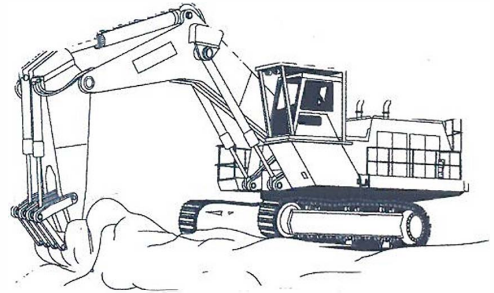
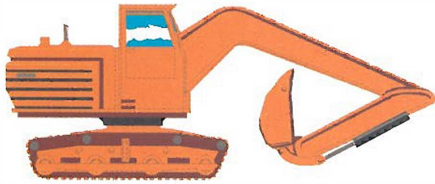


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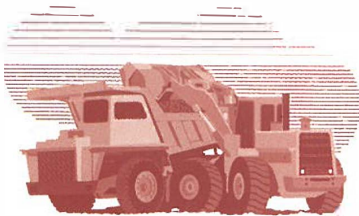
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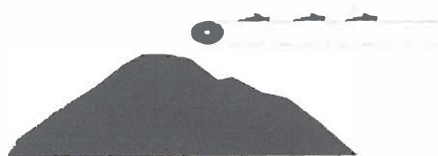
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CONTENTS...CONTENTS...CONTENTS...CONTENTS

Editorial	3
Killyon Apostolic Workers 2003	5-7
The Class Trip of a Lifetime by Sarah Abbott	9
Come on Killyon by Tony Wallace	11-15
A day on the Bog, Waiting for Soup	15
Vegetarian by Speed Cook	17-19
The Venerable Matt Talbot, Killyon Schools Sporting Teams	19
Nostalgia by Nancy Taylor	21
Blessing of Graves - Castlerickard 2002, Senior Citizens Party	23
Killyon - Births, Deaths and Marriages, Letter from Australia	25
Killyon ICA by Phyllis Doyle, Community Games and South Meath Pioneer Winners	27
Dargans of Longwood Golf Society, Who-Where-When ?	29
St Finian's NS Holy Communion	31
Wedding Bells	32-33
Donore Castle, County Meath	33
Map of the Chattle Property, Party Time, Longwood Street	35
Killyon Underage GAA	37
What would life be like without the sun?, War and Peace by Nancy Taylor	38
Fergal Giles, Deaths - Longwood	39
First Holy Communion, Killyon/Kildalkey Minor Hurling team	41
The Scenic route to Longwood, A bit of rough diamond	43
LARC - Longwood Active Retirement Club by Dymphna Lowe	45
Castlerickard Sign-Post and Sun-Dial, Fun in Stoney's	47
Longwood ICA by Mary Murphy, In our difficulties we are never alone, Killyon ICA	49
Longwood Golfing Society had another very successful year	51
Longwood Badminton Club	53-55
Killyon NS Retirements, Happy Debs, Cary Grant, I said a prayer for you today and When	57
Winning Streak, Killyon Community Games 2003	63
Holy Wells by MJ McGearry	65-67
Golden Jubilee Celebration at Lady Well, Killyon 2003	69
A death in the family	71
Killyon - Births, Death and Marriages 2001-2003	73
Dargans' Middle Place Fantasy Football, 2003, 'Longwood' by Oliver Slevin, Write a Book Project, Killyon Schools Hurling	75
Picking the team by Michael Leonard	77-79
By the Way by Tony Wallace	79
Watcher on the Hill by MF Bird	81-83
A Gun Battle in the village by JP Farrell, The Changing Face of Longwood	85
The Boyne Rovers by Jimmy Farrell, Longwood PTAA by Jean Regan, All in the Family, A Blast from the Past	87
Fond Memories of Charlie Leonard and Mick 'The Belt' Rafferty by Tony Leonard	89-93
Humorous Howlers Pre 1965 by Tony Leonard	95
Royal Canal Adventures by Frances Khouni & Peter Holland	97-99
Mrs Mary Dixon, Derrinling, Longwood	99
A tour of the trenches by Joe Donohoe	101-103
Dad by J Hopkins, Nicholas & Joe, No Hanky Panky	103
Interior Harmony	105-107
Longwood GAA Club - Architects Account	107
Faillte go Chruinniu Cinn Bhliana Cumann Peile & Ioman Maigh Dearmhai 2002	109-111
Killyon Camogie Club by Mary Burke	111-113
Wintergreen and Incense - A Longwood Altar boy remembers by Tony Leonard	115-117
Angling Times by Cyril Regan, Longwood Gun Club	118
Notes	119-120

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EDITORIAL

Congratulations to both Longwood and Killyon G A A clubs on the successful completion of major development work on their grounds.

The playing facilities of both clubs are excellent and among the best in the county.

Longwood's clubhouse and centre is a wonderful addition to the social scene of the area. This massive achievement is a credit to all involved.

Longwood village in keeping with the rest of the county continues to benefit from the housing boom. Hundreds of new residents have arrived to enjoy and avail of the benefits of rural life in close proximity to Dublin. All our new neighbours are heartily welcomed and we look forward to receiving contributions from them for our magazine in future issues. We wish also to compliment our P.P. Very Rev. Fr Kearney and his willing helpers for the manner in which the cemeteries in the parish were presented for Cemetery Day August 15. The huge crowds attending certainly appreciated the attention given to the resting places of departed family and friends.

Since our last publication some members of our community have gone to their eternal reward. The committee of this magazine extends sincere sympathy to all our readers who suffered bereavements. Finally, we again thank those without whose help we would not have a magazine. Those who advertise, contribute articles and photos along with all who encourage, are the ones who ensure publication.

Michael Leonard, Joint Editor

Fergal Giles, Joint Editor

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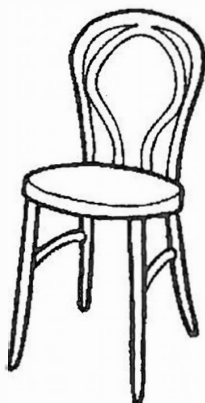
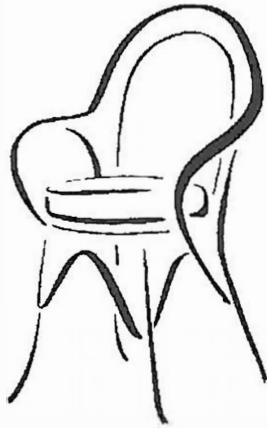


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KILLYON APOSTOLIC WORKERS 2003



THE CLONAN FAMILY - Sr. Mary, Sr. Dympna, Fr. Tom and Sr. Philomena



Sister Mary Finian-Campbell, Blackshade, Sacramento, USA. Taught in parochial school for 40 years.

The people of Ireland have made an enormous contribution to the spread of the Christian faith in the twentieth Century.

That means you and your neighbour and the people down the road because every one of us has made some contribution, whether big or small, to help the work of the missions.

Therefore it was only right to celebrate in some way the achievement of the past hundred years. We called it Mission Alive.

Each parish set out to make a record of all the priests, nuns and lay people who had gone abroad to spread the faith to every corner of the world. The ladies of Killyon and Longwood put on a display showing how this small area had sent out our sons and daughters to so many faraway places.

The people of the parish responded to our appeal and we collected information and photographs, which made up a very interesting history of our locality.

We were asked by the organisers to restrict our input to use facts about people who went abroad. But we thought it only fair to include priests and nuns who work here in Ireland. They too have given their life's work to God.

We owe a great big thank you to Edel Roe, our I.C.A. president, who worked miracles on her computer and produced beautiful pages of facts, very well set out and decorated.

Finally the work was completed and put up in Killyon Church on September 30, 2001.

It remained there for several weeks and later was taken to Longwood church.

The information we collected has provided a great interest and we hope that by putting these photographs in our magazine we will have a lasting memento of our local history.



LEFT - Sister Nolasco Farrell, Longwood - Queensland, Australia.



The Apostolic class celebrating the homecoming of Fr. Joe and Fr. Kevin. Mrs Betty Keoghan, Mrs Patricia Flanagan, Father Joe Murray and Father Kevin Keegan.



Father Peter Ward worked as a missionary priest in Japan for 16 yrs. Seen here between his father Pat and sister Teresa Tobin, seated at table with our own much loved Fr. Clavin.

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Sr. Mairéad Halton.



Sister Helena Farrell, Longwood.



Sr. Chris Gilsenan, Bishop Michael Smith, Sr. Kathleen Hannon and Michael Ward.



Sister M. Gertrude Kiernan Inan, Hill of Down - Roehampton, London. Teaching and Nursing.



Miriam Ward, Killyon, nursing in Monze, Zambia with her friends.



Sister Bridget Cunningham, Killyon. Superior of the Columban Sisters Community in Boston, '52. Appointed regional Superior in '58.



Sisters - Sr. Margaret Kiernan (parish work in Derry), Sr. Philomena Kiernan (Dongeal and Derry) and Sr. Kathleen Kiernan (teaching and parish work in Belfast)



Sr. Miriam of the Holy Spirit.



Fr. Thomas Lynam, son of Margaret Peppard of Croboy, worked all his life in Taree, Sydney - pictured with his sister.



The last three Sisters of Mercy who lived in Halifax Convent before it was closed down - Back (l-r): Sr. Paula, Sr. Rosari. Front (l-r): Fr. Publius Cassar O.F.M. P.P. and Sr. Martina - Superior.



Fr. Gerry Darby, order of the Camillians, grandson of Maria Darby, Croboy.



Fr. Joe Murray's (Nigerai & Kenya) Golden Jubilee in Killyon Hall with Sr. Chrissie Gilsenan, (now working in Florida).



Sr. Mary, Sr. Dympna, a Benedictine priest friend from Glenstall Abbey, Sr. Philomena on the occasion of Sr. Dympna's Golden Jubilee.



Fr. Michael Flanagan, parish priest in the Melbourne Diocese.

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THE CLASS TRIP OF A LIFETIME BY SARAH ABBOTT



Class Trip.

We had been looking forward to our class trip to Florence all year. Then along came the war in Iraq and S.A.R.S. I'll never forget the night that my Mam came home from a parents meeting and told me that our penpal's weren't coming. Everyone in the class was so disappointed and to make matters worse there was a possibility that we mightn't be going to Florence either. Mr. Ennis and Mam said that they were willing to travel if enough pupils were allowed. We had a very worrying few days. Eventually ten pupils were allowed to go and the trip was back on course again.

On Wednesday May 28, we set off from the school at One O'clock. We were so excited we could hardly sleep the night before. Six boys - David Coloe, Ross Ennis, Eoghan Farrell, Andrew Maguire, Colm Keenan and Damien Lodge and four girls - Jamie Dixon, Raina Dixon, Ailbhe Eakins and myself were the lucky ones. We travelled from Dublin Airport to Florence with a stop-off at Frankfurt with Lufthansa Airlines. We were very lucky, we had no delays. Our penpals and their families were there to meet us. The first person we noticed was a spiky haired boy named Vincenzo shouting 'Ross, Ross' through the glass door. We were a little nervous and a little tired that first night. Our host families couldn't have been kinder. They made us feel at home straight away.

On Thursday we all met up at the school in Scandicci. We headed to the town hall where we were welcomed by the mayor. Then we were treated to a drink in the nearby restaurant. Afterwards we all caught the bus into Florence. We went to see the Santa Maria del Fiore cathedral. Mr. Ennis, Mam and Francesca climbed over four hundred steps to the top of the dome. Mam said the view was beautiful but the climb was hard. We returned to the school for lunch. In the afternoon we went to a park and the Irish boys played the Italian boys in a game of soccer. The weather was beautiful but we weren't used to the heat. After school some of us went bowling. That night we visited the Piazza del a Michaelangelo. The city looked gorgeous when it was all lit up.

Next morning we were up again at seven o'clock. We met at the school again and headed into Florence for a longer tour. This time we visited the Uffizi art gallery. Our guide showed us paintings by Botticelli, Leonardo di Vinci and Michaelangelo. It was hard to believe we were seeing the real thing. When we came out of the gallery it started to rain. When it stopped we went shopping for souvenirs at a street market. We went to a McDonalds for lunch. We spent the evening with our penpals. That night all the Italians and the Irish met up for dinner at a Pizzeria. We had great craic.

On Saturday we went to Pisa and saw the famous leaning tower. Afterwards we headed to the beach. We had a brilliant time. We went to bed early that night, as we had to be up at five o'clock the next morning for our flight home to Ireland. All our new Italian friends came to see us off. We were very sad and so were they when it came to say goodbye. They had promised us a trip we would never forget and they certainly kept their word.

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FEES WILL BE DISCUSSED BEFORE WE ACCEPT AN ASSIGNMENT

COME ON KILLYON BY TONY WALLACE

Tony Wallace traces the story of Killyon hurling with Kit Mitchell

I have with me, in chronological order, a list of the years of Killyon's considerable hurling success at junior, intermediate and senior level through the decades. Kit Mitchell, my interviewee, expands on each date with great relish and enthusiasm. The words flow. No pregnant pauses here. The man is a mine of information. A stalwart seems a suitable description. Determined loyal and uncompromising. No perhaps or maybe. There are many teams but there is only one Killyon. Come on Kit. Lets get stuck in.

Tony:

The Meath Chronicle October 20 1918 states 'On Sunday next, three important games are down for decision at Trim. The second match Killyon and Athboy promises to be one of the most interesting games of this year's senior hurling league, as the winners are sure to play a prominent part in the final'. Killyon won a junior title in 1917. So presumably that was the nucleus of the side that captured the senior award in 1918.

Kit:

We always thought they won it in 1919. They must have played the 1918 final that year. I knew some of the people on that team and heard of the others. There were the Kelly's, Larry Halpin, Paddy Dixon, Paddy Coakley, Joe and Bill Cunningham, Kit McEvoy. Stephen Kelly was president of the club before he died. Jim Quinn and my uncle Larry Halpin were always talking to me about hurling. Killyon is an old club. Ten years after the GAA was founded there was a team here.

Tony:

According to my records the next title for the club was the junior championship in 1938. Can you tell us something about that side?

Kit:

That was a batch of players I would have known. There were three Keogan's on it. Felim Brady, our club president, was on that team. The Dowling's, Father Tom, Pat and Simon. There were members of the Ayers family in the squad. Dixon's and Joe Quirke. A lot of those played in the 1944 Junior Championship winning team also. It was Felim Brady from the side who proposed me as chairman of the club in 1966.

Tony:

You were comparatively young for that position at that time.

Kit:

I took it on anyway and remained chairman until 1986! I was playing with the juniors at the time. There was also an intermediate team. We won the county title in 1968. My brother in law Paddy Kiely was in goals. Christy Raleigh played. Sadly, both are now deceased. Three of my own brothers were on it. Three Kearney's, Christy Gilsenan, a great hurler, Noel Gannon, Jim Darby, Jim Duignan, Peter Duignan and Dick Gilsenan.

We played Rathmolyon on a wet day. Tom Fitzsimons captained the team and did so again in 1976.

Tony:

1968 must have been a breakthrough for the club. From this achievement greater days were to follow. After all you filled a gap which had lasted for 24 years. Was there a sense that the club could achieve more?

Kit:

It was the start of a good run alright. My first medal! I won again in 76, 81, 91 and 1984, intermediate. It gave the club a lift. In fact we honoured that team ('68) at a special function this year. In 1969 we were beaten in the intermediate final by Kilskyre. In 1970 we were beaten by one point, after a replay, by Navan O'Mahony's. So we were in hard luck those two years. We had a good team but we were very disappointed. About six of the lads on



the '68 side were on the Killyon team that won Junior again in 1976.

Tony:

Your club won the intermediate championship in 1977. Killyon is coming into its golden era.

Kit:

We went on to great things. A lot of the lads that went on to win Senior were involved. Donaghmore defeated us in 1976. We were in two county finals that year. In 1978 we were gone up senior. We got to the semi-finals and Kilmessan beat us. We were coming strong as a team. This is the first time we were senior in sixty years.

Tony:

I have here an excerpt from the Meath Chronicle, 1979, from which I quote. The heading is 'hat-trick by Mitchell as Killyon reach Final'. The piece continues 'the goal scoring prowess of Killyon full-forward Jimmy Mitchell was the deciding factor in this keenly contested and quite entertaining senior hurling championship semi-final at Trim on Sunday last. Mitchell put his name on three of the winner's half dozen goals but importantly he scored two of them at a stage when the issue was very delicately balanced. With only six minutes remaining Killyon were hanging on to a slender 4-7 to 4-6 advantage. Then Ambrose Connolly sent in a tremendous centre from nearly 65 meters and with Kiltale goalkeeper Tommy Bannon only knocking out the ball, the full forward hammered to the net. Then, just two minutes later a Martin Dempsey shot for a point rebounded off the top of an upright and Mitchell was on hand to complete his hat-trick.

The chronicle had got their pre-match analysis correct when Killyon faced Athboy. They stated 'Killyon are a team which have been coming for the past few seasons and if the Dempsey's the Connolly's, Seanie Ryan and Eamon Stenson can sustain their best for the full hour then Killyon should go through to the semi-finals'.

Which they duly did of course and onwards and upwards to the county senior hurling final bidding to bridge a gap of 61 years.

I reproduced here the pen pictures of the Killyon senior panel of 1979, courtesy of the Meath Chronicle. Kit takes us through the list adding colourful asides as we progress.

Kit:

Vincent in the goals. His brother corner back, Billy Dixon full back, Paul Doyle, now living in Trim, Oliver Carney, played in the 68 junior team and Jimmy Duignan likewise. The late Patsy Molloy, God be good to him. Noel Lacey came to live in the parish from Leixlip, Secretary of our club at the moment. Sean Ryan is coach of our senior team now. A brilliant hurler, I admired Martin Dempsey's style. He went on to win more senior titles with Trim. Lar Tyrell, a great club man. Chairman of our under-age section

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presently. Then Big Ambrose Connolly. The Butcher, his father won a senior medal with Longwood in 1936. Tom Massey, like Martin Dempsey, went on to win many more titles both with Killyon and subsequently with Trim. He came back and won a junior medal with us a couple of years ago. His son Leighton plays on the senior team now. Jimmy Connolly, a great hurler and clubman. Presently a selector, Jimmy, my brother, was full forward. He played full back on the junior 1968 team. He played right up to 1985. Navan O'Mahonys defeated us in the final that year. We lost by one point and objected because we felt they had an illegal team. The County Board turned down our objection. Nobody in the club was too happy with that decision. In fairness they had a brilliant



team but we contended that one of their players wasn't entitled to play. Eamon Stenson played at corner forward for us at under-age level- he won a lot with us. They were a fair good team. The interest and turn-out for training was brilliant. I remember the build-up to the final. I looked after the training along with the selectors.

Tony:

When you won the final you were bridging a gap which spanned 60 years. Old men must have been crying.

Kit:

Two or three of the 1918 team were still alive. Jim Quinn, Larry Halpin and Stephen Kelly. I think Kit Mac was still alive then also.

Tony:

Now that you won in 1979, I'm sure you were going all out to retain the trophy in 1980.

Kit:

We had another great run. A wonderful team. There was great solidarity among them as most would have played for Killyon from under age all the way up.

Tony:

I see from the 1979 panel that a couple were 35 years, two more were 32. Did they continue to play?

Kit:

They played right on up to 1984/5. It was largely the same side. There may have been one or two changes. We played Kildalkey in the final. Some of the detail escapes me, but we got there and we won it! You must remember there were thousands of games in my time. Juvenile, minor, junior, intermediate, senior. A lot of games.

Tony:

Now in 1981 Killyon recorded a historic three-in-a-row senior title. You played Athboy in the final. People must be talking quite a deal about your hurlers now.

Kit:

I think we only won that game by one point. That was a woeful years hurling. There were a lot of draws. Our third in a row. Unbelievable! Our team was still hurling well the following years. Kiltale beat us in the semi-final in 1982 and went on to win two senior titles in successive year. We were thrown out in 1983!

Tony:

There must be a story here. Tell us how that came about.

Kit:

Longwood and Killyon played down in Athboy. The score at the time was 19 points to 1 in favour of Killyon. There were only a few minutes remaining when a bit of a tussle broke out. A couple of players were involved. It wasn't a bad melee but the game was called off, unfinished. Both teams were thrown out. It was a shame because we had a real good team. I saw ten times worse in games that were never called off! We fought the decision to Leinster Council level. Another one that went against us.

Tony:

In spite of this, the team is back with gusto in 1984. According to my records Killyon also win the intermediate Championship in the same year. And you can toss in the under 21 title for good measure!

Kit:

It was a good way to celebrate Centenary Year.

Tony:

Three squads from your club to win titles in the one year, reflects the strength in depth of Killyon hurling at the time.

Kit:

A huge year. There was talk of nothing else in the parish but hurling. A second religion. We put out a team in every grade. The County Board awarded us Club of the Year. It was a great honour for me to accept the award on behalf of the club.

Tony:

1985 comes and I expect a lot people had you earmarked as potential champions.

Kit:

We did make it to the final of course against Navan O'Mahonys.

Tony:

Yes. We have already discussed how that fixture had an unsavoury conclusion for you.

Kit:

Some of the lads retired after that. The club couldn't maintain the same level of success. Trim won three in a row 1987, 88 and 89.

Tony:

Ye are back in the limelight again in 1991 with a senior and a junior title.

Kit:

I trained both of those teams and was a member of the junior team.

Tony:

You were chairman as well again so you were quite a busy man.

Kit:

Well the juniors beat Donaghmore. I only came on with about ten minutes to go. It was probably the best year of my life. I was lucky enough to score the winning goal!

Tony:

Now it was the seniors turn. I presume some of the players from 1979 were still on the '91 team.

Kit:

Yes, a lot of them would have won medals on all four senior winning teams. For instance, Billy Dixon was full back in 1979 and 12 years later he was still our full back. Tom Massey and Martin Dempsey were playing against us for Trim. We beat them in a replay at Pairc Tailteann. We had three sons of Jimmy Duignan on that successful team. Our next success was the Junior

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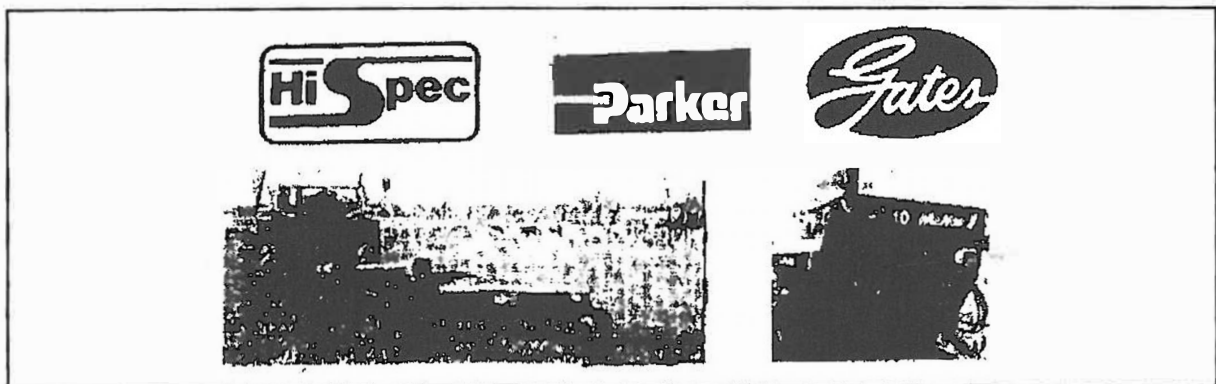
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Championship in 1997. We were going fairly close with the seniors. Rathmolyon who won in '96 beat us in the semi-final by a point. We ran Kilmessan close the following year. 2001 we won another junior title.

Tony:

Which brings us from 1917 right up to date. (July '03) What is the current state of play for your Senior Hurlers?

Kit:

Well. Last year, 2002, everyone said Dunboyne was the team to beat. Everyone was hoping to avoid them when the teams were drawn. People were giggling when they saw us paired against them. We went out and beat them by 2 points! It was possibly the game of the last ten years. We proved the critics wrong. We drew with Kilmessan in the semi-final. They came from behind and equalised in injury time. They won the replay. Things went wrong for us. Kilmessan then went on to defeat Dunboyne in the final. I felt we had a very good team and with a bit of luck we could have won the championship. This year, believe it or not, we played Dunboyne in the first round again. We let a good lead slip and were beaten by 2 points. Next we played Longwood who beat us by seven points. I'll give Longwood credit. They hurled well on the night. We beat Dunderry, a strong dogged team, by nine points. Then we beat Kildalkey. Now we have four points out of a possible eight. All is not lost.



Next Kit goes into higher mathematics and discusses all the per-



mutations and combinations still left in the competition at the time of writing, July 8, 2003. Suffice it to say, if there is a glimmer of hope, Killyon will be in there competing. Throwing in the towel would be anathema to this man. He remains optimistic about the club's future. Kit emphasises at various stages in the interview that Killyon's success over the years has been very much a team effort and that no one person is bigger than the club. Hence his reluctance to name the greatest players to represent Killyon. No prima donnas. One for all and all for one. Perhaps this solidarity is the key to their success, he takes great satisfaction in the ongoing development of pitch and club facilities. The parishioners, Tom Leniham of Ballivor, Moran's of the Hill of Down are acknowledged for their continued generous support. The under-age structure continues to groom players for the future. Lar Tyrrell plays no small part in this department. Kit says the club / parish is outstanding for the number of people prepared to help out on a voluntary basis. He cites the recent hosting of a team from Ulster (Feile na nGael competition) as an example of this. True hospitality. However, do not expect this generosity to carry through on to the pitch. No soft touches here. Killyon will fight tooth and nail for every ball. Kit will be urging them. Pull. Cover the loose man, get stuck in, lads.

COME ON, KILLYON!

A DAY ON THE BOG



**LEFT - The Bog (Blackshade)
August, 2002.**

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VEGETARIAN BY SPEED COOK

sVEGETABLE CURRY

Ingredients

1 dessertspoon vegetable oil
1 chopped onion
2 apples, cored and peeled
2 dessertspoons curry powder
1 dessertspoon flour
Salt and pepper
575ml stock
900g mixed vegetables of your choice
1 dessertspoon coconut
50g sultanas
1 teaspoon brown sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tin peas or beans
1 dessertspoon chutney (optional)

Prepare the mixture of vegetables - wash and chop them and place in a saucepan. Add the apple, lentils, lemon juice, coconut, sultanas, brown sugar and chutney. Add 425ml stock and boil for 20 minutes. Heat the oil and fry the onion until soft. Stir in the curry powder, flour and remainder of the stock. Bring to the boil. Add this to the mixed vegetables and season. Simmer for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat and cook slowly for another 20 minutes.

VEGETABLE LASAGNE

Ingredients

1 large onion, sliced
1 green pepper, sliced
1 yellow pepper, sliced
10 mushrooms, sliced
3 carrots, finely chopped,
1 can kidney beans
1 can tomatoes
2 dessertspoons tomato sauce
225g lasagne
Grated cheddar cheese
Salt and pepper
275ml vegetable stock
275 white sauce
Mixed herbs

Preheat the oven to 200c / 400f / gas 6
Fry the onion, peppers, mushrooms and carrots for 5 minutes
Add the tomato sauce, kidney beans, tomatoes and vegetable stock. Season with salt and pepper.
Layer the sheets of lasagne and vegetables in a casserole dish, starting with a layer of vegetables and finishing with a layer of lasagne. Make a white sauce and pour on top. Sprinkle with mixed herbs and grated cheddar cheese
Bake in the preheated oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

MUSHROOM BAKE

Ingredients

16 mushrooms, sliced
225g breadcrumbs
180g cheese grated
1 red and 1 green pepper chopped
2 onions chopped
a little cooking oil
50g grated cheese and 50g breadcrumbs for topping.

Preheat the oven to 180c / 350f / gas 4
Heat the oil in the frying pan
Add the onion and peppers and cook for 5 minutes. Keep covered during cooking.
Add mushrooms. Cook for another 5 minutes with lid on
Add 180g of breadcrumbs and 110g cheese. Mix well together and place in casserole dish
Top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together.
Bake in a pre-heated oven for 20 minutes.

STIR-FRY VEGETABLES

Ingredients

1 Green Pepper
1 Yellow Pepper
10 mushrooms
1 onion
1 dessertspoon oil
150ml stock
Salt and pepper
3 carrots
Peas/beans

Peel and slice the carrots
Slice the peppers, onion and mushrooms thinly
Heat the oil in a frying pan. Add the mixed vegetables and stir well.
Add the stock. Keep stirring.
Cover the vegetables and cook gently for 10 to 15 minutes until the vegetables are tender but still crisp. Add the peas/beans and cook for a further 5 minutes.
Serve with boiled rice, pasta or potato.

CHEESE ONION AND POTATO PIE

Ingredients

8 large potatoes
1 onion grated
100g grated cheese
Salt and pepper

Preheat the oven to 200c/400f/ gas6
Boil the potatoes, strain and mash,
Add onion, grated cheese, salt and pepper to the potatoes.

Place in a casserole dish.
Put under the grill for a few minutes to form a crust on the potato, or bake in a pre-heated oven for 20 minutes.

VEGGIE BURGER

Ingredients

1 Onion, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed
5 mushrooms chopped
1 carrot finely chopped
2 dessertspoons chopped parsley
5 potatoes, cooked and mashed
Salt and pepper
Wholemeal breadcrumbs
1 dessertspoon of vegetable oil

Heat the vegetable oil, add the onion and fry until softened
Add mushrooms, carrot and garlic and fry for 5 minutes
Strain off any liquid
Add vegetables and parsley to the mashed potato
Season with salt and pepper
Divide mixture into 8 portions and shape into rounds
Coat with breadcrumbs. Grill or fry for two minutes on both sides until golden

VEGETARIAN CASSEROLE

Ingredients

900g vegetables of your choice including potatoes
Salt and pepper
575ml vegetable stock

Preheat the oven to 190c/375f/gas 5
Slice potatoes and put a layer in the bottom of the casserole dish.
Layer vegetables over the potatoes
Repeat layering until the dish is full.
Season between the layers.
Finish with a layer of potatoes
Add vegetable stock
Cover and cook in the preheated oven for 1.5 hours

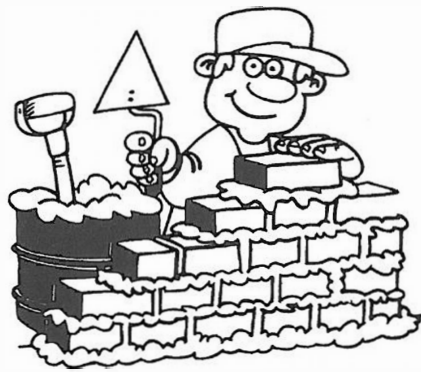
VEGETABLE PASTA BAKE

Ingredients

1 dessertspoon vegetable oil
1 onion chopped
1 green pepper sliced
8 mushrooms sliced
1 tin tomato
2 dessertspoons tomato sauce
1 clove of garlic
Mixed herbs
Pepper
200g pasta

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VEGETARIAN BY SPEED COOK

575ml cheese sauce
3 dessertspoons wholemeal breadcrumbs

Preheat the oven to 200c/400f/ gas 6
Heat the oil, fry the onion, pepper, mushrooms and crushed garlic for 5 minutes.
Add the tomatoes, tomato sauce, mixed herbs and a little pepper
Bring to the boil, reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes

Cook the pasta in boiling water for 15 minutes until it is soft.

Drain the pasta and add to the vegetable mix

Stir and cook gently for 2-3 minutes

Put the pasta and vegetable mix into a casserole dish and cover with a thick cheese sauce.

Sprinkle with grated cheese and breadcrumbs

Bake in the preheated oven for 10-15 minutes

VEGETABLE RISOTTO

Ingredients

280g Rice
275ml Stock
Cooking oil
225 bag of frozen peas

6 mushrooms chopped
1 finely chopped onion
1 can of kidney beans
1 green pepper finely chopped
450g tin tomatoes

Rinse rice and cook in stock for 10 minutes
Heat the oil. Fry the chopped onion mushroom and pepper in the oil for 5 minutes
Add the frozen peas kidney beans and tomatoes to the fried vegetables and heat gently.

Stir in the rice and cook for 10 minutes until the liquid has been absorbed.

Serve with garlic bread and side salad.

THE VENERABLE MATT TALBOT, 1856 - 1925

The Venerable Matt Talbot died on June 7, 1925. He collapsed on his way to Mass in the Dominican Church, Granby Lane, Dublin on that Trinity Sunday morning. A little boy in the congregation, still happily with us in the sprightly person of Fr. Dominic Crilly, a Salvatorian priest in Sallynoggin, still remembers vividly that day seventy five years ago. Before Mass the priest asked for prayers for a 'poor man' who had just died in the street. Today, all over the world, we turn in our thousands to that same 'poor man', now, like Lazarus, no longer poor and a genuine candidate for canonization.

Matt was born in May 1856. Two other events, with a relation o his life, occurred later that same year. Fr. Theobald Matthew, the great Apostle of Temperance, exhausted from his Herculean labours, died in December. Pope Pius IX extended the Feast of the Sacred Heart to the Universal Church in August.

Fr. Matthews's great achievement was to popularize the notion of the 'pledge' against intoxicating drink. The simple idea has helped hundreds of thousands of people to escape from the tyranny of addiction and is still as relevant as ever. Few people have profited more from Fr. Matthews' concept that the baby born a few months before his death. In taking the pledge in 1884, Matt not only made a virtue of a necessity, he made it the first step in a journey to the heights of holiness.

Fr. Cullen, the Pioneer founder, was quick to see the apostolic possibilities of the extension world wide of the Feast of

the Sacred Heart. He saw devotion to the Sacred Heart as an antidote to the misery leading people to excessive drinking. In 1888 he founded the Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart to promote his ideas, especially on the need for reparation in Christian life. One of his favourite themes was the apostolic potential of consecrated sobriety.

This idea attracted Matt Talbot; by now well established in temperate habits and in 1891 he joined the Temperance League of the Sacred Heart, the forerunner of the Pioneer Association.

Archbishop Desmond Connell, Dublin reports that each time he visits Rome, Pope John Paul II asks him the same question, 'When are you going to Canonize Matt Talbot?' The Pope's message is quite clear. Canonization requires a miracle, a miracle is a response to prayer, and prayer is an expression of faith. It is now over to us.

For this reason the members of South Meath Pioneer Region organize a Novena of Prayer for the canonisation of Ven. Matt Talbot and through his intercession pray for recovery for those suffering from addiction.

The Novena is held in Boardsmill Church commencing with Mass at 8 p.m. on nine consecutive Fridays from September to November.

May God grant that one day Ven. Matt Talbot, the humble Dublin labourer, will become the Patron Saint of addicts' worldwide.

KILLYON SCHOOLS SPORTING TEAMS



St Finian's NS, Div 6 Cumann na mBunscoil Final which they lost to Meath Hill at Pairc Tailteann, Navan. Back (l-r): Jonathan Smyth, Luke Larrissey, Denise Fitzsimons, Patrick Massey, Jonathan Fitzsimons (capt.). Front - Ger Foley, Paul Sheridan, Conor Foley and Keith Keoghan.



Div 4 Winners, Cumann na mBunscoil, St Finians NS, Killyon. Front - Patrick Massey, Cormac Fitzsimons, Keith Keoghan. Back row - Jonathan Smyth, Denise Fitzsimons, Jonathan Fitzsimons, Luke Larrissey and Mrs J Burke (Principal).

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NOSTALGIA BY NANCY TAYLOR



Paul Snowden, 4 months.

after birth or had triplets. This was such a joy to us. He would be kept in a corner of the kitchen for heat. The wee pet lamb would suck a bottle dry in seconds and he grew up so fast. I



Josie Gill, RIP.

loved to ride on the bogey collecting the haycocks from the fields. The sun seemed to shine endlessly and the days stretched into beautiful oblivion. By summer end, the barns were full of hay to be used as fodder for the feeds in winter.

Food was all home-grown then and completely organic. We had potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbages, greens, onions, etc. If we needed anything for dinner, we never had to go to the shops to buy. Mother made her own butter, which was quite salty. We had a separator to literally separate the cream from the milk. The cream was then added to water in the Churn. Churning was taken in turns. This was done by turning a handle on the churn. Eventually, the cream solidified. Mam used clappers to take the cream out. Salt was added to it after numerous slappings around, it was shaped into slabs of delicious country butter. Sometimes we had so much; we sold the balance in the local shops.

All the fowl - hens, turkeys, ducks, - had a name, e.g. snow-white and Cinderella. They were nearly all pets. It was great fun collecting the eggs - sometimes the hens nested in hedges rather than in the hen-house, so we had to search for them. Then they were naughty and decided to roost in the trees around the farmyard. When the fox got into the hen house and made short work of lots of our bantams, we were devastated.

We had a lovely collie dog, called Rory. He was a wonderful dog and very intelligent. For instance, when my father told him to get the cows home, he went off through the fields and did just that. There were numerous cats all over the place all the time. I can still see about four or five cats following my mother on the bicycle on her way to Mass.

Suddenly, I felt cold and came back from my reverie. It was getting duskish and time to move on. Memories of my childhood! I will always treasure them.

A walk in the country this time of year can transport you right back to your roots. Recently, while taking the air with the dog in my home town, I stopped to listen to nature - lambs and sheep bleating to each other, nature awakening all round, birds calling to each other from tree to tree, sky wall to wall blue. Suddenly, I was a child again down on the farm. My childhood was idyllic - as I remember it! We were a big family by any standard - six children! We had the fields for playgrounds and all the farm animals for pets.

Lambing season is in the spring. Nearly every year, we had a pet lamb because the mother either died

remember one of our pet lambs - we called him Larry. He was quite a performer. If we ever had visitors, Larry used jump up in the air on all fours and then do a hop, hop, hop just to impress.

Summertime was the busy time - all hands on deck. The haymaking season was great fun. When the meadows were cut with the horse-drawn mower, the hay was scattered to dry. A few days later, everybody helped to gather up this hay and make it into a cock. The fields would be full of many of these

cocks of hay. There were few tractors then. We had a horse-drawn bogey for taking in the hay. Kids



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Sheila Dunne and Josie Gill.

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BLESSING OF GRAVES, CASTLERICKARD, 2002



Fr. Kearney P.P. at the Blessing of the Graves at Castlerickard Grave Yard, 2002. Included are - Kevin Murray, Deirdre Murray, Patricia Murray, Una Smith, Sr. Niall Farrell, Bridget Weir, Jimmy Weir, Mick Bird, Mary Murray, Christy Bradley, Pat Clarke and Mick Byrne.

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Nicholas Leonard with Joe and Maureen Rafferty.



Peter Breen with daughter Mary

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LIST OF BIRTHS, KILLYON, 2001

Stephen and Rose-Ann Clarke
Paul and June Flanagan
Paddy and Adrienne Brennan
Pierce and Stephanie Hevey
Laurence and Ann McDonnell
Michael and Jean Coleman
Jimmy and Miriam Connelly
Brendan and Georgina Foley

Baby Boy
Baby Girl
Baby Boy
Baby Boy
Baby Boy
Baby Boy
Baby Girl
Baby Girl

LIST OF MARRIAGES, KILLYON, 2001

Barry Tyrrell & Bernadette Corcoran
John Kilcoyne & Frances Hannon, Batterstown
Brian Hannon & Dolores Rafferty
Joe Ayres & Caroline Kellett
Mervyn Fallon & Joanne Smith
Stephen Fennessy & Tina Glynn
Sharon Coughlan & David Carr
Aine Joyce & Gary Corrigan
David Flanagan & Susan Sly

LIST OF DEATHS, KILLYON, 2001

Tom Keegan,
Margaret Roach, nee Leonard,
Rev. Joe Murray,
Paddy Quinn,
Michael Flynn,
Delia Cahill,
Sharon Fitzsimons,
Jack Douglas,

Clondalee,
Dublin, Blackshade
native Clondalee, Kiltegan
native Molenick, Ballivor
Hill of Down
Clondalee
Newtown
Killyon.

LIST OF DEATHS, KILLYON, 2002

Peter Leonard,
Ann Harte, nee Weir,
Sr. Finian McCabe,
Rev. Pat Carberry, P.P.
Margaret Fleming, formally Mrs. Denis Maye.

Blackshade
native Clondalee, Mullingar
native Ballinabarney
Longwood (retired)

LETTER BY TONY O'REILLY FROM AUSTRALIA

Dear President and Committee,

I would like to thank you for the enjoyment and nostalgia you bring to me each year as I receive a copy of the Longwood Killyon Magazine from my brother Frank O'Reilly, Clongiffen.

It is nice to hear about old friends and relatives in the Longwood Killyon area I really enjoy articles of the places of well known interest, and I think your latest issue was one of the best.

I went to Longwood National School from 1933 to 1944 and then on to C.B.S. Kilcock. I left my home in 1945 for Dublin where I spent about 8 years, and then on to England for 34 years and now have retired in Australia for the last 14 years and I am really enjoying them, as I am now unable to travel to Ireland, old age and ill health being the cause.

All that is left to say, is keep up the good work and May God Bless you all,

*I remain, ex pat, Tony O'Reilly
2/110 Barrabol Road,
Highton, Geelong,
Victoria 3216, Australia.*



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KILLYON ICA BY PHYLLIS DOYLE

Another year has passed and it is time again for the Annual report for our community magazine. It was another busy and exciting year for Killyon ICA members, established sixteen years ago. The guild meets on the second Monday of each month, with no meetings in January or August which are our holiday periods.

The present committee was formed at the Annual General Meeting which was held on 13 May 2002, in the local G.A.A. hall, when the following officers were elected. President: Edel Roe, Vice President: Breda Twomey, Hon. Secretary: Sheila Coughlan (Sheila is also Youth Officer), Hon. Treasurer: Muriel Russell, Assistant Treasurer: Phyllis Lacey, An Gréanán Rep.: Carmel Burke, P.R.O. Phyllis Doyle. Mary Thynne CDA attended to oversee the election of offices.

At each meeting we organise a guest speaker and demonstration.

On occasions when the topic is of particular importance to the community, we invite the General Public to come along and this is always greatly appreciated. In September the members returned after the summer break. A party was held which was enjoyed by all. Guest speakers to date are Rosalie



Christine Pollock, her sister Ann, Marjorie Gilsenan, Pauline O'Reilly outside the ICA cottage near Sligo, June 2002.



Three lovely Lassies - The Geraghty sisters, Marcella, Martina and Bernadette in Sligo, June 2002.

Fitzsimons - Meath Federation President, who gave a talk on ICA and answered all our questions, Fidelma Mahon, who gave a superb demonstration on the craft of Coady Design Jewellery and brought along some samples of their beautiful work which was admired by all the members. Peter and Frances from Boat Hire gave a talk on the Royal Canal and Local Tourism, Marie O'Callaghan 'Roots' hair salon, Kinnegad, gave a very interesting talk and demonstration on hair care. Afterwards, she donated Shampoo and Sprays for our Raffle, the lucky winners were Mrs. Mary Joyce, and



Marjorie as the Granny in Dolly's Cottage, Co. Sligo, June 2002.

Mrs. Frances Coughlan. Raffle and Competitions are held each month, the overall competition winner for the year was Carmel Burke.

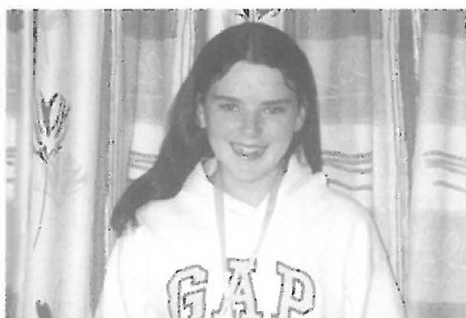
The major highlight each year for our guild is the summer outing which was a weekend in Sligo from 7th to 9th June 2002 and a very enjoyable time was had by all. On the 9th December the members enjoyed a lovely evening in Dublin at the June Rogers Show and a lovely meal in the Red Cow Inn. On the 24th February 2002 we gave a party for the Senior Citizens of the district and it was thoroughly enjoyed by our guests. I would like to extend our deepest sympathy to any one of our members who have suffered bereavements, members of their families, friends or relatives.

Arrangements are being made for a day trip to An Gréanán in October. New members are always assured of a Céad Míle Fáilte.



Edel Roe, Mrs. Donnelly and Mrs. McQuaid in Sligo with Killyon ICA, June, 2002.

COMMUNITY GAMES LONG-PUCK WINNER



Meath Community Games 2003 - Long Puck Winner - Denise Fitzsimons.

SOUTH MEATH PIONEER QUIZ WINNERS



St Finian's NS, Killyon, winners of the South Meath Pioneer Quiz, (l-r): Conor Foley, Jonathan Fitzsimons, Kelly-Anne Clarke, Denise Fitzsimons and Jennifer McCabe.

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DARGANS OF LONGWOOD GOLF SOCIETY

This was the second year of the Dargans entry in the All-Ireland golf society championship, sponsored by the Star. The competition consists of five four-ball pairings playing in a Stableford match play situation, with two points for a win and one for a half. The winners to go forward to the next round and eventually the last four go through to the national finals in Adare.

The Longwood team organised by Ray Dorran and assisted by Michael McDonnell were drawn away to the Beavers from Beaverstown golf club for the first round in 2002.

On a wet and wintry February afternoon we travelled away to Beaverstown and took on the locals in their own backyard. On an exposed links course that included a 150 yard par three that required a drive and then a full wedge, we went in as complete underdogs.

However, thanks to the heroics of Ger Abbott and Dan Dorran, Gerry Ennis and Denis Kelly, Frank Leonard and Martin Murtagh, Longwood came home with an outstanding victory. Making up the rest of the team that day were Ray Dorran and Barry Ennis, and Michael McDonnell and Ray Tully.

Our next round was a home draw to the The Gardai, which we played at County Meath Golf Club on Good Friday, which turned out to be a bad Friday for us. Getting off to a great start against the men based at Padraig Harringtons home club of Stackstown, we were soon four points up thanks once again to Gerry Ennis and Denis Kelly and Dan Dorran and Michael McDonnell.

However, with no lick going to Ray and Barry, and Gerry Abbott playing with Ray Tully, our hopes were with Frank and Martin in the last match on the course. Coming in with an incredible 47 points they could only manage a half, which meant that both teams finished with five points each. Under the rules both teams were to hand in the teams best individual card and in the case of a tie there was to be a count back. Unfortunately, Frank and Martins card was beaten on a count back over the last nine and we were out.

In 2003, we strengthened our team with the introduction of new blood in the hopes of a good run and our first round saw us away to Coffey's of Newbridge which was played at Castle Barna. With victories going to Martin Dempsey and Fergal Giles, Ray Dorran and Michael McDonnell and Frank Leonard and Murtagh and halves going to Gerry Ennis and Denis Kelly and Gerry Abbot and Martin Murray, we came home with a comfortable victory.

Once again we were drawn at home in the second round, this time against the Templers from Mount Temple in Westmeath. We knew we would be up against it as this team made it through to the last eight in 2002 and were beaten in the quarter-finals by the eventual winners.

Looking that part in our new jumpers, sponsored by Mickey Dargans, we got off to a great start with victories for John Cooney and Gerry Abbot and Ray Dorran and Michael McDonnell. However, with Gerry Ennis and Denis Kelly, Dan Dorran and Fergal Giles and Frank Leonard and Martin Murtagh all going down by the tightest of margins it was not to be our day.

At Present, we are practising hard for 2004 and looking forward to a good away draw.



Dargans of Longwood Golf Society - back (l-r): Martin Murtagh, Ray Dorran, M. McDonnell, Dan Dorran & Jonathan Cooney. Front (l-r): Frankie Leonard, Gerry Ennis, Denis Kelly, Fergal Giles and Gerry Abbott.

WHO, WHERE, WHEN?





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LONGWOOD / KILLYON MAGAZINE 2003

ST FINIAN'S NS HOLY COMMUNION 2003

RIGHT - First Holy Communion - St Finian's NS, Killyon, Saturday, May 10th, 2003. Left - right: Rev. P Kearney, Cathal Fitzsimons, Niamh Foley, Grace Coleman, Cara Foley, Caimin Burke and Ms. Caroline Sharry, teacher



Wedding Bells... Wedding Bells... Wedding



Natasha and Martin Ennis, Edgeworth Court, married August '03 in Spain.



Michelle Hayes and Michael Misscampbell, 29th June '02.



Colman Burke and Ciara Kynch, 5th October, 2003.



Dervla Regan, Killyon and Paul Weafer, married in England, October, 2003.



Gráinne McDonnell and Martin Murray, married in Longwood, October 2002.



Fiona Monaghan, Longwood and Martin Kelly, Dunderry, married in Kilbride Church, 20 July, 2002.



Elaine Lowe, Longwood and Andrew Walters, Birmingham, were married on May 4, 2001.



Declan Mullaly, Longwood and Katrina Watters were married in Ballinabrackey Church, May 31st, 2002.



Fintina Regan, Longwood and Paul OLooney, Trim. July 20, 2002.

Wedding Bells... Wedding Bells... Wedding



**Michael Giles and Chrissie Woodcock,
February 8, 2002.**



**Marina Giles and Rory O'Connor,
August 9, 2002.**



**Sharon Coughlan and David Carr, August 8,
2002.**



**Paul Victory and Jo-Anne Mitchell, August 2,
2002.**



**Dolores Grogan and Ivan Flynn, pictured with their
bridesmaids and Groomsmen, St. Michael's
Church, Rathmoylon, May 31.**



**Walter Kane and Michelle Ward,
Church of St. Columbanus,
December 28, 2003.**

DONORE CASTLE, COUNTY MEATH

Donore Castle lies close to the north bank of the River Boyne, strategically sited near a bridge on the Trim - Kinnegad road. A chapel and a friary belonging to the Dominicans are sited close to it on old maps. The likelihood, therefore, is that the castle was part of a small settlement that could have been under the protection of Trim, only half a dozen miles away.

In the year 1430, King Henry VI offered a grant of £10 to anyone who would build a castle or tower sufficiently embattled and fortified, and to specific dimensions, in order to fortify the Pale, a rather moveable border outlining the area of English domination surrounding the city of Dublin. The dimensions given were: a minimum of 20 feet in length, 16 feet in breadth and 40 feet in height.

The narrow windows could well belong to the mid-fifteenth century and support the notion of a tower built for defense, Leask's suggestion that Donore is one of the '£10 castles' deserves serious consideration.

The fact that the castle was roofed - probably with thatch in Cooper's day - suggests that it was lived in 200 years ago, but its inhabitants can't have enjoyed well-lit interiors, and the door does not look as if it were capable of keeping out draughts. However, is that not a long stack of turf piled up in front of it for the winter fires?

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MAP OF THE CHATTLE PROPERTY OF DUDLEY LOFTUS, ESQ. IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH

According to a Survey made thereof in the year 1803 by Chris Fritzell

In the center of Killyon Lawn stands the mansion house of that old and most respected family of Loftus which has imitable out offices, gardens, pike, perch, grape and greenhouse, with an ornamental shrubbery leading thereto. This demesne is well wooded and watered and plenty of good turf bog contiguous for firing. On the lawn stand many stately ornamental trees which add to its beauty very much. The land is a rich limestone ground fit for feeding a village. Situated in the neighbourhood of Trim, Clonard, and Kilcock and only 26 miles from Dublin which renders the situation truly desirable for any Gentleman of fortune:

Killyon Manor Demesne 1803

1	Mansion House, pleasure grounds, lawn	17	2	31
2	Pleasure ground and lawn beyond	5	0	6
3	out offices, stables, haggard, backyard	0	2	0
4	Flower and Kitchen garden, hold house and Green house l	1	21	
5	Shrubbery leading to	0	3	1
6	Lady Jane's Pleasure garden & Nursery	0	0	3
7	Plantation at back Gateway	0	0	3
8	Craft Ammonds	2	3	2
9	gatehouse clump & plantation	0	2	1
10	Eel Weir Island with Church Fields	1	1	1
11	Half River Deel to Bridge	0	3	10
12	Sallypark	3	1	3
13	Down land Fields	13	1	2
14	Island in River Deel	1	2	13
15	Woodman's Garden	0	0	30
16	Long Wood	1	3	18
17	Old Wood	10	2	13
18	Slane Oge Plank	4	2	14
19	Cow Park	2	2	8
20	Orleans Park	4	3	36
21	Avenue	0	1	5
22	Lawn Fairmore	6	2	10
23	Upper	6	2	2
24	Outpasture Field	15	3	3
25	Garden	4	1	0
26	House Garden Orchard	1	0	0
27	Lawn Meadow	7	2	3
Total		122	2	3

PARTY TIME



Party time (fancy dress) in the GAA Club.

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KILLYON UNDERAGE GAA



The U-14 Killyon Hurling Team that played in the Feile on 12-14 June.



Back - Lar Tyrrell, Martin Massey. Front (Two Downs trainers in striped jerseys) and Derek Murray, Tossie Fullam and Tommy Raleigh.



Ger Hannon, ready for action.



Back row (l-r): Tom Raleigh, Darren Conlon, Patrick Massey, Derek Doran, David Raleigh, Ger Hannon, Ray Massey, David Kennedy, John Smith, Martin Massey.
Front (l-r): Ciarán Massey, Francis Doran, Thomas Raleigh, Keith Keoghan, Denise Fitzsimons, Dean Ward and Martin Keegan.



Left to right: Lar Tyrrell, TG Reilly, Me? ...Brennan (Leinster Council), Kit Mitchell.

WHAT WOULD LIFE BE LIKE WITHOUT THE SUN?

What would life be like without the sun? Can you imagine what our lives would be like without it!

People of many cultures, including our own prior to St. Patrick's coming, worshipped the sun for fear it would one day disappear. However, with the revelation of our salvation history we know 'God alone will you adore'. We know for example that St. Patrick created the Celtic cross for us. It consists of the symbol of the sun with the cross; symbol of Christ's saving death for us on the Cross, symbol of our salvation. So St. Patrick converted us to worshipping the Son of God, our Saviour. St. Patrick had a deep respect for the Irish people and their culture and did not abolish their symbols he simply Christianized them.

Also we know that St. Patrick did not simply teach us true faith in God. St. Patrick himself spent many days and nights in prayer and fasting for us so that we would be converted to the true faith and have the Son of God, Christ Our Lord as the centre of our lives 'and that we would worship God alone'. He told us that our Lord himself, because he loved and cared about us so much, had become one of us and was deeply concerned and involved in our lives. That the Lord is part and parcel of how we are and what we do every day, and that he was crucified on the cross and rose from the dead to save us, that the cross was the symbol of our salvation.

St. Patrick himself tells us in his writings that in his youth he didn't know the true God, but in the woods and hills of Ireland, God began to speak to him in the depths of his heart, and created in him a new enthusiasm for life. When he returned to Ireland in later life he continued his prayer. He tells us he would pray even in times of snow, frost or rain and he would rise before dawn to do so... and he never felt the worse for it because he says he was full of enthusiasm for the faith of the Irish people.

St. Patrick had his own personal troubles too. He tells us about feeling a great rock fall on him as it were, and he could not stir a limb, he was in such a depression, sadness, heaviness. He tells us he called out and that the brilliance of that Son of God fell suddenly on him and lifted his depression at once. He says 'I believe that I was sustained by Christ my Lord, and that his Holy Spirit was even calling out on my behalf, and that this is how it will be in all my trouble'. That same help is there for us when we call to the Lord. As the Psalm says 'you answer my cry, you come to my help when I am in trouble. Take pity on me Lord and hear my prayer' and again in Psalm 90 'O Lord you have been our refuge from one generation to the next'. In St. Patrick's writings we can feel the heaviness of his temptations, his depression, and his sadness -like 'a great rock' and we also feel the great support and help brought about in him by his prayer and the presence of Christ our Lord in his life. That same support, strength, power is also available to us and working in our lives as it was in St. Patrick's, all we have to do is ask and receive it. God clearly revealed to St. Patrick his personal love for him, and also for the Irish people. And he prayed 'I praise and proclaim God's name in all places, not only when things go well but also in times of stress'.

St. Patrick experienced the same confusion, weakness, darkness and turmoil that we experience in ourselves... and yet also a marvellous trust in God and 'unending thanks' to him for his infinite goodness, kindness and mercy. This echoed the same spirit of faith in so many around us, to be able to keep our deep faith in God not only when things are going right, but also when things are going all wrong! And we pray that we will continue to be filled and to share with others this deep faith, courage, mercy and peace, which St. Patrick brought to us through his teaching, courage, prayer, fasting and example.



Anna Ali, my day of my first profession at Rome in September 1991.

WAR AND PEACE, BY NANCY TAYLOR

Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men, so sang the
Angels at Bethlehem,

Everyone rejoiced at the birth of a King, Peace,
how are ya, is there any such thing?

The tides are ebbing, then they are flowing, Is it
peace, is it war, do we know where we're going?

Israel and Palestine are fighting for land, Sharon
and Arafat should shake their hands.

Milosovic waged war 'twixt Serbs and Croats,
Years of horror at each others' throats.

Tutsis and Hutus in recent years, Murdered and
maimed, left any fears.

Now fields of blood in Zimbabwe thanks to
Dictator, the elected Mugabe,

Chechnia had no chance, they put the boot in,
when Russia the Great elected Putin.

How the big threat is Saddam Hussein, they must
be mad, but he is insane,

For thirty long years, we had war in the north,
religion or land, what is it worth?

USA on the eleventh of September, Osama Bin
Ladin, we will always remember,

Look what he's done to Afganistan, now the tide
of war is in Pakistan.

Somebody threw that first stone in the lake, set-
ting off ripples, now what does it take,

To turn the tide back before it's too late? God
alone knows what to be our fate.

FERGAL GILES

I was probably the first pupil in St. Michaels C.B.S. Trim, as it was then known - now Boyne Community School, to know that a new teacher of English, Fergal Giles was about to be employed by the Christian Brothers.

I got this piece of information before anybody else in the school because Brother E.E. Rossiter principal (or Ned as he was affectionately known) of the school asked me to ask my Dad, who was then on the school Bingo Committee about the Giles and about Fergal in particular. Despite the obvious political differences, the message I brought back was that the Giles were a very well respected family in the area, and Fergal came highly recommended. Knowing Brother Rossiter, I'm sure that this wasn't the only check he carried out. Whatever about that, Fergal got the job and lived up to his billing, over the next 30 or so years.

From a personal point of view I didn't know Fergal at that time. I knew Pat his younger brother. Much better because I played football and hurling against him. I knew his uncle Joe better again because we used to pop in to his shop on Sunday morning after 8 a.m. Mass for a paper. Despite the intense rivalry between Boardsmill and Longwood at that time, Pat and I were good friends. Over the next 3 to 4 years, as a pupil of St. Michaels I came to know Fergal very well. It helped a lot that he was teaching one of my favourite subjects, but the real clincher for me was his love of, and commitment to Gaelic games.

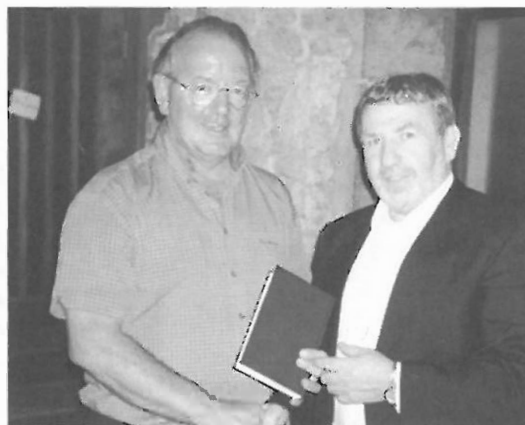
It is fair to say that Fergal was a 'Big Hit' when he arrived in the school. His no-nonsense, open and friendly approach, allied by his love for his subject and his very personable approach made him probably one of the most popular teachers in the

school. It also helped that he was 'a young fella' in comparison with most of the other staff at that time. During the next 30 or so years Fergal won a place in the hearts of thousands of young men who attended the school. He did so by maintaining the commitment and enthusiasm for his subject and indeed a commitment to the games.

The first competition ever won by St. Michael's was the under 15 North Leinster Championship. Fergal was an apprentice to Brother Fields at that time, but he quickly took over, and in the years following established a very strong reputation for St. Michaels in football and in later years in hurling.

One of the annual treats for all of us (well all of us that were interested in sports) was the annual sports days which was organized by the Sports Department i.e. Fergal Giles and some 6th years. The day was looked forward to with great anticipation and Fergal had a special brand of training for some of 'the would be' athletic champions. Part of the essential preparation for the big event was, according to Fergal, a diet of raw duck eggs! Every year a new 'clutch' of 'wannabees' followed the same regime. Maybe Sean Boylan could learn from Fergal's training methods!!

When I left St. Michael's C.B.S. I had only intermittent contact with Fergal, mainly around election time and at election counts. But in 1985, I took my place on the staff with him in St. Michaels. So I had the distinction of being one of a small number of pupils who ended up as a teaching colleague of Fergal's. He hadn't changed much in the intervening period of time



Fergal Giles (left) receives a presentation from Magazine Committee Chairman, Michael Leonard to mark his retirement from teaching after 37 years service to St. Michael's School, later to become Boyne Community School, Trim.

- a little older, a little greyer perhaps but still as committed as he had been when I was a pupil. In addition, he was as helpful to me as a new teacher in the school as he had been to me as a pupil many years previously.

Fergal has now retired and other pupils he taught will take their place at the top of the classroom but I have no doubt he will be long remembered by all those who passed through his hands over the years. They will remember his English lessons, his commitment to the basics of grammar, his love of poetry, and they will particularly remember being asked to play the part of Julius Caesar, Hamlet, or horror of horror for a teenage boy, Portia or Lady Macbeth. They will also remember a passion for sport and great commitment for Gaelic games.

To Fergal and Joan a very long happy and healthy retirement, I'm sure the golf handicap will improve in the years ahead.

Noel Dempsey

Signed

Noel Dempsey is T.D. for Meath and Minister for Education.

DEATHS - LONGWOOD

Maureen Cassidy
Rev. Fr. Carberry, former P.P.
Mary Dixon
Baby Ava Matthews
Gráinne Bradley
Florrie Quinn
Bridget Mulligan

Peter Gill
Breen Murray
Elizabeth Bird
Valerie Honey, nee Murray
Kevin Fitzsimons
Pat Stenson
Bernadette Cullen, nee O'Reilly

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FIRST HOLY COMMUNION



First Holy Communion, Longwood, 2003 - Back (l-r): Chloe Ennis, Aisling Darragh, Kate Maher, Hayley McCormack, Aoife Culleton and Sinead Howlin. Front (l-r): Aisling Brady, Kelly-Ann Matthews and Mary Giles.



First Holy Communion, Longwood, 2003 - Back (l-r): Senan Dixon, Kevin Rock, Eoin O'Sullivan, Sean Colee, Ryan Moore, Ryan O'Regan, Front (l-r): William Pratt, Edward Maguire, Shane O'Connor, Laura Dixon and Stephen Granville-King with Miss Leen.

KILLYON/KILDALKEY MINOR HURLING TEAM



The Killyon/Kildalkey Minor Hurling Team.



Richard Feaney and Enda Keogh, players on the Killyon/Kildalkey Minor Hurling Team, who were also on the Meath Minor hurling team in the All-Ireland 'B' Final.

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The river Boyne at Boyne Dock.



Road Dock.



McCormack's old House.

A BIT OF A ROUGH DIAMOND

As we know we can live constantly in the presence of God in our most ordinary daily lives.

One can be a bit rough on the surface, but with a heart full of tenderness, goodness, mercy and charity. Perhaps the expression describing a person as 'a bit of a rough diamond' - remember it's a diamond in essence'. We can learn more from the humility and gentleness of Jesus when he invites us 'come to me all you who labour and are overburdened and I will give you rest. Shoulder my yoke and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. Yes, my yoke is easy and my burden light' (Matt. 11:28-29). All of us so often feel overburdened with the pressures of

life at times. Whether it's from our relationships, our studies, our work or being unable to find work, or all the other difficulties and burdens we carry. So the Lord is clearly asking us to come to him and we will receive his help. Again in the scriptures we hear 'unload your burdens onto the Lord and he will support you' (Psalm 55). So the Lord is closer to us than we are to ourselves. He is there to support and as we know carry us at times.

We use this same strength not only to sustain ourselves but also to support others. In doing so we continue to mirror more of the goodness and humanity of Christ, his mercy and love to ourselves and to others.

ARTHUR REILLY

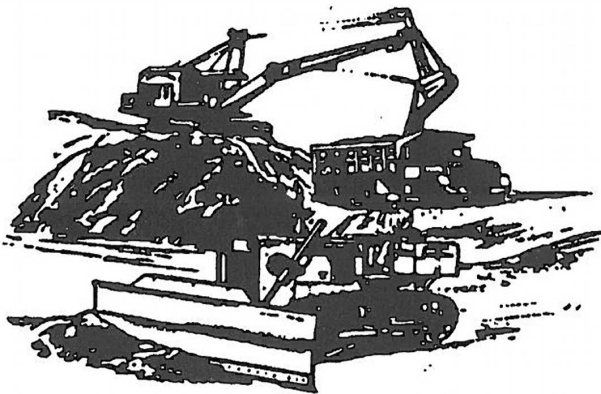
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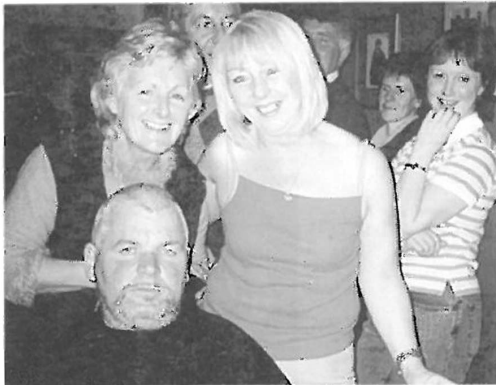


LARC - LONGWOOD ACTIVE RETIREMENT CLUB BY DYMPHNA LOWE



Christmas Party 2003.

L.A.R.C. as you can see by the heading stands for Longwood active retirement club. We are up and running for a year now, we got together last March 2002 to run the Christmas party as it had fallen by the way side. We had a fund raising night in Stoney's and Dargan's. It went so well we had funds over after having the party in May, so we decided to have a night out for the active retirement club on the first Wednesday of every month in the G.A.A. members lounge.



LEFT - April 2002, A haircut in Stoney's, Charlie Dixon, Trish Lyons and Shiela Doherty.

So far it is going very well and all over 55 are very welcome to join us. In July of Last year we brought members on a day trip to Belvedere House in Mullingar and then on to Tullyally Castle, we came back to the club and had sandwiches and cocktail sausages. All had great fun. We had a poker classic



Some of the group pictured at Belvedere House in July.



John B Keane would be proud of 'Cha' Cleary with his Bodhrán



Party in May, Doreen and Kevin Byrne in full voice.

in September, and we held a big raffle at Christmas. We would like to thank all our sponsors - they were a great help.

We held our Christmas party on the 15th December 2002 in the Hamlet, Johnstown Bridge and we had a great turn out. We are fund raising all the time. We have a lucky bucket draw every Sunday night in the G.A.A. members lounge the prize is 70% of the bucket on the night, we are holding a table quiz on 27th March, tickets are €5 each, a table of four €20.

We have come a long way in a year and we hope to do a lot more this year. We would like to thank all our members for their support for without them we would have no club. On a personal note I would like to thank all the committee for all the work they put in over the year, they are:

Chairperson:	Marie Monaghan Maguire
Vice Chairperson:	Declan Maguire
Secretary:	Prionnsias Stagg
Treasurer:	Vicky Lowe
Vice Treasurer:	Valerie Kenny
P.R.O.	Dymphna Lowe
Joe Cleary, Mick Kenny, Noel Monaghan, Charlie Dixon, Fintan Creegan.	



A Tea Break at Tullyally Castle in July.

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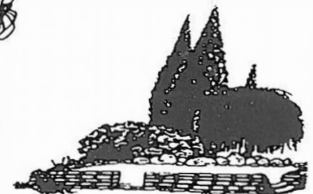
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CASTLERICKARD SIGN-POST AND SUN-DIAL 1812 BY N.W. ENGLISH

Returning from Killyon to Trim, by Castlerickard, I took notice of a piece of mechanism at the junction of several roads, which exhibited such striking proofs of the taste and genius of the artist, that I determined to alight and devote a few moments to its description.

The piece of mechanism, like Goldsmith's 'bed by night and chest of drawers by day', was destined to the performance of a double office - that of a time-piece and a finger-post. Near the top was placed the sun-dial, and as usual, on the arms, were the instructions relative to the roads (and the following):

*'Hail Castlerickard, you alone may boast
That no other place have such a finger-post!
Beside an index pointing out the way,
By Sol's assistance you show the time of day!'*

FUN IN STONEY'S



Rosie and Nollaig O'Mahoney.



Edel and Declan Dixon.



UP LAOIS - Noel and Catherine Maher.



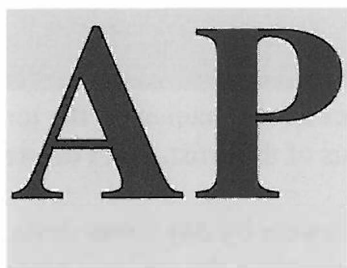
Celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary with their daughters Vicky & Rebecca were Philip and Dymphna Lowe.



Siobhan and Gaetano Villani.



Bushes, Fintan Cregan and John Maguire.



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LONGWOOD ICA BY MARY MURPHY

Well here we are sitting up bright eyed and bushy tailed, having spent another twelve months of enjoyable and varied work and discussions under the capable leadership of Mrs. Nuala Cully, and her officers who were unanimously re-elected at the AGM which took place last May. At that meeting we pay out annual fee of €20 for the coming year.

The I.C.A. was started in Longwood twenty-seven years ago and I can say without any form of contradiction that it was the best move for women in this part of the country that ever took place. As well as having a forum for discussing every aspect of life, we have friendship and help from one another when and if it is needed.

During the year we had competitions, nothing to put a strain on anyone. Competitions like the most fashionable sandals, an illustrated Irish proverb, and a floral arrangement and so on, all thought up by Mrs. Ann F. Eakins, competition Secretary, with an absolutely neutral judge to award the first, second

and third placing. Mrs. Kitty Furey won the overall competition for the year and had her fees paid as the prize.

We had photography, art, painting and other interesting lectures and demonstrations not forgetting alternative medicine.

We discussed the environment and wondered why the Minister considers the grey crow and the fox as a protected species. If the Minister has lambs or hens, he'd know that these creatures are roving a menace to farmers and their wives who try to keep on a dwindling income by breeding a few chicks, geese or ducks.

We wonder why our lovely village, which was so peaceful and friendly, has become nearly a no-go area, with the tennis pavilion which was once such a great facility for all organisations now wrecked and mouldering. If the young people have nothing to do why not try repainting what they have wrecked.

Yes, the I.C.A. have many facets, our dramatic team did exceptionally well

this year and Jean Regan got best actress award in the Semi-final of the Elenora Gibbons Competition, where we were only beaten by a mark. We went out to dinner at Christmas and we went to Wexford this summer and each outing was much enjoyed.

We go walking on Wednesday evenings at 7:30pm meeting at the dock and walking the canal bank in the company of good friends and with the lovely scent of meadow sweet and birdsong.

We hope to continue with good results in the craft area as we have entered the Virginia Show with painting decoupage and alternative medicines. We have some new members but would welcome more. Each lady over eighteen is permitted to join and will be made very welcome.

We would like to thank Mr. Stack, principal of the Vocational School, who kindly gives us the facility of the premise every second Wednesday of the month at 8pm and to thank Finian Quinn for looking after us there.

IN OUR DIFFICULTIES AND NEEDS WE ARE NEVER ALONE

Any life given over to Mary, the mother of God and our mother, advances in peace and contentment. As we grow in a deeper quality of life and love our lives bear fruit not only for ourselves but also for our families and the wider community. Mary cannot but turn us towards Christ. 'Do whatever he tells you to do' (John 2:5). Mary kept all these things in her heart (Lk2:19) Vatican II proposes Mary as the model of our faith because Mary fulfils wholeheartedly the divine Will of God for herself and our world. This heart which was pierced at the sight of her Son dying on the cross, this is the same motherly heart for all us her children. She is never far from us, her children. Like any mother the children may be out of sight but not out of mind or heart. She loves us, and cares for us, with the same heart, same love with which she loved her Son Jesus. She actually sees us and loves us as her own children. Her Son, from the Cross, gave us to his mother as her children, saying to each of us what he said to the beloved disciple John 'behold your Mother'. This is why, in our needs, difficulties, afflictions, problems, we are never alone. We ask for her help, since she is constantly watching over us all and all the least things that affect us.

At times we come across a good deal of suffering and misery in our own lives or in the lives of others, so we need not be alone in this, let us turn to Mary as the Mother of love and mercy to help us through these difficult times. Mary will help us to stay close to her Son, so that darkness can never overwhelm us. With the power of her Son working in us, we can accomplish more than we can ever think of or even imagine. 'glory be to him whose power working in us can do infinitely more than we can ask for or imagine' (Eph3:20).

So we ask Mary our mother to help us all to stay close to her Son so that everywhere and at all times the peace of Christ may be felt in our hearts, parish, country and our world. We ask you Mary our Mother to bless all your Irish Children and all in our world as we turn to you with confidence. Strengthen and console us and help us to understand that your Son, Jesus, is with us now, as always in the past - Christ, yesterday, today, and forever - Healer of wounds, Giver of Peace.

KILLYON ICA

We have 22 members. Regretfully one of our founder members Phil Moore passed away during the year. R.I.P. We meet on the second Monday of every month; we had guest speakers during the year, Marie Byrne, hairdresser, Ber Lusk from Lusk's Garden Centre and Carmel Halpin from Heath promotions. We enjoyed a weekend in Sligo, a Christmas Party in Tyrellspass Castle. We hosted a very successful senior citizens party in Robert McLaughlin's, Ballivor in April. We are now looking forward to our summer outing to the gardens of Wicklow followed by dinner in the Spa Hotel, Lucan. New members are always welcome. Just come along to a meeting or phone Sheila on 046 9546136 or Una on 046 9546204.

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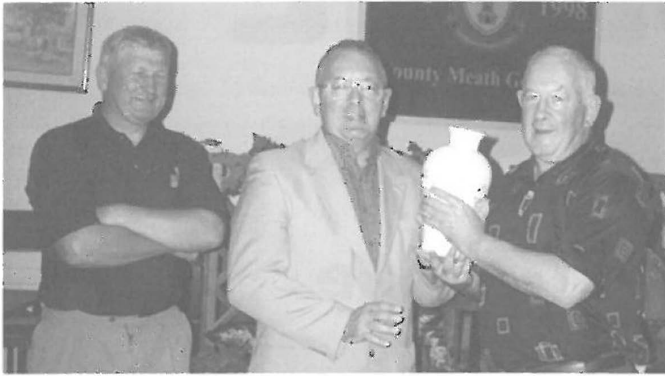


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LONGWOOD GOLFING SOCIETY HAD ANOTHER VERY SUCCESSFUL YEAR



Longwood Golf Society - Secretary Kevin Dixon looks on as Seamus Giles receives his category prize from Fergal Giles.

Our first outing was Edenderry Golf Course on Thursday April 25. The overall winner was Michael McDonnell with prizes also going to Eamon Murray, Tony Dixon and Tommy Ennis.

On June 1, we played Navan Racecourse winners were Pat Geoghegan, Ray Dixon, Brian McDonnell and Fergus Maguire.

Our July outing was on 2nd, when we paid a first visit to Newbridge Golf Course - not a great choice of course but the day ended well, when we returned to the Bridge Bar, Enfield for the Presentations and enjoyed a superb meal. Overall winner in Newbridge was Darragh Maguire, other winners were Ray Dorran, Meredith Dorran and Ken Cleary.

In September we paid our annual visit to County Meath Golf Course in trim, where the Captains Prize was presented by our Captain Fergal Giles to Gerry Ennis other winners on the day - Kevin Dixon Noel Rooney and Paddy Cummins.

The year concluded with our Christmas outing to Highfield Golf Course - where as usual we enjoyed a great days Golf, and followed it with our Christmas Dinner, which as usual was excellent.

The player of the year prize was presented to Ray Dorran.

Finally, many thanks to everyone who helped me during the year including our Captain Fergal Giles, and of course our sponsors, without their generosity none of this would be possible.



Captain's Day, Longwood Golf Society - winner, Gerry Ennis receives his prize from Captain Fergal Giles.

*Tom McLoughlin and Tony Dixon (M&D Construction)
Gerry Farrell, Atlas Motors Mullingar
Gerry Ennis
Pat Geoghegan, Europe Car Ltd.*

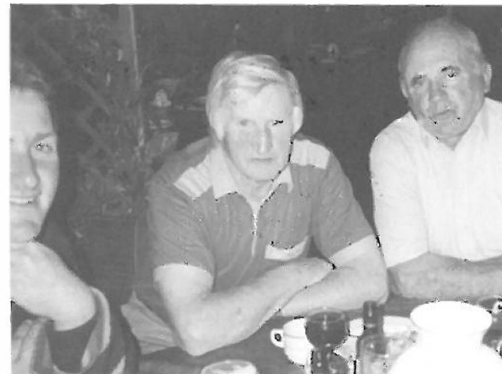
The society continues to expand and all numbers are greatly in debt to Kevin and Betty Dixon for all their work over the recent years. Their work has been greatly appreciated. The incoming secretary is Ray Dorran and the incoming Captain is his father, Meredith Dorran. We wish them both well in the coming year.



Longwood Golf Society - Category winner - Noel Rooney receives his prize from captain Fergal Giles.



St Andrew's, Scotland - Larry Giles, Michael McDonnell, Ray & Meredith Dorran.



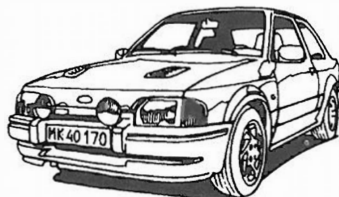
LEFT - 'Three Wise Men' - Gary Byrne, Meredith Dorran and Seamus McDonnell.

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LONGWOOD BADMINTON CLUB



Damien Dixon receives his U-15 winners trophy from sponsor, Timmy Flanagan at the Juvenile Badminton night.

The prestigious title Player of the Year was bestowed upon our own Ciara Maguire at the Annual Badminton Dinner Dance in May. Ciara was given the award having played so well in the League and Cup competitions during the year.

Ciara, Ann-Marie McCooey, Declan Swan and Gary Ennis made up the Grade

4B team who won the cup by beating Killucan, having already lost to them in the League final. Three other Longwood teams contested League Finals this year.

Grade 4 men's - Declan Swan, John Maguire, James Keogh and Gary Ennis lost to Kildalkey

Grade 5 men's were beaten in the final by Bailieboro. This team was made up of Stoney Burke, Eoin Brady, Paudge Carney and Tony Ennis.

In Grade 6 men's, Longwood also lost to Bailieboro. On this team were Brian Cully, Stephen Ennis, Paudge Carney, Colin Flynn and Proinnsias Stagg.

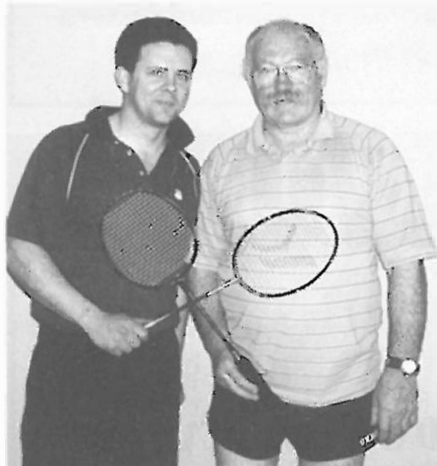
Stoney Burke and Eoin Brady brought home the Gold from the Meath Championships having won out Grade 5.

There continues to be a huge Juvenile interest in the Club. At the presentation night following the Annual Juvenile Competition, Timmy Flanagan of Crandon Developments presented trophies and medals, which he kindly sponsored.

In the Under 11 final Andrew Maguire beat Ailbhe Mahon, Aoife Maguire beat Ross Ennis in the Under 13 final and in the under 15 Final Damien Dixon beat Gillian Leonard.



A group of Under 15 Badminton players at the Juvenile Presentation night.



Eoin Brady and Stoney Stoney, Meath Champions, 2003.



Eileen Maguire with the Under 13 players at the Badminton Club Presentation night.



Ciara Maguire - 'Most Improved Player' with John Roche.



Runners up in the League, 2003 - Division 4. Eoin Brady, Jerry Ennis, Potch Carney and Stoney Burke.

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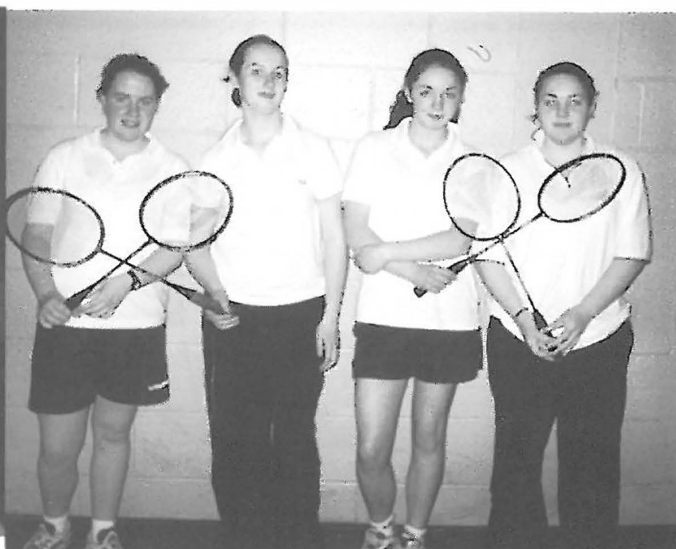
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Orla Ennis, Ann Dempsey, Gillian Leonard and Sinead Ennis, Navan, February 2002.



Longwood Badminton Club, Navan, February 2002, Girls Champions.



Andrew Maguire receives his Under 11 winners trophy from Sponsor, Timmy Flanagan,



Longwood Badminton, Tomás Dryan, Michael Burke, Aaron Ennis and Michael Cully.



Colin Flynn with the Under 11 players at th Badminton Club Presentation night.

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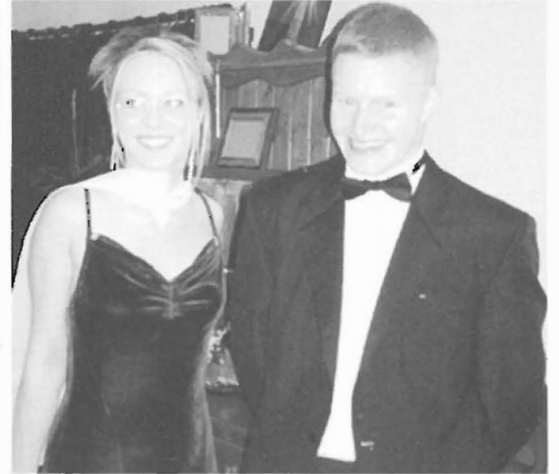
KILLYON N.S. RETIREMENTS



Marcella Dorran who retired from Killyon NS.



Josephine Giles who retired from Longwood N.S.



Claire Mumford and Enda Cully, pictured before their debts.

CARY GRANT

Now, Lord, you've known me a long time. You know me better than I know myself. You know that each day I am growing older and someday may even be very old. So meanwhile, please keep me from the habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from trying to straighten out everyone's affairs.

Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not overbearing. I've a certain amount of knowledge to share; still, it would be nice to have a few friends who, at the end recognised and forgave the knowledge I lacked. Keep my tongue free from recital of endless details. Seal my lips on my aches and pains; they increase daily, and the need to speak of them becomes almost a compulsion. I ask for grace enough to listen to the retelling of others affliction and to be helped to endure them with patience.

I would like to have improved memory, but I'll settle for growing humility and an ability to capitulate when my memory clashed with the memory of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that on some occasions, I may be mistaken. Keep me reasonably kind; I've never aspired to be a saint - saints must be rather difficult to live with - yet on the other hand; an embittered old person is a constant burden.

Please give me the ability to see good in unlikely places and talents in unexpected people and give me the grace to tell them so, dear Lord.

I SAID A PRAYER FOR YOU TODAY

I said a prayer for you today. And I know
God must have heard,
I felt the answer in my heart although
he spoke no word.
I didn't ask for wealth or fame, I know
you wouldn't mind,
I asked Him to send treasures of a far
more lasting kind.
I asked that He'd be near you at the start
of each new day,
To grant you health and blessings, and
friends to share your way.
I asked for happiness for you in all
things great and small,
But it was for his loving care
I prayed the most of all.

WHEN

When people are curt or ignore what you say,
When others words hurt and friends keep away,
Remember God loves you.

When life feels all empty and weighed
down with care
When tears come in plenty,
Remember God loves you.

When money is tight and monies just stream,
When nothing goes right so you're ready to scream,
Remember God loves you.

When death comes to prey as up mount the years
When friends pass away and you're riddled with fears
Remember God loves you.

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WINNING STREAK



Eric Cleary had lots of support on 'Winning Streak'.



Eric Cleary gave a splendid performance on 'Winning Streak' on RTE. Seen here with father, Charles and mother Frankie with show host Derek Mooney.

KILLYON COMMUNITY GAMES 2003



Raymond Massey, Mr. Duignan (Co. Meath, Trainer), Derek Doran, John Fitzsimons.



Back (l-r): Christine Roe, Denise Fitzsimons, Christine Ayres, Martha Hennessey. Middle row (l-r): Kelley Ann Clarke, Lisa Foley. Front (l-r): Niamh Foley, Louise Smith and Lauren Smith.



RIGHT - Back row (l-r): Alan Roe, Ger Foley, Luke Larrissey, Patrick Massey. Middle row (l-r) Conor Clarke, Stephen Coleman, Brendan Roe, Kevin Angus. Front (l-r): Jack Walsh and Michael Clarke.

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HOLY WELLS BY M.J. MCGEARTY

People nowadays are concerned about the quality of the water they drink and rightly so, because clean, pure water is essential for good health. Our forefathers were well aware of that fact. Hence they appreciated a source of pure, clean, drinking water, suitable for human consumption, bubbling up from mother earth. Such a spring was highly valued and consequently protected by building stones around it so that animals would not foul the water. These springs and wells go back to the dawn of our history, to pagan times.

When St. Patrick brought the Christian faith to our country and our forefathers adopted the Christian mes-

and it is quite likely that the water from these wells was used in the Baptismal ceremony. Both Lady Well and St. Dympnas Well have been tastefully walled in to protect our heritage for future generations.

Our own well, Tobar Sheoin, is situated in Cloneycavan, in a field about a quarter of a mile or so from the Mass Rock at Glack. There is a constant flow of clean, pure water from the well, winter and summer, as it winds its way into the local streams. The well is marked on the 25th Ordinance Survey map, although it is sometimes referred to locally as 'The Well that moved'.

The story is that the local landlord, Brown of Elm Grove, took exception, for some reason or other, to the people drawing water from this well, Tobar Sheoin, which was for human consumption only.

So when a horse of his died, Brown ordered his workmen, to throw the dead animal into the well and to close it up. This they did - reluctantly! A few days later, the water began to seep up through the flagstones in the landlord's kitchen in Elm Grove house, which was about a mile away. Seeing this phenomenon, Old Brown had second



15th August, 2003 - great hopes for the next generation to carry on our traditional ceremonies at Lady Well.

sage they began to understand the significance of spiritual rebirth through the waters of Baptism, this added a further dimension to the importance of clean, pure water. Accordingly, some of these springs and wells were dedicated to Saints and so we get names all over the country, such as Tobar Patrick, Tobar Bríde - the well of Patrick, the well of Brigid. In our own parish, we have Tober Sheoin - Johns Well. Likewise, in our neighbouring parishes - Kildalkey has St. Dympnas well and Killyon has Lady Well. Incidentally, each of these wells is situated near the ruins of an old church and graveyard



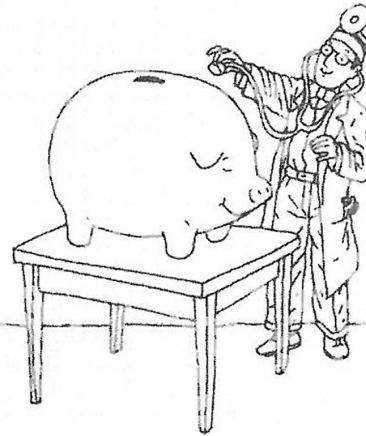
At Lady Well in Killyon, the prayers went on despite the downpour, 15th August, 2002



Representing some of the oldest families in Killyon - Kit Mitchell, PJ Cunningham, Tim Keoghan and Tom Fitzsimons, in front is Rose Fitzsimons.



The choir sang away and ignored the rain, 15th August, 2002.



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thoughts and he ordered his workmen to re-open the well, take up the carcass and to bury it elsewhere. This they did but the water never came back to the well. The water spurted out at a spot some twenty yards further down the field. My informant, Mary Smyth, showed me the present position of the well and its former position. The story withstood contradiction.

The other well in the parish that is widely known is called Spa well - using the Irish pronunciation of the word Spa. It is situated in an area of bogland known as the 'New Gardens'. The most unusual feature of this well is how the water bubbles up furiously, at a much higher level than the water in the nearby ditches. Usually, water from a Spa well has medicinal properties and until quite recent times, people travelled to a famous spa, to drink the water or perhaps bathe in it; and so we have the Spa Hotel in Lucan and the Spa in Lisdoonvarna. Who knows what curative powers our Spa well has too!

Elsewhere in the parish of Ballivor, there are other wells that

people used for drinking water, in bygone days. We should remember them also and record their names and positions for posterity. Two that spring to mind are Branns well down the Trim road at the 'yield' sign near Kelly's Cross Road, and another well in Cloneycavan named 'The Draighneen Well'.

On June 15th 2003, when we have our pilgrimage to the Mass Rock at Glack, we hope to celebrate also our Holy Wells and our dependence on Water - for life, both Temporal and Spiritual.



On August 15, 2001 the men of the Parish carry on tradition of prayer at Killyon Lady Well.

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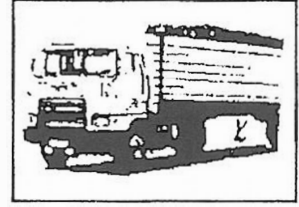
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GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT LADY WELL, KILLYON, 2003



The Shrine of Our Lady beautifully decorated for August 15.

Fifty years ago the report in the Meath Chronicle of the celebration of the feast of the Assumption makes interesting reading. This is a cutting from the paper at the time. The Statue was borne by Brendan Quirke, Paddy Coyne, Tony Heavey and Matt Malone.

On duty were twins Jack and Benny Byrne, Castlerickard,



Lady Well 1953 -The statue of Our Blessed Lady as it arrived at the shrine. Photograph take by Marjorie Gilsenan - 2003 photographs by the same photographer.

The Rosary was recited and hymns were sung by the Church Choir.

At the conclusion, Fr. Kearney imparted the Eucharistic Blessing and the happy crowd dispersed having been uplifted by the prayerful occasion.



Lady Well 2003 - Teresa Keegan, Rose Glynn, Des Gilsenan and Kit Mitchell who have attended the devotions at Lady Well every year for 50 years.



Lady Well 2003 - Fr. Kearney, our Parish Priest celebrated our Golden Jubilee by imparting benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to all present.

Edward Rowley who was assisted by Kit Douglas, Billy Smith, Phelim Brady and Michael Ward, Drummond.

This year 2003, we were blessed with a beautiful day. Father Kearney, P.P. arranged for special prayers to be recited at Lady well at 3pm. He also blessed the water in the well and requested that people would use the blessed water in their homes and on their farms.



August 15, 2001. The Ladies of Killyon praying at Lady Well.



Lady Well 2003 - Keeping up the tradition for the Golden Jubilee were many members of our Parish Community

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A DEATH IN THE FAMILY BY G. HOWLEY

'My first real memories of Fr. Joe were him taking us to fun parks and the seaside,' recalled Patrick Gilsenan. 'In Mosney he even managed to lose me but I was very happy to see his smile and reaching hand among the large crowds. I also remember the day he came to visit our national school and asked my class to guess his age. Of course, my little voice shouted out the right answer which I think left him a little embarrassed. After school he would often take us home, feed us and finish our dinner off with an ice cream - choc-ices were his speciality.

'Fr. Joe was a first cousin of my father, but to us, children, he was more like a very close friend, uncle or even a grandfather figure. He came home every four or five years and stayed with us for the duration of the summer months. We all looked forward to the summer when he was due home.

'I spent early morning breakfast times with Fr. Joe the summer he was home for his Golden Jubilee, before I set out for my summer job. He was always so grateful for the little breakfast I served him which, I suppose, was like a tea-break in the middle of his early morning prayers. The morning chat was usually about a church he built in Kenya, which followed a very strong architectural idea. He was obviously very proud of this piece of work. Fr. Joe is very much a part of my childhood memories.

Fr. Joe had also endeared himself to his missionary colleagues in Kenya. 'Of the group of five Kiltegan priests which went to Kenya at the end of 1951, Joe was the only one of use with previous missionary experience,' wrote fellow pioneer, Fr. Denis Newman. He had worked in Nigeria since his ordination in 1945. Indeed we were frequently reminded of his experience there in the many stories which he had concerning places where he had worked - places like Eden Ekpai, Ifuho, Afaha Obong. In Kenya he was appointed to the most important mission in the area assigned to us, Nakuru town. He was initiated into missionary work in Kenya, by a veteran Mill Hill missionary, Fr. Vincent Farrell.

'Joe showed himself to be a most zealous missionary and quickly adapted to a situation which was as new to him as to all of us - missionary work in the White highlands. He was hearing confessions in at least two languages new to him, Swahili and Luo, after a month! This was some achievement in days when there were no language courses. It has to be said, however, that he never achieved a grammatical command it has to be said, however, that he never achieved a grammatical command of the Swahili. Nevertheless, being a good communicator, he was able to converse and preach with fluency in Swahili and was understood. He was a pastoral priest, approachable, genial, compassionate, a good listener, he made friends easily with members of all races and has a good memory for names. He made a deep impression on people by his kindly manner and engaging.

'Within the past six months I was asked by a person in Nakuru town as to where Fr. Joe Murray was now - this by a person who had known him so long ago, almost 50 years ago. Joe was a professional missionary, interested in children in schools, in their preparation for First Holy Communion and Confirmation; he was devoted to the housebound and the sick in hospitals. He had a special regard and care for the poor, especially for women who were abandoned or marginalised.



Fr. Joe Murray, September 1995.

'Joe was a most wonderful missionary companion. His ministry embraced the priests with whom he worked. Always in good humour, joyful, he had an almost inexhaustible fund of stories. He played Bridge in his own style. In bidding, he had unlisted conventions of his own which were picked up both by partner and opponents which went well beyond those permitted by Culbertson etc. 'A Club', 'A Small Club', 'I'll try a Club' etc. - each had a special significance and of course the tone of his voice was also significant. While he was no Sampras at tennis, he was prepared to play the game, especially with one of the three bishops whom he served loyalty in Eldoret as Vicar General over a twenty-year period.

'There is no doubt but the inspiration of all his activities was his spiritual life. He fulfilled his duties with regularity and conscientiousness. He was old style in regarding obedience as a key value and had to be respected for this especially when it cost something to put it into practice. In the course of his 46 years of ministry in Kenya, he had many real friends. Those alive will miss his gracious goodness, those who have preceded him to heaven will welcome him home.'

Joseph was born on May 11, 1920 to Margaret (née Gilsenan) and Matthew Murray, at Killyon, county Meath. He was one of a family of three boys and two girls, who lived in the parish of Longwood in Meath Diocese.

Joe attended Killyon National School from 1925 to 1934 and St. Finians, Mullingar, County Westmeath from 1934-1939. He came to Kiltegan in 1939 to join the Spiritual Year class and, later, to study philosophy and theology. He was one of seven to be ordained priest in the Cathedral of the Assumption, Carlow, on December 18, 1945, by Bishop Thomas Keogh of Kildare & Leighlin Diocese.

After ordination, Fr. Joe was appointed to the Prefecture of Calabar, Nigeria, where he worked from 1946 until 1950. After Cardinal Ekandem was ordained priest in 1947 he was sent as curate to Fr. Joe in Afaha Obong. The Cardinal always spoke very highly of his time with Joe. From 1950 to 1951 Fr. Joe was on promotion work for the Society in Ireland.

In Kenya, Fr. Joe worked in many parishes in Eldoret diocese; Kiminini, Majalengo, Eldoret, Nakuru, elburgon, Kitale and Tongaren. He retired to Kapsoya in 1997 but a health complaint forced him to return to Ireland in 1998. Fr. Joe died peacefully in Kiltegan on June 11, 2001.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.



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KILLYON - BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS - 2001

BIRTHS

Stephen and Rose-Ann Clarke	Baby Boy
Paul and June Flanagan	Baby Girl
Paddy and Adrienne Brennan	Baby Boy
Pierce and Stephanie Hevey	Baby Boy
Laurence and Ann McDonnell	Baby Boy
Michael and Jean Coleman	Baby Boy
Jimmy and Miriam Connolly	Baby Girl
Brendan and Georgina Foley	Baby Girl

MARRIAGES

Barry Tyrell & Bernadette Corcoran
 John Kilcoyne & Frances Hannon, Batterstown
 Brian Hannon and Dolores Rafferty
 Joe Ayres and Caroline Kellett
 Darryn Fallon and Mrs. Fallon

Stephen Fennessy and Mrs. Fennessy
 Sharon Coughlan and David Carr
 çine Joyce and Gary Corrigan
 David Flanagan and Susan Sly

DEATHS

Tom Keegan, Clondalee
 Margaret Roach, nee Leonard, Blackshade & Dublin
 Rev. Joe Murray, native Clondalee died in Kiltegan
 Paddy Quinn, Ballivor native Molevich, Hill-of-Down.
 Michael Flynn, Hill of Down
 Delia Cahill, Clondalee
 Sharon Fitzsimons, Newtown, Hill of Down
 John (Jack) Douglas, Killyon.

KILLYON - BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS - 2002

BIRTHS

Colm and Mrs Raleigh	Baby Boy
John and Imelda Clarke	Baby Boy
Barry and Bernadette Tyrell	Baby Girl
Kieran and Ciara Smyth	Baby Boy

MARRIAGES

James Hannon and Theresa Cohen
 Jo-Anne Mitchell and Paul Victory
 Camilla Gilsenan and Joe Cleary
 Michelle Ward and Walter Kane

DEATHS

Peter Leonard, Blackshade.
 Ann Starte nee Weir, Clondalee, Mullingar
 Sister Finian McCabe, (Alice Brigid), Blackshade,
 Christopher Kelly, Clondalee,
 John Douglas, Killyon
 Rev. Patrick Carberry, p.p. retired
 Margaret Fleming, formerly Mrs. Denis Maye, Killyon
 Nancy Carney, Hill-of-down

KILLYON - BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS - 2003

BIRTHS

Pat & Emer Coyne	Baby Boy
------------------	----------

MARRIAGES

Declan Rowley & Siobhan McKeown, Hill of Down

DEATHS

Marcella McBride, nee Rispin, Carsmile
 Philomena Moore, nee McLoughlin
 Theresa Hevey, Ashfield, Hill-of-down
 Kit Raleigh, Athboy, native Crobrey, Hill-of-Down

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1. Barry Ennis 1695
2. Ken Cleary 1694
3. Ray Dorran 1663
4. Ciaran Greene 1654
5. Rory Maguire 1635
6. Aaron Ennis 1614
7. Gary Heneghan 1608
8. Donagh Kane 1603
9. Robert Mulligan 1583
10. Dara Maguire 1581
11. Jim Weir 1573
12. Christopher Larrissy 1569
13. Sean Foran 1568
14. Dave King 1560
15. Steve King 1560
16. Steve Ennis 1530
17. Owen Weir 1486

18. Áine Ennis 1483
19. Ken Murray 1412
20. Fergal Giles 1402
21. Jim Dorran 1395
22. Ronan O'Brien 1383
23. Wayne Leonard 1353
24. Jim Colgan 1331
25. Frances Foran 1330
26. Sean Stagg 1278
27. Jim Delaney 1272
28. Mick Weir 1266
29. Michael Cully 1193
30. Ger Ennis 1165
31. John Duffy 1145
32. Karl Ennis 1130
33. John Ennis 1117
34. Vinney Byrne 1106

35. Barry Clarke 1042
36. Gareth Monaghan 1033
37. Martin Duffy 986
38. Luke Kelly 962
39. Brian Cully 860

Congratulations to Chelsea's Barry Ennis and a big work of thanks to the organisers down the years from Sean Foran to Jim Weir.

Also, a word of thanks to Brendan Rafferty for organising the successful 'Nap' racing team down the years. Raff and Joan were a great team for the Christmas Party in the 'Middle Place' each year.

'LONGWOOD' BY OLIVER SLEVIN

Longwood you are my Tir na nOg
Where we played on the green when
we went to school

Cycled down to Ribbontail on sunny
days

Swam and fished while the daylight
burned.

Black and Tans have left the street;
they are part of history,

Courthouse long closed down, no law
to beat the stranger,

No bobby in the Station to patrol and
make the old feel safe.

The fairs are gone forever where the
tangler tricked the farmer.

Forefathers spilt their blood in
Flanders and against Hitler's folly wars,

Travelled to England for work, for
Ireland was rural then.

Dreamt last night I floated off with
Longwood in the sky

Crossed the Poles the Milky Way over
the moon

Oft to far outer space, travelled mil-
lion light years on.

Crossed Hell with all its sadness and
depression;

Church began to shake, thought it
would fall to pieces.

Seen Hitler with his salute, Stalin with
his silly smile;

Crossed Heaven with all its happiness
and singing 'Molly Malone Alive Alive
O'!

Noel Coward, Mad Dogs and
Englishmen

Adam and Eve throwing Granny
smith's at the angels

Thought I saw the Virgin Mary but

another dream.

Sinead O'Connor swearing like a
trouper.

Oh Longwood you have changed
since I was a kid,

A football Club where the young can
make new friends,

Three times more people, three times
less in Church,

No missionaries to shout and rant.

'Many are called but few are chosen'

Could park my Cortina at any spot
along the kerb;

Now three rows, cruisers, and Pajeros
and fancy cars,

Three pubs to wet our thirst,

Still no chemist or butchers stall

But I love you dearly, like that love
long ago.

'WRITE A BOOK' PROJECT



'Write a Book' project winners - St Finian's NS Killyon (l-r): Christine Darby, Linda Ayres, Don Conroy (seated), Denise Fitzsimons and Sarah Stack Doran. 'Write a Book' project was run by Navan Education Centre.

KILLYON SCHOOLS HURLING PRESENTATION



LEFT - Killyon Schools Hurling Presentation of Cup to captain Keith Keoghan.

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PICKING THE TEAM BY MICHAEL LEONARD

The village of Derrymoy, the heart and focal point of a catchment area containing a close tightly knit rural community had only one topic of conversation of late and that was the local hurling teams qualification for the county senior hurling final to be played at the weekend. It was 20 years since Derrymoy last made it to the final and the entire community was buzzing with excitement and expectation.

20 years is a painfully long time for a club like Derrymoy to be without a championship success. Ever to the forefront of all things patriotic and Gaelic, research had established that hurling was played in the area before the famine.

Following the foundation of the G.A.A. Derrymoy was one of the first clubs to organize and affiliate and ever since had played a prominent role in all G.A.A. affairs.

Its greatest source of pride was not surprisingly its success on the playing fields. All championships contested had at one time or another been won by teams wearing the green and white of Derrymoy. Now after a period in the doldrums the club was poised to return to what many considered was its rightful place at the top.

That so long passed since the last senior hurling triumph can be explained by the ravishes of emigration visited upon the area. The youth, unwilling to stay where unemployment reigned and where opportunities were non existent packed up and took the boat from North Wall or DunLaoghaire and found work in the cities and towns of England and Wales. It was not unknown in the Derrymoy area for whole families to lock up their home say goodbye to relatives and friends and take the same route. Here in foreign lands they boosted the fortunes of various employers-construction firms, transport companies, hospitals etc. through their willingness to work, their honesty and integrity.

This loss of players resulted in the club losing its senior status for a number of years.

The wheel of life had now turned full circle. Changes in political thinking had placed greater concentration on industrial development with the result that the building industry in particular was thriving .In Dublin massive housing schemes employing huge numbers were the order of the day. Large numbers of those forced to leave the country in the bad times now returned to revitalize their erstwhile communities. Nowhere was this more evident than in Derrymoy. The lonely derelict appearance of un-lived in houses disappeared as these buildings were transformed into modern and once again vibrant happy homes. Each morning saw up to a dozen cars leave the village all loaded with workers en route to Dublin to fill the well paid jobs on the building sites of the capital.

Many of these were returned emigrants and brought with them the skills and expertise acquired on their travels that were now invaluable to the developing industry they worked in.

This boom spread to include Derrymoy G.A.A. club. The return to the locality of former players and youths who had left as infants and the consequent enthusiasm generated transformed the clubs fortunes. Two years ago an Intermediate title was gained and now once again the club was in the senior final.

The clubs survival during the barren years - now over- was never in doubt The roots and spirit of the G.A.A. as already referred to were strong and well grounded .It was claimed by one student of such matters that the G.A.A .in Derrymoy was like religion 'sometimes strong, sometimes not so strong, but always there'.

All this is very true but the undeniable reason that the club was poised and able to take advantage of the changing situation was due to the sterling work of three dedicated men then serving the club as Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. These three gave every hour they possibly could to the well being of the club and the and the development of the younger players in particular. The fact that the clubs flagship the senior hurlers would take the field on Sunday in the county final owed everything to these three stalwarts. This was something acknowledged by all especially the players whose respect was total .To these three also fell the task of selecting the team for the final. One would think that at this stage of the competition the team would have settled to the extent that the first fifteen was easily decided. However things are never that simple. Throughout the year many changes were made as some players lost form and others most notably younger players improved immensely and pushed themselves on to the team on merit. The selectors all former top class players had so far displayed an uncanny knack in getting things right regarding selection but for this game were faced with an irritating dilemma.

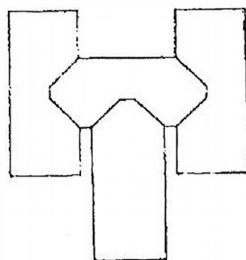
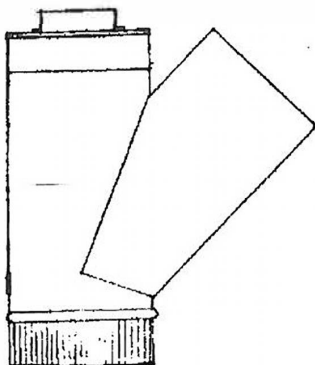
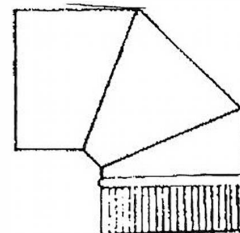
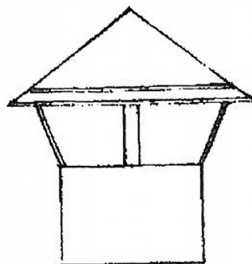
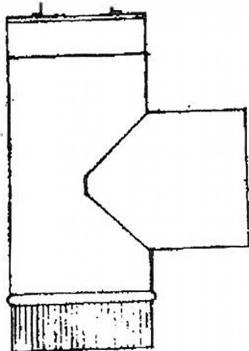
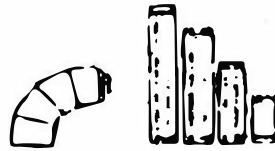
An ever present member of the team Martin Pat Walsh now nearer to forty than thirty was the cause of the problem .One of the finest players the club had produced and with the three selectors had held things together in the bad days Martin Pat did not believe that his career was coming to a close or that father time was asserting his influence. Frequently nowadays in the customary analysis and post mortems after games Martin Pat would bemoan the fact that he been marking the best player on the other side. And it would be true that his immediate opponent would have excelled. Had his opponent been dealing with the Martin Pat of old this would not have been the case. The truth was that Martin Pat was making every opponent he met look good as he himself was beyond it, found out by the increase in pace and by the

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level of performance and fitness needed to hold ones own at this level. Loyalty had played its part in Martin Pat getting as many starts on the team as he had this year. He did not think that for one moment. In fact he felt that he was still as good as ever. When substituted he complained loudly always pointing to his belief that he was marking the best player on the field. Matters had been complicated further the previous week in a challenge game arranged as part of the preparations for the final. In this game Martin Pat had started at corner forward and finished the game as top scorer with 3goals and 2points to his credit. The storyline behind the scores were what the selectors rightly studied. Three shots for points from thirty yards had dropped short and were fluffed by the goalkeeper who let the sliother slip into the net. It was unlikely this would happen again. In strong contention also for a place on the team was a young player just gone seventeen. Hugh O'Brien had returned with his family from England last year. Although he had never played hurling until this, he was a natural. He had replaced Martin Pat in the semi-final and embellished an outstanding and inspiring performance with five sweetly struck points. Well the selectors knew that friendship and loyalty was all good and fine but their ultimate loyalty was to the team and the club and their duty was to put the team on the field that had the best chance of winning. This was what the selectors agreed and when they met quietly on the Wednesday night they selected Hugh O'Brien at corner forward and found no place in the starting lineout for their former playing colleague Martin Pat.

The final training session was scheduled for the following Thursday night and it had already been let known that the team would be announced afterwards. Till then, things would be kept quiet. It was also agreed that a quiet word would be had Martin Pat beforehand to let him know-just for old times sake- that he was not on the team. There was a noticeable nervous tension about the place when the players and mentors gathered on the Thursday evening. This evaporated as the three selectors

put the players through the various disciplines that were hoped would bring victory. Missing from the gathering was Martin Pat. As it was agreed that Martin Pat would be told privately that he was off the team his absence was a cause of concern to the three. When the session could not be drawn out any longer the chairman called the group together and addressed them about the game before them and its importance to the club the community and to themselves. Although he dragged this out as long as he could he eventually had to move on and tell the gathering the selected team for Sunday. All the time he had been speaking his eyes and those of his fellow selectors were on the gate to the pitch watching for Martin Pat's car. As he said 'in goals' a car swung into the pitch and drove over to where the players and officials had gathered. The man who got out of the car was well known to all present. A former player, he now supported the team. Did you hear about Martin Pat asked the newcomer? Before anyone could answer, he added, Martin Pat was in an accident this evening. He has been taken to hospital. Report is his leg is broken! The chairman was first to react. Right lads this news changes things, I will have to talk again with my selectors, First we want to find out how Martin Pat is, find out for certain if he is as badly injured as we hear and if so re adjust the team.

Martin Pat's leg was indeed broken. He had skidded and hit a tree on his way to training. It would be a few months before the plaster came off. But he would recover.

The team that took the field on the Sunday and won the first senior hurling title for Derrymoy for twenty years was the team selected on the Wednesday night. The hero of the hour was young Hugh O'Brien who finished with seven points to his credit after a brilliant display of hurling. Martin Pat made a complete recovery from his injury though the accident ended his career as a hurler with Derrymoy. He believes as does everybody, (everybody that is except the three selectors), that but for the accident he would have played in the final.

BY THE WAY BY TONY WALLACE

In the course of researching Killyon's earlier hurling success in 1918, I happened upon other articles relating to that year which should be of interest to Longwood readers. The first relates to a considerable fire which occurred on Wednesday December 26, 1917 in a licensed premises (O'Reilly) where 'Johnny (John Dargan's) now stands. The article, as it appeared in the Meath Chronicle of January 5, 1918, as reproduced verbatim hereunder, courtesy of that newspaper.

The Irish Election of 1918 played a central role in the story of Irish politics. The electorate in South Meath totaled 14,716. Successful candidate Eamonn Duggan polled 6,371. The Meath Chronicle gave the story extensive coverage. In 1918 it stated 'Eamonn Duggan, the republican candidate for

South Meath, is by profession a solicitor practicing in Dublin. He has family associations with South Meath, his mother being a native of Longwood, where he is well known and has been a regular visitor since childhood'. It goes on to state how Mr. Duggan assisted tenants in an estate near Longwood. As a result of his negotiations with the agent of the estate and after a correspondence extending over a period of more than twelve months, the estate was sold to the tenants on satisfactory terms. Mr. Duggan began his election campaign 'after last Mass on Sunday in Longwood'. It is interesting that the local parish priest, Rev. Fr. Rooney, took a proactive stance at the meeting. This is how the Meath Chronicle, December 1918, reported proceedings.

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WATCHER ON THE HILL BY M. F. BIRD

It was a fine June morning; Big Tom Marlowe and his wife Alice were having breakfast in the kitchen of their farmhouse. Glancing at the calendar hanging from the knob of the window shutter Big Tom reminded his wife, 'It's almost the end of the month and no hay made yet. If the day holds out we could get that field of new grass meadow together by evening.' His wife, familiar over the years with hay making vocabulary agreed 'We'll get it into cocks all right but you'll need help, extra help' she answered. 'Give Crawford a shout as you take the cows back from the hill field? It's almost 7 o'clock now,' she warned the big man, glancing at the gleaming new large dial electric clock hanging on the chimney breast. Electricity and clocks and washing machines were new to the Marlowes and indeed to the whole country. It was the year 1952. Rural electrification was on in a big way. As Big Tom made his way up the steep path leading to the high field where the cows were grazing at the moment, he paused now and then to catch his breath, finally reaching the level ground at the gate leading to the hill fields. He paused to look out over the country below him. Down there a hundred feet below him flowed the Broad River winding its way slowly to the North East across from the river the land sloped slightly upwards towards the railway tracks half a mile away, where a small farmhouse stood close by the railway lines. That house and small farm had been the home of the late Tom Raftery and had since passed into the possession of Tom's niece. From where he now stood, he could see almost directly below him, the gamekeeper's house, perched on a small knoll above the river, with only yards between the house and the water, the house, isolated from all other human habitation by the range of hill Big Tom had just climbed and the river to the front it was indeed fit only for the purpose it was originally designed for; a gamekeeper's house. Tom grinned amicably as he located the occupant, Crawford McCrea, over by a whitethorn bush with a large basin of water balanced on a piece of rock wearing only his familiar off white trousers, splashing with cupped hands large quantities of water over neck and shoulders, then lathering same with a large lump of yellow household soap. 'Washing off the effects of the gig they were playing

at last night,' he grunted. 'Hope he isn't thinking of wearing those good pants at the hay making today'. Satisfied things were under control and there was no reason to talk to Crawford - he signalled to 'Bran' the collie dog to fetch the cows.

The collie knew from experience what was required of her and scampered off to take care of the chore. Meanwhile, Crawford, unaware he had been under observation from above, so to speak, emptied out the tin basin of soapy water throwing the worn white towel over his shoulder, returned to the house whistling a verse of a popular tango at the time while beating out the rhythm on the tin basin, at the same time executing the devious movements of the Tango as he envisaged it. Looking down from his perch high up on the hill above at Crawford's antics the big man shook his head and swore 'Will it beat's be god dam'.

As of this moment, Big Tom wasn't prepared to vacate his perch on the hillside. A large clump of furze bush gave him shelter not only from the sun, but also from prying eyes by the riverside or the ground beyond. In fact, things were beginning to hot up so to speak. Down below in the kitchen of Crawford's small house the fire was burning brightly and the aroma of frying bacon wafted up to the watcher on the hill. Crawford in the meantime had changed his song and was now lilting another popular number of the time, something 'about growing too old to dream'. 'Bloody rubbish' they big fellow mumbled, he was in his late 50s anyway. During Crawford's recital, Big Tom had been closely scanning the ground on the opposite side of the river. He was aware the young woman who now owned the property was in the habit of coming out each morning in her bare feet no less to milk the roan coloured cow which grazed the land opposite with a mixed collection of other animals. Sometimes the cattle fed near the old farmhouse but lately they had fed practically on the riverbank opposite. This gave Big Tom an opportunity to study the young woman at closer quarters; she could be around 30 he surmised. He judged her as he himself would judge any young heifer, her body shape and of course her legs. Enough of them to be seen this morning, he thought, that little bit of a skirt she wore barely reached her knees. The girl, her name was Anne Marie, car-

ried as usual the 2 gallon tinker made milk can complete with lid but what puzzled him more was the handbag she carried, it was the type of bag women took in to town to carry groceries home.

During talk at the dinner table at his own house he had found out a few details about the young woman. A niece of old John, she had returned from London to look after him in his declining years. He had rewarded her leaving her his house and small farm. Anne Marie it appeared had elected to stay and live on the farm. She was a good looking girl, thirty-something year old the neighbours said, dressed well and would have been a constant visitor to all the local gigs and functions in the locality. Big Tom had developed more than a passing interest in the young woman now on the opposite side of the river. And now, as indeed he had on other occasions, he disregarded the sound of churn lids being hammered off the steel milk churns back in his own yard as Alice and the helper prepared to go ahead with the milking without him. On one or two occasions when the cow had been feeding close to the river bank Big Tom had the opportunity from his vantage point on high to study how Anne Marie went about the business of milking a cow in the open country.

The Watcher (Big Tom) craned forward to get a better view of proceedings on the far side of the river and in doing so almost stepped over the steep side of the almost perpendicular cliff he was perched on. The old style shopping bag that she had taken with her lay nearby. Tom was puzzled as to what the bag might hold. Maybe she was going to take a swim farther down the river in what used to be called the swimming hole. The bag he reasoned could hold a towel and maybe togs but hadn't some of the boys in the pub mentioned one night that most of the foreign women wear no togs at all when swimming!

Silence had descended on the little house down below; the only sound now was the voice of the woman, crooning an old love song as she milked the cow. 'What's become of Crawford?' Tom muttered stretching out in the limited space available beneath the prickly furze bush in an effort to locate the now silent singer, 'I suppose the miserable hoor is viewing the girl through a chink in the kitchen door, and maybe watching her to go swimming' he surmised. But soon

all would be revealed.

It is only fair at this point in time to assume Anne Marie was aware someone high up on the hill on the fair side of the river had more than a passing interest in her actions. Usually, Anne Marie called out to the animal, giving her a pat on the rump, the cow 'Dolly' then stood patiently chewing its cud while the milking proceeded. Anne Marie had finished the milking giving Dolly the cow the usual friendly slap on the rump while advising the animal to go and find fresh grass. At the same time rubbing her right knee the one she had been kneeling on while milking the cow. She appeared to be worried as to the condition of the knee joint. Pulling up the end of the skirt so as to allow her to carry out a visual inspection of the limb. Satisfied the knee had suffered no harm while kneeling on the damp grass she picked up the shopping bag and walked across to the riverbank in front of the gamekeeper's house. The river here ran swiftly over the rough stone bed, which at one time before the advent of man made bridges had been known as the ford and was the only means used by travellers to cross the river.

Anne Marie on reaching the river called out loudly 'Mr. Crawford, Mr. Crawford' 'Are you at home?' Crawford on hearing his name called came to the door wiping his chin with the back of his hand. He had just finished breakfast and wasn't expecting visitors at that hour of the morning. 'Anne Marie, how are you?' I didn't know you were out there at all' he lied. He had in fact been watching her through the kitchen window as he ate breakfast. 'What can I do for you on this fine morning?' he enquired walking towards the river. 'You may remember,' she said, raising her voice to overcome the noise of the water, 'you said you could refurbish and colour up these knee boots of mine. They are quite a valuable pair, I brought them with me from London.' 'OK, right begod' he lied again, 'I remember that now. Wasn't it at the dance in the Parochial Hall one Sunday night lately.' 'Yes that's right. It's such a long way down to the stone bridge and up over the hill to your place I thought I'd save time and bring them down here some morning when I come to do the milking. I'm sure I could 'peg' them across the river here without any bother' she said, confidently enough. 'Well maybe you should try it one at a

time,' Crawford warned her as she shook the pair of elegant looking tan knee boots from the canvas bag. Crawford wasn't to know at this stage the lady on the off bank of the river had designs on him. She had in fact decided, indeed months earlier when she first met Crawford McCrea, talented musician and singer, playing with his own group of musicians at all the leading functions in the area, this was to be her man, come hell or high water. Anne Marie got off to a good start, taking up one boot as Crawford had advised, whirled around expertly as a hammer thrower in a competition letting fly eventually in the general direction of Crawford on the opposite side. Direction was fair but the flying boot dropped slightly and somewhat short of target sticking in the side of the muddy bank below where Crawford stood. 'Great, Great!' Crawford shouted enthusiastically 'Hold on a second and I'll retrieve that one'. In order for Crawford to recover the boot it was necessary for him to lie flat on the river bank, reaching down the sloping side, almost to the water's edge. As he laid hand on the highly ornate piece of leatherwork he was about to comment on the beauty and exquisite workmanship on the boot when Anne Marie fired off the second salvo without warning. Perfectly directed, it followed the same flight pattern as the first effort landing with a resounding thwack on Crawford's bare temple. He knew no more, the beautiful brown knee boot dropped into the water and floated quietly downstream. Crawford was out for the count; a trickle of blood ran down his face as he lay hanging over the water. Anne-Marie was frightened and screamed, 'Crawford are you all right?' With no movement from the stricken Crawford, Anne-Marie panicked, her one instinct was to rush to the injured one and lend assistance. Dashing down the rough sloping way into the water, she suddenly realised she was in deep water, lifting her already scanty little skirt from the water she screamed as the water swirled above her knees. Crawford meanwhile although somewhat concussed had recovered but couldn't understand why he was hanging face down over the riverbank. Struggling to regain composure he slipped further down the muddy bank and finally ended up floundering around in the muddy water. Regaining his feet while brushing the water from his eyes

he espied Anne Marie in some apparent difficulty in the deep water below the ford. In her effort to reach Crawford she had strayed off the shallow ford area that had been used by travellers in earlier times. Crawford realising her predicament, dashed gallantly across to her help. Catching her around the waist he shouted hoarsely 'You'll be alright now Anne Marie, sure it was only an accident. Hold on to me and we'll make it to dry land.' Anne Marie needed no second urging, grabbing hold of Crawford around the neck and holding on for dear life, whilst he took advantage of the moment and kissed her with great fervour several times, utterly disregarding the water running off him and soaking her classy green jumper.

Up on the hill above them, Big Tom swore loudly 'I've seen it all now begod' he muttered as he withdrew from his point of vantage. 'Imagine going out on a date at 7 o'clock in the morning and having it in the middle of the Broad River. No shame whatsoever in them.' Big Tom had dozed off for a few moments prior to the boot-throwing incident and was at the moment unaware of what had transpired as he slept. Moving quickly he headed for home. Alice the wife would have to be told of this caper. 'Just think of it,' he growled 'that Anne Marie wan and Crawford carrying on in that manner.' Crawford and Anne Marie had by this time made it safely to the opposite bank of the river. She had suffered little water damage but her champion, Crawford, as she described it afterwards 'Looked a sight'. His off white pants clung to his legs, while the upper part of his body and tee shirt was coated with weed and debris from his encounter with the river water. 'Come up to my place and get dried out' Anne Marie suggested. 'I could possibly lend you something to wear while I wash out your pants, you will need them tomorrow night at the local.' 'No, no, I'm OK,' Crawford protested 'I have a couple of pairs of pants to spare, they're just an old pair I was going to wear today at the haymaking with Big Tom. Bye now, see you tomorrow night then. I'll pick up your other boot on the way back, I see it floating in the back water over there' he said pointing to where the boot floated upright on the still backwater.

Anne Marie carefully brushed off some particle of mud and riverweed from her jumper at the same time

straightening up her skirt that had somehow lost its shape in her encounter with the river water. Picking up the can of milk and canvas bag she carefully scanned the hill above her for any sign of human presence but all appeared normal there. Crawford had by now fished out her other boot from the river and was now heading stiffly for his own house. A short time later he was making his way up the steep rocky path leading from the back of his house to the hill top on his way to Big Tom's farm. He had donned an old pair of dungaree pants which had seen better days and in his

hand he carried his pride and joy, his erstwhile off white pants, now a muddy bundle. At the highest point overlooking the river he turned to see Anne Marie about to enter her own house, she had, of course, been moving slowly waiting for Crawford to come into sight as he topped the hill. Waving her hand she kissed her fingers to him as she was about to enter her own house. Crawford grinned and returned the salute waving his sodden pants in her direction. 'Maybe it was all worth it,' he said aloud as he watched her disappear into the house in the distance. Rolling the

sodden pants into a ball he tucked it under his arm and headed briskly off down the hill towards Big Tom's farmhouse. He was in a good mood as he whistled a bar or two of the old love song he had heard Anne Marie sing that morning as she milked the roan cow. 'Things are not so bloody bad after all,' he murmured again. 'Big Tom's wife Alice is not a bad ould soul. She'll put these ould pants of mine through that new washing machine of hers. It'll be as good as new after a couple of hours and sure we'll see how things work out tomorrow night.'

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A GUN BATTLE IN THE VILLAGE BY J.P.FARRELL

(Adapted from *'Strong Backs: Longwood County Meath and the GAA'*)

1921. The year started in Longwood with the only serious gun battle of the Anglo-Irish War in South Meath. On Saturday night, 8th January 1921, just before closing time about a dozen IRA men most of whom were members of the GAA in Longwood and Killyon took up their positions around the village under the command of Lar Giles and Mossy Fagin. This was serious stuff. Death and bloodshed were contemplated. The Longwood armed forces had one revolver two captured RIC carbines from Ballivor Barracks six shotguns from houses around the village and one hand grenade together with about four dozen bullets and cartridges. This small collection of weapons was about two thirds of all the stuff they possessed in Longwood at that time or at any time. Lar Giles from Brock and Jimmy Fagin a brother of Mossy Fagin from Lionsden started shooting at the barracks from the graveyard end of the village and from the corner of our road. As the battle progressed the two gunmen retreated further and further from the barracks. There were about a dozen English peelers called Auxiliaries stationed in the barracks at the time. They returned a barrage of bullets to give the impression that there were several attackers.

For about twenty minutes the village reverberated to the sound of surface disturbances eddies and crests of the foam which that late French Historian M. Fernand Brandel noted in his wisdom are carried by the Tides of history on their strong backs. Bullets whanged up and down the village street and rico-

cheted with a whine into the night sky. Longwood turned all the colours of the rainbow as signal flares were sent up by the defenders in the barracks to summon help from Trim or Edenderry. For every bullet fired by Lar Giles or Jimmy Fagin the peelers returned about a hundred. Meanwhile as part of the engagement an IRA section of about half a dozen men under the command of Mossy Fagin and led by Stephen Kelly from Killyon with a revolver in his hand waited silently in the dark by the side of Murphy's pub across the road from the barracks. The section was armed with shotguns and one of the Longwood Company's two hand grenades. The IRA's plan was that some of the enemy might be tempted to come out into the open at some stage as the battle died down when they would walk into a bomb and a couple of volleys of shotgun fire from point-black range just when the coast seemed clear. It was a pretty dangerous position for the IRA section to be with bullets flying over their heads from two directions. On the other hand the barracks at that time was surrounded by walls of sandbags which partly protected an attacker who got really close. The ambush party waited beside the pub until they were in danger of being refused admission. They then went back to their pints in Murphy's fairly sure that they could have a late one if the ones they had left on the counter were gone flat. In fact during those years the peelers very seldom raided the local pubs for after hours drinking. The IRA weapons were collected by other members detailed for the purpose and taken over the fields in the

dark to be dumped in the old abandoned tunnel which served as the local bunker and which had been used by the Tazer Doyle to hide his musket after he took a pot-shot at Dyas the landlord crossing Inchymore Bridge. during the Eviction s of Rathcore in 1864 and which also may have been used to hide the weapons used at Castlerickard to murder the hanging magistrate Mr. Knipe in 1795. The same old tunnel was part of the plans for guerrilla warfare by the LDF during World War Two and also has been used for slightly nefarious purposes connected with the later Armed Struggles which rose so many crests of foam and surface disturbances around the North of Ireland in more recent times. Although limited pot-shots were fired in the direction of Longwood Barracks on several occasions in 1920 and 1921 was the only determined attempt made during the war to inflict real damage upon the building or its defenders. And then of course in accordance with orders from on high the next day as British troops raided the area nobody in Longwood had as much as heard a dog bark or even a baby cry and nobody had seen or heard a thing especially the crowd in Murphy's pub which now is Stoney Burkes. So that is the way our forefathers in the words of the old song 'fought the Auxies and beat the Black and Tan'. As another aside to the present story the old parish tunnel was filled up with concrete on Wednesday 10 October 2001. It was a strange coincidence.

THE CHANGING FACE OF LONGWOOD



LEFT - The changing face of Longwood with the construction of the new retail units in Longwood Village.

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THE BOYNE ROVERS BY JIMMY FARRELL

For about ten years after 1932 there were two GAA clubs in Longwood. The second club acquired the title of The Boyne Rovers as a sneer at first because there was a soccer team in Drogheda called Boyne Rovers but the name was later adopted officially by the membership. They used to play along the banks of the Boyne in Maguire's field at Moneymore which helped the name along. Even though it was a time of political unrest the foundation of the Rovers had nothing got to do with politics. They got going because the older members in Longwood GAA refused to retire and the club refused to field a second team in hurling. A body of young men from down our road started meeting in Kelly's barn where three old pence was collected per member each month to finance a team of their own. They practiced in any field they could get in the area including Connolly's, Farrell's and Birds' Mill Field until they finally acquired a semi-permanent home in Maguire's Boyne Field in Moneymore. The Boyne Rovers was an independent club for only about a year or two but it provided the foundation of the later successes enjoyed by Longwood in the nineteen thirties and forties.

The Boyne Rover Beaten

In September 1932 there was the famous occasion when the two Longwood hurling teams met in the championship. The match was in Longwood in the same field where the club today has its home and the referee was Jim Kelly from Trim. Everybody

was afraid in case a row might rise and there would be blue murder all over the parish. In the event there was blue murder but it soon died down. The young crowd from the Boyne Rovers took tea with their elders and betters and really tried to go to town. It was a fierce dirty match with skin and hair flying all over the place. Some of the men who played against each other that day never got over the experience for God knows how long. But the real Longwood team won easily and this more or less put an end to the challenge of the Boyne Rovers for good.

Peace Restored

It took until the following year before peace was restored. The Boyne Rovers reorganized and allowed some of its members to join Longwood to try and get places on the team which won out the junior hurling championship in 1933. The Boyne Rovers then stayed in existence for about another ten years as part of the Longwood set-up with Jack Murtagh as chairman and James Duignan as secretary. When Longwood went senior in hurling after 1933 the Boyne Rovers became the Longwood junior team partly under the control of the Longwood Top Table. Boyne Rovers Hurling Club maintained itself as a separate entity with its chairman usually holding the office of deputy vice chairman of Longwood GAA. The Boyne Rovers are last heard about in 1942 when they fielded in the Junior Hurling Championship of that year again apparently without winning a match.

LONGWOOD PTAA BY JEAN REGAN

Longwood Parish first became affiliated to the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association on 22 December 1921. For many years the centre has a very large number of members who were responsible for the organisation of various social events in the village. Although membership has decreased in recent years, the centre is still active after a span of eighty-two years.

The National Council of the association hold a talent competition and quiz each year and encourage members from all over the country to participate. Longwood centre strive each year to compete in these events. Last year a

team consisting of Mary Murphy, Jean Regan, Nancy Lowe, Cyril Regan and Fintina O'Looney represented South Meath Region in the 'Novelty Act' section with a comedy sketch entitled 'Date a Mate'.

Having gained first place at Diocesan level in December, they travelled to Bree in County Wexford in March for the Leinster Final. They again carried off first place and became the Leinster Representatives at the All-Ireland Final in Castlebar in April. Although unsuccessful there, each member was presented with a certificate of participation.

In addition to the comedy team,

Longwood had a competitor in the junior section. Elizabeth Cusack took part in the solo musical instrument section and won first place in Meath, going on to represent the Diocese in the Leinster Final.

PTAA organise a number of sporting activities around the country and have a very active youth council in each diocese, members of which enjoy numerous social occasions without indulging in alcoholic drink. If any young person would like to join the association, any of our committee members can provide details and put them in touch with the Youth Council.

ALL IN THE FAMILY



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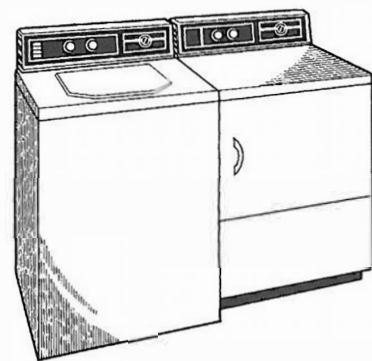
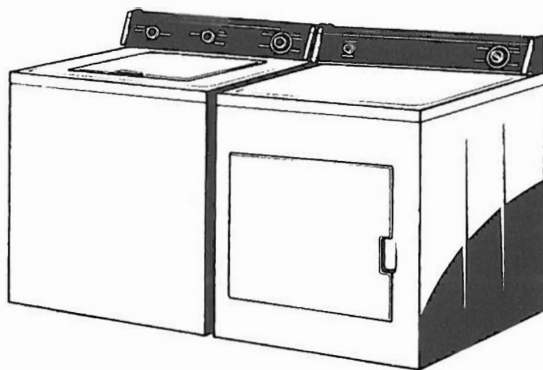
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FOND MEMORIES OF CHARLIE LEONARD AND MICK 'THE BELT' RAFFERTY BY TONY LEONARD

As dotage replaces the brave plans and ideals of youth, we come to realize that the spirit of rebellion and non-conformity that marks each new generation belongs almost entirely to those who have not yet donned the yoke of maturity. It is easy to be a humanist, a socialist, and an idealist when some one else feeds and clothes you and pays your bills. But the time comes to all when the 'Rat-Race' of everyday reality provides the wherewithal for life. We then quickly forget the idealism of carefree days, and decline into membership of the 'old-fashioned' wage-slave generation and repeat to our own children the lectures of our own parents. We even get righteously miffed when our wisdom is thrown back in your face - as if we had never done the same ourselves!

The actual meaning of the word 'dotage' is 'reflection on days gone by,' so it is an honourable enough pastime. I have many cherished reflections that 'flash upon that inward eye' from time to time throughout my later life - giving nostalgic pleasure and a longing for times past. I will relate a few of my rambling reminiscences that have stayed with me over the years and which always remind me of great people and great times.

These reminiscences invariably spring from memories of fishing, shooting and hunting. I once hooked a beautiful and graceful Boyne salmon, a direct descendant of The Salmon of Knowledge of ancient lore. Sadly, I tasted not of this fantastic riverine Solomon; when hooked, it arched out of the river in a powerful display of sheer energy and, in a majestic flash of steely silver-blue, snapped my line and was gone with hook, line and lead-washer sinker, leaving me at once both exhilarated and saddened.

It didn't help that my fishing-rod was a common-or-yard-brush-handle, and that my reel formerly did duty as a spool for thread in my mother's gifted hands, but I treasured my single, brief encounter with the King of Fishes as I stood dreamily on an island tussock in a flood in Pappy Giles's Boyne Field, while a gentle rain softly swept the ancient druidic lands of South Meath. However, on more mature and pragmatic reflection, I was lucky that my line gave way or he'd have taken me off my own grassy knoll and given me a watery grave! The last I saw of the magnificent fish was a contemptuous tail, curled in derision, beating down on the Boyne Water as vigorously as any Orangeman on his Lambeg drum.

Recalling that scene recently, I remembered with fondness two great characters that were well worth knowing, but who have gone to their reward: the late Mick the 'Belt' Rafferty of Lionsden, and Charlie Leonard of Blackshade, both of them wonderful countrymen - hunter-gatherers supreme, and both steeped in the lore and craft of the Longwood countryside.

These two, though of an older generation, were acquaintances of my youth and they were skilled experts in the field, on the riverbank, in days when game birds, rabbits and hares, as well as salmon and trout, abounded. Both men lived an independent bachelor life, free from all feminine constraints, petty restrictive edicts or capricious demands on their time. Both could prepare and cook a meal from fare freshly culled 'from the fat of the land' - that few women could better.

One of their greatest gifts was the ability to communicate with us younger ones without 'talking down' to us - or, indeed, as was usually the case with adults in those days, dis-



Jim and Mary Jane Leonard, Blackshade, with three of their family Peter, back left and Nicholas and Maggie front right.

missing us peremptorily. Thus, I remember the Belt and Charlie Leonard. (Charlie had the nickname 'The Baulk' - given to him, it was said, by Master Conway. This, I think, represented in the vernacular 'a thick, rough beam of immovable timber.' Whatever it was meant to signify, Charlie was witty, agreeable and intelligent good company at home or on the sawdust floor. Suffice it to say that he was one of those people that you would love to meet - he brightened up the day, even though his favourite catch-cry, or cant, was 'Blackshade, where the sun never shone!'

I accompanied the 'Belt' one Sunday afternoon long ago when he fished for salmon in the same Boyne Field. Blackhead worms were his bait and I was spellbound as he expertly fished the river, his casts covering every inch of the river methodically and with a precision born of years of experience. His dexterity and swiftness belied his big frame and despite his massive gnarled hands, his fingers as nimble as any seamstress's. Ceaselessly, he cast and drew in the line to a regular rhythm. Between the pull of the current and his expert gathering-in of line and bait, the worms were presented temptingly to any fish that might be anywhere in the water between the banks of the ancient river.

I often picture this bear of a man, his taut fishing-line, radiating across the Boyne like the hand of a clock, the angle ever changing with the casts. I see his fishing rod, which, being raised and lowered as the need arose, was also 'making shapes.' I suddenly realized that whoever first thought of the word 'angling' was inspired by these ever-changing angles created on the horizontal and the vertical planes by rod and line in geometric motion. Of such observations is language created. The Belt moved down-river steadily towards Connolly's of Ballymahon and we parted at the mearing, he to continue towards the famed salmon run at Donore Castle and I to go home, pondering the demonstration of expert technique by a 'master.'

It brought to mind the scene in the early 60s when, as a young lad, I marvelled at the massive fresh Boyne salmon lying the full length of the form seat in Joe Giles's Corner Shop in Longwood, shrouded in sackcloth and awaiting transportation by CIE bus to the Dublin Market. The noble fish had succumbed to the 'Belt' on the green grassy banks of the Boyne a short time before and would earn rich dividends for his captor in £: s: d (not the Timothy Leary sort, I might add!).

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FOND MEMORIES OF CHARLIE LEONARD AND MICK 'THE BELT' RAFFERTY BY TONY LEONARD



Charlie, Jim, Peter and Mick Leonard, Blackshde.

The old briar pipe loaded with smouldering 'Yachtsman' plug tobacco and capped by a metal lid, shaded from the wind in his massive fist, provided all his requirements of mind-soothing combustible weed.

The Belt's own larder was well stocked at all times. If you called to him at dinner-time, he would be dining regally on anything from pheasant to grouse or partridge, hare-soup or rabbit-stew, or indeed trout, salmon or eel - all personally fished, shot or snared and expertly prepared with his own fresh garden vegetables and cooked, boiled or roasted by the big man himself. From the back of the door, a fine pheasant or rabbit would be 'hanging' prior to cooking. From his apple-trees he supplied all-comers with a heart and a half- payment (when it came) was in the rural currency of delicious apple-tarts made from the 'borrowed' apples.

He was the first 'gastronome' that I knew. His taste also extended to Arthur's Brew and he relished his pint in the famed 'Middle Place' - that inner sanctum of Dargan's in Longwood. I gave him a helping hand one night many years ago when he had imbibed deeply if not wisely. I retrieved him from the roadside hedge at the Council water-pump below Derrinlig where he had run aground, without flash lamp, star or moonlight to light his path to Lionsden.

I got him a lift home in a passing motor and, cycling after him, I 'led' home his own bike also. When he got home, his key was missing and he used a four-prong fork to extract the big staple that held the chain in the doorjamb; a sudden twist of his massive shoulders and he was on his own floor. When he was safely ensconced in the kitchen, I departed, proud to be of some help to a legend of a man. Suffice it to say that I never heard a bad word uttered by him or about him - a fitting epitaph for any man.

Hunting and shooting brought to mind also Charlie Leonard - another man that I had the privilege of knowing. Charlie was a wonderful character who once worked in the gardens at Killyon Manor for Miss Magan. There was no more entertaining company than Charlie, whether at work in the fields or enjoying a drink. He was reputed, when suitably conditioned, to leap on a bar-table and, with patriotic fervour and oratorical excellence, to faultlessly deliver Robert Emmet's famous Speech from the Dock, first delivered by the 23-year-old condemned patriot in the Session House at Dublin on the 19th September 1803. He could not have chosen a better speech; consider the following final passage of the Emmet's impromptu

and world-renowned oration:

'Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace. and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be writtem. I have done.'

Sadly, there is doubt today about the location his final resting place, and, as his country consists of two divided nations, his epitaph cannot in truth be written.

Charlie's duties at Killyon Manor provided an ideal opportunity for some extra-curricular enterprise on his own account. An expert on the best runs and lying places of the salmon and brown trout in the River Deal, suffice it to say that he was never without a fresh fish for supper at the end of his working day. A nicely positioned nightline, 'set' surreptitiously in the evening dusk, guaranteed the following evening's meal of brown trout- with wheaten bread, and wild mushrooms in season, smothered in Nickeen's own farmer's butter, and fried over the open turf fire. I often visited and found him gutting a magnificent trout - courtesy of Miss Magan- without her best (or any) compliments - and, indeed, without her full knowledge and consent! Men were transported for less!

At one time, according to my grandmother, the late Jane Rafferty of Ballinabarney, the rabbit warrens of Killyon were sacrosanct and trappers from Scotland were imported to capture the rabbits on a grand scale for commercial purposes. Woe betide any tenant or career poacher who attempted to test the quality of the rabbit-meat. There was certainly no such thing as a free lunch in those days. The Game Laws (of which I might write next year, D.V.) were inspired, drafted, designed and enforced solely to protect the interests of the 'gentry,' whether for profit or sport.

Charlie was also an expert trapper, and many a fine grazier wore a 'necklace' at dawn in order to provide a most delicious stew for his captor or those lucky enough to be of his acquaintance. My first instruction in snaring rabbits came from the master himself; Charlie was not mean spirited and shared his expertise with all and sundry. From him, I learned the art of snaring rabbits. I never could hope to emulate him in that pursuit, however.

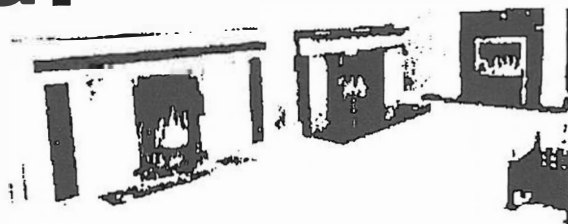
Basically, the essentials of setting a successful snare were as follows: The snare should be set half-way between the rabbit 'pops' - the paw marks made in the grass by the rabbit when travelling- usually in a series of leisurely leaps The correct height of the bottom of the snare-wire was a 'hand' - the same measurement as used to establish the height of horses. At the halfway point between the 'pops' the rabbit's head was at the ideal elevation to enter the snare; as the 'coney' completed his jump, the snare tightened. The obsequies consisted of preparation 'for the pot' after adequate time hanging. Just now I recall a couple of lines of school poetry that fit the bill:

'Thaispeáin sé dom cosán an choinín tríd an gclaf
Is d'fheistigh liom an dol a cheap é roimh an ngréin'
(He showed to me the rabbit's path
that through the ditch did run,
And made and set for me the snare
that caught him ere the sun.)

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FOND MEMORIES OF CHARLIE LEONARD AND MICK 'THE BELT' RAFFERTY BY TONY LEONARD

A windy night yielded a rich harvest, as the rabbits were very active and dashed about on such nights. As already stated, Charlie was a very witty and humorous man, he was devoted to horseracing and liked nothing better than to accompany his brother Peter, home on holiday from London where he was a bus driver, to the Curragh or some other race-course for a great day's entertainment. I remember Charlie's passionate appraisal one day long ago as he detailed for me the racing qualities and achievements of the great O'Brien (I think) classic winner, Ragusa. He wasn't one for the 'mug's bet' of 20 /1 longshots! Charlie was a 'form' man through and through.

He often related the tale of a fox he fired at once - and missed. The fox turned at his leisure, looked at Charlie with contempt, and forthwith angrily waved his brush at him in a gesture with obvious scatological implications. Charlie swore that he could almost hear the fox saying, 'Kiss my a---!', before he ambled nonchalantly into the blackthorn cover. He was so impressed with this dignified display that he declined to reload and fire again.

Charlie's sudden death while milking the cows one morning, while relating an account of a 'whale of a night' before, shocked one and all, and his many friends and neighbours felt a genuine sense of loss. Needless to say, we have not since seen his like since - and won't.

Mentioning foxes, the most audacious hunting-field tactic I ever witnessed took place in my native Moyfinn one fine day long ago. The Hunt thundered up the road from Ballyconnell - hounds, horses and hangers-on at breakneck speed. I watched as the Master of the Hounds- an excellent horseman and breeder- drove his horse at, up and over a barbed wire and blackthorn hedge into Paddy Maguire's field across from Finian Quinn's house. The lesser mortals used an easier access to the field and the entire motley crew tore up and down, hither and thither across the field, in a cacophony of yells, howls, baying (as John B Keane used to say 'pillalooing') and bugle call in pursuit of the hounds that were ostensibly in pursuit of a fox, or some quarry.

The cavalry charge crossed the skyline on the hilltop and passed into an adjoining field. A lobster-pink female, her ample derriere aloft, brought up the rear in every sense of the word. As I turned away to my less bloodthirsty business, I saw a sight that kept my mouth open for some time. Barely 20 lengths in arrears of the pink lady's rear, a large dog-fox trotted across the hilltop, following exactly in the hoof-steps, paw-prints and prancing posteriors- human and animal.

I was spellbound and would have been speechless if there had been anyone with me to talk to at the time! Reynard was proving the reputation of vulpine cleverness that is usually grudgingly described as being 'as sly as a fox.' He was making jack-asses of horses, hounds, men, and women. What safer place to be than behind the hunt! Don't the best Generals always lead from the rear- and die at ninety-something in their beds, long after the youthful cannon fodder they so generously sacrificed? The hounds were far ahead; man and beast spoiled the scent and Reynard could travel all day long after the bloodthirsty hunters who, in their headlong dash to lead the chase, would never look behind them! I was left wonder-



Mick Rafferty in December 1964.

ing, 'What on earth are the hounds following?'

All the fox needed to do was to allow the fallen ample time to re-mount and join the chase and then resume his perambulation until at last the blood lust subsided and the hunt reined in for the day. Reynard could then slope away home in safety, no doubt chuckling as only foxes can at the folly of man, the master of the Universe! I solemnly saluted the fox as he went from my view for his perspicacity and quick-brown-fox thinking- outfoxing the foxhunters!

The thought then struck me, well, if I myself were 'horse-and-hounded' to death by superior forces for millennia, I would expect that I would also devise a strategy to prolong my existence as much as possible. I thought also of the strong-arm man of the Old Testament, Samson of the Long Hair. Having desperate women-trouble with the lasses of the Philistines, he was outwitted and double-crossed. For revenge, he captured five hundred foxes, (how, I wonder), tied them together by the tails two-by-two and, with a lighted torch tied to each couples' tails, released the terrified animals into the cornfields of the Philistines.

With the foxes running for their lives every which way, scattering fire as they ran, it was not long before the Philistines had not a grain of corn left for the winter- they were ruined. Is it any wonder that the foxes wised-up pretty sharp-like after such a dastardly deed! Never again would they be caught napping! This learning curve is called evolution and the survival of the fittest- I call it the survival of the cleverest that outwits the fittest- but then Darwin never saw a Moyfinn or a Blackshade fox in action! I did, and it is a memory that I enjoy to this day. (The fact that it was probably a drag-hunt should not be allowed to spoil a good story!).

PS: Any of you with qualms about the cruelty aspect of my story may refer to 'Moral Theology' 1st Edition, 1945, by the Rev Heribert Jone, O.F.M., Cap., J.C.D., The Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Maryland, USA. which states: 'Man has no duties towards animals since they have no independent personality. Being ordained for the service of man, animals may be used for any ethical purpose.' Having quoted that, I am sure that not one of you will agree, and out the window go the rasher, sausage, steak and mutton-chop, smoked salmon, Christmas turkey, roast chicken, etc., etc.

Tony Leonard.

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HUMOUROUS HOWLERS FROM MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS PRE-1965 BY TONY LEONARD.

(All of these items appeared in the publications named-including some national and international publications with august reputations, and some lesser entities with only provincial and local circulation. Names and titles are not always given - no doubt to avoid embarrassment- and litigation! All are enjoyable. The comments in brackets are my own attempt at humour).

(We'll kick off with one of our own!) - 'As an experiment in night traffic control, the white-cloaked traffic policeman at the Place de l'Alma in Paris is now being floodlit to ensure that night drivers will not miss him in the dark' - The Irish Press (*Double Penalty Points for missing?*) 'Manufacturers say a kettle cannot boil over-unless it is overfilled. Too many people, says one firm, put three and a half pints into a kettle made to take only three pints' - Illustrated.

(I thought that happened only with porter?)

'Perfume your undies by placing empty perfume bottles in your drawers - advert in House Journal.' (*Is that a perfume bottle in your drawers or are you just glad to see me?*).

'Maiko Sol, of 1464 Nuuanu Ave, was arrested by police last night on a charge of being drunk and for assault and battery on a woman' - Honolulu Star Bulletin. (*Hic!*)

'I bet I'm the only bloke who's chased a rabbit on a motor-bike round and round a field and caught the rabbit.' - Story in Woman's Own. (*Wait till he gets a quad!*)

'Sipping hot tea, as many players do, Andrews served, drove and volleyed with brilliant energy and control.' - Sussex Paper. (*Anyone for tea-ness?*)

'Minister sees the Cesarewitch - Puts nothing on' - South London paper. (*What gives, has Charlie lost his Dunnes Stores Charvet?*)

'He was taken to St. Luke's Hospital for treatment, but left there this morning with no bones broken' - North Carolina paper. (*That was a Near-y thing!*).

'Arthur Kitchener was seriously burned Saturday afternoon when he came into contact with a high voltage wife- Surrey paper.' (*Come on baby, light my fire!*)

'On Friday at about 2 o'clock a coach in the Druch area ran into a pedestrian. The coach was taken to hospital- Republican Lorraine.' (*Hardy man!*).

'At a recent fire in the south of Scotland (according to a local paper) twenty-four hens, a ton of coal, a gig, and a quantity of potatoes were burned alive.' - Scottish paper. (*Chicken and chips anyone?*).

'For Sale, a cross-cut saw by a Willard man with newly sharpened teeth.' - Willard Company News. (*White Fang, or the Eager Beaver?*)

'Lost, Tabby Cat, Male, answers to John. Reward (one

black eye)' - Advert in Herts paper (*Don't hit me missus, I never saw your cat at all, at all*).

'Wanted- man and woman to look after two cows, both Protestant' - Ulster paper. (*Spreading the Good Moos?*).

'Wanted to buy: playpen, cot and high chair; also two single beds' - Hawkes Bay Herald Tribune. N.Z. (*A single bed in time saves a play-pen, cot, etc., etc.*)

'A Tennessee café offers free drinks to customers over 80 - provided they are accompanied by their parents' - Useless Information by Paul Steiner (*Dead or Alive?*)

'Neighbours who on seeing the blaze, helped save the garage, about ten feet from the house, notified a white rabbit inside it' - Lewiston (Idaho) Tribune (New Yorker 1961). (*Cowering In-fur-no*)

'A Farmer's Wife is Best Shot' - Glasgow Evening Citizen headline. (*Ah, Jaysus, this E.U. De-coupling crack is going too far altogether!*).

'A tight hat can be stretched, First, damp the head with steam from a boiling kettle' - Scots paper. (*Hoots! Mon, sure it hurts, but it beats paying for a new hat!*).

'For Sale- Twin Beds, one hardly used' - Kentish Express. (*'Shove over there, (again) missus!'*).

'It is surprising how much music can be squeezed out of the average housewife' - Wigan Examiner. (*The louder the fiddle the sweeter the tune*).

'Wanted- Zinc Bath for adult with strong bottom' - North Wales Advertiser. (*'Ewer iron water-butt, Sir?*)

'Child Gets More Milk when Cooked in the Porridge' - Canadian paper. (*Creating a bit of a stirabout!*).

'Don't risk infecting the baby with a dirty feeding bottle teat. When the baby has finished its bottle, drop it in a saucepan of water and boil it' - Women's magazine. (*That should solve the problem all right*).

'Parkyns - to the memory of Mr. Parkyns, passed away September 10. Peace at Last. From all the neighbours of Princes Avenue' - Leicester Mercury. (*We thought the noisy hure'd never go!*).

'The Lady's Benevolent Association holds its regular monthly meeting on Monday evening. Mr. Watts made a motion that he would take care of any ladies present who wished to discard any clothing' - North Spur (California) Sentinel. (*A dacent. hardy man!*).

'Woman Wanted, to share Fat with another.' - Berkshire paper. (*The story of the ages!*)

'A great amount of useful information was given by the demonstrator. The height of her talk was how to bottle fruit without fruit, which needless to say attracted much attention' - Parish magazine. (*More loaves and fishes, anyone?*)

'To avoid slipping in the bath, place a rubber mat on the bottom' - Paisley Daily Express (*Cheeky!*).

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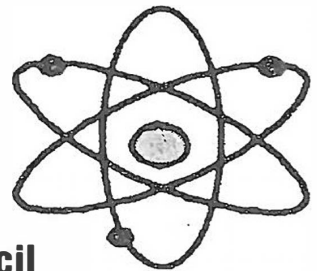
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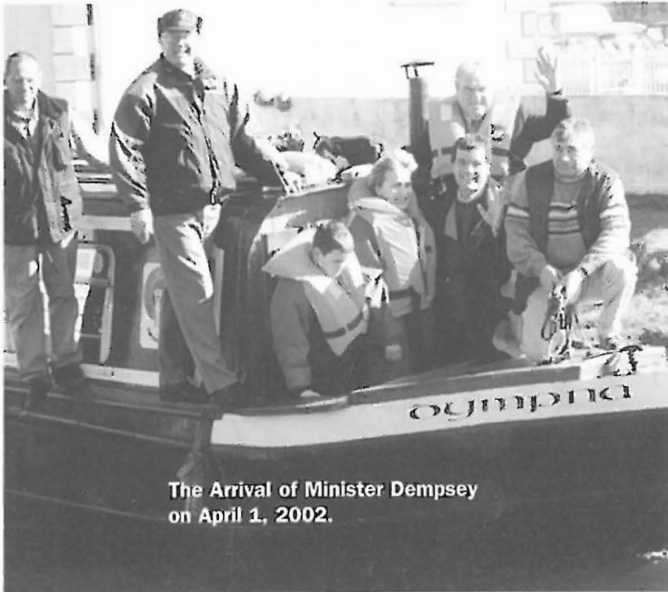
ROYAL CANAL VENTURES BY FRANCES KHOUNI & PETER HOLLAND



RCAG - 25th Anniversary Boat Rally at Hill of Down.



In April 2002, Noel Dempsey and his wife were guests of honour at the blessing of the new boat.



The Arrival of Minister Dempsey on April 1, 2002.



Happy sailing on the Royal Canal, April 1, 2002.

We decided to move from the outskirts of Dublin and commenced our search for an ideal location; we certainly found this in the Hill of Down. We wanted to retire to the country not too far from 'The Big Smoke' the airport and the ferry what better place? The charming century old house plus another building that we imagined to be boathouses were exactly what we were looking for. The house is situated in an idyllic spot beside Killyon Bridge on the banks of the Royal Canal.

We moved into the house in March 1997 on a wet and windy



April 1st, 2002 - great pccasion on the Royal Canal.

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Cutting the tape.

day. A lot of work was needed on the already totally renovated house, a new kitchen, heating and plumbing. Gradually the house began to take shape then we turned our attention to the boathouse which after much work became a two bedroom self-catering cottage for tourists.

Our near neighbours on the opposite side of the Canal, the Moran family made us very welcome and were very helpful in a number of ways.

Peter with great enthusiasm began to clear the overgrown banks of the canal creating a lovely raised garden from the stones of what had been a wall. This adds a lot of colour to the banks during the summer.

We began our project with the purchase of two open boats complete with outboard engines and oars; we put up our sign 'Boats for Hire'. Local support to our efforts was very gratifying and on sunny days local people could be seen 'driving' rowing boats on the Canal. The Parlour coffee shop is a focal

point to enjoy a cup of coffee. A warm welcome is given to all by our dogs Luka and Sheeba.

This year, 2002, we improved and increased our 'fleet'. First we purchased three aluminium boats with colourful canopies then a barge called 'The Lily Pad' which had to be completely painted and refurbished for the purpose of hourly /daily hire. The pedal boat is still a favourite with the younger generation. We retained one of the original fibre boats for busy days. Work began on the first of two jetties, which were erected by the Cully bros. of Longwood. The second one was completed in March 2002.

April 1st 2002 saw the official opening of the boating centre by the then minister for the Environment. Noel Dempsey arrived to the opening by Barge from Blackshade Bridge. Followed by a number of barges and boats to the strains of Quincy and The Auld Triangle. The Rev. Fr. Matthews blessed the boats. The Minister then cut the ribbon and launched The Lily Pad. Refreshments were served to approximately 200 guests and well-wishers a good time was had by all. A number of boats tie up here and The Hill of Down has been put on the map we hope to make it a very important Boating centre of the Midlands.



The launch of the new boat at the Royal Canal on April 1, 2002.

MRS MARY DIXON, DERRINLIG, LONGWOOD. BY TL



Mrs Mary Dixon.

successfully reared her family to be as hardworking and industrious as their parents were.

Mary was an inspiration and a guiding light for her children and their love and respect for her was always evident.

The passing of old friends is always a sad occasion. It is much more lamentable when the passing is preceded by illness and suffering. About this time last year, I lost an old friend that I knew since my school days, when several of her children were my schoolmates.

Mary Dixon was a remarkable woman. Like most women of her time, she had a large family. A faithful and loyal wife and mother,

with her late husband, Tom, she

I remember as a young lad during the 1960s when my father and Tom Dixon teamed up and cut turf in Coolronan Bog, outside Ballivor. Between the two families we saved the turf on the *cómhar* system. Mary Dixon worked with us boys wheeling the turf out to the spread-bank in a bog-barrow. She was a strong and hardy woman and we could not keep up with her rate of work and energetic enthusiasm.

I thought of that time when I visited her before she died. She looked as fine a woman as ever but I noted a tiredness in her eyes-the effects of a brave and lengthy battle against serious illness. We had a good chat and reminisced. She congratulated me on my first grandson and gave me a present for the baby. I knew when I was leaving that I would probably not see her again, and I resolved to remember her as a fine, strong, active woman with a generous heart and an open door.

My deepest sympathies to the family who will feel her loss the greatest; they were blessed to have had a mother like her.

L.E.E.

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A TOUR OF THE TRENCHES BY JOHN DONOHOE

It's a project almost equivalent to the laying of the railway lines in the nineteenth century of the electrification of rural Ireland in the twentieth century. It has been underway in Meath since last February, and has almost gone unnoticed, such is the speed and professionalism at which the project is moving.

An average of two million euro per day is being spent on the construction of the new Bord Gais pipeline to the west, and a team of international engineers and construction workers have been quietly beaver away - and in some cases, beaver is an apt word, across the plains of Meath en route west, under ranches, roads, rivers and rail.

The central nerve centre for the Leinster section is located at Dunshaughlin, which is responsible for the entire section from Gormanstown to Athlone.

There are two further sections, the Connaught Section from Athlone to Galway, and from Galway linking up with the existing Cork pipeline in Munster.

Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, East European and Scottish engineers have been working in Meath since February, bringing a hugely diverse international flavour to the county over the past six months.

It is intended that the project will be completed by October, ready for switching on of the gas by November, according to the project manager, Brendan Mangan, who has worked on every gas pipeline installed in this country.

Last week, Interconnect 2, the second pipeline linking Ireland and Scotland, where the gas is coming from, was completed, and the 200 kilometre pipe came ashore at Gormanstown. A crew of 400 had been welding and laying the pipe under the Irish Sea from the pipe-laying vessel, the *Solitaire*.

The pipe was lowered to the seabed as the ship moved forward and a trench then excavated under the pipeline, in which the pipeline will rest in the bottom.

Brendan Mangan explains that the pipeline has been four years in the planning, from design and budgeting in 1999, to way leave acquisition of land in 2000, detailed planning and materials procurement in 2001 and construction of the pipeline this year.

'We had to deal with 1,000 landowners along the entire route' he says, adding that Bord Gais came to an agreement with the IFA and ICMSA regard-

ing compensation for farmers disrupted by the work. A 30meter strip, known as the 'spread', crosses the country within which the pipeline is being laid.

Armed with all this knowledge about gas, and a dictionary of new terms, we set out on a 'safari' of Meath, in the company of project manager, Brendan Mangan, the deputy senior pipeline engineer, Gerry Bracken, and Bord Gais PR consultant, Roisin Sorohan.

Meeting point was the project office at Lagore Little, Dunshaughlin, a purpose-built compound housing offices and equipment and we all loaded into a Land Rover to go on a tour of the trenches.

The gas line passes under ever major primary route in the country and, to cause minimum disruption, the N1, N2, N3 and N4 have all been tunnelled under in 'trenchless crossings'. It is being constructed using 30' diameter high-grade steel pipe buried 1.2 meters below ground level. Eighteen meter sections of pipe are welded together.

Gerry Bracken says that they were getting through one kilometre of pipeline a day, with 18,000 pipes to lay over the 320Km.

Our trip brought us to the 'front end of the spread', where the Italian contractors, Sicim, were tunnelling under the river Blackwater near Longwood.

Concrete pipes have to be inserted three meters below the riverbed.

It took two weeks for the workers to excavate the seven meter deep pit beside the river, so solid was the limestone in Ballinderry. Gerry who is working with MC O'Sullivan & Company explained.

He explained how a concrete wall would be auger bore would be set up, and an initial steel pipe inserted during drilling would be replaced with a concrete pipe which would protect the actual pipeline. This operation is expected to be completed within two weeks.

At the Hill-of-Down further work is taking place, with the actual 'ditching' of the pipeline taking place. Here, following the automatic welding of the pipes, the finishing touches are being put on by manual welders and the welds are x-rayed before the pipes are wrapped in a protective covering.

All weld records and x-rays are kept for future reference in case of problems in the future. It's the first time automatic welding has been used in Ireland.

Four 'side booms', the crane type equipment used to drop the pipe, hold the pipe off the ground as they prepare to drop into the trench.

The Italians working here have worked on major projects in India, Pakistan, Libya, the Middle East and South America, and the Bord Gais project is regarded as a major one by international standards. 'It's probably the biggest infrastructure project in Europe at the moment', Gerry Bracken says.

Across the bridge in Hill of Down, one of the biggest engineering challenges in the Leinster section is taking place - the digging of a tunnel beneath the Royal Canal, railway and roadway, which all run parallel. 'It's a total distance of 85 meters', Gerry explains. They also have to go underneath a row of trees.

'Because we have to go three meters under the canal, it means that we're actually further below the railway than we need to, as we're six meters down, and the requirement is 4.5 meters'.

Brendan Mangan says that the gas pipeline to the west has already passed the milestone of a half million man hours worked. The entire project is budgeted at €1.4 billion and up to 10000 litres of diesel are used weekly on the Leinster section alone. A workforce of 2000 are land-based working on the pipeline, with another 400 on the sub-sea interconnector.

The Irish contractor working with Sicim is Roadbridge, whose engineers include Paul Mallon from Navan. Also employed on the projects are agricultural liaison officers and archaeologists.

Workers excavating a trench for the pipeline to the east of the N2 discovered a cemetery containing about 20 skeletons, ranging from infants to adults. 'It was dated pre-Christian to early Christian' Gerry says. 'Possibly to 200 or 300 AD'.

An archaeologist and team works along with the pipeline crew, and there is some flexibility which allows the pipeline to be slightly kinked to allow work to continue, as well as allowing the heritage to be explored properly.

The main archaeological activity is the top soil monitoring as the top soil is being stripped, as discolouration of the soil can be spotted there. The Leinster section has the greatest number of archaeologists employed - 25 - such is the extent of the rich heritage in the area.

A cross-country trek brought us to the strand at Gormanstown where Herman Duff and his crew were awaiting the arrival of the pipe from the Irish Sea. This is Scotsman Herman's first time to work on an off-shore project as he pre-

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viously worked on cross-country lines.

Working for JP Kenny Engineers in Middlesex, he started researching the project in January and spent three weeks in Scotland before travelling to Gormanstown in March. 'I'm enjoying it', he says. 'It's more technical but you have more time to study it'.

Here, the 'landfall' takes place, where the pipe comes ashore. The Dublin-Drogheda rail line then has to be tunnelled under to link the incoming pipe up with the rest of the line.

'The Solitaire, which is the deep water vessel, is about 50 miles off the coast,' Herman explains. 'The Togmor, which is visible from shore, is a shallow water barge. The Solitaire has been welding and dropping the pipeline into the sea'.

Herman, who is assisted by Dr. Mehrdad Jamebozargi, who says his name is of Persian origin, has two winch crews, a day and a night crew, waiting to pull the pipe ashore.

As we spoke, a tugboat was pulling

the wires which were to winch the pipe ashore to the Togmor in preparation for the pull. The main contractor for the sub-sea interconnector is a Dutch company, Allseas, and the subcontractor is Land and Marine Westminster Dredging.

Just 500m across the fields from the landfall area, a pressure reduction facility is being constructed under the watchful eye of Frenchman Jerome Freyria, of engineering company, Sofregaz.

The space age looking site will reduce the incoming interconnector gas pressure from a maximum of 135-146 bar to the pipeline distribution pressure of 87 bar.

At the moment, about 25 workers are constructing the facility, but it will be unmanned when finally in use but can be operated manually if a problem arises.

The Gas will then be piped to Ballough, in North County Dublin, where it will connect into the Irish Gas

transmission system.

In 1993, Bord Gais developed Ireland's first international natural gas transmission pipeline, interconnector 1, which linked Loughshinny in North Dublin with Moffat in south-west Scotland.

The need for the second interconnector has been expedited by the depleting resources of the Kinsale Head field off Cork and an increasing demand on Interconnector 1.

Apparently, the Kinsale Head Gasline, which is supplying gas to Cork alone, is running low in resources so that if the southern city experienced a very bad winter, and there was a huge demand, the system wouldn't be able to handle it and could fail.

Therefore, the contractors are hoping to have the transmission of gas in operation by November. In Leinster, they are just one week behind schedule, due to the bad weather, but are up to three weeks behind on other sections.

DAD BY J HOPKINS

You broke my fall, wiped my tears,
Your soothing hands are always near.
Your time is mine how wise you are,
A sprinkling of praise to make me shine.

My dreams are yours - how strong I feel,
Reaching out to pastures new, I'll make my claim
No stumbling blocks will hold me down.
You broke my fall wiped my tears
Your love is like the summer breeze.



John Hopkins with his daughter Bernie, Bernie now lives in Nice, South of France. she surprised him recently by returning home for his birthday.

NICHOLAS & JOE



LEFT - Shuffling the cards - Joe Rafferty and Nicholas Leonard



RIGHT - Happy Birthday, the birthday boys with their cakes.

NO HANKY-PANKY



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INTERIOR HARMONY

When you are starting to decorate your home, it can be a daunting experience, especially if you are presented with bare walls and floors. It can be hard to know where to start with all those colours and materials on display in the local showroom. Hopefully I can give you a few pointers to getting the right look for your home.

I advise people to pick an item that they love as a starting point - take a bed spread for instance. Take the main colour for your scheme from this. If you live in a house where certain fixtures cannot be removed easily (e.g. a fireplace) try to accommodate that in your scheme. Empty the room completely, including items that you want to keep. Now, look at the walls and floor. Do you like the colour, texture? If not change it. It's amazing how a colour can transform a room. Remember that even large objects like a floor can be changed easily with a lick of paint. There is even paint for those lurid bathroom tiles.

Decide what you really want to reintroduce. Take the suite of furniture or dining suite back into the room. Try placing it near the walls, as centering furniture in the room leads to clutter and gives you less space. Now look at items you need to buy - curtains and so on. Make a shopping list and bring a sample of the existing furniture material and wall colour with you.

As a simple rule of thumb, when choosing a colour scheme, use one strong colour, one light colour and a neutral in your room - with this you can't go wrong. A harder choice is finding where to put the colours. More modern schemes are better with light coloured walls (Cream), whereas an older house, which usually has larger rooms, might suit stronger colour (e.g. Red). For instance, using deep colour on walls and furniture, floral curtains and textured carpet will create an enclosing, intimate feeling, whereas a deep colour on one wall, with white on the other three, the same deep colour on curtains and suite and white cushions, will create a warm but much lighter and more modern feel.

Use colour to create focal points around your fireplace or bed and keep ugly items such as radiators hidden by painting them the same colour as the wall or using a radiator cover. One of my favourite ideas is to paint a wall and the open shelving attached to it, in the same deep colour. This allows the open shelving to become a feature and not an eyesore.

If you have stronger colour in your room, try using neutrals to break it up, such as white tiles in a bathroom, or cream curtains in your bedroom. The introduction of clean crisp white and cream will make the strong colour look even more dramatic, as it doesn't have to compete with other strong shades.

Remember that texture and pattern are as important as colour in designing a room. The more colour you use, the less texture you need, but if you are using just neutrals or naturals (taupe, cream, white, stone etc.) you can afford to use a number of textures. Contemporary ideas of shiny laminate flooring (smooth), Flokati Rug (hairy), Suede Curtains (rough) and chrome fittings (shiny) create a well balanced and homely feel using texture alone.

Lighting is the single key to changing the atmosphere of a room instantly. A coat of paint will take days to dry, but a flick of a switch can change the mood from a place to do homework, to a TV room or somewhere to relax with a book. Central lighting pendants have become popular again and sup-

plementing this with other types of lighting will create pools of light where you need them most. Use spots over your sink and hob, a low hanging light over your table, concealed lighting behind your TV and in your shelves, and an adjustable light over your favourite chair, to help when reading.

Although minimalism might be an impossible dream for most of us, creating enough storage is the key to a beautiful room. Once you have somewhere to hide all the books and children's toys at the end of a busy day, the room will become a haven of peace and tranquillity. You don't have to have oceans of shelves either, try multipurpose items, such as coffee tables with drawers or a window seat with a lid to hide away the clutter.

When putting your room together, think of a room that you love. What colour is it. Can you see the little things that make it beautiful and relaxing? Some of the best ideas are used over and over again, so look for common themes in rooms in magazines and on TV.

Here are a few quick ideas for making a scheme work.

Am I going to relax in the room?

- If yes - use a cooler colour (blue, green) and neutrals. Reds and Oranges (warmer colours) promote activity so use them in a room that isn't used for relaxing. In fact, Red promotes chat, so use it in your dining room.

Is it a bright room?

- If it is, you can use deeper colours (Navy, Brown). However, keep the walls near the window light to increase the reflection of light into the room.

- If no - use lighter colours, such as modern pastels (these have a little black in the mix, to give them more punch.) or neutrals (beige and greys).

Do I want the room modern or more traditional?

- For modern, try light colours, tailored curtains or blinds, and sleek wooden floors. Keep pattern to smaller items such as cushions and tiebacks. Chrome and lighter woods are ideal for this.

- For traditional, pick an era (Victorian) and copy the items that you see there. For instance, deep coloured walls are a feature of this, as are brass fittings and wallpapers.

Styles such as 1960s, African or Macintosh all have certain patterns and colours associated with them, and themeing a room in this way, allows you to have a room that need not change every few years, as a more contemporary style might. Go to your library and look for books on the theme and take some of the patterns and colours from the pages to include in your room.

Be very conscious of the items you are introducing. If you have an ocean of small photos to hang, group them together to create one larger 'installation'. Use similar frames on pictures, or lampshades on lights to introduce continuity. If your furniture is of different styles and shapes, paint the items in one colour to create unity - just make sure that they aren't antique first.

And finally, do you need twelve items on your mantelpiece? Reduce this to one or two really nice items, and your mantle will look much better. This goes for windowsills and shelving too. If you can't live without all your display items, rotate your pieces by storing some away and putting others on show every few weeks. That way your favourites will appear every so often.

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LONGWOOD G.A.A. CLUB - ARCHITECTS ACCOUNT

Longwood G.A.A. Club has progressed significantly over the past number of years. Within that earlier period, a Club sub-committee was set up to look at the potential and future development of the club as a whole.

A decision was made to develop the clubhouse facilities, initially with the introduction of a Club Bar / Lounge. Murray Architects of Navan were approached and requested to formulate proposals for this new facility.

Various scheme options and development proposals were put forward and after much thought and consideration a design was selected and approved by the committee - which is now the present day facility.

Planning Approval was sought soon after. There were certain constricting planning issues that had to be taken into consideration, with size, bulk, density, orientation and overall height being prime factors. Planning Approval and Fire Certification were granted and the project finally commenced. With the dedicated hard work of members and spouses and the efforts of various sub-contractors, the project was completed in June 2002.

After a successful Club Licence Application at Trim Courthouse, the Club Bar / Lounge was opened in June 2002.

Over the past year, the facility has proven to be a tremendous success for club members and guests alike. With live music at weekends, it is a very popular venue for parties such as birthdays and anniversaries and not forgetting the wonderful Longwood Active Retirement Club (LARC).

The Club Bar / Lounge was 'Phase 1' of approximately eight phases for the development of the club. Over the next few years, the following is a proposed phasing which will see the club having the best facilities in Meath and probably Ireland:

Phase 1: Clubhouse, Bar / Lounge with Pool Room, Office, Back of House Kitchen and Storage Facilities, Male and Female Toilets including Disabled Toilet.

Phase 2: Modern state of the art Dressing Rooms with Lockers, Toilets and Central Pod Shower Facilities.

Phase 3: All Weather Pitch that will be used for activities such as Underage Football and Hurling, Training, Ground Football and Hurling.

Phase 4: Multi-purpose Tennis, Basketball and Netball Courts.

Phase 5: Pitch Re-Development to include, Re-Levelling, Side Banking /Standing Facilities, Front and Rear Netting with state of the art full pitch Flood Lighting.

Phase 6: Removal and elevating existing roof over Dressing Rooms to incorporate a multi purpose Gym, Function Room, Meeting Room with all round glazing overlooking the All Weather Pitch and multi-purpose Courts,



Stephen Ennis 'Jade' with Ray Doran

including the Football and Hurling pitch.

Phase 7: Extension of All Weather Pitch and acquisition of second pitch to be used for Training and Underage Football and Hurling.

Phase 8: Leisure centre to include Swimming Pool, Aerobics Studio and Treatment Rooms.

The above Phases are a serious vision for the club. It may take time, and everything will depend on the support of Clubs members, because it is they who will ultimately decide how far they want to take this project. So far the members have backed the project all the way and there is no reason to be other than confident that the dedication of the Committee and Club Members will not be found wanting in ensuring the Sports Centre will eventually reach its goal.

William F. Murray, Principal Architect, Murray Architects, 19 Trimgate Street, Navan, Co. Meath. Ph: 046 90 75700. E-mail: info@murrayarchitects.com

OFFICERS 2003

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<i>Deputy Vice Chairman</i>	Ray Dorran
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<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	J. Cleary
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<i>P.R.O.</i>	P. Stagg
<i>Oifigeach na nGaelige</i>	Fergal Giles
<i>Club Historian</i>	J. Farrell

Executive Committee: P. Doherty, S. Stagg, M. Kenny, K. Cleary, C. Greene, James Mahon.

Trustees: Michael 'Stoney' Burke, Pat Doherty, Brendan Rafferty.



'Ace' electrical - Eamon Murray with Declan Swan

John

Guy

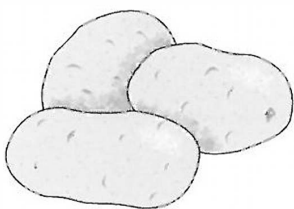
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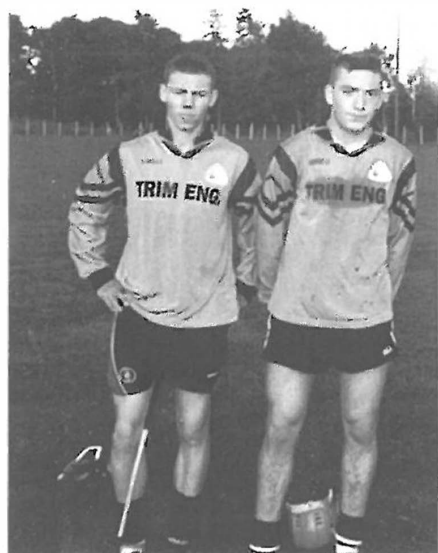
FAILTE GO CHRUINNIU CINN BHLIANA CUMANN PEILE & IOMAN MAIGH DEARMHAI 2002

The year 2002 was a momentous one for the Club when we again saw major progress in the ongoing development of our facilities and deeper integration into the local community. The opening of our Members Lounge in June was the culmination of a huge effort by the Club Committee and members, and brought to fruition many, many months and years of hard slog and Trojan effort.

Our ability to tackle and complete this project was only made possible by you the members, because it was you the members who provided, and continue to provide, the finance for the project through the Life Membership scheme. We now have 300 life members and their monthly contributions were the key factor in enabling us to finance the project and service bank loans.

Our ambition now is to develop the Members Lounge as a major contributor to Club funds and to use the funds thus provided to forge ahead with further development of our facilities in the immediate future.

It is probably foolish in the extreme to start thanking individuals for the help they provided in making possible the completion of this project in such a short space of time. There were so many who put in so much time and effort. There is however one a small group who I feel deserves special mention because without them we could not have proceeded as we did and without whom the project would certainly have cost several tens of thousands more than it did. They are what I call our young professionals. Bill Murray - provided all architectural plans and services, legal certification and advice as well as on site checks and monitoring. Barry Clarke - all financial dealings with the banks - tax issues - etc, researched and provided. Sean Stagg and Paul McCooey provided civil engineering services as well quantifying and sourcing materials. They also sourced and engaged suitable sub-contractors. Together with providing their professional services free of charge, all of the above also rolled up their sleeves and got



Carl Ennis and Michael Burke, members of the Boardsmill/Longwood Minor Hurling side who are also on the Meath team in the All-Ireland U18 'B' Final.

stuck in with shovels and hammers when the need arose. In today's climate of dog eat dog and every man for himself, it restores one's faith in human nature to see these young people give so willingly of their time and expertise in a voluntary cause. The Club is extremely fortunate to have them as members and they have, and deserve, the sincere gratitude of all of us.

Phase one of the pro-



Donal Leonard and Joe Stenson, members of the Boardsmill/Longwood minor hurling team, these two also filled the corner back positions on the Meath U-16 Hurling team which won the Leinster 'B' Championship and lost to Antrim in the All-Ireland Final.

ject is now substantially complete and we look forward to moving on to other phases.

On the playing side of the Club, we had mixed fortune. We won one adult trophy, the All County Football League, but success in the major Championships continues to evade us.

Under trainer Larry Giles both the footballers and hurlers performed well. The hurlers, after initial defeat to Kilyon, went on to record several good victories before a last round meeting with Dunboyne from which the winners would go forward to the Semi-Final. In the event victory went to Dunboyne after we had held them for 50 minutes. However a scoring blitz in the last 10 minutes saw Dunboyne go forward. There is hope for the future here though. We were missing several key players through injury and absence for vital matches this year. With a full squad fit and playing we can certainly make an impact in this grade next year and in future years.

The footballers went through the Championship rounds stage with just one defeat and qualified for a semi-final meeting with Summerhill. In that match in Trim we led by three points going into the final minutes. However we let the advantage slip and Summerhill claimed a last minute equaliser. That was to prove costly as the replay was a different story altogether and on a wet and windy day in Kells our lads seemed to have no appetite for the fray as Summerhill beat us pulling up by ten points.

The footballers



Brian Cully on gate duty at Longwood GAA grounds.

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did have their moment of glory this year however in winning Div 5 of the AC 'A' League and thus securing promotion to Div. 4 for next year. This was a hard won campaign the final of which was sandwiched between the two matches against Summerhill in the semi-final of the Championship and this may account in some measure for the collapse against Summerhill in the replay. That was our fifth successive Sunday playing vital knockout matches and the knocks, bruises and injuries may just have been a step too far.

At underage, while we did not enjoy the same success as last year, all the teams entered in the various hurling and football competitions performed well with several of them reaching the knockout stages of their competitions. Our thanks to all the persons who coached and looked after these teams



Boardsmill/Longwood Minor Hurling team - Back row (l-r): Michael 'Stoney' Burke, Paul Carass, Paul Dunne, Stephen Doyle, Thomas Leonard, Donal Leonard, David Farrell, Ollive Kealey, Carl Ennis, David Dowdall and PJ Ennis. Front (l-r): Michael Leonard, Joe Stenson, Bertie McLoughlin, Neil McLoughlin, John Furey, Eoin Corrigan, Michael Burke and Vinnie Guy.

and in that regard a special word of thanks to the two new mentors who took on underage football this year - Stephen Ennis and Gary Heneghan.

Our Message to all our players is 'You need luck to win, but it is a strange thing that the harder you train the luckier you seems to get'.

KILLYON CAMOGIE CLUB BY MARY BURKE



Anthony Ennis, Chairman Longwood GAA club (centre) with Michael Burke and Aaron Ennis.

The Senior Team reached the County Final of 2003, having defeated Kiltale, Donaghmore, Blackhall Gaels and Trim in the Championship.

Training has started earlier in the year with some new players to the club and the return of some past players. The spirit was good and one hundred percent was given to all training sessions.

The Championship was run on a League basis, playing



Killyon Camogie Club Sponsors - Moran's Pub 'The Hill' - pictured at the presentation of a set of Jerseys (l-r) Brigid Carney, Chairperson, James Moran, Moran's Pub, Mary Burke, secretary.

P. F. Dixon

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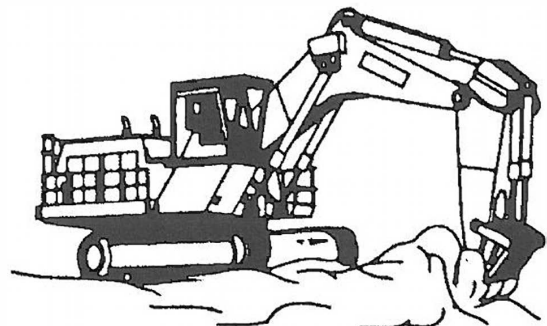


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WINTERGREEN AND INCENSE - A LONGWOOD ALTAR-BOY REMEMBERS BY TONY LEONARD



Jim Murphy, Bishop Kyne, William O'Hara, James Walsh, PJ Conway and Fr. Matt Clavin.

AS a young lad, I enjoyed a considerable tenure as an Altar boy, or Mass Server, a position that was long regarded as the first rung on the ecclesiastical ladder by the doting mothers of all young savages who knew their Catechism, and who had not committed - or at least had not been *found out* - in a serious crime. They used to say that having a double-crown was a sure sign of a potential priest. I must admit that I preferred to possess a half-crown, (2s/6d in old God's money), if only for a few minutes at the ice-cream counter, under the management of Finn Mitchell, on Lady Day in sun-sweltering Killyon.

However, I had my career as a Mass server, and I now look back with great enjoyment at the perquisites of that office. I can boast with a certain *gravitas* to my offspring that I once served and answered Mass in Latin - the sacred and mysterious language of the ancient Church of Rome. Though the root of many modern languages, Latin is now sadly consigned to history, both academically and ecclesiastically, and replaced with the *Sacs-Béarla* so well-suited, according to my poet-neighbour of West Limerick, the late Michael Hartnett, as a 'fit language to sell pigs in.'

To us self-seeking schoolboys, the best part of serving Mass was the annual treat - a trip to Laytown or Bettystown Beach on our own sunny Meath coastline. I remember the sandy beaches, the yachts, the rolling waves and the fear of the jel-

lyfish. A young and fit Fr. S^{am}us Giles was to be seen far out on the horizon, swimming powerfully against the swell. Young Larry conveyed a load of us in his Volkswagen; Pappy Conway did likewise in another; both ever ready to volunteer for the good of the parish. Definitely the greatest treat of all was our visit to world-famous Newgrange, older than the Pyramids or Stonehenge and the world's most ancient astronomical observatory.

I had the honour to travel through the underground passageway and stand in awe in the sepulchral dust of the Kings of Royal Meath at the back wall of the chamber. At the time, the excavations were in progress under the late archaeologist and, Professor Michael J. (Brian) O'Kelly, who restored Newgrange to international status by his brilliant work and discoveries, and who held the Chair of Archaeology in U.C.C. I stood and observed the work in progress, and was amazed that even broken stones strewn around the edge of the site bore the concentric circles inscribed by ancient man.

My sitting room where I now sit and write is less than a half-mile from the old home of Professor O'Kelly at Springmount (*Ard na Glaise*), Abbeyfeale. Brian O'Kelly was a member of a very distinguished Abbeyfeale family, which was foremost in the field of education. He brought fame to his hometown of Abbeyfeale and to Brú na Báinne by the bank of my beloved

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ASK FOR DAVID OR GARY

Boyne.

Getting back to my ecclesiastical career, *más buan mo chuimhne*, the elders of my team of servers included our 'elders': my brother, Michael, James Cosgrave, Clongiffin and Benny Cusack, Freagh. Then came us youngsters- my brother, Dan Joe, Eddie Cosgrave, James Murphy, both of Clongiffin; Paul and Hugh Giles, also like us, of Moyfinn. My late father set up an altar in our kitchen with makeshift 'chalice' 'Gospel' and 'paten.' We even had a real brass bell! He drilled the Latin into ourselves and the Giles boys and went through a make-believe 'Mass' to perfection, all the time schooling us on responses, actions, devoutness and deportment, etc. I often wondered how he was so familiar with Latin pronunciations - especially the Priest's words, as the congregation seldom heard these or understood their meaning or import. Suffice it to say that he was a remarkable man of many talents. All he lacked was a round collar!

So convincing was our 'celebrant' that the real thing posed no problems for us and we were all first-class servers. I thought of old Mansfield on the canal bank who used say his own 'Mass.' His 'bell' was rung when he gave a mule-kick sideways at an empty eighteen-gallon praty-pot, the steel rim of the heel of his hob-nailed boots striking up as good a sound as any bell-metal! I don't suppose he went to an 'official' Mass. I suspect that he took the old seanfhocal literally to heart- '*Bíodh rud agat no bí ina éagmais*'- 'Have a thing yourself or do without it.'

Two particular things remind me vividly of those days - the scent of wintergreen and incense. Fr. Matt Clavin suffered terribly from 'pains.' He wore a copper bracelet and applied wintergreen liberally on the source of his torment. Wherever he went, the pungent and agreeable scent of wintergreen went with him. When I smell wintergreen today, Fr. Clavin is present in spirit also, *Dia lena anam*. Anyone who has inhaled incense at close quarters is unlikely ever to forget the beautiful odour. These are my mind-altering triggers today for the late 50s and the 60s. I am transported to Longwood in the blissful days of my youth - only my 'trip' is pleasant, beneficial and uplifting - and legal! The thought just struck me (no doubt the devil's inspiration) that, if a different weed were burned in the incense-boat, we could all say as St. John said: '*I turned around a saw an angel standing in the Sun.*'

As I recall, one of the most interesting duties of a Mass-server was preparing, lighting and handling the thurible in which the incense was burned. Briefly, the correct procedure was as follows:

Charcoal was lit in the thurible well ahead of Mass time; sometimes many matches were expended on the process; those of us who smoked the odd Will's '*Wild Woodbine*' butt in the 'Hills and Hollows' on the Green had no bother lighting the charcoal. When lit, it was kept burning by swinging the thurible now and then to create a draught, something on a similar principle to local blacksmith, Tom Doyle's bellows in his famous forge on the sacred site of St. Finian's equally famous monastery and university at nearby Clonard.

The manner of carrying the thurible was of great importance: if there was no incense in it, the thurible was carried in the left hand, with thumb and middle finger inserted in the rings on the disc and in the ring at the end of the chain by

which the cover was raised or lowered, respectively. When the incense was in the thurible, it was said to be carried solemnly or in ceremony, and was borne in the right hand with the thumb and middle finger in the rings as described. This would allow the thurible to be supported by the thumb and the cover to be raised by the middle finger. The incensing was a serious business and was performed by the priest to a particular rubric.

This might seem unnecessary, but the following ecclesiastical authorities were given for the correct manner of every action connected to incensing: *Bourbon, De Conny, De Herdt, Martinucci, Falise* and *Wapelhorst* - and they are only a few of a legion of authorities for every minute part of the Catholic Church's ceremonies - even for the lighting of a candle! The idea was to ensure uniformity and regularity throughout the church with no 'loose 'canons' making up his own procedure as he went along. Absolutely nothing was left to chance or individual vagaries. For all that, I, as were my companions, was completely ignorant of the finer points of these processes; this did not prevent our enthusiastic involvement in the whole business.

At Communion time, another interesting job was 'the big spoon,' the *paten*. I was always fascinated at the differences evidenced in the extended tongues of the communicants. There were many different shapes, sizes and colours and coatings. Some could be extended almost indefinitely- chameleon-like: no fear of missing them- others were dainty and shy and required precision delivery by the priest and careful use of the *paten* by me to avert mishap. Another aspect that fascinated me was the hairy chins on some women. Also, I fancied I could diagnose medical ailments of the communicants from the state of their tongues!

But one thing was always apparent, despite my lack of attention and devoutness - all communicants were reverent, devout and sincere. Even I could see this - and that is what made the greatest impression on my simple mind. It was obvious that I was in the presence of a great mystery - The Real Presence - then, as now, beyond my comprehension. I suppose if we understood the mystery, familiarity would ruin our awe and reverence for the consecration and render the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as a banal routine.

One important observation in these days of unfair recrimination and ungrateful discrimination: never in all my years serving Mass did anything untoward occur. We were well treated, and all those with whom we came in contact were upright and honourable, and behaved as such. May the Good Lord reward them and their congregations including all my old friends that have passed away. Looking back, I was privileged to serve Mass at Longwood; it is one of my more worthwhile and honourable achievements, though I did not realize it at the time.

Thinking back on it is awe-inspiring - I, in my lowliness, served and took an active part in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in the presence of the Almighty, offering up the Body and Blood of the Crucified Saviour. I still do not comprehend the import of it all, so great an event it was - and still is. I hope He remembers my better efforts and makes the necessary allowances for me when I am tottering against the horizon of Infinity.

Tony Leonard.

ANGLING TIMES BY CYRIL REGAN

What is the attraction of fishing? Well, I don't know how many times I've been asked that question, and I'm sure that I'll be asked it plenty more. As a relative newcomer to the sport, it's not easy to explain. The attraction of fishing eludes many a person, but as anyone who has been caught by the bug will tell you, nothing beats the relaxation and excitement, that can be gleaned from a day at the waters edge.

My main love is fly-fishing, which was introduced to me by a friend just a few years ago. A remark that I'd like to try my hand at fishing sometime, turned into a day by the river and even since, I've either been down at the waters edge, or somewhere else, wishing I was.

The simplicity of fly fishing means that with a light rod, reel and fly-vest, I'm ready for off in a few minutes, and can cover a distance in an evening. The fact of being so close to nature, enjoying the birdsong and rustle of frogs and ducks by the waters edge, is a huge attraction for someone who stares at the inside of PC's all day. Also, I'm sure that all that walking in search of the perfect swim is the reason for my svelte figure!

It's a friendly sport, with everyone on the bank, more than willing to share a few, if not all of their secrets, with someone green like me. There is nothing as nice as the sun falling on a beautiful summers evening, the flies filling the air and the fish rising across the surface. The odd reel heard spinning in the distance and the swish of line to one side, have a strangely therapeutic effect.

Fly-fishing is not the only way, and I've been tempted to join friend's lake-coarse fishing on more than one occasion. The difference in techniques is immense, with a carload of equipment, and buckets of bait, it could be a different world to the banks of the Boyne. But the enjoyment of that bite on the line is there, and that's what makes it fishing in the end.

And what about the fish? When all is considered, the relative little harm caused to the individual fish and the huge enjoyment gained from a day on the bank, as well as the environmental upkeep taken on by the angling clubs, angling would seem to benefit both fish and human alike.

So, have I explained what makes fishing so great? As a catch and release fisherman, I can't even plead hunger as my need to go angling. It's just the getting back to nature, the excitement and anticipation of a bite, and of course, the camaraderie, that make fishing more than just throwing a line in the water, but something special, just as it was to our forefathers.

LONGWOOD GUN CLUB

Two members of Longwood Gun Club, Vestie Grogan and Martin Duffy represented Meath in the All Ireland side by side competition. Vestie finished 4th in the country with Martin in 6th place.

The Meath team finished in 6th place overall.

The club wishes to thank all local landowners for their co-operation and the use of their land during the year.

The club's leading officers are:

Chairman Vestie Grogan

Treasurer James Farrell.

NOTES

NOTES

LONGWOOD'S RISING STAR

BY MICHAEL LEONARD

When Meath u16 hurlers won the All Ireland B Championship in 2001 the team Captain and star player was Longwood's Michael Burke. A player of extraordinary talent and ability both as a hurler and a footballer Michael became the first Longwood player to achieve the the honour of leading his county to this level of success. His club mate and good friend, Aaron Ennis, was also on the team. In 2001 Michael also made the wing back position on the county U16 football side his own. The high point of this teams campaign was the Leinster final victory over arch rivals Dublin.

Michael's athletic versatility was further emphasized when he made the second last trial for the U17 compromise Rules team to play Australia in 2002.

This year, 2003 Michael has again worn the green and gold of Meath at u18 level in both codes. The minor hurlers await an All Ireland 'B' Final against the winners of a yet to be played semi-final meeting between Kildare and Carlow. Another Longwood teammate and friend Carl Ennis lines out on this team as well. Regrettably the minor football team bowed out of the Leinster Minor Football Championship when Dublin gained some measure of revenge for the u16 loss with a rela-



Michael Burke with his parents Brona and 'Stoney'.

tively clear cut win in the first round. Michael was again one of the most impressive players on view from his customary wing back berth. The young Longwood player's competence and panache with the caman was recognized by Meath Senior hurling team manager Michael Duignan and acknowledged by his promotion to the senior panel.

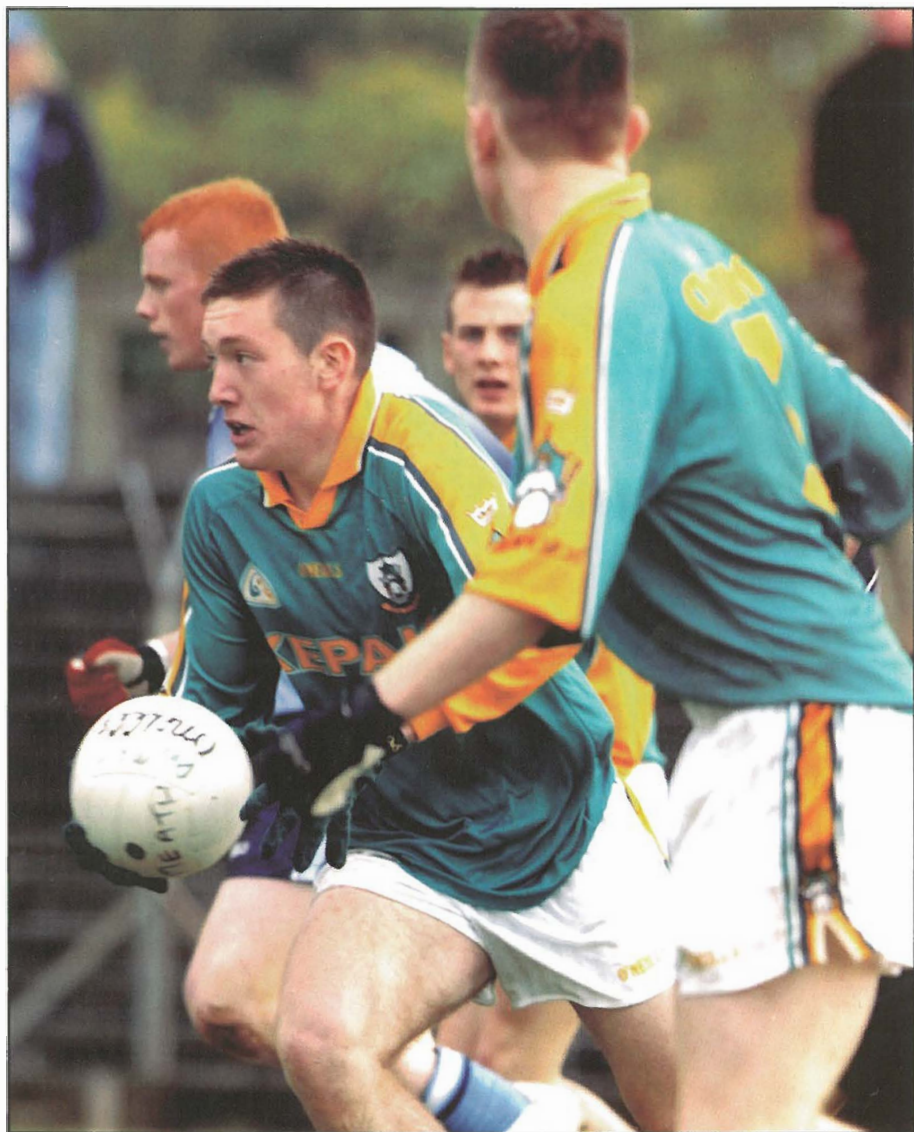
All the while Michael continues to assist his club sides at Senior Hurling and Junior 'B' football as well as all underage teams he is eligible for. The Boyne Community School he attends also benefits from Michael's dedication and commitment. This was manifested in his selection as 'Footballer of the Year' for 2002- a well deserved and appreciated accolade.

Youngest son of Brona and Michael 'Stoney' Burke, Michael's pedigree is steeped in the finest traditions of the G.A.A. With all the strength on the ball, courage and vision and the essential quality of a never say die approach inherited from 'Stoney', he is a real chip off the old block.

As can be imagined the demands on a player of Michael's calibre are immense. These however he takes in his stride and accommodates with the enthusiasm and exuberance of youth fuelled by a desire to enjoy to the fullest the talents and skills he is blessed with.

This level headed young gentleman is under no illusions as to the hard work necessary to achieve success. There is no doubt in my mind that his career will only get better and an enjoyable and successful future awaits.

Maybe the greatest wish to Michael for the future would be that his career is as long as the legendary 'Stoney's'.



Michael Burke sets up an attack - Leinster Minor Football Championship v Dublin.

