



The Blarney

UPCOMING:

Monthly Meeting:

April 13th 6:30 P.M.

The Mickle Center

**Dinner: Corned Beef,
Smoked Cabbage, Potatoes,**

Irish Bread, Dessert

Next Meeting:

April 13th

6:30 P.M.

BOARD CONTACT INFO

**Pres. – Adam McCarty –
515-802-0141**

amccarty2000@gmail.com

**Vice Pres. – Justin Dye – 641-757-
2375**

Justin.dye.23@gmail.com

Treas. – Josh Soliday – 577-0990

Jsoliday2323@gmail.com

Sec. – Jeff DeMoss – 771-7070

jjdemoss3@gmail.com

Parade Chairman –

Colton O'Connor – 770-2419

Migilly2010@gmail.com

Donnie Corben -

515-205-0528

donaldduck1423@gmail.com

Tim Schuck –

515-778-8390

schuck.t@cmbaarchitects.com

Tony Schmid –

515-554-1107

tbnoutdoors1@gmail.com

Connor O'Leary

712-210-3754

cnnroleary@gmail.com

MARCH (MÁRTA) 2026

BOARD NEWS

A great time was had by all!

As is usually the case, mother nature tried to ruin our day, but again she did not succeed. You would think after such a terrible win loss record, she would just quit and give us some great weather. There were a few things that had to be changed and sadly we didn't have bag pipers playing in the parade, (they did make it down to the Marriott though.) After all of our hard work this year we were able to present a check to the Children's Cancer Connection for \$8,000. Well done lads!

Our annual Pre Paddy Party was once again a huge success, with over \$11,000 raised. Look for this to be a bigger event next year as we decide new ways to improve this great event.

The board is hard at work devising new and improved ways to raise money for charity, and we are getting some movement in the right direction at making our parade the most talked about in Iowa. This allows us to draw greater, and more sponsors, than ever before.

We have many events planned throughout the rest of the year, and we are always in need of volunteers. Please check the activities page for a list of all of our events.

Next up this spring is an outing at Grandview Park for the **Irish Open Disc Golf event on April 25th**. All will get off to a flying start at 10 a.m. Learn all about this year's plans at next Monday's meeting and try to recruit some of your fevered flippin' friends to sign up.

Presidents Pint of View



As I look back on this past year as President of our club, I am thrilled with where we are today and the positive direction in which we are moving. Our achievements during the St. Patrick's Day season stand out as highlights, marking our most successful celebration to date.

This year, we surpassed expectations by selling more raffle tickets than we have in many previous years. Nearly 1,700 of the 2,000 tickets were sold, thanks to the collective efforts of all our members. I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude for everyone's hard work in selling these tickets.

The Pre Paddy Party continued to be a major success, generating nearly \$12,000—double the amount raised last year. A significant portion of this success is attributed to the auctioning of the Parade Marshall. Special thanks go to our winning bidder, Joe Greene, for his generous support. Additionally, I'd like to recognize Jeff DeMoss for setting up a recruitment table, which resulted in 2–3 new membership applications.

On St. Patrick's Day, we were able to donate almost double the total of all last year's giving, awarding an \$8,000 check to Children's Cancer Connection. This achievement would not have been possible without the group effort of all club members who attended events, volunteered, and sold tickets throughout the year.

I also want to acknowledge the leadership that came before me. The momentum they built provided a strong foundation for our continued progress, and I am grateful for their contributions. My role has been to carry that momentum forward.

In the coming year, I aim to further build on our momentum. We will strive to secure more Parade sponsors and enhance our events beyond what we have accomplished so far. My goal is for the club to donate more than \$20,000 to local charities by year's end, which means we need to contribute an additional \$12,000 over the rest of the year. To achieve this, we need to draw even more people to our events and increase ticket sales for the Go Big Win A Pig raffle. Participation in our golf and disc golf tournaments is vital, as each entry directly supports a local charity. Additionally, volunteers are needed to help make these events successful.

In closing, I want to thank all our members who have stepped up to make this past year such an outstanding one. Let's work together to make the next year even better.

President,

Adam McCarty

F.S.O.S.P ACTIVITIES PAGE

Saturday April 25th Annual Disc Golf Tournament

Saturday June 13th, 2026. FSOSP Annual Leprechaun Open

- Toad Valley
- Same entry and sponsorship fees as last year.
- More to come

Busch Light Carnival –July 12th, 2026.

- In conjunction with Carl's Place
- Volunteers needed

Sunday September 20th – Annual Car Show

Saturday October 3rd – Annual Bags Tourney





John William Molloy

December 18, 1924 — March 17, 2026

John W. Molloy, age 101, passed away peacefully on March 17, 2026, surrounded by the love of his family and a lifetime of cherished memories. He was born on December 18, 1924, in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to John and Mary (McGinn) Molloy. After the loss of his father to tuberculosis, he returned to Weller, where he was lovingly raised by his mother and grandparents.

John lived a long and meaningful life, defined by his deep devotion to family, quiet strength, and remarkable resilience. Over the course of more than a century, he

witnessed extraordinary changes in the world, yet remained grounded in the values that shaped him—hard work, kindness, and an unwavering love for those closest to him.

He proudly served his country during the Korean War and later retired from the John Deere plant in Ankeny. In his free time, John found great joy in life's simple pleasures—playing euchre, bowling in two leagues well into his 80s, tending his garden, and listening and dancing to Johnny Cash. He also enjoyed following—and occasionally placing a friendly wager on—horse racing.

A devoted member of the Basilica of St. John for over 70 years, John was also an active member of the Knights of Columbus and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He had a deep love for St. Patrick's Day and was once honored as Irishman of the Year. It seems only fitting that he chose St. Patrick's Day to leave this earthly world. John cherished time spent with friends and family and never passed up the chance to share a Budweiser or two in good company. He was the proud father of nine children, a role he embraced with deep love and commitment. His family continued to grow with 14 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren, and 5 great-great-grandchildren, all of whom brought him immense pride and joy. He treasured family gatherings, storytelling, and the simple moments that brought loved ones together.

John will be remembered for his wisdom, steady presence, and the example he set for generations. Through his guidance, humor, and quiet support, he left a lasting impression on all who knew him.

John will be dearly missed by his children: Mary Molloy; Jonann Molloy-Earp; Beverly (Mike Mihalik) Molloy; Jack (Kelle) Molloy; Brian (Tammy) Molloy; Maureen (Randy) Harris; Patsy McGee; Peggy (Tim) White; and Mike (Bobbi) Molloy, his grandchildren, great-grandchildren, great-great-grandchildren, along with his siblings: Jimmy (Cathy) McGinn, and Dick (Martha) McGinn.

In lieu of flowers, the family invites you to honor his memory by spending time with loved ones and carrying forward the values he lived by so well. Memorials can be made to Friendly Sons of St Patrick and Basilica of St. John.



Parade Float Winners

- Best Irish Theme – The Brotherhood of Islanders
- Best Irish Clan – The O’Brien Clan
- Judges Choice – DMAM Rotary
- Best of Parade - Melrose

Irish History

Frances Elizabeth Quinn –

Frances Elizabeth Quinn was an Irish-born Union Civil War soldier who fought in both the infantry and cavalry. She enlisted over five separate times throughout the war and the country. Each time she was eventually discovered to be a woman and discharged from the military.

Quinn's parents immigrated from Ireland to La Moille, Illinois when she was three years old. Shortly after arriving in Illinois, her mother gave birth to a brother, named Thomas, and then both parents died, leaving the children in the care of two separate families. Frances became a surrogate daughter to the Reno family, and a surrogate niece of Jesse Lee Reno, while her brother became a member of the Cokeley family. When Quinn was 12, she was sent to a convent in Virginia to be educated. She returned to La Moille to find her brother had run away to join the army at the age of fourteen, in the 52nd Illinois Infantry Regiment. Quinn was determined not to be abandoned, and decided to join too, despite being sixteen years of age.

Quinn adopted the name B. Frank Miller, and enlisted in a three-month unit in Indiana, disguising herself as a man. In July, 1862, she joined the 2nd Regiment Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry, where she was almost immediately discharged from duty. In August 1862, she joined under a different name the 90th Illinois Infantry Regiment. The next month, she was discovered by Colonel Timothy O'Meara, and she was dismissed. To him, she gave her "true name" as Eliza Miller. She enlisted for the fourth time, managing to stay long enough to fight at the Battle of Stones River on December 31, where she was shot in the shoulder, and her sex was discovered a third time. She left to Bowling Green, Kentucky, where she located a recruiting sergeant, and entered into a cavalry division as a teamster. While on duty, she came across another female soldier whom she had known in her brief time in the 2nd Cavalry, who had taken the name of Frank Morton, alias Sarah Bradbury. They were thought to both have gotten drunk, and fallen in a nearby river, where they were cited for disorderly behavior. Neither would tell the officers how they knew each other, and were found out as women. The women were reportedly put in dresses and provided means to return home by General Sheridan, Quinn giving herself a new alibi, calling herself Ellie Reno, a niece of Jesse Reno. She returned home, but in April 1863, she learned that her brother had been killed in the Battle of Shiloh. Grief-stricken, she rejoined the army under the name of Frank Martin, eventually becoming an orderly to General Jeremiah Boyle. She was very successful, bringing in rebels to a Union Military prison in Louisville, Kentucky, and hired to do light duty at the prison barracks. She impressed General Boyle, and became the favorite of the 25th Michigan Volunteer Infantry Regiment also working there. Unfortunately, a soldier recognized her as a woman, and she was once again discharged. She wrote a letter to President Abraham Lincoln, begging him to give her a pardon and allow her to remain in service.

I do not wish you to think me bold as I write to you wholly out of love for my native Country I am the true blue and for that Noble Flag I am willing to die I have been in the Army for nearly one year and I wish to see it over I am willing to do anything to aid or assist to Government that lies in my power for my Country I have lived [illegible] and for my Country I will die -Ellie B. Reno (Frances Quinn)

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Quinn was then sent to General Ambrose Burnside, where she was put in the care of an officer's wife, and offered a job at a Louisville hospital. Around this time, Quinn was said to have married a "good-looking and gallant Captain" with the last name Steward, who died soon after their marriage. In October, 1863, Quinn was back in the army, once again in the 90th Illinois Infantry Regiment under the name Frank Miller. She was captured by Confederates in Alabama, and forced to march to a prison camp in Atlanta, Georgia. She attempted to escape, but was shot in the calf and re-captured. In prison, her sex was discovered, and she was placed in a room at a local hospital. Her wound became infected, and she lay ill for nearly two months. On February 17, 1864, she was exchanged as a prisoner to the Union Army. She stayed in the Nashville hospital until her leg healed, and then received her pay and lived in Ohio until the war ended.

On August 12, 1866, Quinn married Mathew Angel, a soldier from the 2nd Ohio Heavy Artillery. They had two daughters, named Maggie and Mary. Quinn died of edema on June 8, 1872



Wearin' O' The Grin

Have you heard about the Irish boomerang?

It doesn't come back; it just sings sad songs about how much it wants to.

Sean and his wife, Aoife, had been debating buying a vehicle for weeks. He wanted a truck. She wanted a fast little sports-like car so she could zip through traffic around town. He would probably have settled on any beat-up old truck, but everything she seemed to like was way out of their price range. "Look!" she said. "I want something that goes from 0 to 200 in just a few seconds. Nothing else will do. My birthday is coming up so surprise me!" Sean did just that. For her birthday, he bought her a brand-new bathroom scale. Nobody has seen or heard from him since.

Father Murphy was playing golf with a parishioner. On the first hole, he sliced into the rough. His opponent heard him mutter "Hoover!" under his breath. On the second hole, the ball went straight into a water hazard. "Hoover!" again, a little louder this time. On the third hole, a miracle occurred and Fr. Murphy's drive landed on the green only six inches from the hole! "Praise be to God!" He carefully lined up the putt, but the ball curved around the hole instead of going in. "HOOVER!" By this time, his opponent couldn't withhold his curiosity any longer, and asked why the priest said 'Hoover'. "It's the biggest dam I know," said the priest.

Three sons left home, went out on their own and prospered. Getting back together, they discussed the gifts they were able to give their elderly mother. The first said, "I built a big house for our mother. "The second said, "I sent her a BMW with a driver." The third smiled and said, "I've got you, both beat. You know how Mom enjoys the Bible, and you know she can't see very well. I sent her a parrot that can recite the entire Bible. It took 20 monks in an Irish monastery 12 years to teach him. I had to pledge to contribute \$100,000.00 a year for 10 years, but it was worth it. Mom just has to name the chapter and verse, and the parrot will recite it."

Soon thereafter, Mom sent out her letters of thanks: " "Seamus," she wrote the first son, "the house you built is so huge. I live in only one room, but I have to clean the whole house." "Sean," she wrote to another, "I am too old to travel. I stay home all the time, so I never use the BMW. And the driver is so rude!" "Dearest Donal," she wrote to her third son, "You were the only son to have the good sense to know what your mother likes. That chicken was delicious."