There was the big snow in 1947 which lasted forever. There was a quarry in Sundrive Road in Crumlin which froze over. The boys and girls decided to skate on the ice. The ice broke and 3 were drowned. Years later the quarry was drained and today it is a bowl with a bicycle track and a running track. The park is named Éamonn Ceannt Stadium.

The boys’ school is no longer open. Boys and girls share. At one time there were close on 2000 boys and 2000 girls in our time. I left school the day I was 13 and half years old. I got a job as a messenger boy in Capel St. Like most shops the half day was Wednesday. They closed at one o’clock. My job on Saturday was to play records. This was to attract people into the shop. My wages was 15 shillings per week.

**Bernard Powell**

The Honeybee toffee factory still stands on very solid ground. It was a sweet factory on the Richmond Road. The siren used to go off every day when the workers went to lunch during war time. Their toffee sweets used to be lovely and sweet and one could get 5 of them for a penny before decimalisation. No wonder I have not a tooth in my head.

We used to get them in the Beehive sweet shop on the Richmond Road beside O’Flaherty’s auto repair premises.

**Patsy Hassett**
I was married in August 1961 to Brendan the love of my life. When we got married we got our house on the road beside my mam and dad (Russell Avenue). They lived on Fitzroy Avenue.

While staying with my mam and dad one night there was a huge explosion. All the people were running down Fitzroy Avenue towards Jones’ Road. There was a flour mill on the hill opposite Croke Park and it was the mill that had blown up. It was very frightening. There is a hotel there now. I also remember air raid shelters on Jones’ Road and gas masks.

**Ann O’Connor**

A time of uncertainty and anxiety. When I was young my dad was active in the Royal Navy (2nd World War). My dad was a Chief Petty Officer. Our mam (Ellen) was looking after a young family and was anxious every day as to what was happening in the war and all the news of bombings at sea. A local blacksmith, ‘Jack the Smith’, called each day with the paper *The Cork Examiner*, with news of the war. This was a time of worry and anxiety. Thank God my dad came home after the war. He died at 86.

**Andrew Coleman**

Lockdown March 2020. Cold and miserable. Looking into the garden it looked so desolate. No colour, no flowers blooming — then spring plants started blooming. Everything brightens up and you get that feeling everything is getting better. Looking out my kitchen window the trees in the circle look beautiful. The chestnut trees are like Christmas with their beautiful blooms. They bring joy to the heart.

**Marie Grennell**
I am 91 years old in May and I do not feel lonely. I have wonderful memories to go back to. I was a waitress in the Gresham Hotel for 36 years. It was wonderful. I met the cream of society—Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Wilding, Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Betty Hutton. Also groups of golfers from all over the world. Some brought their own pianist so there were always parties when they arrived back at the hotel. I looked after the bar for them in a special room (also very generous-SMILE).

**Marie Bannim**

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**Fairview Floods 1954**—My eldest daughter was 2 weeks old. My mother who was on her way home from work had to stay in North Strand with a friend. In Fairview there was a hall door at Edge’s shop where Billy Barry and her family lived. Her husband and four children had to be rescued and went to stay with her sister in Declan’s Road.

**North Strand Bombing 1941**—John McNamara was the clerk in Marino Church. He lived on the North Strand. He got on his bike and rode to Marino to see if the Church was damaged. Thank God all was ok.

**Betty Lee**
I was born and reared beside Croke Park. Only 4 doors separated us from the big green gates at the bottom of Hill 16. In our little cul de sac, several neighbours still occupied the same homes where they lived on that awful day in November 1920 (Bloody Sunday, Croke Park). They told and re-told the story of the arrival of the Black and Tans and the Auxiliaries and the horrors that followed on from that.

When I heard there was to be a big State celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Rising I began to look forward to it with great expectations. I had it all planned. Easter Sunday—the big parade and the flyover from the Air Corp at the G.P.O. Easter Monday—we could walk to Liberty Hall and perhaps with the promise of a picnic in Stephen’s Green and more ice-cream, we might manage the College of Surgeons. Day 3 was Moore St. - Moore Lane and Church St. and home by the Four Courts. I knew I could talk my husband into driving us around in the early evening to the faraway places—Boland’s Mills, Mount St. Bridge, Jacobs, Dublin Castle, the South Dublin Union (St. Kevin’s Hospital), Kilmainham and on to Arbour Hill. Home then, to sit and watch the re-enactment of the Rising on RTE. This was to be the crowning glory of the week.

On Easter Saturday night the baby coughed and cried through the long hours and with the first glorious light of Easter morning, I realised my plans were in ruins. His flushed and spotty face told its own story — he had the measles. I knew well what was in store for a week — blinds, curtains drawn, deep shade at all times.

Thinking about the big snow in 1947 things were very scarce due to the war. I remember my parents breaking up wooden chairs to use in the range to keep us warm as the turf was very wet to use.

Maura McCabe
We lived in Shelmartin Avenue and four doors up from us lived a family by the name of Ross. They were Jews. A lovely family. Their son Ivor was a member of the F.C.A. First Aid and he was the first person on the site when the bombs (North Strand 1941) went off and he was presented with a medal. The roofs of the houses shook when the bombs blew.

I remember the shelters as well—long, gloomy, cement boxes on the road, no lights, narrow entrances. I can remember when they broke them down. They used the big iron ball to smash them. I still have the docket s that were issued for gasmasks with our names on them—to be used if we had to go down the country for safety. Also some ration coupons for clothes. 

_Laurie Grennell_

I remember hearing the German planes going over at night to bomb Belfast and seeing the explosions light up the sky when our army was firing at them. At that time, I was living near the Phoenix Park when a bomb fell near the dog pond. My school friend lived in one of the lodges. Thankfully they escaped injury. I was very scared. We had an air raid shelter on our road and we played in it. I remember the gasmasks and we played with them too. 

_Maura McCabe_
I came from a large family of 3 boys and 7 girls. I’m the last of the clan. My mother made a ginger cake every Sunday in the roasting dish and it was cut up into 12 squares one for each of us. That was our treat for the week. No such thing as biscuits and how we all looked forward to our treat.

We got great wear out of our Communion dresses. We wore them every week during the month of May. There was always a procession round the roads of Marino every Sunday and the dress was handed down from the eldest. We were born on South Lotts Road and I’m living in Marino about 82 years. What a lovely place to live in. Slán.

Theresa O’Connor

I was 7 years old in 1941. I remember waking up the morning of the bombing and seeing my mother and all the neighbours outside chatting. Later, Mom said a bomb had fallen on the North Strand which wasn’t far away. My brother was in the ARF and he distributed gas masks to all the families. He wasn’t alone. A lot of the men were involved. We had great fun in the family trying the gas masks on. There were plots in the circle and also an air raid shelter. We weren’t allowed to play in it but there was a water tank in our green and when it was empty we climbed into it. There was also rationing which lasted a while after the war.

Anna Henry
1946 was the year the government asked for volunteers to help farmers save the harvest after weeks of rain and flooding. I volunteered with my brother Paddy, his future wife Una and thousands of other volunteers. We went on Army trucks that were lined up on Parnell Square. We were given a packed lunch for our journey and taken to a farm not far from Dublin.

I was wearing a skirt and shoes like the other women. When our shoes started sinking into the fields and the mice started running around our ankles we soon realised our mistake. We spent a lot of time running from the mice in case they ran up our legs and under our skirts. Nevertheless, we managed to get some work done before the farmer's wife brought us into the kitchen for a hot lunch of man size proportions. We had a huge plate of steaming hot bacon with cabbage and potatoes. This was a feast to our eyes.

When we were leaving the farmer's wife provided sandwiches for the journey home. I recall the farmer offering some money for our day’s work but my brother wouldn’t hear of taking any money when the farmers were struggling. The Army trucks were lined up waiting to take us home. Although we were exhausted with shoes only fit for the bin we were happy that we had been able to help in some way at a time of crisis for our farmers and our country.

Alice Glover
We hope you enjoyed this first selection of memories and thoughts from our members and friends.

We are so grateful to everyone who took the trouble to write in and share their memories and thoughts with us. We hope it will encourage more of you to write to us. And even if you have sent in something before we would be delighted to have a second contribution or indeed as many as you want to send in. Please don’t worry about your writing or spelling etc. If you prefer not to write, you can get in contact with us and tell your story or thoughts to a volunteer who will then write it out. You could also ask a family member or friend to do this. We welcome all your contributions and look forward to getting them for a second volume.

Keep Safe  Keep Well  Keep Smiling

Ann Ryder and Maria Cantwell on behalf of the Tuesday Club Committee

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Other topics which you might have thoughts on – these are just some ideas...

Arrival of first TV in your home and then later when the “pipe” came and you could get programmes from the U.K.

Jobs - your first job, your co-workers, travelling to work?

Women at home - the work they did, the different roles of men and women?

Hobbies/interests – how did you like to spend your free time?

Music, Dances and Romances – what music did you like, where did you dance? And we would definitely like to hear about your romances – good, bad and unrequited!

Religious - missions, retreats, solidarities, May processions, novenas?

Shopping - shops, going in to town, the regular items you bought, the special items?

School - mitching from school, boxing an orchard, your teachers, your fellow pupils?

We would like to thank Ann Ryder and Maria Cantwell for their valuable work over the last few months in encouraging and supporting our members and friends to write about their memories and thoughts. We hope to continue this project given the enthusiastic response it has received. We would also like to thank Mary Hennessey for sourcing the images accompanying the pieces and Bernadette Brady for putting the document together for printing. Finally, we would like to acknowledge the on-going support we get from all our volunteers and to the Croke Park Community Fund for their donation towards printing costs.

Anne Forde on behalf of the Fairview Marino Tuesday Club Management Committee