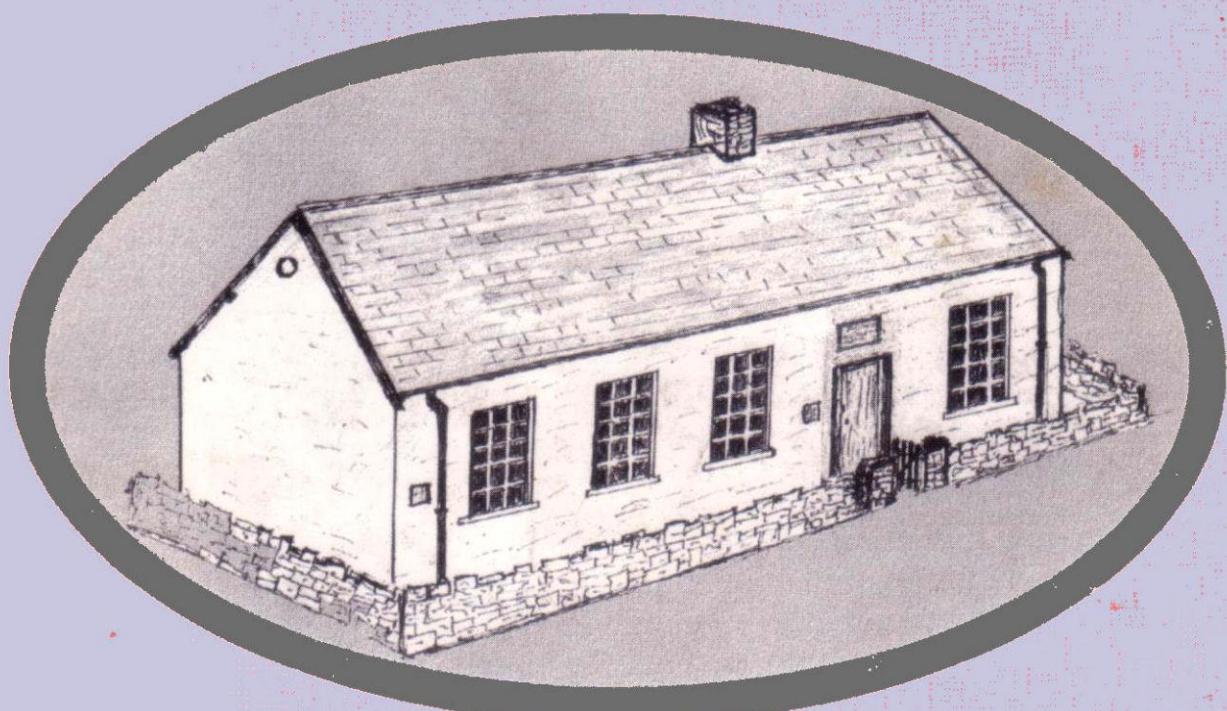
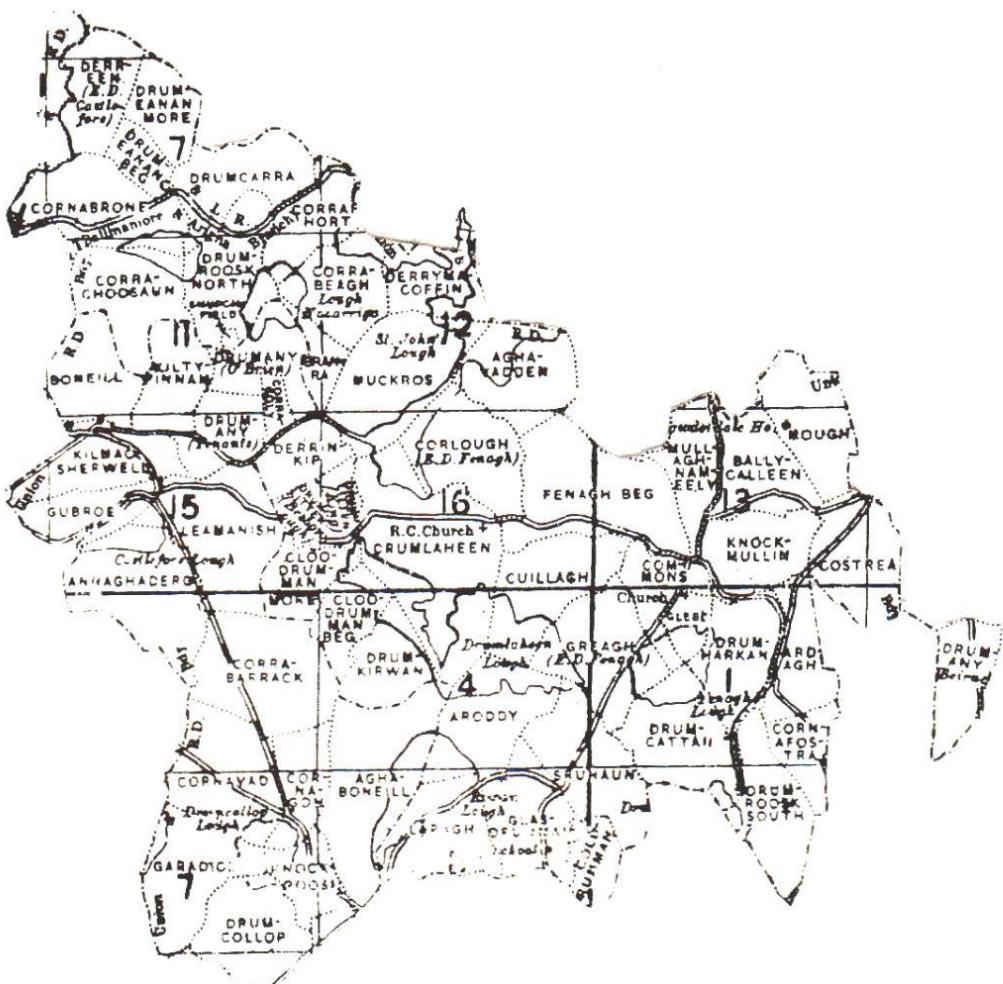


Fenagh National School 1898 - 1965



1898 Centenary 1998

FENAGH PARISH



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1898 - 1965 Re-Union

1 - 2 August 1998

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Introduction

The large stone plaque over the school door read FENAGH NATIONAL SCHOOL 1898. I'm sure it was enshrined in every pupil's mind and as the year 1998 approached, the thought of celebrating it's Centenary came to my mind. A number of schools around Drumshanbo where I work had re-unions over the past two years, so I said to myself, we can do the same. Having spoken to my colleague Brendan Canning, who had been involved with two re-unions, he said that he and Batty Gibbons would come to a meeting and give us all the information necessary to get the wheels in motion.

After making a few phone-calls to past pupils we arranged the first meeting which was attended by Brendan and Batty. We were made aware that we were facing a very difficult task but we all felt we were quite capable of organising the re-union.

Our Committee met every two weeks. We worked extremely well as a team. We had some memorable nights reminiscing and talking of our school days and we had many a laugh, as stories were exchanged.

We were given access to the Roll Books and Registers courtesy of Mrs. Sheila Cooney. We then set to work collecting names and addresses. A total of two hundred and forty letters were sent to past pupils. It wasn't until we started receiving replies that we knew people really appreciated what we were doing. This gave us the enthusiasm and commitment that stayed with us throughout the months and weeks leading up to this special weekend.

I would like to express a special word of thanks to our hard working secretary Gretta Fanning for her unending dedication and secretarial skills; to Eileen Greenan in her search through the archives for school history; to John Ellis T.D. for sponsoring the postage: to all who contributed articles, memorabilia and photographs. Thanks also to the sponsors of advertisements and all who donated money. We are also grateful to the Fenagh Development Association who worked in conjunction with us to have the Festival at this weekend; to Fr. Doyle for the use of the school; to Batty Gibbons and Brendan Canning for all their help and advice; to Pat Mullen for the drawing of the school on the cover and photographic work: and to Padraig Leyden for the use of photographs from "Fenagh the GAA. Story".

A special word of thanks to my fellow Committee members Gretta Fanning, Mary Bohan, Michael McKeon, Son McLoughlin, Leo O'Beirne, Pat Wrynn and Caillin Ellis.

This is a weekend for memories, for re-kindling friendships and restoring contact with the past. I would like to welcome home all past pupils and their families and I hope each one will have an enjoyable time.

We will remember all those who for one reason or another are unable to attend. I hope fond memories of this weekend will remain with us for a very long time to come.

Cead Mile Failte Roimh Gach Duine.

Pat Joe Greenan (Chairman).

Fenagh National School 1898 - 1965

by Eileen Greenan

HEDGE SCHOOLS:

Throughout the latter years of the 18th and the early 19th Centuries a system of private (or pay) schools, commonly known as hedge schools grew up everywhere in Ireland. They were conducted in private houses or in barns, some very damp, by teachers who had no training except an apprenticeship served with another hedge school master of good standing as a teacher. Their salary was generally very poor ranging from £5 - £20 pa, depending on the demand for education in the area and the ability of the pupils to pay and the reputation of the teacher. The emphasis in the hedge school was on English (reading and writing), basic arithmetic, a little Latin and Greek.



The only available photo of Fenagh National School taken by Alice Gallagher

IRISH NATIONAL SCHOOL SYSTEM

This system came to an end when in 1831 the Irish National School System was established under the guidance of a Board of Commissioners with a Manager who was generally the Parish Priest.

Despite the famine of 1847 and emigration, 80 pupils (boys and girls) attended a small one room thatched school (Cox's) 30ft x 12ft x 10ft, then to a slightly larger one room (or maybe 2 room) (Heaney's) 33ft x 16ft x 15ft school catering for up to 100 pupils between 1863 - 1898.

Records tell us that with such a high number of children and with one teacher and at times two teachers the younger children were taught by the older ones. They were called Monitors and carried out a very useful role. At this time children often stayed at school until they were sixteen years old.

The school hours were 10.00 am - 4.00 pm in summer, 10.00 am - 3.00 pm in winter.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT:

The School Inspectors were very attentive and visited often and without warning (travelling on horseback). Each Inspector having a number of schools to visit and the reports were often threatening and negative, awards were given for good results.

RECORDED TEACHERS AT THIS TIME:

Hugh Reynolds, Michael Boyle, Patrick Fanning, Mary McGuinness (nee Flynn), Francis Reynolds, Thomas Sheridan, who during his term was the first Secretary of the G.A.A. in Fenagh in 1888-1889.

NEW SCHOOL:

In 1898 a grant of £350 was given for the building of a new bigger school. A Board of Trustee's was set up, namely Most Revd. Joseph Hoare DD, Bishop of Ardagh & Clonmacnoise, Rev. Denis Grey PP, Foxfield, Michael Murphy Esq., Glosstermin, George A. Acheson Esq., Rushall, Co. Roscommon. Intrust of School 900 Years from 1898, expenditure was £525.

The new school was built in the townland of Fenaghbeg, Parish of Fenagh, and about half a mile from the village. The move to the new school was completed by April 1899. The new school had 2 rooms, a passage way or cloakroom and a fuel store. One room (smaller) or Mistresses Room for infants and up to 2nd class, had tiered steps (no desks in the beginning) where the children sat. It contained a fireplace, table and chairs for the teachers, a press in the corner for books. The 2nd room (larger) or Masters Room for the older pupils up to 7th class contained rows of desks with inkwell for each pupil and a bench (form) as seats, 3 children to a desk. This room had a large fireplace, table and chairs, blackboards and easels. In one corner stood a large press containing books, other teaching aids, also the Masters "canes."

Pupils stood in semi-circle around the teacher for lessons and you had to be very quick with the answers. Records tell us that up to one hundred children attended this new school. Records also tell us that cookery, sewing, knitting and technical skills were taught in the early 1900's.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE:

The Irish language was allowed to be taught as a subject for one hour each day and in 1934 a rule was introduced insisting that all subjects in Infants class be taught in Irish.

Teachers attended Irish courses organised by Conradh na Gaeilge. Irish dancing and music was also encouraged.

In the wintertime the parents of the children gave turf to the school to keep the fires going to heat the rooms, and the children heated their bottles of milk at lunch-time by placing them near the fire.

Each morning two children brought a bucket of water from Bland's well for drinking, and making the teachers tea. Indeed many stories can be told about this exercise. The school closed from 1917-1918 during the flu epidemic and numbers fell greatly.

TEACHERS:

The first teachers in this new school were:-

Patrick Murphy:

Principal 1897-1930. Salary £84-£122 PA.

Mary Scollan:

Assistant 1875-1924. Salary £25-£84 PA.

In 1924 **Mary Scollan** retired and was replaced by **Stella Murphy** (later Stella Gannon). She taught until 1953 when she went to teach in a school in Ballinamore.

In 1930 Patrick Murphy retired and was replaced by **James Wrynn** as principal and he taught there until the school closed in 1965.

Other teachers who taught during that period included **Miss Dalton** and **Miss Egan**. Both James Wrynn and Stella Gannon attended Fenagh National School and they continued the high standard of education for many years.

Between 1953 and its closure a number of assistants (all female) taught with James Wrynn.

Ann Cahill 1953 Mrs. Quinn.

Mrs Bridget Heenan R.I.P. 1954.

Una Fitzsimons 1958.

Myra Cafferty R.I.P.

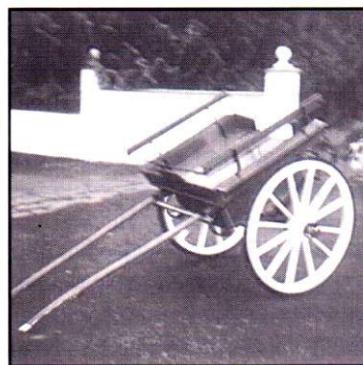
Nuala Neary R.I.P.

Patricia Greavey.

Detta Reynolds 1959-1964.

Sheila Cooney 1964-1965.

This Ass Trap was used by Miss Mary Scollan, who taught in Fenagh National School for almost fifty years, 1875 - 1924, to travel daily from her home at Aughoo. The trap was manufactured in 1897 and was recently restored by Brian Kennedy, Glenview House, Ballinamore.



Miss Mary Scollan



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Maeve Beirne & Marion Walshe

People I Remember at Fenagh National School

by Frank McGrail

Frank McGrail is one of Fenagh Old Schools oldest living past pupils. Born in 1904 his name first appeared on the rolls on May 16th 1916. In May of this year, 82 years later, Frank gave us some of his recollections.

I went to Fenagh School for a time. Master Murphy and Miss Scollan were the teachers. There were big classes at that time. I remember some of the people I went to school with. Willie McWeney, Mona Carey, Stella Murphy (later to marry Tom Gannon and teach in Fenagh for many years). There was Michael Melia from Aghavadden and two Melia girls, sisters. There were two families of McKeons from Aghavadden also and Nora McCartin.

I remember three Mulvey girls from Costra, Florrie Wilson, Ellie Bland and a sister of Jim Joe Greenans from Corlough, she became a nun in America. Francie McPartlin and his sister and the Paul Greenans from Aghavadden, the O'Neills and Roddys from Cullagh. Master Wrynn and his sister Mrs.. Gilheany went to school in my time too and Mary Heatherton. I remember also the Conways from Costra, Peety and Michael Harkin, Jimmie McKeon and his sister Mrs Sweeney.

We used to play cards at lunch time. I got slapped once when I was caught with a pack of cards.

One winter, Lough Reane was frozen over and we all went out at lunch time to slide on the ice and got slapped when we came back. That was the worst beating I ever remember getting at school.

There was an R.I.C. Barracks in Fenagh where Weedie Walshes house is now. Tom Duffy of Corlough was one of the police there. There was a boat taken belonging to Lawders and sunk in Fenagh lake and the R.I.C. were out looking.

One day Scollans cattle were in our meadow and I drove them out on the road. Duffy was up the road picking blackberries and he questioned me for having cattle on the road. I explained that the cattle were not mine but he "summoned" me anyhow. However the case was dismissed.

I liked school and have very happy memories of my time there.



Fenagh National School 1910

Back: Left to right: Francie Melia (Aughavadden), Mike Mella (Aughavadden), Tommy Carrigan (Fenagh Beg), Matt Noone (Fenagh Beg), Pee Roddy (Cuillagh), Charlie McWeney (Longstone), - , Tommy Bland (Cuillagh),

Middle Row: Florrie Wilson (Knockmullin), Ellie Bland (Cuillagh), John Willie Murphy (Knockmullin), Tom Wrynn (Drumroosk South), Francie Heaney (Ardagh), Tommy Greenan (Corlough), Mike Noone (Fenagh Beg), Jim Wrynn (Drumharkin), Frank Noone (Fenagh Beg), Packie Bland (Cuillagh), Miss Mary Scollan, N.T. (Aughoo).

Front Row: Alice McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Bridgie Carrigan (Fenagh Beg), Molly Corduff (Commons), - Corduff (Commons), Maggie J. Mulvey (Costra), Lizzie Mulvey (Costra), Mai Heaney (Ardagh), Katie Wrynn (Drumroosk South), Marie McWeney (Longstone), Katie Roddy (Cuillagh), Mary Roddy (Cuillagh).

Fenagh School - 1916

by Vera McCarthy (nee Carey)

To be asked to write a contribution for the centenary booklet of my first school is both a compliment and a challenge. The compliment lies in the number of years this writer has spent on planet earth and the presumed assumption that my memory of Fenagh Old School is still razor sharp. The challenge is in coping with the multiple tricks that memory plays, which make it practically impossible to distinguish one decade from another.

Rewinding the tape of a long life is a chastening exercise. It shows up the dangerous bends and turns you survived along the way, and some you didn't. Then memory, like the clutch of an old banger, has a peculiar tendency to slip gears without warning and you find yourself jumping from one generation to the next, or maybe the one after that, without missing a beat. How often I have noticed a mixture of confusion and sympathy in the faces of my bewildered grand-children!

Nevertheless, I can still clearly remember my first day in Fenagh Old School. I was brought there by my older sister Edna, whose first-name acquaintance with every other school-goer was a wonder to me. The road from our home at Mullaghnamelia to Fenagh village was familiar territory. I had often accompanied my older brother and sisters as we ran to Quinn's or Ellis's for household messages, not forgetting on the peril of our lives the half

quarter of tobacco. But once we headed up the hill beyond Ellis's pub, I was in outer space. This was uncharted country, full of new sights and wonders. I gawped at the height of the goal-posts in Fenagh football field. I stood amazed at the clang of hammer on anvil in Jimmy Cox's forge. I wondered where all the extra scholars were coming from once we passed Noone's Lane. And finally Edna pushed me through the gate and in the door of Fenagh School for Day One of my academic career.

For the record, the date was March 1st 1916, only a few weeks before the Easter Rising in Dublin, the first step to the creation of an Irish Free State. I was five years old.

Miss Scollon, the teacher responsible for the beginners, took me through a large airy classroom which I later learned was the Master's Room. I remember the hushed atmosphere of learning in that room, the bigger girls and boys bent over their copy books while Master Murphy stood with his back to the fireplace, paring pencils. Things were different in our room. A collection of infants like myself stared nervously at each other looking for a familiar face. I was glad to see that Bridie Murphy and Violet Harkin from my own part of the parish were among the crowd.

It didn't seem in the least odd to me that there were no desks in the room, I didn't even know what a desk was.



Vera McCarthy pictured beside
Fenaghbeg cromlech, Conal
Gulban's resting place.
(Photograph taken in late 1960's.)

Miss Scollon instructed us to sit on tiered steps that rose from the centre of the room up to the back wall, and this was to be our seating accommodation for the next couple of years. Sitting on steps posed no problems for us girls. We giggled at the plight of the few boys who also wore skirts to school. Pat Wrynn wore a lovely little red number, I remember!

Learning to read came easily to me. Having a teacher for a mother meant that many words taught by Miss Scollon were not new. I was already well aware that cats sat on mats and looked at rats!

As with school-children in every generation, play-time was magic. Although I came from a large family, at that time my sisters and brother were all older than me and played with their own peers. But I now had a whole bunch of new friends, impatient to gobble up our lunches of bread and milk, which was preheated in bottles standing around the fire, before playing "tig" around the grassy yard. I have a life-long souvenir of the old school yard at Fenagh. One day while running barefoot along the top of the school boundary wall, absolutely forbidden of course, I stumbled, tripped and jumped clear into Bland's field. I never saw the broken bottle hidden in the long grass. I have a clear memory still of lying out on Master Murphy's desk as he and Miss Scollon fished for bits of glass in my bleeding feet. In the more than four score years that have passed since then, five different doctors have found pieces of that accursed bottle in my right foot. But despite their best efforts, there is still a glass splinter floating around in my foot, and I am reminded of it painfully from time to time to this day.

We were all barefoot in those days. There is a unique sensation in running through mossy grass, wading through streams, feeling the muddy squelch between your toes, or striding through clusters of flaggers with their huge shady leaves and lily-like flowers. We revelled in all of this as we returned home from school by the forbidden route over the Rocks where Conal Gulban awaits Judgement Day under his cromlech tombstone.

I cannot think of the Rocks without thinking of mushrooms. Many a morning my sisters Nancy and Belle and brother Paddy and I ran out early with our enamel buckets before school to see who could fill a bucket first. But such early morning sorties were rushed affairs. In our house, being late for school, was a capital offence! However, we had the whole day to look forward to the mushroom feast that awaited us on our return home.

As I sit here recalling the sights, the sounds, the faces, the smells and the fun of those far off days, the memories bring tears to my eyes. But as well as sadness at the passing of all those friends and class-mates in Fenagh School, they are also tears of gratitude for the innocent happiness and the wonder of those early years.

Aughavadden

In the early 1900's the townland of Aughavadden had six houses with approximately forty residents. At the time almost thirty pupils from there went to Fenagh National School. Today it has only one resident, Sean Meehan.

The Old School Yard

*I had walked down a road,
A road full of memories
On a journey back to visit childhood
Friends, and I stopped at a gate,
That led into a school yard, long forgotten
Feelings come to me again.*

*The silence it stares from the dirty
Dusty windows, broken only by the
Battle of the stream, and I feel
as though I'm watched by a thousand
Different faces as I recollect a thousand
Different names.*

*Now the old school yard, is wild and
Overgrown, all the fences I have crossed
Are broken down, and I have learned many
Things, some of them best forgotten, since
The last time that I stood upon that ground*

*I closed my eyes - can't hold back the memories
Of childhood voices calling out to me. From
Deep inside I see one of the face looking
At the man that he turned out to be.*

*Now the old school yard is wild and overgrown, all the
Fences I have crossed are broken down, and I have
Learned many things, some of them best forgotten,
Since the last time that I stood upon that ground.*

*Wishing every success to
Fenagh Old School
Centenary Reunion*

From

Sean & Marie Tarpey

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- Ballinamore -

Memories of Fenagh School

by Margaret Beirne (nee Roddy)

This year being 1998 reminds me of all the times I looked up at the plaque over the door of Fenagh School and read the year 1898.

My name is Margaret Roddy-Beirne. I was born in Culliagh, Foxfield in 1911. I was the youngest of Barney and Elizabeth Roddy's four children. I suppose I was about five years old when I started school.

The school was a fine stone building. It had one large room and one smaller one which had a gallery for the younger classes. About thirty years ago I bumped into the late Dick Ellis. When he did not recognise me I said "You knew me when I was on the top gallery in Fenagh school. This brought us back to talking about our school days between the years 1916 and 1930, that is counting the two of us. Dick was years younger than me but I remember him because of the lovely lunches he brought to school, biscuits etc. from Ellis' shop.

There were two teachers in the school, Patrick Murphy, the school principal and Mary Scollan, his assistant. In my earlier years at school I was taught

by Miss Scollan. The years I remember best were those spent with Master Murphy. He taught me from third class to the time I left school. He was a very kind teacher. There was a running stream across the road from the school. One morning I walked into the stream to wash the mud of my boots. Master Murphy was out on the road to see if there were any stragglers coming. When he saw me in the stream he said "Oh what are you doing that for Maggie? You'll have cold feet all day. What would Barney Roddy think of me for letting you do a thing like that?"

When I reached Master Murphy's class I shared a desk with his daughter Bridie. I have many happy memories of those years. Once the Master put a sum on the board. There was a snag in it. He promised two shillings, a lot of money in those days, to anyone who would solve the problem. Everyone was smiling at the prospect of earning 2 shillings but I said to Bridie "he knows no one will have the right answer or it's a penny he'd be offering." The Master heard the whispering. "What did Maggie say?" he said down to Bridie. She told him. The following day he pointed



Fenagh N.S. - circa 1927

On wall: Farrell Grennan (Aughavadden), Pat Wrynn (Drumroosk Sth.), Michael Burbage (Cuillagh),
Back:- Paddy Prior (Knockmullin), James Heaney (Ardagh), --, --, Eamonn Farrelly (Knockmullin), --, Packie McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg).
Front:- Tommy Harkin (Costra), John J. Wrynn (Drumharkin), --, Jim McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg), Thomas McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg), --, Paddy Murphy (Knockmullin), Eddie Wrynn (Drumharkin).

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Fenagh Old School
Centenary Celebrations from:

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Building Contractor

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Patrick Murphy N.T.

out the snag. "It couldn't be done," he said, "and indeed hawky Maggie knew that well." Everyone got a laugh.

The Master himself enjoyed a joke. Micky Lynch was an old man living alone. He lived near the school. He was blind, or almost blind. As children we

used to go in and talk to him. Sometimes we would unruly and might push each other in on top of him and giggle and shout. Micky always had his walking stick in his hand. When we children annoyed him he would follow us as far as he was able to go and then go back in and close the door. One day a few of us visited Micky. Master Murphy tiptoed in behind us. Micky didn't know he was there. The Master pushed myself and someone else in on top of Micky. Micky got very vexed. He got himself up off the chair. He was shouting at us and we were shouting to get out. After a while Master Murphy spoke up: "Were they bold, Micky?" "I declare to God," says Micky "they have no

manners." The Master enjoyed pranks like this.

In my later years at school I learned Euclid and Algebra. I remember learning a lot of poetry off by heart. I can still recite some of these poems, such as:

"The Old Woman of the Roads":

*"Oh to have a little house
To own the hearth and stool and all
The heaped up sods upon the fire
The pile of turf against the wall."*

I remember it down to the very last lines:

*"And I am praying to God on high
And I am praying Him night and day
For a little house, a house of my own
Out of the wind and the rain's way."*

I'm sad to say that a lot of people who were at school around my time are now dead but not all of them, thank God. The ones I remember best are pat Rynn, John James Melia, Maggie Melia, Lizzie Rynn, Bridie Murphy. A bit older than me were Ellie Bland, Roseann Greenan. Maggie Melia and myself keep in touch even though she lives in England. It's great to be able to still talk to someone about those happy bygone days.



FENAGH NATIONAL SCHOOL - CIRCA 1926

Back, Left to Right: Paddy Murphy, N.T. (Knockmullin), Pat Heaney (Ardagh), Prior (Knockmullin), Bridgie Fitzpatrick (Drumharkin), Ellie Fitzpatrick (Drumharkin), Kate Greenan (Aughavadden), Kathleen McKeon (Aughavadden), Bridie Murphy (Knockmullin), Margaret Prior (Knockmullin), Bridgie Gilmour (Mullaghnameely), Farrell Greenan (Aughavadden), John Farrelly (Knockmullin).

Second Row: John Harkin (Costra), Bridgie Creamer (Lissagervin), Margaret Fitzpatrick (Drumharkin), Lizzie Wryrne (Drumharkin), Bridgie Devine (Ardagh), Maizie Cowell (Mough), Violet Harkin (Costra) Eileen Murphy (Knockmullin) Minnie Murphy (Knockmullin), Greta Murphy (Knockmullin), Lizzie A. Harkin (Costra), Stella Murphy (Knockmullin).

Third Row: Agnes McPartland (Aughavadden), Francie Harkin (Costra), Jim Heaney (Costra), Bernie Harkin (Costra), Jack Doherty (Knockmullin), Pat Devine (Ardagh), Johnny McKeon (Aughavadden), Michael Burbage (Cuillagh), Eddie Wryrne (Drumharkin), Dick Ellis (Fenagh Beg), Kitty Doherty (Knockmullin), Ita Prior (Knockmullin) Mary L. Heany (Costra), Tilly Blessing (Drumroosk South), Addie Walsh (Commons), Maggie Greenan (Aughavadden).

Front Row: Jim Fitzpatrick (Drumharkin), Tommy Harkin (Costra), Frank McKeon (Aughavadden) Gerard McKeon (Aughavadden), John J. Wryrne (Drumharkin), Eddie Gallagher (Lissagervin), Freddie Walsh (Commons), Jackie Ellis (Fenagh Beg), Louis Walsh (Commons), Paddy Doherty (Knockmullin), Paddy Murphy (Knockmullin), Cathal Harkin (Costra), Josie Doherty (Knockmullin), Tom Wryrne (Drumharkin).

FENAGH -

A Friendly Place in the 30's

I was a student at the school in the 1930's, and, although some of my recollections may be somewhat dimmed by the passage of the years, I have many fond and vivid memories of my school-days there. It was a typical two teacher rural National School of the time with Stella Murphy responsible for the infant children, and Jim Wrynn, who was Principal, responsible for the older children who were up to 14 years of age. It was a mixed school with the pupils divided into their different classes according to their ages and abilities. It was a caring, friendly school, and, while lacking many present day amenities, such deficiencies were more than made up for by the

and pleasant atmosphere of the School and must get full credit for the high standards achieved under their tuition. They had to cater for the many different needs of some sixty pupils of diverse abilities and varying in ages from 5 to 14 years. Fenagh N.S. was unique in so far as its catchment area embraced three parishes, the townland of Lisagarvan, which include among others the Tom Gallagher Family in Aughavas, the townland of Mahanagh, including the Fox Family and the Maguire Family in the Parish of Cloone, and Fenagh Parish extending from Aughavadden to Shrewane, including the O'Neill Family.



FENAGH N.S. 1930

Back, Left to Right: Joe Blessing (Drumroosk), Francie Harkin (Costra), Frank McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg), Johnny McKeon (Aughavadden), Jack Doherty (Knockmullin), Willie McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg).

Middle: Margaret Prior (Knockmullin), Kathleen Prior (Knockmullin), Bridie Devine (Ardagh), Tilly Blessing (Drumroosk), Ellie Fitzpatrick (Drumharkin), Kathleen McKeon (Aughavadden), Kate Greenan (Aughavadden), Sean McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Paddy Doherty (Knockmullin).

Front: Pat Devine (Ardagh), Louis Walsh (Commons), Jim Fitzpatrick (Drumharkin), Kitty Doherty (Knockmullin), Addie Walsh (Commons), Ita Prior (Knockmullin), Josie Doherty (Knockmullin), - , -.

happy atmosphere that existed throughout the School. With both teachers from the neighbourhood and each highly regarded in the local community, the school enjoyed the confidence and support of parents and pupils alike. The teachers set the general tone

Father Clancy, Parish Priest in the 1930's, took an active interest in the life and running of the school, which he visited frequently.

On the occasion of the first National School's Leaving Certificate Examination at the School in 1934,



FENAGH N.S. 1930

Back, Left to Right: Tommy Harkin (Costra), Gerry McKeon (Aughavadden), Michael Heaney (Ardagh), Thomas McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg),

Eddie Gallagher (Lissagervin), Frank McKeon (Aughavadden).

Middle: Josie Doherty (Knockmulin), Greta McGee (Lawderdale), Addie Walsh (Commons), Mary McGee (Lawderdale), Tess Carrigan (Kiltyhugh)?,

Loretta McPartland (Aughavadden), Margaret Greenan (Aughavadden).

Front: Sean Gallagher (Lissagervin), -, Tessie McKeon (Aughavadden), Jackie Ellis (Fenagh Beg), Lexie Walsh (Commons).

he was there and gave his blessing to the pupils before distributing the Examination Papers. He remained throughout the examination occasionally discreetly encouraging examinees in their efforts.

Father O'Connor was curate of the Parish and took responsibility for training Mass Servers and ensuring they were available when required. He was replaced in 1933 by Father Hugh Kearney, who became P.P. in Gortletteragh some years later.

The journey to and from the school was an important factor in the pupil's education, especially in their earlier years, though not always seen in the same light as their elders, and the teachers would welcome observations of their experiences on the way. At a time when school buses were unknown and few modes of transport available, the journey was usually taken by foot. Very little thought was given to even young children walking two or three miles each way to the site of Learning.

We had several landmarks en route which never failed to attract our interest or attention and not only gave us welcome respite for the way ahead but seemed to shorten what could be a long and sometimes wearisome journey. Fenagh Rail Station,

served by the Dromod - Belturbet Narrow Gauge Train was a busy rendezvous particularly around train times. Among other landmarks which attracted our attention were the picturesque village, the local hall and adjoining ball alley, where passing pupils expended their surplus energy playing a variety of ball-games on their way to and from School. But the centre of attraction was the Forge close by, where the village Blacksmith, Jimmie Cox, a friendly man of few words, was hard at work on his anvil, completely oblivious of his short-stay audience who came and gazed, and gazed and disappeared, wondering how he escaped unharmed from the flying sparks and flames which engulfed him.

With every good wish to you and all your Committee members.

by

Jim Fox



The Village Blacksmith

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

Toiling, - rejoicing, - sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus on the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

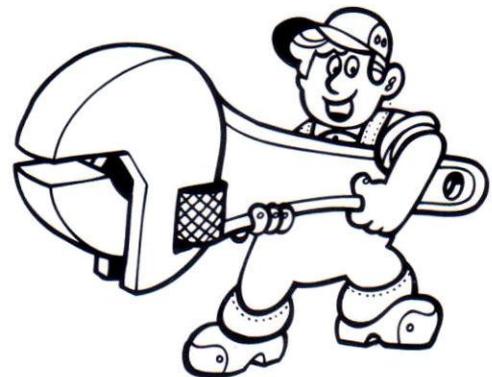
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



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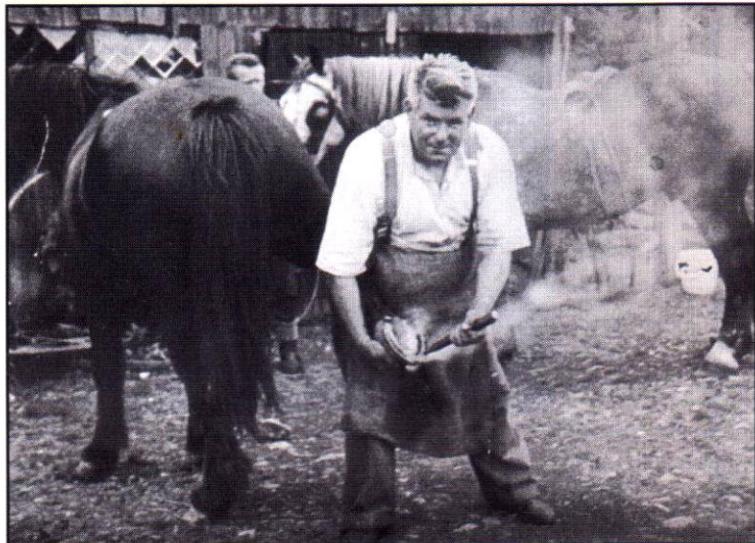
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THE FORGE & THE BLACKSMITH

The forge and the blacksmith played a role during our school-days. There were three forges a short distance from the village. Oweney Heatherton worked along the Ballinamore road, Bernard Heatherton, his brother, made carts along the Cloone road and Jimmie Cox beside the hall and alley. Johnnie and Barney Heatherton helped their father



Man at work - Johnny Hetherington, blacksmith

Bernard "Starrie" and later Johnnie went to work with his uncle Oweney. On their way home from school the youngsters always called and watched those skillful man at work. They marvelled at the way the iron was heated and shaped. They often worked the bellows and there was always the cure for "warts" in the water trough. The skills of making the cart wheel were demonstrated by



Owney Hetherington, Blacksmith (Cissy's Father)

Barney Heatherton. Jimmie Cox, a man with a quick temper, was always a sort of target. He was often seen chasing the pupils with a red hot horseshoe on a tongs.

Sometimes he got one of the bigger boys to help him sledge. This was a tricky

operation and

sometimes the fellow with the sledge might miss the target and send the red hot iron flying. Jimmie would then shout "Jases Christ Sonnie do you ever do anything at home." Many a time we threw stones from the alley at the tin roof on his porch to "rise" him. Two past pupils Pee Joe and Bernie Conway along with their father had a workshop near Greagh Cross where they made carts and shod cart wheels.

With the arrival of welders and modern equipment the role of the Blacksmith dwindled, although Johnnie Heatherton worked until the late 1980's. May they all reap the rewards of their labour in Heaven.



Jimmy Cox - Blacksmith, caretaker of Fenagh Hall and on Fenagh Band.

*Best Wishes to
Fenagh School
Centenary Re-union*

KIERAN'S TRAVEL AGENTS

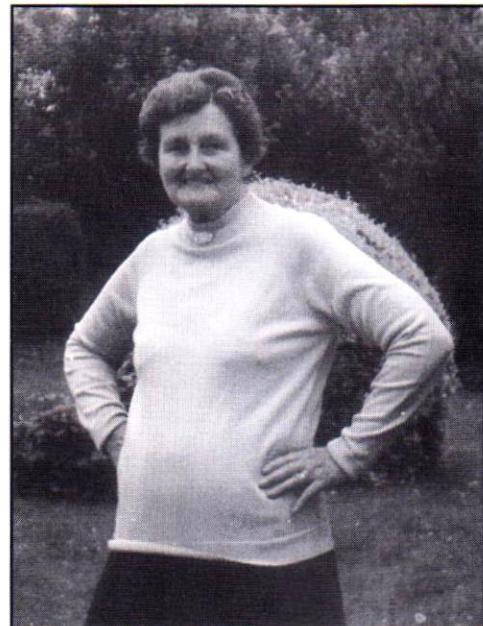


- Ballinamore -

Stella Gannon N.T.

- An Appreciation -

Stella Murphy (Gannon) was born in Knockmullen in 1903. She went to Fenagh N.S. at the age of three where her father was Principal. When she left in 1916 she went to the Louis Convent in Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo. Then she trained as a National Teacher in Carysford College in Dublin. She taught in Fenagh N.S. until 1953 and Ballinamore Boys N.S. until her retirement. She died in 1978.



Stella Gannon - Teacher - 1924 - 1953

She was a kind-hearted woman who mothered the younger kids as if they were her own. Her dedication and hard work were legendary. She always made the tea on a little stove fuelled by methylated spirits, and if she had lunch left over she would ask if anyone was hungry, needless to say she had many takers. She always gave us presents at Christmas and the Summer Holidays. No doubt she now reaps the rewards in Heaven.

Go Ndéanaigh Dia Trocaire ar a hAnam.

Hair - No Hair

Sometimes the Mistress would pull the boys 'bob' instead of slapping. One day she did this to Jimmie Bland. When he went home for his lunch he got the scissors, went to his room and cut his hair to the 'stump'. When his mother saw him she was astonished and asked him - "why did you do that"? "To make sure the teacher won't pull it again", he said.

FOND MEMORIES

*Oft in the still night
Ere slumber's chains has bound me,
Fond memories bring the light
Of other days around me.*

Thomas Moore's lines came to mind when I received a note from Pat Joe Greenan asking me to write something about Fenagh school. What a wonderful time I had going down memory lane! What a sense of gratitude it has given me to recall my early years in that little two-room schoolhouse where the strong educational foundation was laid.

Mrs. Stella Gannon guided my beginning attempts to read and write in low and high infants. And the "Master," Mr. Jim Wrynn taught me the 3 R's (reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic) so well that I sailed through further education in Ballinamore and Carrick-on-Shannon. What fond memories I have of these two very dedicated teachers. They modeled real life for me and all their pupils. Not only did they teach us the 3 R's but they also taught us about life. We learned about respect, responsibility, equality, justice, and sharing. They corrected us, encouraged us, challenged us and made us feel special. Apart from my family life in Corlough where my real formation took place informally, Mrs. Gannon and Mr. Wrynn instilled in me values that have stood the test of time.

My early education in Fenagh qualified me to go anywhere in the world. It took me to London where I worked at Houston Station and from where I travelled to Germany, Scotland, Wales and eventually to America on the QE2. I settled in Detroit, Michigan and worked in various positions. I married Joe Kearns who came from Belmont, Offaly and we became the proud parents of one son, Michael. Now I am grandmother of four beautiful children.

My sisters, Kathleen and Patricia, also live in the U.S. Kathleen trained for nursing in London and then came to Detroit. She is still in the nursing field. She married George Brady and they have two daughters and five grandchildren. Patricia (Pat) lives in New York. She married Christie Creamer and they have reared a family of three boys and a girl. Maura,

Philomena and Jim, now deceased, also attended Fenagh N.S.

No matter where I have been I still think of Corlough as home. I have made many trips back - some sad but many very happy. My son, Michael, has made thirteen trips to Corlough and he is very proud of his heritage. This summer, my sisters, Kathleen, Pat, and I have plans to visit Ireland, Corlough and Fenagh once again. I look forward to meeting family and old friends and renewing again the memories of my early formation which colored the quality of my life and gave me a vision of how life can be. For all of this I am very grateful.

Collette (Duffy) Kearns
22521 Kipling, St. Clair Shores,
Michigan 48080, U.S.A.

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occasion of Fenagh
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To Fairs and Football Matches with Son McLoughlin

Seve ty five years ago I Thomas McLoughlin, (Son) enrolled in Fenagh N.S. I will be eighty years young in November, but my memory is very clear of my days so long ago in school.

I was born in November 1918, the seventh son of Patrick and Rose McLoughlin of Fenaghbeg. My teachers in school were Master Murphy and his daughter Stella R.I.P. Stella was a real mother to all of the children. Thirty two children attended the school from Aughavadden and Fenaghbeg.

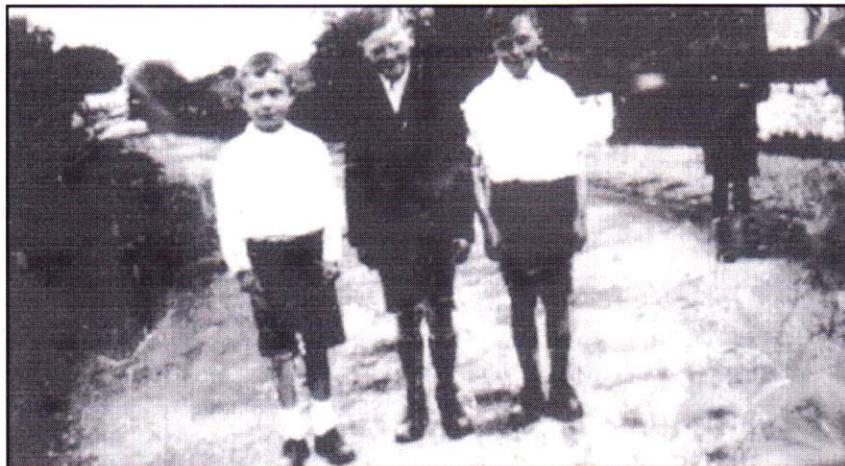
I was known as the doctor by all my mates at the time. Some of my school mates who are still living are, Tommy Harkin, Costra, Eileen Gallagher Short, Cloone, Alice Gallagher, U.S.A., Eddie Gallagher, U.S.A.; Kevin Leddy, Fenagh, John Heaney, Fenagh, John Kavanagh, Drumnamore, Sunny Fox, Meath and Jim Fox, England. I sincerely hope all these people will be at the big school renunion in August.

I left school at 14 years and worked on the family farm. I started going to fairs at 18 years. I remember the first animal I bought, a shorthorn heifer at £2.50. In those days there was no transport to take cattle from the fairs, so we had to walk the cattle, John McCartin, Charlie McWeeney, "Fan" McLoughlin and myself walked from as far away as Frenchpark, Kinlough, Manorhamilton, Drumkeeran, Swanlinbar and many more. Nowadays people would think this a long journey by car.

In 1943 I bought my first car from Eugene Reilly, Eugene Quinn's uncle. It was a Ford, the reg number was, IT 1555. There was no problem parking at that time. In 1944 I bought a house and farm from Michael Courtney for the sum ú300. I remember going to dances far and near, and football matches with my Ford car. My passengers included, Jonnie Heatherton R.I.P., Pat Heaney R.I.P., Paddy McKeon R.I.P., Tommy Kerrigan R.I.P. and Gusty Walsh R.I.P., they were some fun indeed.

In 1954 I married Sally McGown from Rossinver, we raised five children and we have eleven grandchildren. At this time I was doing milk haulage on my tractor and trailer to Letterfine Creamery. While I was at fairs I had different people drawing for me, Jack Meehan, Paddy Duignan, Sean McWeeney and Oliver Beirne.

Now I am finishing with the Dr part. Sue Gallagher R.I.P., took a young child to me suffering from a skin problem. She said "Son you can cure this child, your the seventh son," and from that day onwards I have been seeing people from far and wide, those with different complaints. I say "thank God for the gift".



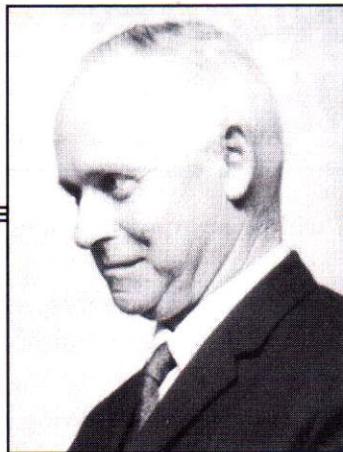
Jimmie Bland, Pee Joe Lee, Paddy Wynn coming home from First Communion in the 1940's



Josie, Michael & May McKeon

Master Wrynn

"In iothlann De go gcastar sinn"
(May we meet in the granaries of Heaven)



This ancient prayer marks the Master's grave in Fenagh cemetery. It is an apt epitaph. He was the granary man. Like the good

householder of the Gospel, for us he brought out from his treasure house old things and new. And, in truth, were we not a bit like slippery hard grains racing across a granary floor, threatening to run amok and get lost. But it never happened. The granary man contained and controlled his spirited charges. He coaxed, cajoled and sometimes coerced his often resistant, hard grains into some growth.

He gave us basic skills in literacy and numeracy. We leaned to spell, parse, analyse and, meanwhile, enjoy the adventures of Jim Óm Mháire Thadgh. From him, too, we got the beginnings of a sense of place in the wider world with elementary geography. Even still, when I look for the points of the compass, I'm looking out of those huge windows towards Culliagh Lane and across Bland's hill to find point South. There was History too, though in my muddled recall, Brian Boru is jumbled with Crom Cruach and some Children of Lir; Lake Derravarra floods into Lough Raine and where in God's name is Little Corca Bashkin the wild, the bleak, the fair? At this remove in time, it is not easy to draw a clear line between recollected emotions and a sober sense of what actually was.

Sobriety of course has its merits, but so also has the romance of Fancy's flight. Let's not try to push out the boundary lines, so this piece is as much a thing of hints and guesses as a bit of solid history.

It is for me a memory of a huge man's bicycle, Raleigh, all steel, parked in the school hallway. It's another memory of the sound of a long refined cane, Cryan's of Ballinamore sold them, swishing with menace off the leg of his trousers on its way to more vulnerable targets. And there was that last class on Friday afternoons. We were gathered 'round the blackboard where he was poised to outline the headings for the week-end composition, waiting for our suggestions. It was a race between Sean McLoughlin and Ben McKeon for the first offering - "Introduction". Good fun, for we all awaited the Master's tongue-in-cheek commendation with never a thought of jealousy.

In those days of pre-union teacher power, the Inspector's visit was memorable. We all felt that he

too, was being examined. And did we not, with some kind of childish intuition, feel the proper pride he took in his pupils and in being able to name a number of Inspector's kids among them?

Shane O'Connor was there with a satchel that smelled beautifully of leather and that revealed, at lunchtime, some lovely rich red objects that I came to recognise later on as tomatoes. And was there a Clerkin there too, from Ballinamore? And Michael Jordan who came from some far away place like Aughnasheelin or was it Aughaslane? Rather than research them, I prefer to leave some memories mixed with wonder.

One recalls too, the way the Master had in answering a knock at the door of the school. Some well-chosen words from the current lesson were loudly repeated as he made his way to answer, and then there was that sidelong last glance out the window for any tell-tale sign of who the visitor might be.

After the Inspector, the priest too, could strike awe. Fr. Frawley threatened "wigs on the green" for the next day if we didn't know the catechism. The words of the threat were even more mysterious than many in the catechism, but I never ventured to test their meaning. Who remembers the famous raffle he promoted, tickets 1p or 2p each, and old money at that? As the star prize was displayed in school on the big oak table beside where the cane lay, a cake with mountainous icing, it looked like it had come from fairyland. Who remembers who won it? "But all that glistens is not gold...", and the romance of the cake too, finally faded when many many years later, I discovered it was just a sweet cake but professionally iced by some nuns in Ballymahon Convent.

A memory too, of Fr. Kearney. He visited us in the Mistress's room, the room of Mrs. Gannon of very happy memory also. That was the day that John Pat McGovern told me that Fr. Kearney was the same age as myself, six at the time, and I believed John Pat. A lifetime later I ventured to share the joke with Fr. Kearney, now venerable and austere parish priest of Gortlettra. I am now the sole survivor!

For some of us anyway, Jim Wrynn always remained "The Master". He was a person whom one learned from tenderest years always to look up to with reverence and respect. Even in later years, revisiting the school scene of one's boyish hopes and fears, we never met him face to face as man to man. He was for us "The Master". To address him by his Christian name felt like an intrusion, a kind of trespass. At least that was the experience of one past pupil, as he did

so on a visit to him shortly before he was gathered for the granaries of Heaven.

Those present Fenagh folk who had the inspired and generous thought of marking this centenary have done us all a favour. A chapter of our childhood has been reborn, a chapter the Master enlivened and shaped. All we, ancients ourselves now, passed Fenagh way and bear his imprint, and that of Mrs. Gannon too. It is good to be able to remember them with gratitude. Where they have gone, we will shortly follow.

"In iothlann Dé go gcastar sinn go léir".

Jimmie McKeon 10 June 1998

The Village Schoolmaster

*There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could guage:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.*

Oliver Goldsmith



Reflections of my time at Fenagh N.S.

I attended Fenagh National School all my school years. Mrs. Stella Gannon was my first teacher. When I moved to third class Master Jim Wrynn taught me till I finished school. I had to do messages for him. He sent me to Blands one day for a dry coat and to ask Mrs. Bland R.I.P. to dry his own coat. She gave me Fr. Packies coat. I was so excited when he gave me his blessing. We had a great laugh at the master wearing the priest's coat. Another day one of the children went up Jimmy McKeon's lane and on their way found a big purse of money, came back to the school and started sharing it out with all of us. All £10, £5, and £1 notes. The Master came out and found all the money. Some of the bigger boys hid some of it but I think it was all found in the end. It belonged to Peggy McLoughlin who lived further up the lane. He was going to the fair and lost his purse. What a shock to him when he missed it.

The boys used to hide the Woodbines in a hole in the wall, and had a smoke coming home from school. They could not bring them home because they would get killed by their parents. I remember Master Wrynn getting black Sally rods out of the Bog to slap us for bad manners. We thought it was fun. He was a hard teacher and didn't spare the stick. I was 6 years old when I started school. Tommy Harkin brought me, he was a big boy. The children started school after the Easter Holidays in those days.

Mary McCaffrey nee Wrynn



Cousins Tommy, Eileen, Pat Joe and Margaret Greenan with Brendan and Gretta Beirne.

FENAGH SCHOOL HOUSES



First Fenagh School up to 1863



Fenagh School No. 2 - Heaney's



The Old School
as it looks today.

My Education

by John McGahern

I was born in Co. Leitrim. My mother was a national teacher and my father a Garda Sergeant. I went to school wherever she taught. The first school was Lisacarn, outside Ballinamore. Master Foran was the principal. He was a charming dark haired man and used to give mother a lift to school in his Model T Ford. There was only one room in the school. My mother and Master Foran faced one another across the room as they taught, their classes sitting back to back in the long desks. Master Foran, like my mother, was to die young.

As the numbers fell in Lisacarn, my mother was moved to a school named Beihymore near Carrigallen and I went to school for a while in Augharan. Augharan was in the parish of Aughavas and I made my First Communion in Aughavas church. A Mrs. McCann was my teacher. She was very cross. I thought I'd pacify her, maybe because my own mother was a teacher, and decided to bring her flowers, but the only flowers growing around the house were thistles. I thought the purple flowers were quite beautiful and brought her a big armful. She took it as an insult and I got an extra buffering for that. I think that all children of that generation went to school in fear. After that I persuaded my mother to take me with her to Beihymore.

I remember very vividly a certain day in school when letters on the page that until then had been a mystery - just signs - suddenly started forming words and making sense. I experienced a feeling of joy, or the coming into knowledge. I suppose I was four or five at the time.

My mother was very gentle. She came from a clever family. They were McManus and came from Corleehan. She was the first person from the mountain ever to take up a King's Scholarship, but I think that it was a hard thing for her, in that she was uprooted from her own class and sent to boarding school in Carrick-on-Shannon. My uncle Jimmy also won the King's Scholarship but wasn't able to take it because they were too poor. The last place she taught was in Aughawillan. We had a farm in Aughawillan because in those days it was easier to buy a farm in the countryside than it was to buy a house - you had to buy the land with the house. We had

different boys or men to help on the small farm.

It was a strange house in the sense that we used to go to the Barracks during the school holidays and my father would come to the farm on his days off. He was stationed twenty miles away in Cootehall. There were no cars then because of the war. He used to come on a bicycle. On wet nights I remember still the blue glow of the carbide lamp on his bicycle and its strange hissing noise. I wasn't close to my father. Maybe because he was an only child himself he didn't relate very easily to people. He was exercising the law and was going to see that he set a good example first and foremost.

When my mother died the farm was sold and we went to live with my father in the Barracks. There was a succession of maids - as they called them - or servant girls - that looked after us. We lived in the living quarters and all the activities of the police station actually happened in the house. It was a very interesting place. It became part of our lives. We would see the few prisoners that were there and we would witness the routine of the Barracks.

I got a Scholarship to go to secondary school in Carrick-on-Shannon. It was a very good school and the Presentation Brothers were very good teachers and marvellous people. There were no books in our house but I discovered them in the house of a friend of my father - a family called Moroney - Old Moroney was a beekeeper and he was very charming and eccentric. He gave me the complete run of his Nineteenth Century library. For eight or nine years I'd come to the house every fortnight, returning five or six books and taking five or six away. One reads with an incredible intensity in childhood. You really believe everything you read. My sisters still remember one time when I was reading and was completely lost in the book.

I was so lost that eventually they unlaced my shoes, put a straw hat on my head and they were moving the chair away from the window light when I woke out of the book and found that the whole house was rolling around the place in laughter.

At the end of secondary school a lot depended on how well you did at exams. If you did well you had choices. If you didn't do well you didn't have choices and you went to England. I got a number of Scholarships, but I went to the training college and trained as a teacher. I received most of my education from the other students and by going to the Gate Theatre. You had to be academically bright to get into college. You had to be eighty or ninety percent, but you only needed forty percent to get out. There was really no examination

pressure. It was our morals that were most under review.

In 1955 I came out of Drumcondra and I started teaching that same year. I went to the Christian Brothers in Drogheda and I spent a year teaching there. I then started to go to University at night and got a teaching post at a school in Clontarf. I think we were paid six pounds a week then. I didn't enjoy teaching. I'm very suspicious of people who say they do. It's hard work and it's painful.

I was sacked from Clontarf when my book "The Dark" was banned. There was enormous pressure on me at the time to be the decent fellow and resign. I was determined not to oblige. I turned up at the school but wasn't allowed into the classroom. I had taught with all the teachers for seven or eight years and we were a very good school. They were friends and I am still very close to Tom Jordan who comes to Fenagh every summer. The Headmaster was in an awful state. He told me that the Parish Priest was on his holidays and could only see me when he came back. I think the priest was hoping that he wouldn't have to see me at all. I met him when he came back and he told me that he was very happy with me but "why did you have to go and write that book and bring all this trouble down on me."

He told me he had nothing against me but that the Archbishop had told him to fire me. He was being persecuted day and night by bowsies of Journalist's. It was unpleasant, but I suppose I was lucky in that I had been writing and had two books published already. I went and taught in London. Some years after that I came back to Leitrim and bought a small farm near Fenagh where Madeline and myself still live. We were both very fond of my uncle, Pat McManus, who had a garage in Ballinamore and of the place and the people who live there.

John McGahern, the award winning novelist, who now resides in Fenagh parish, although not a past pupil of the school, kindly contributed this article to our magazine. We are very grateful to him.

GREAGH

In the 1970's Greagh's population had sadly dwindled to 3 parishioners, however, today it has increased almost ten-fold.

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Terry McManus

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Memories of the 40's and of the Pupils of the Diaspora

Fr. Tommy Greenan

It seems strange that I remember some things about my first and last days at the Old School but not much in between. Actually, my clearest memories are of two events before I ever went to school. On one occasion I accompanied my mother to the Priest's house and saw oranges for the first time. I thought they were little footballs. Fr. Rattigan gave me one and I must have liked it. Nowadays I watch sacks of oranges being unloaded daily in the market beside our Church in Port Harcourt and sometimes remember my first one. And I still love oranges!

My second memory is about the Centenary of Foxfield Church in 1940 when I was nearly four. The Fenagh Fife and Drum Band played; the FCA (probably the LDF then) marched and Fenagh played Kiltubrid in the Chapel field. Years later I would learn that John Willie Murphy and Tommy Kerrigan played their last games in the red and black hoops that day.

It was Pat Duffy who brought me to school the first day. Master Wrynn and Mrs. Gannon were very kind and all must have gone well, as no bad memories survive. Of course, both were good friends of my mother's in the same school some twenty-five years before! I remember the day the war ended on 8th May, 1945. The Master who always read the Independent, showed us a photo of Hitler in the paper. I suppose every scholar remembers the big snow on

Monaghan Day 1947. I went to school but it didn't open and must have been closed for a week. The Master had a sense of humour at times. One day, he travelled to Dublin and discussed the trip in the Geography class on his return. He claimed to have noticed on his travels that cows in the Co. Meath had far too much grass. When they got tired eating, they lay down contentedly to chew the cud. A far cry from our poor Leitrim cows, says he, they lie down exhausted when tired looking for grass!

Master Wrynn usually gave special advice to the Leaving Cert Class pupils on their last day at school. I recall that I was not interested in advice on that summer's day in 1950. I just wanted to get away. When the chance finally came, I ran out the door of the big room, through the hallway and the front door, out the narrow gate and onto the road, ya-hooing all the way. That memory must mean something! It's probably reminding me that school wasn't really my favourite place. I suppose I'd rather be ploughing or mowing with my father, or riding asses or horses or going to the bog in Drumrane or Drummanybeirne. When the tractor first appeared, I was fascinated, and Willie Booth taught me all the basics on Tully Hill. The thresher had a great appeal too, and its special sound was like music on October and November evenings and brought us running all the way from school.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH FENAGH CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS 1940

Fenagh school children and members of L.S.F. arriving at St. Mary's Church for Centenary celebrations.

The 50's took me away from my roots like so many more of my generation. Only later in life would I fully appreciate my good fortune in being able to go to Secondary School; so many brighter pupils were unable to do so. My great-uncle Joe in America paid for my education in St. Mel's, where our old School was well represented in the 50's. Fr. Paddy Murphy was on the Staff; Joe Bland, Jimmie McKeon and Jimmie Bland were senior students when I arrived and John Eddie Wrynn came a few years later. From St Mel's I went to join St. Patrick's Missionaries in Kiltegan. The late 50's saw great changes in Ireland, but many of my memories of that decade are about epic struggles on the football field with St. Mel's, Fenagh and Leitrim. Victories were few in those days but somehow we were eternally optimistic and nearly "made it" a few times.

The 60's led me to different world - The Missions in Nigeria, West Africa. But I wasn't the first Fenagh past pupil to get there! My next door neighbour in Corlough, Bishop Francis O'Rourke, SMA, had worked and died in Nigeria. In later years, I, too, would work in the same City of Lagos and in Holy Cross Cathedral which he built in 1936, the year I was born. In the 80's I was delighted to visit Sr. Anna Lee, who was then a Missionary in Northern Nigeria, but unfortunately, too far away to meet regularly. I also got to Mutare, Zimbabwe, where another great Fenagh Missionary and past pupil, Fr. Tom McLoughlin worked for many years. During holidays I usually went to the Medical Missionaries in Drogheda for a tropical check. Invariably, the best part of that visit was the session with Sr. Florie Walsh. Her stories about growing up in Fenagh and attending the Old School were hilarious and banished all worries about dangerous tropical diseases.

The diaspora of Fenagh National School 1898, seem to have reached the very ends of the Earth and I count it a great blessing that I was able to keep in touch with many of them over the years. We have met in Ireland, England and Africa, but most of all in America, where I spent time in the 70's fund-raising for our Missions. It was there that I met the relatives of almost every family in Fenagh, who had settled in Boston or Providence, New Haven or New York or Philadelphia or some other city. I was received with open arms by the past pupils of the 1910's, 20's and 30's who had kept in close contact with each other over the years. It was in the old school that many had begun the journey of life together and it had put them on the right road. They were successful in business and in many walks of life. The women especially were beautiful writers, and many praised Miss Scollen, who taught them. My own school generation of the 1940's and 50's had kept pace with their elders and I was soon in contact with the Duffy girls; Coll, Ciss, Philomena and Pat; Anna, Mike and Eileen McHugh from Aughavadden; Lizzy and Teasie Lennon; Mary Muldoon, Sean Gallagher and Mary Gilheaney. Leo Beirne and I used to meet in the Killarney Rose in Lower Manhattan and sometimes visit his uncle Brother Aloysius or head out to Bayridge. Now talk about feeling at home! In a group like that from the Old School, it was easy. Their homes were my home too and I will never forget their wonderful hospitality and generous support. Thank you all and thanks to so many others too, from every school in the Parish and from beyond.

The Centenary of our School is indeed a unique occasion. It gives each of us a chance to reflect and to recall the people and the events that have shaped our lives. I thank God for the happy memories that outweigh all others. But it's inevitable that old hurts, still in need of healing, will surface for some of us. I believe that this coming together in prayer and celebration, will provide a healing grace to erase the bad memories. Our reunion in the place of our birth, will also evoke deep emotions of nostalgia and pride for the whole Community. There is no place like the home of our youth.

Perhaps a few lines of my Uncle Tommy Greenan's song "My Leitrim Home" written in Brooklyn in the 1930's, capture the mood:

*"In a moment of bliss, I stand once again,
In old Fenagh of fame and renown;
And I gaze on those Abbeys all worn and grey,
That serenely keep watch o'er the town."*

And let me leave the final word to Mickey Lynch and Pat Fox, scholars and sages of a far off generation and natives of the townland of Fenaghbeg. This conversation was recorded in Cox's Forge in the early part of the century:

"Do you know something, Pat," says Mickey, "I'm thinking that friendships forged in Fenagh School last a lifetime." "Bedad they do, Mickey," says Pat.

And I'm thinking they do, too.

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Scraps, Punch-ups and War

by Tommy Gilheaney

All of us at sometime will have heard the song which starts off with the words:

*"It was there I learned readen and writen
at the village where I went to school,
and t'was there I learned howlen and fighten
with me schoolmaster Mr. O' Toole."*

*"Him and me we had many a scrimmage
and the Devil a copy I wrote,
There was ne'er a garsun in the village
Would dare tread on the tail of me coat."*

Well back in the forties the Schoolmaster at Fenagh Old School was not Mr. O' Toole. Jim Wrynné and Mrs. Gannon (maiden name Stella Murphy) were the teachers at the time. Sadly they are no longer with us; Go nd_ana Dia trocaire ar an mbeirt acu. But to me the words of the song reflect life as it was half a century ago, and life was very much different then from what it is today.

The time was twenty years on from Ireland's War of Independence and Europe was once more tearing itself apart in what historians now call the Second World War. Ireland was a neutral country in that conflict, but that did not mean it could escape the harsh economic consequences of that period and Fenagh was no exception. Food was rationed and there were not many luxuries that I can remember. Most of the boys at the school were not what you would describe as a "bunch of softies" and there were quite a few of them that in the words of the song, you would not "dare tread on the tail of their coat".

"Scraps" or "Punch-up's", whatever you like to call them, occurred from time to time in the School Yard, but more often on the way home from school! Never on the way to school. It was always a rush to get their on time. There was never anything malicious about the "Scraps" and wrestling we were involved in. However there was one I can remember where I ended up with a broken collar bone, which I hasten to add was a total accident, resulting from a fall. The injury required a



Fenagh N.S. 1948

Back, Left to Right: Marie McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Anna Wrynné (Drumharkin), Meenie McHugh (Ballycalleen), Mary Muldoon (Drumlitten), Bridie Lee (Ardagh), Patsy McHugh (Ballycalleen), Bridie Flynn (Drumroosk South), Bridie Meehan (Drumroosk Sth.), Anna McHugh (Aughavadden), Margaret Meehan (Drumroosk Sth.), Ann Lee (Ardagh).

Second Row: Nancy Sweeney (Ardagh), Josephine McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Teresa Lennon (Cuillagh), Kathleen Flynn (Drumroosk Sth.), Patsy Muldoon (Drumlitten), Mai McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Maureen Lee (Ardagh), Mary Wrynné (Drumharkin), Madge Beirne (Drumlaheen), Mary Gilheaney (Cornafosta), Aggie Wrynné (Drumharkin), Mary Carr (Knockmullin).

Third Row: Eilish Lee (Ardagh), Kathleen Wrynné (Drumharkin), Brendan McHugh (Ballycalleen), Cyril McHugh (Ballycalleen), Louis Muldoon (Drumlitten), Tommy McHugh (Aughavadden), John E. Wrynné (Drumharkin), Willie Gilheaney (Cornafosta), Michael Gilheaney (Cornafosta), Brendan Beirne (Drumlaheen), Ann Moon (Corlough), Margaret Greenan (Corlough), Eilish McKiernan (Mullaghnameely).

Front Row: Jimmy Lennon (Cuillagh), Leo Beirne (Commons), Michael McHugh (Aughavadden), Michael McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Con Lennon (Cuillagh), Sean Gilheaney (Cornafosta), Pakie McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Oliver Beirne (Fenagh Beg), Tommy Greenan (Corlough), Pat Joe Greenan (Corlough), Joe Gilheaney (Cornafosta), Paddy Muldoon (Drumlitten), Eugene Quinn (Knockmullin), Tommy Gilheaney (Cornafosta).

journey by horse and trap up to Aughavas, to a bonesetter. The bone setting was a complete success and I made a full recovery.

When we look back at our school days there are always memories. My earliest memories go back to my days in the infant class. I will always remember what a kind lady Mrs. Gannon was. In particular, she would give presents to all the young children at Christmas. It is not forgotten after all the years.

I will always remember a May morning in 1945. Our teacher Jim Wrynn picked up the daily newspaper of the time, the headline told us the war was over. I was eight years old at the time, I will always remember that.

My greatest feeling is one of gratitude to Jim Wrynn and Mrs. Gannon. They and all the teachers of their generation have played no small part in the transformation our country has seen in the last half-century.

**Tommy Gilheaney,
134 Mackintosh Place, Cardiff.**

Home Thoughts From Abroad

by John D. Sheridan

*Although the orchard trees are beggarman
And hungry thrushes have no heart to sing
To Cherry plum and peach
That formed with ermine blossom in the Spring*

*Although there is no smell of woodbine now
Nor any red upon the tattered fuchsia bushes by the door
I could be satisfied with less than these,
With sparrow's chirp when all things are dumb
I could forget the rose
To love the bronze close wrapped Chrysanthemum.*

*I could be glad to hear the drunken burn
Taking another drink at every hill
Staining like new spilled ink
The paper whiteness of the Winters hill*

Anna (Wrynn) Fitzmaurice recalls Master Wrynn reading poetry from John D. Sheridan's column in the Irish Independent which he read daily to the senior pupils. It was many years later after she left Fenagh National School and emigrated that Home Thoughts From Abroad was really appreciated.

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Electricity, telephones, running water, slated roofs, tarmacadam drives, T.V.'s, Microwave ovens, gas cookers, central heating, butcher's meat, supermarkets, dry cleaners, washing machines, fridges, pasteurised milk, electric blankets. Facts of everyday life, you may say, but absolutely unknown when I went to Fenagh Old School in the late 1940's early 1950's.

A bucket of water from Bland's well provided the drinking water, with the same enamel mug for one and all. There was no microwave to heat the milk at lunch time, the bottles of milk (sauce bottles in a lot of cases) were left standing at the fire to take the ice cold off them. Lunches were eaten standing around the yard. The crusts, dipped in the sand or mud at our feet, and pegged to hit some unsuspecting client at the butt of the ear. One or two families had their lunches delivered to the school, while the locals, the Blands, Lennons and McKeons skipped home for theirs, we envied them!

A ball was made out of paper and tied with string, two teams were picked, two of the big lads "called" each team, then all hell broke loose. The arguments rose about what was or was not a goal. Fouling was non-existent, there was no referee, but the game went on until the ball disintegrated or the Master called "Tar isteach" and we all trooped back in beaten and bruised, all feuds forgotten.

"Remlet", Paddy Beirne, delivered a horse crate load of turf and tipped them outside the gate, we carried them in our arms and built them neatly in the porch, this provided the central heating which consisted of a fire in each room. The Master stood with his back to the fire, we sat down the classroom frozen, hoping he would burn the seat out of his pants. He smoked a pipe in school, this was against the rules. Every time a knock came to the door he stuffed the pipe into his pocket afraid it might be the Inspector. He smoked more matches than tobacco, he was always lighting but the smoke never kept going for long. I don't think there was any tobacco in it a lot of the time, it was more of a mannerism.

We all went to school in the "bare ones" in summertime, only a "sissy" wore shoes,

remember the thorns and the stone bruises, we had no tarmacadam under our feet, only pebbles and stones. However, the stones came in handy for "pegging" at the crocks in the telegraph poles on the way home from school. There wasn't an unbroken one left from Fenagh to Foxfield. One left intact was a sign of failure. If the Master heard about it we were slapped the next day.

The dreaded dentist used to come to the school, then the only treatment was extraction, bloodied teeth were dumped into a white enamel bucket. When the dentist was gone we used to peer into it to try to identify our own tooth, "that's mine, no it's not it's mine, no that's yours, the long crooked one", and so the argument went on.

There was a big high wall dividing the girl's and boy's school yard. We used to wonder what games the girl's played at lunch time. There were shrieks and screams and shouts of "tig". We used to climb the wall just at the back of the school and peep across, they'd run away. We broke a hole in the bottom of that big stone wall and you could pull yourself through and hope the teacher didn't see you until you were safely back at base.

Some of the big lads used to try to piddle over the wall to drench the girls and although well fortified with mugs of Bland's spring water to keep up the pressure, it proved too high to clear and usually ended in a competition to see who could hit the highest point on the wall.

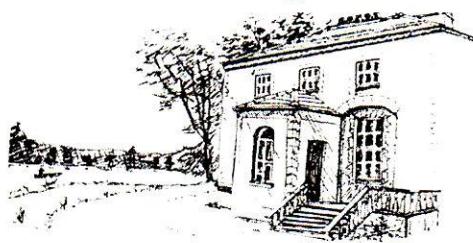
These are just a few of my memories of my days in Fenagh Old School. I'm sure others will write theirs in this book but many, many more will be exchanged when we all meet again this August weekend in 1998.

I cannot let the occasion pass without paying my compliments to the teacher's at that time, Mrs. Gannon and Master Wrynn, both now deceased, who gave us an education for life. For many it was the only education they got. The success that so many past pupils have had in work, in life, in business, in the professions, on the mission fields, in this country and all over the world, speaks volumes and is a fitting tribute to their memory. May they rest in peace.

By Michael McKeon

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Heaney's Shop & Jimmie Cox

by Michael McKeon

Heaney's shop in my mind's eye carried more stock and held more mystery than McLoughlin's Super Value or any Dunnes Stores could do today. The gallon tins of bulls eyes or toffees, the glass jars with their screw-on tops full of Peggy's Leg or lollipops, the tins of loose biscuits, the Cleaves, the sugar stick, toffee bars, the fizzy drinks, the mystery of the weighing scales on the counter, with the weights put on one side to balance the goods on the other, shaking in the last grains of sugar or tea to get the balance right. From the ceiling hung the sides of hard salt bacon, on a form along the wall were the bags of flour. The smell of fresh bread from the press, the plain loaves on the counter with the temptation to pull a bit out of the end of it, the bar tobacco that had to be cut with a tobacco knife into ounces or half quarters, the jars of red jam. Outside the barrel of lamp oil with the pint and half pint measures.

It was to Heaney's too that we went with our fathers on a Sunday to hear Michael O'Hehir broadcast from Croke Park, for Heaney's was the only radio around at the time and when the crowd exceeded the accommodation Pat would lift the sash of the parlour window and put the radio in it so that the crowd outside could hear it.

One day when we were going home from school, Pat was away for the day and his brother Pee was looking after the shop. Thinking that Pee would not have the management skills necessary for running a shop, we paid him a visit. In the heart of our hand we nursed the old penny with the hen and chickens on it, it was as big as the pound coin today and almost as valuable. The first man put his penny on the counter to test the water. "Ten bulls eyes Pee." We all held our breath while he counted them out, watching for his weak point,seven, eight, nine and the one in your mouth makes ten!

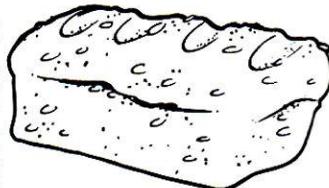
Then down by Cox's where someone would throw a stone or two at the galvanised roof on Cox's porch, Jimmie would come out, white with rage and run us with shouts and roars. One day, to our surprise he came out all smiles, "Come here sonny, I have some coppers for you", as his long black fingers probed his waistcoat pocket. We ventured back, but never dropped our guard,

as we got near him he sprung like a cat on a mouse, but we were too quick for him and ran down the road in the bare ones. "If I get a 'hould' of you", he shouted, "I'll make a coachman's whip of your ear".

Next the football field where we gazed in wonder at the height of the goal posts and the size of the field. For a fleeting moment we closed our eyes and could hear the roar of the crowd in our ears, as we - too - jumped head and shoulders over backs and forwards to catch that ball and come out with a long relieving clearance down the field just as Michael O'Hehir had described, so vividly, the great Paddy Prendergast or Gunner Brady, the previous Sunday on Heaney's radio.

The Loaf of Bread

There is a story told about that great character Cyril McHugh R.I.P.. His mother sent him to the P.P. to get the 'writings' for his brother who was getting married in England. How much is that say's Cyril when the job was done - whatever you have in your pocket says the P.P. No sooner had Cyril emptied his pocket than he realised he had parted with his last penny. Quick as a flash says he "me mother told me bring home a loaf out of that!". The P.P gave him his change but we don't know if Mrs McHugh got her loaf.



The Phantom Pupils

There was a relief teacher, (who shall be nameless), in the school and naturally on her first day she did not know the pupils by name. Some of the boys took an extended lunch time and were in no hurry back.

She took this as a test of her authority, (and rightly so), and took down their names to be given to the Master. On his return she gave him the list and he promised to deal with it.

Next morning, cane in one hand, list of the condemned in the other, he stepped down the classroom but came to a sudden stop when he looked at the list of names, Micky Lynch, Jimmie Cox, Freddie Quinn, Pat Fox..... "my God who gave those names?" he scowled, nobody answered. "Great minds think alike and fools seldom differ!" We all got slapped, but we didn't tell!

Footballs and Hob-Nailed Boots

Pat Joe Greenan Remembers

*"Take me back to the good old days,
Those were happy days as a rule,
The times were bad, but I seldom was sad,
When I went to Fenagh School."*

Happy days they were but I never liked going to school. The only thing I liked were the games we played in the school yard.

Gaelic Football and Handball were the main sports we enjoyed but the lack of a proper playing field curtailed our football activities. The school yard was our playing pitch. If you won the toss you played down the hill which was an advantage. The rules for the game were usually made by those who were winning or loosing. The ball was made from an old sock stuffed with paper and tied with string.

The gable wall of the school acted as the Handball Alley. There was always a rush to see who would get there first. Some great games were played with a wind or sponge ball. From there you graduated to the large Alley beside Fenagh Hall. But the only time schoolboys were allowed to play there was on Sunday during second mass. From 12 o'clock until dark the real Handballers took over. There were some fine players in those days. John T. Bland, Pat McKeon, Leo Beirne, Eugene and Vincent Quinn, Son McLoughlin, Jimmie Bland, The McHughs and many more.

Thomas Kiernans rock was the venue for football on Sunday afternoon. All the boys from the Parish collected there and there were some good matches. In 1951 the Curate, Fr. Lynch organised a competition between the four schools in the Parish. The prize for the winning school would be a leather football. The games were Fenagh v Glostermin and Drumany v Cornagun. Fenagh beat Glostermin in the first match. Glostermin stalwarts included Paddy Flynn, Manus Murphy, Frank Woods, Jimmie Joe and Felix Donnelly, Jim Eardley, Frankie Murphy and Johnny Fannon. Fenagh played Drumany in

the final. *The Fenagh line-out was:*

P. McKeon	Eugene Quinn
Oliver Beirne	Paddy Muldoon
Nealie Lennon	Mike McHugh
Willie Gilheaney	Tommy Gilheaney
Joe Gilheaney	Pat Joe Greenan
Michael McKeon	Sean Gilheaney
Tommy McHugh	Cyril McHugh
John E. Wrynn	

Subs: Brendan McHugh, Sean Meehan, John F. McManus, Terry McManus, Louis Muldoon and Mick Gilheaney.

The Drumany team was:

P. J. Duignan	Liam Shanley
Padraig Reynolds R.I.P.	Leo Cafferty
Francis Dolan	M. J. Gaffney
Patrick Reynolds	Eddie Cafferty
Hugh Reynolds R.I.P.	John Cafferty
P. J. Reynolds	Hugh Maguire
Matthew Dolan	John T. Maguire
Frank Maguire	

Subs: Christie McLoughlin, Liam McLoughlin and Gabriel McGlynn.

After a very hard game Drumany won 2-10 to 1-7. Man of the Match was Eddie "McCurry" Cafferty.

Tommy Greenan and Pat Conefrey who were under 15 at the time and were students in St Mel's college were objected to by Drumany as they were deemed to be "too good". A rematch was fixed allowing Tommy and Pat to play but Thomas and Sean Muldoon R.I.P. two "hairy" schoolboys played for Drumany. The result was the same. According to Eddie Cafferty the ball was kicked around the road at Castlefore as there was no field to play in and it

A DAY AT THE FAIR

Selling pigs in
Ballinamore in the
50's -

Paddy Wrynn,
John Eddie
Wrynn, Tommy
Carrigen,
Paddy Wrynn Snr.



only lasted a couple of days. There were no Adidas or Nike in those days only short trousers and hobnail boots. Some of the older boys borrowed boots and togs from the senior players.

We played Ballinamore Schoolboys on a number of occasions but we were never able to beat them. Players like Paddy Dolan and Tommy "Spike" McCormack made us look very ordinary. We modelled ourselves on footballers

McLoughlin for sweets or slab toffee. I loved going to the fairs in Ballinamore, although it meant getting up early in the morning and leaving home at six or seven o'clock and maybe standing on the street all day, and if you didn't sell walking home in the evening. You were always sure of getting two bob or a half a crown and coffee and current buns in Gallaghers or Wrynn's. Usually when you sold, the cattle were loaded on the train at Cean Na Bo.



FENAGH N.S. 1950

Back, Left to Right: Eileen Greenan (Corlough), Mary Muldoon (Drumlitten), Josephine McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Maureen Lee (Ardagh), Anna Wrynn (Drumharkin).
Second Row: Patricia McHugh (Ballycalleen), Tommy Greenan (Corlough), Madge Beirne (Drumlaheen), Teresa Lennon (Cuillagh), Marie McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Kathleen Flymm (Drumroosk South).
Third Row: Kathleen Wrynn (Drumharkin), Eileen McHugh (Aughavadden), Agnes Wrynn (Drumharkin), Annie Kate McHugh (Aughavadden), Anna Lee (Ardagh), Mary Carr (Mohill), Eilish Lee (Ardagh), Eilish McKiernan (Mullaghnameely), Moeleen McKiernan (Mullaghnameely), Margaret Greenan (Corlough), Tommy Gilheaney (Cornafosta), Brendan Beirne (Drumlaheen).
Front Row: Leo Beirne (Commons), Pat McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Michael McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Joe Gilheaney (Cornafosta), Michael McHugh (Aughavadden), Cyril McHugh (Ballycalleen), Neily Lennon (Cuillagh), Tommy McHugh (Aughavadden), Willie Gilheaney (Cornafosta), John Eddie Wrynn (Drumharkin), Michael Gilheaney (Cornafosta).

like Frank Stockwell and Sean Purcell. Quite a number went on to play senior football with Fenagh Senior Team. Those who played during my school days included Jim and Eamon Ellis, Joseph, Killian, Jimmy, Frank and Michael McHugh, Paddy Wrynn, Sean McLoughlin, John Heaney, Josie, John Tom and Jimmy Bland, Leo Beirne, Eamon, Packie and Michael Sweeny, Jim Duffy and John Gallagher. Some played for the County team. Paddy Casey and John Willie Murphy won Connaught medals with Leitrim in 1927. Michael Harkin, Tommy Carrigan, Jimmy McKeon, Tommy Greenan and Ben Wrynn also played for Leitrim and Connaught.

A trip to the Lyric Cinema in Ballinamore, the pictures in Fenagh Ville, a play in the hall or the circus was a real treat. We always called to Pat Heaney or Tommy

Two of the most memorable characters during my school days were Cyril and Brendan McHugh. They were full of fun, real devil-macares. Sadly they are no longer with us, may they R.I.P. While, most children found it difficult to ride a bicycle in the ordinary way Cyril was to be seen sitting on the handlebars and peddling backwards. One morning Mrs. Gannon, who lived in Ballinamore and liked to hear all the local news, said to Cyril "what was Jim Joe Bland doing in your house this morning?" without a thought he replied, "please miss he was cutting the b---s out of the pigs". She smiled and we all laughed.



Ann Moon



McManus Family Early 50's



Sean & Madge Kavanagh

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*Good Luck to Fenagh School Reunion
From Jerry, Dolores and Staff at Super Valu, Mohill*

The Threshing Machine

The noise of the thresher was eagerly awaited during the harvest. In the forties and fifties various machines came around to thresh the oats, barley, wheat and rye. Its "booo" could be heard for miles on a calm evening. It usually meant you could stay home from school on that day. Methals of men followed it around helping with the work.

The first job was to get the mill into a workable position. This often meant pushing, pulling, lifting and digging holes for the wheels, and lining up the tractor or engine so that the long belt worked by the pulley on the back of the tractor could in turn work all the other pulleys and belts on the mill.

There were various jobs to be done - pitching sheaves, cutting belts, feeding the drum (a



One of the first Threshing Machines working at Charlie Beirne's - Jim Joe Greenan, Pee Beirne and Charlie Beirne.

dangerous job), bagging the grain and transporting it to the barn, and building the straw into a large rick. As the bottom of the rick of oats was reached the scurry of rats and mice was eagerly awaited. A good dog was usually on hand to exterminate these rodents. When the job was done everybody feasted on boiled eggs,

home-made bread and butter and plenty of apple tart. Then away to the next farm.



Oaten Stirrabout & Brannach

When the threshing was done the oats were then brought to the mill. Large jute sacks were filled with grain, and sewed with a packing needle and string. The owners initials were stamped on the sacks with paint or black polish. They were then loaded on a cart and taken to the mill. The mill was operated by a large mill-wheel which was turned by water rushing down a narrow stream. The grain was first dried over a turf fire. The shelling was then removed and the oats ground into meal by the revolving mill stones. When the meal was brought home you could smell its beautiful aroma. From this meal the "stirrabout" (known today as porridge) was made, also oaten bread or "bronnach", which was baked in front of a good turf and colm fire. This was eaten by young and old and carried in your pocket or schoolbag. It often prevented people getting the "Feargorta" (a weakness due to hunger). "White drinks" were made from oat meal and given to cows after calving, to help boost the milk yield.

Hob Nailed Boots

Hob-nailed boots were equivalent to present day Adidas, Nike, or Reebok sneakers. Boys usually got a pair around the first of October. These boots were expected to be worn to school, mass, fairs, picking potatoes, guggering etc., until you were ready to go in the "bare ones" in April. They were made from real leather, sometimes by the shoemaker - known as shoemaker boots - with two or three rows of nails in the soles and iron tips on the heels. They were also suitable for kicking football, sliding on ice and giving a fella a good kick. On Saturday night the boots were polished for Mass on Sunday morning. During snow or frosty weather a coat of grease was applied by rubbing with fat bacon heated at the fire, to make the leather waterproof. Wellingtons were rare in those days. Girls sometimes wore similar boots without the nails.



The First Day

by John F. McManus

On a sunny September morning in 1949, my mother Kathleen took me, her first born, bare-footed, up and across the rough whinny fields of Greagh Hill and down to Lennons and better ground.

With a tear in her eye, she entrusted me to Nellie (Cornelius). Walking hand in hand through the dewy aftergrass by Bland's well, we took the foot stick over the Dulahan drain path through the rushes to the stone stile by the corner of the grey limestone wall to the school yard, and then through the Iron Gate, Hall and on bare well-worn floor boards through the Master's room, and into the Mistresses' room.

"How old are you?" asked Mrs. Gannon, in brown cardigan, heavily pleated matching skirt and smart shoes, as she, notepad in hand, quickly progressed along the line of intakes nervously seated on the edge of the low front forum which was allocated for the "low infants". "What? Five!..... you should have been in school years ago you big ludhe. You should be up there with "high infants" or even above them in first class." She motioned with her eyes towards the rising tiers of desks behind where I sat.

That was my introduction to Fenagh National School. Brendan Beirne and Sean Meehan, or more accurately their identical small silver coloured satchels, probably just purchased from Batty Cryan's in Ballinamore, took my eye on that first morning. They looked so much better than my own home-made, hand-stitched navy blue dyed adapted flour sack with fold-over buttoned down flap and shoulder strap.

In time, of course, the silver faded whereas the flour bag stood the rigors of tug of war, slinging, swinging and all similar boyish tests.

Mick Gilheaney with shiny buttons, a cardigan coloured warm pink and a countenance to match came to my attention in the yard at lunch-time. This countenance was accompanied by what seemed to me a perpetual slightly smug smile.

I took exception to the smile and bided my time. Before long, he had assumed an over-bearing stance on top of the grassy mound above the open sink which drained the boys' lavatory area to the field below.

He was a irresistible target. A down hill, head down, hip high charge took him clearly off his perch and squarely into the mire. Pink instantly turned to black with whites of eyes only on show.

The premeditated and malicious act was rapidly reciprocated. Repetitions ensued to the point of exhaustion. When the lunch hour ended, Fenagh had its very own version of black babies, albeit two rather large and well-fed examples.

At a healthy distance, we were escorted by the elders to face the Master. Handkerchief over pinched nostrils, he enquired as to "How in the honour of God did ye get into

that hole?" With heads guiltily bowed, neither of us said a word.

Expecting chastisement, all that we got was sympathy. Some of the older girls were delegated to the washing down. They used the water from the all purpose galvanised bucket which served for drinking, floor sprinkling, fire quenching and teacher's lunch-time tea-making.

The water was taken from the bucket, using the communal tin ponger which rested on the hall window-cill above.

Members of the seventh class would draw the water fresh each morning from Bland's well before classes began.

On completion of the washing down, and conversion to shades of grey, the Master asked, "Do you think you will be able to find your own way home, John Francis?" "Aye, I think so." "You mean, 'yes sir', don't you?" "Aye, I do." "Be off then and take care not to fall into any deep gripes on your way," he smiled. That was my first day at school.



Two local postmen Johnnie McKeon (top) and Charley Beirne called to the school regularly

The Macs of Greagh and
their extended families
congratulate all of those
associated with the reunion in
Fenagh and look forward to
renewing childhood
friendships.

Sponsored by:

*John Francis, Terry, Philomena,
Kathleen, Lizzie Jane,
Madge and Noel.*

Fenagh 1953

Winter nineteen fifty three brought me to Fenagh unexpectedly
The two-roomed school old to my eighteen years
Small silent bodies crouched in long forms up galleried steps
Long legged youths jostled to see the new curiosity
Fatherly welcome from Master Wrynn encouraged me to begin
Little hands reached out to greet
The old room became a palace grand
Love and learning hand in hand.

Spring of nineteen fifty three wild flowers bloom carefree
like me
Down Bland's lane home from school
To Mrs Lennon, always busy
Tall silent Con, dear friend Lizzie plays the accordion
in my room
Foxfield church in evening light
Looks over Corlough's peaceful plain
While Fenagh Abbey whispers out
Its ancient secrets to the night.

Memories flood into my mind of faces places left behind
Incidents the funny kind.
Moonlight night on bar of Vincent's bike
Flying down the hill at Heaney's shop
Met Master Wynn, pipe in mouth
He stopped in shock
Position judged undignified
"Miss Cahill, I was mortified".

Summer nineteen fifty three time to move along
From Fenagh's quiet locality.
Sounds of mowing machines, children's play and cuckoo song.
Looking back through the mirror of years
It was good to begin my teaching career
In a community small and sincere.
Whose good memories will always remain
Privileged I'd be to live it all over again.

Ann Cahill.



Best wishes from

Eugene & Loretta Quinn
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Happy Memories of Fenagh Old School 1898 ~ 1998

Eilish (Roddy) McGirl.

We are about to celebrate the one hundred birthday of old Fenagh School. It will be a very special occasion for all past pupils. It will also be a little bit sad, as we miss our dear parents, teachers, and some class pupils who passed away from this life over the years. May they all rest in peace.

I have happy memories of my school days. I remember the first day I went to School. Marie McKeon brought me. The first teacher I met was Mrs Stella Gannon R.I.P. She loved all pupils. After a year or two she left and was replaced by Miss Cahill who also loved children. I remember her preparing us for First Holy Communion. She had a big class. Roseleen Wrynn, Madge Kavanagh, Kathleen Muldoon, Maura Carrigan, Mary Gilhooly, Philomena McManus, Terence McManus, Jim Gilheaney, Brendan Beirne, S_an Meehan, Patrick Noel Wrynn, Vincent Wrynn, Tommy Flynn R.I.P. and myself.

After a short period of time Miss Cahill left and other teachers came and went at different times, Miss Neary, Miss Cafferty, Miss Detta Reynolds, and Miss Heenan R.I.P. We all enjoyed our school days and were told they are the best days of our lives. I don't know if we appreciated it or not, but if it was now we certainly would.

Promotion day was always on 1st July just before the summer holidays. Butterflies were busy dancing reels and jigs in our stomachs. We all sat very quietly looking at each other, giving the odd elbow and a little whisper. "I wonder will I be promoted?" was everyone's question, as the morning went on we waited patiently for Master Wrynn R.I.P. to call the rolls. We listened carefully to hear what class our names were called in, suddenly the butterflies stopped dancing, and we were all happy with our promotion.

The Master prepared us for confirmation, but I don't remember what class we were in. However, we had to learn the serving of the Mass in Latin. This of course was interesting. We enjoyed learning to pronounce the Latin words, after a short time we were all delighted with good progress.

We enjoyed games during lunch time. Each day the Master took a walk up and down the road keeping an eye on us while we were playing. When play time was over we could hear the Master call "T_Bim, t_Bim c_Bite". During our time at school we had seventh class which of course left us a year longer, and extra homework to do, including grammer with its nouns, pronouns and verbs. It was all a great puzzle.

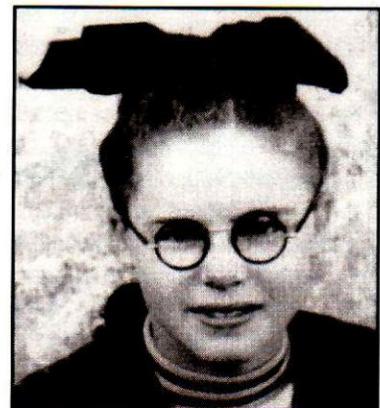
We also enjoyed the School outings. They were very educational and interesting. One day we went on a day trip to Dublin Airport. A year later we went

to Bray. We enjoyed the scenery, amusements and everything.

I am looking forward very much to the re-union and celebrations of Old Fenagh School. I am also looking forward to meeting everyone. This special occasion will bring back many memories. We will all share our joys.

*"Good Bye
God Bless"*

*Good Bye God bless,
My dear old friends,
For you are far away,
I hope it won't
be half as long,
until we meet again.*



Bank of Ireland



**Best Wishes and every
success to
Fenagh Old
School Reunion**

*From Paddy & Staff
Drumshanbo & Ballinamore*

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Release The Prisoners

Noel McManus(formerly of Greagh, Fenagh)

It's well I remember that cold and wet afternoon that Peter Heaney, Eddie Wrynn and myself sat close together in the mistress's room. We were in First Class, and had been "kept in" after school for not having our "Irish" homework done. Irish wasn't my favourite subject, but of course it was necessary.

By now it was approximately 3.20 p.m. and all the other children had left for home. I was having hunger pangs and the thought of our big open fire at home, for which my father Jack, God rest him, was renowned, and with luck a good pot of home-made stew simmering over it, was utmost on my mind. My father had become quite a good cook since my mother's untimely death R.I.P. in 1958 when I was three years old. Just as well too, as there were seven young hungry mouths to feed.

I kept my head down and doodled with my pencil, while the teacher kept a watchful eye on all three of us. The fire in the school stove had dwindled and we were all feeling the cold. The yawns were becoming more and more frequent. At one time I thought Eddie had fallen off to sleep.

On wet days, my father used to collect us from school, if he had the time, in his Ford Prefect car, IT 2627. It was his pride and

joy. His driving wasn't great, but considering that in those days there were no driving lessons, he did very well. He kept it between the ditches, as he often said himself. Anyway, we were glad of the lift.

This being a wet day, my father came for us in the car. On his way to the school he met my sisters walking home. He stopped and asked "Where is Noel?" "Kept in for Irish" came the reply back. "Get into car" he said angrily.

Suddenly, a loud bang disrupted the silence of the mistress's room and the thud of "Farmer's Friends" boots crossing the wooden floor of the master's room towards our room door could be heard for quite a distance. "Off you pop children" our terrified teacher said, as our room door flew open with another bang and my father's words "Release the Prisoners" echoed out.

Peter, Eddie and myself stuffed our little bits and pieces in our school bags, and with my father, headed for the car. He returned to the school to have a "word" with the teacher.

I'll always remember that day in Fenagh National School and I think that Peter and Eddie will too. When we meet, we often greet each other with the now famous words "Release the Prisoners".



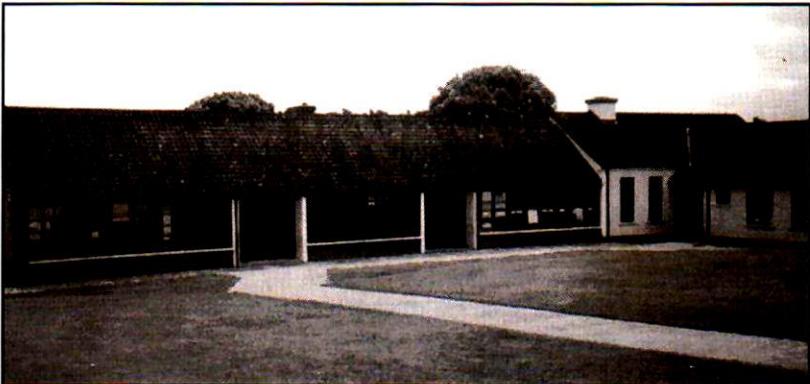
FENAGH N.S. 1966

Back: Teresa Wrynn, Jim Wrynn, N.T., Annette Kavanagh, Helen Gilheaney, Emily Costello, Eddie Wrynn, Sean Heaney.
Second Row: Noel McLoughlin, Peter Heaney, Joe Carrigan, Bridget McKiernan, -, Brid Kavangh, Noel McManus.
Third Row: Margaret Fitzpatrick, Carmel Wrynn, Kathleen Leddy, Gerry McLoughlin, Rosemary Ellis, Brendan McLoughlin, Mary Bohan, Mary McKeon, Maura Leddy, Fr. McCabe.
Fourth Row: Kitty Heaney, Bird McLoughlin, Eugene McHugh, Eileen McKeon, Bernadette Leddy, Gerard McHugh, Mary Rowley, Seamus Fitzpatrick.
Front: Gabriel McLoughlin, Geraldine Wrynn, Sean Leddy, Sean McHugh, Philip McHugh, Dolores Lennon.

Former Teachers at Fenagh N.S.



Mrs. Heenan R.I.P.



St. Caillins National School - Opened in 1966



Una Fitzsimons



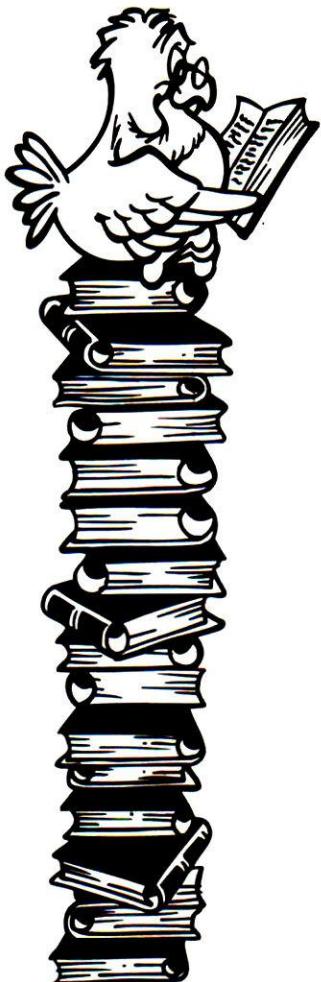
Sheila Cooney



Detta Reynolds



Myra Cafferty R.I.P.



WHAT'S ANOTHER YEAR

When Contractor T.J. Keaney was taking down the roof trusses from the roof of St. Mary's Church, Foxfield, on May 13th this year, he found one autographed by A. Scott 13th May 1882. The same day exactly 116 years later! What a coincidence

Register of Fenagh National School

1901

Boys

Eugene O'Neill
Francis McTaggart
Timothy McManus
James McKeon
James Joseph Bland
Joseph McManus

Girls

Bridget McGuire
Maggie McHugh

John Tom Donnelly
John McHugh
William Maguire
John Nash
John R. Kiernan

1906

Maria Moffatt
Kate Melia
Maggie J. Greenan
Bridget Creamer
Bridget Mulvey
Ellie Harkin
Lizzie Nash
Stella Murphy
Rose Ann Mulvey
Annie McKeon

1902

Matt Creamer
James Creamer
Bernard Conway
Alex Quinn
Freddie Quinn
Patrick Smyth
Thomas Smyth
Charles Muldoon
James McKeon
James Moran

Ellen Creamer
Rose A. Wrynn
Mary Gilheaney
Agnes Blessing
Alice Beirne
Bridget Muldoon

Thomas Cuillane
James McKeon
William McWeeney
John Maguire
Francis Heaney
Peter Dolan

1907

Mary A. Maguire
Julia Smyth
Alice Culhane
Alice McKeon
Nan Patricia Corduff
Mary Heaney
Ellie Conway
Susan Dolan

1903

Joseph Cull
Patrick McKeon
Patrick Greenan
Francis Fanning
Patrick Callaghan
James Callaghan

Mary B. Maguire
Mary McKeon

Peter Greenan
Peter Wrynn
Thomas Wrynn
Charles McHugh
Thomas Kerrigan
Charles McWeeney
John W. Murphy
Patrick Blessing
Patrick Prior
Patrick McLoughlin

1908

George Dawson
Willie Dawson
Richard Dawson
Toby Widdicombe
John Widdicombe
Willie Widdicombe
George Carson
James Joseph Greenan
Michael McNiff
Thomas Maguire
John Gilheaney
James Beirne
John Kerrigan

May Dawson
Essie Dawson
Beatrice Widdicombe
Ellie Dawson
Gretta Dawson
Eliza Jane Crawford
Ellie Muldoon
Mary Creamer
Mary Agnes Fanning
Mary K. Donnelly

John Heatherton
Francis Melia
Michael Noone
John P. Bland
Patrick McKeon

1909

Mary Heatherton
Maria McWeeney
Mollie Carduff
Bridget Kerrigan
Adeline Quinn

1905

Thomas Bland
Frank Joe McHugh
Peter Roddy
Michael Courtney
Edward Courtney
James Greenan
John Greenan
Charles McCormack
James Moffatt

Lizzie Conway
Katie Roddy
Katie Mulvey
Mary Ellen Mulvey
Katie Prior
Maura Blessing
Mary A. Heaney
Ellie McKeon

James Whelan
Patrick Conboy
Thomas Greenan
Thomas Conboy
James Wrynn
Edward Wrynn
James Devine
Francis Noone
Thomas J. Mulvey

1910

Edna Carey
Bridget Prior
Ellie Logan
Katie Logan
Ellie O'Neill
Eliza A. McKeon
Kathleen Devon
Bridget Wilson
Kathleen Corduff
Katie Wrynn

1911

Patrick Fanning
Peter Heaney
George Browne
Francis Maguire
James Keernan
Michael McKeon
James Conway
James McHugh
Michael Melia
Frank Conboy

Hanorah McCartin
Annie Beirne
Teresa McWeney
Kathleen Murphy
Minnie Murphy
Helena Prior
Teresa Mulvey

Patrick Fitzpatrick
Francis McPartlin
John Harkin
John McGrail
Patrick McGrail
Frank McGrail
John James Melia
Francis McLoughlin
Patrick Heaney
Edward Heaney

1916

Annie Prior
veronica Carey
Lizzie Wrynn
Rose A. Greenan
Molly McManus
Winifred McManus
Maggie Roddy

1912

James Heatherton
Patrick Carey
Matt Devine
John McKeon
Michael McLoughlin
Matt McCartan
Patrick McPartlin
Patrick Greenan
John Devine
John Beirne
James Conway
James O'Neill

Rose Ann Greenan
Mary Kate Harkin
Nancy Carey
Rosaleen Fanning
Sarah Ann Heaney

Patrick Wrynn
Willy Lipsett
Edward Lipsett
Patrick Beirne
Joseph Corduff

1917

Peter Greenan
Michael Harkin
Gerry Cuff
Thomas McKeon
Ambrose Prior
Felix Prior
Sylvester Blessing
John Farrelly
B. Clare Murphy

Rosie Corduff
Isabella Carey
Violet Harkin
Maggie Ellen Melia
May A. Costello
Rose A. McGirl
Bridget Devine
Mary Ellen McPartlin

1913

Thomas McPartlin
Patrick Wrynn

Eileen Corduff
Gretta Murphy
Maggie Ann Ward
Mary Esther Noone
Mary Ann Wrynn
Annie Kate Conboy
Mary Rose Fitzpatrick
Letitia Mulvey
Mary Lizzie Melia
Marian Wilson

Richard Ellis
Farrel Greenan
John F. Costello
William McLoughlin

Mary O'Neill
May Doherty
Maggie Fitzpatrick
Gretta Prior
Rose Ellen farrelly
Lillie Beirne

1914

Patrick McCartin
Peter Harkin
Matt McKeon
Patrick McLoughlin
James McWeney
Patrick McKeon
Joseph Gallagher
Philip Devine

Bridget Wrynn
Ann McHugh
Mary Greenan
Rose Ann Harkin
Rose Ann O'Neill
Mary Jane McKeon

Edward Wrynn
Thomas Wrynn
Francis Harkin
James McGoohan
Michael McGoohan
James Heaney
Jack Doherty
John Joseph McKeon

May B. Gilmore
Eliza Jane Farrelly
Kathleen McKeon
Maggie McPartlin
Bridget Fitzpatrick
Ellen Fitzpatrick
Christina Carey
Kathleen Moran

1915

Philip Harkin
Joseph Conboy
Eugene Heatherton
John Tom Fanning
Hugh Prior
John Joe Prior
Francis Cuff
John Cuff
William Wilson
John O'Neill
John James Ward
Laurence Cuffe

Lizzie Ann Harkin
Eileen Murphy
Mona Carey
Bridget Beirne
Ellie Blessing
Helena Cuffe
Bridget McKeon
Eveleen Wilson

Peter O'Reilly
James Wrynn
Patrick Joseph Murphy
Francie O'Neill
Patrick Devine
Patrick Prior
James McLoughlin
Patrick Gilmore

Kathleen Flynn
Ita Melia
Maud Wilson
May Heatherton
Kathleen Prior
Madge Carey
Nancy Gilroy
Addie Walshe

1920

1921

Francis Courtney
John Carey
James Heaney
Bernard Harkin
Joseph Costello
Michael McCluskey
Joseph Blessing
Gerald McKeon
James Joseph Fitzpatrick
Patrick Doherty

1922

John Mitchell
Willie Cowell
Thomas William Muldoon
Leo Prior
Patrick McWeeney
James Beirne

Mona Prior
Masie Cowell
Lizzie maguire
Maggie Greenan
Katie Doherty

1923

Thomsa Patrick McGee
John Francis McGee
Patrick Doherty
Eugene Carey
Charles Harkin
John J. McLoughlin

May Agnes McGee
Margaret E. Cowell
Bridget Costello
Josephine Doherty

1924

Michael Burbage
Thomas G. Farrelly
Thomas Joseph Harkin
Kevin Doherty
John J. Wrynn
Patrick Bohan
Eugene Bohan
Frank McKeon
Edward Joseph Gallagher
Louis Walshe
Alex Walshe
Jackie Ellis
Eugene O'Neill
Michael Mulvey

1925

Malachi Fanning
Seßn McKeon
Michael Jo. Heaney
Thomas McLoughlin

Kathleen Conboy
Lizzie Conboy
Florrie Walshe
Maureen(Maura) Duffy
Veronica Prior

1926

Patrick Conboy
Seßn Gallagher
Kevin Leddy
Patrick Harkin
Michael Gilmore

Colette Duffy
Mary Bohan
Maggie J. McKeon
Kathleen Heaney

1927

Philip Creamer
Laurence Dolan
Thomas Geheran

Loretto McPartlen
Rose Mary Muldoon
Rita Muldoon
Marian Walshe
Mary McGee
Gretta McGee
Annie Dolan
Gennie Geheran

1928

Thomas A. Prior
Peter Creamer
Pearse Leddy
John Heaney
Anthony A. Walshe
James Duffy
Ed. Joe Tallon
Eugene O'Reilly

Mary O'Reilly
Mary E. Geheran
Anna Chris O'Reilly
Eileen Gallagher
Philomena Cowell
Josephine Muldoon
Kathleen Tallon
Lizzie Tallon
Teresa Tallon
Tessie Carrigan

1929

Patrick McLoughlin
Peter McLoughlin
Hugh McLoughlin
Frank McLoughlin
James Ellis

Agnes Rita Beck
Maureen Courtney

1930

Patrick Fanning
Michael Costello
Patrick Fox
Vincent Walshe
William Dolan
Thomas J. Harkin
John Conboy
Bernard Conboy
James Fox
Michael J. Fox
Joseph Costello

Elizabeth Tallon
Alice E. Gallagher
Bridget Costello
Bridget Mullins
Ita Muldoon
Mary McLoughlin
Mary E. Fox
Eliz Conboy
Sabina Conboy

1931

Joseph Beirne
Willie O'Boy
Richard Ellis

Kathleen Maguire
Mary Wrynn
Lizzie McCartin
Bridget Maguire
Mary J. McGovern
Mary Beck

1932

Michael Wrynn
Patrick Maguire
Gerard Walshe
John Kavanagh
Peter J. Conboy
Bernard Conway

Eileen Beirne
Bridget Fanning
Bridget McLoughlin
Kathleen Duffy
Teresa McHugh
Bridget Keegan
Mary Keegan
Mary Bgt Conway

1933

John Bohan
James Sweeney
Patrick McKeon
Bernard McKeon
Eugene Keegan

Mary Bohan
Maebh Beirne
Mary Gallagher
Lizzie Gallagher
Kate Canning

1934

Gerard Gallogly
John Harkin
Michael Sweeney
Albert Gallogly
Thomas McLoughlin
Joseph McHugh
Alexander Beirne
Francis J. Beck

Violet Gallogly
Mary Wrynn
Agnes Wrynn
Ann Philomena Duffy
Mary E. Geheran

1935

Charles McHugh
Patrick Sweeney

No Females

1936

Jimmy McHugh
Francis Fox
John McLoughlin
Joseph Bland
Cillian McHugh
Thomas Fanning
James McKeon
Paul McKiernan

Anne McKeon
Margaret Fanning

1937

John P. McGovern
George Beck
Francis McHugh

Patricia Duffy
Rose A. Gallagher
Mary C. Beirne
Mary Beck
Maura Cull

1938

Joseph McKeon
James Bland
Patrick Wrynn
Peter Jos Lee
Michael McHugh

Margaret Gallagher
Agnes Fanning
Margaret Beck

1939

James Lennon
John T. Bland
Christopher Clerkin

Mae McKeon
Mary Lizzie Lennon
Pauline Sweeney
Mary McLoughlin
Mary Robinson

1940

Patrick McKeon
Leo Beirne
John Gallagher

Elizabeth Harkin
Geraldine Gannon
Josephine McKeon
Margaret Maguire
Teresa Lennon

1941

Edward Sweeney
Thomas Greenan
Robert Lawrence
James Lawrence
James Clerkin
John Gallogly
John O'Connor
Michael Jordan

Mary Meehan
Maureen Lee
Mary Wrynn
Philomena McHugh
Nancy Sweeney

1942

Thomas Nolan
Eugene Quinn

Anne McKeon
Christina Duignan
Eileen Greenan
Anna Wrynn
Mary Beirne
Kathleen Flynn
Patricia McHugh

1943

Michael McKeon
Thomas Gilheaney
Louis Duignan
Vincent Quinn

Janette Quinn
Brigid Lee
Patricia Muldoon
Josephine Gill
Teresa Guckian

1944

Philip Gilheaney
Thomas Reynolds
Joseph Gilheaney
John E. Gilheaney
Oliver Beirne

Mary Muldoon
Margaret Beirne
Agnes Wrynn
Brigid Flynn

1945

Cornelius Lennon
Patrick Muldoon
Patrick J. Greenan

Anna Lee
Brigid Meehan
Anna McHugh
Margaret Meehan

1946

Michael McHugh
Cyril McHugh

Evelyn Quinn
Mary Gilheaney

1947

William Gilheaney
Louis Muldoon
Thomas McHugh

Kathleen Wrynn
Mary Blessing
Anne Moore
Mary Creamer

1948

Patrick Blessing
John E. Wrynn
Joseph Blessing

Eilish Lee
Margaret Greenan
Maura Carrigan

1949

Brendan Beirne
Brendan McHugh
Michael Gilheaney

Eilish McKiernan
Eileen McHugh
Mgt Wrynn
Noreen McKiernan

1950

John F. McManus
Gerard O'Beirne
Tommy Flynn
Terry McManus
Seán Meehan

Rosaleen Wrynn
Maura Carrigan

1960

Peter Heaney
Seán Heaney
Eamon Wrynn

Maura Leddy

1951

Seamus Kilkenny
Edward Wrynn
Seamus Wrynn

Kathleen Muldoon
Eilish Roddy
Mary Gilhooly
Philomena McManus
Margaret Gretta Beirne

1952

Sean McKiernan
Tony Carrigan
Michael Mahon

Anna Carrigan
Helen McKeon
Madge Kavanagh

1953

Seamus McKiernan
Sean Gilhooly
Michael Lee

Bernadette Wrynn
Kathleen McManus

1954

Seán Kavanagh

Eleanor Wrynn
Mary McKeon
Mairead Wrynn
Kathleen Gilhooly
Sile Gallagher

1955

Seán Mahon
Pat Joe Wrynn
Brian Wrynn
Seán McKeon
Seán Beirne

Eilish McManus
Eilish Kilkenny
Noeleen Ellis
Monica Fox
Margie Wrynn
Nuala Costello
Maire McKiernan
Margaret Muldoon

1956

Oliver Kavanagh
Padraig Wrynn

No Girls

1957

John Ellis

Frances Fox
Madge McManus
Evelyn Kilkenny
Emily Costello

1958

Noel Carrigan

Teresa Wrynn
Annette Kavanagh

1959

Noel McManus
Seamus Fox

Brigid Francis
Roisin McLoughlin

1961

Richard Ellis

Maureen Doherty

1962

Brendan McLoughlin
Gerard McLoughlin

Maura Leddy
Kathleen Leddy
Carmel Wrynn

1963

Caillín Ellis

Mary McKeon
Bernadette Wrynn
Maureen Fitzpatrick

1964

Eugene McHugh
Gabriel McLoughlin

Brid McLoughlin
Marie Rowley
Marie Bohan
Eileen McKeon

1965

Sean Leddy
Seamus Fitzpatrick
Gerard McHugh

Rosemary Ellis
Bridget McLoughlin
Geraldine Wrynn

*Congratulations on
your Reunion*

from

**Gannon's
Abbey
Bar**



Fenagh

Fenagh Census Returns 1841 - 1998

	1841	1851	1861	1871	1881	1891	1901	1911	1926	1936	1946	1956	1966	1971	1981	1998
Annaghaderg	89	78	57	51	58	58	38	37	40	35	23	12	10	7	2	1
Ardagh	62	43	32	34	33	29	24	27	21	26	23	13	10	8	15	10
Aroddy	68	37	24	25	32	33	19	16	20	17	15	13	7	8	4	5
Aughaboneil	149	72	82	74	72	64	49	47	45	43	47	22	11	11	13	5
Aughavadden	95	40	34	44	43	32	28	44	36	23	21	12	7	5	2	1
Ballycalleen	73	37	25	11	16	20	8	15	12	14	18	10	6	4	8	2
Boneil	51	44	47	33	38	35	30	28	27	24	22	23	13	10	10	7
Breanra	19	18	13	16	17	16	10	12	14	7	5	-	-	-	-	-
Cloodrumman	92	74	74	56	67	50	42	43	44	33	21	17	11	10	6	6
Coldrumman	24	25	26	35	22	22	14	13	14	21	14	15	18	14	6	2
Commons	13	24	13	22	21	20	19	20	21	15	19	20	18	14	13	4
Corlough	96	64	59	50	55	30	26	25	18	17	20	14	13	19	15	12
Cornabrone	142	81	68	66	73	69	63	49	41	45	41	28	22	24	21	19
Cornafostra	30	36	30	25	22	17	15	12	12	9	13	14	4	5	8	-
Cornagun	54	48	65	59	51	37	32	40	33	45	26	16	17	24	30	22
Cornavad	117	62	65	74	74	66	62	50	48	31	38	41	28	18	25	21
Corrabarrick	151	125	124	121	121	90	86	78	56	55	51	45	37	43	34	32
Corrabeigh	80	48	47	36	20	21	17	14	16	22	14	18	19	20	23	11
Corrachoosaun	141	28	27	28	45	41	25	21	26	22	16	17	16	13	10	10
Corragowly	8	7	4	3	6	-	-	-	-	2	7	9	5	4	4	5
Corraphort	77	43	35	23	21	29	27	19	14	14	10	8	7	7	8	12
Costra	74	74	83	81	68	65	58	57	40	31	24	13	10	14	13	4
Cuillagh	88	62	42	36	28	18	19	29	17	19	16	12	13	10	16	9
Derren	37	39	48	46	33	34	34	33	26	22	20	21	14	15	6	4
Derrinkip	50	43	45	39	40	35	26	18	26	22	12	13	11	9	10	3
Derrymacoffin	19	15	11	13	14	12	8	8	9	5	5	3	3	3	2	-
Drumany Beirne	52	33	36	35	31	28	33	32	17	19	27	16	10	6	12	10
Drumany O'Brien	129	68	62	55	67	49	39	43	65	49	47	32	26	23	24	4
Drumcara	82	69	77	59	49	41	47	36	31	41	35	26	22	18	19	20
Drumcatten	105	25	43	44	31	32	22	26	19	11	7	10	7	4	3	-
Drumcollop	90	64	61	53	58	57	51	42	29	22	18	19	14	11	5	7
Drumeenaun	63	40	51	51	41	40	41	42	40	30	23	21	18	15	8	8
Drumharkin	53	54	65	56	56	45	37	38	38	36	35	27	23	19	17	25
Drumkerwin	74	47	29	33	26	17	18	18	23	22	16	11	14	13	10	4
Drumlaheen	123	90	83	72	71	60	57	40	28	16	21	18	23	19	21	18
Drumlitten	73	22	39	26	23	25	22	19	8	12	15	14	10	9	12	26
Drumroosk North	120	65	44	37	38	37	26	23	25	32	26	25	22	21	20	16
Drumroosk South	78	43	39	53	55	52	51	43	34	29	28	25	26	22	22	10
Fenagh Beg	140	110	111	100	82	88	58	58	56	25	41	40	35	36	40	48
Garadice	32	32	46	32	32	31	33	32	25	26	24	16	21	20	14	5
Glostermin	149	84	64	48	49	52	62	47	41	36	34	24	15	14	13	13
Glebe	9	11	11	5	6	7	3	2	5	4	2	4	-	-	7	7
Greagh	105	51	50	50	48	40	31	33	24	22	21	19	11	7	13	17
Gubroe	35	13	39	19	16	20	22	16	10	17	20	22	16	18	13	14
Kilmacsherwell	82	109	76	50	45	55	34	40	38	30	28	16	10	11	10	2
Kiltyfannon	60	39	43	39	33	28	23	24	26	18	19	12	6	6	3	-
Knockmullin	111	122	71	66	81	75	62	65	62	30	25	22	24	26	28	26
Knockroosk	92	60	53	38	47	40	34	31	26	23	21	11	8	5	5	10
Laragh	81	10	35	21	18	12	9	14	19	14	12	19	16	12	6	4
Lemanish	166	103	98	83	76	70	64	65	57	51	42	28	26	27	21	11
Mough	60	36	33	11	19	7	12	2	14	11	9	13	5	2	3	4
Muckross	60	51	55	52	36	31	37	33	28	29	19	11	15	14	8	2
Mullaghnameely	76	75	51	41	35	31	33	23	25	13	16	19	20	22	24	34
Shruhan	104	90	88	61	61	56	41	35	44	31	27	24	20	18	18	8
Tully	123	78	18	15	24	30	17	13	11	10	8	8	8	10	9	7

Where are the past pupils now?(%)

■ Leitrim

