

RST Newsletter

Rathfeigh • Skryne • Tara



DIGITAL VERSION FOR DURATION OF CORONAVIRUS EPIDEMIC

SATURDAY 13th June 2020

ISSUE NO. 11



Rathfeigh Church taken by Hugh McNelis

Thank You from the Gray Family

Anne, Hazel, Stuart and extended family would like to say a huge thank you to the people of Skryne and Rathfeigh who came out in such great numbers along the funeral route and around the church to give Jimmy a fantastic send-off. He would have been very proud. Thank you to Rathfeigh Choir and Skryne choirs who sang so beautifully even though I know it would have been so hard, having sung with Jimmy over the last 30 years. Thanks also to Frs Paul and Robert for the lovely funeral mass and kind words, and to funeral director Mick Ryan and his team.

To our wonderful neighbours in Greenpark and beyond, you were amazing, sandwiches and cakes and even hot food just arrived at the house, we will be forever grateful, and to all who contacted us or left messages of condolences. It means so much that Jimmy was so highly thought of, and helps ease the pain of his departure, especially in these very different and difficult times.

Weekly Liturgy

Last week we included an appeal from Carmel Reilly for volunteers to take part in a weekly liturgy video consisting of readings and music. She got an excellent response and the resulting creation can be viewed by following this link:

<https://youtu.be/Ne3SaWtnpuQ>

Things to do

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Skryne G.F.C. Cumann Luthchleas Gael Scrín

A Chairde,

I hope you are all keeping well at this time and that you continue to be well.

Our facilities remain in total lock down and based on current plans will remain so until the 29th of June. On this date a partial reopening of our facilities as outlined in the GAA return to play document is due to take place. However, this is not by any means a given as it depends on our Clubs ability to meet with the very stringent requirements for a safe return to play issued by Croke Park. We will require a team of volunteers to fill the various roles necessary and the co-operation of all in order to reopen our grounds in a safe manner.

The resumption of our activities is of course subject to both the Governments roadmap for the re -opening of Society and also the GAA guidelines on a safe return to Gaelic games.

During the lock down period work continued on our grounds in compliance with HSA guidelines and the condition of our pitches bear testimony to that. Works such as sanding, spiking, resoding, and laying of all-weather strips at gate entrances to pitch and also around the goal mouth front and rear at the scoreboard end. A big thanks to Gordon, Nigel, Dermot and Kevin for all their hard work over the past few months.

We are in the process of installing a fob system to control entry to our gym facility and we expect this to be in place when our gym is set to reopen in early August based on current plans.

Our COVID – 19 response group still continue with their great work and we owe them a great debt of gratitude for their efforts on behalf of our community.

Even though we have been in lockdown since mid-March expenses still had to be met such as work on our grounds as already outlined. Also affiliation fees to the County Board had to be met in a time when our fundraising activities were seriously curtailed.

With this in mind we are launching a campaign to increase our Blotto sales and we would ask people for their support as it is a very important source of income for our Club. I would like to thank all who continued to support our Blotto over the past few months as this proved to be our main source of income over that period.

Adult football competitions are set to kick off from the first week in August based on current plans and we all look forward to that and we wish all our teams the best of luck.

Finally I would like to say a big thank you to all our Club members for your co-operation, understanding and patience over the past few months. I have little doubt the sacrifice you made helped in no small way to curb the spread of COVID – 19 in our community. However, the battle is far from over and it is important we stick strictly to the directives issued by the GAA, our County Board and our own Club for the safe return of our activities later this month.

In the meantime look after yourself and each other and we look forward to have you back supporting our teams in the coming months.

Le meas

Seanán MacCraith

Cathaoirleach.

GAA Club Blotto

We are recommencing our Club Blotto with a draw taking place on 21st June at 7pm. Jackpot is currently at €8200.

You can play

online: https://play.clubforce.com/play_newa.asp?ll_id=341&PC=0&RP=#Anchor

You can also purchase envelopes in Swans or from your local sellers.

For our annual and online players that have contributed during the COVID lockdown period we will draw ten names that will each win €40.

You can purchase an Annual Blotto starting at €100 per year via Standing Order from €10.50 per month.

Please contact Ross Phillips 0879798822 for more information.

Your continued support is appreciated for our Blotto.

I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free

This civil rights anthem by Nina Simone is frequently heard on the radio during this time of change and uncertainty. The lyrics were written by Billy Taylor and it was subsequently recorded by many performers. The Nina Simone version captured a depth of feeling and passion that no one else could match

I wish I knew how
It would feel to be free
I wish I could break
All the chains holding me
I wish I could say
All the things that I should say
Say 'em loud say 'em clear
For the whole round world to hear

I wish I could share
All the love that's in my heart
Remove all the bars
That keep us apart
I wish you could know
What it means to be me
Then you'd see and agree
That every man should be free

I wish I could give
All I'm longin' to give
I wish I could live
Like I'm longin' to live
I wish I could do
All the things that I can do
Though I'm way overdue
I'd be starting anew.

Well I wish I could be like a bird in the sky
How sweet it would be
If I found I could fly
I'd soar to the sun
And look down at the sea
And I sing 'cause I know
How it feels to be free

Skryne National School from Martin Kennedy

Pack your Bags

Doesn't it feel like a whole lot of weight has been lifted off all our shoulders this week with the gradual easing of restrictions. Shops, cafes and parks have been opened up and now we can legitimate travel to such far-off places such as Nobber, Enfield and Ballinabrackey! Anyplace further than the 5km limit seems exotic at the minute. Praise the Lord that Meath has a coastline. At last we can go and see and hear the wonderful sound of the sea. We might even bring a banana sandwich. SANDwich is the most appropriate name for this delicacy. Childhood memories come flooding back of great family outings to any one of a number of wonderful beaches we had on our doorstep. Woodstown was the favourite. 13 piled into an old Ford Anglia and still we made it there - and home - safely. We were close to a lot of our cousins. We had no choice packed into a Ford Anglia. (Younger readers should Google this car. Feel free to ring the Guinness Book of Records). But enough of this nostalgia - my ramblings are brought on by the thoughts of the wonderful and exciting School Tours that the teachers have managed to come up with for the pupils of scoil Cholmcille.

How about this for a list of fantastic destinations:

Jun. & Sen. Infants are off to Sydney Zoo and may make a call in to Dublin Zoo on the way.

Rang 1 are off to the Kennedy Space Centre in Florida

Rang 2 & Rang 3 are also off to The Sunshine State of Florida to visit the many Theme Parks that exist there. Hope they bring the sickbags!

Rang 4 are far more cultured so they are heading to the Smithsonian Natural History Museum in Washington DC.

Rang 5 & Rang 6 are keeping their outings "Top Secret". We'll just have to wait and see what adventures await them.

All of this from the comfort of your own home. No queuing in airports, no security checks, no bags to collect, no Passport Controls to negotiate, no inoculation to get before travelling. No travel sickness!

We hope you all have the most wonderful of weeks. Check in for all travel will be from your Class page on the website. Your teacher will have made all the arrangements. Bain lán taitneamh as do thuras scoile.

As we face into the final fortnight of this school year the teachers will be doing just what we would be doing if we were physically in school. At our weekly Zoom Staff meeting we have decided to cut back almost totally on the more academic elements of your school work and concentrate on having some creative fun. Expect your weeks to be filled with tours, music sport and just a little of the subjects we want to tidy up before signing off for the summer holidays.

Signing off is a good way to put it actually as that is what we will all be doing. So many of you have engaged really well with the "Distance Learning" which was forced on us. You have kept in touch with your teachers and sent in some of the most amazingly creative work during closure. Take a major bow! There are others who haven't for different reasons and that is just the way it is. It has been a very testing time for all families with an accumulation of worries and anxieties. But there are also many families who have been able to fully appreciate the extra time in the day that has been handed to them. No daily slog of the commute to and from work. Fantastic weather in which you could make the most of this extra time by spending time in the great outdoors that would normally not have been possible. You have found time to play, create, explore and have fun with your children. A priceless gift.

Sometimes we have to step off the treadmill to really appreciate the craziness of it all. Rest and relaxation play a big part in looking after your mental health and well being. We can unintentionally build stress into our lives unnecessarily. Hopefully during this Covid 19 period we have learned to filter some of those stresses out.

We intend to do the same for you over the summer. There is no reason for any of you to stress over what any child has missed out on during closure. In fact many of them have gained so much. They have had time to work at their own pace, no pressure from peers or teachers. They have discovered and displayed talents skills and acumen that may not have been possible in the classroom. Just think back to your own schooldays. You often had the right answer, begging to be asked by the teacher - but someone else was either asked or beat you to it. During this period everyone can have the right answer. It doesn't matter that someone else had it first. You got your answer in too! Some children are reluctant to answer or read in a group situation. No need for anxiety when you answer in your own time. There are always positives to be found if we look hard enough for them.

So far the summer holidays - just take them. Holidays. No revising work. No trying to get ahead. Trust your teachers to gauge where the pupils stand in relation to work when we return in September. The first few months of return to regular schooling will be spent in revising content and bringing everyone back up to speed. The school day will be different with a focus on the key elements of the curriculum to begin with. Trust the professional judgement of the teachers to pace the workload accordingly.

For these reasons we have decided that there will be no schemes of work given to any child over the summer. We believe that this is in the best interests of the children. They need their break. Rest, relax and recover. We will pick up the work in the most appropriate manner when school resumes. Please do not add any layers of anxiety on your children by worrying unnecessarily. Trust your teachers. Mind your children.

All we would encourage you to do is to keep the reading habit up over the break. This will always stand to pupils. Even better if a little diary is kept of the exciting things that you get up to over the summer. None of this too taxing.

Here is a little incentive to those energetic and athletic pupils who have been furiously working away at setting standards and improving records in the Healthy Kidz series. This is all part of the big build up the National Sports Day which takes place on June 27th. We have 5 vouchers worth €20 each to give away. every pupil who completes the 20 day challenge right up to June 27th will be netered into a raffle which will be held when we return to school. So what's keeping you? Start lepping, running and throwing and enter your scores via the app. We are tracking all of your results. Have fun.

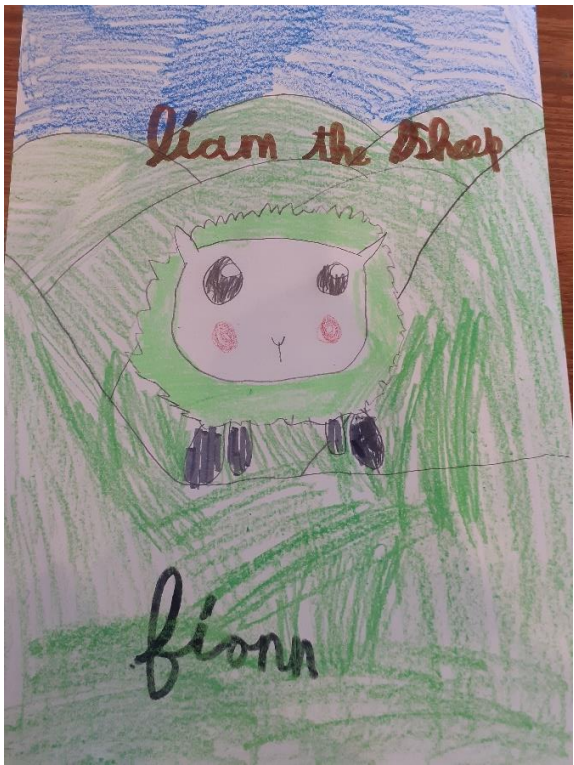
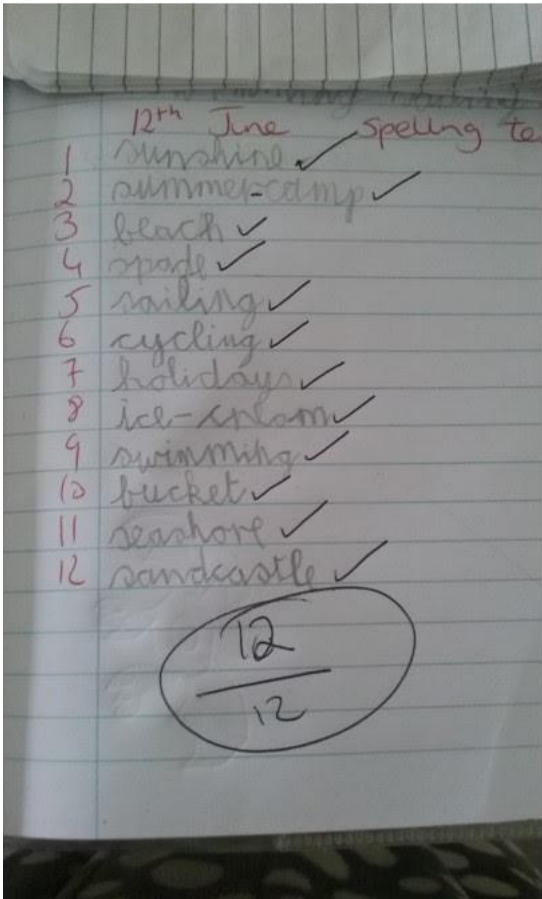
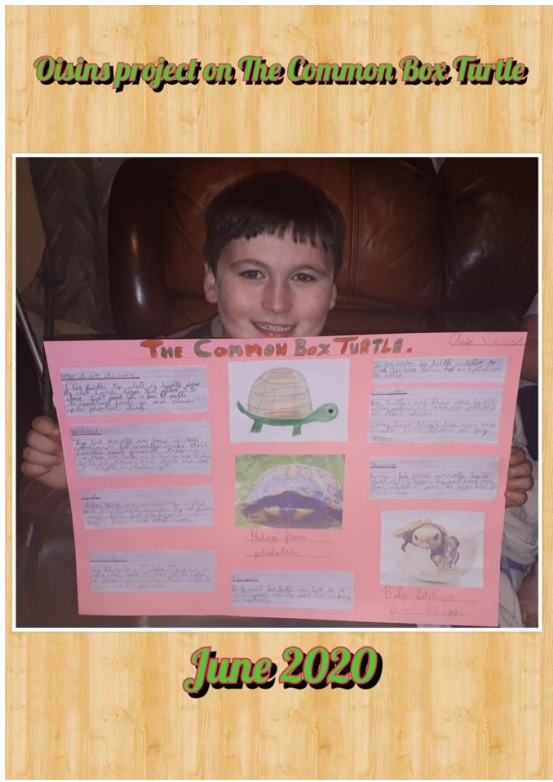
A brief word now in appreciation of the very generous gesture by our Parents Association. Many of you will know that the charity "**Wells of Life**" is close to our heart in the school. Indeed I had planned to visit Uganda again this year and open a well which has already been funded through the generous donations of people in Skryne - and also by the super fundraising events held by so many big-hearted pupils of ours. Unfortunately Coronavirus has put paid to that for the moment.

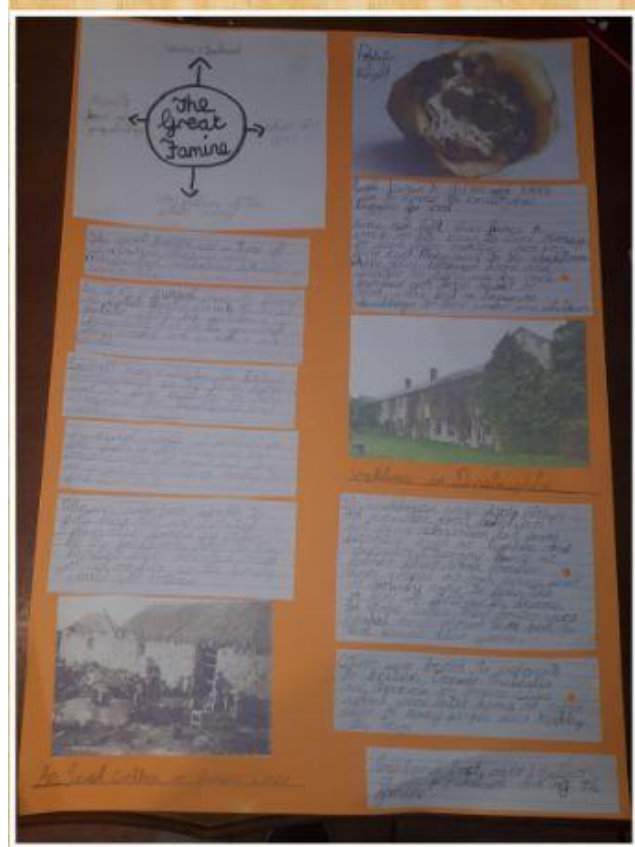
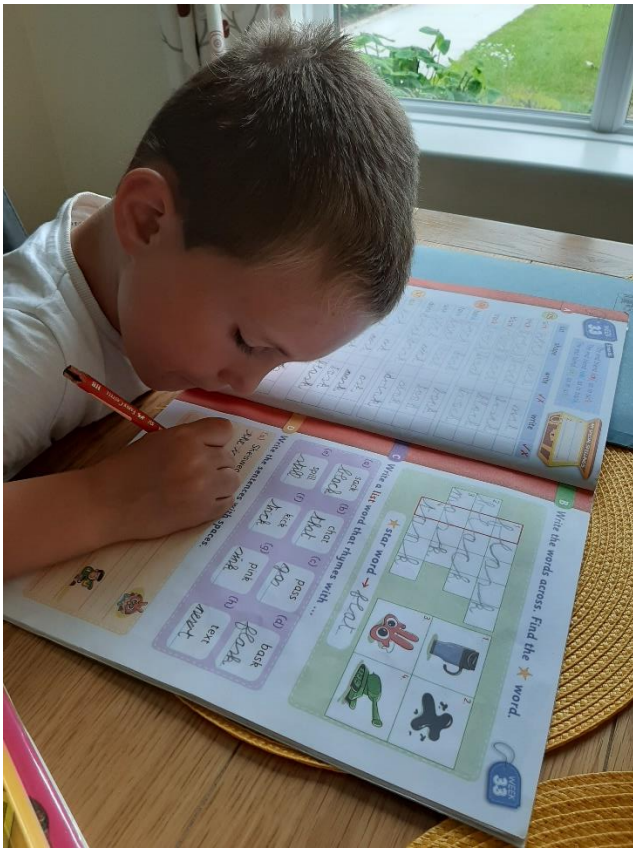
Hopefully we will get back there before too long. Their need still persists however and is greater than ever. Our Parents Association have suggested that instead of buying "Teacher Presents" this year you might consider a donation to Wells of Life instead. We are deeply appreciative of this noble gesture. You may be guaranteed that all funds donated will go 100% to drilling and restoring water wells in rural Uganda. To donate you may google "**Wells of Life**" and use the iDonate secure platform.

For more information visit the "**Wells of Life. org**" website. Search the Irish message. Míle buíochas.

We conclude by sending our very best wishes to the Chairperson of our Board of Management who has been unwell recently. A brief hospital stay and the batteries will be recharged. No doubt he will back to doing what he does best, raising everyone else's spirits. There is no like him. Thank God the lambing is over! Put the kettle on.....

Some pupil work that caught our eye this week





Dingbats Challenge - Set 24

SITTING	SITTING	RULES PLAYING	T A H W	M U S T
MY SWEAR MIND	TOTS	SIPoAsCtE		
Swear BIBLE BIBLE BIBLE BIBLE	BOYS it BOYS	no DEAL		

Here are the answers to our Set 23

- PAGE 23
- 1 Indigo
 - 2 Circles under the eyes
 - 3 Pair of socks
 - 4 Forever
 - 5 Time and time again
 - 6 Quarter horse
 - 7 You are on my mind
 - 8 For your eyes only
 - 9 Touchdown

Naming The Fields by Maurice Daly

Folklore and Anecdotes – Skryne and Rathfeigh.

We surveyed a number of townlands in the parish of Skryne/Rathfeigh, an area rich in archaeology, history, folklore and sport. We were thrilled with the great co-operation and hospitality we received. Our visits became wonderful social occasions arousing much interest and evoking memories among the farmers and landowners and stimulating us into doing further research in censuses, Griffith's Valuation and other 19th century documents and maps.

We were very interested in hearing folklore and anecdotes and we weren't disappointed. We heard how a family lost a pub! Early one Christmas morning an elderly lady dressed in a shawl was spotted by an RIC man coming out of a local pub. The officer, being curious and possibly hoping for a Christmas bonus, searched the unfortunate lady and found a bottle of porter hidden in her petticoat. As a result, the licence was transferred to a near neighbour. That was bad enough but another family lost a castle! The owner, a wealthy elderly widower, married "a young one." To make a long story short, he died shortly afterwards and the lonely young widow sold the castle and some land.

Colourful and unusual field names are always noteworthy. Names such as Porowokish, Rappocks, Barraclabhair, the Piper's field, the Hill of Ralloo and the Shebeen Field created much interest and discussions about their meanings and origins. The Empress Field in Macetown commemorates the equestrian activities of Sissi, Empress of Austria, on a hunting visit in the 1880s.

Inevitably, the Famine left its mark on the area. A field on the Hill of Skryne, known locally as "Mutton Field" is so called because sheep, allegedly stolen near Dunshaughlin, were found butchered and stored there.

We believe that the "Meath Field Name Project" is most worthwhile for a number of reasons. It gives us a window on the past and keeps alive the heritage of our ancestors. It's urgent to record field names as every year old names are lost due to amalgamation of fields, changes of ownership and the declining number of farmers. It taps into the vast reservoirs of local knowledge and lore acquired by senior citizens over many years. Our experience has been that the so called "third generation" is crucial for the progress and success of the project.

How can the information be used? We envisage a role for local schools – particularly rural – and for local historical societies working in tandem with the Meath Field Names Project. Perhaps it could also be part of a module in local history studies in 3rd level colleges where the students are often retirees. When the findings are eventually assimilated and recorded electronically, they will provide many hours of entertainment and interest for Meath people at home and abroad or for people whose roots are in the Royal County.

In conclusion, we were very happy to be associated with this unique project. We wish it every success.

Raymond Mooney, Navan

Maurice Daly, Macetown.

Rathfeigh National School from Seamus Tansley

Our Fantastic Sixth Class

Our Sixth class will be leaving Rathfeigh NS officially in a few weeks. They have been a fantastic addition to our school. This is my letter to our fantastic sixth class pupils.

My time as principal has coincided with your eight years spent in Rathfeigh N.S. I was appointed principal in March 2012 and the graduation class of 2020 started a few months later in September 2012. I remember you starting in Junior Infants. On that day there was a mixture of nervousness, tears and laughter. I remember seeing tears in some eyes – children and parents/guardians!

Over the last eight years I have seen you engage productively with your school work, make friends and engage in numerous formative experiences in school. I'm sure you all have your own personal memories of your time in Rathfeigh - playing with your friends, field trips, school tours, gaelic football, rounders, orienteering, jumble sales, extra play, pancake Tuesday, sports days, talent shows, carol services, centenary of the 1916 Rising, retirement party, "Beast from the East", ice-cream vans and many more. It has been great seeing you enjoy all these activities over the last eight years and you are now leaving the school as mature, educated and well-rounded young adults.

Of course the unprecedented coronavirus pandemic put a sudden end to the school year and your graduation. This is disappointing and upsetting for you, your family and for the teachers. Nonetheless you have shown great resilience and strength of character over the last few months which is a credit to you all. You have continued with your school work at home and have responded very positively with the online learning platform Edmodo and Zoom. This, of course, has been very challenging for you but your positivity has got you through the difficult time.

I, personally, will miss you all hugely having taught you in Fourth and Fifth class. In those two years I saw you all mature greatly. I will miss your humour and laughter on a daily basis which was interspersed with the occasional tears. I remember very fondly all the gaelic football and rounders matches we played on the school field especially in the sunny weather. More importantly I will remember the great contributions that you all made to making our school a better place for which I thank you.

As one chapter of your life ends the next chapter begins. You have made great friends and memories in Rathfeigh but I'm sure you'll make equally good friends and memories in Secondary school. Secondary school will pose different challenges but you have the necessary skills to deal with these challenges.

I wish you all happiness and success in everything you do in future years. The doors in Rathfeigh will always be open to you and you will always be welcome in the school and I'm sure some of you will be returning to do work placement for Transition Year.

Finally going forward - *Be bold enough to use your voice, brave enough to listen to your heart and strong enough to live the life you've always imagined.* Best of luck to you all!



Memories from Eoin Hickey

This extract is taken from Eoin's memoir titled 'Growing Up In Skryne'

A Virtual Tour by Pony and Trap



Skryne Castle view from Mrs. Reilly's Cottage, Hill of Skryne.

The Five Main Roads from Skryne

The five main roads from the Hill of Tara leading in directions across the country are well documented. Skryne also has its own five roads leading from the Hill also in all directions: Lismullen and on to Navan; by the Five Cross Roads, through Kentstown and on to Slane; by The Castle, to George's Cross, Rathfeigh and Drogheda. To Oberstown, through Corbalton, Trevet and Ratoath; and finally; past Baronstown, Maher's Cross and up to Tara.

We don't have a time machine to bring us back to travel these roads in the Fifties but I am pleased to be able take you on a *virtual tour* by pony and trap. So sit back and relax, imagine it's a sunny summer's day in the 1950's and we've kindly been given a pony and trap by an old Skryne resident, Mr Leo Charles from Oberstown, to bring us on our way.

The Road to Lismullen and on to Navan

We start off from the top of the hill where we mount the trap at what used to be The Fair Green, a grassy space in front of the Steeple where, regularly, travelling fun fairs come and set up with chair-o-planes and swinging boats. We gee-up the pony and head off downhill towards Lismullen and Navan. First, on the left, we come to a roadside cottage where the Gerrard-Morgan family live.

There were four or five older Gerrard boys, all into sport. Tommy Gerard I particularly remember, he worked with the butcher and was extremely popular. He rode a most impressive racing bike and later cycled competitively for Ireland. We were all very sad when we heard he was emigrating to Australia.

In the 1956 Melbourne Olympics, where Ronnie Delaney won the gold medal for Ireland, Tommy was one of the Irish cycling team, controversially excluded from participating under the banner of the NCA, a 32 county organization not recognized by the *Union Cyclist International*. The Skryne man, with the unofficial team, did reach the starting line where they were spotted and excluded.

Next on the left downhill is a modern two storey farmhouse. Pat Cusack lived here with his elderly father and later with his wife Agnes. The Cusack family had transferred from near Drumcondra in north Meath to the richer pastures of Skryne with the Land Commission. There was a Republican streak in both father and son. In the mid-fifties Pat went missing quite often and was reputed to have been involved in the 1950s IRA Northern Campaign, blowing up bridges, with Sean South of Garryowen. All I can say is that I do remember, one winter's evening, a strong smell coming from Pat's van which he said was from a residue of gelignite which had *sweated a little!*

If we look to the left here we have splendid views of the Hill of Tara and everything in-between. To the right we can clearly see the Mountains of Mourne, some sixty miles away.

Further downhill we come to Farnan's house on the left, where twins Sheila and Geraldine, my age, join us on the walk to school each day. At the bend, behind a heavy growth of tall trees, is the former Protestant Rectory, home to the Talbot family [and later to the Willis family]

When the Talbots lived here we, as children, were regular visitors and I well remember having nettle soup as a treat. Sisters Beryl and Cyril lived here at the time with their elderly mother. Beryl later married Stuart Murless, horse trainer and brother of Noel Murless, trainer to the Queen; they went to live at the Curragh Stud.

The Talbots sold up in the Fifties and went to live in Sandymount. Many years later Beryl and Cyril came to visit my mother at Skryne Castle, they stayed for tea and when leaving my mother hesitated to ask "How is mother"? "Oh mother is fine" came the reply. "She's out in the car, come and say hello". Mother was then aged one hundred and wrapped up comfortably in the back seat of a Volkswagen Beetle.

When Waring Willis and his family bought The Rectory they substantially renovated the house and created a modern horse yard. Mr Willis had been a leading amateur jockey and as an owner, in 1969, won The Queen Mother Champion Chase in Cheltenham with Muir, ridden by Ben Hannon and trained by Tom Dreaper. This set the hill alight at the time with all the locals having had a bet on Muir.

Resuming our journey downhill, not now as steep, the pony breaks into a trot for a mile or so until we arrive at Lismullen Church.

Today only the bell tower remains but in the Fifties it was in good condition, in use, and had a beautiful feature which very few people knew about: A Harry Clarke stained glass window.

In the 1920s the rector, of what was known as the New Church, was Rev L. A. Handy. Lady Dillon of Longate Hall, Hereford, in 1929 commissioned a stain glass window as a memorial to her husband; Sir John Fox Dillon Baronet [d.1925]. The window, *The Ascension* was one of the last windows to be completed and installed by the stain glass artist Harry Clarke before he died in 1931

I remember it well, as children we sat there on many Sundays, fascinated by the coloured lights pouring through. The window depicts *The Crucifixion with Mary standing at the foot of the Cross, Jesus rising with Lazarus from the dead, surrounded by awestruck onlookers and a cripple man Jesus is about to heal. An image of a male figure wearing a blue cloak is a self-portrait of Clarke.*

When it was decided to demolish the church in 1964 the *Ascension Window* was transferred to the Church of Ireland in Trim from where it went in, 2006, to Sotheby's of London for auction and was sold to a private collector.

Before we leave the church I must tell you of the Sunday school classes we children attend here on Saturdays!

The clergyman was Mr Benson who lived in the Rectory at Kentstown; he was very old and nearly blind. He wore two pairs of spectacles, and used a magnifying glass as well to read the Lessons. Giving us a drive from the church on Saturdays, part of the way home to the Five Roads, he would ask one of us to sit in the front seat to keep an eye out – often asking: “Is that a cow or a man on the side of the road?”

Along the road shortly after the church, on the left, is the back gate to Lismullen, then the home of Sir Robert Dillon and his wife Synolda, now an Opus Dei centre. Sir Robert, Bobby to his many friends, was Godfather to my sister Caroline, born in 1953, and a good Godfather he was too! Each year, (and still) on the last Sunday in June an open air service was held at St. Patrick's Church on Tara and in those days, afterwards, everyone was invited down to Lismullen for afternoon tea on the lawn. The weather always seemed to be fine, the Saint George's Brass Band arrived by bus and set up outside with their huge instruments to the delight of all. Sir Robert and his knighted ancestors are laid to rest in a vault in front of the Steeple on the Hill of Skryne.

I cycled this road every day on my way to secondary school in Navan leaving the bike at Garlow Cross, then Mrs Robinson's shop, and taking the bus to rest of the way. The school was Preston School, at The Square, now long gone. There were twenty six pupils, thirteen boys, thirteen girls, thirteen borders and thirteen day-pupils!

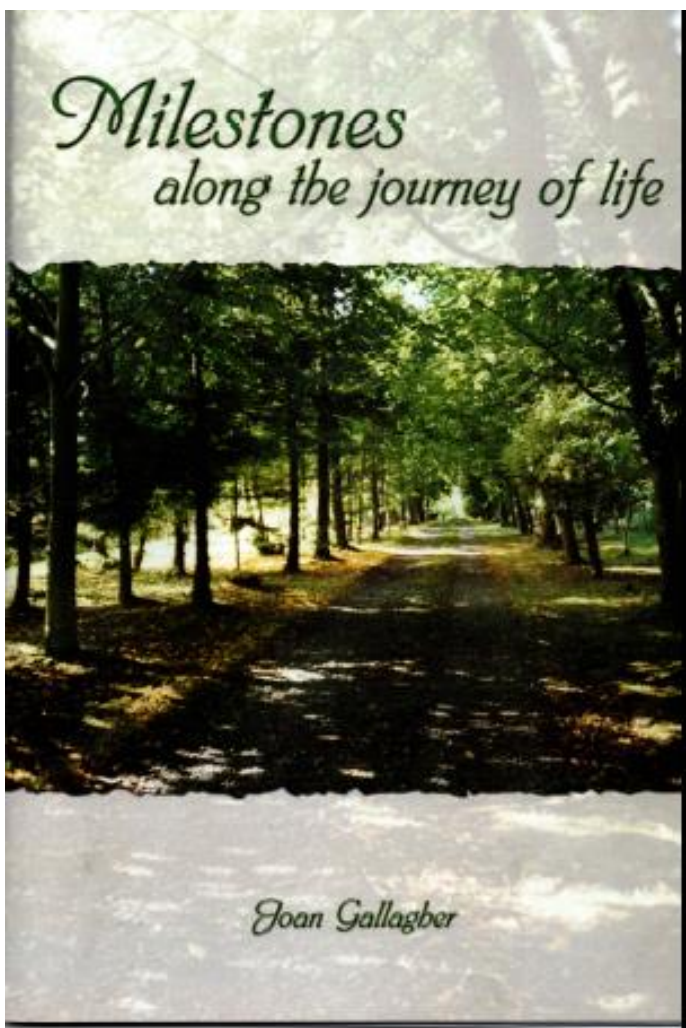
Preston later amalgamated with Wilson's Hospital in Multifarnham, where my grandfather went in the 1860s.

We now turn the pony and head back uphill. At the fork we take the level road to The Five Roads. On our way we pass McCabe's and Keelan's houses.

Ned Keelan drove a big, high delivery van for Halligan's shop, he was a kindly man and always very good to all of us kids hanging around the hill. On my way to secondary school, if I was up early, I could meet Ned's daughter Joan (now Joan Gallagher) with her sister and others, cycling flat-out, on their way to the convent school in Navan.

The Joan Gallagher Archive

We are deeply indebted to the family of the late Joan Gallagher who have given us access to her archive which is a treasure trove of books, pamphlets, booklets, scrapbooks and various tomes concerning local history. The collection also contains a lot of material relating to further afield. It is our intention to publish items of interest on an ongoing basis starting with her book 'Milestones along the journey of life' which was published in 2002. We have seen her notes prepared for the launch where she remarks that it was due to prompting by her granddaughter, Hazel, that she decided to put pen to paper. She declares that it was not written to be a best seller or to make loads of money but any profits were to be directed to the Irish Guide Dogs for the blind. She said that some people will be disappointed to learn that there is no sex in it! and she agonises over whether people would think "it's a heap of rubbish when they read it". She finished by hoping that her venture might inspire other people to write a bit about their own lives and we know she would have been thrilled to read all the personal insights and stories that our readers have sent in since the onset of the covid-19 epidemic.



Milestones Along The Journey Of Life

My Granddaughter, Hazel, aged fifteen, thinks that I should write a bit about my life, (maybe she thinks I have a colourful past).

However, when I sat back and thought about the last sixty or more years, the first thing that sprang to mind was how quickly they have flown, and the second thing I thought about was how lucky my life has been. Oh no, I've never won the Lotto, (yet), nor have I won the Eurovision Song Contest, (yet) nor played Tennis in Wimbledon, nor piloted a Jumbo Jet. But I have been very lucky in Love, Health, Contentment, Family and Friends, and these are the things in life that you cannot put a price on.

J.G. 2002

Remembering the Early Years

I was born on the 22/4/1937 the eldest of four, (two girls and two boys). That was two years before World War Two began, which means I don't remember the time during the war, but I certainly do remember the years towards the end of it, by the fact that everything was so scarce and hard to get. Anything that had to be imported was just not available, oil, rubber, leather, steel, coal, tea, coffee and many other things that we take for granted today.

No oil meant no cars (even for those who could afford them), as all the oil was kept for the war effort for planes, ships, tanks, army lorries etc. etc.

No rubber meant no tyres for bicycles, (which was the main mode of transport back then, no Wellington boots, and lots and lots of other necessary household things.

No leather meant that the Father of the family, whose job it was to mend all the shoes and boots, had great difficulty. Leather was also used for childrens' school bags, ladies handbags, men's belts, and horses' harness, so because these things couldn't be replaced they were mended and re-mended several times over.

Steel and iron was very important for making and repairing farm machinery, and of course for the shoeing of horses. Horses were extremely valuable to the farmer in those days as they did all the work that tractors do now. .

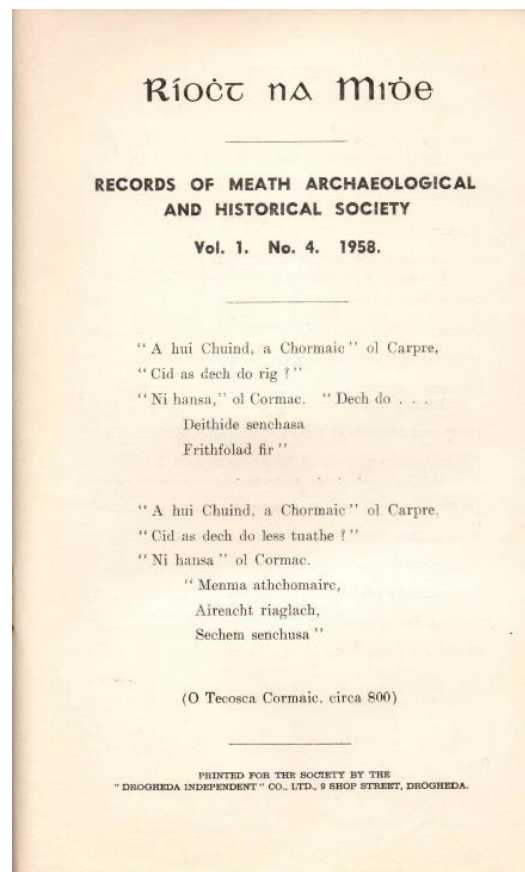
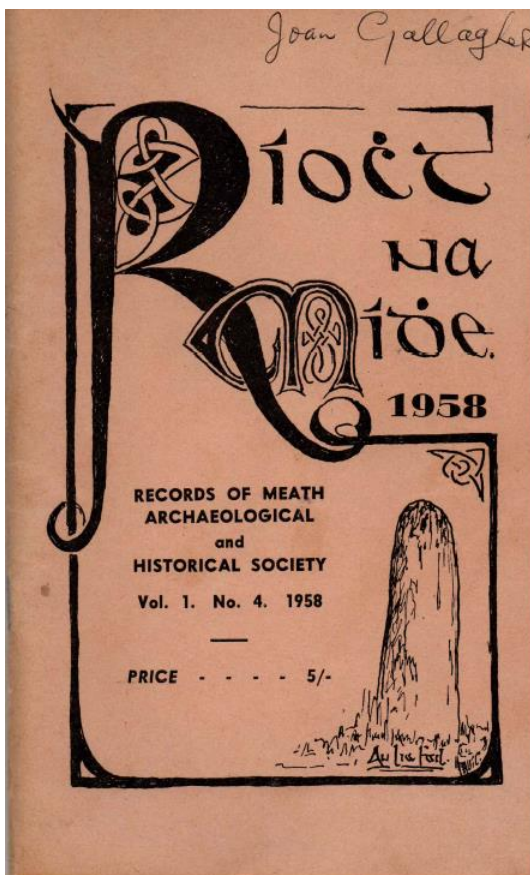
Coal was a great loss as there was no such thing as central heating in houses or work places in the 1940's or '50's, it was mostly open fires everywhere, although some people did have a range. We in Ireland did have turf, but most of it here in the east of the country was of very poor quality, (wet and soft) and so gave out very little heat. People burned timber mostly.

Although I was only eight years old when the war ended in 1945, I still remember very well how difficult it was for parents of families to get

even the bare necessities of life, the fact that we were not involved in the war, (we were neutral) made little difference as all those commodities had to be imported and had to come by ship either from, or via Britain, and of course Britain was “not amused” that Ireland didn’t help them in the war, (our ports would have been useful to them).

(As I am writing, I suddenly realise why I was so aware of all this stuff at only eight or nine years old, you see, my father loved the paper “The Irish Independent”!! (yes, it was out then) and any important or interesting bits he found, he would read out to my mother as she was cooking the dinner, or cutting the bread for the tea, and I was obviously taking a lot of it in.

Riocht na Midhe 1958 from the Joan Gallagher Archive



Will this ever happen?

THE PROPOSED MUSEUM AT TARA

By M. K. MCGURL, M.A., Member.

ARISING out of the lengthy discussion of the Meath Archaeological Society in Skryne Castle after their excursion on 28/7/1955, Mrs. Hickey, of Skryne Castle, lent me the following books:

1. Folk Museums by A. Gwerin. Pub. 1948.
2. Skansen-Stockholm—a short guide. Pub. 1954.
3. Nordiska museet—Stockholm. Pub. 1950.

I procured:—

4. The Handbook of St. Fagan's Welsh Museum, as a result of a conversation with some Welsh tourists I met in Dublin.

and I read an article on:—

5. Danish Museums by George Gray, in the Library World, 1956.

"Folk Museums," by Gwerin, deals mostly with St. Fagan's Cardiff, and is written in Welsh and translated into English. The developments suggested are the personal views of the author, but they are worth our consideration. He points out the two-fold purpose of a museum—to show and preserve the things that have been, and to indicate their organic continuity with the things that are and shall be, and thus get rid of the idea that a museum is solely for housing dead things. He is also careful to explain that the term "folk" stands for the whole community and not for part of it, and that a folk museum should illustrate the complete national life of any country.

The Swedes developed the idea of the folk museum first, because in the mid nineteenth century a Swedish traveller discovered that his own people were quite as interesting as the natives of South America or Australia, so he built up a comprehensive collection, illustrating the cultural past of his own region. In 1891, to round off the subject, he opened Skansen—which is really the Northern Museum plus the folk museum and lies outside Stockholm. To this folk museum in its wide parklands he removed farmhouses, cottages, shops, churches, and recreated them in the style of their locality and period. This folk museum is already 50 years in existence and continues to grow, principally, I think, because of its excellent organisation. This book contains plans, maps, drawings, etc. The example of Sweden was followed in due course by Norway, which established a folk museum on a peninsula only 30 minutes from Oslo by bus. It includes a formal museum and an open-air section.

There are folk museums in Denmark also—the principal town one near Aarhus—representing a town with paved street, a mill, a river, craftsmen's shops, such as ropemakers, goldsmiths, coopers, etc., and a wonderful open-air museum at Lyngby, outside Copenhagen.

Finland has also its folk museums and it is worth noting that all these folk museums were started around the beginning of the 20th century and they each arise from the efforts of one enthusiastic individual. The social activity of the museums in these northern countries is remarkable, though it is, of course, regrettable that, among the social activities of Finland's museums, Communist meetings must be included.

The first director of the National Museum of Wales was Dr. Hoyle, who had to study the Welsh language till he became proficient at it, and who was influenced by the Scandinavian efforts. He collected around him a team of Welsh experts who went to Sweden in 1939 to study Swedish methods and finally, in 1946, the Earl of Plymouth offered St. Fagan's Castle and 18 acres to the National Museum of Wales for a folk museum which has an indoor and outdoor section including gardens, and these gardens and castle are not the folk museum, but an exhibit in it.

There are a further four pages detailing visits to St. Fagan's Welsh museum in Cardiff and the Lyngby open air museum in Denmark. This is the final section of the article:

THE MUSEUM AT TARA

Since the Tara excavations were begun by the late Professor O'Riordan in 1952. Meath people have become convinced that something in the way of a Museum should be erected on the Hill of Tara to help visitors to appreciate its history through the ages.

Meath Archaeological Society initiated the project and then the Tara Development Committee took over to organize the provision of this Museum with the required amenities. They held several meetings and discussions with Bord Failte Eireann who had been allocated £5,000 from central funds to carry on the project. Bord Failte, with little regard for local opinion, prepared its own plans, though asking, as a courtesy gesture, the opinions of the Meath Archaeological Society and the Tara Development Committee. There matters stand, and there are fears that Meath is to have a dead and uninspired building erected on the Hill of Tara by Bord Failte.

Let us hope that wiser counsels will prevail, and that the respect for tradition will be upheld here as it was in Wales and Denmark.

Tara is the focal point of our nation, for ourselves as well as for tourists, and the proposed Museum should be worthy of its location.

Are there any records of the work carried out by the Tara Development Committee?

The Night Sky by Tony Canavan

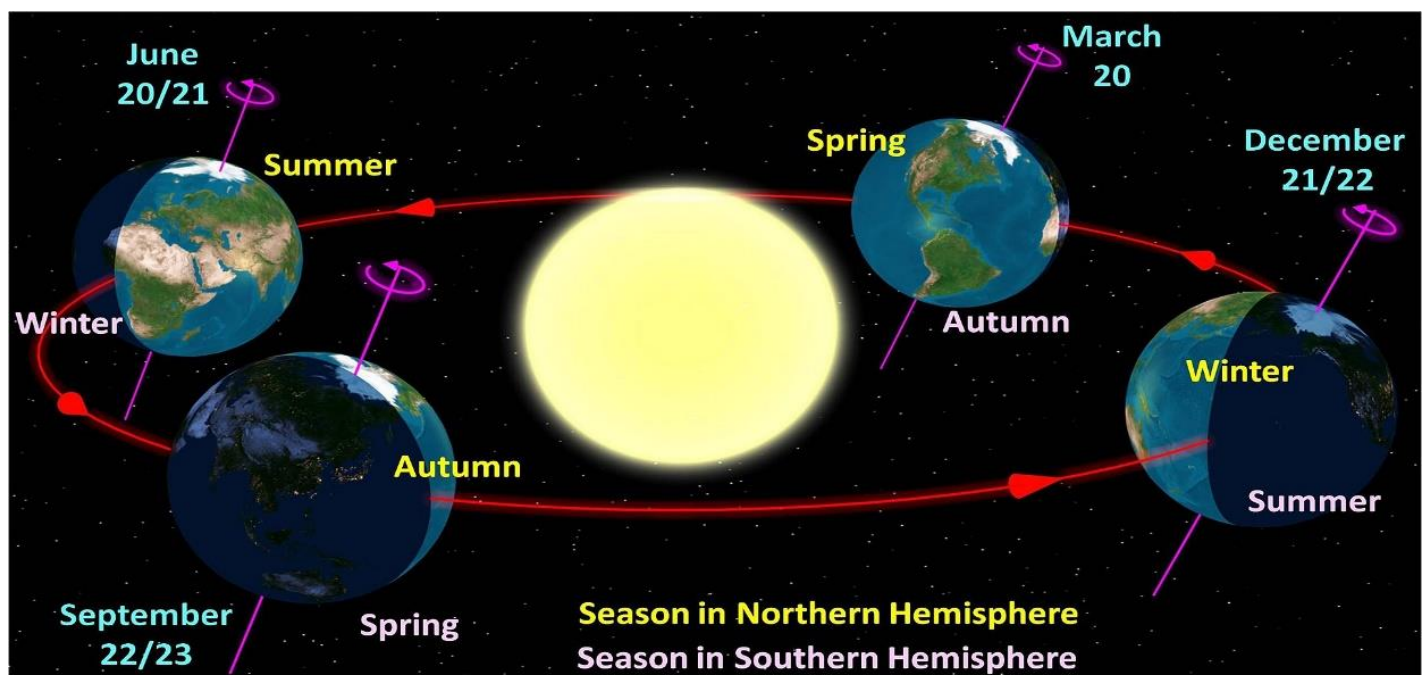
Night Sky

June 13th: As per last issue: From 3 am we have Neptune, Mars and the crescent moon all in a vertical line (altitude 8 degrees azimuth 118 degrees) with Saturn and Jupiter to the south (azimuth 165).

June 20th: Time of the Summer Solstice: 10:42 pm the sun will reach its northernmost height in the sky resulting in the longest daylight hours of the year for us in the Northern Hemisphere.

June 25th: at 11 pm the crescent moon is just above the star Regulus (altitude 6 degrees azimuth 281 degrees). Regulus glows in the heart of Leo, the Lion, one of the great constellations of the zodiac. It shines with a luminosity of 360 times our sun and its equator rotates at 317 km per second. There is a companion star that orbits Regulus every 125,000 years. The crescent moon will look spectacular through binoculars and especially through a telescope.

Solstice:



Solstice comes from the latin 'sol' meaning sun and 'sistere' meaning to stand still. The idea being that the sun has stopped its ascent North to the Tropic of Cancer and stands still before it starts its descent south again.

Summer solstice sees the earth's axis tilted towards the sun so longer days and shorter nights.

The sun and the moon exert a gravitational pull on the earth causing the earth to wobble (called precession) i.e. the earth behaves a little like the top of a spinning top. That is why in 12,000 years the North celestial pole will be the star Vega and not Polaris as at present.

The precession also causes the solstices and the equinoxes to move slightly from year to year changing over thousands of years. Greek astronomer Hipparchus is generally credited with discovering [precession](#) in 127 BC, (also trigonometry) having noticed that the solstices and equinoxes occurred in a different position among the stars than depicted on comparison charts of 150 years earlier. Likewise, star positions which we observe at night have changed

since ancient Greek times at a rate of roughly 1 degree every 71.6 years, corresponding to a cycle period lasting around 25,772 years. So the direction of the earth's axis changes over the centuries.

The earth rotates 460 metres a second over a 24 hours period and travels around the sun at 30 kms second and the solar system travels around the Milky Way at 200 kms per second i.e. in 90 seconds we all move roughly 20,000 kms in orbit around the galactic centre. It takes our solar system 250 million years to complete one orbit of the Milky Way. This is known as a cosmic year.

The Milky Way in turn is travelling through space at 2.1 million km per hour in the direction of Virgo & Leo constellations which is exactly the direction towards the Great Attractor (a cluster of about 1000 galaxies) and it in turn is moving towards the Shapley Supercluster (cluster of 8000 galaxies) with a mass of 10 million billion suns. We are travellers in space on a rocky planet.

The Enchantment of Childhood by Anne Frehill

I can replay the scene in my mind as if it were yesterday. An errant hen is up to her old tricks again, she has laid her eggs outside. I am dispatched on a mission to find them. I can hear a commotion in the bushes as I enter the paddock but by the time I reach the source of this disturbance the fox has departed the scene of the crime and all that remains is a scattering of red feathers. I race home as fast as my five-year-old legs can carry me, sobbing uncontrollably. My mother produces a bar of Fry's chocolate cream, but it is not enough to obliterate that awful picture in my head, the tears are still rolling down my face. Then my father promises to take me to Croke Park by bus on the following Sunday, where Kerry v Dublin are scheduled to meet in the All Ireland Football Semi Final. I care not a whit for football, but I long for a trip on the big green bus. Immediately, my tears disappear, order is restored, and I go on my merry way. Yet, nature, "red in tooth and claw" has taught me a valuable lesson.

Nothing in this material world can rival the innocence and imagination of early childhood.

The newborn baby, like the first stone age baby, enters a vast universe, where over time and through various developmental stages he begins to take cognisance of the world around him. And so gradually as the years slip by, he comes to know what it is to be human.

The poignancy of adulthood is that we lose the wonder of our childhood days, we take the world for granted, often blind and deaf to so many of the marvels around us while a countless number of distractions beckon. Yet, as we grow older it is no accident that we like to go back to our treasure trove of childhood memories and to relive scenes from it which can only be described as magical. Of course, all of this presupposes a home where real love and encouragement exist. What of the so-called homes where children have endured horrendous violence or the more subtle grinding day after day abuse be it mental, sexual, or emotional. These individuals too must sooner or later with professional help return to episodes from their childhood and find a roadmap to unlearn the travesties of their childhood.

Every child wants to explore, discover, and play. And one way to do this is via the portal of stories, he enters that world for a short time where anything is possible. Through stories he can safely experience the shadow of evil and the eternal struggle between good and evil in our world, through witches, monsters, goblins, fairies and angelic like beings.

Anyone, who grew up in the countryside will say that as children the day was never long enough. Each year I could hardly wait for school to finish so that I could enjoy the balmy, carefree days of summer stretching ahead. There were streams to be explored, pinkeens to be caught and placed in jam jars filled with water. Then we carried them home with as much pride as if we had caught the finest trout or heaviest salmon on the whole island of Ireland. Each time as a child of four or five, I convinced myself when I transferred the latest poor captive into a large bowl of water that it would not die and invariably when it did, there were tears. Growing up on a farm, meant even greater treats to be enjoyed. Once the meadows were cut, a day or two later, the swarths had to be shaken out, loosely with forks. Then they were made into cocks of hay which dotted the landscape like fortresses. While the adults did this mundane work, I conjured up along with my little friend all sorts of kingdoms and castles in those golden fields. About four o'clock, a large teapot was brought to the meadow, it was strong, sweet, and flavoured with rich creamy milk from one of our cows. Along with it, my mother sent thick slices of cold boiled ham resting on brown bread as well as chunky slices of crusty white bread spread with home-made butter and home-made jam, including gooseberry, rhubarb with ginger or strawberry. Slabs of fruit cake completed the picnic. No meal which I have ever eaten in the finest Michelin starred restaurant since has ever compared with the tastes of those sumptuous repasts in the fields.

Later, came the jaunts on the hay bogey pulled by our beautiful farm horse named Brandy as the haycocks were brought into the barn. I must have been about six years old when the first tractor arrived, and so my lovely Brandy was sold. It was one of my earliest lessons about loss and grief, many more were soon to follow including the death of pets and adored relatives, who emigrated.

Every tree on the farm provided us with some form of amusement, from make -shift swings, and climbing frames, to hide holes for bird watching. We delighted in hearing stories about the wildlife all around us, hedgehogs, badgers, foxes, rabbits, hares, and we watched every year not just for the arrival of the corncrake, cuckoo and skylark but for more elusive birds of prey such as the sparrow hawk and barn owls. We knew too where the best crab apples, sloes and damsons were to be found and as the year turned the best blackberries and later still, conkers. There was scant regard for health and safety when it came to fun, every summer I played with my friend on a makeshift see saw, a plank of wood left across a barrel.

Amidst these activities, for me there was always the delightful pull of books in all shapes and sizes, in various formats, each one having its own peculiar smell and particular type of paper, some yellowed with age and others barely dry from the printing press. Old books from my siblings, my very own new books, books from the local library in Navan, along with a staggering array of tattered comics swapped with my friend for used games of `snakes and ladders` or `ludo. These books were portals which transported me to other worlds.

Catapults too were appealing, all though they were regarded as belonging in the somewhat dubious world of boys. And so, I was never allowed to own one, but I did try with my cousin`s catapult to cut the heads off countless thistles on visits to his home.

We regularly made walking-sticks for ourselves from ash plants, ostensibly these were to help turn in a cow or a calf into a shed but in reality we used them in our games when dressing up, as elderly women or men.

There simply was not enough time to enjoy everything. On wet days there was a stamp collection to arrange, or if we were lucky a trip to Dublin to visit Clerys, Woolworths, and Hector Greys. Sundays were days of rest and after the obligatory mass, provided there was no big match on in Croke Park, we went on trips to the Zoo and Phoenix Park, to the Airport to plane spot and to Bettystown.

There was always a rush before the school holidays ended, to fit in a week in Salthill with my grandmother but that`s another story!

I can recall an elderly relative, who lived in Limerick, recounting how as a child he played hurling on donkey-back without even a saddle and using a broom as a hurling -stick, much to the bewilderment of the poor donkey who often lay down and refused to be drawn into such foolish antics.

However, “the times they were a changing.” Television was just around the corner and soon would enter our very living-rooms, bringing images, from the plains of Africa, from the New York skyline and from the sophisticated boulevards of Paris. Suddenly, my home in the rural parish of Skryne seemed small, I watched, and I waited, promising myself that one day I would visit those places.

Finally, from *Fern Hill* (by the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas 1914-1953) here is the first verse, which I believe captures the essence of a country childhood.

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs

About the lilted house and happy as the grass was green

The night above the dingle starry

Time let me hail and climb

Golden in the heydays of his eyes

And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns

And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves

Trail with daisies and barley

Down the rivers of the windfall light.

12 *Irish Independent, Thursday, June 11, 1970*

Irish Independent

(Incorporating the "Freeman's Journal")

IRELAND'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

DUBLIN, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1970.

TOUGH BARGAINING AHEAD

THE ISSUING of a formal invitation from the E.E.C. to start discussions on June 30 serves to underline the imminence of our entry bid. The Irish negotiating brief will not be a straightforward business by any means. Our interests and problems differ in many important respects from Britain and the other applicants. The Irish negotiating team will need to put forward its case with skill and vigour in seeking reasonable and fair conditions.

Perhaps the most serious issue will concern the arrangements for industry. The length of the transition period for removing tariffs will be important. So also will the E.E.C. attitude towards our system of financial incentives, the export tax reliefs, and the Shannon customs free area. The future for Irish industry inside the Common Market is a good deal less predictable than agriculture.

Mr. Lalor had little to say on the industrial implications in this week's Dail debate on his Department's estimate. The Minister did however imply that this gap would be rectified in the forthcoming debate on the White Paper. Already this year we have seen a four-fold increase in the imports of Continental plastic footwear. There will be other instances where Continental imports will accelerate greatly because of the consumer urge for novelty and fashion.

The country should be given much more detailed information about our industrial prospects in the E.E.C. It is up to the Minister to provide this information for the coming debate. Otherwise we shall only have more of the vague generalisations which have characterised the industrial discussions to date.

The N.F.A. delegation which is off to Brussels will no doubt want to check some of the things they have been told will happen when we become members. This is only sensible. Agriculture has proved an almost intractable problem for the Common Market planners, and their approach in the past to the obstacles in their way will guide, or should guide, thinking in this country.

Queries on refusal of charter flights

THE COUNTRY lost significantly in tourist traffic because permission was refused for a number of charter flights, Limerick Fine Gael deputy, **Mr. Tom O'Donnell**, claimed in the Dail yesterday.

The Minister for Transport and Power, **Mr. Lenihan**, told him that five applications to operate charter flights through to Shannon or Dublin were refused since July 1, 1969, because adequate capacity was being provided with scheduled carriers on the routes on which the flights were to operate.

RTE TELEVISION

- 5.55—Bugs Bunny.
- 5.55—Fado Fado.
- 6.00—The Angelus.
- 6.01—Sinbad Jr. and Bozo the Clown.
- 6.15—The News.
- 6.25—Magoo and Friends.
- 6.30—Amúigh Faoim Speir.
- 7.00—Newsbeat.
- 7.25—Room 222.
- 7.55—An Nuacht.
- 8.00—Seeing is Not Believing.
- 8.30—The Virginian.
- 10.00—News, Weather, Sport.
- 10.25—7 Days.
- 10.55—This is Tom Jones.
- 11.50—News.
- 11.52—Outlook.

Irish Independent, Thursday, June 11, 1970



PELE AGAIN IN THE GOALS

Brazil, 3; Rumania, 2

BRAZIL entered the quarter finals with an unblemished record when they beat Rumania 3-2 at Guadalajara yesterday. It was a result that must have pleased World champions, England, for it meant that they have only to draw tonight against Czechoslovakia to join the 1958 and '62 title holders in the last eight.

The opening was almost all one-way traffic with Pele and Jairzinho figuring prominently in early raids. Pele had a hot shot deflected by a defender for a corner and then Cesar was not far off target with a really fierce drive that hummed its way just wide.

The Brazilian pressure was intense and it was amazing that the Rumanian goal survived as it seemed every Brazilian was intent in getting in on the shooting act.

West Germany, 3; Peru, 1

GERD MULLER, 24-year-old German striker, scored one of the fastest hat-tricks in the history of the World Cup in leading West Germany to an exciting 3-1 victory over Peru that enabled them to finish their group with maximum points.

Muller caused complete panic in the Peru defence on innumerable occasions and was unlucky not to add to the three goals he scored after 20, 26 and 38 minutes of the first half.

Irish Independent, Friday, June 12, 1970

CZECHOSLOVAKIA 0; ENGLAND 1

A PENALTY, coolly scored three minutes after the interval by Leeds United's Alan Clarke, on his international debut, ensured champions England of a place in the World Cup quarter-finals. But the high-powered "storm-troopers" of West Germany, who wait in ambush in Leon ready to avenge the war they lost at Wembley, are hardly likely to shudder in alarm at this performance.

CARPETS CLEANED, CARPETS SHAKEN,
PRESCOTT'S
THE LEADING CLEANERS AND DYERS IN IRELAND.
DUBLIN.

DUBLIN:
THURSDAY,
JUNE 10, 1920.

City Special Edition
Irish Independent

Price—
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Saturdays Only, 2d.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
Owing to the paper crisis and the great shortage of news paper, we ask the public to avoid disappointment, to place a definite order for the "Irish Independent" with their newspaper.

IRON HEEL PLANS FOR IRELAND.

NEW TRIBUNALS TO BE SET UP.

TROOPS COMING IN

ANOTHER OUTBREAK IN LIMERICK.

A QUEENSTOWN ATTACK

Troops and guns continue to arrive in Ireland and detachments are being sent to every town and village in the south.

Meanwhile the English Press continues to foreshadow a more vigorous campaign of coercion and the abolition of trial by jury is being discussed. In some quarters it is stated that the Government will content itself with waiting the outcome of the new military measures.

After a 3 hours' fight an attack on the wireless station at Corkbeg, Queenstown, was repelled by the Cameron Highlanders.

Allegations are made of a further outbreak by police in Limerick on Tuesday night, when volleys were fired on the streets, windows broken and civilians assaulted.

Irish Labour Party and Trade Union Congress.

MUNITIONS OF WAR.

The North Wall Railwaymen, rather than assist in providing the Army of Occupation with Munitions for the war against Ireland, have already sacrificed over £20,000 in wages.

This is not the Railwaymen's fight. **IT IS YOURS!**

Have you given anything to support the men and their wives and families?

The Irish people, apart from a few Trade Unions, have so far contributed less than £100!

You cannot afford to hurl gibes at others for refusing support until you have borne your share of the burden.

Send contributions immediately to the "Munitions of War Fund," per

THOMAS JOHNSON, TREASURER,

THE CO. MEATH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, LTD.

GREAT SHOW AT NAVAN, On Tuesday, 3rd August, 1920.

HOGS, CATTLE, SHEEP, GOATS, SWINE, POULTRY, FRUIT, VEGETABLES, FARM PRODUCE AND INDUSTRIES.

Hunter Classes, Polo Ponies, Driving, and Jumping Competitions Open to all Ireland.

Money, Cups, and Special Prizes amounting to nearly £500 offered for competition.

Special Feature—Ladies' Jumping Competition (Open).

ENTRIES CLOSE on 10th JULY; for Jumping and Driving on 31st JULY, and at Post.

Price List, Entry Forms, and all information from

THE SECRETARY.

MEOW GROUNDS, NAVAN.

My Brother's Scribblings by Norbert Coyle

GILLIAN

Date: 4 June 2020

It's open. Don't keep knockin'....come in. I say ...sorry to intrude...can one come in...is that all right.? Sit down there.....move that gansy....yer not local are ya? Well depending on your definition of local....about 3 miles up the road...the broad road as you call it....Cloverhill Farm. Oh the English pair...I have ya now. Well regrettably not "The English Pair" as you say...we lost Chas last year...well when I say "we" I mean I lost Chas....sounds silly...I didn't actually lose him in the conventional sense....not to put too fine a tooth on it...but he got a heart attack in the back paddock when he was selecting lambs for the mart. I'm sorry for your trouble but if you sit there and I'll be back in a minute...I'll make tea out here....switch on the wireless if you want or have a read at the Celt...I'll make tea..... No need to go to all that trouble... It's no trouble...I always make a sup some time in the evening and now is as good a time as any....I'll be back in a minute. There now....I suppose being English you won't have milk or sugar but I brought them anyway... I take both actually...jolly good. I usually have a cut or so of shop bread and the blackcurrant jam...I could never take tea with nothing....will I cut you a cut?. Right so....there's the jam and there's more in the press but I always like to finish a pot before I open another. Did you ever have Lemon Curd?there's a pot there ...I take a notion for it betimes. This is jolly nice but can I tell you why I've called ?. Well I hardly thought that you were coming on a ceidhle . Too true...you see we keep sheep...well more correctly I keep sheep now that Chas. is no longer with us and I'm not as familiar as Chas. was with the sheep. Well it's like this ...how does one put it...I have this sheep and she was perfect last week...but now there's this thing like a red balloon protruding from ...well the back end....and I said to the chappie who helps out...I said...what's that...pointing to the thing....Ah Miss ...he said...she's put out her loo...it's either the vet and money or down you go to Seamus...he has the knack. So Seamus...if you'll pardon my familiarity...are you the one who has the knack as they call it. Well Miss...if I had a pound for every loo I put in I'd be a rich man...it's easy when you know how..Bring down the sheep and I'll do her tomorrow. Can one ask you Seamus...now that one is here.....shearing the sheep...what is the correct week in summer for this activity?. Now Miss.... Seamus...it's Gillian....Gillian Thorburr... Well Gillian....it depends on the weather though I know lads who shear in April to get them to eat more and put on a bit of weight.

2 weeks later.

I say can one come in? Come on ahead....Gillian ...

How did you know it was me.? I saw your jeep coming up the lane and it was bound to be you unless you changed your machine. I noticed last time that you had no hens so I brought you up some fresh organic free range eggs.... Do you mean normal eggs.....well yes. Down here all eggs are like that.....that's the way we expect them. They'll make a nice omelette for you Seamus and it's my small "Thank you" for attending to my sheep. Now I can eat them fried or boiled but I'm dammed if I can make an omelette. Well then it's settled....I'll make you an omelette....

1 week later.

Seamus.....I've brought you my world renowned rhubarb tart but I do need to pick your brain....about the sheep...talk to me about daggins... We'll have a bit of the tart first...wait until I put on the kettle..I haven't had rhubarb tart in years...are you losing' a bit of weight or is it the way you're sittin'? Now is that a tart or is that a tart?? Now Seamus...tell me all you know about daggins and what one should do! Are you sure you don't mind me talkin' about sheepsh while you're at the tart....well one is a farmer you know and by the way....this word sheepsh...a new one on me...pray explain....well savin' yer presence Miss it's short for sheep shit.....now Seamus enough of the Miss stuff...it's Gillian. Now Gillian...here's the ladybird version of daggins....not enough for a PhD in daggins but ample for you for the time being. Now daggins come in two varieties only ...dry clacky daggins and their less popular cousin....the dreaded dreepin' daggin. Now if it's images you're lookin' for one is made from dry sheepsh and the other is the wet variety. Ideally shear off the dry daggin....a far easier job than the dreepin' daggin...easier to handle if you get me drift. That's a powerful tart...will you have another cut...will I top ya up there....I've plenty of rhubarb ...it grows be itself...but I'd never be able to make a tart...though I can make bread...bring all the rhubarb ya want...they say never to pull it the first year after plantin' Howaya gettin' on since himself if you don't mind me askin' ? Well you know Seamus...up days...down days....and thank goodness for the sheep...keeps the mind distracted...evenings tend to be worse...I watch television without seeing anything.... Well if ever you're stuck at a loose end kinda thing you could always call over here as a distraction but I'd have me tea before you come unless you're into stew...how long is it now since Chas. ya know....18 months...yer right it would have to be that....the one put out her loo shortly after...no connection I'm sure not comparing the Christian to the animal. Tell you what....you tell me what evenin' you'll call and I'll make a fresh stew...sometimes I'd have one on the go for a week or so adding in bits and pieces and sometimes they'd be better than the fresh lad and sometimes not as good depending how much you'd take out of it if ya follow. Right then Thursday evening....that's a date....I don't mean a date like a date but well ya know...it's settled...you're calling' for a fresh stew sometime after duskus on the Thursday.

Thursday .

Seamus....knock knock ...I'm here...can one come in?? Come on in outa that...what's that...a tart again...a fella could get used to these lads...I'd say don't bother but I'd be afraid you'd take a lad at his word. Now Seamus this stew is something else....what's the wonderful flavour?. Ah that's the coriander...a powerful man when there's a carrot around...I grow it in a half barrel...I thought that you'd cop...now can you get a hint of anything else....semi exotic like..... There is something but one is quite baffled as to what. Ah brilliant....that's what a fella is lookin' for.... If you know what it is then I'd have put too much in...it's curry powder...but the right amount is enough to flavour but not enough to be identifiable . A great lad for givin' a stew a shot. Seamus can one ask how you know all this stuff ? Simple...the kitchen university as I call it... The telly. Speaking of knowledge now Seamus...here's one for you...our chappie who tends the sheep uses words which have me totally baffled...perhaps you'd explain.....he keeps threatening to put a langit or a langel on the sheep if they don't stop thieving...now what is he on about....what are the sheep stealing... Well technically they're not stealing anything...but possibly stealing some of your neighbour's grass...."thieving" in this respect refers to sheep tending to wander into neighbours fields as is their innate habit and going "walkabout". Now what's this langit thing...well it's a spancel...and this lad makes rambling much more difficult.... And tell me Seamus.....what's a spancel.....ah a langit or a hobble. Now they're all the same thing....a piece of sacking material joining one front leg with the opposite hind leg.....hobble....langit....langel....spancel....all different names for the same lad. Are you in favour

Seamus ? It's not about being in favour or not....having to resort to the langit means that your breed of sheep is wrong for your pasture or your pasture is inadequate for your flock. For the former...change breed....for the latter...manage your pasture more efficiently....no need ever for the langit on a well managed sheep farm. I say ...that was a wonderful stew...a hot pot one might call it. Now I'll make tea....or would you prefer coffee....I just have the lad in the jar...mild stuff.....a coffee Seamus...sounds wonderful. I have yer tart in the oven...do you eat ice cream? Right so....I have a block in the fridge. Why would you have a block in the fridge Seamus.... ? Well if I keep it in the press it'll melt and run all over the place. Oh I get it...a block of ice cream...jolly good. Now Seamus I brought you over another little something....this is a small brandy which I found in the cabinet the other day....haven't had a brandy in years...but they say it does enhance a coffee. Yes...indeed....the brandy does to the coffee what your curry did to the hot pot.

Later... Now see here Seamus...give me that lesson again....tell me those names once more....langcels and spangles and cobbles....yes just a small drop...yes top up the coffee...cop up the toffee...whatever....whatever. I say Seamus...did you sneak something dodgy into that stew pot... Now Lillian...Gillian....I think it's your coffee... You mean your coffee Seamus....Seamus my fount of all knowledge...my sheepsexpert....one means ones expert sheep....what does one mean Seamus... Wellknows about sheep Miss....oh there you go Miss again...do you know Seamus...I'd miss you if you ...you're my what do you call itoracle. How does it feel being an oracle tell one now Seamus...and a great stew pot maker to boot...or is it pot stew maker...who cares....nomore coffee and less brandy....no need to be mean with the brandy...old chap...speaking of which ...what age do you think I am Seamus and don't scatter...I mean flatter me...I'm a fatter me than I was....right Seamus now flatter me.....noI mean I used be fatter...what did I ask you.....yes what age are you Seamus...If you tell me I'll tell you....so glad I can hold my drink....point me to your lavatory Seamus....noone can manage....not easily mind you...but can manage...what a hot stew pot...Seamusdoor bloody well stuck....oops opens other way silly door..silly me ..silly billy...back soon...



Make your garden bee-friendly in summer

In summer, all species of bees are building up their strength with nectar and pollen. Bumblebee males and queens are starting to appear, and honeybee colonies may produce a swarm of workers, drones and a new queen to found a new colony.

Leave areas of uncultivated soil and small piles of woody prunings in borders and at hedge bases, where solitary bees and bumblebees can make colonies.

Grow *Rosa canina* (native dog roses) in wildlife hedges and at the back of borders to provide nectar and pollen, as well as rose foliage for leafcutter bees to use for nesting.

Allow areas of grass to grow wildflowers, such as daisies and dandelions, as an easy source of nectar throughout the summer.

Grow the following: allium, *Aquilegia vulgaris*, bergamot (*Monarda didyma*), buddleja, comfrey, coneflower (echinacea), dahlia, evening primrose, foxglove, *Gaura lindheimeri*, lavender, poppy (annual and oriental), sunflowers, thyme, verbena

What to do in the garden in June

Keep on top of weeding. Your precious plants shouldn't have to compete for precious water, light and nutrients.

Lift and divide clumps of snowdrops and bluebells once the leaves start to yellow.

Lift and divide overcrowded clumps of bulbs.

Dead-head your roses if they're repeat-flowering types. Otherwise, leave the seed heads on for decoration.

Stake tall or floppy perennial plants to prevent wind damage.

Towards the end of June, if your hardy geraniums have finished flowering, cut them back to encourage new foliage and flowers.

Continue to earth up potato plants as they grow. Read our potato growing guide for more advice on growing the best spuds.

Keep the compost of newly planted container potatoes moist, but take care not to overwater, as this compacts the soil, squeezing out the oxygen, and prevents the developing tubers from swelling.

Pinch out any side shoots from your tomato plants. You can pot these up to create new tomato plants. Start to feed once the first truss is setting fruit

Harvest salad crops, and resow every 2 weeks for a constant supply of tasty leaves.

When planting out cabbages, use brassica collars to prevent cabbage root fly attack.

Harvest early potatoes - these are normally ready about 10 weeks after planting.

Keep an eye on your onion and garlic. When the leaves start to yellow and die back, they're ready to harvest.

Protect any developing fruits from birds and squirrels by placing netting around your plants.

If you have plants fruiting in containers, remember to give them a high potash liquid feed to keep them healthy and productive.

Top-dress patio dwarf fruit trees with fresh compost and a slow-release fertiliser.

Peg down runners on your strawberry plants to create more plants for next year. If you don't need more plants simply remove the strawberry runners completely.

On seeing an old woman singing for charity in the street.

An Incident

(I)

Tw'as but an old time lay she sang
A plaintive threnody.
Yet her poor worn voice thro' the bustles clang
With a sorrowing sadness faintly rang.
As she sang that melody.

(II)

Her withered form was stopped and bent.
She stepped but wearily,
With white and grey her hair was blent
Her whole starved figure feeling lent.
To that olden melody.

(III)

As through the streets I took my way
My thoughts for thoughts are free
Went backward to that head of grey
To the singer of that old time lay.

(IV)

A glimpse of life in every sphere
Clearly, I seemed to see
Like melodies some are born to cheer
Whilst others, too many are sad and drear.
As lacking they base life's melody.

(V)

And that aged singer midst the busy throng

A guide to me shall be.

To think as I journey thro' life along

Of the many whose lot is to sing a song

With a crooning melody.



This is from Brian Smyth's 'Collected Poems'

Old Farm Machinery

Can you name these two old pieces of farm equipment? Answers in next week's RST



Last week's machines:

Horse Drawn Land Roller, used for breaking up hard lumps of earth and breaking ground

Pierce Pulper, used for shredding turnips, mangolds etc thereby making them more digestible for young animals

COVID 19 Community Support Group and Club Together

As you are aware Skryne GFC joined forces with the Active First Responders a few weeks back to form the local COVID 19 Community Support volunteer group to help local people most in need however we can in these restricted times. Since then the GAA has partnered with SuperValu and Centra to help keep the most vulnerable of us to keep well stocked up with essentials to get through these difficult times. As part of this “Club Together” initiative Skryne GFC have partnered with Supervalu Johnstown who will contact the COVID 19 Community Support group to assist with the delivery of groceries to the more vulnerable in our parish. This will be a drop and go service to ensure all physical distancing guidelines set out by the HSE will be adhered to all times.

I hope you will agree this could be a great help to the more isolated in the parish so please spread this message out to all your local contacts that may require the service or may know someone who does. The service will be up and running in the coming week with details advertised on all Skryne GFC social media platforms.

Thanks again and mind yourselves!

COVID 19 Community Support group

Cormac Grendon 0879409677

Ross Philips 0879798822

Des Manning 0860584116.

Stephen Naughton 0872225572;

Niall Muldoon 0852091801;

Sean O Regan 0868145169

Christy O Connor 086 2854057

Declan Smyth 087-2504983

A.F.R. (9 am - 6pm) 0868853713.

Please contact any of us for further information or assistance

Notices

Local Handy Man Available SERVICES PROVIDED:

- Carpentry / Wooden Floors / Cabinet Making
- Radiator covers made to measure
- Shelving for Hot Presses
- Side Gates made to measure
- Under Stairs storage units
- Garden Maintenance including Hedge Cutting
- Power-washing Paths & Patios
- Supply and Fitting of Fireplaces & Stoves

NO JOB TOO SMALL!

Contact: Pauric

T: 046 9034846

M: 085 1597105

Swans of Oberstown would like to inform our customers that we are doing our best to keep the shop open and are taking advice from the government and the HSE on how best to do so.

Customer safety is of paramount importance to us all and we kindly request the same in return for all our staff. Please maintain the new social distancing etiquette and follow all HSE guidelines.

The Swan family would like to thank all our customers for your continued support. Rest assured we will strive to keep the shelves well stocked with all the essentials, together with lots of goodies to help us through these challenging times. As well as offering somewhere safe to shop we are also doing deliveries where possible. At the moment we are open from 8am-8pm. Stay safe.

I would be willing to offer any advice to readers regarding their vehicles. With garages closed readers may have queries regarding issues that they are worried about.

Ron Chawke

Ron Chawke Motors

086-1717159

ronchawkemotors@gmail.com

Local person seeking to buy site with a view to building a residential property in the Skryne/Tara area

Contact details:

086-0424290

A&J Print are open for business, this may be of particular interest to students who need to have their projects printed up

SEDUM AND SAGE

LOCAL PLANT NURSERY



FREE DELIVERY ON ORDERS OVER €50
WITHIN 50KM OF SKRYNE

CATALOGUE AVAILABLE AT:
[HTTP://SKRYNE SAVER.COM/SEDUM/](http://skrynesaver.com/sedum/)

EMAIL TO ORDER: [KIRSTENWALK@GMAIL.COM](mailto:kirstenwalk@gmail.com)

Contacts

Apologies to all whose submissions have been omitted due to time/ space constraints or perhaps as a result of gross negligence by the compiler. Hopefully we will be able to include those items in future issues

Do you have family or friends living abroad or elsewhere in Ireland who would like to receive the RST?

Do you have neighbours or friends who do not have email?

Perhaps you could send us their contact details, or family member details, and we will add them to our mailing list

Please send all articles to jimconroy747@gmail.com or to patriciaconroy1@hotmail.com