

**Coonagh Airfield.  
(Fifty years later)  
31 August 1947 / 31 August 1997**

**by**

**Joseph Hennessy**

**Well Holy God 'twill be fifty years,  
Since Darby arrived with his two Raphides,  
To open the field, they would use for flying,  
Which they found out later, was indeed low lying.  
For many's a time Shannon's waters,  
Flooded the place, just like a saucer,  
And instead of for fishing, they used their boats,  
Retrieving planes who did not have floats.  
But despite it all, they continued to fly,  
And continued to drain, 'til the place was dry.  
Would you believe, what was nought but green,  
Now boasts a strip, long and lean,  
Memorable characters flew from this field,  
And impressive pilots this place did yield.  
As all were trained, not to be bold,  
Resulting in which, all grew old.  
Designating one would indeed be unfair.  
For all its pilots this privilege do share,  
Since to solo from Coonagh, was indeed a highlight,  
And landing back there, proved a man was a pilot.**