

RST Newsletter

Rathfeigh • Skryne • Tara



DIGITAL VERSION FOR DURATION OF CORONAVIRUS EPIDEMIC

SATURDAY 1st August 2020

ISSUE NO.17



Comet Neowise viewed through a 15th Century church doorway on the Hill of Skryne, 19th July 2020.

Photo taken by Hugh McNelis

Condolences

Our sincere sympathy goes to

The family of Lena McNally, The Naul, nee Hanley, formally from Skryne
The Von Schmieder family on the death of Vicky.

May they rest in peace

Missing Cat

Our cat " little bud" she is missing from her home in Bellew rathfeigh tara 3 months now. We cant find her anywhere.

Olive and Peter Lynch



Keys Found

A bunch of keys have been found near Rathfeigh school.

Enquiries to 087 20413, Leo O'Hare

The Schoolmaster's Daughter by Margaret Hayes

“O, Margaret you are all the world to me,
A little girl took up a mother's load.
A bright fresh flower to a withered tree,
Showing an aged man the only road.
God bless and keep you forever in his care
O grant together eternal bliss we share.”
(Smyth, Bryan – unpublished poem, 1973)

My father was the local schoolmaster and Principal of Skryne National School for 37 years. Along with his wife, Emily, and his sister in law, Mai Segrave he was instrumental in guiding and teaching hundreds of young children in the parish of Skryne and Rathfeigh during the years 1928 to 1965.

First and foremost he was my father, a teacher, a water diviner, a good friend to many and, in his own wonderful way, a poet. A year before his death in 1974, he penned the above lines for me in gratitude for the wonderful and great relationship we shared over many decades.

I was that “little girl” who “took up a mother's load” and carried out the duties of mother, sister, housekeeper and confidante for many years after my mother died in 1946, at the age of 46, from TB, an all too common illness at the time and regrettably often fatal.

Over the years I have been known by many names; the schoolmaster's daughter, Jim Hayes' wife, Liam Hayes' mother, the little woman, nana, Margaret, and Mags.

I was born on the 11th of December 1932, the year of the Eucharistic Congress in Ireland, when so many were christened Laurie after Cardinal Laurie, the Papal Legate to the Congress.

My mother, a proud woman insisted on calling me Margaret Mary Alacoque after the saint of that name, although I could boast that I was present at the Eucharistic Congress, as my parents travelled to Dublin, by bicycle, to attend it. They made the journey of about 22 miles, to the Phoenix Park, even though my mother was pregnant with me at that time.

Like many others before me, I have lived in an era of great change. In my lifetime I have seen the introduction of electricity, lived through World War II, witnessed the opening of Teilifís Éireann, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, the mania of The Beatles, the Second Vatican Council, Mass once said in Latin only but celebrated in English since 1966, and a myriad of other changes.

Some of these changes impacted on the parish of Skryne and Rathfeigh where I grew up, went to school, looked after house and family, got married and raised my own family of five. I often wonder what it would be like if my own dear Dada could return for a day, how shocked he would be, how surprised!

Life has changed so much in Skryne over the years. Once a flourishing town, it is now hardly even deserving of the name of a village. Before 1900 the land of Skryne belonged to the Marwards, a family descended from Sir Thomas Cusack, but from 1880 to 1911 this was owned by the Wilkinsons, who were another English family.

Fairs were held annually in Skryne on land owned by the above families and they continued into the early 20th century. The fairs attracted people from all over the country who were interested in buying and selling cattle, horses and sheep.

As the years passed Skryne lost its status as a town but a community still remained on the Hill of Skryne, beside Skryne Castle, composed mostly of labourers who worked on the local landlord's estate.

There was another community of labourers who worked in Corbalton Hall in the townland of Cookstown. The rest of the community served the estate and

labourers with services and all supplies; there were carpenters, tailors, general merchants and clergymen.

My eldest son, Gerard conducted research on *Population mobility in the Townland of Skryne 1880 – 1911* for his geography thesis while studying for his BA in Maynooth University. In it he quotes from Cogan's History of the Diocese:

'In his three volume work on the "Diocese of Meath" published in 1879, the Reverend A. Cogan finishes off his account of the parish as follows. "After the dissolution of the monasteries the once flourishing town of Skryne gradually died away. In latter years farms have been consolidated the country converted to pasture and the people finding no employment or means of living at home have emigrated so that at present the town of Skryne exists no more, it deserves not even the name of a village."

Little of the land belonged to the people; they worked on the estate as labourers. The rest of the community served the estate and labourers with services and supplies e.g. carpenters, tailors, general merchants and clergymen.' (Hayes, 1981, p3)

I am the third child in a family of nine; four boys and five girls. Ours was a happy home but strict and quite formal unlike the home I live in today. Everything was very regulated and ordered; my mother was a perfectionist.

Washing was a never-ending task, in an era of no washing machines or tumble dryers. The washing took place over several days. The clothes were washed by hand and then put through a blue process to whiten them and then finally starched.

Ironing day was always on a Friday. Clothes were sprinkled with water and the iron, which was filled with a hot block from the range, was used for hours.

As my mother and father were both teaching we always had a housekeeper. I remember some of them very fondly, especially Lizzie Cassidy from Cavan who

got married in 1945, from our house, in the church in Skryne at 8.30 in the morning which was the usual time for weddings back then.

Sunday was a special day. I absolutely loved it. The freedom of having no school, of playing with our cousins, and a special dinner of Sunday roast, followed by scones for tea, still evokes happy memories. We wore our Sunday best to first Mass and returned after second Mass for Religious Instruction which was conducted by my father. All students in the senior classes attended.

The Sunday clothes were so heavily starched that we had to keep our arms outstretched for fear of scratching them on the starched lace around the armholes.

Our daily meals were eaten at regular intervals and we knew exactly what we would have each day for dinner: roast on Sunday, the leftovers on Monday in the form of a shepherd's pie, stew on Tuesday and Wednesday, bacon and cabbage on Thursday, colcannon on Friday and rashers and eggs on Saturday.

Bread was made every day in most houses; brown bread and spotted dick. The same brown bread was our staple diet for lunch each day, with butter and on occasions a piece of cheese. I hated my lunch!

All that was to change during the war years when rationing took place and there was a grave shortage of butter, sugar and tea. Fruit was never available even before the war, except for cooking apples, blackcurrants and gooseberries that were used for jam making.

Anyone with any sized garden at all grew vegetables and enough potatoes to suffice for the whole year; these were kept in a pit in the garden and used when needed.

My fondest memories of home were playing with my brothers and sisters and my cousins who lived beside the football pitch. Games were different then. We played 'babby' house and rounders most summer evenings. Skryne was also blessed with its own tennis club that was just opposite our house; it was a great place to meet friends and socialise.

Life was not all fun and games, however, and everyone was busy and had their own special duties, such as collecting milk in cans from the local farmers, removing the snails from the cabbages, collecting the fruit from the trees for jam which my mother made. Bedtime was early, too early. First there was Rosary and then bed promptly at eight o'clock.

Every evening the filling of the lamps, the cleaning of the globes and the trimming of the wicks was a major job carried out by my father and mother. Then we were ready to face a new night.

School days were completely different from today. We walked to Mass with our Mum and Dad every morning and then crossed the road to the school.

I loved my school days. There were few cars on the roads back then apart from one owned by my father and another one the property of the local grocer, Tom Halligan. So, before school we played hurling and football on the road with abandon assured that no traffic would interrupt us.

My son Gerard - in his thesis referenced earlier - describes the landholding system in Skryne during the 1900's in a chapter about the different families and their position in the parish.

'In 1901 there were 35 dwellings, 18 of these were held by Alice Wilkinson and four by Lady Mowbry. Between them these two families owned nearly all of the townland of Skryne. The rest of the 13 holdings were owned by individuals. T. Halligan and J. Connell also owned their own holdings and they were the general merchant and publican respectively. In the years 1900 to 1911, there was a small decline in the landlord class giving way to the middle class here in the form of the general merchant.' (Hayes, 1981, p12).

During my childhood years, choir was an important feature of school life and my father took great pride in having us ready for the Inspector's visit. There were no musical instruments but he would give us our note with a tuning fork.

One year Skryne defeated all the choirs in the county winning the Feis Cup which was a wonderful achievement for a country school. We entered all the competitions in the Feis and won quite a number of them.

Our dancing teacher, Miss Crean, came every Tuesday to give us lessons and I remember Carmel O'Brien, sister of the legendary Paddy 'Hands' O'Brien, along with Teeny Tobin, winning all before them.

I too was in the winner's enclosure, singing solo and running out through the gates of Páirc Tailteann only to be called back and told I had won first prize. On one occasion when I won, Miss Crean sent word that she was sending a photographer out to Skryne to take my photograph.

Unfortunately, I fell coming out of Skryne Church on that Sunday morning, ending up with a closed eye and a lump on my forehead, and missing my one chance of glory!

Of course there was the downside to school days. There was no electricity, no flush toilets, and no heating in the school apart from one big black stove around which the Master put our milk bottles every morning so as to have them warm for our lunch.

We also used oil lamps on dark days. Before our summer holidays the Sturton family would have a wonderful Sports Day for the whole school on the beautiful grounds of Corbalton Hall and, afterwards, tea and buns were served to everyone. I remember so well Spicers of Navan, the main bakery in the area, delivering pink coconut buns for our tea and what a treat that was!

Of course, everyone walked to and from Corbalton Hall, a round journey of about three miles. Corbalton was like Buckingham Palace to us.

In the wintertime, around Christmas, the Wilkinson family who were originally landlords in the area would treat us by showing us films using a generator. And as each child went in the door to the biggest room in the school they were handed a paper cone filled with sweets.

'The townland of Skryne was dominated by the landlord's estate and most of the population went to work and served on this. But things were changing and room opening up for some who could turn to farming.' (Hayes, 198, p10)

We had few excursions in those days, but on one day tour the whole school was brought to Laytown in two lorries (owned by Packie Mooney and John Connell) filled with stools for the children. We had to stop half way to ask for directions.

Football was our main sport and, once again, it fell to the schoolmaster to train the teams - and the boys of Skryne did us proud. My father was a great football enthusiast and procured the present football field with the agreement of Skryne's Parish Priest, Fr. McManus, after whom the pitch was named.

The end of every pupil's primary school days at that time was marked by the Primary Cert and it was every child's ambition to do well in this national examination. After that we all went our separate ways; to apprenticeships, labouring, office work and a small few to secondary school.

For me, my life was to change utterly at the age of 13 with the death of my mother in 1946. In preparation for becoming the new home keeper after a short spell in secondary school, I spent a year in St. Martha's Domestic School, now the home of St. Stephen's Primary School and Coláiste na Mí.

When I came home to take over the care and running of our home in Skryne I was still 'The Schoolmaster's Daughter', but I was also someone else, and a whole new and different chapter in my life was about to commence.

~Ends~

References:

- Hayes, Gerard (1981) *Population Mobility in the Townland of Skryne 1880-1911*, Undergraduate Thesis. National University of Ireland Maynooth.
- Smyth, Bryan (1973) unpublished poems.

A Trip To Uganda by Margaret McKeown

This article about a short volunteer trip to Uganda was written just one year ago, when the world was a very different place pre- covid19 and travel to faraway places was possible. Who would have thought that one year on , so many here in a first world country like Ireland, would be faced with so many hardships, challenges and difficulties and that our own health and education systems would be under so much pressure to provide services ?

It was with a certain amount of anxiety and some trepidation that I headed for Dublin airport on 31st June 2019. I was heading for three weeks volunteer teaching in Uganda with a wonderful organisation called Nurture Africa. At the time Ebola was rife in some parts of Africa but Uganda was said to be safe. Deep down I knew I would be ok, as I had been inspired by an article in the RST written by Michelle Griffin, detailing her volunteering experiences with the same organisation a few years back. Barbara O'Rourke's experiences volunteering with a team of nurses and doctors carrying out hip operations in Vietnam had also spurred me on and tales from my neighbour Aodhán Mc Connell about his life changing Transition Year volunteer trip to Uganda helped me to finally make it happen. I had prepared all my lesson plans and family and friends had contributed to the purchase of the educational resources I would be needing for teaching in a school near Kampala the Ugandan capital. However, in spite of all this, along with a visit from seasoned traveller Mary Farnan the previous day, bearing much needed gifts for my pupils, my fears were not allayed and I was still somewhat apprehensive.

I needn't have worried, in no time at all I was sitting around a table in the Terminal One cafe chatting with my fellow volunteers, whom I had got to know on our training days. I belonged , and we were all in this together. Our flight took us to Entebbe airport, Kampala, the Ugandan capital, via Istanbul, with a stopover in Kigali ,Rwanda. Having recovered from our travels, we spent the first two days acclimatising to our new surroundings. All thirty of us stayed in one large house surrounded by high walls, with two armed security guards on the gate 24 hours a day. The area was called Nansana, suburb of Kampala. We were thirty volunteers, from all walks of life, painters, horticulturalists, nurses ,teachers etc. I was the only retired person, but that didn't matter.

On the first Monday we headed on foot along the dusty tracks to our school, St.Stephen's which is an Anglican Primary school. We got a great welcome, firstly at Assembly and later in our classroom, where the teacher and exuberant pupils sang and danced for us. Myself and my teaching partner, Valerie were lucky as we only had 40 pupils in our P2 class (age group 7-8), as many classes have from 60 to 120 pupils. We worked very well together and took it in turns teaching the class. St Stephen's School has no running water and no electricity. In our classroom there were four openings with no glass for windows and a mud floor. Teaching was all about chalk and talk and there were no resources at all, not even a book in sight, just a well-worn blackboard. Yet despite all this, the class teacher did tremendous work. She spent the day teaching English and Maths by rote. Hence there was great excitement among the pupils when we produced art materials, PE equipment and so on for our lessons, as they have a very limited curriculum. Maths resources provided by Seamus O'Neill, a former teaching colleague, went down a treat as they meant the pupils could have fun getting hands- on, practical experience working in groups learning about fractions etc. The footballs we brought were particularly welcome as the children only have "makey up" footballs, made from scraps of old plastic bags tied together and shaped into a ball.

Teachers in Uganda have such a hard job. Their school day starts at 8am and finishes at around 5 or 6 pm. Many teachers live in and don't see their families for months on end. The pay is abysmal. For the next three weeks, we delighted in teaching Art , PE and Music, SESE and SPHE as well as the three R's. It was quite amazing that in a school without water or electricity, we could teach the children's favourite songs from the Spotify playlist we had compiled, by linking our phones via Bluetooth to a small speaker we had brought out with us. Isn't technology wonderful ?

Uganda is one of the poorest African countries, with a population of 42 million, where most people/families live on less than one dollar a day. The people work extremely hard, getting up at 5 am to eke out a living. Many families are lucky if they get one meal a day and we didn't ever see any pupils bring so much as a morsel of food to eat at break time, despite the long school day.

In Uganda most parents have to pay a fee of approx. 50 dollars a year, even for state run primary schools. Hence one day, while we were there, four pupils were sent home as their parents were too poor to pay the fee. Likewise, another day I was told that a pupil who had finished all the pages in his copy would just have to sit there for days and would not be able to do any writing until his impoverished parents produced the money for a new copy .

Nurture Africa is an Irish- founded humanitarian organisation which has been backed by Irish Aid which is a section of the Dept. of Foreign Affairs. It focuses on providing healthcare , education and sustainable livelihoods in Africa. The organisation also provides training and supports for businesses in order to promote economic empowerment and break the cycle of poverty.

All volunteers spent some time after school every day helping with the many different Nurture Africa projects. We gave classes to young people in First Aid, Information Technology and Sewing and also helped with Library Outreach, which involved bringing books, reading stories and teaching playground games to classes in schools in outlying areas. We took it in turns to accompany a Nurture Africa Community Health Professional on her Home Visits to support families living with HIV and Aids, where she reviewed their medication and we brought them bags of maize flour, rice and a kilo bar of soap. We visited Sustainable Businesses in action, that had been developed by locals, with loans and mentoring support from Nurture Africa. The volunteer nurses in our group worked all day long in the organisation's Health Clinic. People walked there from far and near in order to get free health care. Some volunteers were involved in horticulture and they helped build polytunnels from recycled plastic bottles and plant sustainable crops.

My fellow volunteers were a young fun-loving, energetic, enthusiastic bunch and it was a pure tonic to be in their midst. Every night after work, we sat around in a big circle and made our own fun and entertainment ,singing and making music, playing games, cards, charades or whatever.

I am so grateful that I got the opportunity to volunteer in Uganda in 2019. Ugandans are known for their warmth and hospitality and we were always made so welcome and treated with such kindness. A local elder explained to me that this is "The African Way" and the way that they treat guests and visitors . Ugandans are known for their friendliness and our pupils would run up to us for "high fives" when we walked past their homes. Despite it's own problems, Uganda has welcomed many refugees from war-torn Sudan to the north.

It is said that when you leave Africa, you will always hold a little piece of it in your heart. I will never forget the sights ,the bright colours, the sounds and the smells, with people cooking and living mainly out in the open, the sound of traffic beeping, the waking at 5am to the sound of cockrels crowing and the call to prayer from the local mosque or the call of the "aha" bird in the evenings. I was blown away by the singing, dancing and outpouring of pure unbridled joy that would lift your spirits, at the prayer service every Wednesday, when the entire school population filled the local church, sang, drummed, danced their hearts out and thanked God for absolutely everything imaginable. Ugandans are a resilient , thankful, joyful people although they have little in the line of material possessions.

These days, I can't help thinking of these wonderful people and hoping that they will escape the worst vagaries of the pandemic. Although help is more critical than ever right now, for many developing countries around the world it's just not available, with countries in lockdown and movement hampered .Without soap and clean water disease will quickly take hold.

I would like to thank most sincerely all those who supported me and helped make my time in St Stephen's so successful. It's never too late to return your Trócaire Box or donate to any one of the many humanitarian organisations that work to eliminate poverty and empower people by providing sanitation, health and education services for those in developing nations who are living below the poverty line.

Forever more, I will be reminded of the joy and privilege that it was to spend a short time among the people of Uganda, when I hear the song “Waka Waka This Time for Africa” by Shakira. This was the volunteer’s anthem and the children’s favourite song.

Thanks Michelle for the inspiration !



Fun With Mum by Lizzy Tuite

Who doesn't love a jammy biscuit, and what could possibly be nicer than your own homemade biscuit... with your own homemade JAM in the centre!

The hardest part was done last week, so all we need to do is make the biscuit part.

Ingredients

200gr unsalted butter - softened

180gr golden caster sugar

1 large egg

½ tsp vanilla extract

400gr plain flour-plus a little extra for dusting

Preheat the oven to 180C

Method

- 1. Cream the butter and the sugar with an electric mixer or your wooden spoon.*
- 2. Crack in your egg and vanilla extract and mix again.*
- 3. Add in your flour and form your dough with a wooden spoon, getting your hands in come the end will help to combine it all together. Mummy can help with this when it's getting hard to mix and all your energy is running low.*
- 4. Now for the fun bit, mould your dough into a nice ball, dust the counter with a small bit of flour, grab your rolling pin and roll out the dough, turning as you need and rolling again to get the perfect depth for the biscuit (approximately 2cm) use your eye no rulers needed here! Repeat for the next batch.*
- 5. Using your favourite cutters make some shapes. You'll need to get creative and find something in the kitchen to make a little hole in the centre for the jam- look what Annabelle found...a peeler!*
- 6. Carefully teaspoon in your jam, we actually used raspberry and redcurrant rather than the blackcurrant. Mam could do this bit if it's too tricky for little ones.*
- 7. Into your preheated oven and bake for 10 mins. The colour should remain like a butter biscuit, we might have left some batches in a wee bit longer but they still taste yummy golden in colour too.*
- 8. Cool on a wire tray and stick the kettle on while you tidy up and the biscuits cool down.*

Top Tip

I find jammy biscuits are their best on the day you bake them. The moisture in the jam takes the crunch out of them on day two when in your biscuit tin. Divide up your batch with some plain biscuits. They keep for days in an airtight container. You can get creative here and make some in strips and either sprinkle sugar on top before going in the oven or you could dip them half in chocolate and put some sprinkles on top after they cool. The possibilities are endless really!

These are really fun to make so get baking everyone!



Memories from Eoin Hickey

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

We children also took our turns on duty. Afternoon tea consisted of; cucumber, tomatoes and egg sandwiches, sponge cake, homemade biscuits and hot tea. We could do it with our eyes closed - all for three shillings (12 cent)! That's what we served to the bus tours. In summertime, each weekday, CIE ran tours to Tara and on to Skryne Castle for tea. They would ring with the numbers as the bus left Dublin but couldn't tell us when they were leaving Tara. As we all know, timing is everything, so, one of us boys was placed on lookout duty with binoculars, to watch out from the top bedroom window, across to Tara, where the parked bus could be seen. *Bus ahoy!* Was the call as the bus left, kettles on and short white coats donned as we all spun into action?

A tiny corner of the front hall acted as the shop where we sold postcards, *The Legend of Tara*, mineral drinks and very popular hand painted pottery with Russian and Celtic designs from the studio, at Collon, Co Louth, of The Count and Countess Tolstoy, descendants of the Russian writer. They later moved home and studio to Delgany. He was very Russian with a long grey beard and she wore long flowing dresses. I'm sorry not to have some of their pieces today.

As we turn the pony now in front of the castle I am reminded of the day our mother arrived home from an auction with an outside-car, or sidecar, without a horse! It was in superb condition, just like the jarvies use in Killarney, she couldn't let it go for a tenner (£10)!



Dolly the cart horse with side car and children in front of Skryne Castle c. 1957.

We had years of enjoyment with the sidecar. At weekends we could borrow Dolly the cart horse from the farm yard at the back and squeeze her in between the shafts. We met guests arriving off the bus at Maher's Cross, went on trips to Tara or just drove around the Hill. Best of all, one year we entered into the St Patrick's Day parade in Dublin. Mr. Craigie of Merville Dairies (later Premier) kindly lent us a horse and jarvey, complete with hard hat, and off we all went dressed in bainin pullovers with bainin caps with baubles - we even won a commendation for our effort!

Thank You from Fiona Gryson

A huge thank you to all of my harp and piano students who practised and played through the lockdown and championed online lessons. I was so impressed with their hard work, dedication and that of their parents. I look forward to seeing them all face-to-face in September. For more information on lessons please contact me on 0833651138 or fionagryson@gmail.com.

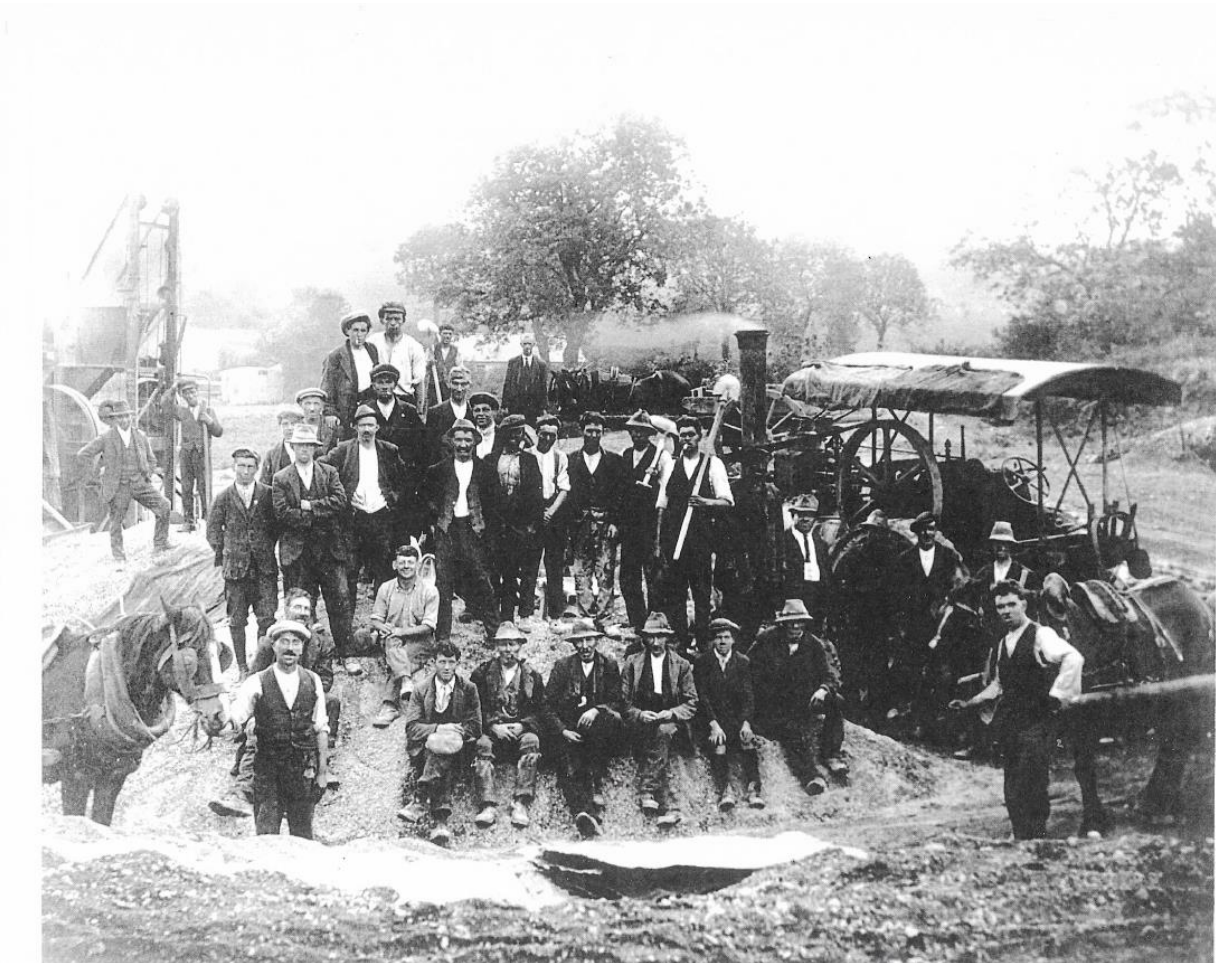
Snapshot of The Past from Maureen Devine

We received this very interesting email and photo from Maureen Devine who lives in Australia:

I have been forwarding your RST newsletter each week to my Aunt in Canada - Liz (Dolan) McCallion, sister of the late Martin Dolan, also sister of my late Mum, Mary (Dolan) Devine, who was in Australia. Liz was thrilled to see the jam making section, as she said that they were the family that had bought my Uncle Martin's house. Lovely to see the photos.

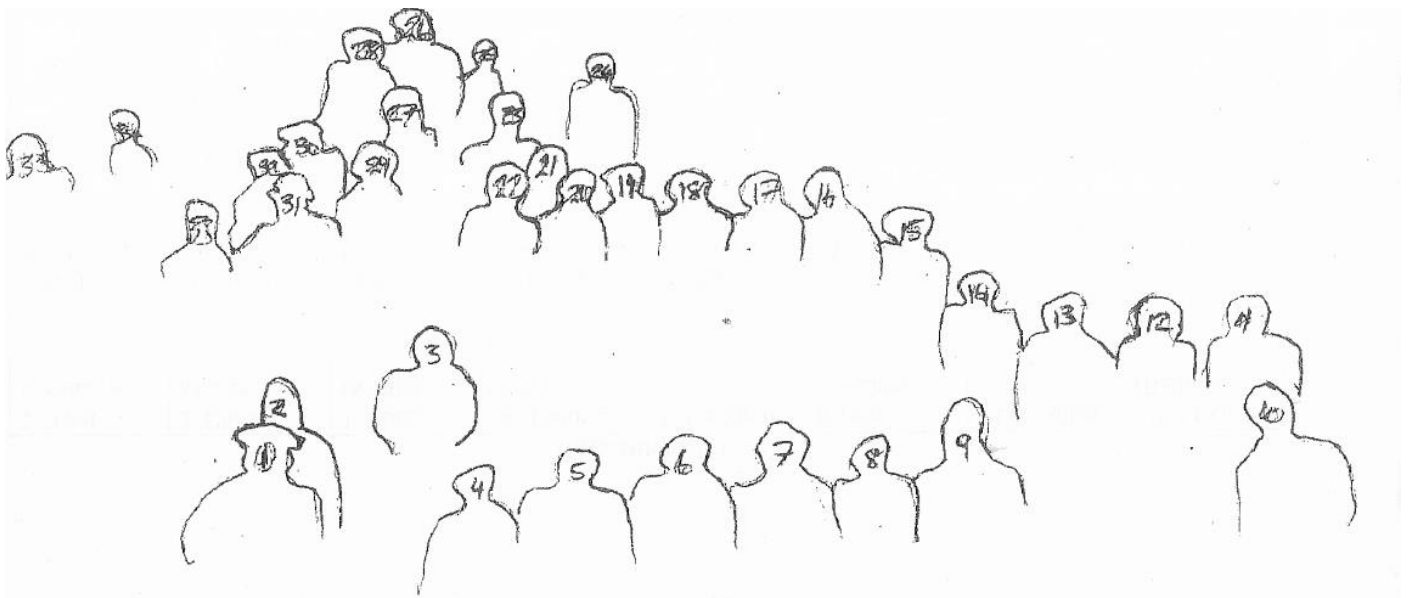
Aunt Liz asked me to forward to you a photo she thought might be interesting for your readers. A friend of Uncle Martin gave the picture to Liz when she was in Ireland a few years ago.

The picture is from the 1930s. My Grandad (James Dolan) is with his three brothers working at a gravel pit crushing stone for the backroad at the Hill of Skryne.



Barnstown Pit

1. Batel fitzsims	2. Christy Marley	3. Paddy Dowling	4. Paddy Dolan	5. Joe Smith	6. Tom Naughton	7. Pat Cullen	8. ?? Lynch (Bellew)
9 Mick Shally	10. Christy Dolan	11. Jimmy Dolan	12. Paddy Halligan.	13. Tommy Fitzsimons	14 ?? Morrison.	15 ??.	16. Harry Naughton
17. Jack Cox	18. Pat Critchley	19. Paddy Naughton	20. Mick Darby	21. ?? McDonnell	22. Jim Coffey	23. ???	24. Eugene Devine
25. ??	26. Jimmy Dowling	27 ?? McDonnell.	28. Tim Coffey (Snr)	29. Tommy Smith	30. Ben Smith	31. Martin Dolan	32. ??
33. Christy McCormack	34. Christy McBride	35. Mr Moore (Contractor) Moore & McCartan					



Names and position

Irish Independent, Thursday, August 6, 1970

We will fight Special Powers

"IT MUST BE made clear to the Government that we are not going to stand by and allow people to be interned without trial," said Mr. Ivan Cooper, Independent M.P. for Derry, in an R.T.E. interview yesterday, on a suggestion that the Stormont Government might invoke the Special Powers' Act in the North.

Mr. Cooper said that while he believed in peace he did not want peace with repression.

"I do not believe you can have peace with this type of injustice. I believe we have got to make a stand and it may well be that we will have to mobilise public opinion and public support in the same way as we did in the Civil Rights Campaign. It must be made clear to the Government

—Cooper

that we are not going to stand by and allow people to be interned without trial.

"You cannot compromise on fundamentals and this is a fundamental. If we allow the people to be interned without trial then everything that was done during the Civil Rights Campaign will have been of no avail and a complete waste of time.

"As far as I am concerned, I want to make it clear to the Stormont authorities that if they insist on interning people without trial in order to appease their own right-wingers, then

we are prepared to fight it tooth and nail, and by that I mean that I am prepared to go out and mobilise public opinion against it even though I realise at this time that this could be a very serious step. But if we allow ourselves to look back then there will be no future for our community."

Non-violent solution

Mr. Cooper said that all along he had adopted a very moderate line and still stuck to that line. He believed the solution to this problem could only be found in a non-violent way.

"But during the course of the past two weeks, things have happened and I believe I must take a stand. As with the Civil Rights Movement, I fought for certain fundamentals. We are not prepared to compromise with these fundamentals and I want to make it clear to the people in power that even if it means we have got to adopt a hardline approach then a hardline approach will have to be adopted," he said.

Irish Independent, Wednesday, August 5, 1970

GUIDE TO CAREERS

TO BE eligible for the position of Instructor in Poultry-keeping and Butter-making, a girl must be 21 years old and be recognised by the Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries as qualified for the post.

To become qualified, candidates must do a course in the Munster Institute, Cork, a residential training establishment administered by the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries.

This three-year course comprises practical and theoretical training. Admission to the Munster Institute is regulated by means of competitive examinations, which are held in June each year.

These consist of written, oral and practical tests in domestic economy, dairying and poultry-keeping. To be eligible to sit for these

examinations, candidates must be between the ages of 18 and 30 and must also have fulfilled the following qualifications:

• Have passed the Leaving Certificate or Matriculation examination (with English as one of the subjects passed) and have passed mathematics at an examination for the Leaving Certificate or Matriculation or Intermediate Certificate.

The candidate must also have satisfactorily attended at a recognised residential school of Rural Domestic Economy, of which there are about ten in the country. A list of these can always be obtained from the Department of Labour, Careers Information Section, Mespil Road, Dublin, 4.

Scholarships tenable at these schools are made available by the County Committees of Agriculture. No scholarships are provided for holding at the Munster Institute, but the fees charged there are very reasonable.

Appointments as permanent,

Poultry Instructress

whole-time Instructors in Poultry-keeping and Butter-making are made as a result of interviews conducted by the Local Appointments Commission on behalf of the County Committees of Agriculture. Vacancies are filled as they arise and the interviews are usually held at the Local Appointments Commission's head office at 45 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin.

A number of temporary posts in this particular field are also available, but these are filled by the Committees of Agriculture themselves, subject to the sanction of the Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries. The temporary posts are for six months, but are renewable after the expiration of this period.

When an Instructor is appointed, the Chief Agricultural Officer assigns an area to her and sets out her duties. This will be the area for which she will be responsible.

The work of the Instructor in Poultry-keeping and Butter-making is concerned in the main with the provision of expert advice and guidance on matters relating to these two domestic operations, which generally go together on the

farm. She carries out this task either through individual visits or by group instruction. The aim is to assist farm families and commercial poultry units to make the best use of their resources by the adoption of improved methods and better management.

The Instructor also conducts classes and courses and gives public lectures on poultry-keeping subjects and assists with the staging of educational exhibits at shows. She is also expected to develop local leadership and to cultivate an approach among the farming community towards improving, through co-operative effort, the economic and social conditions in their area.

The Instructor usually has her headquarters within the portion of the county assigned to her and travels extensively through her area in the course of her work. She may be asked to work with an experienced Instructor for a short period while she becomes acquainted with the nature of her duties.

The Department of Agriculture and Fisheries holds refresher courses from time to time on various aspects of the Instructor's work. Committees of Agriculture pay travelling

expenses and subsistence allowances, as well as their salaries, while the Instructors are attending the refresher courses.

Instructors normally work a five-day week and are allowed 15 days' annual leave during each of the first five years of service and 20 days thereafter, together with Church holidays and special privilege days at Christmas and Easter. Their positions are pensionable but the Instructors are required to resign on marriage.

The salary for the position begins at £845 a year, rising by annual increments of £65 to £1,495, then by £70 a year until the maximum of £1,565 is reached.

The yearly subsistence allowance is £95.

• **Ground Hostesses:** To clarify a point in last week's article (on Ground Hostesses) and to remove any impression that Ground Hostesses, recruited initially in a temporary capacity, would be automatically retained at the end of the season, we are asked by Aer Lingus to make it clear that the Company would normally hope to retain a good many of the girls, despite the seasonal nature of its business, but that, of course, this could not be guaranteed for all of them.

HORSE SHOW SPECIAL

Irish Independent, Saturday, August 8, 1970

A 'sweet revenge' for British team

By BRIAN MacSWEENEY

"FOR ME it was the most thrilling Nations' Cup victory won by Britain and sweet revenge for our disappointing display here last year," said Mr. Ronnie Masserella, Chef d'Equipe of the British team, after their marginal 3½ pts. Aga Khan Cup success at Ballsbridge yesterday.

It was a tremendous two-and-a-half hours contest among seven nations with a see-saw "battle" between, in the main, France, Italy, Britain and Germany.

At the half-way stage only eight points (Britain with four, Italy seven, Germany 10½, France 12) separated the lowest and best scores between the four teams.

Fortunes fluctuated as the test reached the closing half. France, first in order of running with scor-

ing of 12, five and eight; faded from the picture, but the powerhouse riders of Italy, Graziano Mancineilli riding a very difficult horse, Fidux, and the evergreen Capt. Raimondo d'Inzeo put Italy back with a real challenge with Mancineilli unlucky with a quarter time fault and d'Inzeo (Bellvue) producing an immaculate second clear round.

At this point Britain could have clinched the issue, new cap Michael Saywell (Hideaway) going clear followed by Harvey Smith on his mare, Mattie Brown (formerly Peggy's Pride), bred by Pat Griffin in Co. Galway, emulating the Italian Captain with another double clear.

But the breakthrough came to

nought when George Hobbs on his Battling Pedulas had further trouble, with a refusal, the barrels fence down plus time faults for an uncharitable eight and a quarter faults.

Germany were still there but were jumping below form and though Hartig Steenken redeemed himself after a disastrous first round by going clear, they never rallied to a real challenging position.

It was, therefore, an Aga Khan Cup to be decided by the fourth riders of Britain and Italy and in the crucial situation was Signorina Lalla Novo with Ardfert and the brilliant world champion, David Broome, with his Irish-bred Manhattan.

Ardfert was clear for six fences but hit the first part of the "double" combination which spoiled her bid for a valuable clear round.

In the tense dying moments of this marathon test we waited for Canada and Ireland to complete their last rounds before David Broome made his final bid.

But in characteristic style of the true champion he urged his seven-year-old over the long-winding circuit of 14 fences and emerged with a single knock-down at the wall and poles fence, the first part of the double combination.

It was victory for Britain in what must be one of the best cup tests since 1926, when the Aga Khan trophy was first jumped for.

12 *Irish Independent, Friday, August 7, 1970*

Contestants in Sunday's big game at Croke Park



Pat Donnellan — Galway midfielder who has few peers in that position.



Pat Reynolds — Meath's tenacious wing-half-back.



Bertie Cunningham — Meath who will figure at corner-back.



Jimmy Duggan — one of the key figures in the Galway side.



Enda Collieran — his experience will be an invaluable asset to the Tribesmen.

Galway flair to beat Meath courage: Royal County's defence suspect?

ALTHOUGH it may not be garlanded with the background glamour of many a pairing that one might conceive, Sunday's All-Ireland senior football championship semi-final between Galway and Meath at Croke Park presents an exciting prospect for followers of the code, even those with no affinity whatever with the contestants.

Paths to semi-final

MEATH

Beat Carlow, 1-17 to 1-4;
Beat Kildare, 0-13 to 1-8;
Beat Offaly 2-22 to 5-12
Total 3-52 to 7-24

GALWAY

Beat Sligo 1- 8 to 0- 7;
Beat Roscommon 2-15 to 1-8
Total 3.23 to 1-15

This Week 100 Years Ago

THE IRISH INDEPENDENT, MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1920.

THE ART OF LYING IN BED.

One of the most useful, yet neglected, of all the arts is that of lying in bed. The damage that is done by persons getting up is past all reckoning.

What great achievements have been accomplished in war, in poetry, in literature, by genius *abed*? What noble thoughts have been born between the sheets, and once delivered from their authors' brains, gone, Jehu-like, whistling down the race-course of time? "Coming events cast their shadow before"—one of the most memorable lines in the English language—originated with that gin-loving poet, Tom Campbell, one morning before he got up. Many even believe that Longfellow thought out "The Wreck of the Hesperus" after he had retired.

"Rise before the sun,
And make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by Nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar."

Was there ever more arrant nonsense written? Fancy a man getting up on a cold, rainy morning and climbing one of the hills around, on an empty stomach, and leaving his coffee and poached eggs, to eat—what? Why, dew. How long would that fellow last?

People hunt the world over for pleasure, indulge in all sorts of mad pranks in their search for recreation and repose, roam from the North Pole to the Southern Cross, penetrate African jungles, and freeze with Siberians and Laplanders, climb the Alps, swelter at Saratoga and Long Branch—all in pursuit of pleasure. Alas! they seek pleasure where it is not, and neglect it where it is—in bed.

Social and Personal

Lord and Lady Dunsany and their son, the Hon. Ranfal Plunkett, are in residence at Dunsany Castle, Co. Meath. Lady Millicent Taylor has joined her parents, the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort, at Headfort, Kells. Lord Newborough has come to Ireland from London.

Mr. Myles Keogh will be absent from 4 Lower Mount St. till the end of August.

Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty has left town for some weeks.

Mr. Edward Sheridan, F.R.C.S.I., has left 16 Stephen's Green for 9 months.

Dr. Louis Cassidy has left 24 Fitzwilliam Sq. for four weeks.

Surgeon M'Arde has left town until September.

Mr. W. S. Johnson, L.D.S., has left 69 Grafton street and "Rosalea," Adelaide road, Bray, until 15th August.



Skryne Team

which
won
the
national
Community Games
under 14
Table Quiz
pictured
with
George O'Toole
(president)



SKRYNE G.F.C.

Skryne played Johnstown Bridge from Kildare in an eight team senior tournament at Enfield last Saturday night. For a team that is still in contention for the senior championship, player turnout for this match and recent challenge matches was diabolical. Maybe some players only want to play on the big days in the championship but attitudes need to change drastically or a famous club like Skryne will be playing Div. 3 next season. As for the match a weak Skryne team got beaten by 7 points in the end. Remember players, its not what Skryne can do for you, but what you can do for Skryne.

The Junior C B team play St. Mary's this Saturday August 2nd at 7.45 p.m. in Curraha in the championship.

Front - (Left to Right) Paul Duffy, Paucic Scanlon
Back - (Left to Right) George O'Toole, Fiona Shannon, Michelle Duffy, Mark Duffy.

SKRYNE GOLF SOCIETY

Next outing to Seapoint Golf Club on Saturday 23rd August, closing date Sunday 17th August. Closing date for trip to St. Helen's Bay, Wickford on 30th/31st September is August 3rd.

New members are always welcome, contact Mark Penney (Discus) on 01-252317. The first round of the matchplay has now been completed, and some of the shock results were - Theresa Brennan ruthlessly slaughtered Jim "Booze Boon" Cressly, Gerry "Blud" Doyle defeated '86 winner Noel Gallagher and Noel Russell defeated Gerry Browne who complained afterwards of feeling weak during his recent hiatus.

The second round is as follows:
 Richie Clarke v Frank Swan
 Michael Mangan v Theresa Brennan
 Declan Fox v Gerry Doyle
 Sean Brennan v Noel Russell
 Paddy Browne v Terrie Cahill
 John Fagan v Mick Fitzsimons
 Jimmy Swan v Jim Conroy.

Some more extracts from Joan's Milestones along the journey of life

It Was Called "The Rural Electrification Scheme"

We also have to remember that there was no electricity in any part of rural Ireland back then. We in Skryne got "switched on" in 1953. O Lord what excitement.

It is very hard now to visualise what it was like to be able to flood a room with bright light at the flick of a switch, when people had been used to filling the lamp with paraffin oil, trimming the wick, and cleaning the globe (that was a very delicate glass cover that came down over the lamp), and if it happened to get broken it was a real catastrophe as you would have to wait till someone was going to town (Navan , or Drogheda) to have it replaced.

After all that palaver with the lamp, all you got was a very poor light, which was very hard to read by unless you were sitting close to it, and of course then you blocked the light from the rest of the household.

In spite of the less than brilliant lamp light, most Mothers spent all winter knitting jumpers and cardigans for their children, and patching trousers and sewing buttons back on clothes.

My father, as I remember, (and this was after his day's work) always seemed to be either cutting sticks for the fire, mending punctures and repairing the bikes, or replacing soles and heels on our shoes which was a never-ending job owing to the long walk to school and the poor quality of the leather that was around at that time.

He always seemed to be fixing or making something, and when I was reading Alice Taylor's book, "To School Through The Fields" when she wrote about her father's Butter Box, tumbled out in the middle of the kitchen floor, she could have been talking about our house (curses and swears and all) if the particular sized nails or screws couldn't be found.

Of course, no electricity also meant no running water in houses, so all the water had to be carried from the local well or the pump, especially

in the summer, when all the rainwater that was gathered in the barrels that stood at the corner of everyone's house was used up.

That same rainwater was much valued for the washing of clothes and bathing the children as it was so much softer than the well water, but it was not used for drinking or cooking .

You would be forgiven for thinking that the lack of running water, and poor enough hygiene, would mean more illness in children. This just wasn't so in my experience, the Doctor was very rarely called. In fact the Doctor's car outside a house usually meant that someone was either dead or dying.

Of course, we did get the usual children's' complaints like measles, whooping cough, sceptic throats etc. etc., but our mothers kept us inside and warm, with hot drinks and half an aspirin and before we knew it we were better. My mother's cure for a cold or the flu, for all members of the family, young and old was punch, made from Whiskey, hot water, sugar and God only knows what else, but it worked!!! Well, nearly always.

The Night Sky by Tony Canavan

Perseid Meteor Shower: When the earth crosses the former path of a comet (Comet Swift-Tuttle in this case) it passes through debris left from the comet. We would know this phenomena as 'shooting stars' (and make a wish!). The meteor shower is caused by comet 'Swift-Tuttle' which orbits our sun every 130 years and is due back in 2126. In this case the meteors radiate from the direction of Perseus constellation (August 11th 11 pm, azimuth 34°, altitude 23°) in all directions. A 50% moon will rise after midnight making the meteors more difficult to see.

Comet 'Neowise' is still visible in the evening sky. August 3rd, 10 pm, altitude 31°, under the bright stars of the plough.

August 1st, 11 pm: Full Moon in just under Jupiter with Saturn close-by, they both track each other across the sky and at 1 am on 2nd August Mars is also clearly visible. Mars this month is much brighter and will remain so over the next four months and will be closest to us in October. So it will be excellent for telescope observations.

August 3rd: Full moon

August 9th 11 pm: Saturn's rings are well tilted towards the earth with its moons Titan lower right, Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea close by slightly north of Saturn. (telescope)

Just after midnight the 'Great Red Spot' of Jupiter crosses the centre of Jupiter (telescope). It is a storm on Jupiter, the largest storm in the solar system and it has been continuously observed since 1878. It is about 20° below Jupiter's equator.

August 13th, 3 am: Looking to the East, Venus is rising ahead of the sun, crescent moon just above Aldebaran and under the Pleiades (Seven Sisters), Mars to the right (very bright), star Capella to the left (altitude 35°, azimuth 58°). Capella meaning the 'She-Goat' is the alpha star of the constellation Auriga, the Charioteer. It is actually two stars very close together that orbit each other in 104 days and has a luminosity of 170 x Sun.

ISS:

2nd August: ISS (International Space Station) rises at 943 pm in the west and sets in the East at 951 pm. It will not be visible again until September over our skies.

Spaceflight:

At moment Dragon and Space X indicate that the Dragon Endeavor will undock on August 2nd at 0035 hrs (Irish time) from the ISS (International Space Station) and August 2nd at 2048 hrs for splashdown. NASA will provide live coverage of this event on their web site. At present there is a possibility of a cancellation due to bad weather. There are seven potential drop zones around Florida, Cape Canaveral, Daytona, Jacksonville, Panama City, Pensacola, Tallahassee and Tampa. Check NASA web site for updated information. Fingers crossed for safe journey home.

Starship:

Space X continues to test its super heavy rocket and the 'Starship' itself. This is an aggressive development policy of build-test-learn and build again. In this way Space x could test this rocket in orbit in 2021.

What looks like science fiction is already under construction. The 'Starship' is designed to take humans to earth orbit, to Moon, Mars and beyond. It can run resupply missions to the ISS with crew members and cargo. It will also be possible to use it for high speed travel e.g. New York to Tokyo takes 14 hours. 'Starship' will be capable of completing that journey in under 60 minutes. It is also designed to deliver satellites etc. to space with a payload of 100 tonnes. The 'Starship' has 6 engines, 3 for the time in the atmosphere and 3 for propulsion in space.

The booster rocket is known as the 'Super Heavy Rocket' which has 37 engines, is 68 metres high, and the 'Starship' sits on top of it. The booster is necessary to reach earths escape velocity and then it returns to earth, landing vertically. The 'Starship' will land vertically at its destination.

There will be a tanker version of this vehicle capable of refuelling the 'Starship' in space.

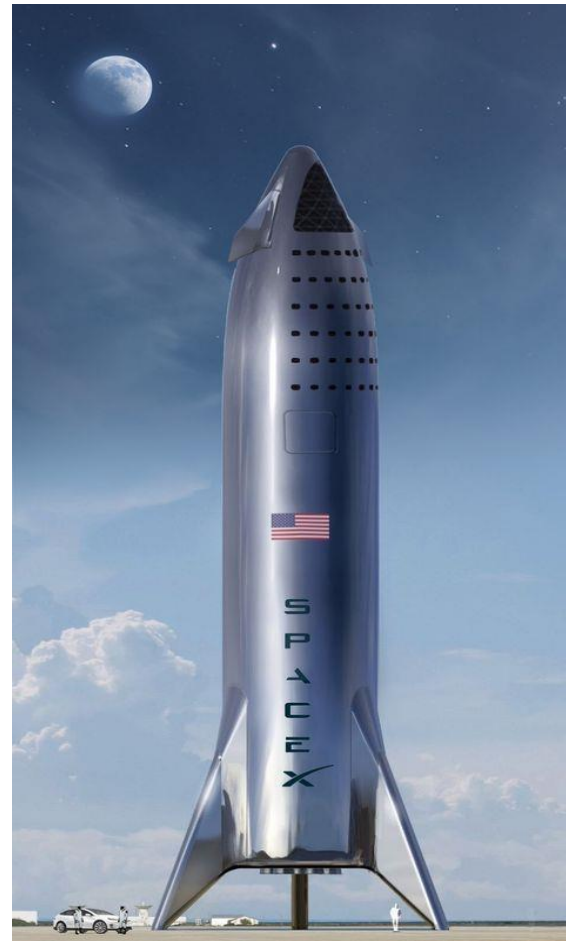
Originally built of carbon fibre Space X switched to stainless steel as it was denser with better thermal properties, better at withstanding heat at re-entry, its cheaper and it looks sharp.

The schedule is a manned mission to Mars by 2024.

2019. This landing is also expected to happen on the moon in 2024.

Artemis:

The NASA operation is known as Artemis (named after Greek goddess of the moon, who coincidentally was **Apollo's** twin sister) and this is to return astronauts to the moon after a lapse of 50 years bringing a male and female astronaut to the lunar south pole. NASA has designed a new spacecraft system known as Orion and has been testing it since 2019. This landing is also expected to happen on the moon in 2024.



The Halcyon Days of August by Anne Frehill

“And Summer`s lease hath all too short a date”

The above line from William Shakespeare`s Sonnet 18, for me encapsulates the bittersweet qualities of August. On the one hand we have the abundance associated with this month, glorious shades of ever deepening yellow and ochre in the fields of corn with the fuzzy appearance of barley`s beard lending a biblical air to the landscape. The garden is a cornucopia of vegetables and fruits, while in the woods and hedgerows the first blackberries have an alluring crimson hue. Still, there are many delightful flowers to be enjoyed and depending on the Spring frosts of each year, the trees are heavy with apples almost ripe for picking. The days are long, often with hazy, warm sunshine while the nights can be humid and wakeful, with one or two full moons riding high in the sky, creating a magical atmosphere which alludes to all that is unseen.

On the other hand, there is an ethereal beauty to August. Signs that summer is sneaking away are everywhere. In the fields, where the mighty bales of straw and hay stand like golden warriors frozen in time, the shadows are lengthening as the evening approaches and there is an imperceptible chill when the dew falls. The birds too are portents of colder weather on the way, during August they seem to be in a frenzy as they complete their work, by preparing their chicks for living independently. There is nothing more restful than watching young birds learning to fly and swallows are renowned as superb flying machines. To watch the young birds, ape their elders as they create a flying ballet is hilarious.

Indeed, to catch glimpses from the world of birds which is oblivious to the cares of our world is life-affirming. Even as a young child, while enjoying the enchanted carefree days of August there was occasionally a reminder that they would not last, perhaps a journey to a bookstore with Mother to buy books for the coming term or a trip to Navan to order a new uniform. Yet, in the landscape of childhood

these interruptions were like mere ripples on the surface as they were soon forgotten because there was always something new to be explored or some delight to be savoured.

August is named after the Roman Emperor Augustus (63 BC-AD 14). While in Ireland, it came to be called Lughnasa, a festival held in the early days of this month which evolved in honour of Lugh, the pagan god of light and wisdom. In the pagan world there were four pagan feasts in the year. Ancient records give us a tantalizing taste of the great fairs or "Assemblies" which were held as far back as 1800 years ago.

Such assemblies occurred regularly all over the island and of great interest to us are the gatherings in Meath, at Tailteann and Tara, as well as Carman now Wexford and Uisneach in Westmeath. Both Kings and nobles held high council here, dealing with matters of war and peace, alliances, and hostages but the common man also frequented such fairs. Whole families travelled long distances over inhospitable terrain, to buy and sell everything from livestock to crafts, over the course of six days. Bargaining often lasted late into the evening as individuals tried to hammer out the best deals. People came too for the entertainment and a motley group of poets, storytellers, musicians, clowns, jugglers and tricksters of all shapes and sizes provided this. The late esteemed collector of Irish Folklore (Kevin Danaher UCD) found in the course of his research that at the fair of Carman (now Wexford) 47 kings and high nobles attended with all their retainers and followers as well as the ordinary people, who came in their thousands.

Special parts of the field were set aside for different activities e.g. the selling of horses and cattle, for the sale of all kinds of clothing and food, and for a special area designated to foreign goods brought by merchants from the "Eastern World" such as spices, jewels, pepper, wines and other exotic delicacies.

Guards armed with spears and an assortment of weapons patrolled the grounds to keep order and prevent rows erupting between various factions. At the fairs held in early August, many would have slept under their carts or chariots while others would have bedded down for the night, under tents or wattle and sod huts. There were strict rules about driving and special places for parking only. The Annals of the Four Masters record that at the last fair of Tailteann (Teltown) in the year 1168, on the eve of the Norman

invasion, the line of horses and vehicles reached a distance of 6 miles. This site, one of the most celebrated in ancient Ireland slopes down to the Blackwater. The Tailteann fair was renowned for its athletic games and sports throughout the island. Legends about Teltown tell us that (Lug of the Long Arm) Lug Lamhfhada instituted these games to commemorate his foster mother Tailtiu, who was buried there. In fact, the coming of the Normans, increased the number and importance of the fairs throughout the island, including the Old Lammas fair and Puck Fair. There were some peculiar superstitions attached to attendance at fairs, among them throwing an old shoe after those going to a fair, to bring them good luck!

Some fairs came to be famous for the hiring of servants and labourers. Other fairs were known for the making of matches and marriage settlements. And in the dark ages the fair was considered to be the perfect setting to intimidate the poor people by shows of armed force, readings of proclamations and often the flogging or hanging of some poor unfortunate who had broken the law. In the year 1766, Father Nicholas Sheehy was hanged, drawn and quartered, at the bustling fair of Clonmel, and his head was set on a spike over the jail gate as a macabre warning to fellow insurgents.

However, it was not all suffering as there was great merriment to be had at fairs too. Fiddlers, pipers, fluteplayers and ballad singers created a cacophony of sounds while others sold rudely printed "ballets" at a penny a go. There were swing boats and cock-shots (you got a prize for knocking down crude wooden effigies) at three shots a penny. There were tinkers, tramps and beggars, the trick -of -the- loop man, the three- card- trick man and sweets, sugar-sticks, and gingerbread for the children. There were crubeens, periwinkles, meat pies, apples and plumbs for sale and I can only presume (given that I did not come across any reference to "Mountain Dew" or poitín) that it was also available, albeit "under the counter" so to speak!

Highwaymen and robbers also welcomed the approach of fair days as it was an ideal opportunity for easy pickings. In 1295, Simon O` Cormaic, on his way to the fair at Tallaght was murdered for his two draught oxen and his five shillings in silver. The perpetrator of this crime was brought to justice, but he claimed that Simon had himself stolen the cattle and that he only killed him to recover them.

So, another August is upon us and in this extraordinary year, it will be different than others as the pandemic rules our lives. Only one thing is certain, we will never see this August 2020 again, so make the most of it and enjoy the last of “Those Lazy Hazy Crazy Days of Summer”

from a pop song of 1963 (with the same name) sung by Nat King Cole.

In the words of a truly remarkable Trappist monk, poet, mystic and spiritual writer.

“We have what we seek
it is there all the time,
and if we give it time,
it will make itself known to us.”

Thomas Merton (1915-1968)

My Brother's Scribblings by Norbert Coyle

Boo was flat out on the mat.

Next thing he raises his head and cocks an ear. He raises himself on his front paws in a languid lazy manner and has a good spinal stretch. Next thing....he's up on all fours and ambling....nay loping loosely to the front door.

Next thing the door bell rings and we go out and there's Boo waiting with that look of "I told you so".

It's young Brian from next door. Boo gives him the cursory sniff to check for buttered Mariettas and then the mandatory few circles and a final "howaya" nuzzle.

"I'm off for a few days says Brian and I was kinda wondering if you wanted me to take Boo for a mini break"

Brian is as shy as Boo is super sensitive. While Brian was talking he kept looking at the ground and making a small continuous circle in the gravel with one foot .

We'd be delighted we said in unison....what a coincidence...we said...we were thinking of going away for a short break....you know what the winter has been like with elections looming on the horizon and Brexit balderdash continuing apace and Trump trumpeting...we feel the need for a small touch of R+R.

Her nibs noticed a deal in the paper which allowed one head west and luxuriate in a super de luxe room with gigantic en suite and most items that open and shut for some obscenely great deal where one could actually end up coming home with more money than one went with.

We'll have a bit of that we decided and hence at around lunch time (or dinner time in old money) we cranked up a fast chariot and headed west into the dull grey afternoon. We cared not a whit and before we knew it we were parked outside a truck stop restaurant in Rathowen called Feericks.

They don't serve meals....they serve "feeds".

The place was jammers...hard to get a car parking space in the extra large truckers car park.

All the food is "comfort " food . It comes in American obese giant size portions. It's not your spot if you are wont to indulge in froth, height, little dib dabs of pulverised gee gaws or deep fried twirly stuff.

But if you want big jugs of MiWadi orange (for free) and want everything to come with everything then Feericks is your spot.

I had their braised beef. They've been braising it since sometime before the Boer war. Tender...melty...and succulent...liberally doused in an onion sauce which had no idea where it's parents came from.

Probably full of E numbers and preservatives and other things not allowed by health and safety gurus.....but boy was it delicious.

It came with carrots and broccoli and mashed spuddies...all cooked for those without a lot gnashers.

Now I will admit....the carrots were tender....looked like carrots...had a carrot colour..but tasted like bland injected liberally with bland and then sprinkled with some bland.

You know how a lot of restaurants give you one tiny toy pat of rock hard butter.Feericks give you a bowl of butter pats ...all at room temperature.

It would appear that Feericks buck the current trend and give the customer what they want rather than what's trendy.

Customers in tuxedos were nowhere to be seen...we had the Mommas and the Papas. ...the kiddies...the grannies...the full whack out for the Sunday dinner.

We ordered the "half portion " designed for sissies and those recovering from foreign diseases.

Trendy restaurants where they "plate up" with a tweezers would get 20 covers from one half portion.

I think full portions are served by forklift.

The lady across the way was with hubby ...the strong silent dense type....thick as two short planks...never spoke during the meal.

The missus was ambidextrous and demonstrated same trait by stuffing her gob alternatively with the knife and the fork....no item of cutlery got priority.

It was about 2:30 (Dentist's time...I'll explain later)and she was having the breakfast

.
She always has breakfast when out as she likes breakfast regardless of the time of day...and Feericks copped on years ago that it might be a good idea to serve folk what they liked rather than what Feericks and the Surgeon General thought might be good for them.

I don't smoke ,drink or go out with boys she said and if I want a breakfast ...I'll have a breakfast.

A young couple sat next to us. He was modern tall....a small bit coltish...and had the trick hairstyle. She had the spray on black jeans with the slashed legs and a track suit top.

They sat down and ignored each other. She locked on to the mobile...and he divvied out the tray full of goodies...you can select from a buffet if eager.

He had the roast beef and 3 acres of chips.

She had the chicken curry with enough rice to feed a Vietnamese family for a week.

He ,wordlessly, proceeded to stuff his face.

She snaffled one of his chips and drizzled it with curry sauce and speared it on her fork....it took her back to her staple diet in her recent youth.

They were clearly living together....he knew he didn't have to make any overtures...."you had me at hello"...and she was equally confident.

Love , romance and those tender moments where lust often leads one were now gone like dalias in first frost.

There was more romance in her nibs and myself than in that young pair of blades....and we would not be on any Richter scale where full blown romance is concerned.

What did it cost I hear a less than timid one of you at the back utter.

Not a lot more than €20 and her nibs had a latte and ...a short discussion with the waitress re the merits and demerits of the yellow club something or the purple one....both gals were familiar with the difference and agreed the the purple one was the very knee of the bee.

Now here's a strange thing...because we visit there occasionally The Beloved One gave a reasonably generous tip...clearly midland folk have never heard of giving tips or paying extra for being served as the waitress was initially aghast and then clasping her nibs to her ample bison thanked her and asked was there anything else she could do for us.

Now to more important stuff.....yesterday was Lá Fhéilel Bríde...01 Feb...and the birthday of the wonderful Langston Hughes....he of "English B".

He penned this gem for you and I....enjoy

I, Too

Langston Hughes - 1902-1967

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen

When company comes,

But I laugh,

And eat well,

And grow strong.

Tomorrow,

I'll be at the table

When company comes.

Nobody'll dare

Say to me,

"Eat in the kitchen,"

Then.

Besides,

They'll see how beautiful I am

And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

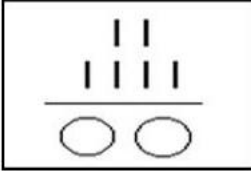




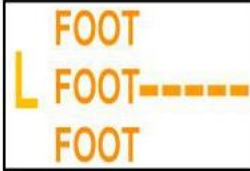
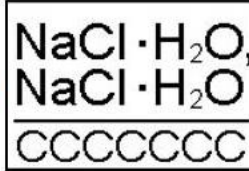
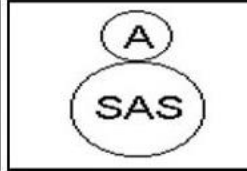


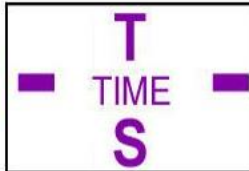

Fairly pertinent in these times where norms are swinging from lamposts like out of date election posters and ugly is the new meme.

Yes 2:30....dental timetooth hurty....geddit?.

Dingbats

Can you solve this Dingbats puzzle?

Answers will appear in the next issue of the newsletter

			
01	02	03	04
			
05	06	07	08
			
09	10	11	12

Last weeks answers

1 Tucan, 2 Square Dance, 3 Leftovers, 4 Going Round in Circles, 5 Day In Day Out, 6 Count Dracula, 7 Mixed Greens, 8 No Left Turn, 9 Tutu, 10 Lucille Ball, 11 Helpline, 12 Suspended Animation

A Wish (Carrickleck My Birthplace) By Brian Smyth

(I)

There's a sign oft sighed for the dear homeland
There's a hungering never filled
There's aye a fond thought close at hand
There's a voice that's never stilled
For I still doth hope to be home again
Lost joys I ne'er would reck
And I'd leave this life without sorrow's pain
For a home in Carrickleck.

(II)

Thought many sights may please the eye
As in foreign fields I roam
I turn aside with a weary sigh
To dream of the dear old home
And a vision rises before my eyes
And a voice that knows to check.
To a lonely heart for ever cries
Come home to Carrickleck.

(III)

But fate is sometimes cruel and hard
And scorns the bleeding heart
Thought my dearest wish it may retard
From me that wish can't part.
And I live my life with my hope still young
On its brightness not a speck
And I pray my prayer for a home among
The dear folk in Carrickleck.

This is from Brian's 'Collected Poems'

Cattle

Can you name these two breeds of cattle? Answers in next week's RST



5A



5B

Last week's breeds:

Breed 4A

The Simmental or Swiss Fleckvieh is a Swiss breed of dual-purpose cattle. It is named after the Simmental – the valley of the Simme river – in the Bernese Oberland, in the canton of Bern in Switzerland. It is reddish in colour with white markings, and is raised for both milk and meat

Breed 4B

The Aubrac is a French breed of domestic beef cattle. It originates on the Plateau de l'Aubrac in the Massif Central in central southern France, from which it also takes its name. It has a wheat-coloured coat and dark hooves, switch, muzzle and eyes

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



Line Dance Skyrne
Commencing
Wednesday 8th July
7:30pm
Ph: 0830063653

Under strict covid guidelines - full hygiene practices at - Skyrne RST

The image shows a group of people in a dance studio, wearing black shirts and hats, performing a line dance. The background is a red curtain.

SUMMER SCIENCE CAMPS

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

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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 li

Our next newsletter will be due out Saturday 15th August 2020

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