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it was indeed gratifying seeing Canon Hayes present at the Holy Shrine of St. Molua knowing that Canon Hayes in his younger days as curate in Tipperary town was founder of Muintir na Tire that played such a noble role in Irish History, that helped to develop and uplift rural Ireland into the forefront of Irish life as we know it today. Practically all the organisations that exist today, such as Macra na Feirme, Macra na Tuaithe, Irish Country Womens Association, Youth Clubs, etc. owe their origin to that parent organisation of Rural Ireland Muintir na Tire. The torch of Co-Operative Rural culture which the late Canon Hayes, of Bansha, set ablaze in Tipperary town some forty years ago continues to glow in brilliant array and will continue to glow in the hearts of all those people who walk steadfastly in the true spirit of rural co-operation. So, truly and without any shadow of doubt our late beloved, Canon Hayes of Bansha, can be esteemed as one of Irelands greatest patriots and should be cherished as one of Ireland's greatest priests "Ar dheis lamh De go raibh a anam uasal".

While still thinking of the Shrine of St. Molua it is well to recall that in my young schoolboy days I remember large crowds of people of all ages being present at the Shrine every Sunday during the Pattern season and also two or three stalls doing a flourishing trade selling sweets, cakes, minerals, oranges and apples, but as the years rolled onward the crowds dwindled somewhat due to the fact that train and bus pilgrimages to Knock Shrine became more popular. Nevertheless as well as travelling to Knock Shrine, zealous pilgrims still pay homage to our beloved patron St. Molua.

Before I leave the subject of St. Molua I am happy to relate that I was present that warm showery Sunday of August 5, 1951, when the statue of St. Lua provided and erected by Martinstown Guild of Muintir Na Tire, was unveiled and blessed by the then Parish Priest of Bulgaden the Very Rev. Father Coleman, (R.I.P.) assisted by Rev. Fr. Frawley and Rev. Fr. Cullane representative leader of Muintir na Tire to a distinguished gathering of people of all ages. The Rosary was recited at the Shrine and an eloquent address on St. Molua was given by Very Rev. Fr. Coleman. The general text of the address was as follows:

"St. Molua was born near Bruree about 560, ranked next to St. Patrick as a native missionary. His father was a chieftain and owned nearly all the land from Bruree to Dingle. His mother, being a Princess came from Leix. The story is told how St. Lua as a child of three years was lost and found by a search party in the centre of a large field due to being surrounded by a brilliant light. In his teenage he was chosen by a holy monk to lead a monastic career, displaying rare qualifications he later became Abbot and Confessor and travelling up and down through the country he preached the Holy Gospel and founded during his lifetime about a hundred monasteries. Searching for a suitable site to erect a Monastery in Munster he was given all the land he wished for by a landowner in the district of Emly-Grennan where he probably erected his first chief monastery. He travelled northwards and founded another monastery at Bangor.

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St. Molua



Shrine of St. Molua overlooking the Blessed Well.

St. Lua was an exceptionally holy man, meek, humble affectionate and highly intelligent. His monks loved him so much that they called him "Mo Lua" (my Lua). He never spoke a harsh or angry word inside or outside the monastery. He never spoke a harsh or angry word inside or outside the monastery. He never spoke a harsh or angry word inside or outside the monastery.

[My Lus]. He never spurned a chance to make his last
confessional. Before his death he travelled about thirty miles to make his last
confession. He died later. From Leix and south-east of Co. Limerick came his
friends to claim his body for burial. Dispute arose and both parties decided
to place his body on a cart drawn by bullocks, which were left free to travel to
which ever place they wished. The bullocks travelled freely to Leix and halted
at Borris-on-Ossory and there he was buried. His Limerick friends, disappointed,

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returned home. In the district of his burial is still to be seen a grave eleven feet
in length covered by an enormous flat stone and which to this day is honoured
and decorated with flowers by the people of the neighbourhood. St. Molua's
Well now the Shrine of St. Molua, is situated in the middle of a low lying field
quite convenient to the cemetery of Emly Grenan. Each year during the feast of
St. Lua and the following twelve days crowds flock to his Shrine. Weight of
evidence testifies that numerous miraculous cures and favours are obtained
through his intercession. So conclusively succeeding generations of people have
come and will continue to come and pray around the Shrine of St. Mo Lua".

Returning to the continuation of my narrative with regard to my own life I must
confess that for ten years between 1958 and 1968 I lived a rather reserved type of
life with little social outdoor activity apart from working with neighbouring
farmers as well as attending to my home duties. Both my mother and my uncle
were now growing older and both were deserving and in need of my care and
attention and that I did to the best of my ability. Our little wayside store still
held its spirit of attraction and in 1961 we began to sell minerals for the first
time in a very small scale but gradually developed into a better business as the
younger neighbouring generation took a keener interest in our little store. With
the rolling years I began to develop a fonder affection for the younger generation
which may have been partially responsible for greater social outdoor activities
in later life. Nevertheless, I remained close to my older relatives for really their
happiness, safety and comfort was truly my own rewarding happiness. But
regrettably, the great link of friendship that united us as a family unit down
through the years served itself in the Autumn of 1968 when uncle Denny had to
be admitted to St. Camillus, City Hospital, and my mother passed to her
eternal reward in the early Spring of 1969 and poor Davy was left alone in his
wayside store at the foot of Slieve Riabach to brast the tide of life as a solitary
swimmer. Nevertheless the generous, kind and co-operative neighbours of Cush
and Ballinvreena rallied to my cause and made the course of life all the
smoother. So, with a cheery heart and a limited amount of courage, I did
weather the tide of depression and loneliness that did hang over me for quite a
long time. It was while in this tide of depression that I embarked on an
adventurous holiday that created a dramatic sensation among my neighbours —
due to the fact that I had not notified anyone in relation to my sudden departure.
Consequently, I was declared on the missing list until such time as I reappeared
back in my own homestead, through the gracious merits of my most noble and
trusted friend, Joseph Flynn. Gradually, my tide of depression drifted away and
I continued to live contentedly in my rural environment.

Returning to the historical narration of world events between 1960 and 1970
apart from those I have already mentioned — which left vivid recollections in my
diary of events the most notable were as follows: The Great Holy Year of 1960
during which crosses were erected on the summits of many mountains. The
accession of Queen Elizabeth II to the Throne in England, on the death of her
father King George VI in 1952. The Great Marian year of 1954 proclaimed by

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Pope Pius XII during which the fidelity of the Irish people to the Blessed Virgin
was clearly manifested by the innumerable Shrines in her honour erected
throughout the country. The world Olympics of 1956 held at Melbourne where
our Irish Sports star, Ronnie Delaney, scored marvellous success. The
reawakening of Irish Patriotism on New Year's Eve, 1957, by the death of two
gallant Irish heroes Sean Sabhat of Limerick, and Fergal O'Hanlan, of
Mungahan who lost their lives in a dauntless bid to capture Brokeborough
Barracks and who like Tone, Pearse and Plunkett were prepared to sacrifice
everything for the reunification of Ireland. Sean Sabhat was brought home to
Limerick, and laid to rest in Mount St. Lawrence cemetery amid nationwide
sympathy, and today the ballad, Sean Sabhat of Garryowen, is sung with pride
and pleasure wherever Irishmen and women are gathered. In the late Autumn
of 1958 the heart of everyone throughout the world was moved to sorrow and
sympathy on the death of our beloved Pontiff Pius XII who had courageously
guided the bark of Peter with a firm and steady hand for twenty years and who
during that long term of office had visibly and invisibly endeared himself to
the heart of everyone throughout the entire world. Pope John XXIII succeeded to
the See of Rome and during his short term of leadership, apart from the general
unchangeable principles of Catholic Religion, the whole course of Christianity
was altered and changed and he too as Pius XII had done, endeared himself to
everyone in the world. The year 1959 saw the election and inauguration of
Eamonn De Valera as President of Ireland, in succession to President Sean T.
O'Cuallaigh. The year 1960, a year that we all feared was to mark the end of
the secret revealed by Our Lady to Lucie at

the world due to the fact that the secret revealed by Our Lady at Lourdes at Fatima was to be made known, but a year which in real fact turned out to be the same as any other year.

The great Patrician Year of 1961, during which the distinguished Armenian Prelate Cardinal Agagianian came to Ireland. The year 1963, which brought America's greatest President to our shores on a State visit to Ireland, and was an occasion of extensive rejoicing and jubilation all over the country, and he had guaranteed a return visit to Ireland in the Springtime of the following year — a dream never realised — due to a tragic decision of fate. The world was shocked on that tragic day of November 22, 1963 when the sad news of President John F. Kennedy's assassination and death by Lee Harvey Oswald was relayed with sorrow throughout the entire world. The year 1966, when Nelson's famous Pillar in the heart of Dublin City was blown to pieces, was a year that marked the 50th anniversary of the 1916 Easter Rising and was depicted by massive parades and celebrations throughout the country. Then in the late summer of 1969, the sorrows of Ireland were renewed by the outbreak of violence in Northern Ireland, pointing out to the people of Ireland that there never can be real peace in Ireland until our country is reunited as one undivided land, and as one Irish Nation as it is physically and geographically. The United Nations Peace Community to which the Irish people have contributed no small share should definitely have made an effort to advise England to withdraw her interest from Northern Ireland, and not allowed English troops to come on

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Irish soil. A United Nations Peace Keeping Force could remain in Northern Ireland until such time as Ireland was reunited as one Irish Nation living in peace and harmony.

Leaving this realm of idealology enchantingly, my thoughts fondly return to the homeland of my birth beside my beloved "Cushvreena Glen" the glen that is majestically carved into the hilly landscape and cherishingly dividing Cush from Ballinvreena. Both these townlands of Cush and Ballinvreena together with the allied townlands of Ballinahinch, Glenlara and Kilmurry, and apart from Ballinahinch being lowlying, enjoy the privilege of forming a pleasant upland terrain at the foot of frowning, purple heathered Slieve Rishach and command a magnificent impressive and panoramic view of the lush Golden Vale countryside encircled by its captivating hills while the stately Galtees are the eternal custodians of the East. The approximate area of Cush and Ballinvreena and the allied townlands is about 2 sq. miles, and rather thickly populated by a generous kind hearted hospitable people who are characterised by the spirit of genuine rural Irish culture and are appropriately co-operative in every way. They are always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to those in need and no task no matter how great is allowed to evade their attention without fulfilment. They are a people whom the more you know the more you love. They are genuine Irish people truly resplendent, respectful and brave in every way. So really and truly why would I not feel happy and contented living in the midst of such open hearted people in my little "Cushvreena Lodge" where "Players means Pleasure, and Pleasure means Players". As I have already said Cush and Ballinvreena is a rather thickly populated area with a stately number of charming farmsteads and homesteads nestling peacefully and picturesquely in the rural splendour of an Irish countryside.

These homesteads are fitted with all the requisites of modern society and are exceptionally fortunate in being serviced with an ample supply of water from the legendary well of Canavour through the magnificent co-operative work of the Ballinvreena Group Water Scheme. In 1968 this scheme was suggested and initiated by Daniel Denihan and Pat Fitzgerald who later organised a committee under the Chairmanship of Christopher McGrath and finally through the marvellous and excellent co-operation of all the local neighbours and the much needed kind permission of Bryan Maguire, Go rdeanaid Dia na Gloire trocaire ar a nam; and Mrs. Nora McKenna. Piped water previously a dream — was now flowing freely into approximately sixty homesteads. What a wonderful spirit of co-operation — what a wonderful reward of success.

The spring of Canavour surges forth from a hallowed spot beside the narrow winding road that meanders along between Kiltinane and Glenbrohane. Its approximate situation is practically a quarter of a mile east of Ballinvreena Community Centre. The well bears the name of Canavour and legend has it that Canavour was the name of the man who in Druidish times was reputed to have turned the sod where the well now is and was told that his name would live

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forever. It does seem likely that fortune still holds good and that his name will live forever. In the days of Finn McCool two opposing armies were waging a fierce battle close to this mountainous area and due to a very dry spell of weather water ran very scarce. Being Druidish times, one of the armies dispatched an emissary away west to Kenmare to contact the Chief Druid who lived there. This Druid received the emissary courteously and listened amicably to his demanding request to discover and provide water for the army

who had victory in sight. The Chief Druid consented to the request and Canavour cast the spear which struck the earth where the never falling spring of Canavour now stands, and as our old friend Canavour could now say jokingly to the people of Ballinveena : — "Now that you have me, keep me and do not let us part". Though, the legend associated with Canavour well is of Druidish origin, it is a privilege and a pleasure to know that the Canavour Group Water Scheme was blessed by our fondly loved and affectionate neighbour, the Very Rev. Fr. Patrick Cleary, of Kilmurry, while holidaying here in Ireland from Australia. I am sure it would be most unfair not to pay a special tribute of gratitude to our fond loved friend, James Lehane, who untiringly sees to it that the clear crystal waters of Canavour are perpetually flowing into our homesteads. So it is a friendly handshake of greeting from Canavour to Jimmy Lehane or shghl I say a clink of glasses from Jimmy to Canavour. Fittingly, before I conclude this section of my narrative in relation to Canavour, I would like to convey a tribute of thanksgiving to all who worked so diligently and co-operatively at the Canavour Group Water Scheme, especially to Daniel Denihan who was a tireless worker right through the scheme, the Hannon brothers, Michael and Daniel who built the reservoirs, to Maurice Kelly who worked the digger machine, even at dangerous risks, for making the pipe drains, and Pat Fitzgerald, who was a most efficient Secretary in the scheme. To present and future generations, the crystal clear waters of Canavour are a priceless asset of wealth. So, within a halo of laurels, let us forever entwine and enshrine the workers of the Canavour Group Water Scheme.

In conjunction with the water scheme the spirit of co-operation still prevalent in Ballinveena led to the growth of the Ballinveena Hunt Club. This club specialising in fox hunting with the foot beagles, was founded through the combined and initiative efforts of Denis Carroll, Joe Flynn, Pat McGrath, Michael O'Reilly and Pat Fitzgerald. This sport of fox hunting during the hunting season has existed for quite a number of years now and attracts the attention of quite a number of followers both young and old. Following the foot beagles over the rough countryside terrain demands quite a strenuous amount of energy but has the rewarding effect of providing the best standard of healthy and invigorating recreation. Doubtlessly a debt of gratitude is due to the organisers of the Hunting Club and for the tireless efforts they maintain to preserve the sport.

Nearly to the northern border of Ballinveena meanders the leisurely Morning Star river as it winds peacefully along through rich lush countryside to join the

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river Maigue. It seems that the Morning Star river was formerly known as the River Dawn, but definitely its present name is by far the best and the most attractive. The river itself is an emblem of hope and confidence to those who wish to spend an hour or two fishing on its pleasant waters. Close by also to this river is the grim stately fortress of Ballinahinch Castle a perpetual reminder of the days when the Saxon dominated his role along its banks and marshalled his rule of law as he pleased. Though still in fair good condition, and admirable for its solid structure the Castle is now silent and like all storied castles will soon gleam resplendant with its mantle of ivy green. Not far distant from Ballinveena in a north-westerly direction is the historic Shrine of Saint Mo Lua reputed to be one



Ballinveena countryside. Community Centre is in centre of picture

of Ireland's oldest holy wells which has already received special attention in my memoirs. Ballinveena was also renowned for its annual fair on April 21 which ceased to occur after 1916 when the Fair Day fell on Good Friday. A field near Wm. Irwin's cottage on the old road still bears the name of "Fair Field" due to the fact that the fair was usually held there. The original site for the fair was exactly on the elevated field overhead Canavour well. The annual fair was a most important event in the locality where sheep, cattle and livestock were disposed of in brisk bargaining transactions. Small traders in sweets apples and oranges

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used also frequent the fair and do a thriving business. In ancient times the fair of Ballinveena was noted for its faction fights when rivalry groups of people fought with blackthorn sticks. This type of fighting was common at many notable fairs prior to 1860 but gradually diminished with the passage of time. In a westerly direction from Ballinveena is the cemetery of Emlygreenan which was once an ancient parish. Emlygreenan was in Barony of Coshlea in ancient times and still is an Electoral Rural Division.

Further west noisily situated in the heart of the Staker Wallace countryside is the tastefully decorated Church of Martinstown, my own native Parish Church. This church built in 1834 is reputed to have been favoured with an unconfirmed report of an apparition of Our Lady holding two lambs while at the same time a light was seen on a tree close by. The tree however was cut down and carved into small pieces and retained as relics. This event was supposed to have taken place in the middle of the last century but its truthful evidence was never certified. Nearby in Martinstown School, built in 1868, where the famous athlete, John Flanagan, went to school. He broke a world record when he threw the hammer 180 feet and also won three Olympic medals in succession in the Years 1900, 1904, and 1908. The famous poet Andreas McGrath who composed that lovely Irish song "Slán le Maigh", lived at Walsh's in the shadow of stately Farntown Castle and was also a native of Martinstown parish. In our own time the distinguished eminent eye specialist, Dr. Thomas Casey, who lives in London, is a native of Martinstown parish and I am happy to relate that I had the privilege of being to school with him in St. Andrew's Secondary School in Kiltinane.

Leaving Martinstown let us journey forth South eastward to the locality of Cush with stately Cush Rocks, 1,200 feet above sea level at the westward end of Slieve Riabach mountain commanding a magnificent view of the Golden Vale and further away still of the hills of Tipperary, Clare and Kerry. At the eastern end of Slieve Riabach is a rock which is known as the "King's Chair" over looking Glenbrohane and Ballylanders. Further west of the King's Chair is a huge table rock balancingly poised on a huge rock and further west still on the same range is the deeply carved red glen. In late summer this red glen terrain is magnificent to gaze upon when clothed with its luminous glow of purple heather. Nearby to Cush Rock on the western side is Caplesses Rock, the Geata ban and on the Ballinveena side Carraigín na Boinnte an accumulation of large and small rocks. At the foot of Cush mountain actually overlooking Kilmurry is a small patch of land known as Culatera or more properly known as Temar Erann the ancient citadel of the Tribe of the Tuatha Dedanannas confidentially proved by Professor S.P. O'Riordan, who carried out the Cush excavations in the years 1934 and 1935. The poet Mac Craith, who lived between 980 and 1020 visited Cush and left a very good description of it in the Book of Lecan. He stated that it was famous for its fairy mounds and sepulchral monuments. It has been the beautiful and enduring home of the royal mew. According to "trach of the Cemeteries" it was the Chief cemetery of the

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of the first tribe of the Dedanannas that came to Limerick. It was a centre of Pagan worship and semisacred sports. The Dedanannas who occupied Temar Erann were Connery's and Leahy's. This was the description given by the poet MacCraith. The excavations carried out by Professor Sean P. O'Riordan proved this ancient site at Cush to be the holding of an agricultural community dating in origin to the end of the middle Bronze Age 1,000 B.C. and continuing in occupation to about A.D. 400. The south-west slope of Cush mountain is an extensive complex of earth-works, burial mounds and ancient fields. The ring-forts were not of a military character but merely a defensive protection for the inhabitants and their flocks. Each fort contained huts and souterrains one fort was set apart as a cemetery and in addition there were numerous burial and tumuli with cremated burials in decorated urns. The ancient fields grouped close to the forts formed a sort of collective farm worked by the community as a whole. The numerous urns, ornaments and articles discovered at Cush are to be seen in the National Museum. While the excavations were in progress I had the privilege of seeing one of the underground circular souterrains and a few of the urns and querns discovered but being young at the time I was not able to grasp the proper impression of these exhibits. It is also worthy to recollect that Sraid na Faltche in Kiltinane marks the place where the tribe of the Tuatha Dedanannas who occupied Cush played games. Tradition also had it that a Queen, Etna Leahy, was buried in Cush but this was never verified. A few years ago two urns very close to the surface were unearthed in John Dawson's plot which verifies that Temar Erann extended all over the Cush area. From the information that can be gathered it seems that a huge population of the Tuatha De Danannans resided at Cush. When a chieftain of this tribe died his body was cremated that is his body was burned and the ashes of this body was placed in an urn and laid in an enclosure of flat stones. Numerous visitors interested in archaeology have visited Cush from time to time. Eamonn De Valera paid a private visit to Cush while touring in Co. Limerick. In our own day we have a positive link with Temar Erann when our own scholastic scholar John Scotus who adorns our modern five pound note was according to present day revelations a direct descendant from the people of who occupied this territory of Cush but seemingly he received his education in Ballyferode.

At Cush the landscape of Cush is a pleasant unland terrain with many homesteads

As I have already stated Cush is a pleasant upland terrain with pretty homesteads and farmsteads and inhabited by a pleasant sociable kindhearted people. Right through the centre of Cush and Ballinvreena runs the main Kilfinane-Tipperary road which was built in the days of the famine as a relief work with the rewarding wage to workers of a penny a day a vast difference to the wages today. Cush as we all know was a very important place in the war of Independence. Dan Breen and Sean Treacy who were the heroes of the Knocklong Rescue of Sean Hogan were brought to the David Clancy homestead to have their wounds attended to by Dr. Fitzgerald of Kilfinane. It was from this homestead that the complete Knocklong Rescue party of Sean Hogan were taken by cars to the West of Co. Limerick. Many of the leading figures in the Volunteer Movement visited the Clancy homestead. All the members of the

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Clancy family were actively engaged in the Volunteer movement and consequently the homestead was burned by the Black and Tans. Patrick Clancy who was O.C. of the North Cork Flying Column, and a vice commandant was shot at Derrylagon three miles from Kanturk, Co. Cork, on August 16, 1920, and was later interred at the family burial ground at Ennilygrenan, Wm. Slattery of Ballinvreena a very active volunteer in the Independence movement was also shot by the Black and Tans. In Martinstown Church a plaque is erected to the memory of both these brave patriot soldiers. Actually every house in Cush and Ballinvreena contributed in some way or another to the success of the Volunteer movement in the war of Independence. Quite close to my own homestead at the top of Cushvreena glen was a dug out or cave carved into the embankment and thatched. The actual place where this dug out was situated can still be seen. It was in this cave safe and secure that the local Volunteers organised and designed their plans of campaign. So all in all the people of Cush and Ballinvreena can definitely be proud of the role their elder relatives played in the War of Independence. Finally before I bring this section of my narrative to a close I regret to recall that sad day in Ballinvreena when the local Creamery, which had served the Community for such a long span of years, closed for the last time and the local resident farmers were obliged to take their supplies to Garryspillane Creamery. The creamery of Ballinvreena was no longer destined to echo the rattle and clatter of milk churns. The actual date of closure was Sunday April 30, 1972. So gone forever was the dairyland centur of Ballinvreena and the daily carefree activities of the local creamery but as the doors of the creamery, with Stephen O'Mahony resident manager and Michael Ryan dairy hand assistant, closed for the last time a new State Forest under the Supervision of Liam O'Connor, Kilfinane, resident State Forester, began to unfold itself on the fragrant hillside of Ballinvreena. The name Ballinvreena itself seems to mean the townland of the fairy mansions which is really true because there are a number of moats or fosses in this particular area. Although in Irish Baile na Bruighe it would seem to mean the townland of the fights, but I would not imagine that this is correct. So confidentially I would much prefer it to mean the townland of the fairy mansions. Whichever mansion holds the rock of gold.

Now that I have arrived at this stage of my memoirs it is aptly appropriate that I divert my attention to a different aspect of Life in Ballinvreena for like a "Bliss from the Blue" came the dawn of a new era in Cush and Ballinvreena with the formation of the Ballinvreena Youth Club for which I must bear the entire happy responsibility for being the founder of this youthful organisation which has and continues to play a cheerful dramatic role in the life and culture of the neighbourhood of Ballinvreena and the surrounding vicinities. Previous to the formation of the Youth Club, I organised a Mountain climb contest from Sheehy's Bridge, (on Cushvreena Glen) to Cush Rock in which twenty-two youthful contestants participated. Jimmy Lehane gave me excellent assistance with the running of this contest which took place on a beautiful summer's day June 7, 1970. David Burke of Glenlara was the winner of the contest, Liam

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Quane second and John Flynn third. Eamonn Denihan and Michael Crehan, both schoolboys, were runners-up in the contest which was warmly cherished and enjoyed by all. Encouraged by the success of this contest and in consequence of my deep and fond attachment to the youth who frequented my wayside store and who played card games at my homestead at nighttime I was accordingly prompted to do something to maintain and preserve that warm and loveable affection that glowed in the hearts of these friendly youthful personalities. So accordingly, one day while cycling home from Kilfinane, actually half way between John Regan's Bridge and Thomas Quane's picturesque farmstead residence, like an inspired revelation the thought struck into my mind to form a Youth Club which gratefully enough blossomed successfully on June 17, 1970 ten days following the mountain climb contest. Immediately, on my arrival home from Kilfinane on this particular day I wrote out a note outlining my ideas. In a brief meeting with my colleagues, Donie Hannon, Michael Flynn, John Flynn, and Paddy Flynn I discussed the contents of my note and they accordingly agreed with my suggestions. I displayed a notice inviting all the youth of the area to attend a meeting at my own

homestead. My invitation met with a satisfactory response. So on the night of June 17, 1970 to a distinguished gathering of boys and girls I delivered my specially arranged address which was the laun-hing pad of the Ballinvreena Youth Club. Following is the text of my address:-
"Well dear men and boys and girls I wish to extend a harty welcome to all of you who have come to this meeting here tonight in response to a proposal made by me, quite recently, to some of the boys who are now here with us.

The proposal I made was that we form a Youth Club from all the boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and twenty, here in the townlands of Cush, Kilmurry, and Ballinvreena and call it the Ballinvreena Youth Club. The main purpose of the Youth Club should be just a get together meeting to discuss or arrange whatever sporting, recreational or entertaining events you would like to have within our own locality as well as being always free of course to attend any outside functions taking place. As sources of entertainment we could have Tug-O-War, Competitions, Children's Sports, Bicycle races, Mountain climbing, Bus excursions to some seaside place, swimming, Dances, Raffles, Card games, Darts, Question Time competitions, Cycle tours or any other source of entertainment we could plan or propose.

The Youth Club when formed can freely hold their meetings here in this premises weekly or any time they wish at their own discretion. All the members of the Youth Club are requested to work wholeheartedly together and in a brotherly manner for the welfare of the club itself and I myself am willing to help it in every way I can at all times and I do assume that all our neighbours will do the same. So I am fully confident that the Ballinvreena Youth Club will be in every way successful and will make life brighter within our own locality and provide suitable entertainment for its own enjoyment the whole year round.

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As you all know the time has come when people can no longer live as individuals in the modern world, so if we want to make our little organisation successful we definitely have got to work collectively and co-operatively together in a brotherly spirit.

Now I wish to show you here tonight a direct link with a Boy's club of other days, this triangle of the Ballinvreena Boys Band, who in their own simple way and in their own time shed a ray of glory on our locality some sixty to seventy years ago.

Ever mindful of the success of the Staker Wallace Band in times past, and encouraged by the marvellous success of the Group Water Scheme and also of the Ballinvreena hounds, let us, the Ballinvreena Youth Club, try and do the same in whatever way we think is best for our locality in the world of today".



Some of the founder members of Ballinvreena Youth Club.
Davy Quish displays a Trophy they had won in Kilfinane.

This then was the text or subject matter of my address. Having listened attentively to this address the members present arranged to form a committee. Michael Flynn, Ballinvreena, was elected Chairman, Mary Flynn, Ballinahinch,

Chairman, Liam Quane, Hon. Secretary, Asa, Hon. Secretary, Joan Ryan, Hon. Treasurer, Thos. M. Flynn and P.R.O. Donal Hannon, and I was elected President of Ballinvreene Youth Club and since then up to the present time I am cherishingly posted in this Honorary office.

As soon as the committee was formed the members of the Club responded spontaneously to the demands of the newly formed organisation. The Club took for its basic objective the standard ideals of "Truth, Courtesy, and Co-Operation" and by its adherence and fidelity to these principles it has preserved its integrity and progressed satisfactorily from the date of its foundation to the present time. The members of the Club strove at all times to maintain a collective and co-operative attitude to every task demanding their attention and this in turn contributed amazingly to the continued success of the Club.

The Club having been formed it was then found necessary to provide ourselves with a recreational centre and naturally the task confronting us was the provision and the immediate erection of a suitable hall. So accordingly a scheme was devised by which we collected the necessary funds that were essential. Through the advice of James Lehane, an honorary member of our club, a fund raising loan was launched among our kind hearted neighbours who wholeheartedly responded so generously to our fund raising loan thus providing us with the necessary cash to purchase a pre-fab hall from our esteemed friend Sean Hannon of Doneraile. In passing I wish on behalf of the Ballinvreene Youth Club to express our sincere and appreciative gratitude to our cherished and most esteemed honorary member and friend Christopher McGrath, who gratefully donated the site for the erection of the Hall and also our sincere and appreciative thanks goes to Christopher McGrath, James Lehane, Wm. Slattery, Daniel Denihan, Mrs. Winifred Flynn, Thos. Quane, Frank Farrell, John Horan, Paddy Clancy, James Ryan, Mrs. John Burke, Denis Carroll, Michael Carroll, John F. McCarthy, Joseph Flynn, Michael O'Reilly, John Joe O'Reilly, Willie McGrath, Stephen O'Mahony, Mary Ryan, John Walshe of Glenroe, Mt. Lecky of Limerick, Eileen O'Reilly and the Ballinvreene Hunt Club and to all and every one who contributed so generously to our Fund Raising Loan. Next in line to these generous donors it is most appropriate that we the Ballinvreene Youth Club convey our heartfelt and appreciative congratulations and thanks to Donie Hannon, our chief constructor and designer, to Jimmy Lehane, Chris McGrath, Michael Flynn, Thos. Flynn, Thos. (M) Flynn, Thos. (R) Flynn, John Flynn, Paddy, Flynn, James Flynn, Mossy Flynn, Jerry Flynn, Patsy McGrath, Robert O'Sullivan, Pat Fitzgerald, Eugene Clery, Pat Vaughan, Eamonn Denihan, Joe Gorman, Paddy Burke, Mossy McGrath, Liam Quane, Daniel Hannon, Michael Crehan, Michael O'Reilly, Thos. McCarthy and to all and everyone who worked so co-operatively, energetically and efficiently in the construction and erection of our Ballinvreene Youth Centre and made what was, once only a dream a perfect reality.

Surveying the general course of activities, functions and events within our Youth