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Míle Buochas dos na daoine seo leanas a thug cabhair duinn chun an Iris seo a ullmhú; Conchúr Ó Murchú; Padaí Ó Ceilleachair; Joan Twomey-O'Sullivan; Richard Fensome and Alison Kilgour; Diarmuid and Eileen Ó Mathúna; Micheal Kearney; Elton Ó Tuama; Jenny Seawright and all those who wrote the articles. Photos for the gallery were made available and names researched by the following; Denis Manning, Tír Na Spideoga; Dan O'Sullivan, Lissarda; Muintir Concannon agus Ó Tuama; Jerh Neilius O'Leary; Anna Maria Cronin, Aharas; Connie Moynihan, Ballingeary.

As this will be the last Journal I edit I'd like to thank everyone who has helped make it a success since 1993.

Seán Ó Súilleabháin

Our website, **www.ballingearyhs.com** was developed and sponsored by Finbarr Lucey, Gougane Barra. We plan to add our most recent Journals and additional material over the next few months. Back issues can be bought from the Ballingeary based www.localbooks.ie either in hard copy or as eBooks.

Ballingeary Pipe Band has a website at **www.ballingearypipeband.com**. Any old photos or stories related to the band can be passed on to Micheal Healy, Dromanallig, Ballingeary who is compiling a history of the band or by contacting Tadhg Creed by email at creedtt@gmail.com

A meeting to reorganize **Ballingeary Cumann Staire** will be held in *Cuan Barra* on *Monday 16th of January at 8pm*. There are a number of interesting projects to discuss, for example the upcoming 1916-23 commemorations, field trips and local folk lore collections.

A NIGHT AT DAN FRANK'S

This song was composed (probably by Jack Dan Lucey, Cahir) about events which took place on Sunday night the 19th of November 1933. Fr. Mac was Father Tim McSweeney C.C. who was in Ballingeary from 1932 to 1935. The "pictures" were being shown by Tom and Ned Barrett in a tent most likely in Dick Jim's field in Kilmore, but travelling cinemas and shows also set up tent in the field where Plásóg Naomh Rónáin terrace of houses now stands across from the Garda barracks.

Dan Frank (Cronin) was the previous owner of Lovett's house in Dromanallig, and it was there that all the shenanigans went on, from after the "pictures" on Sunday night until half past four on Monday morning.

We are indebted to Christy Lucey of Gougane Barra Hotel, who revived interest in this song and was able to recall the words of nine or ten verses. He had it sung at his and Breda's Golden Jubilee celebrations. The remaining verses were discovered among Josie Lucey's (Cahir) papers. So thanks to Christy, Josie and Josie's brother-in-law, Jack Dan Lucey (assuming that he was the author. One elderly gentleman said "Jack Dan was the only one writing in those days, so it is almost certain that he composed it.")

*The 19th of November we ne'er shall forget
When the young men of Iveleary together they met,
They went up to the chapel to recite the rosary,
With the choir at the end and CJ the PC.
Ra li ra, ra li ra, ra li rex fal da dee.*

*When the rosary was over Fr. Mac he did spake,
He cautioned us all not to stay out too late,
But to go the road home both peaceful and quiet,
Not to call to the pictures or Dan Frank tonight.*

*We came out from the chapel and down to the gate,
And where we would go, sure we had a debate,
Tom Barrett and Ned we could not let down,
And as for Dan Frank he's the head of our town.*

*We went east to the pictures until half past ten,
When they were all over we came out again,
Back through the village in the hell of a rate
And up Dromanallig like the First Cork Brigade.*

*When we came to Dan Cronin's at the door we were met,
By Denis P. Cronin, he was changing a cheque.
He said "Come along, Boys, you're all in the Band,"
And as we passed in he gave us all a shake hands.*

*The next to come in was Jackie the Lodge,
Peig for some reason he wanted to dodge.
He got on very well until near the back door,
He kicked up a row with Miss Creed as you know.*

*Her brother the drummer he played on the cards,
He said to himself they were all damn blackguards,
He was going to get up and hit them a puck,
When the knave struck the joker and he got the wind-up.*

*The next to come in was poor Paddy Jones,
And as he came in he started to groan,
He said that while cycling that night to the town,
A cow crossed the road and knocked him right down.*

*We were dancing all night in couples and fours
From the stairs to the dresser and down the back-door
'till an accident happened to poor Danny Shea
When he struck his big toe 'gainst the pot of the tay.*

*All went well until out in the night
Paddy Jones and Jack Simcox put up a great fight,
But this episode ended without any delay
For Jones soon surrendered and Simcox gave way.*

*In couples and threes we were taken to tea,
And brave old Jer Sweeney, he being on the spree
In explaining great actions the milk he did spill
And Peg put the blame down on poor Finbarr Quill*

*The teapot was struck, the cover flew off,
And the all the gang round started to laugh,
Mick Barry the cook got the hell of a land
When Molly Peig Hyde by his side she did stand.*

*At half past twelve someone opened the door
And Dan as an officer came through the floor
With hat and topcoat, and collar and tie,
They said he'd been courting a damsel close by.*

*Charming young Nellie she looked like a queen,
Such a beautiful damsel you never had seen,
And at busy times the ware she starts drying'
And when she was laughing you'd swear she was crying.*

*All through the night poor Nellie complained
That her head had been aching a terrible pain,
Music and dance had upset her she said,
"Would you come for a minute," says Jer Creed, "to bed."*

*The dance it all ended about half past four
And the boys with the girls went home by the score,
Eoin Mac Carthaigh and the cook went off in full speed
Up Screathan Mór, like the bus, went Jer Creed.*

*And now to conclude I wish you all thanks,
As for the Band boys and likewise Dan Frank.
His two darling sisters and Nellie Peig Hyde
Whose names are illumined in glory and pride.
Ra li ra, ra li ra, ra li rex fal da dee.*

AN COGADH – AR BHÓTHAR AN LOCHA

Le tamall anuas bímid ag breathnú ar an dtubaist agus ar an damáiste atá á dhéanamh sa chogadh i Syria. Bheadh trua agat dos na créatúir bhochta sa tír mí-ámharach sin go bhfuil a saol agus a sonas á scrios lá i ndiaidh lae. Sé an rud a thagann isteach i mo cheann, ar aon chuma, ná go raibh an t-ádh dearg linn in nDeisceart Éireann agus i ngleanntán glégeal Uíbh Laoghaire go háirithe, go ndeacamar saor ó chruatan chogaidh le fada an lá.

Mar sin féin tá roinnt sean leids beo fós – mé féin, Con Joe, Diarmuid Ó Laoire, Seán Ó Laoire, Conn Ó Murchú agus Tadgh Ó Gealbháin gan ach dornán a lua – gur cuimhin leo an Dara Cogadh Domhanda (1939-45) agus an tionchar a bhí aige sin ar ár saol san am.

Ar a shon go raibh an troid agus an cogaíocht ar siúl i bhfad uainn, i Sasana & sa Mhór Roinn do bhraitheamar na droch-thorthaí i mbeagnach gach gné dár saol: saol an teaghligh, cúrsaí bia, solais, spóirt, taisteal, scolaíocht, feirmeoireacht, reiligiúin, saol sóisialta, siopadóireachta, cócaireachta agus go leor eile.

“Le fuaim an airm do chrith an sliabh”

B’ é an céad rud a thugamar faoi ndeara, mar dhaoine óga, ná na fir fhásta go léir beagnach, Jim Peats, mo uncail in a measc, feistithe in éide an tsaighdiúra, le cnaipí agus caipíní gleoite, buataisí agus rudaí nua ar fad ar a dtugtaí “gaiters” ar a gcolpaí. Ach thar gach rud eile, dob é an raidhfil mór millteach mar aon leis na paicéid philéir, a bhí á gcur i dtaisce faoin leaba, an rud ba mhó a chuir sceitimíní agus iontais orainn. An FCA, Fórsaí Cosanta Áitiúla, ab ainm dos na saighdiúirí seo a bhí le seasamh sa “bhearna baol” in am an ghátair.

Agus níorbh aon chur i gcéill, ná buaileam sciath, a bhí san airm nua seo, ach oiread. Gach Domhnach, bhídís ag tochailt na mbóithre, chun bac a chur le hionsaí na nGearmánach. Bhí an chlais ba mhó ag Droichead Uí Chearnaigh ar Bhóthar an Locha. Bhailigh maithe agus mór-uaisle na dúiche ann gach Domhnach, na gearrchailí ag faire ar na “fir mhillte agus mór-bhuailte” ag cur allais ar son a dtíre. Tá an t-ádh linn gur thóg Johnnie Toomey, pictiúir den ócáid stairiúil seo lena bhosca camera brownie beag.

Beimis buíoch don Micheál Ó Cearnaigh as ucht na bpictiúir seo a chaomhnú agus a chur ar fail dúinn. Tá sé tábhachtach a thabhairt faoi ndeara go bhfuilim féin sna pictiúir, rud a thugann cead dom, tá ’s agat, labhairt go húdarásach (go raiméiseach, is dócha, a déarfadh na begrudgers!) faoin dtréimhse corraitheach staire seo.



Two men at rear: from left; James Kearney, Coornahahilly; Diarmuid (Billy) Cotter, Gortnarea.

Middle group: Unknown; Jerome Galvin, Carraig na Curra; Gerry Driscoll, Blacksmith (lived in Sheila Dromey's cottage at Carraheen); Paddy Herlihy, Coornahahilly; Young lad with cap-unknown.

Front group: Con Cronin, Inchdroille; Christy White, Inchigeela; probably Jamesie Kearney, Derrivane; Con (Ger Mor) Murphy, Meall; Mikey Mike Kelleher, Gortnahoughtee; Jer Herlihy, Coornahahilly; Unknown; Paat Lehane, Gortnarea; Patrick Dineen, Inchdroille; Mick Lucey, Gortnacarraige; Michael Kearney, Coornahahilly.

Other persons in the left background in shade are unknown.



At Kearneys Bridge - taken during the same time period - from left; Johnny Twomey, Gortaknockane; Kate Kearney, Coornahahilly; Dan Lucey, Cooligrenane.

Achtung!

Ghabhamar abhaile in a dhiaidh san, chomh humhal, neamhurchóideach agus ab' fhéidir, agus fios againn go raibh cosc curtha le Herr Hitler agus a Phainzéirí groí ón ár dtailte méithe a ghabháil i Leath-Ghníomh, i nGort na gCnocán agus i gCúl a' Ghrianáin. Ba léir dúinn-ne go raibh taithí againn ar chogaíocht in aghaidh na Tans roimhe sin, gur ar Chnoc Chúl a Ghrianáin, san áit in a bhfuil An Chros anois, a bheadh mo dhuine ag cuimhneamh ar a arm a lonnú.

D' fhéadfadh sé súil ghéar a choimeád ar Ghráig, Doire Mheán, na Curraithe agus ar aon chamastail a bheadh á bheartú acu ansan thall. Bheadh Mick Seán Rua, Jamie Dónal Óg, Johnny Timmy Johnny faoin ordóg chomh maith. Gan amhras chaithfeadh sé súil a choimeád ar a chúl, leis, ar Ghort na Carraige, ar Muing a' Mhadra agus ar Thúirín na Lobhar, agus ar na háiteanna eile dainséarcha úd "away wesht-down be damned!" Agus anois le Droichead Uí Chearnaigh i dtreo agus dá bharr san gan a thuilleadh buartha faoi shábháilteacht na tire, is féidir linn ár n-aighe a dhíriú ar ghnáth imeachtaí An Chogaidh Mhóir.

Níl aon tinteán mar do thinteán féin.

Scrúdaimís anois mar sin tionchar an chogaidh ar an gné is tábhachtaí dár saol – an teaghlach agus cúrsaí an tí. Is é an rud is mó gur cuimhin liom ná go raibh gach aon rud gann. B' é an tae an rud ba mheasa – ní raibh ach únsa an duine ar fail in aghaidh na seachtaine! Ná bí ag caint ar "marbh le tae agus marbh gan é!" Ní raibh an siúcra ná an t-im aon phioc níos fearr. Bhí an t-ádh linn faoin tuath is dócha go raibh na huibheacha agus na prátaí agus an bainne flúirseach go leor. Ach bhí an plúr agus an t-arán lofa. Is minic ar scoil, fiú le hocras an domhain orainn go gcaithimis uainn é, bhí sé chomh holc sin.

Rud eile a bhí ag cur isteach go mór orainn ná easpa solais. Ní raibh san am ar aon chuma ach na lampaí beaga íle. "Dá olcas é Séamus...! Déarfa ach is annamh go raibh íle le fáil dóibh. Ba iad lucht imeartha na gcártaí ba mhó a bhí thíos leis an easpa solais. Ní raibh le déanamh ansan ach – suí cois tine agus a bheith ag caint ar na "droch-laethanta" fadó!

Mistéir na mBan

Bhí an léitheoireacht an-decair, beagnach do-dhéanta, dáiríre, freisin. Ní raibh mórán rudaí le léamh ach oiread. Tugadh an tExaminer abhaile ón uachtarlann "um eadartha" mar a deirtear, i gCaoineadh Airt Uí Laoghaire ó Ráth Liath. Muna raibh bás nó dhó go raibh aithne againn orthu b'é an breithiúnas ná, nach raibh "a sign in it!"

D' Fhaigheadh na mná an "Woman's Way" a bhí beagnach chomh neamhurchóideach le Ireland's Own agus an Dublin Opinion. Ar a shon go raibh éadaí fíor-ghann san am, d'éirigh leis na mná iad féin a chlúdach ó bhun go barr agus go háirithe i lár. Dá bhrí sin bhí na leaids óga fíorach, mar a bhíonn, faoi cad a bhí á chaitheamh acu faoin ualach balcaisí. Ní raibh mé féin, Con Joe, Seán Lucey, Meall ná Pat Lucey, Gort na hUchtaí mar sin, is ar éigin gur gá a rá. An t-aon rud ná go raibh pictiúir de corsets breátha ach níorbh aon iontais iad mar go raibh cinn níos fearr feicthe againn i siopa Dora thíos sa tSráid.

Abhaile má Fhéadaim

Ach mar is eol do chách ní raibh aon ghnéas in Éirinn an uair úd – Gay Byrne an bligeard a thug é sin isteach i bhfad níos déanaí san Late Late Show. So, leanamar orainn ag léamh an Sacred Heart Messenger agus a bheith ag déanamh iontais des na míorúilt go léir a tharla de bharr na bpaidreacha agus na n-achainí.

Ní bheinn féin ag déanamh magaidh faoi ach oiread mar oíche amháin agus cara 's mé fáin saite i lár Thiobraid Árann, briste, brúite, an lá go léir ag iarraidh ar "ordóg" a oibriú abhaile ó Choláiste Pádraig. Chuimhníomar ar an Messenger agus dúramar cúpla paidir ó íochtar chroí nach mbeadh orainn an oíche a chaitheamh cois chlaí nó i seid. Cé tháinig an treo ach veain an Echo, a stop agus a thug ar ais slán sábháilte sinn go dtí Tír na Tairngreachta

“an “Promised Land!” Sin é mo scéal-sa mar a deireadh an sár-seanchaí Seán Ó Liatháin, “agus má tá bréag ann bíodh”.

Laborare est Orare

Ach conas a bhí ag éirí leis an gcogadh? Cloisim léitheoirí Thúirín Leath Ard, Gort na Móna, Droim na gCapall agus Bán an Aoil, ag screadaigh go mí-fhoighneach. Bhuel, bhíomar chomh gnóthach sin ag iarraidh cruatan an tsaoil a chur dínn, gur ar éigin go rabhamar ag cur mórán suime ann. Bhí páircíní le treabhadh, scealláin le gearradh, críallachán le beiriú dos na muca, coirce le baint leis an speal, punainn le bailiú agus an rud ba thábhachtaí ar fad mo chuid oibre féin, tá 's agat, na punainn a cheangal.



From left; Christy White, Inchigeela; Gerry Driscoll, Curraheen; Jer Herlihy, Coomahahilly; Patrick Dineen, Inchidroille; Unknown.

Jab mór eile ba ea sábháil an fhéir, é iompódh ina chocaí beaga i dtosach agus cinn mhóra níos déanaí agus é go léir gan inneall ná tarracóir! Bhí baint na móna chomh tábhachtach céanna, an sleán a chur i dtreo, na fóid a leathadh amach agus na púcáin a dhéanamh tar éis seachtaine. Ach i gcónaí bhíodh comhlúadar na gcomharsan nó, go minic, meitheal beag, agus ní bhraithfeá an cruatan ná déine na hoibre. Agus thar gach rud eile, sa phortach nó sa pháirc, bhí an tae agus an sos agus an scroid álainn, cáca-úll de ghnáth ar fheabhas. Ní raibh deabhadh ar bith ar aoinne dul ar ais ag obair, bhí cibeal agus comhrá, scéalta agus seanchaíocht, go fial 's go flúirseach. Ó bhí an-saol age's na fearaibh an uair úd, nach trua gur scaoil siad uatha é.

Mens sana in corpore sano!

Mar a fheiceann sibh, mar sin, ní raibh aimsir an chogaidh ar fad go dona. Bhí peil le himirt ar an inse in Inse-idir-dhá-Fhaill le liathróid Connie Lehane. Bhí cluichí iontacha idir Corcaigh agus Luimneach san iomáint, idir Christy Ring agus Mick Mackey, dáiríre, ar an Raidió – Raidió Connie Lehane arís! Ba shonasach an t-am é, mar bhí Corcaigh ag buachan Craobh na hÉireann bliain i ndiaidh bliana le Criostóir agus Naomh Jack ag déanamh raic.

Bhí an raidió úanna go hiontach aon uair go mbeadh an battery fliuch i dtreo, le Seán Ó Síocháin, ó Bhéal a Ghleanna beagnach, agus a chairde i “Round the Fire”. Ní ghá a rá, nár úsáideadh an raidió ach go hannamh – do chinn línte na nuachta, do Lord Ha-Ha agus é ag déanamh ceap magaidh des na Sasanaigh sa Chogadh agus, gan amhras, don AM, ar a shon nach rabhamar ag dul in aon áit agus go raibh an clog i gcónaí leathuair chun tosaigh!

Dáiríre, bhí a lán rudaí ar siúl an uair úd – An Céilí, rincí sna tithe, bádóireacht agus comórtais iascaireachta dos na liúis, drámaí agus coirmeacha ceoil. Bhí Rásaí na gCapall i bpáirceanna Andrew Brophy Lá 'le Stiofáin, plódaithe le daoine, le boilg lán tar éis gé nó lacha na Nollag a alpadh. Bhíodh rásaí ann dos na gnáth madraí, fiú – níor éirigh ró-mhaith le mo Seip – madra cliste, tá's agat a thuig nach raibh ann ach cur i gcéill!

Agus ar deireadh thiar bhí cúrsaí eaglaise agus creidimh. Ní raibh riamh “dull moment” le h-Aifrinntí, Ard-Aifrinntí, Quarant Ores, An Beannacht agus an rud ba mhó ar fad An Misiúin. Bhí orainn éirí as an “company keeping” peacúil gránna – ar feadh tamaill. Ach le girseacha gasta, slick cuties, cosúil le Bridie, Lily, Nora, Chrissie agus iad san, cén seans a bhí ag buachaillí óga neamh-urchóideacha mar sinne. Beidh tú ar buile linn, a léitheoir, is dócha, ach is baolach gur ghéilleamar!

Agus sin a pháistí, mar a chaitheamar An Cogadh. Slán, i gcomhair an bhrontanais.



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

BY JACKIE HIGGINS



My earliest memories of Christmas go back to the thirties and forties when the second World war was raging all over Europe. Everything was as scarce as hens' teeth as they say- tea, bread, clothes, tyres for the bike, fags except for the Woodbines and many more. Just the same, I thought there was a magic about Christmas in those far off days, that's missing in these modern days of plenty.

Home from home

I arrived in Coolagrenane on the Lake Road to my grandmother's, Johanna Lucey after my father died young in Cork city. My Uncles Jim Pats, Dan and Jack and my Auntie Peg lived there on the farm also. I have lovely happy memories of those early years with the full attention and affection of the adults as well as lovely gentle, happy-go-lucky neighbours- the Twomeys to the west and the Lucey The Bogs, Con Joes' people and Thady Cronins's to the east.

Dúirt bean liom

Scoraíochting was the main and probably the only form of entertainment at that time. The winter was spent visting the neighbours, drinking 'Tay', toasting our shins in front of the huge open fires and listening to stories about the Tans and ghosts and spirits. Old Dinny Twomey was a brilliant 'seanchaí', so good in fact that I'd say that I broke every Olympic record as I ran home after listening to chilling hair-raising stories about ghosts, the beanshee, big black dogs, funerals wailing their way in the sky over the lakes and headless coaches and what's more, they were true, Dinny didn't tell lies and anyway he saw and survived them all himself.

An timpeall chun an Teampaill

The more astute literary critics like Joe Creedon and John Callaghan Doire Mheán, will say I'm a bit slow and tedious getting to the heart of my story like Canon Ó Neill, Parish Priest at the time. He used to stand on the altar looking out on Brophy's field waving his huge arm as he propounded some complicated church doctrine to the sleepy rustics ranged beneath him. Ye'll be cross with me, I know but I'm afraid my thoughts usually followed the good man's gaze to that same field as I dreamed of scything solo runs, clever dummies, glorious points, with Micheál Ó Hehir out of breath trying to keep up with me. Just the same, religion, the priests and the Church were the main ingredients of life in those days.

'The splendour falls on castle walls'

The main duty on Christmas eve night was to go to Confession. The males of the household were ordered off to be cleansed from their vile sins in darkness that matched our moods. The women were able to go earlier in the bright revealing light of day- they being pure and full of goodness, don't you know. The journey to the village, on foot of course, was just loveliness and magical, looking at the big red candles sparkling on every window. The lights in Graigue, Bearna Gaoithe, Claon Rath and Céimins mirrored in the lakes were just beautiful.

The lights in the houses and shop windows in the village, Creedons, Lil Ahearnes' Charlie Kelleher's Barry Leary's and Dora's quaint over-the-river shop were a sight to behold too. But the Lake Hotel with what seemed like its hundreds of windows all lit up, resplendent, like Wordsworth's daffodils, 'Outdid them all in glee; a young lad with the big black sin of stealing a few bits of the jelly he was supposed to be breaking it up for of the Christmas trifle, could forget about the ordeal of Confession that lay ahead.

An Fear a Phoist

Christmas trees were not in fashion at that time nor were Christmas Cards. The real important letter was the one from America with the almighty dollars. Neilus Kelleher was our postman, complete with fine strong bike and uniform. He had a tough journey up Mall over to Gort na Carraige and Muine Mhadra, down into Túirín a Lobhair, on into the Glen to Thompsons, Ó' Sheas, and Kellehers. His return journey was by Inse Idir dhá Fhaill, Cur na hAith Thuile, Leath Gníomh, Gort na gCnocán and finally to our house in Coolagreenane. Despite a dropeen in every house along the way he was still as sober as a judge. They don't make postmen like that anymore. Ní bheidh a leithéid ann arís and more's the pity.

Duck or no dinner.

I don't remember either any talk of eating a turkey for the Christmas dinner. We feasted on a fine fat farmyard duck, ourselves at any rate. That of course is called 'Freerange', nowadays más é the thoil é. Of course the strong farmers in Currihy, Céim na gCaorach, Drom na gCapall and Gort na nEadan probably had a fine fat goose! The gander was a saucy, haughty gentleman strutting around many farm yards. "See you out past the gander" was no idle comment, geallaim-se duit. The lovely lazy melodious sounds of the farmyard geese is one of the great losses of country life and living in recent years

Hó, Hó, Hó.

But Daddy na Nollag was alive and well which was when all was said and done was the only thing that really mattered. Sheila Dromey used to worry that her blacksmith Jerry Driscoll, from Ballydehob wouldn't have enough iron to make shoes for the reindeer, What with all the War scarcities an'all. Whether or which the bould Santa always seemed to get round, to fill the stocking, left hopefully hanging at the bed end, with little wonders like, Snakes and ladders tin-whistles, jewsharps and the amazing new colouring pencil with red at one end and blue at the other.

Goody two-shoes

One Christmas when it seems that I had been fierce good entirely, having given up wiping my nose on my sleeve and kicking stones with my strong pair of winter hob-nailed boots, Santa gave me a Jack-in-the Box. When I tired of terrorising, Johnny Twomey, Jerome Herlily, Jemma Leary and Con Jerh Mór, I took it to school. There it stood proudly among Miss Twohig's raggle-taggle table of 'Cad é Shins? Big ole Josie Callaghan, Chrissie Noonan and Cait Kearney just muttered 'Is bosca é sin; jealousy wouldn't let them say even, Is bosca deas é sin' But I knew that 'twas no ordinary bosca and one day I had the last laugh when Miss opened the little bosca and up jumped Jack. Needless to say that Miss got the shock of her life as well as the aforementioned missies.

Ná dean nós

Another memory very dear to my heart was the lovely innocent red-berry holly- a custom I still keep up, even here in heathen, hurling-mad Kilkenny. Every picture in the house-well, there was really only one, the Sacred Heart, was smothered with it. The 'cleevy' over the fire place with all it's little boxes of buttons and bows got generous dollops too. Twas my exalted post to go to the Rinn with my faithful old pal Shep on Christmas Eve morning to get the holly. I fondly still like to think that it was always a bright crisp, frosty morning with God in his heavens and a hop and a skip in my boyish step. The lake was often covered over with ice that added to the splendour and excitement of our errand and required some detailed scrutiny by Shep and myself. It was brilliant for skating stones across it-all the better to annoy Molly Donovan the McCarthys and Padena.

Maith go leor

Even though books and magazines were very scarce, the Christmas edition of the Dublin Opinion brought unbounded joy and excitement with every page. The caricatures of Dev, General Seán McKeown, the Blacksmith of Ballinalee, Seán McEntee and the other Politicians, as they 'explored every avenue and left no stone unturned' were hilarious. But my real favourite was that of the happy-go lucky old pair coming home from town sitting precariously on the overlaid cart entitled: 'Bringing home the Christmas in Ballyscunnion !' Lucky for them the horse knew the way home- I fear they had met too many old friends in town that day.

The great day itself

Like many occasions in life the excitement of the preparations often outshine the event itself, but not so for me and Jim Pats and 'Sarah the setter. As soon as we got home from the three obligatory Masses, we headed off up the hill with the gun, where the Holy Year Cross is, don't you know. After bagging a few woodcock we made a call to Con Lucey's Mall, Bill Syl Cotters, Jamie Leary the footballer, Mike Kearneys, John Murphy-Bandon and Twomeys to greet and be treated and indulge of some 'grá mo chroí soft talk with generous lubrication! Jim Pats had a sad story about fowlers who called into a house on Christmas Morning where there was a scrumptious goose simmering away nicely while the people were off at Mass. The blackguards made off with the Goose and put a big sod of turf in the pot instead. Ní raibh na daoine bochta sin ró-shásta, I'd say to put it mildly

Is fear an tsláinte ná na táinte

I worried all the way home up the Céim Derg that our own poor duck was safe, I'm afraid my mind turned to Connie Reardon, Pato Galvin and those other men who usually went out for 'a shot' on Christmas day, but of course they'd never-well, hardly ever. Still as they say in Kerry 'They're all honesht but watch e'm! ' Anyway our duck was its usual succulent mouth-watering self, smothered on those juicy Batchelor peas and colestrol killing gravy. All the better to put one in the humour for a spot of football in The Inch in Insedroil with Connie Lehane's lovely pigskin football. You had to be hardy to survive the attentions of mighty men like Patrick Dineen, The Billy Cotters, The Herlihys, Kearney and the all'- conquering Connie Lyons of Turneenalour. But it toughened us up for the real big time later against gaiscíochs like Séamus Mór ó Scrbhín, Connie Mary Leary, Micheal agus Seán Scioptha ó hÉalaithe, Seán ó Laoire, Insenossaigh and Seán Sweeney.

I suppose the passing years cause one to look back with rose-tinted glasses but my memories of those early Christmases are fond ones and the sun was always shining!

'It was a childish ignorance

But now tis little joy

To know I'm farther off from heaven

Than when I was a boy'

Nollaig Shona dhíbh go léir

**STATEMENT OF CONNIE CRONIN,
Gougane Barra Hotel, Ballingeary, Co. Cork
To the
Bureau of Military History 1913-1921
Taken in 1958**

Bureau of Military History 1913-1921, Document No. W.S. 1,726, File No. S.2924.

Statement by Witness: Cornelius Cronin, Gougane Barra Hotel, Ballingeary, Co. Cork. Section Leader, Ballingeary Coy., Irish Volunteers, Co. Cork;

Member of Brigade Flying Column, Cork No. 1 Brigade.

Subject: Ballingeary Company, 8th Battalion, Cork 1 Brigade, I.R.A., 1913-1921.

Investigating Officer, P.J. Brennan on 16/01/1958.

Comments of Investigating Officer:

This witness is 54 years of age. He is the proprietor of the Gougane Barra Hotel. The Investigator, Mr. Daly, who took this statement, told me that Mr. Cronin appeared to have a very good memory and to have a vivid recollection of the events in his area. He, Mr. Daly, said that the witness was recommended to him by John Harrington, a battalion officer (who is now an invalid), as a man whose evidence as to events in the Ballingeary area should be on record. This statement was dictated to Mr. Daly at one interview.

**STATEMENT OF CORNELIUS CRONIN,
Gougane Barra Hotel, Ballingeary, Co. Cork.**

I was born in October, 1903, in Gougane Barra, Ballingeary, County Cork. I attended the local National School at Keimaneigh until I was about fifteen years of age after which I attended the Franciscan Monastery, Rochestown, for a short period.

A Company of the Irish National Volunteers was formed in Ballingeary about the latter end of 1913 or early 1914. Following the split in the National Volunteers, sixteen members of this Company formed a section of the Irish Volunteers in the area. About the end of 1915, company officers were elected. John Lynch became Captain; John Con. Cronin became 1st Lieutenant, and Jeremiah O'Sullivan became 2nd Lieutenant.

The sixteen Volunteers, on the instructions of Tomás McCurtain, were ordered to mobilise at Ballingeary on Easter Sunday morning, 1916, to participate in the Rebellion. When they had reached Kealkil, they were intercepted by a messenger from Headquarters in Cork, who informed them of Eoin McNeill's countermanding order, so they returned to Ballingeary.

After the Rebellion, Seán Hegarty, a Volunteer Officer of Cork City, due to his activities in the Volunteer Movement prior to the Rebellion, was ordered by the authorities to leave the city area. He came to live in Keimaneigh where he had to report to the local R.I.C. barracks once a week.

Following the reorganisation of the Volunteers in the City and County in September of 1917, after the general release of prisoners, a parade of Volunteers was held in the town of Macroom on the anniversary of the deaths of the Manchester Martyrs in the month of November. As well as the local Company of Macroom, Companies were present from Ballyvourney, Kilnamartyra, Ballingeary and other areas. Mr. De Valera reviewed the Volunteers on the occasion. I joined the Ballingeary Company that day and was present at the review. John Lynch, our Company Captain, was in charge of the Company which numbered only seventeen men. By the end of the year our strength had increased to about twenty men.

We met and drilled once or twice a week and recruited several new members in the early months of 1918. At the peak of the Conscription scare our strength reached 130 men following which a few members dropped out, but with the influx of younger men from time to time we maintained a strength of about 125 men from then until the Truce. Other Companies had been reorganised or formed in surrounding areas by this time. They were Ballyvourney, Coolea, Kilnamartyra and Inchigeela. Several shotguns were collected during this period and pike-heads were made in the local forge in Ballingeary. The homes of the Loyalists in the area were raided by night and shotguns and a few revolvers seized.

In May, 1918, an order was received from G.H.Q., Dublin, for the Company to proceed to Silerdahan, Kilgarvin, across the County Cork border in County Kerry to raid a mansion, the property of a Mr. Lowe, which was known as 'Lowes Lodge'. It was unoccupied at the time except for a caretaker and his family. We had been informed before leaving that the Lodge was visited occasionally by a cycle patrol of military and that it was possible some military were on the premises. Our object was to seize twelve Snider rifles used by gamekeepers employed on the estate. Thirty members of the Company, some armed with shotguns, in charge of Lieutenant John Con. Cronin, took part. Having surrounded the house, Lieutenant Cronin sent three men to the main door to engage the caretaker in conversation on some local topic to ascertain if the military were present. When the three men discovered that the military were not there they returned and reported to Lieutenant Cronin. With two other Volunteers I was then sent to make a thorough search of the house. We found no arms of any kind.



In the month of July, five members of Ballingeary Company - John Con. Cronin, John Lynch, Jeremiah O'Shea, William and Timothy Twomey - with others held up two R.I.C. men at the Mouth of the Glen on their way from Inchigeela to Ballyvourney and disarmed them of two rifles and two revolvers. The side-car in which the R.I.C. were travelling was seized and thrown over a precipice.

Later this year, Tomás McCurtain, Patrick O'Higgins and Paddy Hyde, who were 'on the run', spent a considerable time in the area which meant a lot of dispatch work and guard duty for members of the Company. Routine drilling continued throughout the year.

In January of 1919, the Company was reorganised by Terence MacSwiney. Joe Lynch resigned and was replaced by John Con. Cronin as Captain. The 1st Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Sullivan, had died and was replaced by Lieutenant James Cotter while Dan O'Leary became a 2nd Lieutenant.

I was appointed one of four Section Leaders. In about the month of February a British military post was established in Inchigeela and from then onwards Ballingeary was raided continuously. It was known to the military that Tomás McCurtain and other men 'on the run' were residing in the area. In one of those raids on the Gugane Barra Hotel, which was led by Sergeant Monsel, R.I.C., of Inchigeela, and Sergeant Appleby, R.I.C., of Ballingeary barracks, the search of the upper rooms was being carried out by Appleby and some of his men. When he entered one of the rooms he saw McCurtain, O'Higgins, Hyde and a Scottish Volunteer named Owen MacKinsey-Kennedy, seated within. He spoke for a few moments to McCurtain in Irish, then turned and left the room, closing the door behind him. He stood with his back to the door and directed the search from there, telling the military that he had already searched the room behind him.

Near the end of the year the Battalion was reorganised. Up to this time we were attached to the Macroom or 7th Battalion. A new Battalion known as the 8th Battalion was formed. Patrick O'Sullivan became Battalion O/C.; Paddy O'Sullivan, Vice O/C.; Cornelius Sheehan, Adjutant, and Daniel Harrington, Quartermaster. The Companies comprising the 8th were Kilnamartyra, Ballyvourney, Coolea, Ballingeary and Inchigeela.

With John Con. Cronin (Captain), Lieutenant Dan O'Leary, William Twomey, Pat Murray, Jack Moynihan, Dan O'Sullivan, James Cotter (Lieutenant), John McSeeney and other members of Ballingeary Company, I participated in an attack on Inchigeela R.I.C. barrack in the month of January, 1920. About fifty men in charge of the Battalion O/C. took part in the actual attack. The arms the Ballingeary Company used in the attack consisted of one Lee Enfield rifle, one Carbine rifle, one Snider rifle, three revolvers and a number of shotguns. The barrack was surrounded and the garrison were called to surrender. They refused, so the O/C. ordered "Open Fire". The attack lasted for about four hours without success. We withdrew at about 5 a.m. when all our ammunition was exhausted.

Some weeks later in the month of March, members of the Brigade Staff, with some of the City Volunteers, arrived in the area to carry out a further attack on Inchigeela barracks. The attack was called off after an inspection of the building and its fortifications.

With other members of Ballingeary Company I attended the funeral parade in Cork of the murdered Lord Mayor – Tomás McCurtain – in March 1920.

Some short time later Ballingeary RIC barracks was evacuated. On the instructions of the Battalion O/C., Patrick O'Sullivan, Captain Cronin in charge of the local Company, burned down the building in May, 1920. By July we were very short of ammunition and were lucky to receive from a local friend 100 shotgun cartridges. We raided Lowes Lodge once more and stripped a quantity of sheet lead off the roof and gutters. With this lead we made a quantity of buckshot which we used instead of the ordinary shot in the cartridges supplied by the friend.

In the month of July, Ballingeary Company, in charge of their Captain, John Con. Cronin, captured two military lorries carrying oil, paint and military equipment from Cork to Bantry. As the lorries proceeded through our area, the leading one ran into the grass margin on the side of the road. The second lorry proceeded for about a further mile where it also ran into the grass margin adjoining the road and bogged down. Two Volunteers living nearby informed the Captain, who in about an hour, had the entire Company mobilised. The arms for the attack consisted of fourteen shotguns, one Lee Enfield rifle, one Snider rifle, one Carbine and a few revolvers. By this time the military had placed a sentry on each lorry, while two soldiers, armed with rifles, patrolled the road behind each.

Having placed sentries at the Pass of Keimaneigh and the Ballingeary side of the second lorry, we approached the first lorry at Keimaneigh to within a few yards, taking the sentry and other soldiers by surprise when we ordered "Hands Up!" They complied immediately. We then approached the two men on patrol and relieved them of their rifles. Stealing very quietly to the second lorry at Tooreendubh, we again ordered "Hands Up!". They refused: we opened fire. They then surrendered: they were overawed at the number of Volunteers confronting them. We had now captured twelve men, nine Lee Enfield rifles, with 100 rounds of ammunition for each, as well as oils, paint, spirit lamps, trenching tools, carpenter's tools and various other items.

We marched our prisoners to a nearby outhouse where they were provided with a meal by members of the local Cumann na mBan. When the meal was over we marched them four miles to Ballingeary. From here they were ordered to proceed to Inchigeela military post. As a number of our men were returning from this operation they ran into two further lorry loads of military at Keimaneigh but managed to evade them.

Following the capture of the lorries, two of our men, Dan O'Sullivan of Keimaneigh, and Timothy O'Callaghan, as well as two students from the Irish College, Ballingeary – were arrested. O'Sullivan, O'Callaghan and one of the students spent a considerable time on hunger strike with the late Terence MacSwiney before it was called off by G.H.Q.

From the sale of the paints, oils and motor parts captured we realised a sum of £50 which was used in the purchase of arms through our Scottish friend Owen MacKinsey-Kennedy. The bodies of the lorries were burned.

On the evening of the 24th August, 1920, we received a dispatch from Brigade Headquarters, Cork, warning us of a large-scale round-up by the Military, R.I.C. and Black and Tans. A Company Council meeting was held immediately at which it was decided to mobilise the Company and collect all arms in the area. When mobilised the Company of about 100 men proceeded to the townland of Keimcoraboula, a mountain area. While having a meal that night in the local farmhouses, we received word that we were being surrounded. The round-up was in full swing but, knowing the locality, we managed to by-pass the enemy. From then we formed from the Company a Unit or Flying Column of twelve to fourteen men who were continuously armed and ready for any feasible action with the enemy. During this period several ambushes were planned but for one reason or another nothing came of them. An enemy convoy of seven or eight lorries, while passing through the area one day in November, shot dead Christy Lucey, a Cork City Volunteer who was 'on the run' and staying with friends in Tooreendube.

In January, 1921, a Brigade Flying Column was formed. It comprised about forty men from the 8th Battalion and about twenty men from Cork City Battalions; eleven of these men were from the Ballingeary Company, including the Captain, John Con. Cronin, Lieutenant James Cotter and myself. Captain Cronin subsequently became an officer in the Column under the command of Seán Hegarty, the Brigade O/C. With the other members

of Ballingeary Company, I took part in all the activities of the Column including Coolnacarragh ambush and subsequent retreat and fight at Coolnacloha. I understand that a friend of mine, Daniel Harrington, of Coolavokig, Lissacresig, who was Battalion Quartermaster, has already furnished details of the activities of the Column, so I will confine my statement to the activities of Ballingeary Company.

Daniel T. O'Leary was appointed Company Captain in place of John Con. Cronin. From then to the Truce every member of the Company was, on the orders of the Brigade O'C., placed on active service with instructions to have all four roads leading into the area guarded day and night. The four roads were The Pass of Keimaneigh, Currahy on the road from Macroom to Ballingeary, Glen road, a back road leading from Ballyvourney to Ballingeary, and a mountain bye-road leading from the County Kerry.

After a period of ten to fourteen days training at Ullanes in the Ballyvourney Company area, the Column arrived in the Ballingeary Company area via Reenaree. They billeted in the farmhouse of John Holland about a mile from the Gugane Barra Hotel, at a place named Coomroe, otherwise known as Valleydesmond – the source of the River Lee. Acting Captain Dan O'Leary and his Company now had a very busy time. Apart from guard duty, which was strictly enforced at the four points mentioned especially the guard at The Pass of Keimaneigh – which point had, on the instructions of the Brigade O/C., to be held at all costs – Captain O'Leary was responsible for the supply of blankets, mattresses and food which were collected from the local farmhouses and supplied in a most generous manner.

After a period of ten days, the Column moved out of the area and proceeded to Reenaree. During the period the officers were investigating the possibility of an ambush on enemy forces but, apparently, the chances of such an attack did not occur. I should, however, mention one incident that took place during this visit of the Column. One night during the period the Column was billeted in Vallydesmond. By appointment with a good priest – a great friend of the boys – we came to the little Church on the island opposite the Hotel at 3 a.m. where we got Confession, Communion and Heard Mass, prior to our departure from the Company area.

A couple of hours after the departure of our Column, Tom Barry and his Column moved into the area apparently unaware that No. 1 Brigade Column had just left. They remained for two or three days and again local Company were kept busy providing guards and attending to their needs. Approximately 100 members were on full time duty, excluding those attached to the Column and other members who had been arrested.

Following the transfer of Cork No.1. Brigade Headquarters to Ballyvourney Company area, in the month of April, and the setting up of the Divisional Headquarters in the Coolea Company area a short time later, members of both the Brigade and Divisional staffs spent a considerable time in the Ballingeary area. Later, Tom Barry and his Column, evading an encircling movement by General Percival and his troops, again reached the area. Percival had tried to trap Barry and his men in the Bantry Peninsula, but Barry outwitted him by reaching the Ballingeary area. With the presence of Liam Lynch and his staff, Seán O'Hegarty and his staff, Commandant Barry and his Column, the Ballingeary Company were on duty for twenty-four hours a day, scouting, on guard duty, dispatch carrying, as well as procuring supplies from the local farmers.

About the month of May, the Column leaders decided to attack a military patrol in the town of Macroom with the help of the Macroom Battalion Column. Having reached the town, where we spent about an hour, the proposed attack was called off. In the following month the Column was disbanded, so the members of Ballingeary Company returned to their own area where they carried on their local duties right up to the Truce. It was in the month of June that General Percival carried out the largest round-up of the war, but, thanks to the excellent dispatch, scouting and guard system in operation in the area, no arrests were made.

During the Truce I was appointed Lieutenant in succession to Dan T. O'Leary. I was also appointed Company Training Officer and also Vice Battalion Training Officer. I attended training camps at Clohughboula, near Dunmanway, and at Ballyvoig, near Kilnamartyra. In the same period, with the Ballingeary Company, I was present at a review of troop by Mr. De Valera at Coolavokig, Coolnacaheragh. In the month of October, again with the Ballingeary Company, I was present in Cork City at a review by Liam Deasy. Later, I attended another review by Tom Barry at Muiniflugh, Macroom.

SIGNED: *Cornelius Cronin*

DATE: *15th January 1958*

WITNESS: *William O'Sullivan*

INCHIGEELAGH FAMILIES

BY JOE CREEDON

Far from being a definitive list of the generations that lived in the village, what I have set out here are reminiscences of village people. I was greatly helped by Con Joe Lucey.



- 1) At the southern end stood the Creamery, once having up to 110 suppliers, a Creamery Manager and a service man. Today the Hurley family live on this site.
- 1b) The Creamery Shop was built by the Creamery manager's widow, Mary Therese Cotter, and the adjoining bungalow was available to rent.
After Miss Cotter's her shop became a tailoring business, run by Peggie a native of Mauritius. Mr and Mrs. Bob Sullivan, Cloch Bhuaile retired here then. I remember Garda Robinson living there in the early 1960's. Now Mollie Slater from Cornwall lives here.
- 1c) Canon James Murphy of Kilmichael is spending some of his retirement in the bungalow.
- 2) Nearby is Christy Cotter's newly built family home
- 3) Denis and Ann Donovan built a new bungalow.
- 4) Garry and Eileen Morris built a new house on the site of a bungalow built by Francie Cotter of Cloch Bhuaile.
- 5) The Barracks, built in 1899, was home to many generations of R.I.C. and Gardai families. Sgt. Maunsell lived here even when he was Sgt. at Macroom Castle in 1920. John and Irma Clifford were the last Garda family to live here. Denis Lordan restored the house in the early 70's. Liz and Bill Slater from Lancashire were followed by Mike Egan and family. The present owners, Eileen and Mike Christie have extended and improved the house.
As children we were intrigued to know about the Black Hole that was in the holding cell.
- 6) Jerh Galvin and family now live where the "Canon" Cotter's family ran a successful store and shop. I remember Kate, who was a jubilee nurse, Nora and Ellen. Healy's of Cill na Martra also lived in this house.
- 7) Across the road is Billy and Nora Cotter's new house.
- 7b) Nora's family had a shop where her grandfather, Denis Buttimer and his family, ran a boot-making and general store.
- 8) Corcoran's farmhouse. Tim and Brigid (Shorten, Ballingeary) Corcoran, Eugene Corcoran and first wife (a Dineen from Eachros), then second wife Hanna (Cronin, Inchideraile), Eugene and Annie (O'Riordan, Glebe), now Cathleen (nee Cotter, Gortnahoctee), Hanna and Siobhan Corcoran, and James Young's home. The house was built by P.P. Fr. Holland in the 1820's. In the front garden stood the first Primary School.
- 9) Opposite Corcoran's house stands the Lee Restaurant, now owned by O'Callaghan's, Derryvane. It was originally built as a summer home for a Protestant bishop who had a food kitchen in adjoining property. Two generations of Hurleys lived here both called Tim Hurley. The older was a carpenter. The Lee Restaurant was home to Daniel Corkery, Frank O'Connor and Seán Ó Faoláin during the summer months. Peter Dan O'Leary's wife ran an excellent restaurant frequented by many holidaymakers. Peter Dan was a good tailor but had a fondness for the drink – many stories are told of his wit and candle-lit fittings of wrong suits! Later owned by Hurleys.
- 10) In the nearby house once lived in by Denis Lordan. John Kearney, Muinevaddra lived here later. A laundry for the I.C.H.A. holiday centre was here in the early 60's.
- 11) In Rose Cottage next door lived Paddy Herlihy.
- 11a) A new house was built because of flooding, now called 'Tig Mhuire'. Healy's from Cill na Martra lived here in the early 60s.
- 12) Inchigeela National School, 1905, stands near Donnie and Geraldine Coughlan's newly built house.
In the Skinner and Tailor map of 1779 a military barracks is shown here capable of housing a company of soldiers. After 1800 and the Napoleonic wars, the political tension eased and this company was stood down. In 1820 another company was housed at Carrignacurra Castle. I believe the stone was used to build the village hall and our present church. Here also stood the first O'Leary Chieftain's house "Mannen" a ring fort of c.1170.
- 13) Casey's Funeral Home was a busy furniture workshop in the early 60's, producing fine mahogany and household furniture. Here too the coffins for the IRA dead of Kilmichael Ambush (Nov.1920) were made.
- 14) 'Mary O'Reilly – 1905'. The stucco letters still stand on Beryl and Dick Hennigan's home. The O'Reilly's were successful restaurateurs in Boston and had the house built for their mother, Mary, and the beautiful window of Christ the King installed in Inchigeelagh Church. When we went to school, Dr and Mrs McDonald had a home here. Bridie (Mrs McD) was an unusual figure, trotting off to the P.O. in her dressing gown and hair rollers like the actress Zsa Zsa Gabor, passing the endless horse carts on the way to the creamery early in the morning. Brophy's field, adjoining, was also known as the Race Field, home to the annual Inchigeelagh horse races.
- 15) Casey's house. Paddy Casey, whose father (RIP 1914) was a Ballyvourney man, an undertaker, insurance broker and also had a shop, a great haunt for dancers from the village hall. Many

stories were told about the minerals, spam and biscuits, a far place from the McDonalds of today.

- 16) O'Reilly's, now demolished. James O'Reilly was a tailor. His brother Pat Joe and sister Nell lived here also. The O'Reilly's had land in Tir an Easaigh. Pat Joe was a village wit. A visiting English lady was greeted: "Peggie a grá geall mo chroí". "Explain", said she. "Peggie, you are the white brightness of my heart" – "treat that man to a drink!"
- 17) Lynch's, now demolished. Ellie Lynch and the Warrior related to John McCarty, Gortna an Eadain. In the aftermath of Kilmichael, all able bodied men fled. The Tans raided all the homes of the village and all they could find to parade around the village were "the blind, the lame and the halt". The Warrior was one of the parade.
- 18) The Parish Hall still looked like a church when we went to the National School (1959-66). Built by Fr. Holland and replaced by the present parish church in 1842, it served as primary school and then as the local dance hall, much loved in the 50's, 60's and 70's
- 19) Greg and Marie Dromey live where Mae and Jerh Horgan, Mary and Maurice O'Shea once lived. Maurice O'Shea died in 1955. He was a tailor and Mrs. O'Shea told me endless stories. When I was a child, I did my practice run for my first confession here.
One of the earliest residents was "Riordan the Pensioner", a survivor of the Boer war who wore a cape. He began the ringing of the Angelus in Inchigeelagh. Garda Hanrahan and family were here in the early 1950's. Mrs McCooley bought this house from Danny O'Sullivan, Carraignacurra. Danny was full of stories. Once he left for London in an after-Christmas storm. The bus left at 8am on Friday from Inchigeelagh. He travelled at his own risk during a snow storm on the Cork Swansea boat. It diverted to Liverpool and he arrived in London at 6pm Sunday evening.
- 20) Christy White worked as a tailor here when we were school going. I had many short-knee pants made of tweed from Christy's tailoring. He was also a member of my Father's dance band, "The Lee Side Rovers". along with Denis Lucey and Jerome Crowley, who still played the violin until his death. Jerome, a Graigue man, went to Waterford/Kilkenny area with a threshing machine and married there.
- 21) O'Donovan's pub run by Daniel and Hanna, now by John, was formally Tadgh O'Murphy's and, prior to that, Coakley's, Manch. Today the pub is popularly known as the "Clinic".
- 22) Mannings, the forge. At least five generations of Mannings were blacksmiths according to Timmy Cotter, Gortahoctee, who also once lived here. The Mannings came from Farranheeny, Kilmichael. Five sons were blacksmiths in: Togher, Inchigeelagh, Ballingeary, Kilnamartyra and Clondrohid. The gates of the old church were made by Mannings smithy in the 1850's. Jerry Cotter, the Glen and Jerry Kelleher, Cornery owned this house also.
- 22a) Margaret Lordan (née McCarthy, Sownee, Drimoleague) and Family. She was fluent in three languages and a notable wit. On seeing a returned Yank wearing dungarees she sang out "Yankee Doodle went to town to buy a pair of trousers, he couldn't find a tailor's shop, there were so many houses". She told the story of a War of Independance sentry on 'Big Bridge'. "Who goes there", "Oh! Jesus, Mary and Joseph!", "Pass Holy Family". This house was demolished.
- 23) The Post Office. My Grandmother, Norah Cotter, was post mistress. Her parents, Jerry and Eleanor (Arthur O'Leary, Currahy) carried on a general store and were butter merchants. Jerry made a weekly trip with horse and cart to the butter exchange. His parents, Con Cotter and Julia (Manning, blacksmiths) were also butter merchants. My parents, John and Gretta (White, Tuarín) reared the 14 of us in this house. The telephone exchange went automatic in 1986, the last in Cork Co., if not nationwide. Also, I believe, the first opened in Cork in 1911.
- 24) The Mill. Grandfather Con Creedon was born in Illauninagh, Ballingeary and emigrated to Butte, Montana and married my grandmother, Nora Cotter in 1911. His Yankee days led him to buy a truck, a model T Ford from Vickery's Garage, Bantry, for 'the Cork Run'.
- 25) Barry's house, now demolished. Barry was a tailor whose son-in-law, Quinlan, ran a smithy; the wheel pattern is still to be seen in Corcoran's front garden by the river. Manning's wheel can be seen on the river bank opposite Casey's Funeral Home. My granduncle, Jerh Cotter, was the last to live here when it was called the Butter House. Butter was salted and packed here. It is also believed that this is 'Inchigeelagh Cottage' where mass was said prior to the erection of the first church here.
- 26) Lil Aherne, whose Aunt was married to Denis Buttimer of Currahy. The building is now Tom Creedon's hardware.
- 27) Kelleher's Shop. Charlie, Maureen, Nora and Peg ran a shop here previously. It was run previously by a Quinlan from Newcestown who married a Lehané. Up to 1905 this was the Post Office for Inchigeelagh.
One of the boys was involved in the IRA and would scamper up on to the roof valley to hide from the Black and Tans.

- 28) Creedons Hotel. Originally a single storey thatched inn stood on this site. The present building was built by Dulleas in c.1870. Their niece, Brigid Shorten, married Tim Corcoran, who was Fr. Holland's nephew. Mannings bought the hotel in 1932 and returned to London in 1941, when Con and Nora Creedon bought the Hotel. Both Michael Collins and De Valera stayed one night unbeknownst to each other during the army occupation in the Civil War. Two of the oldest Corcoran sons, a student doctor and a chemist, died during the great 'flu of 1919.
- 29) In 1900 Frank Browne lived in a house here. His wife was formerly a governess. He kept a male pig and a bull, (having some land at Glebe). His wife would call after the playing village children "mind your hearts".
It was demolished and a pair of semi-detached houses built in 1935. Julie Ann McSweeney lived in the eastern house and Barry O'Leary in the other, now my house. My house was also lived in by Michael and Feena and by Jerome Murphy, who ran the tyre factory in Ballingeary. Gill Bristow bought Julie Ann's house.
- 30) Dermot and Eilish Kelleher's house once had two houses on this site.
Mossie Cahalane, Gurranriach, Kilmichael, a mason who built the footpath opposite the church. His sister made "Limerick Lace" out of sight for fear anyone might learn the skill and damage her trade.
The house nearer the church was Mick Aherne, first cousin to Lil Aherne, a shoe maker.
- 31) The Priests House. Built for Fr. O'Riordan, curate in 1870's is now the P.P.'s residence. The kitchen had a loft where the stable boy slept.
- 31a) Lee Valley Clothing.
- 32) The Foresters House – 1967
Pat and Mrs Halloran, the house was then converted to a Garda residence. Bought by Gda. Michael and Rita Canny when the Station was closed and later sold to Mulcahy's from Cork. Cathleen Young (née Cotter), Gortnahochtee. Sold to Therese Cotter, Tir an Easaigh.
- 32a) The new Garda Station. (closed in 2011).
- 33) Marion Terrace – 1954. No.1-5
 - 1) Eileen and Paddy Manning, Sheila Galvin, Garda Charlie McCarthy and Madge (née Allman), Beaufort.
 - 2) Denis and Ann (née Crowley), Harnett
 - 3) Frank Cronin. Terry and Ann Ward.
 - 4) Connie Leary, Margaret and Jerh Twomey, Pauline and Pat O'Sullivan, Alan O'Brien and Stephanie Murnane.
 - 5) Den and Mrs. (née Cotter) Dennehy, Drom na gCappal.Jack and Nora (née O'Mahony) McCarthy, Coorolagh
- 34) Inchigeelagh Garage. Esther and Donie Keane (native of Drimoleague) had a garage and filling station, sold to Ned Casey, Reenanaree. Demolished.
Dan and Peggie (née O'Connell) Holland, Ardineen and Teergay, built the present house c1990.
- 35) Parc na Coillte estate. 16 New houses.
- 35a) The village pound. (A little field to west of churchyard). Tim and Margaret Delaney, Cluainsiar. Denis Moynihan, Tirnaspidoga.
- 36) Old Holy Trinity Church 1814. The first minister's residence stood in the field behind the churchyard. Half of the original semicircular gate entrance still stands. Thompsons House stood at the eastern boundary of the old churchyard.
- 36a) Dermot and Marie Noonan's House 1976.
- 37) O'Riordan's House. Joss Kelleher and Annie née Oldham, Rossmore; John O'Riordan, Gort na Lour; Nora Joss (née Kelleher). Séan O'Riordan built new house after the great 19th Nov floods 2009.
- 38) Glebe House. Built by Rev White and last resident was Rev. Toames in 1911.
- 38a) Gate lodge to Glebe House and the Protestant School.
- 39) Danny and Peggie (née O'Riordan) Kelleher, Cill na Martra and Terelton
- 40) Gobnait and Siobhán Creed, natives of Céim Chora Bhuile.
- 41) Connie and Sheila (née Lehane, Kanturk) Cotter, Bohanes Cross.
- 42) Parish and Girls National School. The school was for a while used for a social club with a billiard table, later converted to flats.
Some of the residents of the flats were:-
Margaret Lehane, Marianne Terrace.
Mrs Hannah Vaughan, Dóirín
Paddy and Mrs Kelleher, Gort a tSeana Bhaile.
Mick Burke, Céim an Fhia.

- Ted Cotter, Gorthnahoctee
 Ted Vaughan, Dóirín
 Connor Cotter, Carraig Liath
 Con Lucey. Cuair a'Ghríonain
 Hannah McSweeney, Ceapach na Chlaí
 Lil Crowley, Graigue.
 Mary Scriven, Oiléan Aibhneach
- 43) Doctor's House. Dr and Mrs Collins (née O'Leary), Sundayswell.
 Dr Gallagher, Lismore. Tom and Sheila Creedon (née O'Donohue), Baile Mhic Íre.
 - 44) The Dispensary. Now closed.
 - 45) The Foresters House. Present occupant, Peggie Hallissey, Cluain Siar. Michael and Mary MacIlroy, Pat and Phyllis McNulty (Tipperary and Dungarvan)
 - 45a) Ann (née Crowley) and Malcolm Marshall, Ardcahan.
 - 46) Three new houses.
 - 47) Rosari (née Shinnick, Ballyhooley, Fermoy).and Ted Cronin, Cul Ruadh,
 Ted Corcoran and Mona (née Vaughan, Kealkill), Mary McSweeney, NT, Inse na Naobh, and
 her aunt Nora O'Sullivan
 - 48) Con and Mary (née O'Leary) O'Riordan's shop, their daughter Mary O'Riordan continued with
 the shop..
 - 49) Twohigs house. Now 2 houses.
 Former house built in 1895. Mike Twohig a National Teacher and Mary (née O'Leary Inse na
 Naobh) with family Mary, Nora and Hannah, O'Leary (Derryvane), Coakley family, (Derryleigh)
 - 50) Kit O'Sullivan and her daughter Eileen Twomey (Graigue), Mrs Creed (Macroon), Chemists
 shop, Annie O'Riordan (Derrivaleen) operated a shop and café here. It is now a private house.
 - 51) Corkery's farmhouse. Formerly John Dullea. Jerry and Bridget (née Callaghan, sporting)
 Corkery. Humphrey and Kate Lynch, Tirnaspidoga. Coakley family, Doire Liath.
 b) Adjoining cottage. Kate Dullea.
 - 52) Kellehers shop
 - 53) Dispensary. Doctor Gould attended.
 - 54) Brophy's House. Presently James Brophy. Andrew Brophy and Margaret (née Creedon,
 Annahala). First wife Hannah Bernard, native Dunmanway. Andrews father Robert Brophy,
 first wife Hanna Murphy, Bantry. Second Mullane.
 - 55) O'Leary's shop. Barry and Nelly O'Leary, née Murphy, Gortsmorane. Formerly Herlihy's shop
 - 56) Lake hotel. Established 1810. Present John and Sheila (née McCarthy, Ballingeary) O'Sullivan,
 John and Lil (née O'Donohue), Castle Magner. O'Sullivan. Timmy and Dora (née O'Sullivan,
 Kilcrohane), Miss Nolan.
 - 57) Briar Rose Bar. Ann and Dan Kelleher, Meelin, Millstreet. Ann's father, Dan O'Sullivan and
 mother née Lucey, Derryvaleen. Grandfather Jack O'Sullivan and his wife née Murphy,
 Carraignacurra.
 - 58) Parc an Aibhneach.
 Front: -4 houses in front
 Back: - 3 in the back. Donal O'Callaghan (Ros a'Locha), Lena Cremin (Muine Leath). Jimmy
 Coakley (Derryleigh), Johnny O'Driscoll (Cork), Mr Roache (Ballyvourney).
 - 59) Dan Tim O'Sullivan, Paddy O'Sullivan, Tim O'Sullivan (Graigue), Fair field behind.
 - 60) O'Learys Mills..
 - 61) O'Leary's house, Connie and Sheila (née Sheehan, Ballingeary) O'Leary. Formerly lived in by
 Master Herlihy NT and part sub-let to Garda McCarthy.
 - 62) O'Sullivan's shop. Built by Timmy O'Sullivan and house now lived in by Elizabeth O'Sullivan.
 - 63) Danny (Rossmore) and Mary O'Sullivan (née Murphy) Cill na Martra, Cathleen Vaughan.
 - 64) Margaret and Patrick Lehane. Danny and Nan Kelleher (née O'Sullivan), Rossmore.
 - 65) Jimmy O'Sullivan, postman.
 - 66) Rita Canny.

INCHIGEELA GIRLS NATIONAL SCHOOL ROLL

1929 TO 1939

Year	Surname	First Name	Address	Parents Occupation
1929	Lynch	Mary	Teernaspidoga	Farmer
1929	O'Leary	Joh	Corrohy	Farmer
1930	Cotter	Mary	Currah	Labourer
1930	O'Leary	Peg	Derrivane	Farmer
1930	Twomey	Mary	Coornahahilly	Farmer
1930	Sullivan	Eileen	Graigue	Labourer
1930	Sullivan	Mary	Inchigeela	Shopkeeper
1930	Cotter	Margaret	Kilmore	Farmer
1930	O'Leary	Nora	Rossmore	Farmer
1930	Cotter	Kathleen	Lacknieve	Farmer
1930	Griffin	Patricia	Gurthavere	Soldier
1931	MacMahon	Eileen	Inchigeela	Foreman (America)
1931	MacMahon	Elizabeth	Inchigeela	Foreman (America)
1931	Brophy	Ellen A.	Inchigeela	Farmer
1931	Corkery	Annie	Inchigeela	Farmer
1931	Kelleher	May	Carriglea	Postman
1931	Sullivan	Nora	Teernaspidoga	Farmer
1931	Sullivan	Josie	Graigue	Labourer
1932	Leary	Sheila	Rossmore	Farmer
1932	Cotter	Mary	Lacknieve	Farmer
1932	Galvin	Nora	Carrignacurra	Shoemaker
1934	Ní Foghlúda	Síghle	Gort na hOchtaí	Sclábhaí
1934	Ní Laoghaire	Máire	Tír na Spideóige (Carrig)	Feirmeóir
1934	Ní Choitir	Nóra	Leaca Niamh	Feirmeóir
1934	De Grás	Saílí	Droichead na Banndan	Customs Officer
1935	Ní Corcora	Máirín	Ínse Geimhleach	Feirmeóir
1935	Ní Laoghaire	Cáit	Tír na Spideóige	Feirmeóir
1935	Ní Gealbhaín	Maighréad	Carraig na Curra	fear oibre
1936	Ní Cheallacháin	Eibhlín	Doire Mheádhoín	Feirmeóir
1936	Ní Súileabháin	Peig	An Glebe	Feirmeóir
1936	Ní Ríordáin	Eibhlín	Gort an Tóbhar	Feirmeóir
1937	Ní Connaill	Siobhán	Carraig na Corra	fear oibre
1937	Ní Laoghaire	Peigí	Na Curraithe (glas)	Feirmeóir
1937	Ní Mhongáin	Caitlín	Ínse Geimhleach	Gabha
1937	Ní hAirtnéada	Maírín	Ínse Geimhleach	Gárda Síochana
1937	Ní Cathasaig	Peig	Ínse Geimhleach	Siúinéar
1938	Ní Chróinín	Síghle	(Ceappach an Chlár)	
			Ínse Geimhleach	Baintreach
1938	De Grás	Maighréad	Ínse Geimhleach	Stát Seirbhíseach
1938	Ní Connaill	Peig	Gort na hOchtaí	Insurance Agent
1938	Ní Laoghaire	Cáit	Ceapach an Chláir	Feirmeóir
1939	Ní Cheallacháin	Siobhán	Doire Mheádhoín	Feirmeóir
1939	Ní Mhurchadha	Máire	An Meall	fear Oibre
1939	Ní Cheilleachair	Nóra	Drom na gCapall	Feirmeoir
1939	Ní Nuanáin	Cáit	Gort a Mhaoir	Feirmeoir
1939	Ní Cheárnaigh	Maighréad	Doire Mheadhoín	Feirmeoir
1939	Ní Chorcráin	Bríghid	Ceappach an Chlár	Feirmeoir
1939	Ní Chonaill	Máire	An Ghráig	San Uachtarlann fear oibre
1939	Ní Shúilleabáin	Máire	An Glebe	Feirmeoir
1939	Ní Mhurchadha	Rita	Drom da Liag	Sáirsint

KEIMANEIGH NATIONAL SCHOOL - ROLL BOOKS

JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH 1923, INFANTS TO EIGHTH CLASS

Age	Pupil's Name	Class
7y	Michael Riordan	Infants
7y	Patrick Riordan	Infants
6y 9m	Alec Burke	Infants
6y 6m	Batty J. O'Leary	Infants
6y 3m	Batty T. O'Leary	Infants
5y 9m	Katie Moynihan	Infants
7y 6m	Johanna Lehane	Infants
6y 9m	Katherine Lehane	Infants
6y 3m	May Callaghan	Infants
7y 6m	James Moynihan	First class
8y 3m	Michael Callaghan	First class
7y 9m	Katie O'Leary	First class
8y 3m	Nora Shinnick	First class
10y	Jerry Riordan	Second Class
9y 3m	John O'Leary	Second Class
9y 6m	Tim O'Leary	Second Class
7y 9m	Nora Riordan	Second Class
9y 3m	Eileen Shinnick	Second Class
10y	John Moynihan	Third Class
10y 3m	Cors. Healy	Third Class
11y	John Buckley	Third Class
11y 6m	Jeremiah Lehane	Third Class
9y 9m	Sheila Burke	Third Class
9y 9m	Mary Moynihan	Third Class
8y 9m	May Moynihan	Third Class
10y 9m	Michael Moynihan	Fourth Class
10y 6m	Michael Cronin	Fourth Class
10y 9m	Katie Riordan	Fourth Class
13y	Peggy O'Leary	Fourth Class
10y 9m	Johanna Leary	Fourth Class
13y	Batty O'Leary	Fifth Class
13y	Dan Riordan	Fifth Class
13y 6m	Con Cronin	Fifth Class
11y	May Shinnick	Fifth Class
12y 6m	Hanna Leary	Fifth Class
13y 3m	Kathleen Shinnick	Fifth Class
14y	Pat Buckley	Sixth Class
13y 6m	James O'Leary	Sixth Class
13y 9m	James Moynihan	Sixth Class
13y 9m	James Sullivan	Sixth Class
12y 6m	Eileen Lehane	Sixth Class
12y 9m	Dick Cronin	Seventh Class
14y 6m	Paddy Leary	Seventh Class
15y 9m	Barry Cronin	Seventh Class
16y 3m	Daniel McCarthy	Seventh Class
15y	Nell Manning	Seventh Class
15y 3m	Nora Sweeney	Seventh Class
15y 3m	Liam O'Rourke	Eighth Class
17y 6m	Andy Moynihan	Eighth Class
	Denis O'Sullivan	Teacher
	Johanna Cotter	Teacher
	Catherine Daly	Sub.
	Margaret Twomey	Sub.

THE STORY OF POPLACHT NA hÉIREANN, THE ANTI TREATY PROPAGANDA NEWSPAPER OF THE CIVIL WAR

Recently Elton Ó Tuama lent us a copy of the Poblacht Na hÉireann Newspaper, a two page propaganda sheet from October 7th 1922 - the 7th year of the Republic as it put it. The copy has been in his family for over 90 years.

Below is a history of the paper from the An Poblacht website and a copy of its two pages.

One of the stories under the title "A Ballyvourney Victory" actually refers to a skirmish between Inchigeela and Ballingeary. The one Free Stater killed died at the bottom of the lane just east of Brownes Bridge leading to the O'Sullivan and Murphy houses.

Poblacht Na hÉireann was printed by Erskin Childers and Riobard Lankford, as mentioned in the article. (Riobard owned Lee Press, founded in 1913. Approaching its 100th year in 2013, Lee Press prints this Journal!)

The paper was printed on a printing press which had to be carried around the countryside to prevent it being seized by Free State forces. They never spent long in any house for fear of capture. The Cronin house in Gortín Na Coille north of Ballingeary (which was vacant in 1922 as the family had moved to Macroom) was used for a number of days in the Autumn of 1922. (This farm was later bought by Shortens and now owned by Patrick Ring). Con Cronin, Bawnateampall loaded the printing press into a horse butt and covered it with hay and transported it to Twohigs, Reidh Na nDoirí, another vacant house. Erskin Childers followed the cart on foot along the bogroad to Doire An Aonaig. Printing was also carried out elsewhere in Reidh Na nDoirí. Childers spent time around Inchigeela as well, in Coakleys, Derryleigh and Cotters, Gortnahochtee. Timmy Cotter took him on his last journey out of the area. He was arrested on November 10th in Glendalough House (where he had been raised from age 10 by his cousins, the Bartons) for possession of a revolver and executed on 24th November 1922.

Childers was a complex figure. He had masterminded the gunrunning into Howth by the Irish Volunteers in his yacht, The Asgard. He served in British Intelligence during World War One and moved permanently to Dublin in 1919. He was not trusted by many who were suspicious of his previous links to British Intelligence. He served as a secretary during the Treaty negotiations but opposed it. His son, Erskin, went on to be President of Ireland in the 1970s.

(from An Poblacht website)

"On January 3rd, four days before the Dáil vote on the Treaty, anticipating what lay ahead, three republicans opposed to the Treaty, Liam Mellows, Frank Gallagher and Erskine Childers, founded a newspaper, *Poblacht na hÉireann* (Republic of Ireland). The editorial committee included such republicans as Cathal Brugha, killed later in the year following the beginning of the Civil War, and Máire Mac Swiney, sister of Terence Mac Swiney who died on hunger-strike in Brixton Prison in October 1920.

Poblacht na hÉireann, under the editorship of Gallagher, was issued at a time when all the national daily papers — except the *Connaughtman* of Sligo — were in favour of the Treaty. It reflected the ideals of the republican leadership which was soon to be in arms against the Free State regime.

In the paper, Childers put a strong case for the republican side, including cold, analytical facts on dominion status in theory and the hard facts of the Treaty's Defence Clauses in reality.

The issue of January 5th contained, side by side, the Treaty and Document Number Two, de Valera's alternative to the Treaty, showing how important were the differences between them. The counter-proposal, Childers wrote, was "neither a dead negative to the English claims nor a humiliating sacrifice of Irish rights. It is an earnest effort to go to the utmost lengths possible in meeting England's fears and prejudices without sacrificing any essential rights on the sovereign status of Ireland."

After February, and the acceptance of the Treaty by the Dáil by 64 votes to 57, the small journal, *Poblacht na hÉireann*, was edited by Childers. A fine propagandist with a natural flair for journalism, he had been Dáil Éireann's Director of Publicity and one of the editors of the *Irish Bulletin* during the Tan War.

In the work of explaining the worst features of the Treaty and counteracting misrepresentations, Childers, through the columns of *Poblacht na hÉireann*, which he brought out once or twice a week, played a major part.

Following the failure of the Collins/de Valera Pact of June 1922, and the outbreak of the Civil War later in the month, Childers joined the IRA as a Staff-Captain but confined himself to the important work of propaganda. Moving along with the brigade on the Cork-Kerry borders, he ran a mobile printing press with the assistance of Roibeard O Longphuirt of the Lee Press. He produced 20,000 copies weekly of *Poblacht na hÉireann*, sending it to embassies, newspapers, all organisations in Britain and also into jails and among the flying columns, lifting their hearts as he put their case so cogently.

In November 1922, while on his way to Dublin to meet senior IRA leaders, Childers was arrested and was executed by a Free State firing squad in Beggar's Bush Barracks on November 24th.

With the death of Childers, the IRA lost one of its most effective propagandists and it meant the end of *Poblacht na hÉireann*."

continued overleaf

Poblacht na h-Eireann

SOUTHERN EDITION.

"On Cave Hill we took a solemn obligation NEVER TO REST in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our Country and asserted our Independence."

WOLFE TONE

"It is not those who can inflict most, but those who can endure most, who will conquer."—Terence MacSwiney.

"That Tone's teaching is true and great and that no other teaching as to Ireland has any truth or worthiness at all, is a thing upon which I stake all my mortal and immortal hopes."—PEARSE.

No. 15. Wednesday, 4th October, 7th Year of the Republic. Price 2d.

The Murder Bill.

The mask is off at last! The Murder Gangs have been busy all over the country—Kenefick, Buckley, Mangan, O'Donoghue in Cork; Mannion, Neville and the Fianna boys in Dublin; Devins and Brian MacNeill in the West; and numbers of others in different parts of Ireland. Horrified Juries, mostly Free Staters, have brought in verdicts of wilful murder on evidence which admitted of no other verdict for honest men. Following the example of their English masters in a similar position after the murder of Tomas MacCurtain, the "military authorities" have now abolished Coroners' Inquests, and the usurping Partition Parliament have passed a resolution legalising the murders and have given themselves power to authorise still more.

We beg leave to inform Cosgrave and Mulcahy that THEIR Murder Gangs will fail ignominiously as did those of French and Macready. If the people of Ireland—false to every National instinct—tolerate this infamy by their silence this generation will leave an indelible stain on the pages of our history.

The Murder Bill was passed in the Partition Parliament by 47 votes to 15. The 47 votes was made up of 6 Independents, 7 Farmers, 4 T.C.D. representatives and 30 recreant Republicans known as the Treaty Party. The majority on Bill was 32. But 34 members of the House hold salaried posts from the Ministry, the average salary per man being over £1,000. Thus the Murder Bill has simply been bought and paid for. It is called a war measure but is in fact a barbarous military outrage. Those who voted for it premeditate the murder of prisoners of war. It is well that fact should be realised.

The Prison Island.

The island to which the Partition Ministers intend to deport the Republicans is St. Helena. The negotiations for the island have been conducted on behalf of the Provisional Government by Mr. Gregg, formerly Hamar Greenwood's private secretary, who is now in the pay of the Provisional Government. The island is to be lent to the Partition Ministers by England.

Cromwell sent Irishmen who fought for independence to the Barbadoes; Victoria, the Famine Queen, to Van Diemen's Land. Their cause outlived Cromwell and Victoria. It will outlive Cosgrave and Mulcahy.

MURDER !

Captain T. Kenefick, Irish Republican Army, travelling unarmed from Macroom to Cork, on September 8th, 1922, to visit his dying mother, was arrested by Free State troops at Coachford, Co. Cork. The villagers saw him in a caged lorry, bleeding and battered. Later the lorry left the village and returned after a time without the prisoner. This aroused suspicion among the villagers, and a search was made which resulted in the discovery of Captain Kenefick's body in a ditch, disfigured beyond recognition and with several bullet wounds in the head. An inquest was held by Coroner J. Horgan, and the following verdict was returned :

"We find that Captain T. Kenefick was wilfully murdered at Nadrid, Coachford, on Friday, 8th September, 1922, by a party of Free State troops, and we bring a verdict of wilful murder against the officers in charge of the Free State troops at Coachford, on the morning in question, and against Richard Mulcahy, Minister of Defence, and that the cause of death was shock and hæmorrhage due to laceration of the brain caused by bullet wounds."

Murder Number One !

Next comes the murder of another soldier of the Republic—Volunteer Buckley of Clondrohid. After the mine explosion at Carrigphooka Bridge, he was brought to the scene of the occurrence—three miles from where he was arrested—thrown into the hole caused by the explosion and riddled with bullets.

Murder Number Two !

Patrick Mangan, Irish Republican Army, was murdered in Cork Gaol, on Sunday, 24th September. All prisoners were in their cells—everything was quiet. Probably to amuse themselves the Free State troops on guard commenced firing down the corridors. Three prisoners were wounded by ricochetting bullets in three different cells, and cries were raised for the Prisoners' Commandant—Commndt. Mangan. Mangan left his cell to aid those prisoners who were wounded. He was shot in cold blood.

Murder Number Three !

Finally—: On Thursday, September 28th, Commndt. Sean O'Donoghue and his comrade, Jim Collins, were surrounded at Dublin Hill, Cork by a party of Free State troops who arrived in a Lancia car. Called on to halt they obeyed the order, as can be testified by several people who witnessed the incident. Both men were taken away in the lorry. Shortly after it moved away the people present—including a priest—heard a sound of shooting. Nothing further was heard of the prisoners. They were brought to the Mercy Hospital, Cork, one dead and the other severely wounded. To justify the murder of Sean O'Donoghue the Free State authorities in Cork have invented a wholly fictitious story of an ambush by twelve Republicans.

Murder Number Four !

Poblacht na h-Eireann (Southern Edition) Page 2

Another Vital Disclosure.

The last shreds of prestige are falling from the treacherous party which, having established itself as a tyranny, calls itself a Government. On Friday, Gavan Duffy, ex-member of the Treaty Cabinet disclosed the fact that in June that Cabinet adapted a Constitution which excluded the English King from control in Ireland. They brought it to London. Churchill read it and frowned and the Treaty Cabinet promptly surrendered, handing over the sovereignty of Ireland and the ultimate control of Irish destinies to an enemy monarch and replacing the old, scalding, alien yoke on the necks of their people. To-day this Cabinet shoots down Irish Republicans for refusing now to do what they refused to do last June—until Churchill frowned. That is the origin of "the most democratic Constitution in the world." Need there be any further doubt that the Four Courts were shelled on Churchill's orders? He had taken the measure of these men. In December he said: "Take the Treaty or I will fight you." They took the Treaty. In May he said: "Abandon the Pact or I will fight you." They abandoned the Pact. In June he said: "Tear up your ridiculous Constitution and take this." They tore up their own and took his. And then he knew them to be British serfs and he said: "Attack the Four Courts." And within a day they attacked the Four Courts and filled Ireland with sorrow and shame and death. From beginning to end it was not the Will of the People, but the Will of Churchill which triumphed.

The Ballyvourney Victory!

"Irregulars beaten to the last refuge" is the "Independent's" heading on 2nd inst. with reference to operations carried on in West Cork. To hear that up to the present the whole district for many miles north of the line extending eastward from Gouganne Barra to the edge of Macroom has been in the undisputed possession of the Irish Republican Army has come as a surprise to many people, in view of the fact that almost two months ago the Free State South-Western Command reported their area as practically free of "Irregulars." Here are the facts of the recent fighting: some hundreds of Free State troops, advancing from Inchigeela towards Ballingeary, were engaged by a column of our men—30 in all. With this small party of men opposed to them, it took the Free State troops EIGHT HOURS to reach Ballingeary, a distance of SIX MILES. The enemy admit having one man killed, but make no mention of those wounded, and give the usual vague statements of "heavy casualties" and "sensational arrests" among the "Irregulars." Our men had no casualties. No sensational arrests were made, unless, indeed, the Free Staters wish to refer to the non-combatants arrested in the district, and carried as hostages in the lorries of the Free State troops! Following on the Ballingeary "Victory!" the Press reports the fall of Ballyvourney as "imminent." Seeing that our columns evacuated Ballyvourney village two weeks ago, we may shortly expect another Free State "victory" in its capture!

I.R.A. prisoners are being used as SLAVE GANGS on the roads of MAYO.

Who would be so Base?

The Bishop of Cork says: "No man who believed in the Republic from 1919 to 1921 would be so base as to surrender it in 1922."

REPENTANCE?

Last January Dr. MacCartan voted for the Treaty two minutes after he had said to one of the Deputies near him "I could not vote for that." He has now come to see his mistake, and apparently wishes he could have his time over again. He is not the only one, who, if they could have December, 1921, back again, would cut out their tongues before voting for the betrayal of the Republic. In a protest against the Star Chamber Murder Bill by which the illegal army of an illegal government is given power to murder the Soldiers of the Republic, or banish them to an "island at a suitable distance," Dr. MacCartan says:

"If, as the Free State's own Court said, a state of War existed, those using the ordinary implements of War and fighting a true fight as soldiers, should not be executed. He did not agree with the Irregulars, but . . . the Government would never change them by executing them. It would only help to drive them on, and they would never frighten any Irishman by a threat of execution. As sure as they executed ONE Irregular, their Free State was gone. You will turn the people against you as they did against the British after the executions of Easter Week. I am not very much in favour of the Free State. I would not give that (snapping his fingers) if it were gone to-morrow."

"It is a shame to say that what we have got is Liberty—it is a shame to say that Partition is Liberty. There is no Freedom, and we are not Free. The fight will have to go on in the future for a Republic, and the fight for an United Ireland will have to take place."

Again, Dr. MacCartan said:

"The backbone of the men opposed to us were Volunteer Soldiers of the Republic. We are the Rebels—they are the Patriots. I voted for the Republic. I swallowed my Oath, and everyone who voted for the Treaty swallowed his Oath."

Our National Heroes.

At Limerick on the 23rd September, a Free State soldier drew a pin from a bomb, and he and his companion to save themselves rolled it down Parnell Street, crowded with pedestrians at the time. Eight children were wounded and some nine other civilians.

Mícheál Ó hÉalaithe reminiscences on his life and that of his brother Seán as 'the last Shoemakers of Ballingeary'.

AN GHRÉASAÍOCHT – DEIREADH RÉ LE MÍCHEÁL Ó HÉALAITHE

Fé mar is cuimhin liom.....my memory dates back to growing up during World War II, 1939/45. At that time we had four residing shoemakers / shoe repair men in the village, Mike Shea, who lived behind Tigh an tSagairt, his son Jerh in the centre of the village, Johnny (Amhlaoibh) O Leary where Con Moyhian is now and Jerh O Leary, ó Bhán an Éil ó dhúchas, who had a workshop where Hurley's Garage is today and with whom I served my apprenticeship. (Jerh also happened to be a very talented fiddle player.)

Back then one served an apprenticeship for 3 years, i.e. paid no fee, nor received pay for the period quoted. After my apprenticeship I worked in Macroom for one of the Harrington brothers, Castle St., who also had another additional worker with myself. At that time there were 3 repair services in the town and they all seemed to be quite busy. My employer had secured a contract to supply work boots. This type of boot was much quicker to produce as against the original hobnail with the iron tip on the heel. In Macroom I was paid by piecework – your pay depended on your productivity. I returned to Ballingeary and worked for a short while again with Jerh. O Leary who was now in a house just below from where the swimming pool now stands. Later a small house was built for him which became known as 'Father's house' and which was demolished recently.

After that I started work on my own, in my parents' house 'Tigh an Chúinne' near the forge. My brother Seán joined me soon afterwards. In the mid 50s we built a workshop near where the present workshop stands. When I built a new house in the early 70s we also acquired a bigger workshop. At that time we acquired new machinery and equipment and started manufacturing under the name Barodee. With the aid of the modern equipment, plus 3 additional workers, it was possible to increase production 10 fold selling throughout the country. I spent 14 years as a salesman selling to shoe shops in towns and cities. This meant being on the road at certain times of the year. This was prior to the introduction of Free Trade. Until then all foreign imports were allowed in only on quota and Irish manufacturers were protected. With the ending of 'protection' it was impossible to compete with cheap imports.

From the huge supplies being imported today it's hard to imagine that our older generation had to make do with what was called the wooden clog during those war years referred to above. With the scarcity of material, the old boot upper had to be re-cycled and re-applied to a new wooden base in the shape of a sole. Old rubber tyres from a bicycle were used as soles and heels to complete the clog.

In the shoe repair trade of today all the original methods have now given way to more modern aspects of shoe repair, in order to cope with the new fashion trends of today's footwear, thus making it more interesting and challenging for the future craftsmen of tomorrow.

I have also done some orthopaedic work. I first did some of that work in the 60's. It is very challenging work; how do you help somebody who is lame, or has one foot shorter or who has been in an accident ? It is also so very rewarding especially when you see a person benefiting from your work.

Over the decades we have seen 3 currency changes £.s.d. and later to the punt and now the Euro. For instance in the £.s.d. money, ie. 1950s and 60s, you could purchase a new pair of good quality shoes for £3 and 10 shillings and get soles and heels for £1 and 10 shillings. In the Euro, new shoes could cost €120 and leather soles and heels €40, quite some change.

I would like to take the opportunity to thank all those for whom I had the pleasure of serving over the many decades. Agus míle buíochas daoibh go léir.

UIBH LAOIRE MASS ROCKS

BY RICHARD FENSOME

Penal Laws were brought to Ireland in 1695 by the British and forbade the practice of Roman Catholicism including the celebration of mass. Dotted around the parish, in places hidden from general view, there are a number of old Mass Rocks. Mass Rocks are places where Catholics gathered to practice their faith during Penal Times. A priest caught celebrating mass would most likely be executed.

As masses were illegal and therefore dangerous, they had to be secret and so you will find Mass Rocks in out of the way places which often have some high ground nearby from which some of the congregation could keep a look-out in case of danger approaching. To further guarantee secrecy, the masses would not have taken place at set times but rather at random times verbally shared amongst the people of the area.



Toreen

An article in 'The Fold' magazine, dated April 1958, Rev. John Ryan C.C. mentions quite a number of mass-rocks in the parish. Quotes in *italics* are below from that article with comments in normal type.

- 1) *About three miles west of Inchigeelagh, near the southern Lake Road, in the townland of Coornahahilly, there is one hidden between two cliffs of rock. Both approaches to it are through marshy ground. The spot must have been chosen so that no stranger could come on the congregation unawares during Mass. The rough altar was there till about thirty years ago. By mistake, the stones were then removed for road material. The main slab, however, could not be broken and the workers, learning that it was a Mass-rock, took it back to the spot whence they had taken it. It is still there, lying on the ground.*
- 2) *Two Mass-rocks in the Coolmountain district, one in Tullough and one in Toureen, are also very difficult of access. That in Toureen is so remote that, as already re marked, the flat stones used by the congregation have remained undisturbed for about two hundred years. It is possible that in those days the spot was near a bridle-path and was more accessible than it is now. We have a photo of a mass-rock on the slopes of Shehy Beag mountain, this was taken by local archaeologist Tony Miller and described in a short article. It seems to be the one mentioned by Ryan in Toreen townland.*
- 3) *The same may be true of another Mass-rock at Cum an tSagairt, Ballingeary, which is also very difficult of access. Very difficult indeed.*
- 4) *There is, however, a rock at Dromanalig, called Carraig an tSagairt, though there is no tradition of Mass having been said there.*
- 5) *At Currahy, north-east of Ballingeary, there is another Mass-rock and, near it, the remains of one of those little chapels, just large enough to shelter the altar and- the priest, which were used in the more peaceful periods. This chapel is known as Séipéal na Gloire and bears the date 1753, the 'mass rock' is referred to locally as 'the lookout'.*
- 6) *Another one (chapel) was near the top of Moneylea, on the south side. Part of the walls of this were standing till they were removed during the civil war to fill a hole in the road. Still another was on the south side of Pipe Hill. The place is still known as Carraig an tSéipéal.*
- 7) *A fourth was not far from the Protestant Church, in the field opposite the present Lourdes Grotto to the east of Inchigeelagh. It is told of this, as of other Mass-rocks, that when all the surrounding furze was burned, the "chapeleen," as it is still called, alone remained intact.*
- 8) *The same happened to another Mass-rock in Cooragrenane, in the angle between the southern Lake road and the Mall road. Twice, in recent years, when the surrounding vegetation was burned, the bushes around the Mass-rock were spared.*
It would seem that Divine Providence is reproaching our forgetfulness.
- 9) *There was another Mass-rock in Carriganeela, not far from the old Kilbarry Church. No trace of it now remains. Up to recent times, old people living in the vicinity went and said their Rosary there when they could not go to Mass on Sunday. The field next to it is called Pairc na n-Easbog.*
- 10) *The best known of the Mass-rocks, and the one latest in use, is in Curraheen, about a mile south-west of*

Inchigeelagh. The rough altar is still there. It has a plaque with the inscription "Altar of Penal Times. Mass was said here 1640-1800." The grave of two brothers, Rev. Daniel Nevil who died in 1803, and Rev. Bartholomew Nevil who died in 1798 and who both said Mass here, is in the old churchyard. It is said they lived for a time in a house that is now part of the farmyard of Mr. Jeremiah Lucey, Curraheen.

This Mass-rock was probably in use up to the time of Father Holland's appointment as P.P. In 1816. This mass-rock is extant, visible and in good order still (2012).

As will be noticed there is a dearth of mass-rock sites in the west (Ballingeary) end of the parish. This at first seems strange, but we must remember nearby Gúgán Barra. The name Gúgán Barra comes from Saint Finbarr, who is said to have built a monastery on an island in the lake nearby during the 6th century. The present ruins there date from around 1700, at precisely the time when Penal Laws bit, when Fr. Denis O'Mahony retreated to the island. During his retreat he built a sanctuary on the island said to cover St. Finbarr's 6th century monastery. This is still in fair condition and consists of a square raised platform surrounded by a thick stone wall about 2.5M high. On the south side there is an entrance gap in the wall served by a number of masonry steps. Around the inside of this wall are a number of simple cave-like cells. At the very centre of the square is a large cross.

It is now thought that Penal Laws were applied patchily in terms of time and place, but the scale of works at the hermitage must speak strongly of the inaccessibility of this valley in those times. Gúgán Barra remoteness meant that it became a popular place for the celebration of the Roman Catholic mass.

Thinking about these mass rocks and the clandestine services held at them makes one wonder where the priest lived and hid when searches were in progress. There must have been many 'priest holes' around, and we seem to have evidence of one at Carrignacurra Castle, inchigeelagh. Set above a fire place is a tiny room reached by a narrow stairway. This could well be one such hiding place.

As can be seen, very little is known about some of these relics of a past age, some may still exist and be known locally, some may have been removed for some reason but still exist in folk-lore and others may be totally forgotten. The author would be thrilled to here from those knowing more about mass-rocks and priest holes. He can be contacted richard@uibhlaoireparish.com



Curraheen

EARTH EDUCATION AT INCHIGEELAGH AND KILBARRY PRIMARY SCHOOLS (1985-2012) BY TED COOKE

Despite the suspension of the Heritage in Schools Scheme (1999-2012), co-funded by the Heritage Council, earth education activities will continue on a voluntary basis for the benefit of our school communities at Inchigeelagh and Kilbarry, 2012 marks the U.N. Year of Co-operation.

National Tree Week in early March has been celebrated each year at Kilbarry Schoolground and at the 'Priest's Acre' within Inchigeelagh churchgrounds with a ceremonial tree planting and an outdoor presentation on 'The Functions and Benefits of our Native Tree Resource'.

A recently introduced activity at Kilbarry N.S. (2004) is our annual 'Botany Walk' during May, the 2012 theme being 'Ferns'. Our two hour field trip introduces the several townlands, and their boundaries, along the trail. Senior Class pupils have introduced their 'Home Parish' to masters: D.Cronin, J.Allen and our current incumbent Principal P.O'Connell. Their school, the scholars will be reminding us, is situated in Cluainsiar Beag, whose townland boundary is marked by the Glaisín watercourse, and translates as 'Little Western Watermeadows' although it is recorded as Cluainshare East in the 1640 survey.

The aim of field ecology outings is to foster 'scrutiny' in our primary school scholars, both audiovisually and aurally, and to share life skills that include: plant and animal identification; habitat evaluation; local geology and local environmental factors such as: climate; altitude and proximity above sea level.

During our May 2012 outing we identified a number of Ireland's 41 native ferns including:

Hard Fern –Raithneach Mhadra (Pic 1)

Maidenhair Spleenwort - Lus an Chorráin (Pic 2)

Scaly Male Fern - Raithneach na nGainné Órga (Pic 3)

Lady Fern - Raithneach Mhuire (Pic 4)

Hart's-Tongue Fern - Leadhb Gadhair (Pic 5)

Hard Shield Fern (Pic 6)

Polypody - Sceamh na gCloch (Pic 7)

and discussed their distinguishing features.

On a previous field study (2004), in the Toon Woods, we identified the **Filmy Fern - Dallán Sleibhe(Pic 8)** Both Filmy forms occur in these oakwoods. We have a record for **Killarney Fern (Pic 9)** (Lough Allua Site Synopsis N.H.A.) and are currently awaiting confirmation from our National Botanic Gardens' Chief Botanist of the presence in Uibh Laoire of **Spear-Shaped Spleenwort - Asplenium obovatum.**



Pic 1. Hard Fern



Pic 2. Maidenhair Spleenwort



Pic 3 Scaly Male-fern



Pic 4 Lady Fern



Pic 5. Harts-tongue Fern



Pic 6. Hard Shield-fern



Pic 7. Intermediate Polypody



Pic 8. Tunbridge Filmy-fern



Pic 9. Killarney Fern

Teacher Retirements at Kilbarry and Inchigeelagh National School.

During 2011, on her last of many school outings before her retirement, Margaret Lehane accompanied a whole school outing from Inchigeelagh N.S. to Boylesgrove. Mrs. Lehane suspended her retirement to grace our National Tree Week plantings of Hazel and Spindle with her beloved scholars, an initiative proposed by the late Fr. Michael Cahalane P.P. (R.I.P.)

The author also wishes to acknowledge, on her retirement, the huge support for 'earth education' by Mrs. Sheila Creedon (Kilbarry N.S.) which commenced in 1985 with a 'Wildlife Slideshow' in the school promoted by Kevin Corcoran and the author.

Heritage Week 2013. Due to the inclement weather on the day of our Hedgerow Walk in Silvergrove scheduled for Sunday, August 19th, 2012 the event will be rescheduled for next year's Heritage Week (2013). Also planned for August 2013 are:

outings in the Cooleen portion of the Toon Woods.

A bat survey.

A squirrel survey at Cúl an Grianán (South Lake Road).

A butterfly survey along the north bank of the Lee at Dromcarra North.

Readers may also like to participate in a Gearagh Walk on Sunday, January 20th 2013. Meet at the eastern car-park (Kilmichael) at 11.00am. Event is free and will include a visit to a surviving majestic Yew tree adjacent to the Eastern flood plain.

The fern photos in this article are from the www.irishwildflowers.ie website. It is a fantastic source to help identify not just Ireland's wild flowers but also trees, ferns, grasses, rushes and sedges. It is managed by former Ballingeary resident Jenny Seawright who we'd like to thank for allowing us to use the photos.



Inchigeela N S Annual Field Outing (Boyle Grove 2011)



Sheila Creedon and Ted Cooke



Margaret Lehan Retirement Party after 38 years teaching
Front row, left to right: Margaret Lucey (Principal, Inchigeela NS); Mrs Margaret Lehan (Retiring Deputy Principal); Mrs Sheila Cotter; Mrs Mary Mc Carthy; Mr Ted Cooke.
Back Row, left to right: Mr Maurice Foley; Mrs Rosarie Cronin; Ms Claire Kelleher; Ms Mary O' Leary; Ms Claire Friel; Ms Elsie Cronin; Mr Tadgh Mc Sweeney; Mr Conor O' Leary.

EMERALD MAIL ORDER – A HISTORY

Emerald had the most modest of beginnings, and now half a century down the road, it's not easy to recall everything exactly, but I will just try to tell the story in a fairly accurate sequence.

Having finished school in 1959 I got a job in Clancy's Bar in Prince's St. where I worked for Jerry and Margaret O'Sullivan, to whom I have always been most grateful for giving me my first job.

DUBLIN DAYS

After about 2 years I moved to Dublin where I was employed as a clerk in Coras Iompar Eireann (CIE) in their Accident and Claims Department. While I had been happy and contented in both jobs I was always anxious to be in charge of my own destiny.

While still working in CIE I came home for Christmas, and I met a Priest on the train, who mentioned that a Publishing Company in Parnell Square was looking for a clerk in their subscriptions department. I posted off my modest CV on 1st January and about a week later I was called for an interview – and got the job. So I bade farewell to my pensionable job in CIE and started work in Publications.

In my new office we received dozens of letters daily from all over the world, and I was amazed that the staff threw away the envelopes - stamps and all. I got permission to collect them and began to store stamps from all over the globe.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

After about eighteen months of collecting and sorting my ever-growing accumulation, I started to advertise my wares in Stamp Magazines and in other weekly and monthly publications. So, in my spare time I began selling stamps through Mail Order. I named the company "World Wide Stamps". Over the next two years or so the part-time business grew, so that I was able to pack in my job at Publications and began to deal full-time in stamps. My office was a spare box-room in my digs at Lombard St. West, off Sth. Circular Rd.

The first few years in Dublin (1963-1966) were tough. Money was scarce and people weren't spending much on their hobbies. Stamp collecting was very popular but the amounts being spent by collectors were very modest. Sales of two or three shillings (about 13 or 20 cents) were the norm. However between my stamp sales and playing in a band, I made enough on which to get by.

BACK TO MY ROOTS

Four years had now passed since I met the Rev. Father on the train. I came home for Christmas and never worked in Dublin again. Moving back to Ballingeary was easy – I just wrote to the 200 or so customers and informed them of my new address.

I was also able to supplement my income once again through music. I was very fortunate that, just as I came home from Dublin, Denis Moynihan was forming his new band – "The Denis Moynihan Quintet" - and he asked me to join. If it hadn't been for the extra income from the band for the next few years I might not have been able to keep the stamp business going. I played music in the Quintet, which later became "The Hillsiders", until 1972 when



Tour buses at Emerald in 1985



'Can I help you' Sile O'Mahony in the mid 1980s



'Morning Coffee' in the canteen at Emerald



Santa at Emerald in 1977

I left to concentrate on the Mail Order business which was growing all the time.

Finding a suitable office locally was not easy so I ran the stamp business from home for a while, but it was difficult as I did not have enough space to lay out all the different boxes etc. So in May I moved in to the loft in Donncha O'Luasa's shed where I had lots of space for the various trays of stamps. It was also at this time that I took on my first employee.

Everything went well until the first frost came in October. When the sun shone the next day the zinc roof started weeping and dripping down on the trays of stamps which we had spread out everywhere. This was a total disaster and we had to hastily find another office.

Willie Shorten came to the rescue and rented a room to us at 10 shillings (63cents) a week. So we moved to our new plush office – a little room over “Máire O'Leary's Chemist Shop” across the street from Shorten's Pub.

Over the next 3 or 4 years the business continued to grow from this office.

I “hired” several schoolchildren who enjoyed sorting, grading and washing the stamps. And every Saturday I paid them very modest sums of pocket-money. They could truthfully say that they were paid weekly –very “weakly” in fact.

RELOCATING

Gaeltarra Eireann had a Knitting Factory in the village for some years but it had closed down in the mid-sixties. It was located in the building beside the western Church gate and the “Old Halla” as it was sometimes referred to, was falling into a sad state of disrepair – roof leaking, windows, doors and floor rotting and so on.

Meanwhile, we were very badly stuck for space in our small office and I succeeded in renting the “Old Halla” from our Parish Priest Fr. Ryan, at what he termed “a princely sum” of £100 a year. Fr Ryan got Johnny McCarthy and his men to do a big job on the Halla and we moved in to our new premises a few months later.

With all the extra space in our new premises we were able to expand into several new lines. We had already added coins, books and some jewellery to our list of products and we kept up the momentum with Waterford and Galway Crystal, Belleek and Royal Tara China, Aran Sweaters, Tweeds and Linens to name just a few. Staff numbers were also increasing and the quantity of parcels being mailed was growing steadily.

“THE QUILT FACTORY”

It was also around this time that we started advertising a product which had pride of place among all the hand-crafted items we carried – “A Traditional Irish Hand Sewn Quilt.” I had always heard that Nóra Bean Uí Luibhéad was the “Quilt Expert” so I asked her to get involved. Nóra gladly rose to the challenge and started picking her team of hand-stitchers.

They were all good seasoned campaigners with miles of serious stitching behind them – Lil Twomey, Máire Twomey, Nell Lynch, Sheila Lynch and Bridget O'Mahony. When we received an order for one of the quilts, I would collect the quilters and bring them to Bean Uí Luibhéad's house. She would have the quilt set up on the quilt-frame and the design already drawn.

The six stitchers would sit down around the quilt and sew away to their hearts' content, and by the end of the session we would have a beautiful genuine hand-crafted product. It was a win-win situation – the women had an enjoyable outing (telling jokes and stories as they stitched), Emerald made a valuable sale, and one of our American customers received a beautiful hand-made quilt destined to become a family heirloom.

And as things turned out – all the collecting and taking home of the quilters was to have an additional long-term benefit for me personally. There were several eligible young women in the homes of the quilters on my rounds and a few short years later I ended up marrying one of them.

ON THE MOVE

It was now 1974, and when Eileen and I got married, Eileen gave up her teaching job in the Girls National School in Ballyphehane and started working in the Mail Order. Apart from short periods when our



“Thank you for your order” Shiela Sweeney c. 1987

children were very young, Eileen worked full-time in the company and played a huge part in its success.

We were still working out of the Old Halla, and with all the extra products we were carrying and the increased staff members, we were very stuck for space once again. What used to be the old Post Office and then Micheál O Suibhne's and later Tadhg O Gealbáin's Hardware Shop, (and is now Caitríona's Hair and Beauty Salon) had become vacant, and we managed to purchase the building. Once again Johnny McCarthy and his men refurbished and extended these premises for us.



*At the official opening of 'An Bialann' in 1976.
From left Fr Charlie Nyhan, Bishop Michael Murphy; Eileen O'Mahony,
Fr. Jack Murphy P.P., and Diarmuid O'Mahony.*

THE GROCERY SHOP (1977)

Around the same time that our new premises was ready to be occupied, Seamus O Tuama was closing down his grocery shop. We decided to try our hand at the grocery business. So Seamus closed his shop one day, and we opened up across the road the next morning. Here is what the Cork Examiner had to say - "The blessing of Ballingeary's newest business, a bright modern foodstore, will take place tomorrow morning and the ceremony will be performed by Fr. Charlie Nyhan CC. The design and lay-out of the shop incorporates the best of both worlds as it has both counter and self-service facilities, etc, etc."

The shop traded fairly well for a couple of years, but we decided we were not cut out to be grocers and so we sold the business to Eileen Kelleher and Frank Dinneen. They continued in our premises to build up and expand for a further 4 or 5 years before moving in 1984 lock, stock and barrel across the road to their present location, Siopa O Duinnín, (formerly Scoil Náisiúnta na mBuachaillí) where they have gone from strength to strength ever since.

AN BIALANN

Even though we were a Mail Order business, hundreds of our American customers called, in person, to us every year. They would often ask us "Where can we get a cup of coffee or a sandwich?" So we came up with the idea of opening a café which we named "An Bialann."

Initially we thought that we would keep it open all year round, but while the café did great business from April to September, there was not a lot of custom in the cold wet miserable months of Winter and early Spring. So we would close the café from about October to March. This worked well as the Mail Order was busiest during the Winter months, so the staff from the café were able to work as checkers, packers etc. until we opened up the café again the following Easter.

Staff numbers had increased again and so had the range of products we carried. While it was mostly Irish goods we stocked for the first several years, we were now selling English-made wares such as Aynsley, Spode, Wedgwood and gradually expanded our range to include European collectibles like Limoges Boxes from France, Hummell Figurines from Germany and Anri Woodcarvings from Italy, to name but a few.

THE POSTAL STRIKE

Our catalogues were getting bigger and better, the number of orders coming in the post every day was escalating, and the quantities of parcels being dispatched increasing all the time. On one morning alone, around this time we got over 1,300 letters and most weeks we dispatched between 600 and 800 parcels through the local Post Office.

It was around this time that we started printing our catalogues in colour (which is many times more expensive than doing black and white brochures).

In February 1979 we had just taken delivery of our first batch of 200,000 colour catalogues when "An Post" went on strike. We couldn't mail out our catalogues and so there were no orders coming in. The strike lasted for nearly 5 months and by the time it ended the Dollar had fallen in value to its lowest level for many years.

We struggled on for about 15 months after the postal strike ended but by August 1980 our Bank Overdraft (which had reached alarming levels during the strike) was still unacceptably high. The Bank was becoming impatient with our lack of progress, so in an effort to dispose of some of our heavy stocks, and use the takings to reduce the overdraft, we had our first "Sale of the Century."

SALE OF THE CENTURY

We loaded our wares into Concubhar O'Sullivan's lorry, our own van and more than a dozen cars belonging to the staff and headed for the Community Hall in Ballincollig. We gave great value – the word got around and we had a very successful sale. And the following night our Bank Manager slept better than he had been able to do since February 1979. (And we did too!)

From 1981 onwards we continued with "Sale of the Century" events twice a year. They were hugely successful. People came from all over the country and went home with car loads of China, Crystal, Figurines etc. In the end the sales proved too popular and our suppliers forced us to discontinue our "Sale of the Century" in 1989.

BUSY TIMES

The years 1983 to 1988 were the most successful for the company. We had finally overcome the disastrous effects of the prolonged Postal strike and were shipping out hundreds of parcels every day to our growing list of satisfied customers. Staff numbers had increased too, and a glance at the figures around the mid-eighties show that there were 40 people working full-time in the company. At Sale times this would rise to 60 or more when over 20 temporary staff would be drafted in to cope with the extra work involved.

OUR FIRST COMPUTER

We took delivery of our first computer in 1984. A huge monster of a thing, it was about the size of a very large table. Within a couple of years we purchased a more sophisticated computer which took up a whole room. Gradually over the next several years our computers got smaller and more powerful, so that by the time we ceased trading, our computer was so small (and powerful) it fitted comfortably on an office desk.

TOUR BUSES

Each Summer we opened a shop catering mainly for the local and passing tourist trade as well as our Mail Order customers. However, in the Spring of 1985 a Tour Bus company offered to bring us twenty coach-loads of Americans every week during the Summer.

This was yet another challenge to our staff, who as always, took it in their stride, and coped admirably with the sudden influx of hundreds of U.S. tourists.

Typists, clerks, checkers and packers would suddenly become sales assistants when the coaches arrived. To add further to the pressures, the shoppers needed food, drink and "rest-room facilities" so we opened up "An Bialann" again and supplied sandwiches, cakes etc. and exotic beverages such as "Iced Tea" and "Double Espresso" to our U.S. visitors and the general public.

PARCELS GALORE

We carried our parcels across the road to the Post Office every day. As the numbers grew we delivered the parcels earlier so that they could be franked and bagged in time for the 3.30pm Mail Car. Then as the numbers reached into the hundreds and the Post Office would be swamped with parcels, we held the parcels on our own premises and staff from the Post Office came across the road and bagged them.

Next we were running out of mail bags so we arranged with An Post that we could export the parcels in containers without bagging them. For extended periods during the 1980's we filled a 40ft. container every week – the numbers varied from about 2,000 to 2,500 parcels per container. An Post, as well as the local Post Office was benefiting from all this activity, and if we had managed to keep the business going, the powers-that-be in Dublin would surely not have taken the unforgivable decision to close our local Post Office early in 2011.

THE FAX MACHINE

Gay Byrne demonstrated the newest technological gadget on the Late Late Show in 1986. He faxed a document from one side of the studio to the other. I remember thinking if we could get one of these machines we would be on top of the world.



Brendan Ring packing parcels

The system we were using at that time to charge our customers' credit cards was slow and cumbersome – the new machine would speed up the process for us. Within a few months we purchased a fax machine. We couldn't wait to inform the banks and credit card companies that we could now do business via the fax.

Imagine our surprise when they all wrote back to us saying they regretted that they hadn't yet acquired fax machines. And it was several months later before the banks invested in the new machines.

WEDDING BELLS

1985 was by far our busiest year. We mentioned already the tourist buses which put additional pressure on us. We also ran two huge "Sale of the Century" events and the Bialann was going flat out to cater for locals, tourists, sale customers and staff.

Cupid, however, had also been very busy and had fired lots of his "little arrows" at several of the Emerald staff. The result was that no fewer than 6 of our staff got married that year - Frances O'Sullivan set the ball rolling in April when she married Donie Cotter. Catherine Murphy and Pat Lehane tied the knot in June followed by Nora O'Mahony and

Michael Cremin as well as Siobhan O'Donoghue and Finbarr Cronin in July. Then in October Mary O'Mahony and John O'Shea were married, and in November Nora Lehané and Willie Levis gave us another day out.

Several other Emerald staff members got married at various times and we had many enjoyable days and nights celebrating with them. 1985, however, was the record for staff weddings, and all in all it was a very eventful year.

BRICKS AND MORTAR

Around this time also we encountered an unexpected problem. For some years, we had been signing guarantees (Bonds) for a local firm of builders as a favour to them. No money ever changed hands but the guarantee meant that if they had a problem we would have to help out. Everything had always worked out well, and on completion of each project we were released from responsibility for that particular guarantee.

However the building company ran in to some problems and the County Council and the Board of Works called in our guarantees. The best accounting and legal advice was to "form another company and employ the existing tradesmen to finish the jobs". Otherwise the Council and Board of Works would have got a different building company to complete the contracts and we would have to pay for the whole lot.

So, we reluctantly formed another Company which we called Atlantic Scaffolding Services Ltd. We took on the 18 or so staff (masons, plasterers, carpenters etc.) and over the next few years set about completing the contracts. (There were half a dozen houses in Ballinagree, some town houses in Macroom and the Garda Barracks and house in Ballingeary.) So we were thrown into a business we didn't want to be in, and about which we knew absolutely nothing. Therefore we did not take on any more building contracts, but just concentrated on completing the ones for which we had signed the guarantees.

U.S CUSTOMS DUTY

When we were sending out small numbers of parcels the bulk of them slipped through U.S. Customs without any duty being charged. However, as the numbers of parcels increased, the Customs Officers became more vigilant and many of our customers ended up paying duty, which was disappointing (and costly) for them. As we had more and more unhappy customers we had to find a way around the problem. So we made an agreement with An Post whereby we could prepay the Duty on behalf of our customers. We made a big song and dance in our catalogue about this new Duty Free system. Customers liked the idea and orders picked up.

Imagine our horror when we discovered that, due to some error in the U.S. administration, all our customers had also been charged Duty. They were furious (after all our hype and promises) and we had to send thousands of refund cheques – costing us a small fortune. And this glitch happened on at least three or four occasions, until we eventually managed to iron out the problems and guarantee "Duty Free Shopping."

THE BOSTON OFFICE

For about the first 15 years all orders came in to us through the post. Then around the early to mid 1980's we began to receive orders by phone. The ratio of phone to mail orders gradually increased until we were getting more phone orders than those we were receiving through the mail. At that point we set up an office in Boston which was staffed by U.S. telephone operators.

After a while we decided to send some of our own staff to live and work in Boston for a few months at a time. The girls really enjoyed the challenge of working in the Boston office, normally for the really busy season from August to Christmas.



Mary Manning working in the Boston office c. 1987



One of the Killarney shops in the early 1990s

HIGHS AND LOWS

Any business can experience highs and lows and Emerald was no exception. The highs were numerous and the lows, thankfully, were few and far between. Whenever we had to have redundancies, the prolonged Postal strike of 1979, the Bank strikes of 1970 and 1976, the double charging of U.S. Duty on thousands of parcels, were just a few of the lows which come to mind.

And once we were threatened with being blown up - a disgruntled lorry driver blamed me for the fact that he lost his job. (He told his boss that he had left Ballingeary at 8pm and arriving at his depot at 11.30 that night, he claimed 5 hours overtime. I was sure that he had left our premises at half past three, having

seen the "Mail Car" and his lorry taking off together). He returned a few days later with a couple of heavies. "Withdraw your statement", he threatened. "Say you made a mistake about the time or you will come to work some morning and this building will be a heap of rubble and ashes". (It was at the height of the IRA bombing campaign in the North and in England). I never did withdraw the statement and the building is still standing 35 years later.

From 1986 onwards, orders started to slow down. No matter how many catalogues we sent out, the response continued to drop. The dollar, which had been strong for a few years, was weakening, competition from other Mail Order companies was getting more intense and our main suppliers were imposing punitive restrictions on us. The most damage to our sales was caused when the suppliers insisted we would have to sell their products at the same prices as the American shops. (Prior to this we were allowed charge our own prices which were always about a third less than U.S. prices or often only about a half). So the main incentive for our customers in ordering from us (getting a bargain) was now gone. All these changes and the resulting downturn in our business meant that, by 1988, our staff numbers were reduced from 40 to 28.



Christmas Party early 1990s

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EMERALD SHOPS

In the late eighties and early nineties in an effort to "keep the show on the road" we opened four shops - 2 in Killarney and one each in Dunmanway and Ballyvourney. While they helped to keep a small number of staff on the pay-roll and clear some of our surplus stock, we gradually had to close them again as the leases expired – the last one to go was The Emerald Shop at the Mills in 1999.

BEGINNING OF THE END

In the Autumn of 1991, in a desperate effort to reverse the falling orders, we printed and posted one and a half million catalogues. Once again the response was very disappointing and so in January the following year we had to go through a drastic cut in staff numbers. In fact we almost finished up at that stage, but somehow we managed to keep going for a further 10 years. This was at a much lower level, and with reduced staff numbers than during the successful times in the Eighties. During the lifetime of the company well over one million parcels were shipped out from Ballingeary to all corners of the world (though the bulk of them would have gone to the U.S.A.)

A WORD OF THANKS

We have been extremely fortunate at all times to have had excellent staff, who were hard-working, honest, decent, and fair-minded despite going through some very difficult times. Their dedication would fill several articles on its own and we want to thank all staff members for their hard work and commitment down through the years.

All in all, over 200 people (both full and part-time) were employed at Emerald in its various departments. Some stayed only a month or two, others were with us for 20 years and more. A number left and came back again after a few months or a year. Many formed lifelong friendships and still stay in touch with one another.

It was with mixed emotions that we turned the key in the door of Emerald for the last time on the 29th March 2002. We were happy that we had been involved in a company which had managed to survive for 40 years, but we were sad that the whole roller-coaster experience had finally come to an end.

Regretfully several of our staff members have gone to their eternal reward:-

Lil Kelleher, Margaret Hallissey, Mitchell Sweeney, Eileen Galvin,
Joan Quill, Margaret Twomey, Bernie Twomey and Catherine Lehane.

And from Atlantic Scaffolding we remember some of those who have also passed on:- Donncha Dinneen, Paudie Concannon, Eoghan O'Sullivan, Jerh Dan Mór Sweeney, Michael Dinneen and Johnny McCarthy.

Ar dheis lámh Dé go raibh a n-anamacha go léir.

*Diarmuid O'Mathúna.
Deire Fómhair, 2012.*

THE DIVINERS

Jerome and Dannie Kelleher were natives of Goirtín Fliuch, a small townland about three miles from Ballingeary village. Jerome, who was a mason by trade, married a local girl, Sheila Cronin and they lived on the outskirts of Ballingeary, where they raised their family – Nora and Dan.

Dannie lived all his life where he was born, and farmed the home place for many years. He married Mary Cronin from Curraglas, Kealkil, and they had three children – Eileen, Noreen and Dónal.

However, it was with their exceptional “divining” activities in mind that sometime around 1987/8, I spoke to the two men and, with their permission, took notes for an article which I hoped to write some day. As it is now 50 years since Jerome and Dannie started divining, I believe the time is well overdue to write their story. I should mention, however, that the following incidents are only a fraction of their many achievements and successes.

“It all started,” Jerome explained, “when Dannie was playing for the céilís and an Irish teacher from Tipperary – I think his name was Horan – showed Dannie how to divine for water.”

“That’s correct alright,” Dannie continued, “his name was Michael Horan, and when he had gone away at the end of the Summer I practised on it and showed Jerome how to do it.”

“It was slow motion at first alright,” Jerome added, “but it can be learned. We tried things out for a good bit before we ever went out divining water, and as we got better at it, people started coming to us from far and near, asking us to find underground springs, streams and wells.”

“We were in such demand,” Dannie said, “that we had no free time and all the travelling was killing us. We were out every evening and we would do several divining sessions at weekends.”

“I can’t remember which one of us came up with the idea of divining the water without having to travel to the farms at all,” Jerome said, “and we started practising with the TOP.” (or the TAP, which they both preferred to say.)

“It’s so long ago now,” Dannie answered, “that I can’t but as little, but of course the normal way to locate the spring was using hazel or sally rods.”

“That’s right,” says Jerome. “You can go out and cut the hazel or the sally but they were very hard on the hands. You would nearly be skinned coming home from the rods with that pressure all the time. An American woman gave us whalebone rods and they worked very good too and they weren’t half as hard on the hands.”

“Anyway,” Dannie continued, “we started trying out the top and in a short time found that it worked just as good as the rods. As long as you had a small pointed bit of wood like a fat pencil with a piece of string on the end that was balanced properly, that would work perfectly.”

“In fact just a few times when I was stuck for want of a top” Jerome said “I’d get a fuse and take off the cap and put in a thread and the fuse will do it for you- once you have a bit of balance.”

“When we started out” Dannie continued, “all our divining was done by walking the farms of land. In the finish up, though, we would do it from the map with the top, to get the best stream – ‘twould save a pile of walking. By holding the top over a map or a sketch and concentrating very hard, the top would swing in various ways and we could then figure out where the best stream of water would be. We can work the top outside on a calm day, but you can’t do it on a stormy day because it would be put out of balance, so you would have to go indoors to make sure it was accurate. The bigger the swing of the top, the better the supply of water.”

“You would need a lot of patience for long hours and you would want to believe in your own ability to find things,” Jerome said. “Whatever someone is looking for, you concentrate on it and you’d get a sort of a brainwave and you could see the thing before you. As we got more used to the top and were getting better results locating water, people started asking us if we could find other things, like a missing bullock or dog or a wallet or watch or anything.”

“I met a man in the mart in Macroom,” Dannie says. “He told me that five of his bullocks were missing. I checked and I told him where they were but that I was sorry to tell him that one of them was dead, because I could only find four of them there. We met again in Macroom a few weeks later. That was before most of us had phones. He told me that I was right and I was wrong. He said he found all five of them exactly where I had said and they were all alive. ‘Now, that’s a strange thing,’ I said, ‘but whatever way I’d go to work, I could only find four bullocks there.’ ‘Ah, but that’s right,’ said the farmer, ‘sure wasn’t one of them a heifer, but I didn’t bother explaining that to you last month as it was simpler to say that five bullocks were missing.’”

“Rings are another thing that we are often asked to find,” says Jerome. “A girl came to me one day and she was in a bad way. She had lost her engagement ring the previous week and had searched

everywhere for it. I had the top with me so I checked. I told her she had lost her ring in a Bank in Douglas village and that she would never see her ring again. She said she had called to my brother as well and that he said that she lost it in a shopping centre in Douglas. I suppose the suggestion was that one of us had to be wrong. Anyway, I told her that we were both correct, because I said 'isn't that Bank IN the shopping centre?' She thanked me anyway and went off in floods of tears."

My mind went back to the time I lost my own wedding ring. Having tried everywhere, without success, I met Dannie and he checked and told me, "Your ring is very near your own house, and you definitely will find it. It's in a straight line for the mouth of the shed, there under some bushes." There were five or six palm trees near the shed and I searched under and around them very carefully but found nothing. I spoke to Dannie again and using the top he checked and confirmed his first statement. There were two miniature box palm shrubs near the house in line with the palm trees. I looked under them and there was my ring – I had been searching under the wrong "bushes."

"There were times," Jerome says, "when we disagreed about where something might be lost or hidden, but it often turned out that we would both be right. There was the shotgun which this man knew was buried in his land since the trouble times. Well, Dannie searched a map and found it buried under a rock, whereas I pinpointed the gun several hundred yards away hidden in a ditch."

"But it turned out," Dannie added, "that we were both spot on – the stock was in the ditch and the barrel was found under the rock – exactly where both of us said the gun was hidden. The man's uncle had buried the gun in two different places for extra security – he was living in fear of the Black and Tans at the time."

"And of course," says Jerome, "there was the famous case back in Kerry where I thought the man was dead and you said he was alive."

"That's correct," Dannie added. "This man, who wasn't right in the head, disappeared and his family and the guards were searching for him for 10 days. Then they came to us. We used the top to search the sketches – each of us in our own homes. Jerome told them there was a small lake three miles north of the house, and that he was in that lake and that he was dead. I came up with the same lake when I tried, and said that the man was in it, but he was alive. This seemed impossible as he had been missing for 10 days at that stage."

"The guards sent some of their divers to the lake and they began searching. After several hours they had nothing to show. It was glorious weather around the middle of September. There was a small island, about an acre of ground, on the lake and it was overgrown with bushes and briars. They knew missing man couldn't swim so they were searching only around the edge of the lake."

Jerome continued the story, "One of the garda divers swam out to the island and had a look around. There was your man as large as life and hale and hearty. He had been eating berries and nuts and drinking lake water since his disappearance. Apart from being hungry and having lost weight, he was otherwise O.K."

"The conclusion about how he got on the island, not being able to swim, was that he had tried to drown himself and threw himself into the lake. But his survival instinct took over and he splashed and floundered around, until he was able to pull himself onto the island where he remained hiding until the garda found him. So Dannie's statement of 'he is in the lake, but he is alive' was proved right after all."

"There is one thing," Dannie said, "that we are very careful with, and that is stolen property of any kind. If we ever had the slightest suspicion that something, which we were asked to find, had been stolen, we wouldn't touch it. We had one case where an animal went missing from a farm. The owner came to us and said that his heifer had strayed. We checked separately and both of us came up with the same answer, 'sorry, we can't seem to be able to locate her.'"

"The truth was she had been stolen by a neighbour, killed and was, at the stage we were searching, cut up into nice handy pieces and already frozen in the neighbour's deep-freeze. Imagine what would have happened if we had passed on this news to the owner. We made a point of never giving information which would lead to trouble between friends and neighbours especially local people or people we would know."

"On one or two occasions we agreed to try for something that was stolen," Dannie stated. "I can still think of one case - several head of cattle were stolen from an outside farm in Tipperary. The owner came to us and begged us to try for them. We said we would, on condition that our names would not be



Danny playing at a scoráiocht in 1983

brought into it in any shape or form. We told him his cattle were in Clare and we gave him the exact location. He asked us how many were there. I remember I started counting with the top - one, two, three and so on until when I got to 33 the top started swinging. I said 'There are 33 head of cattle in that field.' 'You are wrong,' he said, 'it was 46 animals that were stolen.' I knew we were right with the 33, and the next day that was exactly the number he recovered where we said. It turned out that the others had been sold off in threes and fours at marts and so on."

I recalled the time many years earlier (perhaps around the early seventies) when I was foolish enough to think that I might be able to learn the skill from Jerome and Dannie. I asked them if they would teach me and Jerome told me straight out:- "Begorra, we could try but I don't think you would have the 'patience' for it." Dannie just smiled and said nothing but I felt that he was silently agreeing with Jerome.

The one and only lesson was in Dannie's kitchen one night, with Dannie giving the instructions and Jerome watching on. I sat at the kitchen table with a pencil in my left hand and a blank sheet of paper on the table and one of their tops in my right hand.

Dannie told me to concentrate on the room door, the window, the range and so on. I concentrated as hard as I could on each of them in turn but nothing happened – the top stayed still. But when I concentrated on something and Dannie touched my hand, the top started swinging immediately to and fro or left and right depending on whatever item I was thinking of. Without Dannie's hand on mine the top would do nothing for me whatsoever. The lesson was over. I admitted that I did not have that special gift, or as Jerome so kindly put it, the "patience."

The two brothers, however, continued to improve on their extraordinary gift and had hundreds of successes to their credit in the months and years ahead. They were able to bring closure to dozens of families by helping to locate bodies of loved ones who had drowned in rivers, in lakes and in the sea. Some would have been found anyway but, by giving fairly exact locations, they were able to speed up the recovery of the missing people. Jerome gave the following example in which his advice was not followed, so recovery was delayed by a few days.

"This fellow went into the river west of Ballincollig. There was a big search going on for a few days and then members of his family came to me. I told them exactly where the body was, and I knew that I was correct."

"The following Sunday I was on my way to Kinsale when I saw a lot of activity near a bridge. There were Garda cars and units of the Fire Brigade and divers in the water, and dozens of onlookers. I asked the Sergeant in charge what was happening and he told me they were searching for such and such a person. I said 'you are trying the wrong place entirely. He is about a mile downstream, over near the far bank.' He answered me that taking into account the amount of water in the river and various currents etc. the body had to be in the area they were searching. I said 'I can guarantee you that ye are wasting ye're time searching there'."

"With that, there was a lot of commotion a good bit down from where we were standing. Two anglers came speeding up the river in a small boat. They were shouting and waving their arms in the air. They had discovered the body, when they were fishing, exactly where I had said. I felt like saying to the Sergeant 'Ye should have listened to me,' as I headed off for Kinsale."

But it wasn't always serious divining that Dannie and Jerome practised. They had a lot of fun as well and many people enjoyed trying to catch them out.

"I bet you can't tell me how much money I have in my wallet or purse," was a frequent question asked of the two lads. Or "Could you tell me where I have my money hidden at home?" Dannie and Jerome were correct nine times out of ten, both in the location of the money and the amount.

"And, of course," Dannie said, "total strangers would ask us could we guess if they were married or not and we would always be right with our answer."

"To be serious again for a minute," Jerome said, "do you remember when Dr. Herrema was kidnapped by the I.R.A. back in 1974 or 75? Well, we had him in a straight line between Limerick and Dublin about 80 miles from where they grabbed him. I bet if you sat into your car in Limerick and headed straight to Dublin, you would find that Monasterevin wouldn't be far off the 80 miles mark."

"We mentioned Michael Horan there earlier," Dannie said, "well, when I met him first I thought



Jerome relaxing at home in the 1990s

he was the best ever. Didn't he come around again after 23 years and we met him."

"That's right," Jerome added, "and he was very surprised that we were able to do it so good. But I think we are every bit as good as him."

Dannie recalled another story. "This man lost his wallet in Macroom. He had been going to buy cattle at the mart and there was a lot of money in the wallet but he didn't know exactly how much. He went all over the town searching and enquiring in shops where he had been, but had no success."

"He rang me and I told him that he had lost his wallet outside the Bank and I told him where the man who found it was from, and how much he had in the wallet. I also told him to go away home and that the wallet would be there before him. He rang me later that evening to tell me that his wallet was indeed at home before him and that I was correct about how much was in it."

There are many other amazing tales to be told about Jerome and Dannie's special gift. And only recently, I heard the following story which had been told by the woman herself:- A couple on their honeymoon had their car stolen while touring around Ireland. They were devastated and had no choice but to return home. Someone told them about Jerome and Dannie and so they came to Ballingeary looking for them. They met Dannie who checked on the map of Ireland and told them their car was in Dublin. Now, as far as I know Dannie had never been in Dublin but, amazingly, he was able to tell them the name of the street where their car could be found, and that they would get it back in perfect condition. They rang the Garda Station nearest to that street and the Guards checked for the missing car.

Sure enough there it was. The couple went to Dublin immediately and collected their car. Apart from being very low in petrol, it was undamaged and the young couple were happily able to continue with their honeymoon.

"People have come from as far away as Donegal to ask us to look for missing relatives," Jerome said. "Sometimes the missing people are already dead, other times they have left the country and we can tell them whether or not they will return again some time in the future."

"An elderly couple came to me from up around the midlands. Their daughter, who was due to get married within a few weeks, had cancelled the wedding and was gone missing and they were awfully worried. Using the top I searched the map of Ireland. I told them she was not in this country. Then I checked the map of England and found that she was in London. They wanted to know if she was alright and would she come home again? I told them she had discovered that the man she was about to marry was already married, but that she was OK and would be home in two weeks. They wrote to me a couple of months later to thank me and told me that she did come home like I said and that she was well."

"Begorra, it is a very hard thing to understand," Dannie explains, "but we are told it was a system people had long ago, away back. People had no phones and no post and if I wanted to find out where you were, I would use the top. Or you could find out about me, what country was I in, was I dead or alive and so on. We were told that was the system people used hundreds of years ago."

"Of course, if there is any other thing coming in to our minds while we are trying to concentrate," Jerome added, "we could have mistakes and that is where most of the mistakes would come in."

"You can't concentrate if you have other things on your mind," Dannie said, "and we often ask people who come to us in the middle of the day when we are, for example, baling hay, we ask them to come back again in the evening."

Jerome and Dannie were happy in the company of young and old. They were great talkers and story tellers and spoke enthusiastically about any topic which interested them. Young people loved them and Dannie was known by the children in one house which he often visited as "Dannie with the Smiling Face."

They both loved music, card playing, and many different types of games and sports. They were big fans of Mohammed Ali and never missed any of his fights on TV. However they refused to refer to him as Mohammed Ali preferring instead to call him by his original name – Cassius Clay.

Dannie and Jerome were kind, decent, honest men and they loved helping people every chance they got. During their lifetime they never got the recognition they deserved, even though they helped hundreds of people from the early sixties up to the nineties. Less successful diviners than the Kellehers have had whole books written about them and radio and television programmes aired detailing their achievements. However, even though Dannie and Jerome were very successful, they never sought any publicity.

Dannie passed away in May 1990 and Jerome some years later in September 1997.

Younger readers of this piece may never have heard of Jerome and Dannie, or if they did, may not be aware of their special gift, whereas those of us who are older, and are privileged to have known them, will remember them with fondness and still marvel at their many great achievements.

The collection of Fr Donncha Ó Dhonnchadha from around 1917 is a very important source of historical documents. Here is another example. This information about The Battle of Keimaneigh was collected around 95 years after the event it self in 1822. We include here the notes from 1917 and a typed version to help you.

THE WHITEBOYS

Cath Chéim an Fhiaidh : The battle was prophecied it is said, “Buailfar cath i gCéim an Fhiaidh, agus marbhóghfar fear ann nár rugadh riamh”. Barry O’Leary (the P.P.s grandfather) was taken from his mother’s side, and he was killed in the battle.

Infantry came to the battle with the gentry on horseback. The latter remained near the road. They came all unexpected by the people ; but horns were blown, the people collected from all sides. The military at first expended shot needlessly perhaps to instil fear and the people took cover. As Smith was passing a cave he saw Walsh (Richy Walsh’s grandfather). Smith had power but no bullets. He took a button from his waistcoat and charged and fired and missed ; he did the same again, and this time Walsh jumped out, as Smith was fixing a little bayonet on top of his gun. Walsh had an old gun and he hit Smith with the stock of it and levelled him. Then other people came along, and Smith shouted, “Mercy boys” “Mercy ag an nDiabhal ort” said one, as he finished him. This latter has become proverbial.

There would have been more slaughter if the people had known that they were out of ammunition in time. Only two, of the people were killed Barry O’Leary and Amhlaoibh O Laoingsigh, and one of the military Smith. Lynch was an uncle to the old Lynch at Dirreach. (?). Earlier in the battle Walsh and Lynch were crossing bogs to Gortafloodig or in that direction, when suddenly a report rang out, and Lynch fell dead. Walsh took cover. Smith was killed in the evening. Lynch was buried in a furrow for a few weeks, and the body was then exhumed, and buried coffinless in Ballyvourney.

Smith was taken to a hole in Gortafloodig, and was sent to the bottom, with ropes and stones. The hole is in Twomey’s place and is called still Poll Smith. A few months later there was a settlement, and the soldiers exhumed Smith and the body buried in the old roilg in Inchigeela. James Barry erected a stone over him. It is to be seen in the south west corner, and among other things has the inscription “2nd. Division 1822”. They say that the raisen d’eatre of the battle was that Barry was roused by the song of Maire Bhuidhe. The date of the battle is a landmark for local history and tradition.

According to J.Twohig N.T. Walsh knocked down Smith and Concubhar Buidhe (Maire Bhuidhe’s brother)put the bayonet through his belly. “Mercy ag an nDiabhal ort”.

The Whiteboys.

Cai Come-an-Práid.

The battle was prophesied it was said: "Cualpaig caí i gcéim-an-práid, & mapbóigfap fear am yai nuaig ~~for~~ main". Bann O'Seary (the P.P.'s grandfather) was taken from his mother's side, & he was killed in the battle.

Infantry came to the battle with the gentry on foot horseback. The latter remained near the road. They came all unexpected by the people; but ~~horns~~ ^{horns} were blown, & the people collected from all sides. The military at first expended shot needlessly perhaps to instil fear, & the people took cover. As Smith was passing a cave he saw Walsh (Richy Walsh's grandfather). Smith had powder but no bullets. He took a button from his waistcoat, & charged & fired & missed; he did the same again, & the time Walsh jumped out, as Smith was firing a little bayonet on top of his gun. Walsh had an old gun and he hit Smith with the stock of it & levelled him. Then other people came along, and Smith shouted "Mercy boys!" "Mercy as an ndrabal oir" said one, as he finished him. This latter has become proverbial.

There would have been more slaughter if the people had known that they were out of ammunition in time.

Only two of the people were killed Bann O'Seary & Walsh's son-in-law, & one of the

military Smith. Lynch was an uncle to the old Lynch at Aineach(?). Earlier in the battle Walsh & Lynch were crossing bogs to Godepfloodig or in that direction, when suddenly a report rang out, & Lynch fell dead. Walsh took cover. Smith was killed in the evening. Lynch was buried in a furrow for a few weeks, & ~~was~~ the body was then exhumed, & buried in a coffin in Ballyvourney. Smith was taken to a hole in Godepfloodig, & was sent to the bottom, with ropes & stones. The hole is in Dwyer's place and is called still poll Smith. A few months later there was a settlement, & the soldiers exhumed Smith, & the body buried in the old soil in Inchigrella. James Bann erected a stone over him. It is to be seen in the south west corner, & among other things has the inscription "2nd Division 1822". They say that the reason d'être of the battle was that Bann was roused by the songs of Máire Bhuidé. The date of the battle is a landmark for local history & tradition.

According to J. F. Walsh, Walsh knocked down Smith & Conaibhar Buidé (Máire Bhuidé's brother?) put the lagner through his belly - "mercy as an ndrabal oir".

ÁIT AINMEACHA TIMPEALL AN GHUAGÁN Ó PHÁIPÉIR UÍ DHONNCHADHA

'WITH DAN CRONIN & FR MAHER 30/6/1919'

Sidiad na hainmneacha atá ar bharraibh na sléibhte ós cionn an Ghougáin agus ós cionn an Chúm Ruadh ag tosnughadh le barr na puinnthe thoir-thuidh, agus ag críochnughadh laistiar do'n tigh ósda:-

Fail na Sróna.

Béilic.

Sgeach na gCapall (idir an tSrón agus Béilic).

An Fhaill Dhubh.

An Cuimín Tirim (idir An Fhaill Dhubh agus Béilic).

Na Stocaí.

An Leaca (idir An Fhaill Dhubh agus Na Stocaí).

An Maolach.

Fail an Stuaicín.

An Chloch Mharcaigheachta.

Chun barr na sléibhtibh do shroisint ó'n Loch'sé slighe is fearr dul ann ná siar ó dheas ó'n dtigh ósda i gcoinnibh an chnuic. Tá casán annso, agus ag dul leis an gcasán tá carraigeacha móra le feicsint ar thaoibh do láimhe clé, go nglaodhtar an Bhodhrach orra, mar is ag bun na gcarraig seo do chruidhtí na gabhair, agus d'fhágfí iad i gcomhair na hoidhche. Ag dul thar an Bhodhraigh bheadh An Chloch Mharcaigheachta ó thuaidh, agus Béilic na Muice ar thaoibh do láimhe clé, agus Cúm na gCapall ag bun Doirín na gClas. Soir ó thuaidh ó Dhoirín na gClas tá Cuimín Finnín agus laisteas tá Eisc an Mhadraidh Ruadh, idir Doirín na gClas agus Doirín Donaidhe. Ag dul thar barr Doirín na gClas do thiochá go barr an Chúm Ruadh. Tá radharc bhreágh le feiscint ó'n áit seo. Síos amach tá cuan Bheann Traighe siar ó dheas agus an Saille Glas agus Cnoc na Seithe ó dheas. Sa ghleann mór doimhin atá i bParóisde Bheann Traighe, tá radharc le fágáil ar Loch an Túirín agus Loch Droma an Eisc. Ag dul thar barr Faille (na) [an] Stuaicín tá Loch na mBraghad romhat agus Loch i Lár Baill laistiar de, agus Loch Fhada laistiar de sin arís. Tá an loch so timcheall dhá chéad slat ar faid, agus deich tsleit agus fiche ar leithead. Tagann sruth amach ó Loch na mBraghad ar threo an Chúm Ruadh, agus ritheann srutha ós na lochaibh eile siar ar threo Chuain Bheann Traighe. Locha b(h)eaga iad so go léir atá fanta ó aois na lice oidhre, agus puirt móna ag cosg an uisge. T'réis na locha so d'fhágaint tá eisc mhór leathan ag dul le fánaidh go bun an Chúm Ruadh, agus cé gur garbh an t[-]jaidear é is féidir dul síos go dtí an loch mar sin. Acht má leanfar de ó thuaidh fan chasadh an Chuim tá barr an Mhaolaigh romhat, go mbíodh nead an iolair ar a leacain ailltigh. Tá Rae Dhiarmuda fan na leacan laisteas. Tugtar an ainm sin ar an mball ó Shean-athair Mhuinntire hUallacháin a (g)chomhnuigheann 'sa Chúm Ruadh anois, mar gur leis agus len a shliocht an áit. Chífá siar uait An Chuinnín, sliabh árd garbh dorcha, agus Loch na mBreac Dearg ag a bun, síos amach romhat ó thuaidh ar thaoibh na Rae [tá] Loichín an Phuill, linn bheag timcheall fiche slat fan na lár-líne. Lastoir do'n linn agus ag an gcasadh hiar-thuidh do'n Chúm tá eisc leathan dhoimhin ag dul le fánaidh go bun an Chúm Ruadh. An Poll Cuimín Gadhar nó An Poll a cuirtear ar an eisc seo. Tá casán le fánaidh an Phoill go ngabhann muinntire paróisde Bheanntraighe leis go dtí an G(h)ugán. Is minic go mbíonn ceo ar bharr na sléibhte agus tá clocha curtha ar an gcasán fan barra na sléibhte siar chun an taistealaidhe do threórughadh ar an gcasán ceart. Tá a leithéid leis ar gach gnáth-chasán (ar) go ngabhann muinntir an (dtuathaigh) [sic; leg. dúthaigh] seo leis ar theacht dóibh ós gach aon áird isteach'sa Ghougán. Lámh leis an bpoll lastuidh tá Cumar na Caillighe, 'nar marbhuigheadh sean-bhean ó'n iarthar ag teacht anuas ar turas go dtí an Gougán. Sidē an bhéarsa do deineadh di:-

“Sean-bhean chríona ó chlainn Labhráis
 Bhí ag teacht chun rinne in sa Ghougán,
 Do caitheadh le splinn í,
 Do briseadh a croidhe innti
 'S do fágadh í sinnte 'san úrlár.”

Is le fánaidh an Phoill a thagann bun-sruth na Laoi ó'n a phríomh-thobar ag a bharr. T'réis casadh an (Chūm) [sic; leg. Chūim] d'fhágaint, tá na Stocaí thoir (roghat) [sic; leg. romhat]. Sreathanna carraigeacha iad so go ritheann iomad sruthanna eatorra le fánaidh ar threó na Laoi. Ag gabháil treasna na sruthanna sin, táthar tagaithe go dtí an Leacain. Tá casán le fánaidh na Leacan go ngabhann muinntir Chille Gharbháin i gConndae Chiarraighe leis ag teacht agus imtheacht ó'n nGougán dóibh. T'réis dul thar an gcasá(i)n tã Linn an Tuartáin lastuaidh as a dtagann sruth le fánaidh ó dheas ar threó locha an Ghougáin. Tá linn bheag eile lastoir do'n cheann sin, agus téidheann sruth ó'n linn so ó thuaidh agus sruth eile ó dheas. Lastoir di sin arís tá Poll na Rae. Lámh leis an linn sin chídhtear An Bhéilic, agus lastoir tá Loichín an Phoill. Lastoir do'n loichín agus ós comhair oileáin an Ghougáin amach tá an Eisc Bhuidhe le feiscint, agus fan na leacan le fánaidh casán go ngabhann muinntir Chiarraighe leis. Lastoir do'n Eisc Bhuidhe chidhtear (tá) Poll an tSagairt, agus Faill na Sróna ar ēadain na hiomaire. Fé bhun na Sróna tá carraig go ngladhann siad Béilic na bhFáinleóg air. Nuair a bhíonn an ghrian ag taithneamh air bíonn scáthanna na béilice ag aistriughadh fan na haimsire, i dtreó is go bhféadfaoi aon t-am a dhéanamh amach. Timcheall ceithre uaire a chloig a caithfaoi ag gabháil mór-thimcheall an Chūm ar bharr na gcnoc .i. ag imtheacht siar ó dheas ó'n dtigh Ósda agus ag teacht aniar a dtuaidh ar Ros an Locha fan an Eisc Bhuidhe lastoir do'n loch.

Sidiad na hainmneacha atá ar bhallaibh ar ēadain na gcnoc, agus ag a mbun:- Ag bun na Sróna, tá carraig mhór ar a dtugtar Carraig na Sailithis.

Ag bun na Béilice agus ar bhrúach na locha tã carraig ar a gcuirtear Carraigín na Seaga.

Ar ēadain an Chuimín Tirim, chidhtear Béilic an Lochtaigh.

Ar ēadain na Leacan, tá an Chloch Mharcuigheachta agus Bínse Leathan fén a bhun.

Chidhtear Eisc an Bhranair ar Leacain an Mhaolaigh. 'San Eisc mhór idir Faill an Stuaicín agus an M(h)aolach tá an Tuirín Bheag ó dheas, agus an Tuirín Mhór ó thuaidh, agus Carraigín an Phreacháin eatorra.

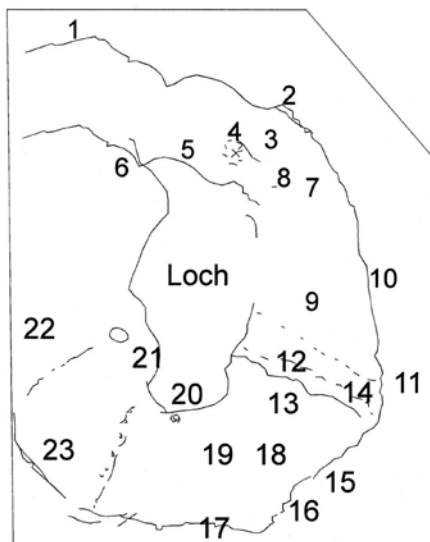
Ar Leacain Fille an Stuaicín, tá faille go ngladhann siad Faill an Mhóna uirthi. Inse Riabhach a cuirtear ar an ngleann ag bun na Cloiche Mharcuigheachta. Cnocán na gCapall, mar a leigidís an capall amach ag innbhéar, nuair a thioctí go dtí an Gougán.

Sidiad na hainmneacha eile atá 'sa Gougán:-

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Pairc an tSlánáin. | 7. Páirc na gCuileann. |
| Páircín Láir. | 8. Páirc an Mhullaigh. |
| Páircín an Teampaill. | 9. Páircín na nGamhan. |
| Páircín Fada. | 10. An Eisc. |
| Páircín Gairid. | 11. Páircín an Acra. |
| Páircín an Tobair. | 12. Páircín an Chnoic |
| | 13. An M(h)óinfhéar |

Áitainmneacha ar na Sléibhte timpeall An Ghuagáin

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 Cloch Marcúigheachta | 13 Bínse Leathan |
| 2 Faill an Stuaicín | 14 Cloch na Marcaigheachta |
| 3 Tuirín Beag | 15 Leaca |
| 4 Faill an Mhóna | 16 Faill Dubh |
| 5 Cúm Ruadh | 17 Cuimín Tirim |
| 6 Inse Riabhach | 18 The Still |
| 7 Carraigín an Phreacháin | 19 Béilic an Lochtaigh (foxes' den) |
| 8 Tuirín Mór | 20 Carraigín na Seaga |
| 9 Eisc an Bhranair | 21 Carraig na Sailithis |
| 10 Maolach | 22 Sgeach na gCapall |
| 11 Stocaí | 23 Béilic |
| 12 Poll | |



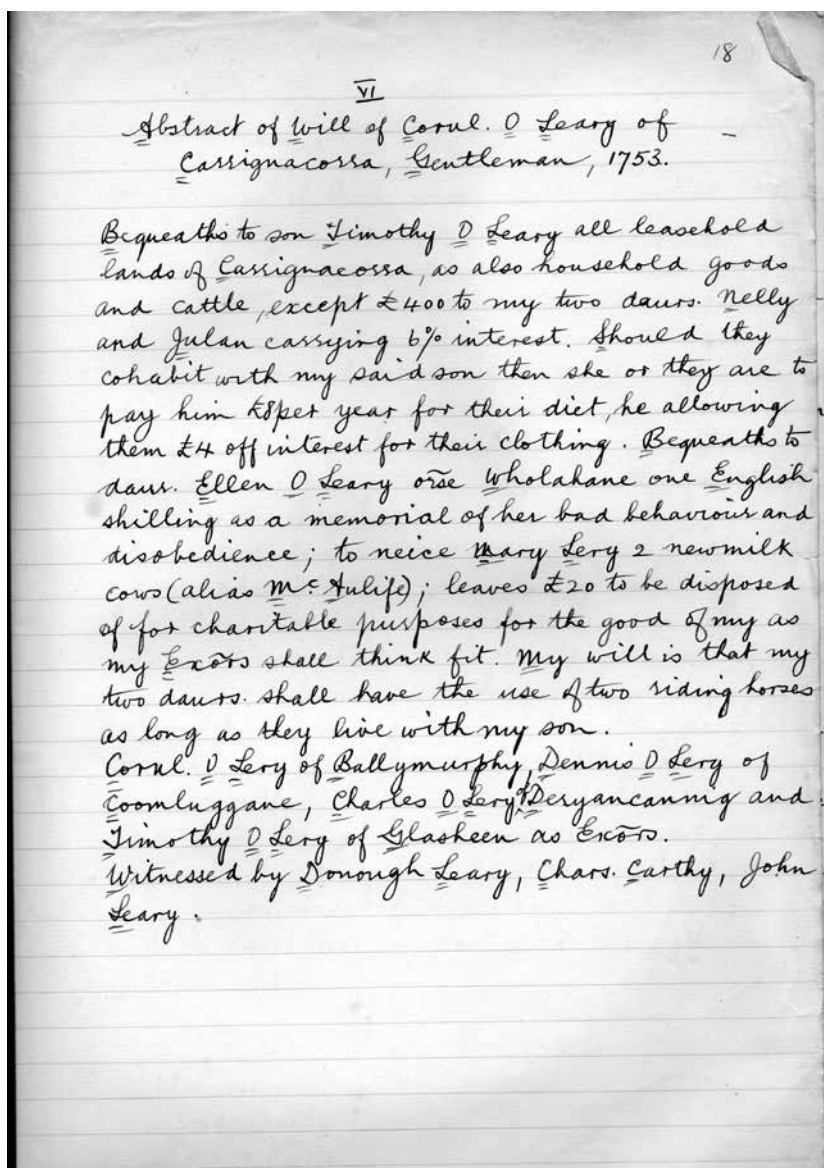
Map based on sketch by Fr O'Donoghue

Fr Donncha Ó Dhonnchadha employed, around 1917, a professional genealogist in Dublin to copy various documents including wills of landowners in Inchigeela Parish. Here is one.

ABSTRACTS OF WILL OF CORN. O LEARY 1753. OF CARRIGNACORRA, GENTLEMAN.

Bequeaths to son Timothy O Leary all Leasehold Lands of Carrignacorra as also household Goods and Cattle except 400 pounds to my two daughters Nelly and Julia carrying 6% interest. Should they cohabit with my said son then she or they are to pay him 8 pounds per year for their diet he allowing them 4 pounds off interest for their clothing. Bequeaths to daughter Ellen O Leary orse Wholahane one English shilling as a memorial of her bad behaviour and disobedience. To niece Mary Leary 2 new milk cows (alias McAulife), leaves 20 pounds to be disposed of for charitable purposes for the good of my soul as my Exors. shall think fit. My will is that my two daughters shall have the use of 2 riding horses as long as they live with my son -- Cornl. O Leary of Ballymurphy, Dennis O Leary of Coomluggane, Charles O Leary of Deryaneannig, Timothy O Leary of Glasheen as Exors.

Wittnessed by Donough Leary, Chars. Carthy and John Leary.



The collection of Fr Donncha Ó Dhonnchadha from around 1917 is a very important source of historical documents. One of his motivations was to collect as much material as possible on Máire Bhuí Ní Loaighre. He published a book on her poetry in the 1920s.

Here is another example. This information is about Kilbarry and James Barry. It includes the names of the people who were giving Fr. Ó Donnchadha the information. Unfortunately there appears to be a page missing. We include here the notes from 1917 and a typed version to help you.

KILBARRY

(J. Cotter, Currihy. 22/11/1917)

At Kilbarry lived **James Barry**, where the two Buckleys now live. He had a mansion there. He it was who brought the soldiers for the Battle of Keimaneigh(1822). **He was the High Sheriff for the County.** He was also a landlord, and in his time was very oppressive on the poor tenantry. Hence he was thoroughly hated by the people, and by none more so than the Laoghaire Buidhe's.

One morning the Parish Priest Fr. Jerh Holland was to have a "Station" at Keimaneigh at one of the Laoghaire Buidhe's places. But it happened before he went to the station that he was called to anoint old James Barry. The story goes that it was a long job to prepare him for death. At any rate it was late when the priest arrived at Keimaneigh at the "Station". Confessions were heard, and Mass said with due haste. By the time the Priest sat down to Breakfast it was about 12 O'clock or so. "Bhíos an-dhéanach ar maidin", arsa an Sagart, "do chaitheas dul soir go Cill Barra ag ollmhughadh sean Séamas De Barra chun báis. "O, a Thighearna an téitheach (fugitive) arsa duine dos na Laoghaire Buidhe.

At any rate old James Barry died. The funeral was private, and was very early in the morning, about 6 o'clock. That same day it happened that there was a funeral of an old woman from Keimaneigh, in the middle of the day as is customary. When the old woman was buried all the people went to Barry's tomb. One of the Laoghaire Buidhes' stood on the flag of the tomb:

"Seadh" ar seisean, "Tá tú annsin thíos anois, chómh lag, chómh tréith leis an sean-mhnaoi do thugamar linn. Ba dhána dhian an fear thú lá an chatha i gCéim an Fhaidh. Agus go mbeiridh an Diabhal t-anam leis".

(**Jerh Twohig 12/12/1917**) At Sceithín where the old school in Kilbarry was, was the site of the Church. Fr. Holland said Mass there. On account of most of the Congregation being Careys it was called "Pobul Uí Chéarnaigh". Near it is a graveyard, and two fields away Mass was said in the Penal times.

SDD.(a) An Glaisín.

SDD.(b) An Bhearna Salach.

Old Barry called other Barrys, who lived in Derrivoling, in contempt, "Barraigh Beaga Buinní".

There are 4 farmers now where the old Barry was, Tadhg Gaodhalach O'Leary, and John Gaodhalach and Michael and Tadhg Buckley. The Buckleys came from Coomilbane. Niochlas son of Barry tried to evict

(page appears to be missing)

..... down the country somewhere.

Near where old Barry lived in Kilbarry there was an old woman living by the roadside called Nell Bhuidhe (prob. Laoghaire Bhuidhe) whose son old Barry had got hanged. Whenever after that old Barry passed along the road she came out, and cursed him. "Imeacht gan teacht ort" He was only amused at her. If she were not there he was wont to call her out. The day he was departing for Dublin she was not out in the road. He called her: "Bhfuil tú istigh, a Nell Bhuidhe". "Táim i gcónaí ag iarraidh ná fillleadh tú", ar sise, "agus filleann tú. Anois iarraim go bhfillleadh tú". He never returned.

Jerh Twohig says that Barry was killed in Tipperary where he had gone "Whiteboying". He also says that these Barrys were not belong to local Barrys.

James Barry's daughter was the mother of John Barrett, Carriganass. John Barrett married O'Sullivan probably a descendant of Eoghan (nephew of O' Sullivan Beare) who fought against his kinsman at Dunboy. By the marriage agreement he was to become owner of the place if he had issue. He published in the papers that he had issue - a still born child- and the mother denied it. A sister of his wife married Old B??? (publican) at Kealkil. (J Twohig NT)

Kilbarry. (1) J. Cotter (Curnihy) 22/11/1917
 At Kilbarry lived James Barry, where the two Buckleys now live. He had a mansion there. He it was who brought the soldiers for the Battle of Renuaigh (1822). He was High Sheriff for the County. He was also a landlord, and in his time was very oppressive on the poor tenantry. Hence he was thoroughly hated by the people, & by none more so than the Saoghaire Bruidhe's. One morning the parish priest Fr. Josh Holland was to have a "station" at Renuaigh at one of the Saoghaire Bruidhe's places. But it happened before he went to the "station" that he was called to anoint old James Barry. The story goes that it was long job to prepare him for death. At any rate it was late when the priest arrived at Renuaigh at the "station". Confessions and Mass were given & heard, & Mass said with due haste. By the time the priest sat down to Breakfast it was about 12 O'clock or so. "Bior an-deanai ap maidin", appon yagur, "do carceay dul yorp go Gill Bappa ag ollmugai Sean Seamary de bappa cum bair, & bier an captaiai byraie". "O, a tigeapna an zerieai" appadume dox na laogaiie Cuide". At any rate old James Barry died. The funeral was private, and was very early in the morning about 6 or 7 O'clock. That same day it happened

NA CURRAITHE
PÁIPÉIR UÍ DHONNCHADHA
(THE FOLLOWING IS FR. O'DONOGHUE'S INFORMATION COLLECTED
ON CURRAHY IN 1917)

Currihy. Na Curraiche – the swamps. J. Cotter[,] Currihy 19/11 /17

In Currihy there are the remains of an old chapel called séipéil [sic] na glóire about 25 feet long and about 11 feet broad internal measurement, walls about 2 feet thick. The chapel is very ruinous, all the walls gone except the N. wall which forms part of the boundary fence, and somewhat higher than the fence. Inserted in this wall on the outside or the north side is a slab bearing the Inscription
 1753 AC AC = Anno Christi.

Some few yards north of the site of the church is a large stone block resting on a flag. It is marked a gallaun on the O.map, and is supposed by Fr Hurley to have been a mass-rock. The old church is fairly traceable, the altar must have been at the N. end, and the door at the south end probably. A few fields south of this is a small gallaun not marked on the ordnance map.

S.D.D. (a) An Cam-Dhoire. The crooked oak-wood, a part of the lands of Currihy W. boundsing on the road that leads from Doiremholing to "Browne's Bridge", between the two cottages.

S.D.D. (b) Áth an-Clochair. Where the new road leading from Currihy to Doiremholing crosses the Athnacinneachta stream.

S.D.D. (c) Carraig an Phuirt. The mound N.E. of Currihy. Here are three Folacht Fiaidhs. The following are the measurements of the mass-rock, Chapel, and the small gallaun.

The Mass-rock

Height North side	-----	43 inches
" South "	-----	74 "
Breadth top North	-----	61 "
" bottom "	-----	59 "
" top South	-----	68 "
" bottom "	-----	65 "
Greatest length North & South, west side		91 "
" " " " " east "		99 "

Old Chapel

Thickness of walls	-----	26 inches
Length inside	-----	26 feet, 10 inches.
Breadth " "	-----	11 " , 4 " .

Small Gallau

Height	-----	42 inches.
Average circumference	-----	67 " .

S.D.D. (d) Céimín na gCorp. The part of the old road north of Conny Creed's house, where there is a rise in the old road. There was a rock there on which the cróchar was laid for a time to give rest to the bearers on the occasion of funerals. Tradition says there used to be Mass said there. Puzzle was it there or north at the rock or chapel.

E. O' Sullivan lived at Raleigh where Goods [are] now. He was land-agent for Currihy. Conchubhar Cotter 6/12/1917

Emmet Browne was the landlord of Currihy. He lived in England and had no agent. His son Captain Browne lives still probably on board ship.

S.D.D. (e) An Rinn, the point (See O. Map) should be opposite Tirnaspidogy.

Do shiubhaluigheas na Corraighthe fliuch agus móinteáin cheóidh

Ag lorg (an bhuinnil) [sic; leg. na Bruinnille] ba dheise agus do b'aoraighe snódh
 Dá mhéid a ritheas níor thuigeas gur bhaoth mo ghnó
 Go raibh léan im' choinnibh in iothalainn Dhómhnaill óig
 I n-imeall na Tuinne 'seadh chuir sise an fáinne amú
 'Seadh dhearcas am' choinnibh an Fhinne-bhean áluinn fhionn
 Do bhí a gruadh mar luisne, agus a gile mar bhláth na n-ubhall
 Agus do mheall a grádh mise, agus níor leog sí mo shláinte liom.

Here live Wm Barry (1820), John Tanner.
 Lake below Jerry Arthur's place in Currihy looks like glacier formation.

An Músgraiheach

Na Corraighthe .i. Corcacha.

Parish Histories and Place Names of West Cork

Currahy (1,077 acres) Curraighthe – Marshes or bog. Here are a number of standing stones.

'Jerry Crothúr Jer' a bhí mar ainm ar an bhfear so.

~~two~~

'Na Micils' a tugtaí ar na Críodánaigh seo go coitianta.

Is Goolds a bhí i seilbh an tí mhóir i Ráth Luíoch ag an am sin agus ceaptar gur iad san atá i gceist anso.

Deintear tagairt do 'ainm na Bruinnille Báine' sa leabhar 'An Bhruinneall Bhán' lc 54

Ó Laoghaire a bhí mar sloinne ar na 'Jerry Arthur's'.

WILD HERITAGE OF UIBH LAOIRE (PART 8)

"ENSURING AFFORDABLE HOUSING FOR OUR WILDLIFE -TOON VALLEY UPDATE"

BY TED COOKE

2012 marks the 25th anniversary of the Gearagh's "Recognition Order" (SJ231/87). The campaign by local environmentalists, commenced in 1983, sought to include the Toon's pearl mussel river and it's sessile oakwoods in the townlands of Silvergrove (Derryairgid), Cooleen (Cluainsiar Méan) and Cluainsiar Mór.

As part of the All Ireland "Native Woodland Survey" these woodlands were surveyed in 2007 by B.E.C. Consultants at the behest of our Wildlife Service. Chief scientist, John Cross, described to the author these primary oakwoods as 'the finest undesignated oakwood in the country'. The report ascribed as 'Excellent' its Conservation Rating.

Because of the complex mosaic of Old Growth Woodland; Ashwoods; Birchwoods tending to Bog Woodland; Active Peat Bogland and Wetlands and the site's swift clear streams, Mr.Cross has confirmed that mapping in advance of securing a "Recognition Order (Natural Heritage/N.H.A.)" remains to be undertaken. Research Budget Funding has been sought from Jimmy Deenihan's Ministry for this proposed 150 acre (62.5 hectare) nature reserve. Part of the Aghacunna townland in the adjoining parish of Kilnamartyra has been included for statutory protection.

Placed in context, the oakwoods with their varying undercanopy of hazel and/or holly that have formed and recolonised repeatedly since Bronze Age times, as indicated by the wealth and diversity of "epiphytic" lichens, bryophytes, (mosses) and liverworts, form part of "Ancient Forest", what Cabot and Rackham called "Wildwood".

That only one third of this one fifth of one percent of our island territory enjoys E.U. or National recognition is alarmingly sub-threshold. The Toon Wood will represent a tiny portion of that 0.06% when formally secured under our 2000 Wildlife Act.

In common with: St.Gobnait's Wood (S.A.C. 30 hectares); portions of Glengarriff and Killarney oakwoods (S.A.C.s); and what remains alive and ecologically continuous of our Gearagh Alluvial Common Oakwood (S.A.C.) , in addition to a handful of genetically isolated pockets, our Toon Valley comprises what remains of the once vaste "Atlantic Cloud Forest" (what is termed "Hyper-Oceanic Temperate Forest"), that extended from the Gearagh and Cascade Wood (S.A.C.) - (this marked the furthestmost eastern line of intense Atlantic influence)- to our coastline and extending northwards to encompassed the Killarney oakwoods that uniquely established at up to 1,000 feet above sea level (a.s.l.).

Ireland's native forest nowhere else establishes at this altitude, Climax Vegetation Oakwood tends to develop into Bog Woodland above 500'a.s.l. as a consequence of glacial processes, most notably our recent "Cork and Kerry Icesheet" period, that sculpted the Lee Valley Basin.

The geo-diversity of the Toon's acid Old Red Sandstone has provided the foundation for its resident and its migratory bio-diversity, in association with Uibh Laoire's globally unique climatic activity. Elsewhere this is only to be encountered in The Azores/Maderia, northern Portugal and the island of La Gomera one of the Canary Islands.

Irish Spurge (*Euphorbia hyberna*- picture 1) is an indicator plant of the Hyper Oceanic Temperate Forest and appears abundantly within the Toon Woods. It is a fairly toxic plant, named in Irish *Bainne Caoine*-Milk of Lamentation. It is also the feature for which "Poison Glen" in Co.Donegal is named.

Pictures 2 records the Hard Fern (*Raithneach an Mhadra*) "telling us of an acidophilous (acid tolerant) ecology and Picture 3 is of a solitary, long-lived Crabapple, with its old mossy bones supporting scores of Bryophytic species, occuring on glacial boulder scree in the heart of these oakwoods.



blechnum.spicant



Irish Spurge



malus.sylvestris

PHOTO GALLERY



Inchigeela National School, early 1940s

Back from left; Ellen Brophy; Bridie Buttimer, Currahy;
Nonie O'Sullivan, Timaspideoga;
Front from left; Mary O'Sullivan, Lake Hotel; Mary Bill Bawn Cotter;
Peg O'Leary, Derryvane.



The Buttimer Family, Currahy, early 1930s

Standing from left; Mike, Mary (Lynch, Gurraunreagh); Tim, (Mossie Tim's father); Nora, (Mrs Horan, USA); James, (Currahy, Mossies father.).
Sitting; Denis, Inchigeela (Nora Mary Cotter's grandfather.) Margaret is missing from the photo.



Keimaneigh National School March 1970

Back from left; Siobhan O'Leary; Mary Harrington; Denis Walsh; Aine Burke; Paudie Burke; Catherine Harrington; Bernie Concannon; Tadhgie Harrington; Paudie Concannon; Jimmy Walsh; Colm Concannon; Kathleen Walsh; Michael Concannon; (Mary Walsh hiding behind).
Front from left; Sean O'Leary; Ailish Cronin; Joan Lucey; Pat Twomey; Gerard Burke; Joan Concannon; Declan Harrington; Fergal Walsh; Sean Concannon; Kevin Concannon; Jeremiah Twomey; Catherine Cronin; Barthley Harrington.



Ballingeary Altar Boys 1973

From left: Joe Batt O Leary; Padraig O Tuama; Elton O Tuama; Cardinal Manning; Brendan Ring; Anthony Shorten; Seán O'Sullivan (Grianán).

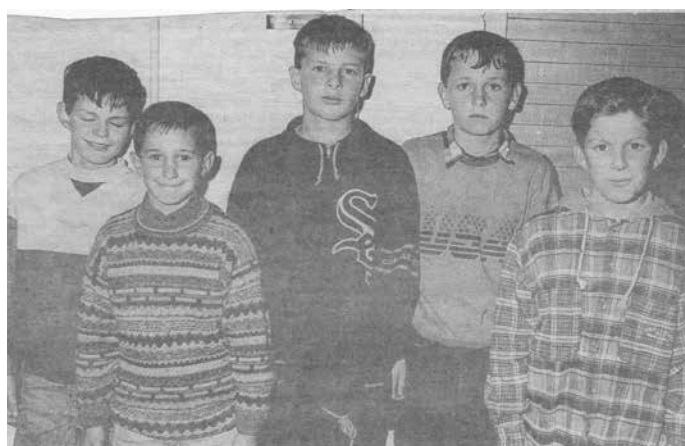


Jerh O'Leary, Doire Na Bourca who died in 1908, aged 48 years and his wife Joanie, nee Lehane who died 1954 aged 87 years. They had 9 children.



Inchigeela/Ballingeary Macra Team who were Muskerry Macra Agri Quiz winners in 1997.

From Left; Pat McCarthy; Denis Lucey; Donal Creedon; Denis Twomey with Jerry Ryan of Muskerry Farm Relief.



Ballingeary National School Quiz team November 1994

From left; Tadhg Ó Laoire; Denis Lucey; Barra Concannon; Padraig Ó Conchur; Florrie Lynch



Representatives of REHAB and local people at the opening of the Bottle Bank at Inchigeela on 1994



Uíbh Laoire Girls at Inchigeela Bottle Bank Opening 1994
Sinéad O'Leary, Dromcarra; Lotus Geluk, Milmorane; Maura Cotter, Currahy.



Mamie Healy, Ballingeary Village. In the background is Sean Twomey, Seamus Twomey's brother.



John Healy, Mamie's father and John Cotter, Jerry's father, outside Mamie's house in Ballingeary Village 1940s. (Photo from Angela Hourihan, Kealkil, Mamie's niece)



Uíbh Laoire Confirmation 1958

Back from left; Teddy Murphy, Insenanave; Richard Manning; Sean O'Callaghan, Rossalougha; John O'Shea, Derryriordan; Mike Shea; Diarmuid Noonan; Dan Murphy, Carrignamuc.
Middle from left; Paddy Maccarthy, Carrignadoura; Sean O'Riordan, Glebe; Conchur Lucey, Conera; Micheál Healy, Gortafuellig; Jerry Galvin, South Lake Road; John O'Shea, Gortnahochtee; Paddy Creedon; Dan Joe O'Leary, Gortnahochtee.
Front from left; Joe O'Neill; Bobby Kelleher; Jack Murphy; Fr. Hugh O'Neill; Bishop Cornelius Lucey; Tady Oldham; Finbarr Murphy, Mall; Liam Cotter.



Jerry and Annie Cotter, Dromanallig on their wedding day in 1949



Firefighters resting after tackling a fire in Inchigeela 7th May 1995
From left; ??; Connie O'Brien, Clondrohid; Patsie McSweeney; Paddy Twomey, Ballyvourney; Mikey O'Brien Clondrohid; Connie Jim Con Cronin; Neillie Kelleher; Jerry Galvin; Connie O'Brien; Con Cotter.



Inchigeela Pioneers;

Back from left; John Manning; Maura Lucey; Finbarr Cotter; Kitty Cronin; Dan Joe and Carmel O'Riordan; Jackie McCarthy; Denis Donovan.

Front; Fr. Cahalane P.P.; Bishop John Buckley; Fr. Crowley C.C.



Connie Moynihán, Dan Lynch and John Cooney, Kilnamartyra on Tarbert Car ferry in the early 1980s



Macra Dancers Muskerry Winners 1995

From Left; Noreen Kelleher; Mairead Twomey; Denis O'Leary; Siobhan Twomey; Denis Lucey; Bernadette Lucey; Donal O'Riordan; Norma Lucey; Paudie Kelleher.