

A Changing Landscape in Cloon

By Éabha Ryan



Introduction

Cloon is a townland of 34 acres in our parish. When I was younger I used to go to Cloon with my au pair for walks with my brother Jack and au pair Anna. We live in Freaghduff, beside the McGraths and Cloon is just down the lane from my house. Some days we used to put on our wellies and coats and go outside. Cloon is always a great place for a walk. Down there we used to listen to the river Arglo, play with our neighbour's dog and look at the horses in the fields. I

love horses. Cloon was an adventure. The fields were full of bushes and the place was overgrown with briars. However, there were cool things there too, like places to play, dens to hide in and nice wild flowers of different colours. My mammy likes to take lots of photographs of the flowers.



The horses in Cloon



Playing in the Arglo

The Railway

Part of the old railway line from Cashel to Gooldscross went through Cloon too. Sometimes we climb around the piers of the old railway bridge. The railway line was almost completely overgrown with briars and small trees. My Mammy said the railway only worked for a few years. We looked at pictures of the old railway on my Mammy's computer. This old railway line was five and three quarter miles long and took one and a half years to build. It opened in 1904 but closed in 1954, by 1960 all the tracks and bridges had been removed. I'd love if the railway was still running.



Railway Station Cashel

Farm Land

In 2014 my Mammy and Daddy bought Cloon. We were very excited. We all went to Cloon on lots of adventures, with help from my Mammy and Daddy we could climb the trees and play in the river. I thought it was better than Killarney. My Mammy said it was an adventure park.



Cloon flooded by the Arglo



Cloon in the summer

One day my Daddy brought home a big digger from work and started work on clearing the bushes and briars. This was the day that the landscape in Cloon started to change. A few weeks later he got a bulldozer. Sunshine, hail, rain, or snow he was out there at 6 O'Clock in the morning. My Daddy is a farmer and has lots of cows grazing in Cloon. There was a very big tree in Cloon called the "House Tree". My neighbour Tim Joe and his family used to play at this tree when they were children. Jack and I loved to play on it too. Jack and I loved to play on it too. The tree fell down in the storm in 2012. My Daddy said the tree was dead and it was dangerous and, so he cut it up for timber.



Making new fields in Cloon

Half of Cloon is reseeded now and it looks very different. We still have lots of rocks to pick yet in the part to be reseeded. My cousins, uncles, Granny and Grandad all helped to pick the stones. Next year Cloon will look different again.



Cloon after the land was reclaimed



A long day of picking stones