sect whose members had originally come from Germany and were committed to pacifism, a peculiar situation when you consider what happened in their midst.

On the last day of our trip we visited Bull Run or Manassas as the south calls it where battles took place in 1861 and '62 and saw the huge equestrian statue of “Stonewall” Jackson. Jackson, a descendant of Ulster Presbyterian stock, held the Confederate centre during that first battle. He got his nickname because, it is reported, at a crucial moment during the battle the Confederate line was about to collapse but a fellow general, Burnard Bee, rallied his own wavering troops by exclaiming, “there stands Jackson like a stone wall”. The South emerged victorious and the Union side fell back towards Washington in some confusion. Whether or not Bee actually used these words is impossible to confirm because, minutes later, he was killed and was therefore beyond earthly interview. The name stuck and along with Jackson's many daring exploits, especially in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862, it has passed into legend.

The involvement of so many Irish immigrants in the Civil War helped reduce the hostility which so many encountered when they arrived in such large numbers in the aftermath of the Famine. It did not dispel this prejudice and for decades afterwards their lot remained difficult. However, it was a start and by the 1890s they had become a settled feature of American life as hostility now switched to more recent arrivals like the Jews from Eastern Europe and the Italians. It highlights the lot of immigrants in any age, they are newcomers, have different customs, often profess a different faith and generally upset the existing order. Their lot should be ever in the thoughts of people in their home countries, especially politicians who often see emigration as a solution to a country's problems and absolves them of responsibility for addressing the causes. Emigration also acts as a safety valve which enables those vested interests at home to remain unchallenged.

The Clonmel Courthouse where Meagher and several of his Young Ireland colleagues were tried was renovated in the 1970s. The interior was gutted and replaced with modern facilities. My father who worked on the renovation rescued one of the seats from the dock. Perhaps it is the one on which Meagher sat during that infamous trial in the autumn of 1848 but we shall never know. ●

Tommy Healy (November 2012)

Parading up Main Street



Fethard Festival June 1981 'Hawaiian Paradise Aloha!'

My first memory of the Fethard Fancy Dress Parade begins one lazy hot July Sunday morning in the 1970s. My father was smearing my mother's expensive fake tan lotion across my face to give me a muddy look and Jimmy Connolly was randomly using a mascara wand to enhance whatever the fake tan was supposed to achieve, a black eye, or some such effect. I can still hear my mother and Anne Connolly laughing hard, a laugh that resonated across the lawn, as we tried to dodged the 'make-up artists'.

Outside on the lawn Jimmy

Connolly had transformed their Silver Cross pram into its new guise; a boot on wheels. Barry Connolly, fully attired in a dress, was the designated driver of the 'boot'. Along with my sister Kerry, Barry, Ted and Jim Connolly we were to be, 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,' Barry navigated the pram up Main Street with his shoeless ragged 'children' in tow and I could hear the laughter and applause of spectators. And so began the start of many years of parading up Main Street.

Late June early July always brought Fethard Festival and the highlight for my five sisters and me

was the parade on Sunday afternoon. I remember those Sunday mornings so well and can still conjure up those feelings of fun and excitement as we prepared to do battle on the Main Street of Fethard.

In the weeks before the Festival my Aunt Eileen from Cork was engaged as artistic director and chief idea creator. Our Cork cousins and various friends were often rallied into participation. Outfits, sound effects and choreography (where would we have been without the moves?) were carefully co-ordinated in advance. Three days in advance the Child of Prague, with his newly glued head, was carefully dispatched to a shrub with instructions to deliver a sunny Sunday.

The day would arrive and we'd

don our outfits, walk down the Cashel Road to the Cross where we'd be mustered into order by varying parade officials. Being shoeless was often a prerequisite of our theme of choice and the soft black warm tar sticking to our feet only excited us further and for days after we'd proudly show off our blackened feet.

The Cross was wild with excitement, the sound of voices, cheering, clattering of horses' and hoofs, and the occasional yelp from a dog. The Croome-Carrolls always regaled us with their entry. Horses, donkeys and dogs, along with a multitude of their family and friends, banded together to make a loud colourful entry that always attracted attention.

We'd always be on the look



Fethard Festival June 1982 'The Boomtown Mice'



Fethard Festival July 1983 'Snow White, Prince Charming and the Seven Dwarfs'

out to see which float our cousin Jimmy 'Bucky' Ryan would appear on; always random, he'd make his appearance on whichever float would have him. And, of course, Nellie Shortall, another regular parade participator, never failed to make an appearance too.

As the journey up Main Street began, the street was lined with what seemed like the whole population of Fethard. Everyone was clapping, cheering, shouting our names and soaking up the atmosphere. The

excitement was palpable.

Of course all parade days weren't sunny, there was rain too, torrential rain at that, rain described by my father as, "nobody's business". One year we kitted out as Knights in Shining Armour. Small wine gums as jewels on our silver spayed cardboard crowns brought a river of silver running down our faces, not to mention the Boomtown Mice, who ended up like drowned rats at the end of the day!

Our pony Molly entered the

Parade no less than four times. She too clearly enjoyed the days she strutted up Main Street, an accessory to the rider, as a Broken Down Cowboy, a Disc Jockey, Black Magic and an Arabian Night.

My favourite of our entries was the Hawaiian Paradise: Aloha. Barefooted we sashayed up Main Street to the sound of Harry Belafonte belting out Yellow Bird High, High Up in Banana Tree, with ribbons of green coloured crepe paper cut into grass skirts, our bikinis, and yet some more of my mother's expensive fake tan!

As we entered the Barrack Field the smells, sights and sounds of parade day were in evidence, just as they were every year. Joe Kenny

would send a plethora of photo-flashes into our smiling faces as we waited in anticipation to hear if we'd won something; later in the week we'd be checking those photos out on O'Shea's window and squirming at the sight of ourselves.

Of course winning or losing didn't seem to be high on our list, we were more interested in the next step of the day; getting over to the amusements, in particular the bumpers, scoffing some sweets and maybe getting a bag of chips from the caravan that had been teasing us with the delicious smell of golden, greasy, salty, vinegary chips. Thank God for the memories and the photos that help jog them. ●

Sarah Ryan (October 2012)



Fethard Festival June 1984 'Which Way to Fairyland'



Judo winners taken on Parish Church steps with medals won in the All - Ireland championships, Palmerstown, Dublin. March 1990. Back: Kenneth Sheehan (silver), Pat Doocey, P.J. Tobin (bronze). Middle: Stephen O'Donnell (gold), P.J. Colville (silver), Avril Colville (bronze), Aine Doocey (bronze), Valerie Colville (silver). Front: Michael Costelloe (bronze), Eric O'Donnell (gold), Kevin O'Donnell (bronze), Jackie Grant, Patrick Marshall and Matthew Grant.



Fethard Coursing Club presentation of prizes at Dick Burke's Bar, March 1990



Breda and Dick Burke photographed in May 1995

Fethard & Killusty Community Games

Approximately 400 children from the area enjoyed the excitement of competing in the 2012 Community Games events. Three young people had the honour of representing Co Tipperary at the National Finals in Athlone: in art Michael James Phelan, son of Tina and Michael from Jossestown; in swimming Zoë Stokes, daughter of Melissa and John, Ballybough; and athletics David Heffernan son of Rosemary and Pat, Ballyvaden.

There were a total of 146 entries in the art competition where medals were won by the following: Girls U8:

Rose O'Donnell (Grangebeg), Anna Collier (Main Street), Lily O'Mahoney (Tullamaine). U10: Lauren Needham (Slievenamon Close), Laura Harrington (Garrinch), Lucy Spillane (Tullamaine). U12: Rebecca Jones, Rebecca McCarthy. U14: Abigail Maher (Tinakelly), Tina Regan, Farah Cummins Doyle. U16: Cassie Needham (Slievenamon Close).

Boys U8: Dara O'Meara (Killusty) Michael J. Phelan, Andy Duggan (Killusty). U10: Michael Quinlan (Tullamaine), Matthew Burke (Drumdeel), Keenan Ahearne (Prospect). U12: Andrew



On Saturday May 5, Fethard Under 11 girls competed in the Community Games football against Clerihan. Pictured Back L to R: Laura Kiely, Shannon Thompson, Noelle O'Meara, Sally Butler, Laura Cummins, Lucy Spillane, Caoimhe O'Meara, Katie Ryan. Front L to R: Ciara Connolly, Alison Connolly, Katie O'Flynn, Nell Spillane, Carrie Davy, Rachel Prout, Leah Coen and Laura O'Donnell.



U10 mixed football team who competed in the Community Games South semi-final. Back L to R: coaches Eugene Walsh and Michael O'Mahony. Middle L to R: Keenan Ahearne, Ryan Walsh, Cathal Ryan, Robert Wall, Michael Quinlan, Josh Nevin, Matthew Burke, Shane Neville, David Cowlard, Nell Spillane. Front L to R: Shane Neville, Michael Cuddihy, Thomas Donegan, Toby Collier, Sean Moroney and Kieran O'Donnell.

Phelan (Coolmore), Cathal Slattery (Everardsgrange), Darragh Hurley (Stylea). U14: Harry Butler (Coolanure), Gavin Mullally, Luke Coen (Killusty).

Tots U6 Girls: Kiera Daniel, Sarah Smith, Aoife Harrington. Tots U6 Boys: Leo Makhinga, Charlie Brennan and Jake Fox.

Lucky medal winners at the County Final were Michael James Phelan who won gold. Rose O'Donnell, Dara O'Meara and Cassie Needham all won bronze.

Amy Thompson, Brodeen, competed with distinction in the Gymnastics competition

Zoë Stokes (Ballybough) won a gold medal at the Swimming County

Finals, her sister Caroline and Cathal Ryan (Killusty) both won bronze. Thomas Morgan (Grangebeg) also gave a fine performance.

There was also a lot of fun at the athletics evening where the following children all qualified for the county athletics finals in Templemore.

U8 60m: Lily O'Mahoney (Tullamaine), Kelly Ryan (Stylea), Shane Lawrence (Woodvale Walk), Thomas Donegan (Tullamaine). U8 80m: Eabha Ryan (Killusty), Aine Connolly (Tullamaine), Dara O'Meara (Killusty), Michael James Phelan (Jossestown). U10 100m: Jennifer Phelan (Jossestown), Alison Connolly (Tullamaine), Ryan Walsh (Killenaule Road), Michael Conway

(Kilnockin View). U10 200m: Ciara Spillane (Tullamaine), Nell Spillane (Tullamaine), Michael Quinlan (Tullamaine), Cathal Ryan (Killusty). U12 100m: Leah Coen (The Green), Lucy Spillane (Tullamaine), Ben Coen (Killusty), Robert Hackett (Cashel Road). U12 600m: Carrie Davey (Everardsgrange), Megan Hackett (Cashel Road), Stephen Crotty (Killusty), Cathal O'Mahoney (Tullamaine). U14 100m: Aisling Gorey (Moanbeg), Jack Dolan (Coolmore), Mark Heffernan (Ballyvaden). U16 100m: David Heffernan (Ballyvaden). Long Puck U12 Boys: Jack Ward (Garrinch) and Darragh Lynch (Coolmore).

The results from the County Finals were gold for David Heffernan,

silver for Alison Connolly and bronze for Ryan Walsh and Jack Dolan.

We entered three teams in the GAA Championships: U10 Mixed Football, U12 Girls GAA and U11 Hurling with mixed fortunes. The U10 football team consisting of: Keenan Ahearne, Ryan Walsh, Cathal Ryan, Robert Wall, Michael Quinlan, Josh Nevin, Matthew Burke, David Cowlard, Nell Spillane, Shane Neville, Michael Cuddihy, Thomas Donegan, Toby Collier, Sean Moroney and Kieran O'Donnell, reached the South Final against Ballingarry. They got off to a great start with a score of 1-4 to 0-0 in their favour at half time. But their luck ran out in the second half with victory going to Ballingarry.



County Athletic Finals 2012 L to R: David Heffernan (Fethard) who came 1st in the Boys U16 100m and Jack Dolan (Fethard), who came 3rd in the U14 100m.



Fethard athletes L to R: Allison Connolly, Hannah Dolan and Carrie Davey

The U12 girls lost to Clerihan in the first round but this was no mean achievement as Clerihan went on to compete in the County Final in Semple Stadium but were beaten by Kerry at Munster level. Our girls will definitely have benefited from the experience. Team members were: Laura Kiely, Shannon Thompson, Noelle O'Meara, Sally Butler, Laura Cummins, Lucy Spillane, Caoimhe O'Meara, Katie Ryan, Ciara Connolly, Alison Connolly, Katie O'Flynn, Nell Spillane, Carrie Davey, Rachel Prout, Leah Coen and Laura O'Donnell.

The hurling team had to concede a walkover to Cashel due to bereavement. Cashel subsequently reached the county final where they lost by just 1 point. We did not compete in the U14 Quiz as the final clashed with Confirmation in the parish.

We would like to express our sincere thanks to all trainers and

mentors who were more than helpful especially managers Michael O'Mahoney and Micheál Spillane who were a pleasure to communicate with. Thanks also to all parents who assisted with the games to Mrs Treacy, Anne D'Arcy and the staff in the Holy Trinity National School, and to Mrs Harrington and her staff at Killusty National School. The schools play a vital role in the success of the art competition. Thanks to Kieran Butler for his assistance with photographs and to Joe Kenny who is always so supportive. To those who manned the church gate collections and to everybody who supported us financially or otherwise we are very grateful for all the help received.

We extend our sympathy to all families who suffered bereavements during the year. May God comfort all those who are grieving. Best wishes to all for a Happy and Holy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. ●



L to R: Michael James Phelan (qualified for National Finals), Ryan Walsh (County bronze) and Ben Coen



Sisters Zoë and Caroline Stokes won gold and bronze medals at the County Finals of the Community Games Swimming Championships

Fethard, the Northwest Passage and the White House desk

by Terry Cunningham

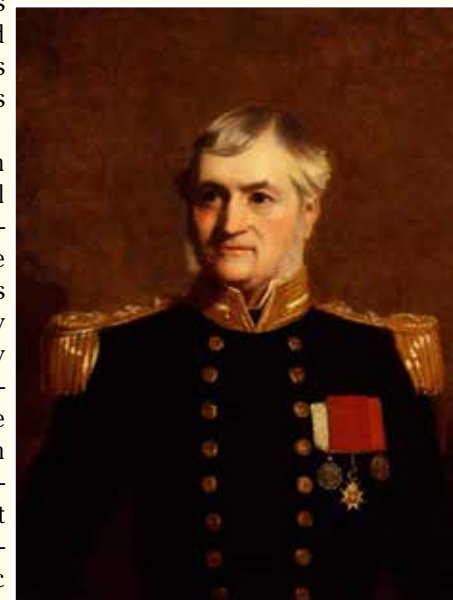
The wood used to make the desk that President Obama sits at in the Oval Office was once part of a ship, The Resolute, captained by Fethard man Henry Kellett, that sailed the frozen waters off northern Canada in the mid 1800s in the hopeless search for Lord Franklin and his two ill-fated ships and 129 men.

The Franklin story is well known and fascinating. In the 1830s and 1840s the British navy was desperately seeking a shipping passage along the north of Canada – The Northwest Passage – to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In May 1845, as part of this process, Sir John Franklin set sail from England with two ships, the Terror and Erebus, but he nor his ships, nor any of his 129 men ever returned out of the frozen wilderness of the Canadian Arctic.

Many search and rescue missions were sent out over the next ten years

and Henry Kellett from Clonacody House in Fethard was the captain of the Resolute, which was one of four ships under the overall command of Sir Edward Belcher that joined in the search in 1852.

Most of Belcher's ships got into difficulty in the frozen waters of northern Canada and after two years, in August 1854, Belcher ordered his ice-bound ships to be abandoned. Kellett, following orders under protest, abandoned the Resolute to the grip of the ice and marched his men across the frozen sea to some rescue ships which were still in open water and all



Sir Henry Kellett, replica by Stephen Pearce, oil on canvas, 1850-1886, © National Portrait Gallery, London

the crews returned safely to Britain. Belcher, however, was severely reprimanded for abandoning his ships but Kellett was deemed to be obeying orders and he continued on with his illustrious worldwide career in the British Navy, ending his days as a Vice Admiral.

The Resolute lives again

A year after being abandoned, in September 1855, the Resolute was found drifting in the ice flow off Baffin Island, some 1,900 Kilometres (1,200 miles) from her last known position, by an American whaling ship from Connecticut. Kellett had left everything in perfect order on board including “decanters filled with choice liquors.”

There now was the question of who owned the Resolute and this issue was resolved when it was purchased by the US Congress, polished up again, sailed back to England and presented to Queen Victoria on December 17, 1856, as a form of ‘peace offering’, as relations between Britain and the USA were at a very low ebb at that particular time.

The White House Desk

The Resolute served away in the British navy until it was decommissioned and broken up over twenty years later in 1879. Queen Victoria, however, remembered the ‘peace offering’ of 1856 and she ordered that four desks be made from the timbers of the Resolute and one special one

was presented to the then president of the United States, President R.B. Hayes, on November 23, 1880.

From that time onwards the desk remained in the White House, but it was John F Kennedy who first put ‘The Resolute Desk’ – as it is known – into the Oval Office in 1961 and there it remains at the centre of ‘world power’ to the present time.

Vice Admiral Henry Kellett (1806-1875) retired from the British Navy in 1871 and returned to his home in Clonacody, two miles south of Fethard town, where he died four years later in 1875.

He is laid to rest just to the north of the church in the quiet graveyard of 800-year-old Holy Trinity Church of Ireland, where his gravestone has fallen over and has shattered somewhat, but his details and that of his family are clearly legible for all to see.

Clonacody House is now owned by Helen Carrigan and converted to a lovely guesthouse. If you would like to stay in the Kellett home at Clonacody, then you can do so by visiting www.clonacodyhouse.com where you will find current photographs and booking details. ●



President John F. Kennedy sitting at the ornate desk carved from Admiral Kellett's boat 'Resolute' in the Oval Office of the White House where it still sits.

Fethard Business & Tourism Group



Photographed at the Fethard Business & Tourism Group's presentation on 'Fethard Town Hall' are Back L to R: Marie Murphy, Edwina Newport, Anthony Fitzgerald (Business Advisor-South Tipperary Co Council), Colm McGrath, Cllr John Fahey, Leo Darcy, Peter Grant, Terry Cunningham. Middle L to R: Diana Stokes, Pat Looby, Gerard Manton, Catherine Corcoran, Peter Silke (AIB), Marie Phelan (Tipperary Co Council-Tourism and Public Awareness), Paddy McEvoy, Bill O'Sullivan. Front L to R: Maurice Moloney, Susanna Manton, Michael O'Boyle (B.Arch MUBC MRIA), Jenny Butler, Bernadette Stocksborough and Isobel Cambie (South Tipperary Development Company)

With funding from South Tipperary County Council, Fethard Business and Tourism Group appointed Michael O'Boyle of Bluett O'Donoghue, Architects (Kilkenny) to propose a physical blueprint for the future of the Town Hall, with roles for each and every part of the square-footage. It was agreed that the 1950s mass concrete block at the rear of the building (which houses toilet facilities) should be demolished, because it was so poorly built that it was allowing substantial water ingress that was damaging the fabric of the national monument. Michael O'Boyle oversaw this demolition of this ‘parasitic’ structure which took place in September 2012 with funding from South Tipperary County

Council and the Department of the Environment and Local Government.

Further funding was secured through South Tipperary Development Company (Leader) to appoint a firm of architects to draw up measured plans based on Michael O'Boyle's suggestions for the building and to take the proposal through to planning. At tender, three firms applied for the contract and, after some lively discussion, Shaffrey Associates were appointed. This highly respected firm also specialise in heritage projects and have the required Grade One level of accreditation for national monument projects.

As this Newsletter goes to press, the detail of the planning application is being finalised by Shaffrey

Architects in discussion with the Council and (because of its importance) with officials from the Department of the Environment. The plans will take 12 weeks (at minimum) to approve before we can submit them to South Tipperary Leader Development Company for funding. Conor Ryan has been appointed by South Tipperary Leader Development Company to advance three projects and the Fethard Town Hall is one of them.

The building will have a number of 'anchor' tenants to secure a cash-flow. On the top floor, we hope to have an Irish Landmark Trust apartment. This will be available for members of the public to rent for weekends or week-day breaks. It should provide an income stream. The apartment will be decked out with period furnishings and decoration and will have a commanding view southwards to the Church of Ireland church and over to Slievenamon. On the middle floor, we hope to have a room dedicated for Community Council use (in the old Corporation Room) and a further room which will be rented by the Fethard Historical Society and used as a library and clubhouse. The mid-



Fethard Town Hall interior as it looks today

dle floor will be dominated by a large and comfortable Exhibition Hall which we hope to make available for all kinds of community activities.

The Ground Floor will continue to be the home of the Country Markets for their Friday session and a new café facility will be run from here. This café, which will be properly kitted out with all the requirements for food preparation, will also house Tourist Information and will have a viewing platform at the rear overlooking the medieval heart of the town with lovely south-facing views across the river to Market Hill. There will be a lift for disabled access and modern toilet facilities. And we hope very much to re-open a third seventeenth century doorway that leads through the perimeter wall into the Church of Ireland graveyard which will mean that the Church of Ireland will be able to avail of the new facilities of the Tholsel also.

The support of all of our partners and of the people of Fethard and surroundings has made our progress this far possible and we hope to secure their ongoing loyalty to this new venture. ●

Do You Remember 1983?



Tánaiste Dick Spring visited Fethard in 1983 when he presented special Labour Party service awards to Dan Morrissey, Bill Treacy, Jim Ryan and Paddy Shine. Back L to R: Liam Hayes, Cllr Sean Treacy, Paddy Croke, Bill Treacy, Alfie Brett, Paddy Murphy, Jim Ryan, Cllr Michael Ferris. Front L to R: Paddy Shine, Tánaiste Dick Spring, Biddy Kearney and Frank Kearney.

The late 1970s and early 80s were years of change in Ireland. Many of the old certainties were going and we hardly noticed their passing.

In that year of 1983 Fethard was given a new Development Plan which had been compiled by Mr Eamonn McLoughlin, the County Council Planning Officer. As he launched it he strongly confirmed that any new housing about the town would be built in response only to demand and that Fethard would have to take its place in the queue of demand from other places. Even then An Taisce were expressing fears that excessive housing development around a small town like

Fethard could have unacceptable consequences such as petty crime and vandalism. Their thinking was that any surplus housing should be spread among the small outlying villages (Cloneen, Killusty or Moyglass) which were served by churches and schools. Fethard did not have the employment level that could provide for the increased workforce emanating from those new housing schemes. Mr McLoughlin also advocated the keeping intact or possible development of the 'Sally Garden' (or osiery) to the east of the old railway station. The river Clashawley, which was a source of unfavourable comment in that year, should be improved as an urban feature,

and the area opposite the Capitol Cinema/Ballroom, then known as Paddy Heffernan's bicycle shop and earlier as the blacksmith's forge operated by Jack Byrne and his father before him, should be extended and suitably enhanced as a car park.

Other changes were also developing. Old readers will recall Miss Mai Schofield who lived on The Square. In this year her three-storied house with the lovely arched doorway to its right had passed into the hands of Neil and Helena English from Dundrum, Co. Tipperary. Throughout 1983 they had been renovating the building with the intention of turning it into a nursing home which they planned to have ready for sixteen residents by November.

Over a number of years Christy Mullins and his wife Margaret had

been working on the old store shed at the railway station on the Cashel Road. On St. Patrick's Day Christy and Margaret opened the vast collection at their folk museum to the general public. What began as a hobby twenty years previously had now developed into a fine assortment of farm and household implements. When Christy became the owner of the former railway store he had the ideal site for his assembly, but much work had first to be undertaken on the old store. Trees were planted and the grounds were made ready for what both he and Margaret hoped would be a successful venture. And there was much to admire: a fine collection of old bicycles – even an old 'bone-shaker' from the 1860s and an 1880 penny-farthing. He had farm machinery and household utensils



Christy and Margaret Mullins photographed in Fethard Folk Museum, October 1983



Official opening of Avonmore Creamery's new Shop in Fethard, October 1983. L to R: John Slattery, Dick Hogan, Fr. Michael Twomey OSA, Tom Walsh, Pat Kirby, Tom Butler, John Tobin, Noel O'Farrell (I.A.W.S., Fr. Noonan P.P. and Jimmy Connolly.

of all types and sorts; and even an old horse-drawn hearse.

Another store or shed that opened to the public in the fall of the year was the Avonmore Creameries superstore which was built on the site of the old Fethard Creamery. The local creamery had a small trading post attached since about 1937, but with the arrival of bulk milk tankers which conveyed the milk to a major intake centre there was little need for the old creamery and so it was abandoned and the store end of things developed. The decision was made to remove the old store and erect in its place a new purpose-built superstore which would combine a supermarket and a general retail

complex. This was done at a cost of £120,000. The new store manager was Tom Walsh; and the formal opening was performed by Tommy Butler from Coolenure in his capacity as chairman of the Avonmore Advisory Committee. And so another change had come to Fethard, a social centre for small farmers and their sons was now no more.

The annual reunion of people from Fethard and Killusty with their friends and relations in the greater London area took place on Friday night October 21 at the Irish Centre, Kennedy Park, Camden Town, London, but in this year there was talk of change. Rather than organising a group of local people to travel

over to London for a social weekend and to meet old exiles (and not so old) efforts were in hand to encourage Fethard-born to come back for a summer holiday. A local festival spread over a week might encourage them to do this. Their presence would enliven the local scene over the summer period and possibly give a fillip to the promotion of local entertainments. But the emigrants' reunion-journey to London did have a life for another ten years. The event of 1992 was the twenty-fifth such, but the firm expectation then was that it would be the last. Incidentally, the Fethard Festival and Carnival of 1983 was held between Thursday 23 June and Sunday 26 June. It had quite a number of events, including a fancy-dress parade.

Back in 1942 the short-story writer Frank O'Connor complained that Fethard was a bad town for a cup of tea because he could not get one as he cycled through, but in 1983 the County Councillors were complaining that the place was a bad town for a public toilet. However, the County

Secretary told the meeting that Fethard had little need for a public toilet. Travellers managed somehow and I don't think there ever was such a toilet. But necessary change did come elsewhere. In February

the local Councillor, John Holohan, told his colleagues that the walls about the town were in such a condition that they could well collapse and that at one place there was a hole big enough for a child to crawl through. John asked the Council to request the Board of Works to undertake the repairs. Fortunately, due in the main to local effort the walls are now in excellent condition. Likewise the Tidy Towns report for 1983 made for sad reading. The river was still being neglected. The inspectors complained of too much rubbish in various places and of some unsightly buildings and that the area about The Abbey was no more than passable. There was high praise for The Convent and Parish Church areas.

Another change that was appearing was the increase in new housing. In February of this year the first sod



*"A House for this Mouse?"
Sarah Ryan at Fethard Festival 1983*

on a new Rural Housing Scheme at Strylea was turned by Father John Stapleton, then curate in Fethard. The Rural Housing Organisation had been founded by Father Harry Bohan from Shannon, Co. Clare. The great feature of the Rural Housing scheme was that the cost of individual houses (generally about \$25,000 in 1983) was within the affordable range which the average working man could repay. At that time it was planned that ten houses, semi-detached, would be built; a show-house was opened to the public on 13 November. The advertisement told that \$500 deposit would secure a house, that a \$1,000 grant was available for government,

that there was a mortgage subsidy of \$3,000, and that the repayment would stand at about \$25 a week.

There were also thoughts on another building. At their meeting in May the Fethard Players discussed the possibility of taking over the large structure near The Abbey

known as Coffey's Mill. The proposal was greeted enthusiastically, and the Hogan Musical Society also offered their support. Work on the project began formally on 26 May and various fund-raising schemes were set in train. A special committee was

formed which consisted of, Austie O'Flynn, Gemma Kenny, Agnes Evans, Jimmy O'Shea, Joe Kenny, Marian Mulligan, Billy McLellan, Carmel Rice, Billy Kenny, Michael McCarthy, Jimmy Connolly, Noelle Dwyer, Jimmy McNerney and Father Ormonde, OSA. Also on that first committee was Jerry Skehan from Coolbawn who eagerly supported the venture and advocated the retention of the facade, but Jerry died tragically in the first year of the project and never saw the wonderful outcome. But it should not be forgotten that it was through the goodwill of Mrs Pauline Coffey of Burke Street that the structure came into the hands of the local community. At that time it was estimated that the



*Martin and Rita Stapleton photographed
on Main Street, Fethard in 1983*

cost of turning the mill into a theatre would be about \$20,000. Before any work was undertaken architectural experts were brought to the building. All were of the opinion that the structure was sound and could be renewed; and so the physical task of cleaning up the place began. To raise money bonds were issued which were valued at \$100 each. These entitled the purchaser to two tickets for any show staged by the Fethard Players and the Hogan Musical Society over a three-year span.

Coffey's Mill itself had quite a history and was very much part of the fabric of old Fethard. It was built in 1847 as a working mill and in time came into the hands of the Coffey family. In its working life the mill kiln-dried and ground wheat into wholemeal, oats into porridge and animal-feed, and Indian meal into pig feedings. The latter was brought by rail from Halls of Waterford to the local railway station and then taken to the mill where it was crushed into 'presto' for pig feeding. There was a shop attached which sold grocery items, hardware, various seeds, and even tea which had been packaged in a room behind. There was also a bakery in the building which made an excellent loaf and a Christmas barmbrack that had taste and flavour beyond words to describe. The bread was delivered to towns and villages about Fethard by men such as the late Tommy Barrett from Main Street who worked at delivery in the 1920s and 30s. Incidentally, in 1930

a large two-pound loaf cost four old pence and six 'grinders' cost fifteen old pence (or 'one-and-three'). Others who worked in that mill and shop long ago were Jack Dwyer, Will Power, Tommy Connors and Tommy O'Donnell. During the good years about fourteen people worked for the Coffeys. For a time the Coffeys also purchased milk from local farmers which was sold in the town or made up into butter which was sold in their shop. One of their butter-makers was an Eddie Cummins. But the shop, the butter-making, and the bakery closed in 1936. The mill, however, continued in a small way into the late 1940s. Sadly, in the early 1970s a serious fire gutted the building.

As new buildings were being erected and old ones being renewed so too were changes taking place in work practices as the 1980s opened. From the beginning of this decade women began to take positions as letter deliverers in the postal service: since its very foundation letter delivery had been a male enclave. In July of this year Thurles received its first post-woman who, as a nineteen-year-old, came to them from Cahir. This was Catherine O'Shea the only daughter of Jack and Rita O'Shea, Main Street, Fethard. At the end of her schooldays she had been studying for a secretarial course, but the indoor life did not appeal to her. She sat the postal examination, won it, and was accepted by the Post Office, even though her friends thought she was daft and her parents were dubi-

ous. But she went to Cahir as a telegram delivery person and after a year at that she donned the heavy blue-black serge uniform with its silver buttons to brave wet weather, dry weather, and cross dogs. In those days a post-woman wore a skirt, a male pants was a step too far. Being a bright girl, Catherine was soon after considered suitable for van driving, and so was sent to Dublin to train. She spent three years in Cahir and then moved to Thurles where she was the first post-woman; a



The late Catherine O'Shea who died this year, 2012

great novelty. So unusual was this cheerful young woman about the streets of Thurles that she was the subject of a long interview in *The Tipperary Star* of Saturday, 13 August 1983. She spent a few years in Thurles and was remembered with affection. However, she returned to Fethard to work, and here her short life ended on 5 September 2012 after enduring a serious illness. She will be remembered in Fethard as the 'Mayor' of the town and as the mayor who cut the tape at the official opening of the Abymill Theatre on 26 May 1988. She

was buried in Calvary cemetery on the Kilnockin Road.

But more mundane changes were also taking place. Tom O'Brien, Cloneen, retired and Jackie Aylward took over his delivery area. Jackie's area passed to Joe Danagher. Pat Brett took on the town delivery and Joe Fogarty resumed after a long illness. A pointer to other changes that were being considered by the Post Office was the closure of Knockbritt post office when Mrs Rita O'Meara retired. Bit by bit

and in a manner that was hardly noticed the Post Office began closing small uneconomic post offices throughout the country. The post office at Knockbritt had been run on an unbroken line by the O'Meara family for 150 years.

But all of us need elements of stability, a certain continuity, so as to make our lives tolerable. And Fethard had that in the many organisations that continued from year to year. In 1983 the Fethard Players were still active. During the year they went to Dublin to see a production of



Members of Fethard Players who entertained Senior Citizens at a function in the Tirry Centre, January 1983. Back L to R: Billy McLellan, Billy Kenny, Declan Nevin, John Shortall, Joe Kenny, John Looby, Jimmy Connolly. Front L to R: Agnes Evans, Percy O'Flynn, Ann O'Riordan, Rita O'Connor and Jimmy O'Shea.

'Drama at Inish' which the local players had formerly staged. Between 30 November and 4 December they presented a farce, 'I'll Get my Man' on the stage at the Ballroom. It was produced with flair and a very professional touch by Austie O'Flynn. There were full houses on each night and the profits went towards the cost of renewing Coffey's Mill. The cast that year included John Fogarty, Jimmy O'Sullivan, Billy McLellan, Carmel Rice, Anne Connolly, Marian Mulligan, Geraldine McCarthy, Ann O'Riordan and Richard Hayes.

A man who had many associations with Fethard plays and pantomime died this year. This was Louis 'Big Louie' O'Donnell from The Square. Louie was a physically big man and a larger than life figure in

every sense of that expression. Very old folk will still recall his many leading roles in Fethard pantomimes during the 1940s and 50s. Louie possessed a fine bass voice and sang in both the Abbey and the parish choirs. On Christmas morning he would sing at the 6am Mass in the Abbey and then move on to the parish church ('the big chapel' as so many old natives would have called it) where he would sing at the 7am Mass. But Louie had other talents. During his time at university he was an outstanding boxer. He was British and Irish University champion in 1939 and Irish Senior Heavyweight champion and Irish International in 1940. As a consequence, his coffin was adorned with a pair of boxing gloves as his remains were borne to



Fethard Hogan Musical Society cast of 'Oklahoma!' January 1983



the family burial plot in the Abbey church cemetery. Among the last plays in which he had a role was 'The Whole Town's Talking' which was staged in the early 1960s. In this he was joined by Eddie O'Neill, Percy O'Flynn, Goldie Newport, Anne O'Neill, Donal O'Sullivan, Carmel Brett, Austin O'Flynn, Chrissie Sayers, Mary Murray, Helen O'Connell, Mary Goldsborough and Gus Neville. Another old thespian died in this year, though she was not Fethard-born. This was Anne Dalton (Minnie Brennan in 'The Riordans') who was one of the troupe of players who came to Fethard in the 1930s and 40s to stage plays in the Town hall. Anne toured with both the Dobell Company and Louis Dalton who gave us 'East Lynn' and the plays of Shakespeare. Those

strolling players were fine actors and enriched the society among which they performed. I'm told that Anne Dalton invariably stayed with Nonie Napier on The Green when she was in Fethard.

But to return to local man Louie: he also gave his talents to the precursor of the Hogan Musical Society, which in his heyday would have been known as the Fethard Pantomime. The Hogan Musical Society was established in 1981 to honour the memory of the late Canon William Hogan who had served as curate in Fethard between 1939 and 1955. During his time in Fethard Father Hogan had devoted himself to producing musicals and pantomimes and so an effort was made to revive that tradition. In October 1982 the Society began



O'Sullivan family, Perryville, photographed at First Communion May 1983



Girls Communion Class 1983 photographed with their teacher Mrs Treacy at Nano Nagle National School

rehearsals of the immensely popular musical Oklahoma! and among the leads in it were Geraldine McCarthy, Michael McCarthy, Jimmy O'Sullivan, Gerry Fogarty, Marian Mulligan and Danny Kane. The show was presented in the Country Club Ballroom between Thursday, 3 February and Sunday 6 February of 1983. The production, which cost about £3,500 to stage, enjoyed a full house on each night and gave a display of what great talent is available in a small town like Fethard. As the dark evenings of autumn came on the committee turned their attention to another show and another year.

Another group that produced plays and show was the local branch of Macra na Feirme. In the early part of the year the branch won awards with a one-act play which was produced by Paddy Maher. The club also

produced plays by Bernard Farrell and Sean O'Casey. But for its members this club had many other forms of entertainment and social occasions. Country teenagers and young adults were no longer isolated in their homes during the dreary nights of autumn and winter. But the urban youth was not neglected; there was a Teen Club in the town which had been founded in December 1982 to provide various forms of social interaction on Saturday nights. And the Country Club Ballroom was still offering entertainment. Over the year such groups as Stockton's Wing, The Memories, Moving Hearts, and Joe Dolan played there.

The more sedate ladies had the ICA and the Flower Club. The former had a bring-and-buy and cake sale on Sunday 27 March in the ICA Hall; an excellent means for purchas-



Fr. A.B. Kennedy photographed at his Ordination with his parents, Sean and Angela, and his sisters Mary (left) and June (right). June 1983

ing home-cooked buns, tarts and cakes. During the darker evenings they held monthly meetings and entertained their membership, and in this year their president was Alice Curtin with Ursula Fleming as secretary and Marie Delany as treasurer. The Flower Club was another such asset to the town and especially to all with an interest in horticulture. It, too, held monthly meetings and in the autumn a Flower Show which in that year made a profit of £1,000. This worthwhile sum was divided among a number of local charities. Then there was a Senior Citizens Club which provided gentle entertainment for those of us who had

grown old and slow.

For anyone who wished to foreswear 'the drink' there was still an active branch of the Pioneer Movement in the town. And in mid April of that year there was a proposal to form a branch of Alcoholics Anonymous. I'm not certain what level of success this latter enjoyed over the remainder of the year. For the active sober there was racquetball, there was a badminton club which had some excellent players, and for the more sedentary there was a Bridge Club which also had a strong following especially during the darker evenings and nights. There was a Judo Club in the town

which was one year old in 1983. It had a membership of forty-three, mostly teenagers. They held their practise sessions in both the Town Hall and the Ballroom. A Handball Club also enjoyed good patronage. And on a Saturday night in May the local handball court was the venue for three all-Ireland semi-final games. This was a great opportunity for the locals to watch a skilled and fast sport played at a near-professional level. John Woodlock was the club's representative at various county events.

Hunting on foot and cross-country running also had a firm place among local events. For example the Maryboro Farmers' Beagles provided an afternoon of delightful exercise as they chased hares about Barretstown on a dry, frosty Sunday in January. In the same month there was open coursing at Derryluskan

and later at Peppardstown. Thirty years ago St. Patrick's Athletic Club was very active and a reading of The Nationalist shows that it was participating in events on almost a weekly basis; and it was driven to excellence by such men as Brother Raymond and Tommy Butler. The club's star this year was Jacqueline Stokes. On Friday night, 19 November she was honoured by the Munster Athletics Clubs at a dinner/dance held at Dunmore East when she was presented with a Waterford Crystal tankard. This was her third year being awarded for field and track events.

Old sports, too, had their days. As usual the opening meet of the Tipperary Foxhounds was held in Fethard, but in this year the opening day was changed from the traditional first Monday in November to the Bank Holiday on 31 October. Some 120 mounted followers turned



Combined Fethard Choir singing in the Parish Church June 1983



*Abymill fundraising Supper Dance at the Country Club Ballroom, October 1983
L to R: Marian Kane, Catherine Kane, Gus Kenrick, Mon Kenny and Agnes Allen.*



*Abymill fundraising Supper Dance at the Country Club Ballroom, October 1983.
L to R: Mary Looby, Chris Looby, Kathleen Bradshaw and Miceál McCormack.*

out on that day and many more followed it in cars and on bicycles. The first draw ran from Rocklow through Rathvin and Rathcoole and on to the old racecourse at Kilnockin where wily Mr Fox lost them. In the Munster Foxhound Association annual show held in Dublin the Tipps. took honours. In this year the master was Michael Higgins and the first whip was Mick Flanagan. At the end of August there died in England a man who for two decades in the 1940s and 50s was associated with the Tipperary Foxhounds. This was Tommy Ryan who had served as first whip and kennel huntsman. He had succeeded his father and father and son had between them given about sixty years of service to the Tipps. As foxhunting lost an old member so too did angling. The death took place in early October of John Sayers from St. Patrick's place. John, who was descended from a very old Fethard family, worked for the County Council in its sanitary department and was also a skilled stonemason. John was part of the first fire brigade in Fethard with Paddy Dahill and Dick Cummins. Older readers will recall the fire hose pipe (supervised by John) snaking about the street on the evening of a fair day as the streets were being washed clean. And John and Paddy Dahill had now and then to tramp up Slievenamon to Gort na Pishy to check the springs that supplied the town with water. But it was for angling that John was noted and

he was rightly acknowledged as the doyen of the rod and line fishermen on the Anner. He continued to fish up almost to his final days. He was buried in Calvary cemetery, but the local fishing club survived his death and was active.

Senior football was still the major sport in the town. As in so many other times the 'Blues' were good this year, but the final accolade was beyond them. They lost the county final to Loughmore by one point on a re-play; was Fethard the better team? After all, Dinny Burke won the Player-of-the-Year award for his display of skills. In this year the 'Blues' were almost one hundred years old and to mark the occasion Coolmore Stud presented them with a set of jerseys. A local player of other days, Jerome O'Dwyer, was honoured and remembered when his family presented a large cup to the South Division of the GAA. Jerome gave outstanding service to Coolmoynne and enriched hurling with the excellence of his play.

Likewise an event that took place outside of Fethard helped to recall the name of a Fethard-born man. In 1983 U.S. President, Ronald Regan, appointed a new ambassador to serve in Ireland: this was Mr Robert Kane, a state judge in California. His appointment was of particular interest to Fethard as his great-grandfather, Patrick Kane, had emigrated from the town to the U.S. in about 1855. Patrick settled in Indiana and later fought on the Union side in

the Civil War. Robert, the ambassador, was born on 15 March 1926 at Denver, Colorado, and attended a college near San Francisco. He became a criminal lawyer and was considered to be both shrewd and successful. He married and had five children. In time he became a republican in politics, a Justice on the California Court of Appeal, and President of the California Judges Association. It was probably during those years he became acquainted with Ronald Regan who had served as Governor of California before becoming President.

And there were others who were honoured in that year of 1983. In July three nuns from the Presentation Convent celebrated their golden jubilee in the Order. They were Sisters Agatha, Philomena and Finbarr. Around the same time Sister Fidelis observed her silver jubilee as a nun. In February two Fethard men were remembered and honoured as part of the centenary year celebrations of the famous Garryowen Rugby Club, Limerick. They were among the eight surviving members of the Munster Cup winning team of 1931-'32 season. The two were Paddy and Christy Heffernan of Knockelly, Fethard. Christy lived on the farm at Knockelly and Paddy was a bank official who worked with, I think, the old Provincial Bank. The Garryowen club of those years rated Christy's abilities as a player so highly that it regularly hired a car to bring him to Limerick for training. The two were

given a cut-glass memento of that historic occasion. Though generally a well-remembered figure, another who came to public notice that year was Canon Richard Cecil Patten from The Rectory, Fethard. Mrs Ruth Duthie from Oxford, his daughter, was in Fethard in early June of that year seeking information on her father who had died in 1942. The Canon organised a nursery garden at the Rectory between 1915 and the year of his death. By his final year he was employing about twenty-three men on a casual basis. When the Canon died his wife went to live at Ard-na-Greine, Clonmel (opposite Barlow's car sales). It seems that Mrs Duthie was writing an article on the Canon's garden for an Irish magazine.

But a member of the younger and current generation was having his special day. Among the sixteen new priests ordained at Thurles by Archbishop Morris in June was Father A.B. (Abie) Kennedy (a leading figure in Fethard football) who entered Thurles College in 1977 and who, following his ordination, was to serve in the diocese of Clonfert. He was the son of Angela and Sean Kennedy, Burke Street and grandson of A.B. Kennedy who had a butcher's shop in Gladstone Street, Clonmel. At his first Mass in Fethard's parish church, which had a congregation of from 800 to 1,000 people, the Abbey and parish choirs united for the occasion; the organist was Goldie Newport.



Fethard Under-16 football team ready to leave by bus with Ned Sheehan and Miceál McCormack October 1983

Afterwards in the Ballroom a ladies committee (women in so many places give a wonderful voluntary service – seldom praised and soon forgotten) provided tea, sandwiches and cakes. This was followed by a concert with items supplied by the Hogan Musical Society and the late Don Byard on the electric organ. In the same month Father Kennedy celebrated Mass in the Abbey, the church that overlooked his home as he grew to maturity. Before studying for the priesthood he had trained as a psychiatric nurse in St. Luke's Hospital, Clonmel, he had qualified as a nurse in 1974, and had later worked in Eastbourne in England. Following his ordination he returned to St. Luke's to visit the staff and offer Mass.

As that young man was entering a life of service to the Catholic Church the church at Killusty was

celebrating one hundred years of service to its community. On Sunday, 10 July, a Mass, commemorating the centenary of the delightful little church at Killusty, was offered at 3pm. The cut-stone church replaced what had been a small thatched building which had been erected in the 1700s. The new church had cost £2,000 to build in 1883. The centenary Mass was concelebrated by Dean Christopher Lee (that honorary Fethard man who returned for this special occasion), Father Noonan, the parish priest, and Father Ormonde, who was then the Father Prior at the Abbey. Other priests on the altar that afternoon were Fathers Stapleton, Twomey, O'Gorman and Holloway. Well-deserved praise was offered to the people of Killusty for making the occasion such a memorable one. The celebrations concluded with open-air dancing until



Presentation Sisters Community in Fethard photographed June 1983. Back L to R: Fr. Tony Lambe, Sr. Annunciata, Sr. Betty, Sr. Ann Lyons, Sr. Carmel, Sr. Aine, Sr. Mary McNamara, Sr. Kathleen, Sr. Maureen, Sr. Clement, Sr. Monica. Front L to R: Rosemary McCarthy, Sr. Margaret Mary, Sr. Claver, Sr. Alphonsus, Sr. Fidelis, Mother Agatha, Sr. Finbarr, Sr. Philomena and Sr. Celsius.

a late hour for which the music had been supplied by Ned Lawrence, Tommy Kearney and on occasion Father Lambe. But new building for the religious in the parish was also under way. The Augustinians had high hopes that they would take occupancy of their new Priory on the Abbey grounds by the year's end. In November 1951 the old Abbey House was demolished, being in so bad a state of repair, and the Fathers moved across the road. In August the Church of Ireland community were expressing their concern about the state of their church on the Main Street. The roof was in danger of falling in and the interior was in need of re-decoration. The whole cost was estimated at £15,000 and an appeal for funding was issued to all the peo-

ple of the Fethard area of whatever faith or none. And this was only right as this church was and is part of the fabric of Fethard's history.

But faith and religious belief is more than buildings. The Bethlehem Peace Pilgrims (or Pax Christi), led by Father George Zabelka, walked into Fethard on Sunday night, 20 March. They had come from Washington State in the U.S., and they were walking from there to Bethlehem to make the statement that they believed in peace and to declare their abhorrence of the then arms race. Large crowds turned out to see them enter Fethard. The pilgrims were entertained by the local Community Council and they spent the night with local families. On Monday morning they left for Callan.

On Christmas Eve they walked into the city of Bethlehem, having carried their message of peace half way across the world and over a time-span of two years. But, sadly, their message fell on very deaf ears.

That inevitable pilgrim, Death, whom we cannot escape, came also. As the year opened the well-known bicycle repair man, Paddy Heffernan from Congress Terrace, died. At the beginning of May Sister Peter from the Presentation Convent died. Older readers will still remember her as before her retirement she taught the sixth class in the Convent National School. In her retirement she was actively involved in many social and religious organisations. Jimmy Tynan from Coolbawn died in October. Jimmy had been a gifted hurler who won a junior all-Ireland medal with

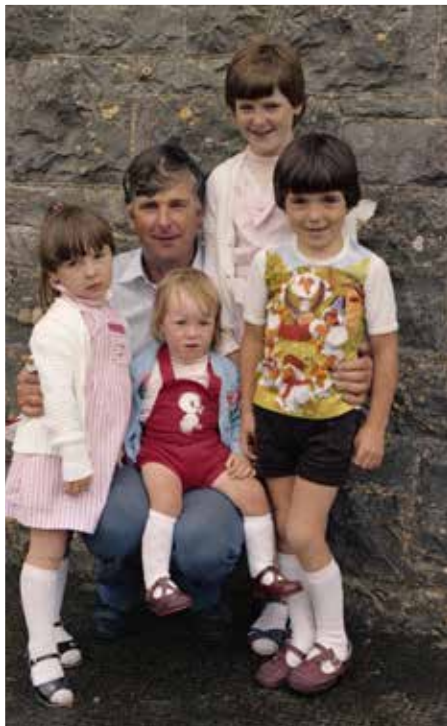
Tipperary in 1933. He was buried in Moyglass. Age also caught up with some old IRA men. James Crean from Mountain View died that year. James was a member of the 3rd Tipperary Brigade; over the years he had been active in keeping alive the memory of all who fought in the War of Independence (1919-21). He did not participate in the Civil War which followed but had emigrated to the U.S. and only returned much later to take control of the family farm. He was buried in Red City. Another old IRA man who died on 19 November was James O'Donovan. James had served with distinction in the 7th Brigade Battalion (The Cloneen) and was a native of Walshbog, Killusty. He died at the family farm at Kilcash and was buried in the graveyard there. Another old Fethard IRA



Pupils at Patrician Brothers Secondary School June 1983. Back L to R: Pat Whyte, John O'Connell, Willie Fitzgerald, Liam Connolly, Miceál Maher, Michael Gaynor. Front L to R: Davy Maher, Liam Croke, Tom Hickey, John Woodlock, Tom Barry, Paul Trehy and Liam Egan.

man who died and was buried away from his native place was Michael Danagher. Michael had served in the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Tipperary Brigade during Independence. He died at his home in Carrick-on-Suir and was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Death in this year also claimed the last surviving member of those Fethard men who fought in the First World War (1914-18). Pat O'Shea, aged ninety-five, died on Sunday, 10 July. His passing was witness to the last of the 127 men who marched to the parish church on Armistice Day 1919. All gone: Paddy O'Donnell, Danny Mullins,



Jim Allen and family photographed July 1983

Nick Wall, Dave Hayes, General Kellett, Dan Heaney, Paddy O'Shea and his brother Mick, Tom and Mick Kearney, Major Hughes, Tommy Leahy, Frank (Scout) Butler, Dave Morrissey, Jack Carey, Jamsie O'Mahony (who swore he could deal with any Prussian no matter how big). Pat O'Shea was the fourth child in a family of nine and was the son of James O'Shea of Curraghscarteen. Pat had

to leave Moyglass school at a young age to make his way in the world. In 1905 he began working on the railway as a plate layer and was paid seventeen shillings and sixpence a week – a good wage for those years. About sixty people were employed then on railway maintenance and Fethard was their headquarters and pay centre. In 1914 he joined the British Army as so many railway workers were strongly encouraged to do and was sent to France where he worked with the Flying Machine Corps. His work probably helped his survival and he returned to

Fethard at war's end. During the War of Independence in Ireland he worked with and advised the Dinny Lacey Flying Column.

But an issue that was the cause of some worry at the end of 1983 was: would the Fethard Newsletter survive. The very first Newsletter, back in those dim and distant days, had cost £45 for printing and postage. And what a Christmas present that was



L to R: Annie O'Brien, Ellen O'Donnell, Mary Haythorn Twaite, Olivia Hughes and Barbara Barton (1983)

for those of us away from the little place. But by 1983 the total cost had risen to £1,200 and the committee (the Legion of Mary if my memory is anyway sound) was having to make up a shortfall of \$400 that year; and that by an organisation whose purpose was not money gathering. But the Newsletter lived and grew into the delightful thing we know today and with God's help and an active editor will live for another fifty years.

I began this piece with reference to the changes in Fethard in 1983. Another was Newport's Newsagency. It had been closed for renovation for some time, but re-opened on 9 March. This shop had belonged to the

Kenrick family who ran a tailoring business there. In 1921 Mrs Catherine Newport (who was a Kenrick) turned the shop into a general newsagency. Bert held court there for many a year, and today the business is in the hands of Edwina (Catherine's grand-daughter). Incidentally, the first customer on the opening day in March was a young Michael Neville from Kilnockin (son of Gus and Maura), which was appropriate as his great-great-grandfather, Philip Neville, had been a customer in that shop in 1837. Proving, I suppose, that research into old Fethard should be ceaseless and ongoing. ●

Michael O'Donnell (Owning).

Fethard Ladies Football Club



On Saturday April 20, Fiona Ryan and Michael Tillyer helped the Under 8 girls with their first game of football against Commercial. With the Under 6 and Under 10 girls also having games, there were almost thirty girls wearing the blue and white on the day.

It was a busy year at Under 16 and Under 8 level. Training commenced on Saturday, March 24 and was well-attended every Saturday morning despite the wet summer. During the season the girls showed great improvement at each match against teams from Clonmel Commercial, Mullinahone, Clerihan and St. Pats. At this age level the emphasis in training continues to be about fun while at the same time introducing the basic skills of Gaelic Football. A few of our Under 8 girls will be going up to Under 10 grade next year, and we wish them every success. Great thanks go to our coaches and mentors for the Under 6s and 8s including Mary O'Mahoney, Noelle Aherne, Michael

Tillyer and Fiona Ryan.

The Under 10 girls also started training in March, with a panel of 15 players. The girls took part in a series of challenge matches and County Blitzes throughout the year, improving immensely as the year progressed. Eight of the girls at this grade step up to Under 12 for next year. Great thanks go to our coaches and mentors including Sandra Spillane, Willie Morrissey and Michael 'Magic' Ryan.

Training for Under 12 girls commenced February, and we played the first challenge match at the end of March with a fabulous turnout of 24 girls. We held Mullinahone to a draw in the first round of the A/B championship, followed by a win

over Moyle Rovers on a scoreline of 5-1 to 3-0. Last year's winners of the 12A Division – Cahir – proved too strong for Fethard in the third round of the championship. The Under 12s did great work in training and were in a really good position heading into the County Semi Final, but were sadly beaten by a very strong Lattin-Cullen side. On Saturday, July 21, we had two teams in the Munster Under 12 Blitz. This was a great opportunity for the girls to get experience playing against a wide range of clubs from across Munster. On a rare sunny day, there was a large turnout of families to support the girls for which we are very grateful. In the Summer League competition, the girls put in more great performances to reach the final. The girls were

brilliant on the day, only losing by a very late point. This group of girls were a pleasure to train throughout the year, and we look forward to having them back in training for 2013. Many thanks to Bernadette O'Meara, Jacqui O'Flynn, Micheál Spillane, Mark Prout and Michael Ryan for their coaching support.

Our Under 14s played Clerihan in the first round of the championship on a bitterly cold Wednesday evening, April 3. The score was 2 goals to nil in favour of Clerihan at half-time, but in the second half Fethard had a little extra energy and found the back of the net three times - with one of the goals coming from a superbly-taken penalty. Clerihan also scored a penalty in the second half, leaving the full-time score a draw at 3 goals



On Saturday May 5, Fethard Under 11 girls competed in the Community Games football against Clerihan. Pictured are (back L to R:) Laura Kiely, Shannon Thompson, Noelle O'Meara, Sally Butler, Laura Cummins, Lucy Spillane, Caoimhe O'Meara, Katie Ryan, (front) Ciara Connolly, Alison Connolly, Katie O'Flynn, Nell Spillane, Carrie Davy, Rachel Prout, Leah Coen, Laura O'Donnell.



The Fethard Junior Ladies team who played a County Quarter Final on Saturday September 15. Pictured are (back, L to R:) Annie Prout, Aobh O'Shea, Karen Hayes, Edel Fitzgerald, Anita Manton, Sharon O'Meara, Sarah Smyth, Marian Harrington, Marie Houlihan, Sandra Spillane, Imelda Ryan, (front) Emma Walsh, Elaine Kennedy, Aimee Pollard, Ciara Tillyer, Katie Butler, Lucy Butler, Kay Ryan, and Sandra Maher.

each. We enjoyed convincing wins over Ballyporeen and Clonmel Óg in April to secure a County Semi Final spot against Galtee Rovers in May, but came up short by just a single point in a match that we were very unlucky to lose. In the Summer League, we got off to a flying start with a win over Clerihan who were missing some of their regular starters, followed by a win over Moycarkey with a score of 4-4 to 1-0. The girls had a thrilling end to the season on Monday, October 29, when we won the County League in fine style. We beat Moycarkey in the semi-final and beat Arravale Rovers in the final - with both matches played on the same day! As usual, the girls celebrated the win with a victory tour around Fethard with car horns blasting! Many thanks to all who supported the girls on the day, especially the management team of Michael Hayes and Bernadette O'Meara.

Our Under 16s kicked off 2012 with a challenge match against Clonmel Commercial on February 25. This was our first game of the year, so it was great to blow off some of the cobwebs. Although Commercial were a stronger side, we enjoyed some great passages of play. The Under 16B championship got underway in March, with the first round played in Bansha against Galtee Rovers. It was a tough but good-spirited game, with both sides coming away with a few knocks and bumps, but the Fethard girls held out for a win in the end. We were well-beaten in the second round by Aherlow, who showed all the signs of a team intent on retaining the U16B title which they won last year. Another loss followed against Cappawhite but we put in a really good performance despite missing a few key players, and finished the game on a scoreline of 2-15 to 1-9.

Points gained from teams who gave us a walkover meant that we qualified for a County Semi Final spot against Cappawhite on April 21, hoping to book a place in the County Final for the third year in a row. Unfortunately, Cappawhite proved to be just a little too strong. The Fethard girls were superb, and showed great heart to keep fighting right until the final whistle. Many thanks to coaches Tom Ryan, Michael Ryan and Kieran Butler.

The Junior Ladies team got the Junior B League off to a start against Ballyporeen with a score of 4-10 to 3-4. We travelled to Thurles on April 15 for a match against Sarsfields and despite reaching the interval ahead by three points (1-2 to 1-5), we just couldn't hold onto possession in the

second half and went down by 2-7 to 1-6; certainly a game that we could have won. One very positive aspect of that match was the fact that seven of the starting 15 played at Minor level for Fethard last year. It was great to see these players coming through to complement the experience already in the Junior Ladies team. In the championship, Fethard enjoyed a thrilling 4-9 to 3-6 win over Clonmel Commercial to secure a spot in the knockout stages of the competition. It was a terrific game for Fethard, and probably their best all season particularly in the first half - the tenacity and hunger from the girls meant they won almost every battle on the field. A repeat encounter against Commercial in the Quarter Final brought our cham-



Fethard's Minors began their championship campaign on Sunday, September 30. Pictured Back L to R: Evie O'Sullivan, Deirdre Dwyer, Annie Prout, Katie Butler, Aine Phelan, Aimee Pollard, Lucy Butler, Aobh O'Shea, Karen Hayes, Emma Walsh. Front L-R: Ciara Hayes, Molly O'Meara, Sadhbh Horan, Niamh Shanahan, Kate Davey and Laoise Stapleton. Jerseys sponsored by Fethard Car Boot Sale.



The Fethard Ladies Under 16 team began their championship with a win against Galtee Rovers on Sunday, 4th March. Pictured are Emily Kavanagh, Cliodhna O'Connor, Aobh O'Shea, Ruby Kennedy, Karen Hayes, Nicola Thompson, Ciara Tillyer, Nell Trehy, Sophie Meehan, Laura Ryan, Kate Guinan, Roisin O'Regan, Carrie Davey, Ciara Hayes, Katie Butler, Annie Prout, Jessie McCarthy, Kate Davey, Niamh Shanahan, Jessie Ryan, Amy Tynan, and Laoise Stapleton.

pionship campaign came to an end in a match where Fethard just didn't settle. A huge thank you goes to Willie O'Meara, Kieran Treacy and Tomás Keane for their marvellous work during the year, and to all the Junior Ladies Team for their tireless effort and one hundred percent commitment in 2012.

The Gaelic4Mothers roared back into action with the first games of the year against Ballingarry and Boherlahan-Dualla in May and June. The emphasis in G4M is firmly on participation and fun rather than competition; no previous playing experience is required and all are welcome. In August, we travelled to Youghal to play a series of three short matches, followed by a match against St. Pats in September. The Gaelic4Mothers competed in the National Blitz at Portmarnock on October 20, where we played 9

games of between 10 and 15 minutes against teams from Cork, Armagh, Down, Dublin, Tyrone, Antrim, Roscommon and Kildare. Fethard won all but one of their games, and came away with some superb memories. The Gaelic4Mothers brought 2012 to a close, playing the final match of the season in fancy dress! Well done to all the mothers who were able to attend and who made such a great effort with the costumes. Many thanks to M.J. Croke, Tommy Sheehan and Magic Ryan for training the Gaelic4Mothers, and to Patricia Fitzgerald for all her work in managing the team during 2012.

The Minor team got their championship campaign off to a start on September 30, against the team they played in last year's County Final. Ardfinnan came into this match in great form, having won both of their opening games. But the Fethard girls

had little problem with this reputation and worked very hard to leave the game drawn at 6-4 to 5-7, which was a fair result, most would agree. We got our first win of the season against Clerihan on November 1. The remainder of our Minor championship will be played out as this newsletter goes to print.

The Club would like to extend a very big "Thank You" to all the players and parents for their commitment during the year. We owe a huge debt of gratitude to all those who so generously supported our fundraising events in 2012 – including the Last Man Standing competition, Cash for Clobber, Table Quiz, church-gate col-

lection, and supermarket bag-pack.

We would also like to thank the Juvenile GAA Club for the use of their jerseys when needed, the GAA Club for the use of the GAA Field, and the Rugby Club for the use of the Community Sportsfield and dressing rooms during 2012.

Thanks also go to all our committee members including Anita Manton, Alice Butler, Micheál and Sandra Spillane, Michael and Fiona Ryan, Magic and Mary Ryan, Mary O'Mahoney, Noelle Aherne, Noreen Sheedy, Stephen Fitzgerald, Kay Ryan, Michael Tillyer, Willie Morrissey, Willie O'Meara, Audrey Conway, and Kieran Butler. ●



The Fethard Gaelic4Mothers team who took part in the National Blitz on Saturday, October 20. Back L-R Tommy Sheehan, Caroline Sheehan, Carina Condon, Alice Butler, Catherina Davey, Noelle Aherne, Eleanor Kenny, MJ Croke. Middle L-R Jacqui O'Flynn, Cabrina Roche, Anne Marie Kenny, Mary O'Connor, Theresa Hurley, Annette Connolly. Front L-R Pamela O'Donnell, Hazel Galloway, Anita Manton and Noreen Sheedy.



Micheál Spillane and Sharon O'Meara with the Under 12 Camogie Team on October 27, 2012.



All-Ireland Spikeball Runners-Up 2012. Back L to R: Shane Curran, Jack Ward, Dylan Lyons, Eric Fogarty. Front L to R: Jesse McCormack (captain), Liam Quigley and Harry Butler.

T.A. Kenrick & Co

by Sean Gunne

Further to the account of the hardware business run by T.A. Kenrick & Co. on Main Street, Fethard in last year's Newsletter, (page 154), I have in my possession a clock containing the name of T.A. Kenrick & Co. printed on the face.

The clock was originally made by a company called Ansonia Clock Company, New York, in 1898 and the name of the clock was called 'Gingerbread'.

The photograph shows the clock and wooden encasing. ●



All Change

by Billy McLellan



Main Street c.1920

The First 35 years

It's Autumn 1942 and my house is situated on Main Street, Fethard, between what is now Butler's and Aherne's. It was from there I set off on a voyage of discovery, my first day at school. In those days boys spent two years in the Presentation Convent first as Infants and then in Top Class.

If I had lived in the country and could remember the journey I would refer to fields, stiles, trees, bridges, rivers, roads, boreens and other points of interest. Instead of trees we had lampposts which all looked the same and didn't have names like oak or ash. When you live in the middle of a town your landmarks are mainly houses and shops and particularly the names of those who dwell therein.

Would I have turned left and passed the houses of Mrs Weir, Josie Stapleton, O'Donnell Butchers and Mary Tobin? Or would I have crossed the road to the sunny side of the

street at Scully's and walked down past Tom Hickey, Annie Wall and Paddy Greene?

If you are younger than I, you will not recognize most of those names. The oak trees and the fields are still there but the people have moved on into eternity. The house I lived in was previously Dwyer's. Scully's had recently been Fennelly's. Change was happening all around me but I was unaware of the beat of time. I thought everyone would be there forever.

On arrival at school, a clear recollection is a ride in a sit-in pedal car with an actual steering wheel. It only became apparent as the weeks went by that this was a once in a lifetime treat and a clever distraction from the fact that one's beloved parent had left the premises. I longed for that car for years afterwards but it was nowhere to be seen.

Meanwhile, up the street, there was also a scarcity of cars. Many of them, like the pedal car, were put

away. There was little petrol available. Well it was 1942, London had been blitzed, commercial shipping had been sunk and even Hitler was running out of fuel. Fethard on a busy day abounded in donkeys and carts, ponies and traps. A man called Paddy Ryan ran a parcel freight service to and from Clonmel with a horse and cart. It was considered a big journey to travel by train from Fethard to Dublin. The ticket collector on board advised you to "Change at Thurles".

The Garda Station was manned by a Sergeant and four Gardai. Crime was virtually non-existent. Only important or rich people had telephones. Urgent messages from the outside world were received by the Post Office, transcribed onto a telegram and delivered to your door by a Telegram Boy who protected it from the weather in a leather pouch attached to his belt.

The first news bulletin of the day was heard on Radio Eireann at 8am. The station closed down shortly after 9am when a record request programme called Housewives' Choice was available on the BBC Light Programme. Radio Eireann came back for an hour or two at lunchtime and then closed down again until around 5pm. No cinema. Nylon stockings were unobtainable. Cigarettes were scarce. Oranges and bananas were out of the question. Food was rationed. Women worked wonders in the kitchen with little resources and most were bunny boilers decades before Glenn Close added a

sinister ingredient to cooked rabbit.

The Next 35 Years

By 1977 men had already landed on the moon and space scientists were launching the Voyager mission to photograph the solar system as far as distant Neptune and its moon, Triton.

Now, in 2012, Voyager is heading into inter-stellar space and is expected to be still bleeping back to us in 2025. It took a snapshot of our complete solar system when 3.5 billion miles away and Earth was a barely visible speck, one-tenth of a pixel in size. As one scientist remarked, "We are all living on a blue dot." Although it didn't take long to get from Thurles to Triton, it will be forty thousand years before Voyager reaches the nearest star.

No shortage of cars on the Fethard streets in 2012. A cinema has come and gone but a theatre was born. The town's community spirit has achieved substantial social and cultural improvements and a new sense of pride in its history. This is significant and important.

And in the context of the immeasurable vastness of space, it is particularly significant and important because we are being watched by the ghosts of those who have gone before us whose smiles we can still see and whose laughter we can still hear. They know the secrets of the universe and wish us well on our voyage through space and time. ●

Irish Girl Guides

Overall, 2012 was a quieter year for guides countrywide in comparison to the centenary celebrations throughout 2011. However, Fethard unit was kept busy during 2012. The Brownies travelled away for a weekend to the cottage in Violet Hill, Co Clare, with leader Catherine O'Connell and other Brownie leaders from Thurles. A great weekend of activities and fun was enjoyed by both girls and leaders alike.

Our three young leaders, Molly

Proudfoot, Molly O'Dwyer and Tara Horan accompanied Judy Doyle to the International Camp in Lough Key, Co. Roscommon, in July. This camp was an unbelievable experience and we can be really proud of how hard these three young girls worked on the main activities team. They were organising and participating in all the activities from early morning until late and never without a smile.

On a very wet June bank holiday weekend our Guides camped in



Fethard Slievenamon Ladybirds photographed with leaders, Catherine O'Donnell, Molly Proudfoot and Molly O'Dwyer, at St. Patrick's Day Mass in Fethard



Trinity Pack Brownies and leaders photographed at St. Patrick's Day Mass in Fethard Holy Trinity Parish Church with leaders, Majella Daly, Molly Proudfoot and Molly O'Dwyer,

Horse and Jockey. The rain was incessant but despite this, the Fethard girls made the best of the weather and also made great friends with fellow campers from Thurles and Cashel.

The ladybirds participated in lots of activities throughout year organised by Pamela Daly and Catherine O'Donnell.

Teresa Hurley and Judy Doyle are the Guide leaders and our three young leaders are invaluable with

their help in keeping the unit going.

Congratulations to Catherine O'Connell who has been appointed Area Commissioner for Middle Third Area. Catherine also looks after the Brownies with Majella Daly.

Many thanks to all the parents who helped out during year and to everyone who supported our fundraising table quiz. Looking forward to 2013. ●

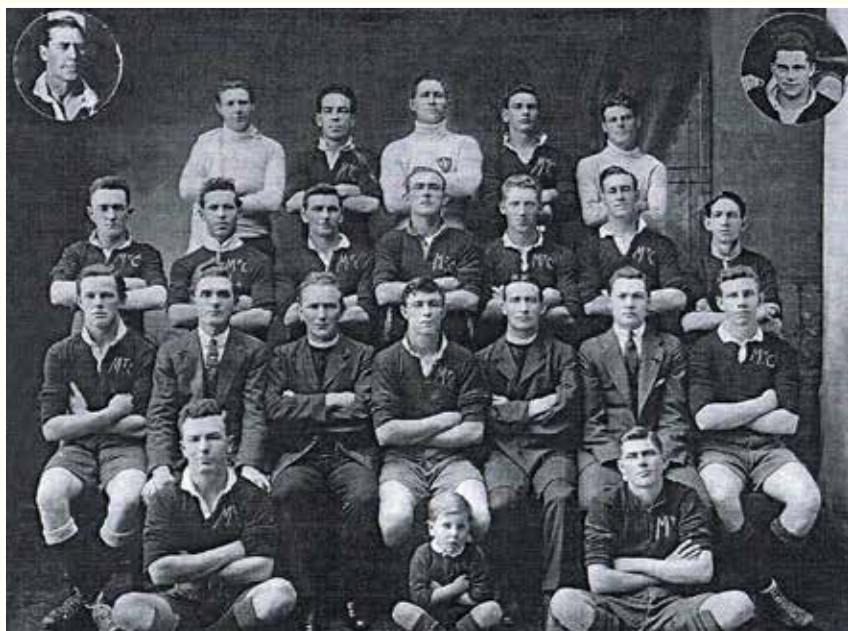
Judy Doyle

Albert The Great!

by Tom Burke

He came from the heart of the country. That rarest of men, an authentic hero, every trust that the people had it in their power to bestow, he was given. And yet, he always retained a saving humility. His was the humility, not of fear, but of confidence. His was the humility of man before God, and of man before the truth. His was the humility of a man too proud to be arrogant.

Eulogy at Funeral of Dwight Eisenhower



Mount Carmel A.H.C. Guild F. Club

'A' Grade Premiers, 1921. Matches played 16; Won 15; Lost 1; Points Scored 192; Against 51.

Back Row: J. McGoldrick (trainer), F. Judge, P. Harrison (referee), J. Rayner, F. Flanagan (trainer). Third Row: S. Flynn, L. Robinson, L. Atherton, C. Lenton, J.W. Reid (secretary), J. Cox, S. Carlin. Second Row: E. Quinn, B. Connelly (coach), Bro. Austin (V.P.), S. Wheeler (captain), Bro. Albert (V.P.), P. Thurn (treasurer), H. Rayner (vice-captain). Front Row: E. Robinson, C. Lenton (mascot), and P. Montgomery. Inset: B. Arthur and F. Thurn. Absent: M. Ryan.

Some men and women have heroism thrust upon them in an instant. Their response, sometimes involuntary, ensures that their deeds are remembered as heroic.

Others, by a lifetime of service to others, 'Service above self,' provide a

source of inspiration to those whose lives they touched. Their dedication and self-sacrifice ensure that they also become heroes. In the latter category, Br. Albert Small is deserving of inclusion.

It was a summer Sunday in June

of 1973. The Parish Church in Fethard was packed to capacity for the special concelebrated Mass to mark the centenary of the arrival in the town of the Patrician Brothers. The Presentation Sisters had settled there over 10 years earlier, in 1862.

The principal celebrant, Dr. Tom Morris, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, rose to deliver his keynote address. He spoke at length of the great achievements of the Brothers over that hundred years. He mentioned one Brother in particular, Albert Small, who had devoted himself to Fethard and the education of its young men. It was a surprise to hear him say that he himself had indeed been inspired by the life of the late Albert Small. "He vowed his life," he said, "and he never took back what he vowed."

Jimmy Small (Albert would be his Patrician name) was born on February 18, 1892, in Gortnacran, Borrisoleigh, to Michael and Mary Small, one of a family of nine, comprising five boys and four girls. One of his brothers, Capt. Mick Small, was shot by the Black and Tans on July 4, 1920. A bridge which bears his name is situated in Church Avenue, Templemore. Another brother, Bill, won an All Ireland senior hurling medal with Dublin in 1924, and subsequently came back to Tipp to win a National League medal with the Premier County. Jimmy received his early education at Borrisoleigh Primary School, where his love of gaelic games, particularly hurling,

took root. His nephew, Michael, would, many years later, become principal of that school, a post from which he has now retired.

Jimmy was a boarder at the Patrician College in Mountrath, and entered Tullow Monastery where he was professed in 1912. In June 1914, he sailed for Australia, via the Cape of Good Hope. He would remain there for 15 years, serving in the Sydney area at Redfern, Mount Carmel, Bathurst, and finally Redfern again. Those were difficult years in Australia for the Patricians, where even the food was scarce, as they laboured in the 'outback' of New South Wales, and in Sydney itself. They were operating in a climate alien to that which they had left in Ireland, with little hope of any return visits to their families. In addition, the parents could ill afford to pay any fees in the schools as many were operating close to the bread line. Albert contracted a disease called 'Lupus' for which even today, almost 100 years later, there is no cure. The disease attacked his nose, and he was required to undergo surgery, which left him badly disfigured. He would require continuous treatment for the remainder of his life. He was sensitive about the disfigurement but was never heard to complain.

Sport had always been his passion. In Australia, there was little opportunity to involve himself in Gaelic Games, but he did what he would continue to do for the rest of his life – he adapted. He took

an interest in rugby and prepared teams in that discipline in Sydney. A photograph of the Mt. Carmel A.H.C. (Australian Holy Catholic Football Club) school team of 1921 features Albert, with the information that the team played 16 games, winning 15. This football refers to Rugby League competition and the team had just won the Premier 'A' Grade. This record would have given him great satisfaction. Indeed, at 29 years old, he appears as youthful as many of his students.

Albert returned to Ireland in 1929, and taught in Mallow and Tullow, before being posted to Fethard in 1941, as the first principal of the newly formed Fethard High School, later to be called the Fethard Secondary School. His appointment proved to be an inspired choice.

There is a rare glimpse into his psyche provided by his own writings, which appear in the Delany Archives of the Patrician Brothers in Carlow.

"I had the good fortune of coming under the influence of Bro. Berchmans Mahony, a saintly man who gave me direction in methods of teaching in Mountrath, and in Mallow under Bro. Aloysius Howlin who for four years gave me solid ground work in Latin." (SG/DJL/175, Archive of the Patrician Brothers, Delany Archive.)

I first became aware of him in the early 1950s, whilst a pupil at the Patrician Brothers Primary School. Our elders who attended the secondary school would terrorise us by

saying, "Ye think it is tough in the primary, wait until ye come up against Albert."

It was therefore with a certain amount of trepidation that I began my secondary education in September 1955. In 1st Year we had Albert for Latin. He was 63 years old at that time, a lifetime of teaching behind him. He had my older brother, Mike, as a pupil some years before. They had got on well. Albert and myself hit it off from the beginning and my interest in sport didn't do any harm.

His teaching methods were unusual, to say the least. He did not favour physical punishment, as did many of his colleagues, but he used an 'interrogation' technique which would have done justice to the Gestapo. When you incurred his displeasure, you would be 'invited' to vacate your desk and approach the board. He would wish to know why you had delivered a particular answer, or maybe committed some misdemeanour in the class. He would stand close to you, and thrust his face almost into yours. The sight of that disfigured nose hovering fractions of an inch from yours, whilst he demanded an answer, was sufficient to strike the fear of God into the bravest of men, not to say young boys. He had no need for the cane. The disfigured nose was his weapon of mass destruction.

Some Brothers carried a bamboo cane, tucked neatly inside the soutane. Albert used to carry a small,



Patrician Brothers Centenary Celebrations 1973

Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Morris, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, pictured with members of the Patrician Brothers Community and visiting Brothers before concelebrated Mass, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, to mark the centenary of the foundation of the Patrician Schools in Fethard (Sunday, June 3, 1973). Front L to R: Bro. Stephen Delaney; Bro. Robert (Irish Provincial); Dr. Thomas Morris, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly; Bro. Vincent McCarthy (representing Superior General) and Bro. Killian Hackett. Second Row: Bro. Gelasius Wrafter; Bro. Pascal McGee; Bro. Ultan Mahony; Bro. Lazerian; Bro. Finbar Mulcahy; Bro. Justin Kelleher. Third Row: Bro. Mathias Curran; Bro. Marcus; Bro. Athanasius; Bro. Camillas Regan; Bro. Cormac Commins; Bro. James Moran; Bro. Donatus Gorman; Bro. Sylvester O'Neill and Bro. Fintan Cuskelly.

Standing at rear: Bro. Cuthbert and Rev. Dean Lee.

short, strap. Very occasionally he might use the strap, but there was no venom in his delivery.

He had a 'softness' about him which manifested itself in many ways. Once I remember, Tom Mackey and myself were sent to the new building on the Rocklow Road to which the Brothers had just moved as their living quarters. Our task was to collect some message from Rita Danagher, the housekeeper, and return to the school. It was approaching lunchtime, and Rita insisted on making thick ham sandwiches for

us. We were enjoying the food in the kitchen when in walked Br. Albert. "There we are," he said, "the two little Johnnys from Cork eating my lunch. They may as well have some of my cake as well." He opened a press and removed a beautiful cake that someone had given him for slices to be cut for us.

"Little Johnnys from Cork," was a favourite expression of his to describe recalcitrant pupils or indeed players on his team who were not following instructions. If a boy was to provide an incor-



Fethard Patrician Brothers Leaving Certificate Class 1960. Back: Frank Hughes, Bro Albert Small, Mr. Timmy O'Connor (teacher), Tommy Healy, Sean Evans. Front L to R: Rae Molloy, Richard Butler, Tom Burke, Lory Dineen, Philip Ward, Tom Mackey, Eamon Maher and Damien McLellan.

rect answer in his classroom, he could count himself fortunate if the response only involved a slight tug of the hair over the ear, and be called a, "little Johnny from Cork." A second error would almost definitely merit an "interrogation."

In his Latin class, at Leaving Cert, we were engaged in translating Horace. It didn't matter which of the classical scholars, Horace, Virgil or anyone else, Albert would not hesitate to offer a critical appraisal of the prose if he saw fit. His usual format was to ask each pupil to translate a paragraph, and thus move through a chapter in the daily class. Tom Healy was assigned a paragraph where Horace outlined some romantic cavortings on the beach between the hero and the heroine.

It was reasonably descriptive prose, maybe too descriptive for 1960 times. Albert interjected and halted Healy's flawless translation. He launched into a critique of Quintus Horatius Flaccus (Horace) and his licentious writings, much to our amusement. In retrospect, he had every right to dissect and question Horace, having taught the subject for a lifetime, but of course we found it hilarious that he should be so upset by this classical writer from the dim and distant past, and even moved to refer to the great Roman poet and scholar as, "a little Johnny from Cork."

He was never slow to deliver the 'good' word to boost the confidence of his boys. This attitude also extended to his dealings with adults. A new curate was posted to Fethard

in the late fifties, a saintly man who served diligently for the next 20 years or so in the Parish church. When he rose on the first Sunday to deliver his maiden sermon at 8am Mass, it was immediately obvious that something was wrong. When faced with the Mass audience, the poor man was afflicted with the most debilitating stutter. His fine speaking voice was ruined by the worst stutter that it was possible to imagine. Long periods would pass when the misfortunate curate could not force any sound from his mouth, although his face was contorted with the efforts to do so.

On that very evening, the boys from the monastery were assembled outside the Parish church in preparation for the May procession, with Albert as 'outrider', keeping order in the ranks. The misfortunate curate arrived and introduced himself to Albert, who bade him a hearty welcome to Fethard. The curate thanked the brother but explained that he was most fearful that his stay might be of the very brief variety after his maiden sermon that morning. Albert set out to reassure him, "I was present this morning and the content of your sermon was one of the most thought-provoking I have ever heard. Father, could I tell you that when I stood up in front of a class in my first teaching post, I couldn't speak at all." The curate was most interested in how the good brother had succeeded in arriving at the present stage, delivering confident

speech with no discernible impediment. "Singing, Father, singing, I used to sing whilst out walking each day, and that improved me a ton." The curate promised to try that remedy. Whether he did or not, his stammer never seemed to improve. Maybe he could not reach the same notes as Albert.

Young boys are notorious for christening 'nick-names'. We were no different. There was a man who played for Emly called Ailbe Ryan. The leading GAA writer on the Nationalist of that time, who worked under the pen-name of Divot, was fond of referring to the contributions of Ailbe Ryan in West Tipp. We adopted this name for Albert, shortened to 'Ryan'.

There was a South Tipp Senior Hurling semi-final fixed for the Barrack Field in the late 1950s, Coolmoyn v Killenaule. In the week before, with interest in this upcoming event at its peak, Tom Healy and I decided to write a report, as if appearing in the Nationalist, of a game between senior citizens of the participating clubs. We had Albert captaining this team from left full-back, and of course the nickname 'Ryan' was used more than once.

Quote, "With the game level, and five minutes remaining, Ryan drove out of defence and placed Bill Treacy (a man from Congress Terrace who probably never hurled) who missed a chance of the lead point. Albert was heard to remark as he trotted back into position that he

was surrounded by incompetence.” Anyway, we finished it in the home team’s favour and had ‘Ryan’ riffling over the winning point from a last minute 70.

My brother, Denis, took the ‘manuscript’ to the last place we wanted, the school, to show to his classmates, and it was lost. Where should it turn up but in the hands of Albert. End of term exams were in progress, and Albert was engaged in supervising the exams. He went round ‘interrogating’ boys to find the author of the match report. Fortunately, Healy and I escaped the ‘torture’ as the Leaving Cert class were engaged in our final exams down in the Convent Hall. Albert commented to Denis about the report, “I’d like to meet the boy that wrote this report, he might make a reporter for the Nationalist. Anyway, I can’t understand why he picked me at left full-back, sure I never played there, I always played centre-field. He seems to have his names mixed up as well, somebody should tell him that I’m Albert Small, not Albert Ryan. By the way (with a twinkle in his eye), do you know who we are drawn against in the next round?”

Years later, I mentioned to him about the episode, and admitted my part in it. “You little Johnny from Cork,” he said, “I had Richie Butler down for that.”

Before Career Guidance became formalised and was professionally handled in each school, Albert set himself up in that role in Fethard. Through his work as mentor on

teams, both local and inter-county, he had established a strong network of contacts, which he would enthusiastically utilise to secure positions for his pupils. A reference from him went a long way to actually securing the required position. Pupils who may not have been particularly interested in an academic future, he judiciously steered into the trades. He particularly admired people who worked with their hands, and mentioned more than once how important it was to keep the skills. He would keep abreast of the achievements of his former pupils, and was not averse to taking unilateral action to publicise same. He would send a communication to the Nationalist, complete with a recent photograph which he would have obtained from a ‘doting’ mother, much to the annoyance of the said pupils.

Teaching and career guidance was one thing, sport was everything. He was afflicted with a passionate, all-consuming love for Gaelic Games. Hurling would have been his first love. Coming from the heartland of Tipperary hurling, Borrisoleigh, that was to be expected. In Fethard, hurling had a foothold, but football was the bigger interest. He reinvented himself as a football ‘manager’. I can never actually remember any coaching that he would engage in – his only approach appeared to be – “Get in on them.” Other than that, he seemed to allow players to express themselves as they wished. He instilled in all of his teams an



Fethard Minor Football team 1951 South Champions

Back L to R: ‘Councillor’ O’Dwyer, Jim O’Keeffe, Joe Dalton, Tim Heffernan, Tom McCormack, Tossy Stapleton, Paddy Tierney, Paddy O’Flynn, Austin O’Flynn, Brian O’Donnell, Sean Condon, Cha Finn, Andy O’Dwyer, Dick Byrne, Dick Fitzgerald, Austin McDonald, Michael ‘Cautious’ Cummins. Middle: Alfie Brett, Paddy O’Rourke, Liam Connolly (captain), Pat Ryan, Michael Dineen, Mick O’Keeffe, Tom McCormack, John Keating, Reidy Power. Front: Gus Neville, Percy O’Flynn, Bro Albert Small.

indomitable spirit and fierce will to win. His favourite type of player was encapsulated neatly in the person of Sean Moloney. The wholehearted approach, never-say-die spirit, allied to no mean skill that Sean always brought to his game, pleased Albert immensely. He produced teams to challenge for titles in hurling but it was with the bigger ball that he achieved most success.

In the special Munster Colleges Football Competition for schools with an attendance below 120 pupils I believe, he led Fethard to success on many occasions. These victories spawned successful minor football teams for Fethard. His nemesis in the colleges area was a certain Br. Scully, who had charge of the Christian

Brothers Templemore team. Br. Scully produced some fine teams and thwarted Albert’s ambitious route to a Munster title on more than one occasion. He suspected Br. Scully of ‘packing’ his team, i.e., including a few players who were not actually attending the school in that academic year, and to counter this ploy, he resorted to the same himself, to level the playing field. Whatever about countering Br. Scully, the ‘extra’ player or two would continue to appear for the remainder of the campaign, even when Templemore would be overcome.

His beloved Borrisoleigh won their first Tipp Senior Hurling title in 1949, retained it in 1950 and were triumphant again in 1953. This result-



Fethard Minor Football Team South and County Champions 1957.

Back L to R: Bro Albert, John Burke, Tom Cooney, Michael Casey, Vincent Allen, Tony Woodlock, Jackie McGrath, Liam Condon, Liam Flaherty, Joe Fitzgerald, Michael O'Donnell, Tom Power (South Board Chairman). Front: Pat Leahy, Pat Woodlock, Johnny O'Shea, George Hackett, Billy Mackey, Seamus Hackett (captain), Sean Clarke, J. J. Morrissey and Sean Gunne.

ed in Sean Kenny leading Tipp to national honours in 1950 and the peerless Jimmy Finn being captain in 1951, when Tipp completed the three in a row. Those were heady days for Albert. The story is told that after the 1950 county final, he arrived back in Fethard, their base at that time was a house across from the Abbey Church in Burke Street. From the top of the stairs, a young colleague enquired, "Well Brother, who won?" The reply was, "Who the . . . hell do you think won."

He had patches of success in hurling with his Fethard protégés at inter-county level. In 1953, Liam Connolly won an All Ireland Minor Hurling medal and reached the final in 1954, losing to Dublin. Tom McCormack kept goal for the same minor team. 1955 was to prove his

outstanding year and mark him as a man apart. Five of his players found their places on the Tipp Minor Football team, with my own cousin, Pat Burke from St. Patrick's, Cloneen, a pupil at Fethard PBS also included as a fine defender. With Albert himself as a selector, his old adversary Br. Scully and a Br. Carr from Tipp Town acting as co-selectors, Tipp contested the Munster Final in Killarney against the home team and came away with a creditable draw. The replay was a standalone game in Thurles and would mark the first appearance of a certain Mick O'Connell in a Kerry jersey. The great 'Scout' Butler from Fethard, who had guarded the net for Tipp on Bloody Sunday in Croke Park, met up with John Joe Sheedy of Kerry on the way in to the match. Sheedy complimented 'Scout' on

Fethard's representation on the Tipp team, but signalled a warning. "This new man, O'Connell, is a real star and will make the difference today."

Against all the odds, Tipp were triumphant. Albert's introduction of a certain Sean Moloney as a substitute helped to turn the game in the home side's favour. Mayo were overcome in Limerick in the semifinal and it was then on to Croke Park in September to battle with Dublin. Tipp lost, but only on the scoreboard, and the tradition which saw the great win over the same opposition in 2011 was begun.

Albert was broken-hearted but to his credit he didn't dwell on it. Sport has strange ways of evening things out, and he had some great days to come. Perhaps no day was greater than county final day 1957. His minor team won the county title on the same day in Cashel when the senior team, now powered by his minors of '55, also took home the senior title. In 1958, the hurling interest he had nurtured along in Fethard over the years since his arrival in 1941 bore rich dividends when Liam Connolly collected his first All Ireland Senior Hurling medal. Liam would repeat the feat in '61 and '62. Pat Woodlock won a Minor All Ireland with Tipp in 1957, whilst still a pupil at Fethard PBS. In 1963, a school hurling team managed by Br. Paulinus, captured the Kinane Munster Colleges Title, after a titanic struggle in the final against Doon CBS. This win gave him great pleasure.

He had carried on as a selector on the County Minor Football team until 1961. He was now 70 years old, and drifted into the background. When the monastery living quarters had been built in 1956, he had specifically requested the small front room, overlooking the Rocklow road. Now from this vantage point, he could survey the boys passing to school and observe the games in the Barrack Field. The near side of the field was hidden from him by the high wall, but he could follow the progress of the games by observing the raising of the goal/point flags. He was very popular with all his former pupils and had frequent visitors. We don't easily forget those who were kind to us when we were young. I would call quite often, and if I did not, a message would be left for me at Scully's to do so. He liked the odd trip to Clonmel, 'to do a bit of shopping.' In 1967, he kindly agreed to attend my wedding and seemed to enjoy the day immensely.

Whatever about his interest in Gaelic games, or rugby in Australia, he had no time whatever for soccer. The story is told by Br. Paulinus that a young brother was explaining at dinner one evening about a marvellous English soccer game which had ended in a nil-all draw. Albert interjected, "And what was the score at half-time, Brother?" That ended the soccer discussion.

Again, Br. Paulinus tells the story of a Christmas dinner hosted for the Brothers in the parochial house

by Canon Lee. The Canon inquired if the Brothers would prefer a pre-dinner drink or maybe wait until after the meal. "If it's all the same to you Canon," says Albert, "I'll have the one before and the one after."

On a Sunday evening in August of 1972, just as we were about to take the field in Clonmel in a South Championship game against Burncourt-Clogheen, news came through that Albert had passed away. The majority of that team had been his pupils and many of us were not far from tears. The South Board were willing to postpone the match, knowing what Br. Albert Small meant to Fethard, but it was agreed that he would have wanted us to play, more importantly to win, which we did.

I often wonder as I have gotten older, what it must have been like for him in his declining years, after a lifetime of selfless dedication to the young men placed in his care. No close family, children, grandchildren, to ease the monotony. The silence must have been deafening. Where do we get such men? We get them from

the many families such as the Smalls from Borrisoleigh, who produce the selfless sons and daughters with the motto, 'Service above self'. It should not surprise us to hear Dr. Morris proclaim Albert (Jimmy) Small as his inspiration. Albert would have liked that, coming from the Patron of the Gaelic Athletic Association, an association he contributed so much to. I can see him chuckle embarrassingly and remark, "The little Johnny from Cork."

Bro. Stephen Delaney wrote of him in the Province Newsletter in November 1972. "We miss him, miss him terribly. The house is a dead house since he went from us. Monks as a rule are quickly forgotten but anyone who lived with Albert could not forget him. Even in his eighty-first year, he was the life and soul of the community. He regaled us with anecdotes of local and national interest, yes, and international too. He was a great character, he was a great conversationalist and he was above all a truly great religious and a dedicated Patrician". ●

*Perhaps in time those noble few
Will have proper tribute paid, long due.
And we can say with mind unfettered,
Arise, well done, from a grateful Fethard.*

(J. McNerney – The Patrician Brothers in Fethard 1873-1993)

*Young Jimmy Small, I can't help wondering why,
When you joined the Patricians as a very young boy,
And did you believe when you answered that call,
Did you really believe that you'd make any difference at all?
Well, your input was seismic, the learning, the games,
Your great sacrifice was never in vain.
A whole generation, now old men, some dead,
But we never forgot the wise words that you said.*

*When you left your parents and family behind,
In some faithful heart was your memory enshrined.
When you sailed for Australia in Nineteen fourteen,
In some faithful heart were you forever nineteen.
The suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the fame,
Your great sacrifice was never in vain,
From Mountrath to Fethard, and down Sydney way,
"Little Johnny from Cork" was along all the way.*

*Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?
Did they sing the dead march as they lowered you down?
Did the band play the last post and chorus?
Did the pipes play "The Flowers of the Forest?"*

Tom Burke September 2012.

Thanks

I am grateful to the Small Family, Borrisoleigh, and to the Delany Archives in Carlow for their help in compiling this article. Special thanks to Br. Paul Brennan (Br. Paulinus of Dr. Kinane Cup fame in 1963) who is now based in Eldoret, Kenya. Br. Paul worked closely for several years in Fethard with Br. Albert Small and had the unenviable task of following him as 'Games Master'. That he succeeded in capturing the Kinane Cup ensured that Albert had passed the torch into safe hands.

Fethard GAA

As we wind down from GAA activities in our 125th year, Fethard club can be well pleased with their input into the enjoyment and general entertainment they have given to the parish in that time. Much has been written and spoken of the GAA and the character building achieved for the young people of the parish. Indeed, many have been very successful in their careers due to their prowess on the field and have received much notice at county, provincial and national level. At the present time, due to emigration and the recession, it is difficult to have teams of the standard required to achieve the aims and aspirations we would like – as it has been with most clubs in the GAA. But we must return now from the nostalgia of the past and plan for the future.

During the last year we celebrated 125 years' activity in the Gaelic Athletic Association in the South and County Tipperary. A special committee organised a dinner dance and invited all the past players and officers to attend the celebrations, resulting in a wonderful night that was enjoyed by all. Teams were entered in minor hurling with Clonmel Óg under the name St. Joseph's – aptly named – as most of the lads were born in St. Joseph's Hospital, Clonmel, now known as South Tipperary General Hospital.

We have played nearly all our games, including U21 hurling and

football, with no silverware. Our senior footballers, under the management of Willy Morrissey, Jimmy O'Meara and Michael Quinlan, had a mixed run with little results. In the county we came together a little better and where unlucky to be beaten by Loughmore at Littleton under lights. Our first-half performance that night was as good as any team in the county and it is a good sign for the future. We have a lovely balance of young and mature players and it will not be long before we are back on track. Our intermediate hurlers did not seem to get in together this year and for the first time in many years we were not in the closing stages of the championship.

Due to the fact that we won very few games in the junior football championship last year, we made a case to play Junior 'B' football. Early in the year numbers were scarce – but towards the middle of the season we went on a roll – winning great games and gathering a large following. At the end of September we beat Cahir and on Saturday, November 4, we took a step closer when Cashel King Cormacs were the opposition in a one-sided county semi-final. The 'blues' settled in after a flourish from the west boys in the first ten minutes. At half-time we led by 1-6 to 1-3. When the game resumed Fethard took hold allowing the opposition to breach the blues' defence on only three occasions. For the final ten



Tipperary All-Ireland Intermediate Hurling Champions 2012

Tipperary Intermediate Hurling Manager Michael Ryan, Tullamaine, photographed with his family after winning the All-Ireland Intermediate Hurling Final in Semple Stadium on September 1, 2012.



Fethard Senior Football Team 1981

Back L to R: Anthony Colville, Paschal Hanrahan, Aidan Maher, Andrew O'Riordan, Richie Hayes, Michael Burke, A.B. Kennedy, Maurice Harrington, Michael Downes, Davy Williams, Joe Keane, Noel Sharpe. Front L to R: Michael Healy, Joe Allen, Denis Burke, Davy Morrissey, Buddy Fitzgerald, Pakie Harrington, Michael O'Riordan and Paddy Kenrick.

minutes it was all one way traffic. Final score Fethard 1-16, Cashel King Cormacs 1-6.

Fethard's 'Golden Oldies' put on a tremendous display of fast, free-flowing football against Moycarkey Borris in the final played in New Inn on Saturday, November 24, emerging worthy winners on a scoreline, Fethard 0-17 to Moycarkey Borris 1-6. This was Fethard Blues' first adult county football championship title since 2001, a span of 11 years.

On the inter-county scene our long-serving player Michael Ryan was the successful manager of the County Intermediate hurling team that beat Kilkenny in the all-Ireland final in that grade this year. Michael has the proud achievement of both playing on and managing Tipperary Intermediate hurling teams which have won All Irelands.

The sportsfield and sports cen-

tre have been upgraded and the volunteers must be complimented on their work. We now have a good level field, and beautiful toilet and shower amenities for both male and female patrons. On the financial side our lotto is tipping along, likewise our County Board draw. Some international members would be appreciated.

Officers elected are as follows: Hon President, Canon Tom Breen; Vice-President, Joe Aherne; Chairman, Jimmy O'Shea; Vice Chairman, Patsy Lawrence and P. J. Ahearn; Secretary, Mary Godfrey; Treasurer, Stephen Fitzgerald; Public Relations Officer, Miceál McCormack. Committee members: Andy O'Donovan (juvenile chairman); Michael O'Riordan; Pat Sheehan; Brendan Brett; Paul Fitzgerald; John Fitzgerald; and Ann Fleming (juvenile secretary). ●



Fethard, 2012 Junior B County champions, celebrate their win on Saturday, November 24

Walled Towns Network action in Fethard



Archaeologist Jim Crane supervising dig on the site of Pierce's Gate, Barrack Street, to determine where the medieval town wall crossed the road.

In 2012 South Tipperary formally applied to the Heritage Council for funding for the final repointing work to the Town Wall. But, as in 2011, Fethard's application was rejected on the grounds that funds were very limited and there were other far more needy town walls elsewhere in Ireland where medieval fabric was in danger of imminent collapse. No murage grant – a disappointing outcome for everybody after a lot of work in previous years.

Despite this setback, there have been significant IWTN achievements in 2012. South Tipperary under the guidance of Jonathan Flood, Executive Planner, have now investigated the archaeology under the road surface at four of the five gateways to the town: Water Gate,

East Gate (Burke St), Pierce's Gate (Barrack St) and the West Gate (Madam's Bridge). This investigation was carried out by Mary Henry Archaeologists with full Department of the Environment approval. Earlier in the year, archaeological investigations were also carried out in connection with the proposed new water main system. Digging was under the supervision of the well-known archaeologist, Dave Pollock. These two serious studies have revealed that the roadways entering the medieval town were very narrow and humble – probably the width of a cart and no more. The archaeologists also discovered that the line of the street in front of AIB Bank was further into the modern roadway than it is today. And at the same spot,

the dig has revealed evidence of an earlier 'Tholsel' or market house.

In the next few months, South Tipperary will mark the line of the Town Wall in the road at the four lost gateways. The markings will be in stone and each gate (and also the North Gate) will have a custom designed sign indicating its name in Irish and in English. This project addresses the aim of 'Initiative 2' in the Fethard Public Realm Plan – 'Gateway Enhancement' and 'Initiative 3 Approach Roads.' These markings should be particularly helpful in Burke Street and Barrack Street where the line of the Town Wall is less obvious,



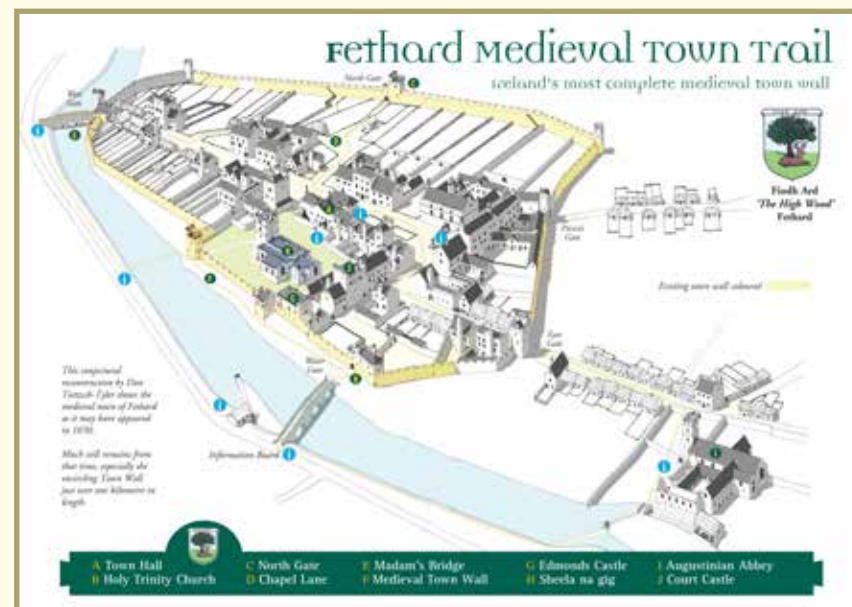
Archaeological Trench Dig at Madam's Bridge by Dave Pollack

Another of the Public Realm Plan's initiatives (number 13 – 'Interpretation') has been hugely helped this summer by funding from South Tipperary LEADER and the Fethard Historical Society. This significant funding has resulted in a new 'Fethard Medieval Town Trail' brochure incorporating a very illuminating new drawing of Fethard as it may have appeared in 1650. The drawing was painstakingly developed over the summer by Dr Dan Tietzsch-Tyler, one of our best historical artists, used extensively by the OPW. Dan spent a day in Fethard clambering around

the buildings and taking hundreds of photos. This was followed by hour upon hour in his studio in Limerick transposing the medieval layout of Fethard onto the modern Ordnance Survey map and incorporating all the known historical sources. All the buildings were drawn by hand, first in pencil, then in ink and finally shaded by computer. The finished drawing was further informed by Dan's countless other reconstruction drawings of medieval Irish settlements. The Town Wall that still exists has been shaded in yellow so that visitors can begin to appreciate just how much is still there. The Wall still stands

22 feet high overlooking the Clashawley and over 25 feet high at the Barrack Field. A remarkable survival.

Dan is well known for his 1990s academic study of the Augustinian priory at Kells, County Kilkenny, and his drawing of Fethard reveals many similarities. The 'Burgess Court' of Kells was constructed by the prior in the 1460s as a safe haven for the townspeople and their animals. Marauding parties were a frequent and terrifying sight during these years. Crops were destroyed, livestock stolen, churches burned. The 'Ormond' Butler counties of



Tipperary and Kilkenny were in great turmoil in the middle of the 1400s and a quick dash into the safety of a bawn or walled town would have meant the difference between life and death – for man and beast. As Professor Tadhg O'Keefe has suggested, much of the Town Wall of Fethard appears to date from the middle of the 1400s. This is very likely to have commenced with the huge murage grant of 1449–1450 which ran for five years and was followed by two 12-year repair-and-maintenance grants to 1480. As at Kells, the square towers of Fethard appear to have been surmounted by a lookout platform reached by a stone stairway or by 'crow-steps' (the Mural Tower has a good reconstructed example of this and Court Castle has two platforms, one north

and one south). These lookout posts would have allowed the watchman to sound the alarm at the first sign of the approach of strangers coming into view. This might explain why Fethard has the apparent extravagance of two medieval bridges side-by-side on the Clashawley, both going in the same direction. The bridges may have been built to allow the townsfolk to retreat at speed from the cultivated land of the Commons south of the town into safety at the first sign of trouble.

The Medieval Town Trail brochure will be officially launched in the spring and Dan will deliver a short lecture explaining his process of deduction and reconstruction. But you can already access the drawing online at the Irish Walled Towns Network Facebook page. ●

Fethard Senior Citizens Club



Neddy Wall and Statia Leahy photographed at our first outing to Clonacody House in 1983

Meetings are held on the first-Tuesday of each month in the Tirry Centre where our members are served tea, sandwiches and cakes, followed by bingo or a guest speaker.

The Senior Citizens Club was founded in 1983 and in the summer of that year our seniors were taken to Clonacody House for afternoon tea on the lawn. This was by kind invitations of the late Bitsy Carrigan who was a member of the committee at the time. For our February meeting, Larry Kenny gave a very

interesting slide show of photos taken at that tea-party. Indeed, it was with some sadness and nostalgia that we reminisced on all our members who have passed to their eternal reward since then.

In March, two members of the Citizens Information Bureau from Clonmel gave a very informative talk to our seniors on their rights and entitlements.

In April, we held our Easter Party in the Tirry Centre where members presented their Easter bonnets. These were judged by Pat Looby

and prizes were given to the three best entries.

In May we had our annual mass which was celebrated by Fr. Anthony McSweeney. A lovely tea was enjoyed by all and was followed by a table quiz with prizes for the winners.

In June we had our day-trip to Tramore, where some members went for a walk along the promenade and others paid a visit to the amusement arcades. We had our evening meal at the Tower Hotel in Waterford and a great evening out was had by all.

In August, our mini-trip was a scenic drive along the coast road through Dunmore East and on to Youghal, then back to Dungarvan

where there was ample time for a spot of shopping or just browsing around before heading to Clonea Strand Hotel for dinner. The day was one of the more sunny days that we got and everybody enjoyed the evening out.

In November we have an officer from Clonmel Fire Service give a talk on fire safety in the home.

Our Annual Christmas Party was held in the Anner Hotel, Thurles, in December. We would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has helped us in any way to keep our club going, either financially or otherwise. A very happy Christmas to all our friends, at home or away. ●



Photographed at our first outing to Clonacody House in 1983 L to R: Stasia Kenrick, Phyllis O'Connell, ?, Josie Lee and Peg Dargan

27th Tipperary Scout Group Fethard



Chief Scout Michael John Shinnick in attendance at the recent 27th Tipperary Fethard Beaver Scouts Investiture Ceremony, January 22, 2012, all Beaver Scouts received their Investiture Badge from the Chief; Beavers Patrick Walsh, Ciara Quigley, Tony O'Shea, Taylor McCormack, David Cowlard, Mary Kate Cronin, Eimear O'Sullivan, Ciaran McGuire, P.J. Freeman, Ava Ward, Patrick Kennedy, Hannah Sheehy, Alex Ryan, Jake Maher, Tom Kennedy, Niall O'Meara, Tadhg Burns, Laura Harrington, Shane Lawlor, with Adult Scouters Nichola Quigley, Tony Burgess and Anna Bailey. (Missing from the photograph is Adult Scouter Laura O'Shea)

One of the great blessings that enrich our lives are children. We have 76 such wonderful people actively involved in Fethard Scouts, ranging from 6 to 18-year-olds. They are divided into sections: Beavers 6-8; Cubs 9-11; Scouts 12-15; Ventures 15-18. Each section has its own dedicated Leaders who implement the programme on the premise of 'learning by doing', encouraging the physical, emotional, social and spiritual development of young people.

September 2011 saw all sections start preparations for investiture and promise renewal due to take place in January 2012 to coincide with the 25th Anniversary of the group's Inaugural Investiture. This proved to

be a great day with many parents attending. We were privileged to welcome to Fethard the Chief Scout of Ireland, Michael John Shinnick. On arrival he inspected a guard-of-honour of scouts, witnessed the promise renewal/investiture ceremony, and then presented well-earned badges to all sections. As he said in his speech, he was mighty impressed with the standard of scouting in Fethard. I've known the Chief for many years, and while he is a true gentleman and a shrewd judge, he doesn't pass compliments at will. This was the first time the Chief Scout of Ireland visited our group in Fethard and it was indeed an honour for us. Also in attendance were

our local parish priest Canon Tom Breen, Seamus Healy TD, and many senior scout leaders from around the county. This was to herald a great year for Scouting in Fethard with all sections being very active, in addition to weekly meetings.

Beaver Section

Our Beavers attended National Beaver Day in Cuskinny in Cork, and also had their first sleepover in the Ballroom. In February after a play-off for 1st Place, they took 2nd place in the Annual County Quiz held in Carrick-on-Suir. They participated with the group in the traditional St Patrick's Day Parade to 11am Mass, and during the summer they tried

some 'Backwood's Cooking'. Beavers also took part in the county hike held in Kilsheelan Wood and an Easter Bunny Hunt. Along with the group they also participated in the parish May and Corpus Christi processions. They hosted County Sports Day in Fethard school field and won a good selection of medals. They finishing their year with an overnight on the group's annual weekend camp in Grove. Quite a lot when you consider some are only six years old.

Cub Section

In October 2011, the cubs had a hike in Glengarra Wood on the Galtee Mountains and in November 2011, they took part in the annual



Cub Scouts from 27th Tipperary Fethard Group with the Chief Scout Michael John Shinnick who presented them with their Investiture/Promise renewal Badge at a Ceremony held in Fethard Ballroom, Kate Ryan, Aisling Prendergast, Patrick Shine, Aaron Hanlon, Conor Harrington, Cian Fahey, Mathew Burke, Edel Walsh, Robert Hackett, Aaron Larkin, Samuel Quigley, Eli Freeman, Ethan Coen, Cathal Ryan, Richard Robertson, Adam O'Sullivan, Aidan O'Dwyer and Steven Cronin with their Adult Scouters, Michelle Hennebery, John Walsh and Denis Larkin. (Missing from photo 'Max Maher').



Scouts from 27th Tipperary Fethard Group pictured with the Chief Scout Michael John Shinnick on the occasion of their Investiture / Promise renewal having received their Investiture Badge from the Chief, Billie Jean O'Shea, Kevin Lawlor, Maria Walsh, Dan Walsh, Megan Bailey, Cormac Horan, Willie O'Meara, Morgan O'Shea, Donal Walsh, Dylan Ryan, Eoin O'Donovan, Dominik Adamczak, Shane Quigley, Taylor Bailey, Conor Quigley, Brendan Walsh, Cameron Bailey, with their Scouters Rachel Hanlon, Mikey McCarthy, Brendan Bailey and Bobby Phelan.

county hike around Carey's Castle on the Comeragh Mountains. Also in November the Cubs did 'acts of kindness' for the Fethard Senior Citizens.

In February 2012 they had their overnight 'Sixer & Seconder' leadership training. Scouting has progressive Youth Training, starting in Cubs with Sixers and Seconds and moving on through Scouts and Venturers.

The Cubs did some Backwood's Cooking and also took part in the Annual County Swimming Gala in Carrack-on-Suir in February 2012. In keeping with the new programme they held their first 'Sixer & Seconder' Council, which is now traditional.

They paraded with the group on St. Patrick's Day to 11am Mass.

In April 2012, they won all the main events at the Annual County Sports Day held in Ardfinnan, winning the overall event. Cubs did a Caribbean Style sleepover in the Ballroom. With the rest of the Fethard Group, the Cubs took part in the May and Corpus Christi processions. In June they spent the weekend camping at the Jamoige in Ardgillan Castle, Co. Dublin, and spent another weekend camping with the rest of the group in Grove, finishing their year on Annual Camp from July 18 to 22 at Scouting Ireland HQ, Larch Hill.

Scout Section

In February Scouts took part in some Orienteering training and in March took part in the group's traditional Parade on St Patrick's Day. Also in March they spent a weekend away in Carne, Co. Wexford, and took part in the county orienteering competition in Co. Waterford, winning the overall event. April saw Scouts do some intensive training ahead of the Annual County Shield Competition; this training was to stand the Patrol in good stead, when in May, for the first time ever in our 25 years, the Scouts won this coveted event. This competition was held in Parson's Green in Clogheen over a busy weekend from

Friday evening to Sunday evening and tested all the skills of Scouting, from tent pitching, Backwoods Cooking, first aid, map reading, pioneering, compass work, raft building, navigating and campfire entertainment, while also keeping a log book of their experiences. These are all real time events such as presentation of the backwood's cooked meal, and the raft had to sail and carry Scouts on Bay Lough, up by the Vee outside Clogheen. It would be unfair not to mention the Patrol that achieved this milestone for Fethard Scouts. They were led by Cormac Horan; second-in-command was Megan Bailey, with Maria Walsh as head chef, ably assist-



Fethard Scouts after winning the coveted County Shield Competition

ed by Dan Walsh; Dylan Ryan was QM, Willie O'Meara Head Fireman, and Cameron Bailey and Eoin O'Donovan were in charge of knots and lashings. A couple of weeks later we celebrated our win with a day's rock climbing and abseiling. On the way home we stopped off at a Chinese restaurant for a well deserved meal to top it off.

In June we were on our Annual Group Weekend Camp with the rest of the Fethard group in Grove and we did a hike on Slievenamon. July saw us on Annual Camp for nine days at Scouting Ireland HQ in Larch Hill. A very full programme kept everyone busy every day. A day spent in the National Aquatic Centre proved great fun and generated a great appetite.

Having won the County Shield Competition in May we now had

to represent the county at national level at Scouting Ireland HQ in Larch Hill. So we had more training to further prepare for this grand finale, 71 Patrols of 8 Scouts, 568 Scouts vying for glory for their respective counties. Competition day arrived on Thursday, August 16. We had an early start, meeting at 6.30am at the Ballroom. After a very long, hectic, but great weekend we returned to Fethard on Sunday at 7pm very tired, but having achieved 'silver' standard we were delighted with our performance.

Venture Section

Ventures had an overnight hike on Slievenamon, attended the group's weekend camp in June, went to Annual Camp in July and



Venture Scouts from 27th Tipperary Fethard Group pictured with the Chief Scout Michael John Shinnick who presented Colin Grant, Lorna Quigley and Paddy Walsh with their promise Renewal Badge also pictured is Venture Scouter/County Commissioner John Cloonan.



Chief Scout Michael John Shinnick photographed with local leaders at Fethard Scouting 25th Anniversary celebration held in Fethard Ballroom. Back L to R: Mike McCarthy, Tony Burgess, Nicola Quigley, John Cloonan, Brendan Bailey, Denis Larkin, Mary Healy, John Walsh. Front L to R: Anna Bailey, Laura O'Shea, Chief Scout Michael John Shinnick, Rachel Hanlon, Michelle Hennebry and Robert Phelan.

attended Ventac in August and another on Slievenamon. They were also a great help to leaders in running the weekly meetings of the other younger sections.

A special word for all our youth members who over the last year have done so well. You are to be commended for all your achievements, attentiveness, and your ability to work as a team member for the betterment of each other. Your diligence in always sticking with the task, your kindness and respect to each other, and the respect you showed to your leaders. Our youth members were to prove that the Chief was right in his comments back in January, we hope you enjoyed scouting as much as we did and you can be proud of your achievements.

To you the parents, thank you for

your time and cooperation, to all those who supported us in any way, a big thank you. To Owen Walsh of Walsh Coaches, we thank you for your great generosity. To Harry and Rosemary Ponsonby, thanks for the great facilities you so freely make available to us since our formation nearly 26 years ago, and to both schools who allow us the use of your field. To all who contribute to our annual collection many thanks. To the Ballroom committee for your patience and wonderful facility, we really appreciate it.

All in all, this was a very busy and fruitful year for all sections of scouting in Fethard. None of this could be achieved without the wonderful group of dedicated adults, from our chairperson Mary Healy, treasurer Mary O'Donnell, secretary Mary

Lynch, to our leaders, who not only run the weekly meetings and all the outdoor activities of their respective sections, but who also work to help each other to achieve goals at each section level, as they do at group and county level. This cooperation within the group is enviable among many others scout groups around the country, and this is indicative of the calibre of these Leaders and is a direct benefit to our youth members.

It would be amiss not to extend our sincere appreciation to these

leaders who freely give their time, skills, patience and sometimes endurance to our youth, so, many thanks to: Nicola Quigley, Anna Bailey, Tony Burgess, Laura O'Shea (now on a break), Michelle Hennebry, Denis Larkin, John Walsh, Brendan Bailey, Rachel Hanlon and John 'Lofty' Cloonan.

Finally we wish all the people of the Parish and beyond, a Happy and Holy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year. ●

Robert Phelan (Group Leader)



Inaugural investiture May 1987

The club was formed on 1/1/1987 due to the great work of Anthony Cahalan, Noel Gibbons, Noel Byrne and Helen Walsh. Our Inaugural investiture took place in the Parish church on Sunday, 3 May, 1987, when over 68 people, Leaders, Scouts and Cubs were invested. Unit leader: Noel Byrne, Scout Leader: Anthony Cahalan, Ass. Scout Leaders: Bobby Phelan, Vincent Phelan, Charlie Boland, and Greg Phelan. Cub-Leader: Helen Walsh. Ass. Cub. Leaders: Noel Gubbins, Ml. Kendrick, Paddy Wallace and Brendan Kenny. Chaplain: Fr. T. Lambe. Unit Council Committee: Davy Morrissey (Chairman), Di Stokes (sec.), Kevin Carroll (Treasurer), Dolores Cleary, Mary O'Donnell and Martina Tobin.

The Coffee Van

by Aggie Barrett

As I sit here in my home the view from my window is of the Town Hall or Market House as we called it years ago. My memories take me back to Fair Days with all the activity that would take place in front of the hall. One of my abiding memories is of the Coffee Van which was parked there on Fair Day – the third Tuesday of every month. It was set up by our local ICA and very well managed by Mrs Hughes, the O'Connell sisters and helpers such as Cissie Lawless, Stasia Littleton and myself to mention but a few.

The purpose of the van was to give some sustenance on Fair Days. The van was made of timber with an opening on one side which created a canopy. It had iron wheels so when it was moved from O'Connell's yard, with the help of a few men, on the Monday evening before the Fair, the whole town could hear its progress from Rocklow Road onto Main Street. I am sure everybody gave a sigh of relief when it reached its destination!

Opening time was 5.30am on the morning of the Fair. Kate McCarthy from Chapel Lane always had a large pot of water boiled. She heated the water over an open fire in the Town Hall – she must have risen at 3am to have this ready for us!

My years helping in the van coincided with World War II so lots of everyday items were rationed; however, we still managed to get the necessary foodstuffs from our loyal suppliers.

Bread was acquired from Slattery's which is currently Reflections Hair Salon, milk from the Milk Depot now Hayes' Betting Office, ham, tea and sugar from Scullys nowadays Joe Ahearn's Pub. Miss Heffernan supplied buns from her premises, today part of O'Sullivan's Pharmacy. We did not need Clonmel in those days!

Once we opened for business a queue of farmers and drovers would quickly form – all delighted to get something warm into their bellies. I can still recall those dark frosty mornings and their faces half illuminated from the glow of the oil lamp. O'Gorman, O'Connor, O'Donnell and Plant from Cahir, Cashel and Killenaule are some of the names that come to mind.

Even though it was called the Coffee Van, tea and Bovril were by far the most popular beverages. With a ham sandwich and a bun one was set up for the day. Irel Coffee was also available; it was dark, bitter and unpopular. We later discovered it was more suitable for baking rather than for drinking – you live and learn!

Years later the Coffee Van, its original task long done, had a reincarnation as a hen house for Mrs O'Brien of Main Street. I suppose today people would call this upcycling!

To end, I hope the next time any of you pass by the Town Hall you will spare a thought and maybe say a prayer for all those who walked the same ground before you. ●

Fethard Tidy Towns



Fethard Tidy Towns members photographed at the launch of their free 'Poop Scoops' on May 11, 2012, in conjunction with South Tipperary County Council. L to R: Nick Casey, Joe Keane, Barry Connolly (Fethard Post Office) and Jimmy Horan (Area Foreman with South Tipperary County Council).

Fethard Tidy Towns committee for 1012 is as follows: Joe Keane (Chairman), Thelma Griffith (Hon. Secretary), Brian Sheedy (Treasurer). Committee members: Eamon Kennedy, Sr. Marie Fletcher, Tom Tobin, Patrick Burke, Jimmy O'Shea, Johnny Burke, Mary Connors, Gabriel Schofield, Vincent Doocey, Michael Ryan, Nicholas Casey, Rory Walsh and Noreen Sheehy.

Fethard Tidy Towns are now working on the last year of our 'Three Year Plan'. Our marks awarded to the town increased again this year from 243 in 2011 to 249 in

2012. This was a significant increase and the committee put in some fantastic work during the year. As everyone is aware, we had a very wet spring and summer which made painting, planting and litter-picking even harder than usual, and I would like to take this opportunity to commend everyone on their efforts. We also had great help and support from Micheál Maher and Mark Tynan (building contractors), Coolmore Stud and South Tipperary County Council, Brodeen Knitters Committee, McCarthys Hotel, Community Games, and Holy Trinity

N.S. who received their first 'Green Flag' this year.

A lot of work was undertaken at the Cashel Road this year. We now have the new River Park developed and trees will be planted soon in consultation with Coolmore's head gardener. Coolmore are supplying a mixture of mature natural Irish trees for the area. The County Council are also installing a new pathway that will join the car park on the Cashel Road to the path outside the old railway station house on the opposite side of the road.

There was a lot of interest shown in our wild flower planting along the bank of the Clashawley on the convent side. There was a spectacular show of flowers this year. There was some bad flooding too, so we now intend to raise the river bank area with top soil in order to prevent this happening again. We did have some problems with graffiti by some very skilled local artists and we hope in future they will put their skills to better use as graffiti not

only spoils the town but is very time-consuming to remove.

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

The Parish Church was planted with a selection of bulbs and the show of daffodils for this year's Confirmation Mass was beautiful. The statue of Our Lady has also been painted and the rockery landscaped.

Our residential estates were commended this year as being in very good condition, which is a credit to everyone involved. We were also given permission to cut back the hedges on the Clonmel Road, which has made a great difference and opened up the area. Thank you to both landowners for allowing this and a special thank you to Kevin Collins for his Biodiversity Survey, which helped us immensely and highlighted sensitive areas, protected species, and nature conser-



Pupils of Fethard Holy Trinity National School photographed on their 'Spring Clean' Project in conjunction with Fethard Tidy Towns

vation areas.

During the year we also re-planted the flower beds and rockery in the grounds of the Augustinian priory. Thanks also to everyone who put in a special effort with flower bed arrangements, window boxes, and hanging baskets. Flowers are to be planted at Grove Road, Cloneen Road, and along the river bank in the Valley, and we are open to suggestions on other areas that people would like to see planted.

Fethard Tidy Towns Committee and Fethard Post Office launched a 'Free Doggy Poo Box' campaign in May 2012 and this was a great success in keeping our walks and pathways clear of dog litter.

Fethard is a most historic town and it is great to see so many old

buildings and walls. We must look after our town. New facilities such as Harrington's Walk and the River Park are important additions. We must have a positive approach to improving Fethard and keeping it clean, tidy, and maintained to the highest standards possible. 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 now have a Facebook page, so get checking for notifications and keep a close eye 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 litter-free New Year. ●

Piano Lessons in Fethard

Well done to all piano students attending Stuart Clooney Piano Lessons in Fethard who took part in the Leinster School of Music piano exams in 2012. The piano exams took place in Stuart's home in Fethard and were a great success. It's nice to see such an interest in music from young students in the town.

Stuart is a qualified music teacher living in Fethard and is affiliated to the Leinster School of Music, Griffith College, Dublin where his music qualifications began, completing a Proficiency in Teaching Piano in 1998. The Leinster School

of Music is an internationally recognised school of music and is at the forefront of music education in Ireland. Stuart is an Associate of the Leinster School of Music in the Fethard area. Stuart began teaching piano in Clonmel and is now teaching piano in Fethard as well as in Rockwell College.

Stuart Clooney can be contacted at 052 6132567 and would like to thank all those who supported him in 2012, his pupils for all their hard work, the National Schools in the Fethard area, John Shortall Pianos, and Fethard locals. ●



Photographed in Burke Street are Back L to R: Cha Finn, Austy O'Flynn, Percy O'Flynn. Front L to R: Peter O'Flynn, Bernard Walsh and Gerry McDonnell.



L to R: Mickey Burke and Dick McCarthy (Coolmoynes) who used to work in Ward's Garage.



Swimming at Newbridge in the 1950s. Back L to R: Peter O'Flynn, Sean Ward. Front L to R: Margaret O'Flynn, John Whyte, Mary Murphy (niece of Tom Moloney), Jimmy Ryan, Rita O'Donnell and John Nash.

Ad from Fethard Carnival Programme 1948

Hercules
The
 FINEST BICYCLE
 BUILT TODAY
Order yours from

**THOMAS G.
 O'CONNELL**

CYCLE, HARDWARE, RADIO STORE
 MAIN STREET, FETHARD

Prams, Go-Cars, Radios—always in Stock

BATTERY-CHARGING

Our Motto: No Satisfaction, No Charge

50th Anniversary Killusty Pony Show



On Saturday, July 7, we held the 50th Anniversary Killusty Pony Show at Claremore, which took a lot of organising. Starting our preparations in October 2011, we decided, as far as possible, to include everybody who had any connection with the show over the past 50 years. These included judges, stewards, workers, sponsors, and most of all the people who started the show in 1962. We decided to have a buffet lunch for all our guests and a memorabilia tent displaying photographs and items of the past 50 years. A competition for the most originally dressed man and woman relating to that period was also included.

During our discussion on the 50th Show it was suggested we get in touch with RTE and ask them if they

were interested in covering the show. To our surprise we got a call from RTE in March asking for show details and itinerary saying they would be in touch at a later date. We then sent out 300 invitations throughout Ireland to those we could remember being involved in the show. As the months passed things started to fall into place. Replies came back, some confirming they would love to be there, others saying they were disappointed they could not attend. By June, it was confirmed we would have 160 people for a sit-down buffet lunch, which looked like a huge task for our catering people, but as usual they rose to the challenge.

The memorabilia tent was organised and was an outstanding success and a credit to all who helped

organised it. You can organise all you like but there is one thing you cannot organise, and that is the weather. The week of the show the rain just kept coming down. We usually get the field ready on the Tuesday and Wednesday before the show but this year things looked bad weather-wise. The rain continued to pour and by Friday, the day before the show, there was still no let up in the weather. All hands were on duty in the field trying to get things sorted. Special arrangements were made for traffic, as to what vehicles would be allowed in the field and what would stay on the road.

We had regular committee meetings on Friday, one at 4.30pm, another at 8.30pm and the general consensus was to go ahead. At 9pm we had a phone call from Civil Defence

saying Clonmel was on flood alert and if this happened we would have no ambulances available which also meant we would have no show.

All that evening our phone was hopping with people wanting to know if the show was going ahead or not. We said we were going ahead but spectators would have to park on the road; they did not mind. RTE also confirmed they would be in Killusty at 12 noon.

Saturday morning arrived. We were in the field preparing at 5.30am and back home for breakfast at 7.30am. When we returned to the field at 8.30am, the sun was shining thank God! Ponies started to arrive at 8am. The secretary's tent was busy for the next two hours with people looking for their show numbers and information. Come 10am, the show



RTE Camera Crew interviewing Pat Culligan, Killusty Pony Show

starts and things quieten down.

We had a record entry of 306 ponies for the 50th show. This might be a record for a country show. RTE camera crew arrived and there was great excitement watching them filming the various events. They visited the memorabilia tent which was fabulous. They interviewed one of the founding members, Mrs Judy Butler, on her memories of the show. They also visited the lunch tent where Judy cut the 'Anniversary Cake'. They later interviewed people about their experiences at the show. We also held a children's art competition relating to the show. This was a great success. The dog show and fancy dress were also a great success as usual.

After the show that afternoon there was a great sense of achievement for everybody who had put in

so much hard work to get the show up and running. This was a big undertaking and a huge success. The people who organised the field and the traffic did tremendous work ferrying people to-and-fro from designated parking places in Killusty. I was talking to a person who came through the village at 1pm and they said it was a like a scene from Ballinasloe Horse Fair. There were horses and horseboxes everywhere. Walking in to the catering tent, it was great to see crowds enjoying lunch, and reminiscing on times gone by.

One thing that really brought home what Killusty means to people was when having lunch, I had the pleasure of sitting with Andrea Cathers, Co. Down. She is a judge who travelled to Killusty every year from Northern Ireland. This year she came on Friday and she stayed in



At the Killusty Pony Show Fancy Dress L to R: Rosie May O'Grady, Lucy Kennedy and Mimi O'Grady

Clonacody House. On Friday evening after dinner she went for a drive around Slievenamon and stopped for a while in the village outside Keane's Pub. As a child she used to come to Killusty Pony Show with her father to ride ponies. When the show was over her father would always go into Keane's pub for a drink and a chat about what went on at the show that day. As she was telling the story I could see a tear coming from her eye. I suppose that's what makes the Killusty Show so special.

Another thing that I got great satisfaction from was the Cob Class which was won by Johnny Wragg (Croome-Carroll). I was delighted to see the Dinny Walsh Cup being presented to Johnny by Dinny's granddaughter Orla. Dinny was a great supporter of Killusty down through the years and his family are still deeply involved in the show.

As the afternoon moved on the weather continued to improve – you would think we never had any rain at all – and RTE were thrilled with the material available to film at the show.

As 6pm came all the lorries and

jeeps started to make their way home – some thrilled with their rosettes – others disappointed with not winning any. But they had one thing in common as they left the field – they would all be back next year. When

the field was dismantled we retired to the tent and we sat down to discuss the day's achievements and all agreed, it was a great success.

The following week RTE notified us that it would be shown on national TV on their prime viewing time programme, 'Nationwide' on Friday, August 17, at 7pm, along with the Dublin Horse Show.

We are sure the people who started show in 1962 would have been proud of how it has progressed into one of

the most famous pony shows in the country.

I hope all the people who bring ponies to Killusty will go home with happy memories of Killusty and I think, after 50 years, we must be doing something right. Lastly I would like to thank at all the people who joined us on July 7 for our celebration. ●

by Pat Culligan



Orla Walsh presenting the 'Dinny Walsh Cup' to Johnny Wragg winner of the 'Cob Class' at this year's Killusty Pony Show.

Memories of Killusty Show

by Pat Culligan



My first memories of being involved in ponies were when I was a very young child. We used to go down to Kiltinan Castle on Sunday afternoons where all the ponies would be rounded up and brought into the courtyard (photographed above) beside the castle. If you weren't there early you mightn't get a pony to ride and if you were late you mightn't get a saddle. We used to mount the ponies and head out of the courtyard, past the front of the castle, turn left and gallop down the hill and across the river. The round-up would take about an hour – we were free and wild – just like the ponies.

Little did I know then how famous some of those ponies would become, 'Kingfisher', 'All Springs', 'Kiltinane Charles', and that later in my life I would still have a connection with those famous names. I remember one time I had a thoroughbred mare and I called her 'All Springs', and for sure she was 'all springs', that was about all she

had in common with her namesake. She never got as far as a racecourse, thank God!

I first got involved in the Killusty Show about twenty-three years ago and during that time I spent a lot of time in the ring with various judges, where I learned the qualities required to make a prizewinning pony. I always enjoyed seeing young children's eyes light up with excitement when the prizes were given out.

This year I took over as secretary from Lorraine Thompson and I acknowledge that our sponsors have really helped us keep Killusty show going, along with the very hardworking committee. It will probably take me another twenty-three years to know everything involved in the job.

Killusty show, celebrating its 50th anniversary, is one of the most important shows in the country. In my travels, I often hear people say, "That pony won at Killusty!" and I say to myself, "That must be a stamp of approval for Killusty Show!" ●



Kiltinan Castle Courtyard photographed on May 6, 1947



Presentation Convent 150th Anniversary



Fethard community of Presentation Sisters photographed at the 150th Anniversary Celebrations on May 1. Back L to R: Sr. Maureen Power, Sr. Maria Fletcher, Sr. Juliana Purcell, Sr. Betty Cagney, Sr. Celsus Ryan, Sr. Éilís Bergin, Canon Tom Breen P.P., Sr. Winnie Kirwan. Front L to R: Sr. Clement Wall, Archbishop Dermot Clifford and Sr. Annunciata Cleary.

The elegant profile of the Presentation Convent has long graced the Fethard skyline but it was the community themselves who were the focus of attention on Tuesday evening, May 1, 2012, when the Presentation Sisters gathered with family, friends and members of the local community in Holy Trinity Parish Church to celebrate 150 years of service to the people of the town.

The Mass of Thanksgiving was concelebrated by Archbishop Dermot Clifford, Canon Tom Breen, P.P., Fr. Anthony MacSweeney, C.C., Fr. Jerry Horan, O.S.A., Fr. Martin Crean, O.S.A., Fr. John Meagher, O.S.A. and Fr. Abe Kennedy. Present also

were other priests who had previously served in Fethard or who had themselves been past pupils of the Presentation schools. Sisters were there in great numbers from all over Ireland, England and from as far away as Papua New Guinea and Zambia, reflecting the far-flung reaches of the Presentation mission. The packed congregation comprised young and old, past pupils and former colleagues, locals and those who had travelled from afar, who had all come to show their appreciation for the wonderful contribution the Presentation sisters have made to life in Fethard since their arrival on Saturday, April 12, 1862.

Archbishop Clifford, in his welcoming address, paid tribute to the dedication, fortitude and courage of the three nuns, Sr. Agnes Ryan, Sr. Alphonsus Holohan and Sr. de Pazzi who made the then challenging journey from Thurles by covered wagon, to found the convent in Fethard and open a school for the children of the area.

Fr. Jerry Horan, O.S.A., in his eloquent homily, gave a most comprehensive overview of the history of the Presentation Sisters in Fethard during the past 150 years. He related the graphic details from the annals of the order describing the seating in the two room schoolhouse as, "borrowed planks supported by logs of wood, fitted around the room and a few borrowed forms from the

parish chapel as centre seats. The school house was thatched. There were no books or slates with the exception of a few dozen which had been sent from Thurles." In such humble surroundings, with such scant resources, sustained by faith and the example of their foundress Nano Nagle, the three nuns opened their school on May 1, 1862 with ninety pupils present. Within a few weeks the number of children enrolled had risen to three hundred.

Over time, the sisters built the present convent, expanded into the area of secondary education, set up a laundry to provide employment, established the St. Bernard Group home, entered into second level co-education with the Patrician Brothers, oversaw the building of



A section of the large attendance at the Mass for Fethard Presentation Convent 150th Anniversary Celebrations on May 1, 2012



Former Burke Street residents photographed at the Presentation Sisters 150th Anniversary Celebrations in Fethard are L to R: June (Kennedy) Ahessy, Mary (Kennedy) Noonan, Don O'Connell, Abe Kennedy and Marie (O'Donovan) Murphy.

a new primary school in 1979 and engaged in wider community work, particularly the care of the elderly. The latter part of the 20th century saw some of the sisters actually moving out of the convent to live in a local estate in order to afford a more

immediate presence among the people of Fethard. Nano Nagle N.S. amalgamated with St. Patrick's B.N.S. in 2010 and Sr. Winnie Kirwan's retirement the following year marked the end of the Sister's formal involvement in primary school education.



L to R: Ailish Barrett, Sr. Rosario and Mairead Morrissey

Through all their endeavours the Sisters strove to embody the ideals of Nano Nagle and to promote the Presentation ethos.

The Thanksgiving Mass proved to be a most moving ceremony replete with symbolism as embodied by the offertory gifts: the lantern representing the flame of hope and light brought to Fethard one hundred and fifty years ago by the nuns; the annals representing the history of the order on Fethard from 1862 to the present day; the constitution of the Presentation Congregation representing the rules and guidelines by which the Sisters live. Earlier, all the Presentation Sisters present stood to renew their vows, a powerful affirmation of their ongoing commitment to their chosen path. The specially-formed choir graced the occasion

with the most magnificent music, so congratulations to Ms. Goldie Newport and the Parish Choir, Ms. Ann Barry and the Abbey Choir, Mrs. Marian Gilpin (recalled from retirement) and pupils from the Patrician Presentation Secondary School and Mrs. Rita Kenny and pupils from Holy Trinity National School. Girls from Holy Trinity N.S., all of whom would have been in school with Sr. Maureen and Sr. Winnie, performed a lovely liturgical dance apparently a first in our parish church!

In conclusion, Sr. Winnie Kirwan spoke on behalf of the Presentation community, thanking everyone for their presence, reflecting on the history of the Sisters and explaining that at the end of the Mass lanterns would be presented to those who, now, very capably and com-



Former Leaving Cert Class photographed at the 150th Anniversary Celebrations L to R: Mary O'Flynn, Noelle O'Connell, Margaret Coffey, Catherine Healy and Brenda O'Rourke



School friends photographed at the Presentation Sisters 150th Anniversary Celebrations L to R: Rita Callaghan, Sr. Fidelis, Trudy Hanrahan, Rita Leahy, Theresa McCarthy, Norma Hanrahan and Ann Wall.

petently carry on the work which Presentation Sisters have been involved in over the last 150 years: education, youth work, and care of our senior citizens. "The role of the Sisters," she declared, "is now one of support, prayer and affirmation." The lanterns were accepted by Mr. Ernan Britton, Principal, Patrician Presentation Secondary School, Mrs Patricia Treacy, Principal, Holy Trinity National School, Mrs Marie Murphy, the Youth Centre and Mrs Geraldine McCarthy, the Tirry Centre. Sr. Winnie also extended an invitation to all present to join the Sisters for refreshments in the convent. The evening concluded most convivially with a vast throng of people dispersed throughout the various rooms of the convent enjoy-

ing the nuns' renowned hospitality, meeting up with old friends, sharing schoolday reminiscences and delighting in having the opportunity to join in the celebrations with the Presentation Sisters.

As Sr. Winnie also said in her speech, the future is an unknown quantity which the Sisters face with a mixture of uncertainty and trust. We all share that uncertainty but it would seem an appropriate moment to trust that the future will go well for the current Fethard Presentation Community: Sr. Annunciata Cleary, Sr. Celsus Ryan, Sr. Clement Wall, Sr. Juliana Purcell, Sr. Maureen Power, Sr. Maria Fletcher, Sr. Eilis Bergin, Sr. Betty Cagney and Sr. Winnie Kirwan. Comhgairdeachas agus Rath De oraibh go leir. ●

The late Sr. Philomena Croke

The death occurred on Saturday, October 13, of Sr. Philomena Croke, Presentation Convent. The late Sr. Philomena celebrated her 100th birthday on Monday, August 20, 2012.

Sr. Philomena was born in Ballingarry and left there at the age of two to live in Jamestown, Mullinahone. Her father, John, was a creamery manager in Ballingarry for 42 years and her mother, Ellen (Egan), died at the young age of 41, during childbirth of their seventh child,



Sr. Philomena with past-pupil Ann (Kenrick) Walsh

Bernadette. While going to school in Callan, Sr. Philomena had very happy memories of being taught by the Sacred Heart of Mary nuns and later joined them on September 24, 1930. The order amalgamated with Thurles Presentation Convent in 1931.

Sr. Finbarr went to Thurles as a postulant on April 19 of that year, and Sr. Agatha and Sr. Philomena went to the novitiate in Thurles the following day and were professed in 1933. In July 1933, Sr. Philomena, Sr. Finbarr and Sr. Agatha came to Fethard where they taught in the primary school up to their retirement.

Up to the 1960s, the Presentation Sisters were not allowed to go out

in Fethard even though they taught local history. Sr. Philomena recalled that she didn't know much about the town except what she could see from the convent. They were allowed to go to the old gate and out to the parish church but couldn't go beyond that. Archbishop Dr. Thomas Morris gave

the Sisters permission to take a walk once a year, and eventually permission to go as often as they wished.

Sr. Philomena, speaking of teaching methods at that time, said it was easier to discipline children in those days. There

was more parental control and you'd always have the parents on your side.

Sr. Philomena will be well remembered in Fethard for her teaching of the piano and violin. Madge Danaher was her first pupil in Fethard. During her time Sr. Philomena taught music to over eighty pupils, many of whom have gone on to excel in music in their adult lives.

Sr. Philomena lived a full and rewarding life, leaving those who had the pleasure of meeting her far richer for the experience. May she rest in peace.

Funeral Mass took place on Monday, October 15, followed by interment in Calvary Cemetery. ●



Photographed at Fethard Festival, June 1984 Back L to R: Joan Barrett, Mary Mullins, Josie McCarthy, Johnny Barrett. Front L to R: Barrett children, twins Jill and Kim, Mark, Kevin and Paul Barrett.



Third Class girls, Presentation Convent Fethard c.1969. Back L to R: Mary O'Donovan, Carmel O'Dea, Breda O'Dea, Eileen Heffernan, Maireád Ward, Gráinne Slattery, Elaine Fallon, Elizabeth Hennessy, Marie Croke, Caroline Coffey, Martha Maher. Front L to R: Lizzie Donovan, Martina Loneran, Catherine O'Shea, Bernadette Shine, ?, Mary Burke, Bernie Ryan, Mandy Phelan, Noreen Morrissey, Elizabeth Slattery and Josephine Harrington.

Fethard & District Day Care Centre



Members of Fethard & District Day Care Centre photographed at the handing over of a new bus for the centre part-funded by the HSE. L to R: Des Martin, Geraldine McCarthy, Fionnuala O'Sullivan, Jimmy Connolly, Liam Hayes, John Ward and Michael Cleere. May 31, 2012.

It is hard to believe that the Emigrants' Newsletter is going to print once again. The year has flown by so quickly. All is well at the Day Care Centre. It has been a challenging year for all of us with the current recession hitting hard and money being very tight. A cut in our budget means that we have to do extra fund-raising to keep going. In the coming year the committee will be having a major fundraising drive and will need to raise €10,000 to keep the ship afloat.

At present we are getting ready for our Christmas Bazaar and everyone is busy working away making Christmas cards, birthday and Easter

cards, and knitting tea cosies and slippers. Our tea cosies are very popular and have actually found themselves abroad in the USA, Australia, UK and around our thirty-two counties here at home. By the time you read this you may also have received a Christmas card made in the centre from a loved one.

We continue with our exercise classes every day. Our exercise programme includes yoga and aerobics. We all feel the benefit of doing exercises, keeping our joints supple and as the saying goes, "If you don't use it you lose it." We've had a full programme throughout the year. The Bealtaine Festival held in May is

a great showcase for our older citizens' many skills. We also had various fundraising events throughout the year including Table Quizzes, Race Night, and a Strictly Come Dancing competition. We would like to thank all who helped us and supported us.

For our summer outing this year we took a trip to Mahon Point, Cork. The venue for our Christmas party has yet to be decided. We would like to take this opportunity to thank all our sponsors who continually help in our fundraising efforts and we wish you all a very happy Christmas.

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

chiropody service, the district nurse and a hot meal.

Thank you to staff, volunteers, 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, Bobbi Holohan, Molly Standbridge, Tom McGrath, Breda Nolan, Desmond Martin, Marie Murphy, Geraldine McCarthy (supervisor) and Michael Cleere (minibus driver).

A very happy and peaceful Christmas wish to all in our communities in the area and to you our readers, from all at the Day Care Centre. ●



Marina Mullins, co-ordinator of Holy Trinity National School's 'Strictly Come Dancing' competition, presenting the proceeds, €1,612, to Jimmy Connolly, chairman Fethard Day Care Centre. May 21, 2012

Art & Entertainment Award



Fethard photographer Joe Kenny (above right), the August winner at the Tipp FM Art & Entertainment Annual Awards, photographed receiving his award from board member, William Fitzpatrick, at the Awards Ceremony Ball held in Dundrum House Hotel on Friday

January 20, 2012. Joe was honoured for "his excellent photography skills, as well as his involvement in many aspects of life in his native Fethard: a former member of Fethard Players, editor of the Annual Emigrants' Newsletter, and founder member of the Fethard Historical Society." ●



At the Awards L to R: Joe Kenny, Rita Kenny, Janneke Van Dommelen and Bert Van Dommelen.

John Joe's Corner

The Green

Consists of the Back Green, Green and lower Green, centres of attention were Mon Kenny's shop, Mick Trehy's garage, Jack Gunne's forge, and Billy Kenny's workshop. Bulfin's ran a dairy opposite Delmege's residence, Sean Hanrahan changed houses from the Back Green to the Lower Green. Rights of way were going down to the Abbey Rocks, behind Ned Healy's, from The Green to Barrack Street and up Strylea, most still remain. A car track runs behind The Green houses, across from where Scout Butler lived. Characters such as Bob Burns 'hounds master', Mikey 'Gains' Slaterry, Toby Boy McCormack, Connie Fitzgerald, all since passed on, spring to mind. Kids' street games, such as 'Begga Me Neighbour', Hop Scotch, O'Grady Says, Rounders and Tig featured regularly. In that weather, the road tar boiled.

Barrack Street.

In bygone days, it had water 'Judys' at both ends, two lamp posts, two shores, a truck yard, a stable yard, a tack shop, hay lofts and a grain and wood store. Andy O'Meara ran a tailor's shop, Kitty 'Cutsy' O'Donnell had a grocery, and Doctor Stokes had a paddock there. Tommy Barrett grew potatoes and vegetables near the Tirry Club, which housed a poker school, and the Holohans, Jack, Mary and Jim, had a cattle yard. Mickey McDonnell grazed sheep on a pasture there, no local

by John Joe Keane

funeral passed through, someone said it was Cromwell's Curse? On a match day, cars parked everywhere. Timmy Riordan trained greyhounds, O'Flynn's owned a lock-up and there were out-houses at the rear of O'Donnell's Hotel. A back lane led onto the Green.

A 'Handle'

Some familiar Fethard nicknames going to school, Buda, Crusher, The Goll, Barney, Toby, Waxie, Lanky, Ringo, Bonzo, Pud, Drucker, Dush, Chas, Wackey, Pedro, Spud, Boot, Pop, Duxie Pet, Frannie, Hacksaw, Guggy, Jeff. Other Fethard nicknames, Butch, Scout, The Cock, Muscles, Wheaty, Roundy, Gains, Taxer, Duxie, Bill Knocks, The Rackard, Duffy, Mammy Canon, Dicky Bird, Cutsy, Bug, Guyik, The Hair, Puddler, Hegney, Horse, Slicks, Doodles, Ruffian, Whisper, Toby Boy and The Bully.

Pecker Dune

Near the station house, on the Cashel Road, smoke from the fire in a tent, Pecker and his sidekick bedded down. Born in Castlebar County Mayo in 1933, of Italian and Irish stock, played in the Barrack Field and in the public houses, performed on his banjo and fiddle, sang songs such as 'Sullivan John', "always remember, the longer you live, the sooner you will bloody well die", and the last of the traveling people. I last saw him playing outside Croke Park, when Tomás Keane was playing minor football for Tipperary against Westmeath.

Turbaned Enterprise

A knock on the front door, on opening stood an Indian man, turban and suitcase, in broken English, "you buy nice things from me, your neighbour bought some," handed the woman of the house a big red ring. On opening the case, took out scarves, slacks, cardigans, slightly out of date merchandise, got no sale, took back the ring and continued up the street, his offer was declined. His price was dearer than normal, the Guard stopped him down The Valley and took his particulars.

Canon's Plot Stadia

The pitch was worn, goal posts were wood poles, the crowd going to the adjacent Barrack Field stopped and admired the skill of the players, soccer was the sport, players like Jim Allen, Taxer Ryan, Boot Fitz, Pop Sheehan, Sonny Leahy, youth and its exuberance. The 'ban' was in then, there was the odd dust up, on one wing was the town wall, the other a drop down onto the road. Where were the scouts?

A Tipple on Stephen's Day

Carrolls was the first port of call, then out to Brookhill, trays of Famous Grouse whiskey, then the fox was released, a double decker trailer of hounds spilled out and down the ramp. The scent was good, morale increased, the chase to the Mullen Bawn, old hunters, young ones and spectators regaled, a spin to Ballinard, on to the Drangan Road. The horn blowing, from Bennett's Hill to the

reservoir at Kirby's. The dig out commenced, afterwards home for a 'bite to eat', keeping up the tradition.

Destination Newbridge

In sunshine, the exodus began, towel, togs, walking, cycling out by the old ruins of Knockbrack, down Grove Hill, past Bill Bradshaw's, over the stile, a drink from the well, the main question, "was the water cold, how deep is it? Some brought soap, not a trout to be seen, Grove House looked stately, as the evening progressed and everyone was homeward bound, conversation shortened the journey, refreshingly so.

Mahoney's Emporium

On entering from the Main Street, the door bell rang, whilst waiting for the proprietor and his good proprietress, one observed the lighting on the displays of various merchandise, toys, ornaments, haberdashery, sweets, to young eye's revelation, courtesy was the order of the proceedings, genteel. Mahoney's catered for quite a lot, young and not so young, to a child a superstore, awe.

An Edge In Life

The visitor came on his bike into Fethard, outside Landers, upturned the vehicle, removed the rear wheel, replaced it with an edging stone wheel, worked by the pedals, people brought knives, shears, hooks to be sharpened, a conversation, struck up on the man's initiative in a time of scarcity. In those days curiosity reigned. ●



Fethard Football Team who defeated Clonmel Shamrocks in the final of the Co. Tipperary Senior Football Championship played at Kilsheelan, October 16, 1938. Front: Jimmy Hayes, Dick Hayes, Michael Byrne, Jack Gunne. Middle: John Reilly, Tommy Nevin, Ollie Fitzgerald, Christy Allen, Bill Connors, Dick Allen, Paddy Ahearne, Paddy Murray, Michael McNerney, Michael McCarthy. Back: Tim Tierney, Jim Mullins, Hugh O'Donnell, Dick Power, Dick Cummins, Fr. O'Donoghue (OSA), Gussie Allen, Micky Connors, Paddy Fitzgerald, Jim Noonan, Kevin Danagher, Mick Hayes, Dick Power, Frank Butler, John Power, Paddy O'Donnell, Jacky White.



Paddy and Kitty Ahearne photographed with their three children, Patrick, Frank and Ann in pram, at Rocklow Bridge on Christmas Day 1953.

Fethard Faraway

*I'll tell you of my home town
That seems so far away
Its lovely hills and valleys
Where the fox and hare do play
There's history past and present
With walls so big and so strong
In my home town they call Fethard
In the valley of Slievenamon.*

*It's a gem in South Tipperary
That means so much to me
It's where I spent my childhood
And have happy memories
The people they are friendly
Where community is one
In my home town they call Fethard
In the valley of Slievenamon.*

*The medieval fortress
Is a jewel in any crown
As the Clashawley river
Flows peacefully through town
The trees that grow in grove wood
Are seen from far and 'yond
In my home town they call Fethard
In the valley of Slievenamon.*

*Many years have gone and passed me by
And still I'm far away
When I go online I can't believe
How much the town has changed
I meet new people every day
And they ask me where I'm from
I tell them I'm from Fethard
In the valley of Slievenamon*

*Oh I tell them I'm from Fethard town
In the valley of Slievenamon.*

— Bernard O'Shea

Patrician Presentation Awards Day



Group photographed at the Fethard Patrician Presentation Secondary School Awards Day 2012. Back L to R: Katie Whyte (Attendance Award for 2nd Year 2011), Kate Davey (Attendance Award for 1st Year 2011), Danielle Sheehan (Mentor), Michelle Walsh (Mentor and Attendance Award for 4th Year 2011), Orla Walsh (Student of the Year 2nd Year 2011), Tara Horan (Golden Quill Award Senior), Molly O'Dwyer (Students Council and Mentor), Cormac Horan (Special Achievement Woodwork), Rachel O'Meara (Special Achievement Art), Thomas Channon (Sports Award Boys), Kate O'Donnell (Special Achievement Art and Paddy Broderick Award for Junior Cert results in Geography). Front L to R: Sadhbh Horan (Student of the Year 1st Year 2011), Mrs Mary Prout representing her daughter Rachael (Best Leaving Cert Result), Kate Quigley (Padraig Pearse Award for best Junior Cert result in Irish, History and English), Mr Ernan Britton (School Principal), Mr Conor Kane (Guest Speaker), Mrs Marian Gilpin (Guest), Ms Maryanne Fogarty (Deputy Principal) and Timmy Hurley (Golden Quill Award Junior).

The Patrician Presentation Secondary School Annual Awards Day and opening Mass of the school year took place in the school on Friday, October 12, and was attended by members of the Board of Management, members of the Parents' Association and parents of award-winning students.

The school's mission is to encourage each pupil to achieve their potential in a caring and Christian community and the Awards' Day reflects this mission. Congratulations to all award winners and their families. The guest speaker on the day

was past-pupil, Mr Conor Kane who is a well-known freelance journalist in the South-East.

The presentation of awards followed: Student of the year awards were presented by Conor Kane to: Sadhbh Horan (2nd Year), Orla Walsh (3rd Year), Brian Healy (6th Year). Rachel Prout was presented with the Best Leaving Certificate award for 2012.

School principal, Mr Ernan Britton presented the 'Padraig Pearse Award' for best Junior Cert result in Irish, History and English, to Kate Quigley, and the 'Paddy Broderick

Award' for Junior Cert results in Geography to Kate O'Donnell.

Retired vice-principal, Mrs Marian Gilpin, was in attendance to present the annual L.A.M. (Literary Arts and Music) award to the School Choir. The award was accepted on behalf of the choir by Katie Whyte and Tara Horan

English teacher, Ms Majella Whelan, presented the Fethard 'Quill Awards' to Timmy Hurley (Junior) and Tara Horan (Senior).

Sports awards, sponsored by Bank of Ireland, were presented by Mr Justin McGree to both Kate Davey and Thomas Channon.

Ms Marie Maher presented Student Council Certificates to: Dominik Adamczak, Dylan Maher, John Paul Fitzgerald, Rachael O'Meara, Corey Carroll, Annie Prout, Eoghan Hurley, Kate Quigley, Molly O'Dwyer and Michelle Carroll.

Mentors' Certificates and

Trophies were presented by Conor Kane to: Molly O'Dwyer, Danielle Sheehan, Tara Horan, Michelle Walsh and Lucinda Carroll.

Attendance and Punctuality Award winners for the previous school year were called by Mr Britton and presented by Conor Kane: Kate Davey for 1st Year 2011, Katie Whyte 2nd Year 2011, Cormac Horan 3rd Year 2011, James Maher and Michelle Walsh joint winners for 4th Year 2011, and Cathal Hurley 5th Year 2011.

Special Achievement Awards, sponsored by AIB,

were presented by Ms Pat Looby and Mr John Cummins to Kate O'Donnell and Rachel O'Meara for Art, and to Cormac Horan for Woodwork.

Mr Britton then made a presentation of a framed Millennium Sunrise print to guest speaker and past-pupil, Conor Kane, before thanking pupils, parents and guests and concluding the award ceremony for 2012. ☺



Mr Ernan Britton, Principal, presenting the 'Padraig Pearse Award' for best Junior Cert result in Irish, History and English, to Kate Quigley, Garrinch, Fethard.

Junk Kouture all-Ireland finalists



*Presentation Patrician Secondary School pupils who qualified for the finals of Junk Kouture in Dublin. The girls are photographed at the semifinals held in the Strand Hotel in Limerick on Sunday, April 1.
L to R: Karen Hayes, Svetlana Novikova, Aobh O'Shea, Michelle Walsh and Danielle Sheehan.*

Congratulations to Fethard Patrician Presentation Secondary School pupils' Junk Kouture entries, 'Bright Ideas' and 'Punkture', who both qualified for the grand All-Ireland final held in the City West Hotel in Dublin on April 20. Fethard had 100 percent success at the semi-finals in Limerick on Sunday, April 1, where competition was extremely high from the fifty costumes that were shown on the night from the Munster schools that qualified. Eighteen were chosen to go forward to the all Ireland final.

'Bright Ideas', created by Aobh O'Shea and Danielle Sheehan, was

made entirely from crisp bags while 'Punkture', created by Karen Hayes, Michelle Walsh and Svetlana Novikova, was made from bicycle tubes.

Each regional winner received an ERP Junk Kouture Trophy with the overall winner receiving an ERP Junk Kouture trophy, €2,500 for their school, €500 for the team, €1,000 worth of IT Equipment and a week long course in the Grafton Fashion Academy for the team. A big thank you to all the parents, teachers, pupils, friends and the Fethard Community who diligently voted each day online for the two entries. Beir Bua! ●

Fethard Country Markets

Fethard Country Market members maintained their long-time tradition in quality produce when two of their members did exceptionally well in this year's Iverk Show held in Piltown on Saturday, September 15.

Following in her late mother Maura's footsteps, Bernie Meaney, Crampscastle, won the Iverk Produce Cup and €200 by coming first in the prestigious 'Great Cherry Cake Competition', with over fifty entries. Bernie also came third in

the 'Brown Bread' class.

David Curran, Moyglass, maintained his extraordinary record at Iverk by winning a total of fourteen first prizes in the 'Farm Produce' section, along with thirteen second prizes and three third prizes. David was presented with the 'Billy Breen Cup' for overall winner in the produce section.

Country Markets open at the Town Hall every Friday morning where they sell a wide range of home-produced products. ●



Photographed at the weekly Friday morning Country Market in Fethard Town Hall are L to R: Mai Kennedy, David Curran and Christy Williams.



Brian Kenny & Deirdre Lyons



Patrick Moore & Bridget Purcell



Clare Burke & David Astle



Philip Furnell & Linda Moxley



Philip Crean & Mary Cummins



Kevin O'Meara & Norah O'Meara



Declan Kenny & Eleanor Roche



Hakan Kana & Yvonne Purcell



Eoin Whyte & Siobhan Brett

Marriages

Marriages in the Parish

Niall Walsh, Knockinglass, to Pamela Ryan, Knockinglass
 Anthony Boyle, Dublin, to Catriona O'Brien, Redcity
 Kevin O'Meara, Mullinahone, to Norah O'Meara, St. Patrick's Place
 Kevin O'Brien, Meath, to Bríd Cloonan, Kilnockin Road
 Patrick Moore, Clonmel, to Bridget Purcell, Burke Street
 Declan Kenny, Castlehiggins, to Eleanor Roche, Kilnockin View
 David Cairns, Clonmel, to Emma Fogarty, Cashel Road
 John Bergin, Rosegreen, to Mary Fogarty, Ballyduagh, Cashel
 Michael Cuddihy, Cratloe, Co. Clare, to Rebecca Carroll, Menlo, Fethard

Marriages outside the Parish

William Delaney, Redcity, to Erica Sobus, Italy (Rome)
 William Harrington, to Lisa Gleeson, Clonmel (Powerstown)
 Eoin Whyte, Main Street, to Siobhán Brett, Clonmel (Drangan)
 James Needham, Fethard, to Michelle McNamara, Garryowen (Limerick)
 Patrick Ahearne, Rocklow Road, to Helen Coffey, Co. Offaly (Malta)
 Aidan Lonergan, Rathmacarthy, to Maria Pittock, Killiney (Dublin)
 Clare Burke, formerly Redcity, and David Astle, Cornwall (Cornwall)
 Mary Cummins, St. Patrick's Place, and Philip Crean, Moanbeg (Dundrum)
 Brian Kenny, St. Patrick's Place, and Deirdre Lyons, Ballyhaunis (Knock)
 Linda Moxley, New Jersey and Philip Furnell, Tinakelly, (New Orleans)
 Hakan Kane and Yvonne Purcell, Burke Street (London)

Newsletter Contact Details

Articles for Publication

Joe Kenny, Rocklow Road, Fethard, Co. Tipperary.
 Tel: +353 52 6131663 Fax: +353 52 6130051 Email: joe@fethard.com

Donations, Letters, Change of Addresses

Carmel Rice, Brookhill, Fethard, Co. Tipperary. Tel: +353 52 6131134

Our Dear Departed 2012 *from available photographs*



Monica Breen



Linda Staehelin



Kitty Roche



Celia Byrne



Nuala Duncan



Joe Dalton



Christy Prout



Billy Morrissey



Leish Fogarty



Pat O'Brien



Sean Ryan



Michael Walsh



Denis Byard



Shamie Dineen



Mick O'Neill



Arthur Daly



Malachy Brett



Denis McGrath



Michael Coady



Liam Quinn



Dolly O'Connell



Maggie Sayers



Jim Carrick



Geraldine Lawrence



Billy Mackey



Bro. James Moran



Kay McGrath



Lory Dineen



Catherine O'Shea



Ann Matthews



Annie Connolly



Suzanne Opray



Sr Philomena Croke



Jim O'Meara



Peggy Kenrick



Dermot Rice



Ignatius Fenton



Brigid Gorey



Helen Prout



Lou O'Grady

Breen, Monica, Clonmel (Clerihan)
 Brett, Malachy, Tullamaine (Calvary)
 Byard, Denis, Dublin (Clonsilla)
 Byrne, Celia, Cois Falla (Clerihan)
 Carrick, Jim, Crampscastle (Holy Trinity Church)
 Cashman, Richard 'Dick', Clonmel (St. Patrick's)
 Coady, Michael (Manchester)
 Connolly, Annie, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
 Croke, Sr. Philomena, Convent (Calvary)
 Daly, Arthur, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
 Dalton, Joe, Barrettsdown (Peterborough)
 Dineen, Laurence 'Lory', Tramore (Riverstown)
 Dineen, Shamie, California (Calvary)
 Duncan (Connolly), Nuala, Golborne (Wigan)
 Fenton, Ignatius 'Naishy', Crampscastle (Dualla)
 Fogarty (Cooney), Leish, Congress Tce (Calvary)
 Gahan, Thomas, Cloneen (Cloneen)
 Gorey, Brigid, Main St. (Calvary)
 Kenrick, Peggy, Clonmel (St. Patrick's)
 Lawrence, Geraldine, Woodvale Walk (Calvary)
 Mackay, Billy, Clonmel (St. Patrick's)
 Matthews, Ann, Kerry St. (Calvary)
 Matthews, Georgie, Kerry St. (Calvary)
 McCarthy, Frances, Essex (Upminster)

McCormack, Jim, Kerry St. (Calvary)
 McGrath (Doyle), Kay, Rathkenny (Calvary)
 McGrath, Denis, Rathkenny (Calvary)
 McHale (O'Connell), Betty (Dublin)
 Moran, Bro. James P., Laois (Abbeyleix)
 Morrissey, Billy, Tullamaine (Calvary)
 O'Brien, Pat, The Valley (Killusty)
 O'Connell, Dolly, Main St. (Calvary)
 O'Dwyer, Brendan, Dublin (Ardla Cemetery)
 O'Grady (O'Meara), Louise, Cashel (Rosegreen)
 O'Meara, Jim, St. Patrick's Place (Calvary)
 O'Meara, Tom (England)
 O'Neill, Mick, Farranalleen (Magorban)
 O'Shea, Catherine, Main St. (Calvary)
 Opray (Mills), Suzanne, Colman Cottage
 Prout (O'Shea), Helen, Cork (Killusty)
 Prout, Christy, Fairhill, Co. Cork (Killusty)
 Quinn, Liam, Barrettsgrange (England)
 Rice, Dermot, Brookhill (Everardsgrange)
 Roche (McGarry), Kitty, Ballinard (Calvary)
 Ryan, Sean (Australia)
 Sayers, Maggie, Woodvale Walk (Calvary)
 Staehelin (Kane), Linda, Gort, Co. Galway (Doorus)
 Walsh, Michael, Kerry Street (Calvary)

Community Employment Scheme



Fethard Community Scheme participants receiving their Hygiene Certificates. L to R: Carmel Shine, Christy Dalton, Joan O'Donohoe (Supervisor), Catherine Corbett (Dept of Social Protection/FAS), Cabrina Roche and Emma O'Donohoe.

It has been a trying year for community employment, but on a positive note we are still here and going strong. We have twelve participants on the Fethard & Killusty Community Employment Scheme at the present time. At the centre in Barrack Street we have: Christy Dalton, Carmel Shine, Tony McGarry, Tommy Sheehan, and Eleanor Roche in the kitchen and general maintenance of the community centre. Annette Quigley works in the office. In the community we have Pat Coyne doing a great job in Killusty, Pat Fox doing the same in Calvary Cemetery and Mark Leahy in Holy Trinity. Tom Tobin keeps the flag flying in Fethard Ballroom and Michael 'Magic' Ryan on Tidy Towns. Angela Taylor looks after the Augustinian Abbey.

We had to say goodbye to four participants during the year, Pat

Looby, Bridget O'Dwyer, Emma O'Donohoe and Cabrina Roche. We wish them all well for the future. We've held varied training sessions through the year from 'Health and Safety' to 'Solar Panel Heating'. Hopefully, we will be able to keep up our quota and possibly recruit some more in the New Year.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the above for their hard work and dedication over the months, and for some, years. I would also like to say a very big thank you to our sponsoring committee, Fethard & Killusty Community Council, for their support throughout the year. A big 'thank you' goes out to all who use our services here at the Fr. Tirry Community Office and from all here at the centre. A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all. ●

Holy Trinity National School



Junior Infants Class at Holy Trinity National School Fethard Back L to R: Jack Donegan (Tullamaine), Katelyn O'Brien (Kilnockin View), Alex Butler (Woodvale Walk), Rebecca Kiely (Coolmoynes), Sami Laaksonen (Saucestown), Emily Clancy (St. Patrick's Place), Paddy Ryan (Abbey View), Mrs Margaret Gleeson (teacher). Third Row L to R: Hannah O'Sullivan (Cluain Árd), Michael Walsh (Kilnockin Road), Lily Murphy (The Valley), Killian Hallinan (Cois Falla), Alice Walsh (Coolmoynes), Michael Dedyuk (Coolmore), Anna Hayes (Abbey Street), Zach Smith (St. Patrick's Place). Second Row L to R: Rory O'Mahoney (Tullamaine), Gavin Neville (Kilnockin), Ava Doyle (Gort an Óir), Noah O'Flynn (Knockelly Road), Marie Brett (Tullamaine), Misha Makhinya (An Sean Line), Isobel Herbert (Redcity), Charlie Walsh (Kilnockin). Front L to R: Cristóir Sheehy (Garrinch), Sean Thompson (Abbey View), Bobby Purcell (Ballyhomuck, Cloneen), Jasmine Brennan (Lisronagh), Joshua O'Flynn-Nugent (Woodvale Walk), Richard Murphy (Burke Street) and Daragh Coleman (Crossard).

Greetings to all Newsletter Readers from Holy Trinity N.S. Fethard. The school is now in its third year of operation since amalgamation and life is busy and interesting. Staff members: Mrs Patricia Treacy, Principal, Mrs Triona Morrison, Vice-Principal, Mrs Margaret Gleeson, Junior Infants, Mrs Denise Meehan, Senior Infants; Ms Leonie Loughman, 1st Class; Ms Sarah Hogan, 2nd Class; Mrs Rita Kenny, 3rd Class; Mrs Fitzgerald, 4th Class; Mrs Aisling Fanning, 5th Class; Mrs Sarah O'Sullivan, 6th Class. Learning

Support: Ms Lorraine Cahalan, Ms Carmel Lonergan, Mrs Triona Morrison. High Support Unit, Mr Keith MacAmhaidh. Substitutes: Mr Tom Butler, Ms Jennifer Oakes, Ms Roisín Ryan. Ancillary Staff: Ms Ann-Marie Harty, SNA, Mrs Anne D'Arcy, Mr Willie Ryan, Ms Mai Costello, caretaking staff.

We are delighted to welcome new staff members Ms Sarah Hogan and Ms Leonie Loughman to our midst. We would also like to record the retirement of Mrs Mary Hanrahan in February of this year



Enjoying their retirement from teaching at Holy Trinity National School are L to R: Maureen Maher (2011), Mary Hanrahan (2012), Sr Winnie (2011) and Sr. Maureen (2011)

after 31 years of dedicated service to the teaching profession in Fethard. Mary joined the staff in 1981, having previously taught for two years in Corduff, Blanchardstown, Dublin. Her teaching experiences range from teaching infants during the years when class sizes of 40 children didn't raise an eyebrow, to an 11-year period as Learning Support Teacher. She excelled in this area, managing assessments, setting up child-specific programmes, liaising with parents, teachers, therapists and psychologists.

Those who know Mary will be well aware of her considerable PR skills. Her gift of having words at will for every occasion, linked with her facility in presentation were very valuable staff assets. She also served on the Board of Management of Nano Nagle N.S. for many years. Her

secretarial skills vis-à-vis minute taking and report writing were second to none.

Mary's love of history has also been a great boon to the school. Her forte in this area has to be her amazing bank of knowledge and her ability to present it to audiences young and old. She has given guided tours of Fethard to hosts of school children over the years and has promised to return to help us out in future.

Mary officially retired from Holy Trinity N.S. on February 29, of this year. We wish her a long, healthy and happy retirement.

As with the life of any school, it has been an event-filled year, encompassing many curricular as well as extra curricular activities. One of the highlights of the year was the acquisition of our first Green Flag. The

focus of this endeavour was waste reduction and management and the children and school staff worked diligently towards this end. The children received the flag at a ceremony held in Cork organised and funded by an Taisce. As an added bonus we have just been informed by the South Tipperary County Council that Holy Trinity has won 'Best Waste Management Project' in the Tidy Schools Competition and will be presented with a prize on December 12.

For the fifth successive year 6th class pupils from Fethard have taken part in the Challenge to Change project under the aegis of the Presentation Sisters. This year's entry, which was entitled 'Switch on the Lights on Human Rights', was presented at a seminar in Kilkenny along with over 20 other schools and was very well received.

There was also great achievement on the sporting front. For many years now the secondary school in Fethard is renowned for its success on the volleyball court. Spikeball, which is a simpler version of this game, is very popular in Holy Trinity and 6th class boys got to the All-Ireland Final this year to the delight of all.

On the hurling scene the Under 13s won an indoor competition in Mullinahone. Boys and girls from 3rd Class up took part in the recent annual athletic event in Marfield, Clonmel. Well done to all for their participation and success and congratulations to Alison Connolly 4th Class who was a gold Medal winner.

The pupils also took part in FAI soccer competitions in May. Soccer training for all classes was introduced in November of this year. This is organised and provided by the FAI



Photographed at the raising of the first Green Flag at Holy Trinity National School are L to R: Brian Sheehy (Tidy Towns), Fr. Anthony McSweeney, Ann-Marie Harty, Rita Kenny, Willie Ryan, Margaret Gleeson, Joe Keane (Tidy Towns), Canon Tom Breen P.P., Mary Carroll (Environmental Officer), Maureen Maher, Patricia Treacy (Principal) and Sr. Maureen Power.

and is hugely popular.

When it comes to the field of art Holy Trinity pupils are certainly not behind the door! Well done to all those who entered this year's Texaco Art Competition and congratulations to Roisín Geoghegan (then Junior Infant) who was Highly Commended in this national event.

As always, the parents of our schoolchildren are very helpful and supportive vis-à-vis school events, activities and fund-raising. Parents on the Board of Management and the Parents' Association are always ready to lend a hand, wherever the need arises. An innovation of note this year is the rota of trainers who coach the pupils in Gaelic football skills every Friday afternoon. Local parents

involved in the GAA are very generous with the time and patience they allot to this project and their commitment is much appreciated. The children really enjoy these sessions.

The principal and staff wish to sincerely thank Ms Peig McGarry, Sr. Maureen Power, Sr. Winnie Kirwan and Mrs Agnes Grogan who give so generously of their time to the school. Each one works on a voluntary basis and contributes so much to our school community. We also acknowledge Father Breen's and Father McSweeney's continuing support.

As we look forward to what 2013 holds for us, we wish you all a Happy Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year. ●



Sixth Class at Holy Trinity National School. Back L to R: Noelle O'Meara, Laura Cummins, Eli Freeman, Malachy Brett, Katie Ryan, Rebecca McCarthy, Gavin Mullally. Middle Row L to R: Dylan Costin, Aisling Prendergast, Conor Harrington, Shane Lawless, Amy Brophy, Katie O'Flynn, Holly Keating. Front L to R: Cian O'Brien, Shannon Thompson, Sally Nagle, Sally Butler, Casey Hall, Amy Roche and Ciara Connolly. Missing from photo are: Sarah Slattery, Rebecca Jones and Molly O'Rahilly.

Killusty National School



Principal, Mrs Frances Harrington, photographed with pupils in the school yard.

Seasons greetings to all from Killusty, where we had another busy year in school. This year our teaching staff consists of Cathriona Morrissey, Lorraine De Lacy, part-time Special Education teacher and myself, Frances Harrington, ably assisted by Tracy Wallace. Martha Sheehan continues to bring 'drama' into the lives of all our pupils and Gillian O'Regan brings the 'Magic of Music' to our classroom each week. Noel, Ann, Joan and Christy are also

with us. Our school community is strong and vibrant.

Our supportive parents are a blessing which we are so thankful for. Our Management Board work with us to ensure that our school remains a place of learning and faith, the heartbeat of our community, rural Ireland at its best. We love our small school. This year some of our pupils have expressed this love in verse and prose. Enjoy. ●

Frances Harrington, Principal

Killusty

*Killusty is a special place
to me and all my friends.
I like it there such a lot.
The fun never ends.
That is where I live
and go to school as well.
The children there are lovely
and the church is as well.
Killusty is a village.
The school is across from the church
Sometimes we go to the church to pray.
By Amy Morrissey Aged: 7*

Killusty

*I've had some trouble with this poem
I just can't seem to make a start.
I racked and racked my brains at home,
Beginning is the hardest part.
So I'll just say, Killusty's cool!
I'm lucky it's where I go to school.
It's pretty, green and quiet too.
I really like it.
... Will that do?*

By Mikey Doyle Aged: 10

Killusty

*I live in Killusty but it is not where I was born,
 With my Mammy, Daddy and two brothers
 in our house so very warm.
 We have some chickens, a cat and a dog
 and up the mountain there is a little bog.
 Killusty is small but I have lots of friends.
 To go to school I need to go around lots of bends.
 The school is tiny with lots of people
 and the church has a very high steeple.*

By Taryn Purcell Aged: 6

Killusty

*This is how you spell Killusty.
 K is for kind.
 I is for important.
 L is for lovely.
 U is for unusual.
 S is for sharing.
 T is for talented.
 Y is for you.
 That is how you spell Killusty.
 It is a very nice place.
 It has a church.
 It has a school.
 Killusty is a village.
 It is a nice community.*

By Rose O'Donnell Aged: 8

**Killusty**

*I like Killusty.
 It is fun but the school is the best
 And the church is the second best.
 In school the fun begins.
 I like the country village.
 It is little.
 It is the best village with all the people.*

By George Gainford Aged: 7

Our Killusty

*Killusty is a little village
 at the foot of Slievenamon
 where once a famous maiden lived
 The Maid of Slievenamon.
 Explore Killusty and all its beauty.
 The lovely birds singing in the trees.
 The laughter of the children
 and don't forget the teachers too.
 And then there's Killusty Church.
 A beautiful sight, tall and wonderful it almost
 reaches the sky.
 With Father Breen who blesses the children
 and wants them all to be happy.
 Christy is the school gardener.
 He plants the flowers that grow
 which make Killusty shine with pride.
 Killusty is a part of my life.*

By Hannah Connorton Aged: 8

**Killusty**

*I love Killusty
 There is so much to do.
 You can play football and hurling too.
 There is no finer sight that you can see
 than the lovely church in Killusty.*

*It is in the countryside
 with lots of places to hide.
 You can work and play in school
 where life is very cool.*

By Dara O'Meara Aged: 7

Killusty

*I love Killusty because there is no traffic.
 I think it is very peaceful in the countryside.
 It is a village and it is very fine.
 I love my school.
 It is lots of fun but there is barely any sun.
 I love Killusty where the roads are very dusty.*

By Charlie Hackett Aged: 7

Killusty

*Killusty's where I go to school,
 But only since September.
 I like it here, I think it's great,
 From New Year's to December.
 Killusty's small but it's got it all,
 A church, some houses, and a school.
 For all the people living here,
 Killusty is a little jewel.*

By James Doyle Aged: 10

Killusty

*I like Killusty.
 It is a very good place to live.
 I play football in Killusty.*

By Jake Coen Aged: 7

Killusty

*Killusty is in the countryside,
 there is lots for you to do,
 climb the mountain,
 play games,
 there's even a school.
 The school was built in 1910,
 100 years later we had a centenary then.
 There are forty pupils in Killusty N.S.
 there is no other place I would rather be
 than in the lovely village of Killusty.*

By Caoimhe O'Meara Aged: 11

Killusty

*Killusty is fun.
 I like to play.
 It is a special school.
 All people love it because it is the best school.*

By Emily Davey Aged: 6

Killusty

*I like Killusty.
 I go to school there
 with all my cousins.*

By Matt Coen Aged: 7

Killusty

*Killusty village is very small,
 Killusty church is very tall.
 We go to Mass in Killusty church,
 I serve there each week and I like it very much.
 Killusty School is where we go,
 That's where we go to learn all we know.
 When school is over we go home,
 then we sit down and write a poem.
 Killusty is at the foot of Slievenamon,
 to get there doesn't take us very long.
 Killusty is a beautiful place
 and it puts a smile on every face.*
By Laura O'Donnell Aged 11

Killusty

*I like Killusty.
 It is a fun place.
 I like learning.
 I like playing with my friends.
 It is like a rainbow bright and colourful.*
By Jack Davey Aged: 6

Killusty

*Killusty is a great place,
 Trees, fields and a football space.
 There's a church and a school that is really cool,
 What can I say but Killusty rules.*
By Kieran O'Donnell Aged: 9

Our Killusty

*I like Killusty.
 It is nice.
 I go there once.
 I go there twice.
 There is a church.
 There is a school.
 There are houses.
 They are cool.
 I like Killusty.
 I live there.
 It is very small and very nice.
 It is very quiet and peaceful.
 I love Killusty.*
By Andy Duggan Aged: 8

Killusty

*Killusty is a nice place to be.
 It's more fun than I thought it would be.
 I like it in the day and I like it in the night.
 I like to play with all of my friends,
 they fill my day with light.
 It's in the countryside.
 I love it with my heart and soul.
 Killusty is a village.
 Killusty is very important to me.
 There is a church and school.
 There are no traffic lights.
 I love Killusty.*
By Éabha Ryan Aged: 7

Killusty

*I like Killusty.
 It is a fun place.
 It is a nice place.
 It is a happy place.
 It is a good place.*
By Evan Moore Aged: 6

Killusty School

*Killusty is where I go to school
 in Dad's car full of fuel.
 I go to school, go out to play
 if it is a sunny day.
 Teachers teach us every day,
 guiding us for life all the way.
 Chatting with my friends,
 I can't wait 'till the day ends.
 Every Friday we have a test
 all the time trying our best.
 The teachers are lovely
 and they are never mean,
 they are the most loveliest teachers
 you've ever seen.
 Children out to play, laughter in the air,
 children running around everywhere.
 Wednesdays we have drama with Mrs. Sheehan,
 every week we have a different theme.
 Fridays we have music with Gillian,
 it is great fun and we love her a ton.*
By Carrie Davey Aged: 10



Ciarán (left) and Paul Mullins from London visiting their uncles, Christy and Jimmy Mullins (right) at Fethard Car Boot Sale



The late Paddy Ryan on horse and cart while working at Holway's, Brodeen. 1992

Willie Mullins remembered

by Joe Kenny

Growing up in The Green was a special time for me and that magical time still remains strong in my memory to this day. One of the gentlest men I ever met was Willie Mullins who lived in the house opposite Owens. Willie used to work for us at that time doing odd jobs for my parents in the shop and garden. We had an ass and cart to ferry vegetables to and from our field at the top of Strylea. Willie taught me how to 'tackle' the ass and cart and many other chores that he did at that time. We worked together in the garden and became very good friends. Whenever our ass broke away and got lost, I'd cross over and tell Willie who appeared to know instinctively where our ass would have headed for, and off we'd go to find him and bring him home.

I loved listening to his stories and asked loads of questions as any child would. Willie's eyesight wasn't good and he told me he got a kick from an animal years before while working on a farm and that caused his blindness. He appeared to take it in his stride and I never once heard him complain or say a bad word about anything or anyone.

I called to his house a lot and brought 'messages' across from the shop. Speaking about his blindness he told me how it affected him at night time. He loved to have a fag while in bed and always quenched it by spitting in the palm of his hand

and dowsing the fag butt in the spittle. One night he let the fag butt accidentally fall and was unable to find it due to his blindness. That night he stayed up all night in case the house would go up on fire.

Electricity was a great asset to his life. Life was simple. He had one light in the centre of his house and one plug socket beside his front window. For company, Willie would walk down to Carroll's Corner Pub and have his few pints every night with his friends. I remember one day he called over to tell me the exciting news that he was going to get a transistor radio from some charitable organisation or government scheme. I can't remember which it was, but I can remember how excited he was and what a change it would make to his quiet lonely life, especially at night. Willie just wanted to know if I'd come over and help him set it up when it arrived. The radio did arrive and we eventually got it tuned up and working. I will never forget the excitement on his face. It was like he won the 'Sweepstake' (Lotto of that time). Another bonus was that it was also electric and could be plugged in and save buying batteries.

One Christmas Eve I remember Willie calling into our kitchen by the back door and looking very upset. He was going out for a pint and had lost his wallet, bonus money and all. Not used to seeing Willie upset,



Willie Mullins, The Green, the photo he never got to see!

I left with him to search around his house, saying a prayer that all would be well. And so it was, we found the wallet behind the radio ... maybe the vibrations helped it fall. It was the best Christmas present that anyone could give Willie, and a good feeling that has stayed with me all my life.

Another memory I have of Willie was taking his photograph (published below). I was twelve years old and my mother had bought me a Photographic Development Kit for Christmas at O'Sullivan's Chemist. Following many months of trying and encouragement from Donal

O'Sullivan, I eventually managed to develop my first film and photographs. Not long after that I was over to Willie to take his photograph outside his house. All excited I rushed home and developed it and brought it back to show Willie ... but all was not to be as expected. I had forgotten about Willie's blindness and he just couldn't see himself in the photograph. I was so disappointed ... the only disappointment I ever had in my life knowing Willie Mullins.

Willie Mullins died, aged 70, in St. Patrick's Hospital, Cashel, on May 14, 1976. ●

Green & Barrack St. Reunion *by Don McCarthy*



Whenever the Kennys, the Keanes, the McCarthys and the Hanrahans met up over the past ten years or so, and that was usually at a funeral, someone would say, "We really must organize a reunion." That little ember smouldered away until earlier this year when it burst into a flame, which resulted in a spectacular blaze of genuine friendship, camaraderie and neighbourliness on August 18, 2012. At some stage, toward the end of that wonderful day, a remark was passed with which I fully agreed. I will quote it exactly as he said it, "You know it just goes to show that when the people of Fethard decide to do something they always do it right."

Of course nothing just happens. Someone took the initiative, someone called that first meeting, some-

one prompted and gathered the ideas, trimmed them and fitted all the pieces together. Every community has a few jewels but even among the sparklers one gem usually shines brightest. I suspect that particular gem's name is Joe Kenny.

The Tour

At about half past four we met opposite Larry Kenny's shop. There was a crowd of approximately 50 people eager to retrace our baby steps, our hop skip and jumps, our skating rink, our hiding places, our football and hurling skills, our marble throwing accuracy, our skittle talent, the cricket crease, the Grand National jumps, the Wimbledon tennis courts, and we had all these play areas and sporting stadiums

because all that was required was imagination.

Our journey took us up the Back Green, around Clancy's corner, across by Trehy's garage to Delmege's field, down the back of the houses to Healy's lane, over to The Rocks, back to the Lower Green, across 'The Lane' to Barrack Street and back again from whence we started. We regaled each other with stories about Ellen (we can all have our dreams) Hade, Nanny Wall, the Keatings, the robbing of Major Delmege's and Mrs Gunne's orchards, Bulfin's milking parlour and cow dung emporium, Paddy and Mrs O'Donnell's piggery, Trehy's flooded house and the excessive amount of money paid by a generous Mick Trehy to have his garage painted by one particular lazy fecker. People spoke about Frank Scout Butler, his sporting and military life, the fire that claimed the life

of the Bainín Ryan and of course the story of Willie Mullins and the tin of peas (or pears) was told again. The 'Judy', Bob Byrne's corner, the 'Black Gate', Stokes' field, the Tirry Club and Kenny's old shop were all remembered as was a man from Barrack Street whose name was immortalized in song: one James Holohan. Who remembers?:

*The Wren, the Wren the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze,
up with my wattle and knocked him down
and brought him in to Fethard town.
Oh Jim Holohan, Oh Jim Holohan,
Oh Jim Holohan, they all know me!*

We stood together on Barrack St. and we sang that song and we remembered Jim Holohan and all those others whose spirits must surely have been very close to us at that magical moment.



At the reunion L to R: Thomas Barrett, Michael McCarthy, Don McCarthy, Ed Healy and Jeff Hanrahan.



Barrack Street group L to R: Andy O'Riordan, Mary Kane, Eamon Keane, Noreen Harrington, Agnes Walsh and Margaret Walsh

The Mass

At the 7.30pm Mass in the Abbey Church, we remembered again and said a prayer for all our loved ones, especially our parents. There was a closeness again with those who were with us in spirit and a bonding with those of us from the Green and Barrack St. who were there in the flesh. The Abbey Church in Fethard is fortunate indeed to have one of the best choirs in the country and at the end of Mass as the people were leaving they threw in an extra song that stopped everyone in their tracks: 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic', this hymn was written by American Julia Ward Howe to the tune of 'John Brown's Body' and, as the congregation stood with faces uplifted towards the choir gallery, I wondered on a personal note if certain people were thinking of Harper's Ferry, West Virginia

and the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. The round of applause at the end was a fitting tribute to a wonderful performance.

The Gathering

The last time I was in the Convent Hall the world was a much younger place. It was nineteen-sixty-six and the Leaving Cert was the only game in town so it was nice to walk into the hall that evening with a much lighter and carefree step than was the case forty-six years ago.

The tour and the Mass were great events in themselves but this was the Gathering, the coming together of the people (young and old) of the Green and Barrack Street. Old friends and neighbours, extended families, Green and Barrack Street in-laws, people from other parts of the town and beyond who for various reasons

wanted to be with us. There was food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, walls festooned with faces from the past. Some of these faces which had begun to fade from memory were now reinstated in the memory bank: Ned King, Bob Byrne, Jo Barrett, Josie Carey, Hugh Delmege, Lory Kenny.

There were photographs of ourselves when we were younger and somewhat prettier. There were photos of houses that were neither young nor pretty but they were all we had and we had to make do. I

saw in many of those old photos the indomitable spirit of past generations which shone from them in their proud and almost defiant demeanour and I know that we who followed survived by the good grace and sacrifice of great men and women.

We, the people of the Green and Barrack Street, can be proud of our heritage and know we walked in the footsteps of 'Gladiators'. Many thanks to all of you for the idea, its planning and its excellent execution. ●



Children on The Green in the 1960s Back L to R: Marion McCormack, Una Sharpe, Margaret McCarthy, Tommy McCormack (front), Don McCarthy, Theresa McCarthy, Marian McCarthy. Front L to R: Valerie McCormack, Michael McCormack, Martin Healy and Michael McCarthy

Here's to Fethard's next reunion!



The honour of cutting the cake at The Green and Barrack Street Reunion fell to L to R: Kathleen Kenny, Mary Newport, Aggie Barrett, Kitty O'Donnell and Esther McCormack

Saturday, August 18, 2012 saw a very unique event take place in Fethard — the first area reunion organised by residents and former residents of The Green and Barrack Street. The programme started in the afternoon with an informal walking tour of the area, which included the Lower Green, the Upper Green, the Back Green and Barrack Street. Later in the evening Mass for all deceased residents of The Green and Barrack Street was celebrated in the Augustinian Abbey and was attended by a large group representing the various families. After Mass, everyone moved on to the Fethard Youth Centre (formerly known as the Convent Hall) for an evening of chat and refreshments; to view the extraordinary and comprehensive

photographic exhibition and slide show; and to participate in what proved to be a very amiable, convivial and thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The Reunion took place as part of Fethard's annual medieval festival, and while the word 'medieval' refers to the middle ages, it was pleasing to see people of all ages, from the youngest to the oldest, gathering as one community of a very unique part of Fethard to celebrate their shared history and experience. It was poignant to see those of the older generation looking at the photographs of people they knew and remembered, most of whom have now gone on to their eternal reward, and delightful to see the younger generation mingling with old friends and neighbours who came from all

over to attend the Reunion. Lovely to watch people just chatting, reminiscing and re-visiting their childhoods. It was truly gratifying to see members of families such as the Kennys, the Gunnes, the Sayers and the Healys (to name a few) whose names have been synonymous with the area for generations, celebrating beside members of the area's 'newer' families.

It is said that one is a product of heredity and environment; well, if that same could be applied to an event, the Green and Barrack Street reunion had the best possible chance of being fantastic, which it proved to

be, given it had the inheritance of its history and its families and the environment of the Youth Centre, which proved to be a perfect location for the event. All the walls were covered with a magnificent range of prints of old photographs, courtesy of the incomparable Joe Kenny, proof if proof was needed that a picture tells a thousand words, and a gentle nudge for the digital generation to 'get them printed' so that future generations will have something tangible to look at. A continuous slide show had more images on view,

which kept people entertained all evening. The organising committee provided a generous selection of buffet foods and plenty of refreshments ensuring the whistles were whetted and the fettle kept fine of all those in attendance. One of the highlights of the evening was the 'Green'

cake, a specially commissioned confection which was cut by five of the more senior Green and Barrack Street natives in attendance.

In addition to the wonderful memories those who attended have of the night, everyone was presented with a commemorative booklet as a keep-

sake of the event, which includes some of the photographs featured at the event and reproductions of census statistics and other articles of interest. If those organising events for 2013's 'The Gathering' need an example on how to ensure their success, they need look no further than The Green and Barrack Street Reunion, as a more successful gathering would be hard to find.

A huge 'Well Done' to all those involved and here's to Fethard's next 'area' reunion. ●

— LNK



L to R: Johnny Carey and Paddy Lonergan at the Green & Barrack Street Reunion

Donations Received 2012

Acknowledged below are donations (€10 and over) received from readers and organisations up to November 30, 2012. We would also like to thank all those who wished to remain anonymous.

Ahearne, Kitty, Main Street, Fethard
 Aherne, Joan (Murphy), Clondalkin, Dublin
 Allen, Noreen, Cashel Road, Fethard
 Allen, Vincent, Edenderry
 Anglim, Joan, The Valley, Fethard
 Anglim, Monica (Woodlock), New Jersey, USA
 Armstrong, Monica (Dwyer), Northampton, UK
 Ashby, Dennis, Chatham, Kent, UK
 Augustinian Abbey Fethard
 Aylward, Christy, Clonmel
 Aylward, Mary, Bray, Co. Wicklow
 Aylward, Tony & Paula, Naas
 Barnes, Frances (O'Halloran), Kent, UK
 Barrett, Angela (McCarthy), Ardfinnan
 Barry, Fr. Michael, Borrisoleigh
 Barry, Michael, Kilkenny
 Barry, Rose (Ryan), Lismore
 Barry, Seamus, Tullamaine, Fethard
 Batchelor, Maureen (Cummins), Peterborough
 Berry, Geraldine (Heffernan), La Castera, France
 Bowers, Mary, Portlaw, Co. Waterford
 Bramley, Anna (Skehan), New South Wales
 Brennan, Helen, Garristown, Co. Dublin
 Brett, Alfie & Peg, Rocklow Road, Fethard
 Brett, Rosie (Bradshaw), Clonmel
 Browne, Dolly, Portarlinton
 Browne, Nora (Ryan), Rathdowney
 Burke, Eamonn & Nora, Tralee, Co. Kerry
 Burke, James, San Francisco, USA
 Burke, Mary, Thurles
 Burke, Patsy (Byard), Killenaule
 Butler, Mike, Limerick City
 Byard, Dr. Donal, New Jersey, USA
 Byrne, John, Ballincollig, Cork
 Byrne, Lelia, Middlesex, UK
 Byrne, Michael, Wellington, New Zealand
 Byrnes, George, Texas, USA
 Canty, Mary (Casey), Tramore
 Carrigan, Lucy, Brooklyn, New York
 Carroll, Mary (Shine), South Australia
 Cassidy, Maura (Stokes), Dublin 6
 Clark, Rita, San Mateo, USA
 Coady, Johnnie & Mary, Dorset, England.
 Coady, Marie (Burke), Ninemilehouse, Carrick
 Collins, Olivia (Schofield), Templemore
 Colville, Anthony, Essex, England
 Colville, Tony & Maeve (O'Shea), Tullamore
 Condon, Carmel, Rocklow, Fethard

Connolly, Thomas, Essex UK
 Connolly, William & Dorothy, The Green, Fethard
 Cooney, Tom, New York
 Cord, J., Sussex, England
 Corr, Patrick Michael, Australia
 Culligan, James, Cahir, Co. Tipperary
 Cummings, Dave, Schuylerville, New York
 Cummins, Joan (Sayers), Cashel
 Cummins, Liam, Clonmel
 Cummins, Michael, Yorkshire
 Cummins, Mrs R., Hemel Hempstead, UK
 Curran, Timmy, Welwyn Garden City, UK
 Curtin, Jacqueline (Moloney), Stillorgan
 Danaher, Kevin, Fulham, London
 Darcy, Mrs Phil, Kent, England
 Davern, Honor (Mulligan), Cashel
 Dawson, Martina (Murphy), Cappamore
 Dawson, Sheila (Cummins), Gloucester, UK
 Delany Family, Parsons Hill, Fethard
 Devlin, Rainy (Healy), Toledo, Ohio, USA
 Dineen, James, California USA
 Dineen, Lory, Tramore
 Dixon, Patrick, Enniscorthy
 Doheny, Noel & Marion (Fitzgerald), London
 Downes, Mary, Cahir
 Doyle, Judy & Sean, Strylea, Fethard
 Dunne, Patricia (O'Dwyer), Newcastle West
 Eustace, Teresa, Ballintubber, Co. Roscommon
 Evans, Bob & Karin, Germany
 Everard, Richard, Holland
 Fahey, Betty (Bradshaw), Clonmel
 Fergus, Sheila, Congers, New York
 Fethard & Killusty Community Council,
 Fethard Ballroom,
 Fethard Car Boot Sale,
 Fethard Community Employment Scheme,
 Fethard Community Games,
 Fethard Country Market,
 Fethard Day Care Centre,
 Fethard Girl Guides,
 Fethard Historical Society,
 Fethard ICA Guild,
 Fethard Ladies Football Club,
 Fethard Tidy Towns,
 Fitzgerald-Ryan, Denis & Sheena, Canada
 Fitzgerald, Jimmy, Fenit, Co. Kerry
 Fitzgerald, Michael, Fethard
 Fitzgerald, Ollie, Leicestershire, UK

Fitzgerald, Paddy, Gwersyllt, Wrexham, UK
 Fitzgerald, Tony, Clonmel
 Fitzgerald, Cathriona (Ward), Waterford
 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
 Frewen, Willie, Fenor, Co. Waterford
 Gibson, Mrs M., Tullaroan, Co. Kilkenny
 Gleeson, Pauline (Ryan), Boherlahan
 Gluck, Kathleen (Morrissey), Isle of Wight
 Griffin, Ena, Herts, England
 Grimson, Douglas, Queensland, Australia
 Gunne, Sean, Clonmel
 Hackett, Paul, Auckland, New Zealand
 Halley, John, Dublin 16
 Harkin, Jennifer (Cummins), Old Leighlin
 Hayes, Canon Matthew, Bath, UK
 Hayes, John, Toronto, Canada
 Hayes, Pat & Mary (Anglim), Queensland
 Hayes, Willie, Roscrea
 Hennessy, Mary (Smith), Middlesex, England
 Hetterley, David & Frances (Kenrick), Hereford
 Hitchcock, Barbara, Rochester, Kent, UK
 Hopkins, Mary (O'Connell), Victoria, Australia.
 Horan, Kevin & Lisa, Braintree, USA
 Hunt, Maureen (Mackey), Staffordshire, UK
 Jakeman, Rodney, Cheshire UK
 Jones, Barbara, East Sussex
 Jordan, Ronan, Celbridge, Co. Kildare
 Kavanagh, Rena (Keyes), Waterford
 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, John, Deansgrove, Cashel
 Kevin OSU, Sr. Monica, New York
 Killusty National School,
 Knight, Mai, Wantage, UK
 Lanigan, Helen, Faughheen
 Lavin, Michael & Margaret, Waxhaw, USA
 Leahy, Gerry, Kilkenny
 Lee, John, Bishopstown, Cork
 Legion of Mary, Fethard,
 Leonard, Euna (Whyte), Cork
 Lonergan, Thomas, Preston, UK
 Looby, John & Patricia (Halloran), Surrey, UK
 Lovatt-Dolan, Elizabeth (Quirke), Dublin
 MacDermid, B. Walter, Silver Spring, MD, USA
 Maher, Mary (O'Donovan), Moynes
 Major, Rosanna, Surrey UK
 Mannion, Cathryn (Byrne), Athlone
 Marshall, Tom & Patricia, Portlaoise

Martley, Sr. Margaret, Cork
 McCarthy, Don, Leixlip, Co. Kildare
 McCole, Nora (O'Shea), Perth
 McCormack Sheridan, Eileen, Naas, Co. Kildare
 McCormack, John Joe, Limerick
 McCormack, Michael, Luton Beds, England
 McCormack, Thomas, Gwynedd, Wales
 McElroy, Paula (Carey), Newry, Co. Down
 McLaren, Mary (Ryan), Kent, UK
 McLean, Arthur, Thompson, USA
 McNulty, Mary (Maher), Bedford, UK
 Meaney, James J., London SW19
 Meaney, Michael, Ipswich, UK
 Meehan, Mrs Ellen, Oklahoma, USA
 Millett, Augustine, West Norwood, London
 Moloney, Patrick F., Bucks. UK
 Moloney, Tom, Northampton, UK
 Mooney, Anna (Skehan), Belfast
 Moore, Mary (Gorey), Drogheda
 Morgan, Dee (Gordon), Michigan, USA
 Morrissey, Billy, Herts. UK
 Morrissey, J. J., Tralee, Co. Kerry
 Morrissey, Shaun, Cheshire, UK
 Morrissey, Teresa (McCarthy), Ballymacarby
 Mulligan, Declan, San Francisco
 Mullins, Denis, New Jersey
 Mullins, Denise, New Jersey, USA
 Mullins, Paul, London
 Mullins, Vincent, North Yorks, UK
 Neville, Roger, Tullamore
 Nevin, Gery, Floral Park, New York
 Newport, Tony & Mary, Congress Terrace, Fethard.
 Nichols, Betty (Dineen), Warwick, UK
 O'Donnell, James, Tuckhoe, New York
 O'Neill PP, Rt. Rev. Msgr. William, Savannah, USA
 O'Brien, Cathy, New York
 O'Brien, Margaret (Butler), Limerick
 O'Brien, Mary (Kenrick), Limerick
 O'Brien, OSU, Sr. Margaret, Brussels, Belgium
 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, Seamus, Essex, England
 O'Connell, Sue & Jim, Halifax, UK
 O'Connor OSA, Fr. John, Dungarvan
 O'Connor, Mary, Westport, Co. Mayo
 O'Connor, Stephen, Kiltinan, Fethard
 O'Donnell, Anna (Mackey), Niles, Illinois, USA
 O'Donnell, Jimmy, Dublin 16
 O'Donnell, Joe, Surrey, UK
 O'Donnell, Mary (O'Meara), Ontario, Canada
 O'Donnell, Tony, Dublin 9
 O'Donovan, Gabrielle (Mackey), Carlow
 O'Dwyer, Johnny, Strylea, Fethard

O'Flynn, Patrick, Glen Ellyn, Illinois
 O'Hanrahan, Patrick, London W9
 O'Hara, Catherine, Oxford, England.
 O'Keefe, Larry & Helen (Cummins), Clonmel
 O'Keefe, Michael & Hazel, Birmingham
 O'Mahoney, Laura (Ward), Ballybay, Monaghan
 O'Meara Family, Killusty
 O'Meara, Chrissie, Grove Road, Fethard
 O'Neill, Hugh, Wilton, Cork
 O'Neill, Ken, Dublin 6
 O'Rourke, Andy, Dublin 15
 O'Sullivan, Brian & Edith, Glasgow, Scotland
 O'Sullivan, John & Claire, Clonmel
 O'Sullivan, Marie, Main Street, Fethard
 O'Sullivan, Michael, Rathvin, Fethard
 Orski, Patricia (Morrissey), Beckenham, Kent
 Patrician Presentation Secondary School, Fethard
 Paxton, Theresa (Quinlan), Bucks., UK
 Payne, Vera (O'Donovan), Cambs. England
 Pereira, Geraldine (White), Madeira, Portugal
 Perkins, Biddy (Power), Cheltenham
 Power, Ned, Wolverhampton, UK
 Presentation Convent Fethard
 Quinn, Tom, Surrey, UK
 Reeves, Maureen (Fogarty), Shrewley, UK
 Roche, Peggy (Kenny), Thurles
 Ryan, Danny, Clonmel
 Ryan, Mary (Murphy), Cashes
 Ryan, Michael J., St. Albans, Herts, UK
 Ryan, Philip, Paulstown, Co. Kilkenny
 Ryan, Sarah, Fleet Street, London, UK
 Scouting Ireland 27th Fethard,
 Seymour, Eleanor (Walsh), Mount Colah, NSW
 Sheehan, Jimmy, Birkenhead, UK
 Sheehan, Johnny, St. Patrick's Place, Fethard
 Sheehan, Patrick, Hitchin, Herts, UK
 Shephard, Patricia (Heffernan), Orange, NSW

Shine, Tom, Cahir
 Skehan CSsR, Rev. William, Philippines.
 Skehan, Nicholas, Dublin
 Slattery, William, Mitchelstown
 Slattery, William, Milton Keynes, UK
 Smith, Robert, Norfolk, UK
 Squires, May (O'Dwyer), Essex
 Stapleton, Martin & Rita (O'Grady), Dublin 7
 Staunton, Rena (Stokes), London NW1
 Swarc, Agnes (Culligan), Kent, UK
 Taylor Family, Saucestown, Fethard
 Tierney, Patrick, Cork
 Tingley, Ellen (Culligan), Seven Oaks, Kent, UK
 Tobin, Patrick & Ellen (Walsh), Clonmel
 Tumpene, Breeda (Lucey), Naas
 Tyska, Katherine (Sayers), Brooklyn, N.Y.
 Wade-Palmer, Eileen (Doherty), Hampshire
 Walsh OSA, Fr. Joseph, Victoria, Australia
 Walsh, Anne (Kenrick), Glenageary, Co Dublin
 Walsh, Gerard, Ontario, Canada
 Walsh, Hugh, Tallaght, Dublin.
 Walsh, Pat, Leeds, UK
 Walsh, Pat, N.S.W. Australia
 Walshe, Michael A, Surbiton, Surrey, UK
 Warren, Susan, Omaha USA
 Watson, Simon & Amanda, New Zealand
 Whelan, Paddy, London, UK
 White, Ellen, Drangan
 Whyte, Eileen (Leahy), Drangan
 Whyte, Liam, Clonmel
 Whyte, Michael, Leicestershire, UK
 Wilkins, Christine (Sayers), Taghmon, Co. Wexford
 Wyatt, Frank, North Carolina, USA
 Wyatt, Kevin, Phoenix, Arizona
 Wyatt, Paul, California, USA
 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.

Badgers Sports and Social Club

It has been a very eventful and non-eventful year in the club this year. Sadly, the eventful has been personal and the non-eventful was that we did little outside the normal games of soccer every Thursday night from 8 to 9pm at the Killenaule Astro turf.

For the first time in our long eight years' history we had nothing at all going on in summer, but come September we were back playing football again and Saturday, December 1, is our Christmas party night, so Happy Christmas to one and all! ●

Bootcamp Tipperary

Great fun was had this year by all at the bootcamp based just four miles from Fethard in Rathkenny. Not only that but people really did set themselves goals and worked hard to achieve them. To name but a few, Valerie and Jennifer Rice went on to compete in the Thurles 10km road race, coming in with very good times for their very first time at such a distance. A little later in the year Valerie joined six others to take part in the 'Run-a-Muck' challenge in Co. Kildare. This is a five or ten kilometre race through muck, walls of large bales, great big ditches, deep dikes, water

filled trenches, high net climbs and lots more. The team of nine from Fethard's Bootcamp Tipperary took to the task with great determination and successfully completed the course, helping each other all the way, showing great team work and camaraderie. Well done to all involved. In the New Year we hope to send a team to the 'Hell and Back' challenge.

Bootcamp Tipperary runs all through the year, three nights a week on Monday, Wednesday and Fridays from 7pm to 8pm. Check other photos on Facebook at 'Bootcamp Tipperary'. ●



Happy 'Run-a-Muck' girls from Bootcamp Tipperary L to R: Valerie Rice, Michelle Lawton, Aine Murphy, Claire O'Brien, Mary Maher, Jennifer Fogarty and Geraldine Casey.

Revisiting Fethard memories



Rainy and her childhood friend, Mary O'Connor, sitting on the wall outside of the Abbey Church. Mary provided the Devlins with a walking tour of the town to point out changes and new additions.

In late August, 2012, a group of Healys and Devlins paid a return visit to Fethard and I travelled down from Westport especially to meet them. My particular interest was to meet up with my old school friend, Rainy, the youngest of the Healy girls, who had travelled from Toledo, Ohio, with her husband Michael Devlin and their daughter Maire. They came to Fethard with a view to seeing all the old haunts of our schooldays and just spending time strolling around the town and meeting old friends. Rainy's two older children, Sean and Nora, were not with the group this time but have been here many times over the years. Also in the company were

Marion, Majella and Jack Healy. Marion, the eldest of the family, now lives and works in Cork as does Jack and his family, while Majella, the second daughter, lives in Gorey, Co. Wexford, with her family. Majella's husband, Tom, sadly died in 1991. Eileen Healy, the third daughter, who lives in Bunclody, Co. Wexford, was not able to be with her sisters as she was accompanying her husband, Liam Dunne, as he prepared to climb Mount Kilimanjaro! Con, the youngest member of the family is currently working in California, though his family base is Limerick.

During their stay in the town, the Healys visited the Church of Ireland and walked around the River Walk

and the Town Wall and were very taken with the restoration work that has been done in these areas. The weather was beautiful during their few days in Fethard, which contributed hugely to their enjoyment of their walkabout. They also visited the Presentation Convent and met several of the nuns there. They were delighted to meet Sr. Annunciata who had taught maths to almost the whole family at one time or another. The convent gardens brought back memories of sunny days in primary school when we sang hymns and said the Rosary during processions to the grotto at the top of the garden.

I remember the day the Healy family arrived in Fethard back in 1963. We all knew a new Sergeant was coming to town and we were

hoping there would be girls of our age to play with. I wasn't disappointed when the small black Ford pulled up outside Paddy Grant's butcher's shop and four girls tumbled out, followed by the parents and two small boys. I made it my business to make Rainy my best friend, following her around until she gave in and we were inseparable for the next nine years of our schooling in Fethard and remained friends through college, our first jobs and her wedding in 1981, at which I was a bridesmaid. The friendship continues to the present and soon after Rainy's recent visit to Fethard, my husband Frank and I met up with her in Chicago in October during a trip to the States.

When the Healys first came to Fethard, they lived in the small flat



*Members of the Healy family photographed in Limerick at a family get together in May 2011
Back L to R: Con and Jack. Front L to R: Marion, Majella and Eileen*



Rainy Healy, her husband Michael Devlin, daughter Maura, sisters Majella and Marion in McCarthy's last September

over Paddy Grant's butchers shop (now Goreys). In those days this was a four-roomed flat with no bathroom, just an outside toilet downstairs - not ideal for a family of eight by today's standards! The family was later delighted to move into the big old Garda Barracks on The Square and for the first time to enjoy the luxury of a bathroom! The girls tell me they loved this house and the fact that the Garda offices and the cells were on the ground floor made it all the more exciting. There was a yard out the back and a big garden behind that where I remember attending at least one pet funeral. I think the deceased may have been a budgie. The most memorable and well-known of Healy's pets was of course Rinty, a very friendly little terrier who was popular with everyone and had some offspring around

the town. The Healys moved to one of the new Garda houses on The Square in 1965 and we envied them, as in those days very few of our friends lived in a newly-built house.

But whether Mrs Healy lived in a small flat or a new house, she was one of the most hospitable women I've known. We were always warmly welcomed into her home and made the centre of attention. We would be brought up to sit at the fire and join in the conversation. We loved when she had one of her card games because this meant there would be delicious food on offer and there was always a bit to spare for us young ones. I think everyone's favourite was her sponge topped with whipped cream and Cadbury's flake.

When Rainy and I were in 6th class, there was very severe frost in early spring and a group of us doing

the scholarship exam in Clonmel had to travel there in the back of the old green Volkswagon P&T van as cars couldn't make it up Market Hill in the ice. We were frozen and miserable all day and I was sick. Sergeant and Mrs Healy came to pick us up after the exam in their little dark green Anglia and they couldn't have been nicer or more sympathetic to me if I had been their own daughter!

Sergeant and Mrs Healy's names were Con and Gobnait but in the fashion of the day we never used their Christian names. Mrs Healy, who came from Ballyvourney in West Cork, had a big heart and always thought about those less fortunate than herself, inviting people from the town who were alone to share

Christmas with the family each year. She was involved in several social and community groups in Fethard, for example the Fethard Development Association, the ICA, the Children of Mary, Meals on Wheels and the Gardening Club. She was always available to help out with catering for local and charitable events - on one memorable occasion serving food to Marianne Faithful who was performing in the ballroom that evening! We young people were roped in as well to make sandwiches or do the washing-up but it never seemed a chore when we were all working together and chatting to the other women from the town or to the guests. It was a social event in itself.



The late Gobnait and Con Healy photographed in 1988

Mrs Healy had strong viewpoints on topical issues and wasn't shy about expressing them. She was a great believer in education and made sure all her family worked hard and made the most of their opportunities. She was a creative, artistic woman and in her later years, when, I imagine, she finally had some leisure-time, she painted in watercolour and had an exhibition of her work. She was also a lover of nature and enjoyed going on bird-watching courses to such places as the Burren.

Sergeant Healy was a popular man in town. He was a gentle person of few words but with



Jack Healy juggling at Fethard Festival 1987

a wry sense of humour and often came out with an apt observation when we thought he wasn't listening to us at all! In my experience he was always ready to do a good turn. As a fellow Kerryman, he shared a huge interest in football with my father. When he retired in 1977 the family built a bungalow in Monroe, where they continued their hospitable lifestyle and took great pleasure in gardening. I have admired many plants and shrubs in gardens around

Fethard to be told that they came from Mrs Healy's garden. Sergeant and Mrs Healy left Fethard in 1993 and settled in Buncloody, Co. Wexford, with their daughter Eileen and her family.

The sergeant died in Eileen's home in 1995, coincidentally my mother Joan and sister Rita were visiting them at the time and the Sergeant passed away peacefully as the two families sat around a meal together. Mrs Healy died in 1998 after a long battle with cancer. May they both rest in peace.

The Healys have kept up their links with Fethard over the years. Jack and Con in particular have many friends in the town and have often come to stay with my brother John and catch up with old friends. Jack has also performed plays and staged shows in the local schools.

During their thirty years in Fethard the Healy family contributed much to the life of the town. It was fitting that the sun shone on them on their return visit this summer. ☀

Mary O'Connor, Westport (formerly Main St.).

A year in the Life of The Tipps



*At the Opening Meet of the Tipperary Foxhounds in Fethard are
L to R: Frances Boyle, Nicholas Goodbody and Rosemary Lalor.*

The Tipperary Foxhounds were founded in 1820, and the Kennels established at Tullamaine in 1919. The Hunt has many historical connections with the Fethard area.

Our year starts with The Opening Meet, which is traditionally held in Fethard. For the past few years we have met in The Valley, where McCarthy's Hotel very kindly host drinks for all. Huntsman Derry Donegan and hounds trotting along beside the medieval walls, on their way to the Meet, is certainly a sight to behold. Hunting this season opened on Bank Holiday Monday, October. 29. There was a good turnout, and a large crowd came to view.

The Children's Meet on Christmas Eve is held at Grove, by kind permission of Mr and Mrs Harry Ponsonby.

They also host refreshments prior to everyone setting off for a lovely day, based in the beautiful Grove estate. This Meet is always a huge hit with the children and Father Christmas giving out sweets to one and all.

We meet on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday through until the end of February. We look forward to a great season. Our Masters since 2011 are Liam Kearney, Tim Hyde, Paul Ronan and Marion Goodbody, whose grandfather Richard Burke, was Master in the late 1800s up to the 1920s, when hounds were kennelled in Grove, Lakefield and Tullamaine.

We are extremely privileged to cross some of the finest, most interesting and challenging countryside in Ireland. We are eternally grateful

to the farmers and landowners who allow us to hunt over their land.

Our pack of hounds of 50 couple are looked after by our Huntsman, Derry Donegan, who is in his seventh season with us, along with Gavin Shorten, our Whipper In. Gavin started with us this season, he comes from the Stonehall Harriers country in County Limerick. In recent years we have stabled our Hunt horses at Tullamaine. During the hunting season we employ fencers, Conor O'Donnell and Jim Murphy, who look after the countryside during and after each day's hunting.

We hold three Point-to-Points each year at Lisronagh in March, April and December. These grounds are owned by Clonmel Horse Show & Agricultural Society. Local trainers who have had winners there recently include Cliff Wilkinson, Michael Phillips, Aiden Kennedy, Hilary McLoughlan, Dick Lalor, Thomond O'Mara and P.J. Coleville.

Our annual Puppy Show is held in July at the Kennels. This is our opportunity to see the 'new entry' of hounds – recruits for the next season's hunting. The day is always a very interesting social occasion, with a delicious tea and barbeque. Local prize winners this year include William Morgan, Joe Morgan and Ned Tierney.

From eight weeks old, hound puppies are allotted to puppy walkers who volunteer to rear them for the next few months. After this time they are returned to the Kennels to

join the rest of the pack. The puppy walkers are a big asset to the Hunt, allowing their charges to get used to people and normal 'family' life!

The All-Ireland Hound Show is held annually at Stradbally Hall, in the first week in July. This year Derry Donegan achieved the remarkable feat of winning both the Dog Hound Championship and the Bitch Hound Championship.

We hold various other events through the year, one of which is our Hunt Ball. For the past number of years a group of our members have organised a Charity Ride from Moyglass. This has proved a great success and has been well supported by members and visitors. Each year money raised has been given to local charities, and the Community Hall in Moyglass, where we always have a lovely tea.

For the first time we have launched a calendar for 2013, as a fund raiser for our hunt. This has lovely photographs, sponsored by many people including Larry Kenny. It is very well presented, including space to write your own notes, and would make a great present. Just phone Wendy on 087 7563653 or Jane 087 2481195 to order.

To finish we would like to pay tribute to one of our former members, Billy Meagher of Lismoyan, Drangan who died this year, RIP. He was a keen follower of our hunt, and the following is a poem that he wrote about hunting in Tipperary. ●

Hunting in Tipperary

When I was a young man I followed the hounds

But that was long long ago

The excitement and enjoyment there's none to compare

As long as you had a horse that could go

When people were delighted to see Reynard on foot

And farmers were seldom contrary;

'Twas many the great day of hunting we had

'Round Fethard in South Tipperary

But of all the great hunts I have ever been at

There is one I must tell you about

We met in Cloneen, we drew Kyleneagranagh

Now I will tell you the route.

A dog fox broke cover on the southern side

And headed straight down for Cloneen

He swung right-handed went through Garranguile

Where hounds' music rose to a scream.

At Ballinard Wood the scent still held good

From that into Doran's thick gorse,

The ditches we met were hard to forget

They tested the man and the horse,

There was many a dyke between Doran's and Spike

And some got held up at the Tyne,

For those that got through there was nothing to do

Only ride like hell and follow the line.

On the captain's long hill there was a great thrill

For those who were not forced to yield

In the valley below where we were to go

The fox, hounds and horses were all in one field.

So we galloped along to the hounds' merry song

Like John Peel that huntsman of yore,

But old clever Reynard was leading the way

And headed straight for the woods of Coolmore.

Well wherever he went he couldn't be found

For maybe ten minutes or more

Till Ryan the Whip put him down off a tree

And the hunt was on like never before.

We thundered across through the flat of Coolbawn

Where there was neither a hill nor a hollow

For excitement and enjoyment there was none to compare

As long as you had a horse that could follow.

There was mud slush and gutter thrown back in our faces

But we didn't mind that at all,

As long as old Reynard held straight to his line

And didn't go near Killenaule.

Grangebarry we touched as we hit Knockinglass

Through Cattagantown hounds fairly flew

Woodhouse and Clonbrogan were left far below

As were Magorban and Silverfort too.

Bufanna where the pressure started to tell

Where some of them baulked and more of them fell,

Noan and the going was firm under foot

Where some did complain that their horses were shot.

With the Master ahead who was going like a train

And the Field keeping in touch with spur, with rein.

Killballyherbery was the name of the place

Otherwise the Killhills where we ended the chase,

For the quarry decided he couldn't take more

And dragged himself into a big roadside shore.

There the Master decided to leave him to rest

He had put the best of horses and dogs to the test

And the people who rode them had this to say

You will never finish a better hunt than today.

— Billy Meagher, Lismoyan, Drangan



Chat outside Newports, Main Street, June 1998 L to R: Tony Newport, Tom Barrett, Eddie Dineen, Paddy Dahill, Joe O'Dwyer and Jack Ryan. Tony is the only surviving member of the group today.



This photograph was taken in the 'Abbey Field' c.1937. We only have some of the names as follows: Back L to R: Sean Morrissey, ?, Patrick Heffernan, John 'Boxer' Ryan, Michael Heffernan. Front L to R: Jim Heffernan, ?, Seanie Cummins and ?. If anyone has any further information please let us know.

Leish

by John Fogarty

*'... she is not dead, she doth not sleep!
she hath awakened from the dream of life.'*

(Adapted from P.B.Shelley's 'Adonais')

I hear her singing now across the years.

In the early morning kitchen of our house in The Valley. It's so quiet, so still, I've just awoken. Jim is still mumbling in his sleep. Pat beside him. They are at the head of the bed, me at the foot. Toes poking into my face. Frank, Gerry and Joseph are sleeping in the other bed. The baby, Bernard, in the pram with her in the kitchen, a poorly furnished room: a table with two forms, standing on a bare concrete floor that she sometimes scrubs at night when we are in bed. Her voice is plaintive, soft. Singing to the baby, singing to herself. Maybe dreaming of another world. Finding consolation in a song.

*'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
with vassals and serfs at my side...'*

I'd heard it sung in a Laurel and Hardy film that we'd seen in the Capitol Cinema one Sunday afternoon. She'd told us she'd seen it once. Arra years ago, she'd said. The song was really called the Gypsy Girl's Dream from The Bohemian Girl, an opera about a poor gypsy

girl who discovers that she is really the daughter of a wealthy Count. You could see she liked that song a lot.

Remembering this, I dream back through the years to other moments with her, some half-remembered, others that glow in the memory: a summer Sunday evening on Jesuit's Walk,



chatting with her friend, Teresa Coffey. She calls to us, come back will ye, when we race too far from her with pram and baby.

Watching her wrap blue crepe paper around jam-pots, arranging the lilac and bluebells that we'd gathered for her May procession altar; scrubbing our necks, darning socks, gently picking grit from skinned knees. Reaching behind the ornaments for her purse on Sunday afternoons, counting out coins, making up the price of the matinee for us at the Capitol cinema.

And I recall the simple stories she'd told us of herself and the life she'd known once when she was a young girl called Leish Cooney, long before she became our mother.

I see her, a young girl at home in Ballinagrana, a little holding outside Carrick-on-Suir. Fethard, Joey, her children, another story far away in the future, unknown. It is 1933. She is walking down the lane-way to her home. Aged nine. School-satchel on her back, keeping an eye on little Seamus, her brother, who runs ahead. She is quietly excited. Can't wait to get home. Proudly she carries a picture of the Holy Family. Jesus Mary, and Joseph, doves hovering above their heads. She has won it for being best at English in fourth standard at the Presentation Sister's school in Carrick – on – Suir. She loves spelling and writing and English reading. Her mother is pleased and together they hang it in the bedroom she shares with her sisters Nellie and May. I picture her there sitting quietly, contemplating it for long minutes, absorbing it.

(Throughout her life she will often do that. When she is kneading dough, or turning a shirt collar, or simply drinking a cup of tea - hearing a song or a piece of music that touches her, she will pause, be transported to some inner place.)

Her picture hangs there year after year, unregarded, gathering dust long after she has left and other chapters of her life have opened up at the far side of Sliabhnamon, in the town of Fethard.

Until after her father and mother have died, and May, her sister, who has inherited the house and few acres, has died also - then she carries it once more, sixty years later,

this time to the home that she has made with Joey.

Now it is 1937. She is thirteen. In the sixth standard at the Presentation convent. Her schooldays coming to a close.

Somehow she and her two older sisters, Nellie and May, have scraped the price of the pictures together. They are at 'The Bohemian Girl', a Laurel and Hardy film, showing in The Strand cinema. She sits, eyes glued to the screen, watching the young gypsy girl singing 'I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls' as Hardy gazes at her in raptures and Laurel stuffs food into his mouth. But she hears only the music. Gently, powerfully, achingly, it swells in her heart, her soul, carrying her away to another world.

*"I dreamt that I dwell in marble halls,
with vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all those who assembled
within those halls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count, could boast,
Of a high ancestral name.
But I also dreamt which pleased me most,
That you loved me still the same,
That you loved me, you loved me still the same,
That you loved me, you loved me still the same."*

(She holds that song in her heart and far away in the future she will sing it softly in the kitchen when her children are sleeping, or when she needs a lullaby for one of her babies.)

All the way home her sister May talks incessantly about the funny bits with Laurel and Hardy. But she is quiet, sensitive, self-effacing, she wants to savour the music she has

heard. Float away in a young girl's dream.

She walks a few steps behind May and Nellie, the oldest in the family. The music and the memory of it carry her along and fill her with a warm, secret yearning. For what she is not sure. Her heart has been engulfed with emotion, a longing for something exquisite, for something beautiful, something tender as the music that echoes sweetly in her soul.

By 1940 there is a war raging in the world far beyond The Suir and Sliabhnamon. She is sixteen now and working for Mrs. Kiely, a school-mistress and a strict woman. She lives in, doing all of the housework and cooking. In the evening she walks to the village of Ballyneale and later she sits in her room and thinks of her sisters at home in Ballinagrana. Of her brothers Seamus and Tom. She misses them and the chats they used to have. She misses her parents. Her father's music on the melodeon and violin when neighbours come in and dance in the kitchen and sometimes out into the yard beyond the half-door.

One day in Carrick she meets her school-friend, Maura Power. There is a job going as a maid in Kiltinan Castle. At the other side of Sliabhnamon near the town of Fethard. Her heart stirs with hope and anticipation. She is determined to take this chance, to get away from the stern Mrs Kiely. She cycles the sixteen or so miles to Kiltinan and meets the owner, Mrs. La

Terriere, an eccentric lady who dresses in men's clothes. It is a long way from Ballinagrana, along roads that wind around the mountain. She gets the job and soon after she cycles away from Ballinagrana once more.

She doesn't know as she cycles away that the life she has known in Ballinagrana is over. From that day on she will see it again only on her monthly free day from work.

On those days she mounts her bike in the early morning and cycles off along the road that curls around the foot of Sliabhnamon.

Past Thornybridge, Killurney, Ballypatrick, on to Ballyneale, then home at last.

She marvels at the changing hue of the mountain as she pedals along. Delights in the liberation she feels cycling alone through the quiet countryside. Seeing rabbits by the dozen scuttling across fields towards the Anner.

Cities are being razed all over Europe, millions slaughtered. But she cycles on, a young girl, happy, full of dreams, excited, on her way home, anxious to meet her family, wondering what news there will be at Ballinagrana since her last journey to the other side of the mountain. Knowing that her mother will welcome the few shillings she carries in her purse.

Then the evening cycle back to Kiltinan. Always sad leaving her family.

(Many years later, in a new millennium, in her mid-eighties, she will drink

tea at the table in her old home once more, welcomed by the Camphill community who have bought it. And it warms her heart to know that it is still a home – now to a community of very special people.)

But there comes a time when she is as anxious to get back to Kiltinan as she had been to get home. Because later in the evening there will be someone waiting for her at the back gate of Kiltinan castle near the old ruined church.

Young men from the town have been trying to woo her, but she cares only for one: Joey. A young lad who plays football and hurling with Fethard. They see each other often and fall in love.

A couple of years drift by at Kiltinan. Idyllic years of courtship.

(Years later, sitting on forms in the kitchen of their house in The Valley, she will relate to her children the simple drama of those days: how she cycled with their father to platforms at Kilnockin and Killusty. Bikes piled one on the other against walls and in ditches. Of how happily they danced the summer nights away, cycled back to Kiltinan as the first faint light of dawn seeped into the darkness above Sliabhnamon.)

What thoughts I have of them there, lingering, lingering, in the shadow of the old church, prolonging the last moments of their night before they part and she makes her way quietly to her bed. Heart full of happiness.

But alas, soon her heart is broken as circumstances conspire to separate them. They part.

Her trips back home to Ballinagrana are made now with a heavy heart.

In 1944 she learns of a vacancy for an upstairs maid at Carrigan's of Clonacody at the far side of Fethard. A prized position. She applies. It takes two character references and an interview, but she is accepted. She delights in day-to-day life at Carrigan's, the comings and goings, the excitement in the evenings when cars pull up on the gravel sweep outside and all sorts of important people are entertained and she has to change from her blue day uniform to formal black.

Then one morning she happens to be in the kitchen when a young dairyman walks in with a can of milk for the household. It is Joey. They chat for a few moments. Soon after they are re-united and in 1947 they marry. Her days of cycling to Carrick are over.

The fifties are hard, so brutally hard, a time of utter hopelessness. An unending stream of people leave the country. Days of the platforms and dancing have ended for her. She becomes a mother – gives birth to seven of her twelve children at home. Her days are now a constant giving of herself. Taken up with the struggle of trying to keep her children fed, clothed and shod. She works tirelessly: scrubbing cloth nappies on a washboard in a zinc bath. Baking bread in an oven-pot on the open fire. Quietly carrying out the humdrum, daily acts of love. Always



Extended Fogarty family photographed with Joey and Leish Fogarty, Congress Terrace, on the occasion of their 50th Wedding Anniversary, November 1997

scrimping, juggling. Balancing rent payments with repayments to Sloanes for First Communion and Confirmation suits.

And eventually repayments for a new gas cooker that makes baking and cooking so much easier.

There are no marble halls for her – only a succession of decrepit houses. Some without electricity or plumbing. Window-panes missing. Nevertheless the landlord demands his weekly rent.

She longs for a house with a toilet, a scullery with a sink. But she refuses to move to a new council cottage that boasts these luxuries and an acre of ground. It is four miles outside the town – she has eight boys, how would she get to get them to school? For this refusal petty bureaucracy decrees that they be struck off the housing list. For ten

years. Until an outraged intervention on her behalf by the parish priest, Canon Lee, when he learns of how she has been treated.

Life in those years is an unrelenting struggle for survival with little room for fine feeling or sensitivity. But bitterness of mind or tongue never sour the sweetness of her soul.

Through all the hard years she radiates an unbreakable inner strength, smiles shyly at the world, takes life gently and does the best she can for her family. Never a hard word. Never a disciplinarian with her children. Never demanding anything of them. Never trying to control. But always there, a constant, reassuring presence. Knowing what they are thinking or planning as soon as it begins to form in their minds. Even when they are adults with families of their own they are still her children.

Her days, her life, slips past in one doing after another. Her children grow. Go away, come back. She sits in her chair, exudes wisdom, watches the world change, become more complicated, demanding. She goes on, undaunted by the perplexity of life. Keep it simple is her motto.

The human heart is always longing, she says, wisely. Always, no matter what.

The slow sunset years of retirement, ease and comfort come. Are fully enjoyed.

There are weddings, daughters-in-law, ever-growing numbers of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She remembers them all, is always there to help - always quietly, unobtrusively. She is the quiet heart beating at the centre of it all.

But sorrow comes inevitably and

a heavy shadow falls on her when Joey passes away. Still she smiles softly, a smile that is tinged with sadness now and her thoughts are often elsewhere, on other, deeper, more distant, things. A short two years later she gently breathes her last and goes to lie beside him in her last bed.

No tears, she writes to her children, no tears, my life has been long and happy. With no regrets. Take care of yourselves and your families, help one another, always help one another. And trust in the Sacred Heart of love always.

Sleep on kind-hearted Leish and take your rest beside your one true love; may choirs of angels welcome you finally into the marble halls of heaven. You will be with us always, sweet and gentle as the melody of a song that will not die. ●



Photo from the 1960s taken up The Green, Fethard. L to R: Michael McCarthy, John Joe McCormack and Michael McCormack.

John Davin 'The Tipperary Peasant'

John Davin was born at Rathsalagh, Fethard in or around 1850. He was the son of William and Mary Davin who had a small farm at Rathsalagh. He was a member of a family who had come to Tipperary in the 1640s as part of the forces opposing Oliver Cromwell's siege of Clonmel.

The Davins settled in South Tipperary in both Carrick-on-Suir and Moorstown (Parish of Powerstown) about three miles from Fethard, in the 1700s. By the mid 19th century they were well-established in Rathsalagh, and by the time John was born they lived in a comfortable single story multi roomed thatched farmhouse about a mile from the main Cashel Clonmel road that passed through the village of Rosegreen a mile or so distant.

John's family were politically active and by the 1880s they were active members of the Fenians and the Land League. They had very definite views about their nationalist ideals and social conditions in 19th century Ireland, particularly the power of the landlords.

In 1880 events took a hand in John Davin's life. Two neighbouring families in the Parish of Powerstown (Looby and Slattery) were threatened with eviction from their farms at Milltownmore.

Through close neighbourly ties and common resistance to the landlord system a number of bail-

iffs employed by the landlord (Rev. E. Denny, Tralee) were besieged at Milltownmore by between twenty-five to thirty locals, and in a subsequent post eviction melee one of them (James Donohoe) died from injuries received. The authorities rounded up a large number of locals, mainly young men from Tullamaine, Milltownmore, Castleblake, Blackcastle and Rosegreen.

They were determined to convict someone for the murder of the bailiff. John Davin was one of the main suspects, and was jailed pending trial. The authorities tried their case on three separate occasions. They began in Clonmel assizes and due to lack of evidence failed. The number of suspects was then reduced and a new trial took place in Waterford with similar results. By this time the case had become a cause célèbre, and attracted much public comment, mainly in support of the accused. The authorities finally took their case to Dublin with seven accused (John Davin, William Slattery, Thomas Slattery, John Slattery, William Fahy, Pat Fahy and Michael Slattery) and again failed to convict.

The case gained John Davin a reputation as a local leader and he became a champion of injustice in the area and was much admired by his contemporaries.

However, by the late 1880s John, now married to the daughter of one of the now reinstalled Milltownmore

tenants, was finding it difficult to make a living in Ireland for himself and his family.

He decided to emigrate to the United States and specifically to Philadelphia. His choice was significant, as at the time Philadelphia was the major centre of Irish American nationalism. It had a large Irish population and was the vibrant headquarters of Clan na Gael, the Fenian organisation in the United States.

The new immigrant settled well into life in the USA among a welcoming Irish community and was soon gainfully employed. He became friendly with many of the leading men in local Irish American politics and literature. It was at this time he commenced his writing career, supplying various articles to local papers and periodicals of Irish interest.

John continued supplying articles and poems of a nationalist nature for the remainder of his life

in America, and many of these were reprinted in local papers including *The Nationalist* of Clonmel. He wrote under the pseudonym 'The Tipperary Peasant' and continued right up to his death on the July 15, 1923, aged 73 in Philadelphia.

He was both overjoyed and saddened by the events from 1916 to 1923 at home in Ireland. For many years he had kept up a lively correspondence with both his family and old friends at home and his views are reflected in surviving documents.

The remaining members of his family in Rathsalagh, their neighbours and friends played a significant role in the struggle for Independence in the troubled years from 1918 to 1923, and there is little doubt that their brother and uncle, John, played a significant role in their nationalist fervour and sentiment. ●

John Long



Grove, September 1998. L to R: Kevin Lawlor, Jodie Gilpin, Tom Gilpin and Mike McCarthy

Legion of Mary 60th Anniversary



Three long-serving Legion members in Fethard L to R: Percy O'Flynn, Tommy Carey and Gussy Fitzgerald.

On December 2, 1952, the first meeting of Fethard Legion of Mary took place in a room in the Town Hall. Four members of a presidium in Thurles led the extension; Br. M. Cosgrave, B. Foyle, T. Shelly, P. Leatham and G. Connaghton. Twelve men from the Parish were present; P. Ryan, M. Trehy, T. O'Connell, ? Trehy, P. Whyte, J. Tierney, and J. O'Shea being the only names recorded in the minutes. Rev Fr. John Lambe C.C. attended as spiritual director.

The members were engaged during the early years in homes' visitation for the active and auxiliary members, promoting the consecration of homes to the Sacred Heart, and the promotion and sale of Catholic papers. The persevering early figures who had such a big influence in establishing the prae-

sidium on a firm foundation were the late Tommy O'Connell, Main St., and the late Don Byard, Burke St.

One of the early annual works was the production and posting of the Emigrant Newsletter in the late 1950s, followed in the 1960s with the organising of an emigrant reunion in London, which grew to be hugely appreciated by former parishioners in the greater London area.

Other annual works involved the promotion of the Rosary in the months of May and October with public recitation and the recitation of the Rosary in the cemeteries of the parish during the month of November, and the promotion of the pilgrimage to the Holy Year Cross on Slievenamon, and to Our Ladies Shrine at Knock. Through the 1960s and '70s we promoted

the weekend retreat for men at the Redemptorist Retreat House in Limerick City. Through the 1950s, '60s, and '70s our members visited the travelling community in the parish and on an annual basis with the Legion of Mary in surrounding parishes. We also organised a retreat for travellers in St. Patrick's Hospital, Cashel, which involved visitation of the camps, providing transport, etc. This respect was warmly embraced by the travelling community. The sisters and staff at St. Patrick's Hospital were extremely helpful in making it all possible.

In the late 1960s we became a mixed praesidium and gained many new female members, reaching a high point of membership in the following years with the need to set up a second union praesidium. We had attached in this period a junior boys' and a junior girls' praesidium catering for ages 7-13. We also had intermediate boys' and girls' praesidia for ages 13-17, with a further intermediate mixed, in total 60-80 under-age members. Two senior officers were provided for each praesidium and spiritual directors were provided by the Presentation Sisters and the Patrician Brothers, supporting the priests who were spiritual directors. The members at that time provided a powerful workforce in the parish with no task too big or too small. We trust that the Legion system with its weekly meetings, prayer and work was a good influ-

ence on all who were involved.

The monthly Patrician meetings for both adult and underage groups which were open to non legion members were very successful over the years and the subjects for discussion were always lively and friendly. These meetings were a great form of adult religious education.

'Peregrinatio Pro Christo' – Venturing for Christ

Over the years our members have taken part in "Peregrinatio Pro Christo" to parishes in England, Scotland and Wales during their holidays from work. They went abroad singly or in pairs joining teams of 12-16 legionaries from various parts of Ireland. This work was home-to-home visitation; it was challenging but for our workers it was richly rewarding.

Our members took on a project to Moyross Parish in Limerick City in the late 1970s. These projects were known 'Sunday Search for Souls'. It was intensive home-to-home visitation in pairs promoting Mass attendance for those who had fallen away and encouraging faith formation in the home. The parish priest of Moyross was very keen on these projects which continued for a number of years.

Our intermediate members took part in weekend projects to Dublin City under the leadership of the late Fr. Bradshaw which

were mainly crowd contact in the city with senior legionaries. Our intermediate members also took part on Peregrinatio Pro Christo to Greenoch in Scotland. They also participated in Extension Drives to parishes in the diocese here at home. In all their activities they brought great energy and enthusiasm and were an inspiration to all.

Over the years we have provided officers to Cashel Curia, the governing body of the Legion of Mary in the south of the diocese covering eleven parishes. Two of our members are currently president and treasurer of Cashel Curia.

In the early years when they left home, moving to Dublin City and elsewhere in Ireland as well as the UK, some of our members became involved in the Legion of Mary and helped set up the Legion where it did not exist.

At the present time we have eight members on roll, including Rev. Fr. John Meagher OSA, our spiritual director, who took over from the late Fr. Twomey OSA who provided many years of great leadership and inspiration, may God rest his soul. The annual works continue and the weekly tasks are carried out with quiet dedication. We have been involved in extensive work establishing the Legion in neighbouring parishes such as Golden, Boherlahan, Gortnahoe, Drangan, Clerihan, New Inn, and Rockwell College.

We are currently involved in

an extension project to St. Peter & Paul's Parish Clonmel with a praesidium up and running thank God.

We trust that the Legion of Mary has been an asset in our parish. The Legion aims not at the doing of any particular work but has as a primary object the making of its members holy through an active and dignified apostolate. The purpose of the Legion is the sanctification of its members and the radiation of that holiness in the world of souls, so that in each of those worked for and one's fellow-workers, not only is the person of Our Lord seen and served, but seen and served by Mary, with the same exquisite love and nurturing care which she gave to the actual body of her divine son.

The legion of Mary has three candidates for sainthood in its 90 year history: The Venerable Edel Quinn (1907-1944), Legion Envoy to Africa; The Servant of God, Alfie Lambe (1932-1959), Legion Envoy to South America; The Servant of God, Frank Duff (1889-1980), Founder of the Legion of Mary.

Finally we offer our thanks and deepest appreciation to all who helped us in any way over the past 60 years, active and auxiliary members, past and present, adult and underage, living and deceased. We thank all who were spiritual directors, living and deceased.

May God in his infinite love and mercy reward all their generous service in Mary's army, The Legion of Mary. ●

Holy Year Cross in the 1950s



This photograph of Holy Year Cross was taken in the 1950s and supplied to us by Richard Power who is descended from the Shea (O'Shea) family from Old Cloran. Richard remembers as a child visiting the family home backing onto the mountain. Their cottage was on the 'higher road' from Killusty. The last of his relatives, Bridget 'Biddy' Noonan (nee O'Shea) and her husband Denis Noonan lived in the family home until their deaths in the

late 1970s. Richard has little information about Biddy and Denis or where they are laid to rest and would be grateful if anyone could spare the time, if local records are available, to let him know. Presumably they would have been married in Cloneen and Bridget was the youngest daughter (b. 1907) of John O'Shea and Bridget O'Shea (nee Egan). ●

— Richard Power

Email: power.exeter@blueyonder.co.uk

Feast of the Assumption

I didn't tell anyone I was going. Just slipped out the door at half-one and swung onto the saddle of my bike. Earlier - because the sky was black and Sliabhnamon looking spooky in a scarf of mist - I'd wrapped my overcoat around the handlebars of the bike. With a bottle of O'Brien's orange and a Flash bar shoved into a pocket for a little feast later on.

It was downhill from our house to the creamery on the edge of town so I flew along at first. Hills were nothing to me - excitement and anticipation had my legs pumping relentlessly.

I was setting out on a great adventure, felt fit for anything. At least until I was forced to dismount on the long, steep hill at Springmount. I paused on the brow of the hill, feeling a moment of unease as I gazed along the road that wound away into unfamiliar countryside.

For a second I wavered, considered turning back. What if I got lost? Had to find my way home later in the dark? I imagined them all at home wondering where I'd disappeared to, their surprise when I told them where I'd been. How they'd ply me with questions. I mounted the bike and pedalled on.

It was August 15, a holy-day, the Feast of the Assumption. I was ten years old cycling alone to take part in the annual pilgrimage to the Holy Year cross high up on Sliabhnamon. It was a four mile cycle from our

house. I had never been so far from home. None of my older brothers had made this pilgrimage up the gently-curving mountain that dominated the landscape all around our home. I would be the first.

A signpost directed me off the main road and onto a narrow, by-road that went up and up. The mountain loomed above me now, the white Holy Year Cross clearly visible on a hump some way below the crown of the mountain. The ground began to rise ever more steeply. I came to where bikes were piled against the wall of a farmyard and left mine there.

The pilgrim had departed. I struggled on uphill until I reached a gate beyond which there was no road. Just a rough path winding between rocks and large expanses of heather. Roughly half-way between the gate and the cross pilgrims were strung out in a ragged line.

The rhythmic incantation of the Rosary came to my ears. I leaned forward pushing my aching legs, determined to catch up before they reached the cross.

I caught them at the three-quarters stage. Sweat poured from me, my breath rasped. The curate was leading the pilgrimage dressed in white surplice over a black soutane. Must be pretty warm in that gear, I thought.

'Weren't you a great boy to come,' a woman said. My reply was indifferent - inside I swelled with pride.

We gathered round the cross and prayed the final Mysteries. I paid little attention to the prayers. Studied faces, Women with eyes closed in supplication. Men mumbling along, eyes fixed on the ground.

When the praying finished the pilgrims mingled and chatted before beginning the descent. I gazed towards the crown. Reaching it would mean going down into a boggy area and then tackling a steep ascent. My intention had been to come as far as the cross. Now I wanted to go all the way to the top. After all, I reasoned, what was the point in going up a mountain without reaching the top?

'You can see the sea from the top,' an elderly man said. That decided me. I set off. An hour later I was alone on the mountain-top, seeing my world from a different perspective. Earlier, my view had been foreshortened by so many things that

rose above me. Now a new vista was opening out before me. The town whose streets I knew so well was a grey blur on the green landscape. The countryside seemed flat, the hills and hollows indistinguishable one from another. The Galtees were far, far away, a blue and mystic horizon. The sea was lost in a dreamy haze. I sat on a cairn of stones, drank my orange, ate my Flash bar. Feeling exquisitely alone, elated.

For the first time in my ten-year-old life I had done a big thing by myself, without older brothers or grown-ups directing me. I had set out, I had been afraid, I had kept going, I had come to the mountain-top, the mountain that dominated all of the world that I knew. I would fly home along those hidden roads filled with a new energy, Columbus on a bike returning full of news from the New World to the Old. ●

John Fogarty (published Ireland's Own Aug)



Holy Year Cross on August 12, 2012, Liam Kelly and his daughter Rose, all the way from Scotland. Rose is a granddaughter of Ann Sheehan, Killusty.

Home thoughts from abroad – Part 2

Shortly after my last article with the above title I read a book by an American financial journalist, Michael Leach, called, "Boomerang, the Meltdown Tour". In it the author visits some of the countries affected by the present economic crisis. He describes the economies and societies of Greece, Iceland, Ireland and Germany and analyses in some depth their economic situations and the causes of their ills.

Of Greece he is quite unsympathetic of their plight regarding it as largely self-inflicted, the product of decades of improvidence, deceit and general chicanery. Germany he sees as smug and self-satisfied and Iceland as something of a law unto itself.

Ireland intrigues him. Here he sees a country whose economic position was basically sound but which had been allowed to stray from the straight and narrow path of economic rectitude by a mixture of crassly incompetent government and a property bubble which had gripped the country and which none of the authorities had the sense to tackle until it all imploded. Ireland, he concluded, was a country where people had come to believe that the path to prosperity lay in selling Ireland to each other at ever increasing prices. In a recent interview for the UCD alumni magazine Niall Fitzgerald, the country's

most successful businessman on the international stage, had recalled how he had been informed that the RDS had sold an acre of land to a property developer for 55 million euros. He hastily instructed his finance director to sell all of Unilever's Irish property assets since all he could foresee from this tale was utter ruin in that market and, as a result, in the whole economy.

However, what compounded the problem was undoubtedly the blanket bank guarantee. Here, bondholders of the Irish banks were assured that the Irish taxpayer would make good their losses on Irish bank bonds. He quoted the case of a bond trader at Merrill Lynch who, in late September 2008, was holding a large parcel of bonds in an Irish bank. That week he had attempted to cut his expected losses by offering to sell the bonds back to the bank at 50 cents on the euro, a 50 percent hit. Lo and behold, the following day he awoke to learn that he would now be paid 100 cents on the euro courtesy of the Irish taxpayer. For gross crass, irresponsible behaviour this must rank alongside some of the greatest financial and social disasters like the South Sea Bubble, the Darien Bubble or the Wall Street Crash.

Where it differs from those disasters is that it is the product, not of market forces which had been allowed to get out of control, but

of a deliberate policy decision by a government of criminal incompetents. As Leach says in his book, the bondholders and traders did not expect "to be made whole". These are the exponents of the free market, they are rewarded or punished for the consequences of the decisions they make. If they make wise decisions their profits and bonuses are high, if they get it wrong they pay the price in terms of trading losses and dismissal from their jobs.

The outcome of these manifold lunacies was the wreck of the Irish economy. The price those who oversaw this disaster, the 'Soldiers of Destiny', paid was electoral oblivion. For the first time since 1932 that party no longer holds a seat in South Tipperary if you discount the cases of those, who, seeing the writing on the wall, metamorphosed into independents.

Their successors, elected on a platform of reversing what their opponents had done, have proved to be no different. Here we have a bunch who seem to delight in being patted on the head by the leader of the country whose banks lent foolishly to Irish financial institutions and who is demanding the sixteenth ounce of their pound of flesh. Bankers, Jonathan Swift said, are so intrinsically untrustworthy that the only way to keep them on the straight and narrow is to hang a dozen a year to encourage the rest. We have, mercifully, abolished capital punishment but where bankers

are concerned Ireland seems to have suspended the operation of the criminal code. Germany jailed many of their bankers for endangering the economy. Ireland pensioned hers off at great expense to the taxpayer and, as a result, removed from them any sense of their culpability or responsibility for the disaster they created.

In my previous article I suggested that Ireland can only get out of this mess by a radical overhaul of its society and the attitudes of the people. It is said that a country gets the politicians it deserves and looking at some of the current crop I can only despair. We seem to have a high regard for fixers, wide-boys and downright crooks as a look at some of those returned to the Dáil at the last election has demonstrated.

Being exposed as a disreputable, far from rendering one unelectable to public office, only serves to enhance one's chances. The current political class, many the third or fourth generation offspring of those who held office at the founding of the state, seem to be like the Ancien Regime of 18th century France. They seem to be possessed not of a sense of public duty and responsibility but of entitlement. They are in receipt of rewards and privileges which would make many of their counterparts in the EU drool with envy.

To quote an unlikely figure, Oliver Cromwell who visited Fethard in 1650, those who were sent to par-

liament to ease the nation's grievance have become the grievance. As I write I am reading the details of the forthcoming Budget from the online edition of the Irish Times. Once again it is the low and middle income earners who are funding the repayments to the billionaires who bought Irish bank debt often at a discount in the aftermath of the guarantee and, who are being 'rewarded' for their speculation by the rundown of those services which are the hallmark of any decent society, schools, hospitals and social welfare which must be sacrificed to fund their avarice.

To highlight problems is usually very easy, to suggest remedies is the difficult part. The fact that the Irish economy appears fated to remain in deep recession for the foreseeable future is due largely to Ireland's membership of the single currency.

More than a decade ago when I was teaching economics to a class of seventeen-year-olds we discussed the criteria for membership of such an arrangement and agreed that to make it work, each country must become fully part of a federal system of government, rather like the individual states of the USA are to the government in Washington, DC. Ireland would need to become part of such a system.

In short, it would need to be part of a federal EU, an EU which would be dominated by its largest members, in reality Germany. Is that what men like Pearse and

Connolly would have wished? In fact Connolly must be turning in his grave at Arbour Hill if he sees what his party is now doing to the people he founded it to defend. I believe that a favourite song in the BBC World Service is 'A Nation Once Again' written by Thomas Davis. He too must be having an unquiet time in his final resting place.

In effect I am saying that Ireland must abandon that monstrosity called the single currency and get back some economic freedom for manoeuvre. I know that leaving it would set up massive dislocations in the economy and the upheaval would be severe in the short term. In the long term it would give the country the freedom to manage its own affairs and the chance to climb out of the predicament into which it was placed by the corrupt stupidity of its leaders.

The other part of the remedy is the more difficult. Changing public attitudes to encourage people to elect honest politicians rather than the discredited collection of fixers, stroke-pullers and venal pond life it seems to favour is the real challenge. Above all, Ireland needs to abandon its penchant for quick fix solutions and dependence on other countries to develop its economy. If these are not achieved I can only repeat what Allen, Larkin and O'Brien declared on the scaffold in Manchester in 1868, "God Save Ireland". ●

Tommy Healy (December 2012)

Fethard & Killusty Community Council



Children from Holy Trinity National School singing carols on The Square as they await the arrival of Santa to switch on the Christmas tree lights, 'Festive Friday', December 7, 2012.

The AGM of Fethard and Killusty Community Council took place on May 8, 2012. Edwina Newport informed the meeting that she did not wish to be put forward as Secretary but offered her on-going assistance to the organisation. The following officers were appointed on May 22, 2012. Chairman, Joe Kenny; Vice-Chairman, Brian Sheehy; Secretary, Deirdre Brady; Edwina Newport agreed to help out as Assistant Secretary; Treasurer, Eileen Coady; PRO, Maria Murphy; PDO, Edwina Newport. Board members: Diana Stokes, Ger Manton, Peter Grant, Joe Keane, Jimmy Connolly, Thelma Griffith, Rev. T. Canon Breen PP. New Members co-opted: Deirdre Brady, Carmel Kiely, Pamela Sweeney, Tom McGrath and Maurice Moloney.

Fethard & Killusty Community Council was formed on January 13, in 1976. A Limited Company

was formed on August 1, 1996, and Fethard and Killusty Muintir Council Ltd was incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1963 to 1990, with Charitable Status.

The Community Council also supports the following sub-committees: Fethard & Killusty Community Lotto; Fethard & District Day Care Centre; Fethard Tidy Towns; Fethard Youth Centre; Community Office; Christmas Lighting Committee; Residents Associations; Fethard Community Alert; Fethard Town Park Development; Walled Town Festival Committee; Fethard Business & Tourism Group, and Fethard Plans Administration Committee.

If you would like to get involved in 'community life' please contact Joan at the Community Office and we will let you know of upcoming meetings Email: tirrycentre@fethard.com. Tel: 052 6131000. ●



Madge and Jimmy Hurley who celebrated 70 years of marriage on September 29, 2012



Mary Carroll-Guerin (nee Shine) photographed in Fethard with her husband Trevor Brooks, who married in Brisbane, Australia, on October 1, 2011. Mary is formerly from Crampscastle, Fethard.



Jimmy Mullins helping with the sandbanks at Mockler's Terrace



Flash Flooding by Fethard Town Wall, August 13, 2012



L to R: Vinny Murphy, Declan Nevin, Annette O'Donovan and her daughter Amye