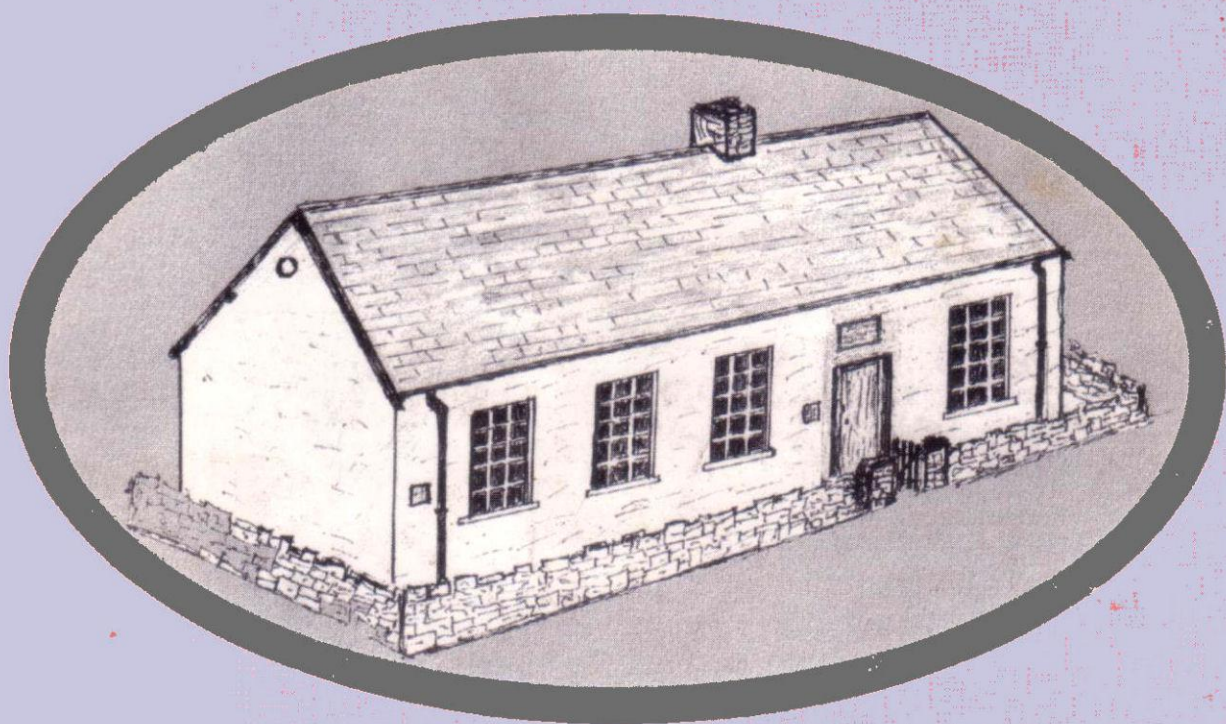


# Fenagh National School

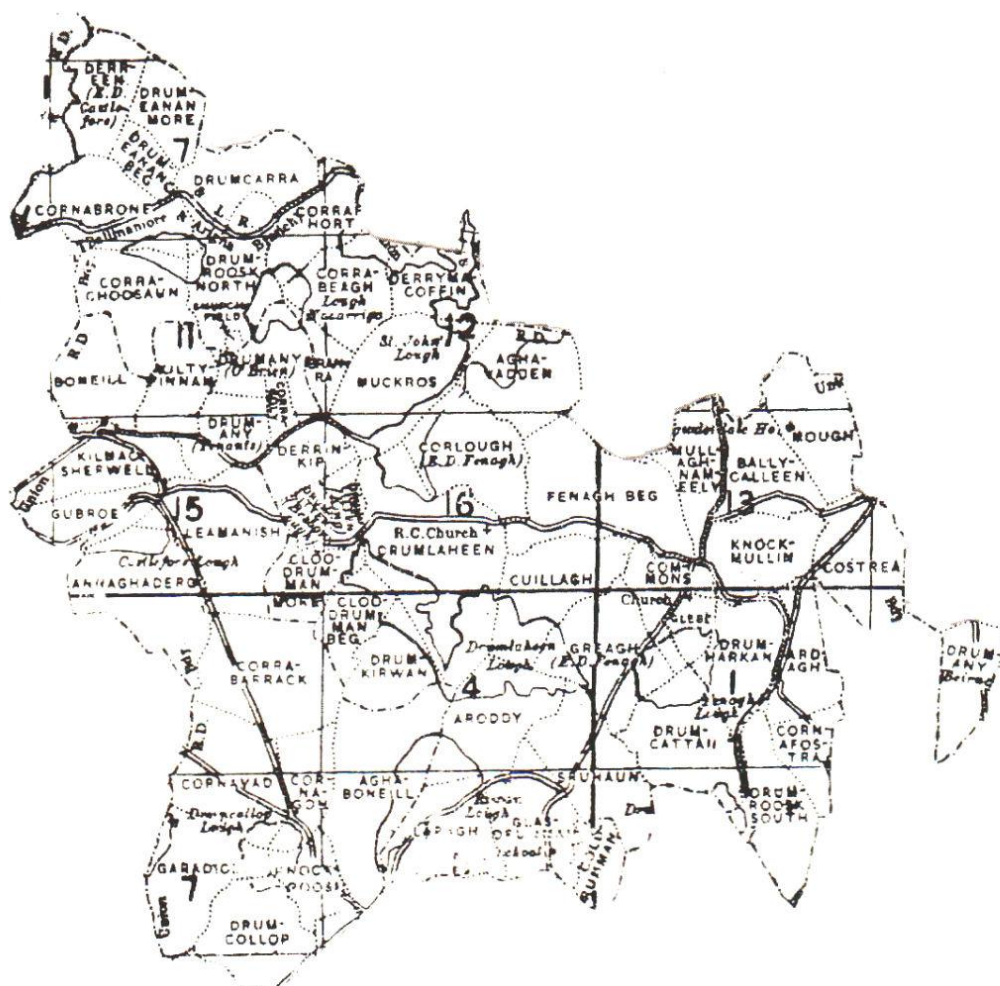
1898 - 1965



*1898 Centenary 1998*



# FENAGH PARISH



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# 1898 - 1965 Re-Union

*1 - 2 August 1998*

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The Editors would like to thank all those who helped in the publication of this magazine including those who submitted articles and photographs. We thank the advertisers for their generosity in providing a financial base, John Canning and his F.A.S. workers and Purcell Print in Boyle for their expertise. We also thank Padraig Leydon for the use of photographs from "Fenagh - the G.A.A. Story".



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Committee greatly appreciate donations received to date from the following:

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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 Pdraig 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., Glostermin, 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 stool 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 Heeran** R.I.P. 1954.

**Una Fitzsimons** 1958.

**Myra Cafferty** R.I.P.

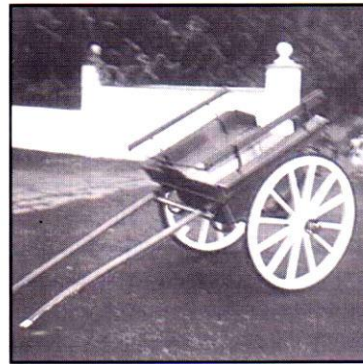
**Nuala Neary** R.I.P.

**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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# 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 McWeeney, 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 Heatherston. 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 McWeeney (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 McWeeney (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 Wrynne 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**

**CENTRA**  
**Food**  
**Market**

*- 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 Cullagh, 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 ant 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 Wryne (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. Wryne (Drumharkin), --, Jim McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg), Thomas McLoughlin (Fenagh Beg), --, Paddy Murphy (Knockmullin),  
Eddie Wryne (Drumharkin).



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Fenagh Old School  
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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 (Mullaghnageely), Farrell Greenan (Aughavadden), John Farrelly (Knockmullin).
- Second Row:** John Harkin (Costra), Bridgie Creamer (Lissagervin), Margaret Fitzpatrick (Drumharkin), Lizzie Wrynn (Drumharkin), Bridgie Devine (Ardagh), Maizie Cowell (Mough), Violet Harkin (Costra), Eileen Murphy (Knockmullin), Minnie Murphy (Knockmullin), Gretta 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 Wrynn (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. Wrynn (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 Wrynn (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), Bridgie 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 (Knockmullin), Gretta 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.*

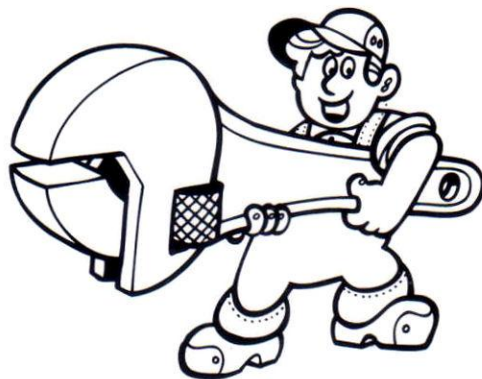
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



*Best Wishes to the reunion from*

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# THE FORGE & THE BLACKSMITH

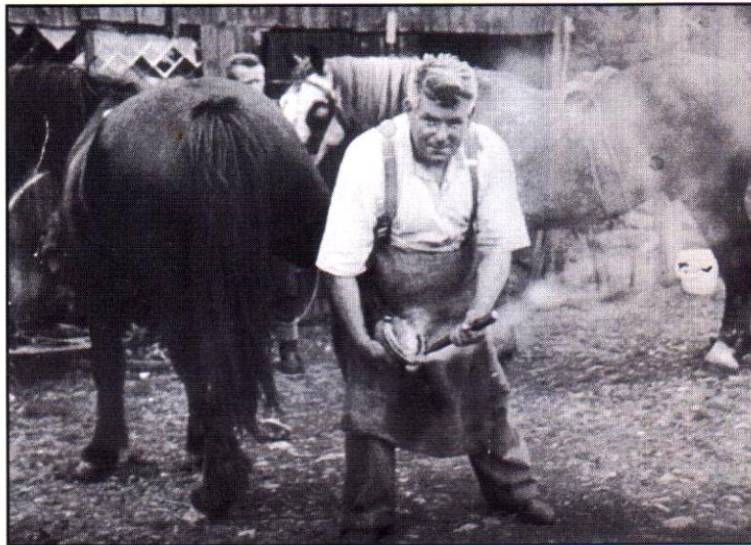
The forge and the blacksmith played a role during our school-days. There were three forges a short distance from the village. Oweney Heatherton worked along the Ballinamore road, Bernard Heatherton, his brother, made carts along the Cloone road and Jimmie Cox beside the hall and alley. Johnnie and Barney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



Oweney 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



Man at work - Johnny Hetherington, blacksmith

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 shoed 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.

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



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



*Best Wishes to  
Fenagh School  
Centenary Re-union*

# KIERAN'S TRAVEL AGENTS

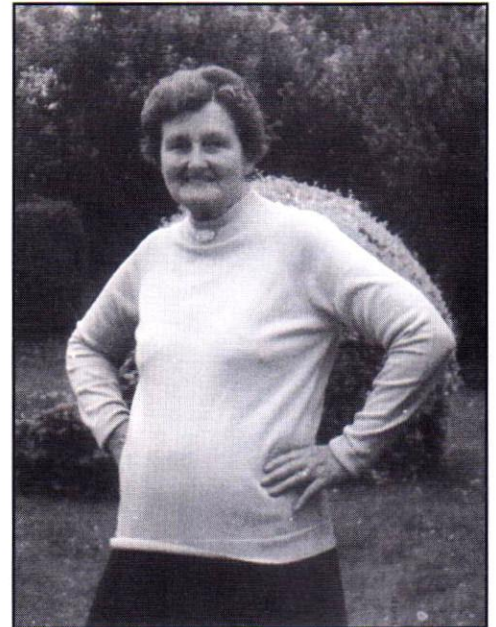


*- Ballinamore -*

*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.



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# FOND MEMORIES

---

*Oft in the stilly 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.

Best Wishes on the  
occasion of Fenagh  
Old School Reunion

*Congratulations to all concerned*

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- Corlough -



L. to R.: Bridie, Margaret & Dotie Maguire, Mahanagh.



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# *To Fairs and Football Matches with Son McLoughlin*

Seventy 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.

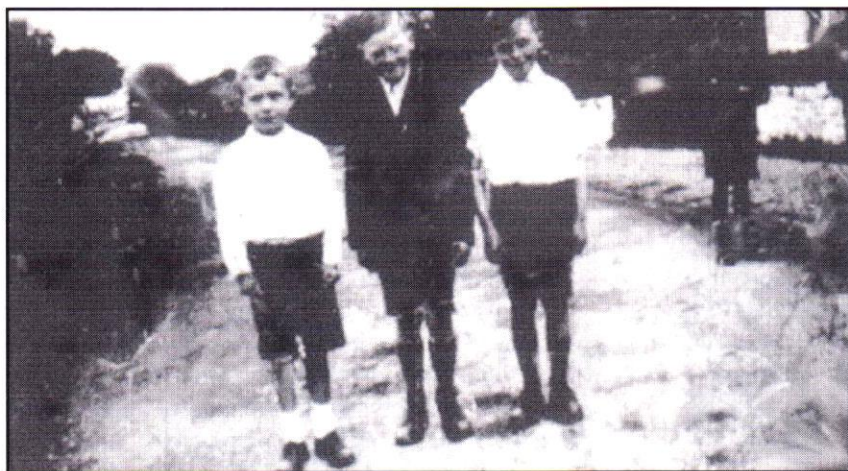
I was known as the doctor by all my mates at the time. Some of my school mates who are still living are, Tommy Harkin, Costra, Eileen Gallagher Short, Cloone, Alice Gallagher, U.S.A., Eddie Gallagher, U.S.A.; Kevin Leddy, Fenagh, John Heaney, Fenagh, John Kavanagh, Drumnamore, Sunny Fox, Meath and Jim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

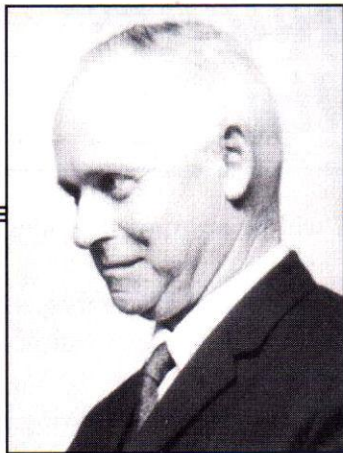


*Jimmie Bland, Pee Joe Lee, Paddy Wrynn coming home from First Communion in the 1940's*



*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 learned to spell, parse, analyse and, meanwhile, enjoy the adventures of Jim Óm MhBire Thadhg. 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 Cullagh 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". Hé 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



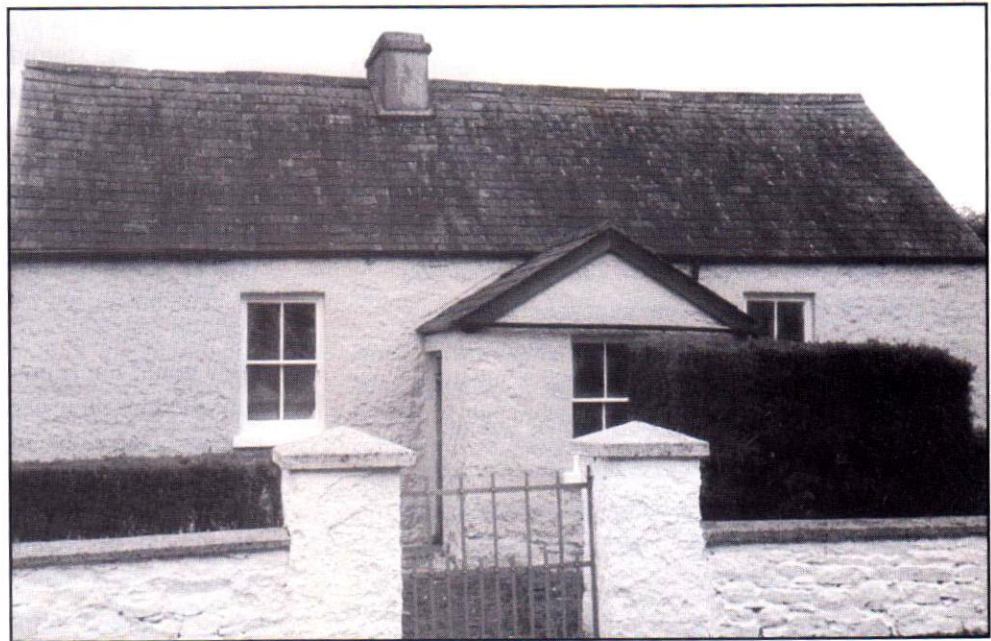




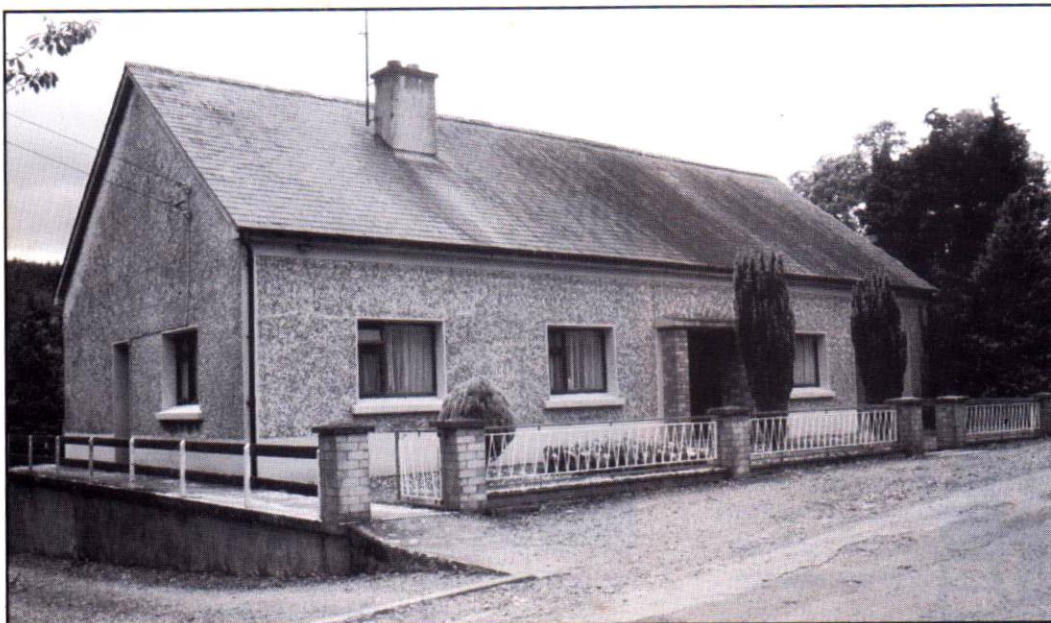


First Fenagh School up to 1863

# FENAGH SCHOOL HOUSES



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 buffing 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 come on a bicycle. On wet nights I remember still the blue glow of the carbide lamp on his bicycle and it's 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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# 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 Wrynne 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 Wrynne (Drumharkin), Meenie McHugh (Ballycalleen), Mary Muldoon (Drumlitten), Bridie Lee (Ardagh), Patsy McHugh (Ballycalleen), Bridgie 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 Wrynne (Drumharkin), Madge Beirne (Drumlaheen), Mary Gilheaney (Cornafostra), Aggie Wrynne (Drumharkin), Mary Carr (Knockmullin).

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

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



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.**

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## Home Thoughts From Abroad

*by John D. Sheridan*

*Although the orchard trees are beggerman  
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 fuschia 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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# BARE FEET AND BLAND'S SPRING WATER

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!

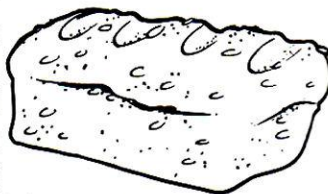
Then down by Cox's where someone would throw a stone or two at the galvanised roof on Cox's porch, Jimmie would come out, white with rage and run us with shouts and roars. One day, to our surprise he came out all smiles, "Come here sonny, I have some coppers for you", as his long black fingers probed 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 'houl' 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 says 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 Wrynns. 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 Flynn (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 (Mullaghnnameely), Moeleen McKiernan (Mullaghnnameely), Margaret Greenan (Corlough), Tommy Gilheaney (Cornafostra), Brendan Beirne (Drumlaheen).  
**Front Row:** Leo Beirne (Commons), Pat McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Michael McKeon (Fenagh Beg), Joe Gilheaney (Cornafostra), Michael McHugh (Aughavadden), Cyril McHugh (Ballycalleen), Neily Lennon (Cuillagh), Tommy McHugh (Aughavadden), Willie Gilheaney (Cornafostra), John Eddie Wrynn (Drumharkin), Michael Gilheaney (Cornafostra).

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 devilmacares. 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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## *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 Addidas, 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, gugging 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.





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# 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 winny fields of Greagh Hill and down to Lennons and better ground.

With a tear in her eye, she entrusted me to Nelie (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*

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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 mirrow 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  
& Family

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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 Heeran 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 "Tßim, tßim cßite". 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  
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Fenagh Old  
School Reunion

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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

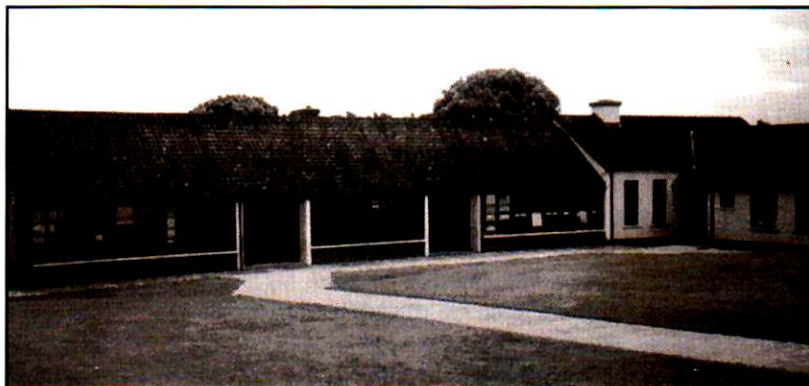
Back: Teresa Wrynn, Jim Wrynn, N.T., Annette Kavanagh, Helen Gilheaney, Emily Costello, Eddie Wrynn, Sean Heaney.  
Second Row: Noel McLoughlin, Peter Heaney, Joe Carrigan, Bridget McKiernan, - -, Brid Kavangh, Noel McManus.  
Third Row: Margaret Fitzpatrick, Carmel Wrynn, Kathleen Leddy, Gerry McLoughlin, 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. Heeran R.I.P.



St. Caillins National School - Opened in 1966



Úna Fitzsimons



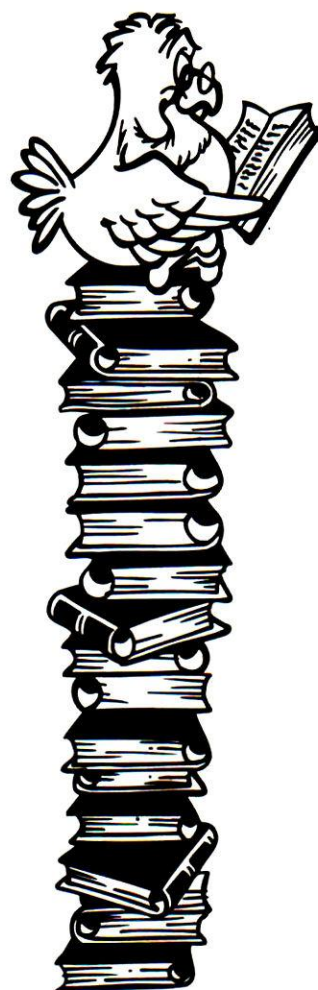
Sheila Cooney



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

## Boys

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

## 1901

### Girls

Bridget McGuire  
Maggie McHugh

## 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

## 1903

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

Mary B. Maguire  
Mary McKeon

## 1904

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

## 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

## 1906

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

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

## 1907

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

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

## 1908

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

Bridget Maguire  
Lena Donnelly  
Maria Gorby  
Mary Roddy  
Maggie Jane Mulvey  
Lizzie Mulvey  
Mary Kate Beirne  
Rita Prior  
Mary Rose Prior  
Kathleen J. Wilson  
Lorrie Wilson  
Harriet Wilson  
Ellie Bland

## 1909

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

Mary Heatherton  
Maria McWeeney  
Mollie Carduff  
Bridget Kerrigan  
Adeline Quinn

## 1910

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

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 McWeeney  
Kathleen Murphy  
Minnie Murphy  
Helena Prior  
Teresa Mulvey

## **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

## **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

## **1914**

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

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

## **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

## **1916**

Patrick Fitzpatrick  
Francis McPartlin  
John Harkin  
John McGrail  
Patrick McGrail  
Frank McGrail  
John James Melia  
Francis McLoughlin  
Patrick Heaney  
Edward Heaney  
Patrick Wrynn  
Willy Lipsett  
Edward Lipsett  
Patrick Beirne  
Joseph Corduff

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

## **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

## **1918**

Richard Ellis  
Farrel Greenan  
John F. Costello  
William McLoughlin

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

## **1919**

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

## **1920**

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



**1921**

Francis Courtney	Bridget Creamer
John Carey	Agnes Farrelly
James Heaney	Kate Greenan
Bernard Harkin	Tilly Blessing
Joseph Costello	Agnes McPartland
Michael McCluskey	
Joseph Blessing	
Gerald McKeon	
James Joseph Fitzpatrick	
Patrick Doherty	

**1922**

John Mitchell	Mona Prior
Willie Cowell	Masie Cowell
Thomas William Muldoon	Lizzie maguire
Leo Prior	Maggie Greenan
Patrick McWeeney	Katie Doherty
James Beirne	

**1923**

Thomsa Patrick McGee	May Agnes McGee
John Francis McGee	Margaret E. Cowell
Patrick Doherty	Bridget Costello
Eugene Carey	Josephine Doherty
Charles Harkin	
John J. McLoughlin	

**1924**

Michael Burbage	Ita Prior
Thomas G. Farrelly	May Heaney
Thomas Joseph Harkin	May Ellis
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	Kathleen Conboy
Seßn McKeon	Lizzie Conboy
Michael Jo. Heaney	Florrie Walshe
Thomas McLoughlin	Maureen(Maura) Duffy
	Veronica Prior

**1926**

Patrick Conboy	Colette Duffy
Seßn Gallagher	Mary Bohan
Kevin Leddy	Maggie J. McKeon
Patrick Harkin	Kathleen Heaney
Michael Gilmore	

**1927**

Philip Creamer	Loretto McPartlen
Laurence Dolan	Rose Mary Muldoon
Thomas Geheran	Rita Muldoon
	Marian Walshe
	Mary McGee
	Gretta McGee
	Annie Dolan
	Gennie Geheran

**1928**

Thomas A. Prior	Mary O'Reilly
Peter Creamer	Mary E. Geheran
Pearse Leddy	Anna Chris O'Reilly
John Heaney	Eileen Gallagher
Anthony A. Walshe	Philomena Cowell
James Duffy	Josephine Muldoon
Ed. Joe Tallon	Kathleen Tallon
Eugene O'Reilly	Lizzie Tallon
	Teresa Tallon
	Tessie Carrigan

**1929**

Patrick McLoughlin	Agnes Rita Beck
Peter McLoughlin	Maureen Courtney
Hugh McLoughlin	
Frank McLoughlin	
James Ellis	

**1930**

Patrick Fanning	Elizabeth Tallon
Michael Costello	Alice E. Gallagher
Patrick Fox	Bridget Costello
Vincent Walshe	Bridget Mullins
William Dolan	Ita Muldoon
Thomas J. Harkin	Mary McLoughlin
John Conboy	Mary E. Fox
Bernard Conboy	Eliz Conboy
James Fox	Sabina Conboy
Michael J. Fox	
Joseph Costello	

**1931**

Joseph Beirne	Kathleen Maguire
Willie O'Boy	Mary Wrynn
Richard Ellis	Lizzie McCartin
	Bridget Maguire
	Mary J. McGovern
	Mary Beck

**1932**

Michael Wrynn	Eileen Beirne
Patrick Maguire	Bridget Fanning
Gerard Walshe	Bridget McLoughlin
John Kavanagh	Kathleen Duffy
Peter J. Conboy	Teresa McHugh
Bernard Conway	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  
Se  n Meehan

Rosaleen Wrynn  
Maura Carrigan

Peter Heaney  
Se  n Heaney  
Eamon Wrynn

**1960**

Maura Leddy

**1951**

Seamus Kilkenny  
Edward Wrynn  
Seamus Wrynn

Kathleen Muldoon  
Eilish Roddy  
Mary Gilhooly  
Philomena McManus  
Margaret Gretta Beirne

Richard Ellis

Maureen Doherty

**1962**

Brendan McLoughlin  
Gerard McLoughlin

Maura Leddy  
Kathleen Leddy  
Carmel Wrynn

**1952**

Sean McKiernan  
Tony Carrigan  
Michael Mahon

Anna Carrigan  
Helen McKeon  
Madge Kavanagh

Caillin Ellis

Mary McKeon  
Bernadette Wrynn  
Maureen Fitzpatrick

**1953**

Seamus McKiernan  
Sean Gilhooly  
Michael Lee

Bernadette Wrynn  
Kathleen McManus

Eugene McHugh  
Gabriel McLoughlin

Brid McLoughlin  
Marie Rowley  
Marie Bohan  
Eileen McKeon

**1954**

Se  n Kavanagh

Eleanor Wrynn  
Mary McKeon  
Mairead Wrynn  
Kathleen Gilhooly  
Sile Gallagher

**1965**

Sean Leddy  
Seamus Fitzpatrick  
Gerard McHugh

Rosemary Ellis  
Bridget McLoughlin  
Geraldine Wrynn

**1955**

Se  n Mahon  
Pat Joe Wrynn  
Brian Wrynn  
Se  n McKeon  
Se  n Beirne

Eilish McManus  
Eilish Kilkenny  
Noeleen Ellis  
Monica Fox  
Margie Wrynn  
Nuala Costello  
M  ire 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

*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
Cornafotra	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
Corrabort	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?(%)

