



Scoil Mhuire May 1979

Kneeling I to r; Denis O'Leary; Seán O'Leary; Kenneth O'Byrne; Joan Concannon; Gearoid O'Sullivan, Paddy Murray.

Sitting; I to r; Bina-Ann Twomey; Margaret Kelleher; Ann McCarthy; Noreen Kelleher; Mary Walsh; Norma O'Riordan; Seán Ó Briain; Padraig Ó Suibhne; James O'Leary; Richard Lawlor; Donncha Ó Laoire; Caoimhín Ó Buachalla; Conchur Ó Murchú; Catherine Cronin; Denis Kelleher; Joe Quill; Finbarr McCarthy; Eugene McCarthy; Conchúr Cronin; Bernadette Ring; Maire Bn Uí Mhuirithe; Maire Ní Chadhla. Standing on ground; I to r; Mary Hallisey; Colm Galvin; Pauline O'Leary; Mary O'Leary; Conor O'Byrne; Maire Lehane; Mary Kelleher; Ailish Cronin; Mary O'Callaghan; Ellen Ní Laoire; Martina O'Leary; Maireád Ní Mhurchú; (Siobhán O'Donoghue hidden behind Gobnait Ní Choitir); Gobnait Ní Choitir; Síle Cronin; Cliodhna Ní Shuibhne: Gobnait Quill; Neasa Ní Shuibhne; Cait Dan Seán Kelleher; Eileen Quill; Nora Mahony; Aine Cronin, The Lodge; Sheila Creed; Aileen Ní Chroinín; Geraldine Ní Chroinín; Siobhán Ní Mhurchú; Caroline O'Byrne; Gobnait Twomey; Willie Twomey.

Back I to r; Mike Buckley; John Lehane; Johnny Lynch; Jerry Lehane; Bartley Harrington; Seamus O'Leary; Conchúr O'Leary; Risteárd Cronin; Risteárd A'Coitir; Jerry O'Leary; Tadhg Moynihan; Joe Batt O'Leary; Pat Lehane; Padraig Twomey; Aodán Ó Murchu; Arthur Healy; Maurice Creed; Padraig Dan Seán Kelleher; Kevin Concannon; Seamus Buckley; John Manning;

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Focal Ón gCathaoirleach

Tá súil agam go mbainfidh gach duine tairbhe as ár Iris i mbliana. Le linn Comóradh Éirí Amach 1916 tá ana chuid eolas faoi gach gné de stair na hÉireann phléite. Chuirfidh an Iris seo leis an t-eolas sin. Cumann Staire Uibh Laoire is grateful to everyone who has contributed to the 1916 Commemorations in Ballingeary and Inchigeela.

We particularly want to thank Aidan and Maureen Twomey, on whose wall the Ballingeary plaque was unveiled. We also want to acknowledge the financial help provided by the excellent 1916-2016 Cork County Council Fund.

Ballingeary played a central role in the years leading up to the 1913-23 period and people from the Uibh Laoire Parish took part in events themselves both in Ireland and in the War in Europe. Over the next few years the Cumann Staire Journal will explore these links. This year's Journal is just a start and we call on anyone who wants to contribute, to help us to cover every aspect of those years. There are various opinions and we will attempt to cover them all.

We also have plenty more interesting articles for our readers this year and will welcome any more contributions for future issues.

Ba mhaith linn ár mbuiochas a ghabháil le; Comhairle Chontae Chorcaí; Donnchadh Ó Luasa; Diarmuid and Eileen O'Mahony; John Kelleher, Kilmore; Tim Twomey; Conchur Ó Murchú; Paidí Ó Ceilleachair; Angela Brennan; Nora O'Riordan; Joe Creedon; Valerie O'Donoghue; Noirín Uí Thuama; Scoil Fhionnbarra; Michael O'Sullivan; Ted Cook; Eugene McCarthy, Kilbarry; Mags O'Leary; Joe Larkin; Nollaig Ó Donnabháin, Joe Batt O'Leary Connie Cronin agus Lee Press Ltd, Cork.

Our website www.ballingearyhs.com has added the "Inchigeelagh - A Parish History 1641 – 1991" which first appeared in the Magpie Magazine in the early 1990s. Our thanks to Finbarr Lucey, Gougane for maintaining and hosting the website.

Cathaoirleach; Seán Ó Súilleabháin Secretary; Richard Fensome Treasurer; Con A'Choitir

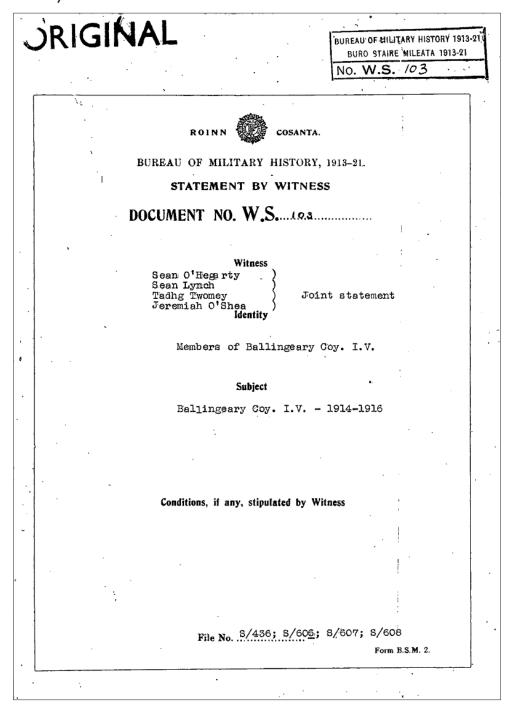




Bureau Of Military History Statement for Ballingeary 1916

The following is the joint statement of four members of the Ballingeary Company of the Irish Volunteers. These were collected in the late 1940s, over 30 years after the rising. The fact that it is a joint statement is both an advantage and disadvantage. On the one hand it gives a definitive account of events, however accounts from individuals provide more varied information. Individual statements from around the country give eyewitness accounts which are full of the witnesses own opinions and often conflict with each other. The joint statement eliminates this, for better or worse. When reading all these statements one must bear in mind that they were written down 32 years after 1916.

To access other statements go to http://www.bureauofmilitaryhistory.ie/ and type in the area you want information on. As well as Ballingeary the best Cork statements are from Bantry, Dunmanway, Lyre and Kilnamartyra.



BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1913-21 BURO STAILE MILEATA 1913-21.

JUINT STATEMENT OF SEAN O'HEGARTY 1 ROCHLAWN

TERRACE DOUGLAS ROAD CORK
SEAN LYNCH DERRACH, REANOREE MACROOM.
TADG TWOMEY BALLINGEARY, and
JEREMIAH C'SHEA, BALLINGEARY, CO. CORK.

PERIOD: AUGUST, 1914 TO MAY, 1916.

BALLINGEARY COMPANY I.V.

In August, 1914, Pierce Beazley started a Company of Volunteers in Ballingeary. It grew rapidly to a strength of about 100 men. John Shorten was the first Captain of the Company, but went to Cork after having been a short time in the position and was replaced by Eugene Moynihan.

The Company was only a month of two in existence when the Split in the organisation generally took place. A full meeting of the Company was held in the Irish College to decide what action would be taken. Father O'Callaghan (afterwards shot by Black and Tans in Liam de Roiste's house in Cork) was present at the meeting and spoke in favour of control by Redmond, although he had no official position in the Company. Sean O'Hegarty had given a statement to be read at the meeting to P. Ronan, but Ronan did not produce the statement and it was not read. A vote was taken. A minority voted against control by Redmond's nominees and withdrew from the meeting. The Company of National Volunteers formed from from the meeting. The Company of National Volunteers formed from the majority lost vitality immediately and never afterwards functioned as an effective organisation. It dissolved completely Some of its members subsequently joined the in a short time. Irish Volunteers.

On a Sunday almost immediately after this meeting Tomás MacCurtain and Terence MacSwiney came to Ballingeary. Eugene Moynihan, Currahy, as Company Captain, had been notified of their intended visit. He did not tell anybody of it, with the result that there was no one to meet them. Pat Higgins, Sean Murphy and Paddy Corkery from Cork were with them that day. All wore uniform. Tadg Twomey and Sean Lynch met them accidentally, but nothing was done that day.

Very soon afterwards the men who had withdrawn from the Company met and formed a Company of Irish Volunteers. By November, 1914, their strength was about twenty, and that continued to be the strength of the Company up to Easter, 1916. The following Officers were elected :-

> Captain: Adjutant: Treasurer:

Sean Lynch. Tadg Twomey. Dan Corcoran.

There was no change in these Officers up to Easter, 1916, and there were no other Officers.

In November, 1914, the whole Company cycled to a meeting held in Kilgarvan for the purpose of starting a Volunteer Company there. Terence MacSwiney spoke in Kilgarvan that day. Fred Murray was there also, and a Company was got going. We had no arms on this occasion but we had haversacks and bandoliers which had been the property of the original Company.

Before the end of 1915 the whole Company cycled to Ballyvourney to a meeting held there to recruit Volunteers. Tomas MacCurtain and Terence MacSwiney cycled with us to Ballyvourney and spoke at the meeting. Paud O'Donoghue was there also. It was a terrible day of rain and storm. The only one to join the Volunteers in Ballyvourney that day was Dan Tade Sweeney, who afterwards paraded with the Kilnamartyra Company and went out with them on Easter Sunday, 1916.

The whole Company attended the Manchester Martyrs' Commemoration in Cork in November, 1915, all armed with shot guns. The whole Company also attended the St. Patrick's Day parade in Cork in 1916, similarly armed.

Sean Lynch and Tadg Twomey attended, each for a week, at the Training Course held in Cork in January, 1916.

We got a single shot, large bore, Snyder rifle from Jeremiah Twohig, School Teacher, with about a dozen rounds of ammunition for it. We had a German Mauser rifle, which Terence MacSwiney got for the Company from the Cork Committee. We had enough shot guns to arm the remainder of the men. Bayonets were made for the shot guns but never put on.

In 1915 and up to Easter, 1916, parades were held on one night each week and every Sunday. The normal training was close order drill, arms drill, extended order drill, tarket practice with a .22 rifle and route marches. Terence MacSwiney came out to us frequently.

We paid 2d or 3d a week into a Company fund for the purchase of equipment. We got also some discarded equipment of the original Company and a part of that Company's funds. We had haversacks, bandoliers and belts. We bought caps for the St. Patrick's Day parade in Cork in 1916. We had no puttees.

The orders for Easter Sunday, 1916, came to us from Seán O'Hegarty a few days before. They were to the effect that the Company was to parade with all arms and equipment and a week's provisions at Ballingeary after first Mass on Easter Sunday and go to Kealkil to meet the Bantry Company there. This order was based on an instruction given to Seán O'Hegarty by Tomás MacCurtain and Terence MacSwiney when they visited him at Ballingeary on the Sunday before Easter Sunday. They had then informed him that his mission on Easter Sunday was to take charge of the Bantry and Ballingeary Companies at Kealkil, to take Kealkil Police Barracks and afterwards to block and hold the Pass of Keimeneigh. But, when he had assembled the two Companies at Kealkil, he was to take no offensive action until and unless word was sent to him to do so by the Brigade. Peadar O'Hourihan was to bring the word. Seán O'Hegarty was to wait until 4 o'clock for it.

The Company paraded on Saturday night and all were instructed to assemble in Ballingeary after first Mass next day. No one, except Sean O'Hegarty, had any definite information that action was contemplated on Easter Sunday, but all understood that it was a possibility.

The following Officers and men paraded:-

Seán O'Hegarty, Cork.
Seán Lynch, Derragh, Reanoree.
Jeremiah O'Sullivan, Tuirinaneun, Ballingeary.
Dan Leary, Gortaflodig.
Tadg Twomey, Tuirindub.
Liam Twomey, do
Dan Corcoran, Ballingeary.
Jeremiah C'Shea, do
Tim Sweeney, Inchamore, Keimineigh.

Jack Sullivan, Inchabeg, Keimineigh.

Dan Sullivan, do do
Callaghan O'Callaghan, Inchamore, do
John Con Cronin, Carrig Lodge.

John Patrick Cronin, Bawnatemple East.

John J. Cronin, Gorteenacoile.

When the Company was assembled in the village, and before it moved off to Kealkil, Peadar O'Hourihan arrived on a motor cycle and sidecar. He brought a written message from Brigade Headquarters to Sean Lynch to the effect that the Company was to go to Kealkil, meet the Bantry Company there and await further orders. A policeman named Bennett came along while Lynch was reading the despatch and did his best to have a look at it.

The arms which the Company had that day were:-

One long Lee Enfield rifle (Sean O'Hegarty's) and 50 rounds.
One Mauser rifle with 20 rounds.
One old Snyder rifle with 12 rounds.
One .22 rifle with 100 rounds.
Ten shot guns with about 400 rounds.
Three .32 revolvers with about 60 rounds.

Miceal O Cuill had brought Sean O'Hegarty's rifle out from Cork some time previously, walking from Mullinrue to Tuirindubh. Some of the shot guns were the property of members of the Company and some were on loan from local farmers. None had been purchased. Between 100 and 200 cartridges had been loaded with slug.

Four members of the Company walked to Kealkil; the remainder cycled. The cycling party arrived in Kealkil about one o'clock, and the men on foot a short time before the arrival of the Bantry Company. The Bantry men carried no arms - visibly anyhow. Just after our arrival a policemen from Kealkil went off on a bicycle in the Bantry direction.

Scouts were posted and some exercises carried out. Two men on outpost duty were held up by police who wanted to know if they had licences for their shot guns. No message came up to six o'clock; although Sean O'Hegarty's instructions were to wait until 4.0'clock, he waited until 6 o'clock before dismissing the men.

All the police at Kealkil were at the Cross as we came through the village. They attempted to hold up some men and one Volunteer had been pulled off his bicycle. Sean O'Hegarty came up and asked the Sergeant if he was looking for trouble. The Seargeant said no, and it must have been clear to him from the attitude of the Volunteers that it would be inadvisable for him to provoke it. Sean O'Hegarty told Sean Lynch to take his men off, and the police did not interfere any further. All the men returned to Ballingeary and dispersed to their homes.

Oh Monday, about 12 or 1 o'clock, Tomas MacCurtain and Terence MacSwiney and Bob Hales came to Tuirindubh in a car from the East. Mary and Annie MacSwiney were staying there at the time. MacCurtain and MacSwiney walked to the house where Sean O'Hegarty was, some distance West of Tuirindubh. There they told him of the order cancelling the Easter exercises which they had received on Sunday. They had no information about the Rising which was then actually beginning in Dublin, and had no doubt but that it had been postponed. In the course of discussing the situation, it was clear that they accepted the message received on Sunday as representing the decision of all parties in Dublin, and their anxiety was to get to Dublin as soon as possible to discover what had gone wrong and to try and get

things going again. They did not give Sean O'Hegarty any instructions. He walked East to Tuirindubh with them, and they left in the car, going towards Ballingeary, about 3 o'clock.

On Monday night late a car in which was Tadg O'Leary, who worked in Suttons in Cork, and a driver, came to Tuirindubh.
O'Leary was looking for MacCurtain and MacSwiney. They were not there. Mary MacSwiney went into Cork on Tuesday and Annie went on Thursday. To each of them Sean O'Hegarty gave a message for the Brigade Officers, asking that instructions be sent to him. He received none. On Thursday or Friday Dan Twomey, who had been in Cork, came out. He had only unofficial information and brought no instructions. On Saturday Sean O'Hegarty sent Pat Sweeney to Cork with a further request for instructions. Sweeney reported back that he could not get near the Volunteer Hall.

Late on Wednesday night, or early on Thursday morning, Tadg
O'Shea came to Dooneens from the South. He sent word by Jack
Sheehan to Sean O'Hegarty on Thursday to meet him there. Sean
went to Dooneens and met him on Thursday. Tadg brought a proposal
from Tom Hales that the Ballinadee men would join forces with the
Macroom and Ballingeary men and attack the R.I.C. post in Magroom.
Sean O'Hegarty replied that he did not know the situation and the
Brigade Officers in Cork did, and that he was sure they would do
what was right.

No orders came to the Company during Easter Week. On the Sunday after Easter Sunday Father O'Callaghan spoke during Mass in condemnation of the Rising. He said the hands of the clock had been put back for a long time by what had happened, and he advised that the arms should be surrendered. Mrs. O'Hegarty got up and walked out of the church.

There were no arrests in the Company area. Most of the members of the Company were on the run for some time afterwards. No arms were surrendered and none captured in raids. In the second week after Easter, Cavalry from Ballincollig raided as far West as Tuirindubh, subsequently retiring to Ballincollig.

An I.RB. circle of about five members, which had been organised by Sean O'Hegarty, existed in Ballingeary in 1916.

There were no Fianna or Cumann-na-mBhan organisations in the area at that time.

STGNED:

DATE: 16th. February, 191

BUREAU OF MILITARY HISTORY 1918-21 BURO STAIRE MILEATA 1918-21

No. W.S. /03

WITNESS: florence obous

Ballingeary Volunteer Company who marched to Kealkill on Easter Sunday April 23rd 1916

Easter Sunday April 23 19	10	
Seán O'Hegarty, Cork. Senior	O/C	36
Volunteer in Cork. In Inchamore in 1916 as he was		
banished to Ballingeary for his activities		
Johnny Lynch, Derragh. His daughter	Captain	30
Mrs. Nora Cotter unveiled the plaque in Ballingeary	_	
Jeremiah O'Sullivan, Tureennanean, Connie	2 nd Lt	21
Eugene O'Sullivan's uncle		
Dan Tade O' Leary,		27
Gortafluddig. Sean Dan Tade O'Leary's father		
Tadhg Twomey, Tuirindubh. (Aidan	Adjutant	27
Twomey's grandfather).		
Liam Twomey, Tuirindubh (Aidan's		23
granduncle.)		
Dan Corcoran, Ballingeary.(Sean	Treasurer	39
Healy's uncle. Moll Corcoran Healy's brother.		
Dan's brother Denis was a member of the Munster		
Fusiliers and died in action in 1917 in Belgium.)		
Jeremiah O'Shea, Ballingeary (Maire		19
Shea Murray's father, Una Scannell's grandfather)		
<u>Tim Sweeney</u> ,		40
Inchamore, Keimineigh. (Noreen Harrington's		
father)		
Jack Katie Sullivan,		25
Inchabeg, Keimaneigh. (Timmy Dan's uncle)		
Dan Katie Sullivan,		21
Inchabeg, Keimaneigh . (Timmy Dan's father)		
Callaghan O'Callaghan, Inchamore, Keimaneigh		22
(Joan O'Callaghan Healy's uncle)		
John Con Cronin, Carrig Lodge. (and		
originally Doirenaleakan. John Katie Quills uncle.		
(Donal and Seamus Lucey Derryvaleen are		
grandnephews)		
John Patrick Cronin,		~20
Bawnatempeall East. Donal Dinny Dan		
Cronin's uncle		
John J. Cronin, (John Mary Walsh) Gorteenacoille	•	
(sick on the day) Dan Lehane , Cahir (and later		21
Rathgaisgig)		



Mrs. Nora Cotter, Baile Mhic Íre, unviels the 1916 plaque. Her father Johnny Lynch, Derragh, was captain of The Ballingeary Vollunteer Company, Easter Sunday 1916.



Padraig, Aidan, Brandy Twomey and Eithne Twomey Concannon. Their grandfather Tadhg was Adjutant of the Ballingeary Volunteers. His brother Liam was also a 1916 Volunteer.

1916 Commemoration Photo Gallery



Paistí ó Scoil Fhionnbarra ag leamh Sceál 1916 le linn Lá na mBrat



Paistí ó Scoil Fhionnbarra le linn Lá na mBrat nuair a ardaíodh Brat Na hÉireann

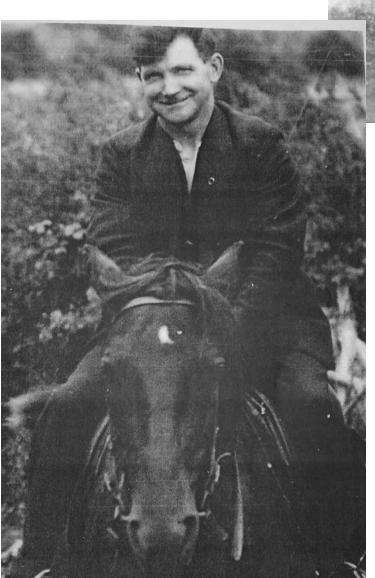


Donal Cronin, Bawnatempeall. His Uncle John Patrick Cronin was a 1916 Volunteer

1916 Commemoration Photo Gallery

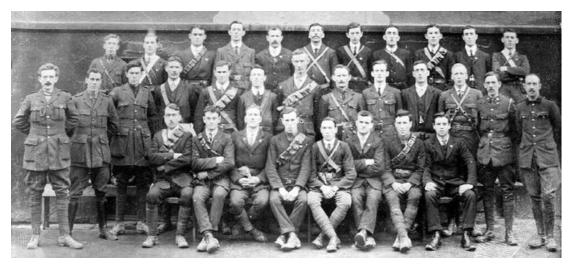


John Patrick Cronin, 1916 Volunteer



Liam Twomey

following is an additional note Sean O'Heagarty made to The Bureau of Military History. "Let is be placed on record that every man who turned out on Easter Sunday Morning prepared to fight. can recall clearly that Tadhg and Liam Ó Tuama, Tuirindubh told their father they were going out in the morning and serious business was intended and they might not return...he closed his lips tightly and said, well if it be God's will, Let ye go, you have my blessing"



Training 1916

Officer Training Camp Volunteer Hall, Sheares Street, Cork, commenced Jan 22 1916. This two week course was given by Cpt. J.J. O'Connell, a returned US army officer. Johnny Lynch and Tadhg Twomey from Ballingeary each attended the course.

Front Row seated: Cornelius J. Meany, Cornelius Mahoney, Patrick J. Twomey, Martin O'Keefe, Michael Leahy, William Kelliher, James Murphy, Chris McSweeney.

Second Row: Sean O'Sullivan, Christopher O'Gorman, Michael Lynch, Johnny Lynch, John Manning, Charles Wall, James Walsh, Sean Carroll, Riobard Langford, Maurice Ahern, Tom Hales, Tadgh Barry, Captain J. J. "Ginger" O'Connell.

Back Row: Paud O'Donoghue, Cornelius Ahern, Sean O'Driscoll, Eugene Walsh, Denis O'Brien, Sean Collins, Seamus Courtney, Jeremiah Mullane, Michael Hyde, Liam O'Brien, Michael McCarthy.



Sean O'Leary and Donal Lucey. Sean's father Dan Tade O'Leary and Donal's granduncle John Con Cronin went to Kealkill Easter Sunday 1916

1916 Commemoration Photo Gallery



Tadhg Ó Laoire, Gortafluddig and Sean Healy. Tadhg's uncle Dan Tade O'Leary and Sean's uncle Dan Corcoran were 1916 Volunteers.



Fionnuala Uí Cheilleachair, Priomh Oide, Scoil Fhionnbarra accepts the 1916 Proclaimation from Comdt Peadar Ó Catháin and Lt. Stiofán Ó Mathúna. Fr. Martin O'Driscoll on the left.

Scoil Fhionnbarra's oldest and youngest pupils, Matthew Ó Criodáin and Isabelle Ní Luasa, accept the tricolour from Lt. Stiofán Ó Mathúna and Comdt Peadar Ó Catháin.

Cumann Staire Uibh Laoire Journal 2016

High Nellies to Kealkill

Ballingeary Commemorates 1916

By Tadhg Ó Duinnín

Sure where would you get enough High Nellies, the tyres would all be perished, is it possible to get tubes and valves for them? Even if you got enough bikes who would take on the challenge of the Pass on one of those heavy dinosaurs? 12 miles on a High Nellie must be like 60 miles on a racer.

Our only worry was if the old bicycles would make it to Kealkill; back in 1916 the thoughts of the 15 volunteers were if they would ever see Ballingeary again. They were in fear of their own lives and thought of what they were inflicting on their own families.

Someone said John Kelleher across from Cuan Barra has one, so does Aidan Twomey and Sean Dan Tade and apparently Jake has two, another said. We began to search and found more in Tim Moynihans; and Peatsaí Sweeney had his Uncles bike in great nick. William Kelleher Aharas' discarded bikes had to be raided for tubes and valves.

Confident we could get the 16 bikes, finding more in Connie and Shiela O' Learys in Gougane and also the late Mary Willie's former mode of transport, the next task was to convince able bodied souls to brave the Pass on Brooks saddles. A few texts sent out to veterans of the Mick Dineen Cycles and the response was positive. Now to get some appropriate clothing, no lycra allowed; attics and the backs of wardrobes were searched with a few old FCA uniforms being unearthed.

Jimmy Farrell looked the part with his hat and pipe as did Matt Ó Laoire and Paudie Kelleher in their FCA uniforms.

On the morning the bikes were parked outside the church during mass as they would have been 100 years previously. After the plaque unveiling in commemoration of the





The group takes a break at the Top of The Pass of Keimaneigh

Volunteers we were off. Paudie Kelleher led the way with John O' Leary in pursuit. Brian Cotter's bike gave trouble at Inch an Fhosaigh which was ably sorted by John Horgan.

Tim Twomey also took on the challenge as his grandfather and granduncle did 100 years before. Fionnie Dineen got us to stop for a photo at the monument to Criostór Ó Luasa in Tuirin Dubh. Diarmuid Twomey and John Moynihan ordered us into Eleanor's to take shelter from a shower of rain in Ceim an Fhia. We all had a puff of Jimmy's pipe there to keep us warm. We met Sean Dan Tade Ó Leary at the entrance to the windmills on the Pass. His father was one of the Volunteers.

We then stopped at the top of the Pass for badly needed warm refreshment. Denis Lucey and Maurice Creed then led us down the pass bouncing along in the comfortable Brooks saddles.

Timothy O' Leary and Declan Harrington (his grandfather, Tim the Mon Sweeney another Volunteer), kept our spirits up while singing Ó Ró Sé do Bheatha Abhaile as we caught a cold shower by Future Forests.

We arrived in Kealkill just in time to proudly cycle behind the excellent Ballingeary Pipe Band to the ceremony where the plaque to commemorate the gathering which happened there 100 years before was unveiled.

We all thoroughly enjoyed the day. All the High Nellies held out for the journey unlike the most of us who were in bed for the days after having caught the flu from Jimmy and his pipe!

The adventure instilled in us a great respect for the Volunteers of 1916 who didn't do it for the challenge or for the enjoyment, they unselfishly cycled into the unknown for the good of their people and their country, for which they should be remembered forever.

The All-For-Ireland League: How Redmond's Party Lost Cork In 1910

By Manus O'Riordan

On February 8, 1917, in the wake of the first By-Election victory to endorse the 1916 Rising, the Unionist Irish Times concluded that, in a General Election, John Redmond's Home Rule Party "would be swept out of three quarters of their seats in Ireland by the same forces that carried Count Plunkett to victory in North Roscommon, believed to be so peaceful and so free from Sinn Féin and the rebellion taint. The significance of the contest is to be found in the light which it throws on the mind of rural Ireland at this moment. Here is a constituency where three-fourths of the electorate are peasant proprietors under the various Land Purchase Acts. Yet 3,023 of these men record their voice for the candidate recommended to them because he was the father of one of the leaders executed in Easter Week."

The Irish Times had been prescient, even if it underestimated just how overwhelming would be the Redmondite wipe-out in the December 1918 General Election, the loss of 90 percent of the Party's

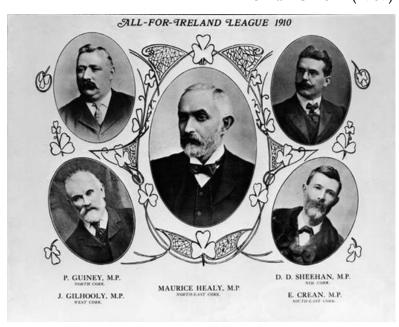
AFIL Cork City MP William O'Brien

seats to Sinn Fein. (Ulster counties and Waterford being the exception.) But how many people are aware that, eight years previously, the Redmondites had already lost eight of their nine Cork seats to the All-for-Ireland League of William O'Brien and D. D. Sheehan? Or that such a victory over Redmond's Party had been won by the forging of a remarkably strong alliance between tenant farmers – then in the process of becoming peasant proprietors - and farm labourers?

I must say that I myself was essentially ignorant of that decisive turn in Irish political history until I read *The Cork Free Press in the Context of the Parnell Split: The Restructuring of Ireland 1890-1910*, a book by Brendan Clifford, published in 1997 by the Aubane Historical Society of Millstreet, North Cork. Two further Aubane publications - Canon Sheehan - A Turbulent Priest by Brendan Clifford (1989) and D. D. Sheehan - Why He Left Cork in

1918 by Jack Lane (2003) - added to my store of knowledge of the AFIL. Further research on my own part for an article on the 1916 West Cork By- Election (Irish Political Review, July 2009) and for a critical review of John Borgonovo's 2013 book The Dynamics of War and Revolution - Cork City 1916-18 (Irish Political Review, December 2013) convinced me all the more of the significance of the 1910 triumph of the AFIL in Cork for the National Revolution itself.

William O'Brien of Mallow had come to the fore in the 1880s as an outstanding journalist, Nationalist



5 of the 8 All-for-Ireland_League MPs from Cork 1910



All-for-Ireland League plaque, Kanturk, Co Cork

MP and Land League agitator. He was the effective architect of the 1903 Land Purchase Act which ended landlordism in Ireland. Yet the doyens of the Irish Party, led by John Dillon, were hostile to the element of dialogue and compromise which the Act involved, and sought to obstruct its progress. But Canon P. A. Sheehan, of the North Cork parish of Doneraile, and D. D. Sheehan, MP for Mid-Cork (no relation), set about ensuring that Cork tenant farmers took advantage of it. As Brendan Clifford put it: "Land purchase took off in County Cork against the grain of the political activity of

'the Party'. And that was the beginning of the great rift of national politics in Cork. Up to 1909 there were 16,189 sales in Cork and 774 in Mayo (where Dillon's influence was paramount). And in the Congested Districts of each county, there were 1,785 sales in Cork and 497 in Mayo."

D. D. Sheehan from Droumtariffe, near the North Cork town of Kanturk, had been the founding President of the Irish Land and Labour Association in August 1894, which was to grow to over 140 branches in Counties Cork, Tipperary and Limerick. The ILLA's purpose was to fight for the interests of rural labourers. With the death of the sitting MP for Mid-Cork in 1901, Sheehan sought the nomination and, despite the attempts of John Redmond's strong man Joe Devlin to disenfranchise ILLA branches at the selection convention, Sheehan won through. He went on to be elected the new MP for Mid-Cork in the May 1901 By-Election. The 1906 Labourers Act was his most substantial achievement, providing cottages, with an acre of land, for 40,000 farm labourers and their families, 7,560 of them in County Cork itself, which became known as "Sheehan cottages". The number of such cottages nationally was later increased to 60,000, housing a quarter of a million souls.

Sheehan was to be returned unopposed in the January 1906 General Election. But, resenting the nature of his activities in the interests of farm labourers and tenant farmers alike, the Party leadership expelled him. Sheehan, in turn, resigned his seat in November 1906, and stood as an Independent Labour candidate in a December 1906 By-Election. The Party leadership, however, funked Sheehan's challenge to mount a candidate against him, and he was once again returned unopposed.

In April 1908 William O'Brien, along with other excluded MPs, responded to John Redmond's overtures and rejoined the Party. The fragile unity did not last for long. Differences again came to the fore at the Party Convention held in Dublin in February 1909, attended by 3,000 delegates. The Convention was packed with "Mollie Maguires", members of the sectarian Ancient Order of Hibernians who had been mobilised by their Grand Master, the Belfast MP Joe Devlin, to employ strong arm tactics on behalf of Redmond. It was called the 'Baton' Convention by O'Brien, as those of his supporters who attempted to speak were assaulted with batons by AOH thugs. Indeed, as their instructions to "prevent anybody with a Cork accent" from approaching the platform had been overheard, O'Brien first named his new paper The Cork Accent, before it became The Cork Free Press. As a daily, it would soon overtake the Hibernian Cork Examiner as Cork's principal newspaper. In March 1909 O'Brien founded the Allfor-Ireland League in Kanturk, along with D. D. Sheehan MP. A key co-founder of the AFIL was Canon Sheehan, novelist and Parish Priest of Doneraile, who penned a powerful anti-AOH editorial for the first issue of the Cork Free Press, on June 11, 1910: "We are a generous people; and yet we are told we must keep up a sectarian bitterness to the end; and that Protestant Ascendancy has been broken down, only to build Catholic Ascendancy on its ruins."

The All-for-Ireland League anthem proclaimed its anti-sectarian creed:

Hostile sections in the past, We shall now be friends at last: All our classes, clans and creeds Rivals but in patriot deeds.

Here we come at Erin's call, From cottage home, and stately hall, For her rights to stand or fall -ALL FOR IRELAND! ONE AND ALL!

Just outside the West Cork town of Clonakilty, the Darrara Branch of the AFIL, home parish of my native Irish-speaking maternal grandfather Larry Keohane, had its banner proclaim that same message of overcoming past racial and sectarian hatreds: "We hate the Saxon and the Dane, We hate the Norman men, We cursed their greed for blood and gain, We curse them now again. Yet start not, born Irishmen, If you're to Ireland true, We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan, We've hearts and hands for you."

Redmondism was defeated by the AFIL in Cork over the course of two bitterly contested General Elections at both the beginning and the end of the year 1910. In Mid-Cork, D. D. Sheehan defeated the Hibernian William Fallon by 2,824 votes to 1,999 in January 1910, and he defeated T. Corcoran by 2,738 to 2,115 in December 1910. Sheehan related what he had been up against: "I was left to fight my battle almost single handed, having arrayed against me two canons of my Church, and every Catholic clergyman in the constituency, with two or three notable exceptions. The odds seemed hopeless but I scored a surprising majority and I have good reason for stating that 95 percent of the illiterate votes were cast in my favour, although a most powerful personal canvass was made of every vote in the constituency by the clergy."

On January 28, 1910, the Cork Accent published "The Ballad of D. D. Sheehan", which began:

Men of mid-Cork prepare yourself before it is too late
And prove to Josie Devlin that you will not tolerate
To be represented by a henchman of his choice
But send him back from where he came in no uncertain voice.
Say who is Billy Fallon or who heard of him before
From the village of Kilmichael to the cross at Donaghmore
Or far famed Ballingeary all over dell and glen
By the River Lee to Inniscarra where brave Mackey drilled his men.
When the sheriff and his agent and the burly peelers came
To hunt you from your homesteads in the King of England's name
Who was foremost in the struggle to stop that hellish work
But the gallant D. D. Sheehan ever member for mid-Cork.

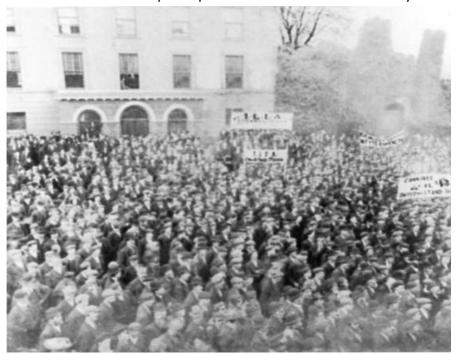
It concluded:

Shout it back to Josie Devlin and his standing committee
To the laity and the clergy of every degree
That no power can damp your gratitude that burns in your souls
When you boldly vote for Sheehan and elect him at the polls.
Mid-Cork sent its answer right back to the mob
With that young fellow Fallon who was seeking the job
That they wanted no Mollie to be their MP
They had what they wanted, and that was D. D.

And so the AFIL had triumphed over Redmondism in Cork, winning eight of its nine parliamentary seats in that fateful year of 1910. A Redmondite "win" in the November 1916 West Cork By-Election was no more than a Pyrrhic victory. The successful candidate's vote was less than his vote in 1910, and less than the combined vote of two rival AFIL candidates. For, by now, the AFIL leadership was in disarray, because of its condemnation of the 1916 Rising and its support for Britain's Imperialist War against Germany. But if the leadership was in disarray, the AFIL's activists were not. Throughout Cork, they seamlessly merged with both Sinn Fein and the IRA. The key staff of the AFIL's Cork Free Press were Sinn Feiners to the core. It's editor, Frank Gallagher, became the outstanding editor of the outlawed Dáil Éireann's underground Irish Bulletin during the War of Independence. Another O'Brienite activist, the paper's GAA correspondent Tadhg Barry, would be elected Alderman on a joint ITGWU/Sinn Fein ticket in the 1920 Cork municipal elections. As D. D. Sheehan proceeded down the political dead-end of supporting and recruiting for Britain's War to the bitter end, the December 1917 to January 1918 correspondence between Frank Gallagher and William O'Brien saw the AFIL leader decide to change tack and publicly endorse Sinn Fein, as he would also go on to denounce the British Imperialist War he had previously supported.

If Frank Gallagher and Tadhg Barry epitomised the Republican transformation of the AFIL in Cork City, the transformation in Cork County had military as well as political significance. In the townland of Ballinadee, outside Bandon, the transformation was well underway even before the 1916 Easter Rising, where the near quadrupling of its Irish Volunteers company numbers between May 1915 and April 1916 led the RIC county inspector for West Cork to take particular note in reporting that "they are almost entirely composed of farmers' sons of military age, who, before the war, were followers of Mr O'Brien MP, but who are now in opposition to his pro-war policy".

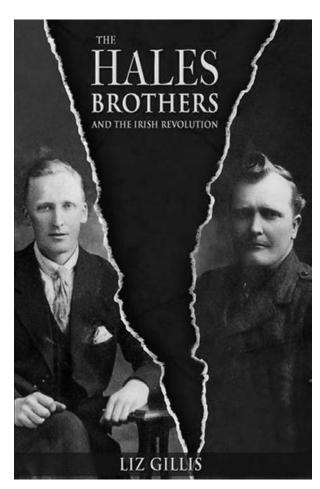
This was primarily due to the leadership role played by one outstanding Ballinadee family. As the *Cork Free Press* reported in June 1910, one of the AFIL's pioneers was Robert Hales of Ballinadee, who was elected on its platform to both Bandon's Rural District Council and the Poor Law Board. His eldest sons - Sean, Bob and Tom Hales - had also been committed AFIL activists. Michael Collins ensured that Tom Hales became the commander of the IRA's Third West Cork Brigade upon its formation in January 1919, while Sean became commander of its Bandon Battalion. Both Bob and Sean Hales, together with their brother Bill, participated in that decisive IRA victory, the March 1921 battle of Crossbarry.



Irish Land and Labour Association Gathering in Macroom in 1894

As Tom Hales would put it in June 1941, "there would not be a parliament in Dublin but for the Ballinadee crowd".

There had been a similar AFIL involvement on the part of the Collins family in the Clonakilty rural area of Lisavaird. Michael Collins himself was working in London during those AFIL years, but his older brother, 'Shafter' Johnny Collins. became the first President of the AFIL's Lisavaird Branch. When it came to the War of Independence, Johnny shared the Collins family predilection for intelligence work. It was as Cumann Staire Uíbh Laoire Journal 2016



From AFIL to IRA leaders; Tom and Seán Hales from the cover of a recent biography from Mercier Press.

such that Johnny Collins was involved in the prior work of planning the November 1920 Kilmichael ambush, as well as a subsequent ambush at Rosscarbery.

In his 1972 memoir, Towards Ireland Free: The West Cork Brigade in the War of Independence, Liam Deasy of Innishannon, who had served as Adjutant of the IRA's West Cork Brigade from August 1919, and as its Commandant from April 1921 (following the capture of Tom Hales in July 1920 and the death in action of Hales's successor, Charlie Hurley, in March 1921), would recall the vigour of the political conflict he had witnessed in his early teens, in sharp contrast to the overwhelming, unchallenged, dominance of Redmondism elsewhere in Nationalist Ireland: "The elections were, in most cases, closely contested. House to house canvassing took place, public meetings were held, and feelings ran high. The keen political rivalry between the O'Brienites and the Redmondites, which I witnessed in my native district during the years between 1909 and the outbreak of the first world war, was peculiar to County Cork for the reason that nowhere else, save perhaps in North Louth, was the sway exercised by O'Brien so strong as in Cork City and County. And it may well be that the interest in political affairs roused throughout Cork by the struggle between the two opposing parties of the O'Brienites and the Redmondites helped to stimulate the extraordinary enthusiasm and

drive that Cork City and County showed later in the Volunteer movement during the War of Independence."

The West Cork Brigade's victories at Kilmichael and Crossbarry shook British rule in Ireland to its foundations. As the song says, "The boys who bate the Black-and-Tans were the boys from the County Cork". The IRA's West Cork Brigade had nonetheless been created and commanded by the former AFIL activist Tom Hales; Michael Collins's brother, the former AFIL local leader Johnny Collins, was to be involved in the planning of the Kilmichael ambush; and the former AFIL activist Seán Hales was to be a Section Commander at the Battle of Crossbarry. In fact, the boys who bate the Black-and-Tans were Continuity AFIL! The decade of centenaries was officially designated to commemorate the momentous events from 1913 to 1923. But, for Cork, it should really have commenced with 1910, and marked the decisive political changes wrought by the All-for-Ireland League in that year.

1916 - 2016 - Inchigeela Remembers

1916 Centenary Commemorations Committee

The first meeting to plan for the 1916 Centenary Commemorations in Inchigeela was held in Creedon's Hotel on a cold January night in 2016 at the invitation of a notice in the Parish newsletter. From the start it was stressed that this would be a community effort and non-political. Tim O'Sullivan was given the job of chairperson, Angela Brennan as secretary and Joe Creedon as Treasurer. From then on, the meetings were held in the Briar Rose bar, with the following attendees: Dan Kelleher, Briar Rose, Seamus Twohig, Jerry Murphy, Nora O'Riordan, Billy Cotter, Gussie O'Riordan, Seán O'Connor, Diarmuid O'Riordan, Jack O'Leary, Fionn O'Leary, Finbarr Cronin, Niall O'Callaghan, Jerry Herlihy, Con Lucey and Pat Galvin. This group met regularly over the next few months and a re-enactment event was planned for Easter Sunday March 27th with the opening of a Garden of Remembrance on Saturday April 23rd to follow, as a joint venture with Inchigeela TidyTowns.

Easter Sunday, 27th of March 2016

Historical background

On Easter Sunday, 1916, 54 Irish Volunteers marched into Inchigeela village from Lyre, Behagh, Ballinacarriga and Dunmanway. They were addressed by Tomás MacCurtain and Terence MacSwiney and subsequently dismissed as the expected arms shipment had been intercepted off the Kerry coast. That event was re-enacted in Inchigeela village on Easter Sunday, 27th of March 2016, to salute the memory of those brave, young Irish Volunteers. A group of local young men – mostly from Uibh Laoire GAA Club, led by piper, Donal Kelleher, marched into the village from the south. This group included Ger O'Riordan, Daniel O'Riordan,



John O'Callaghan, James Martin O'Leary, Cal McCarthy, Barry Murphy, Ciaran O'Riordan, Seán O'Leary, Barry O'Leary, Conor O'Leary, Eamonn Creedon, Fionn O'Leary, Kevin Jones, Finbarr McSweeney, Josh Pickering, James O'Donovan and Anthony Murphy. "Tomás MacCurtain" and "Terence MacSwiney", represented by Patrick O'Riordan and Con Lucey, arrived from the east in style, driven by Fr. Pat O'Donovan in his 1914 Model T Ford touring car. After inspecting "the troops" the two leaders raised the tricolour and the flag of the Irish Republic. Fr. Martin O'Driscoll blessed the commemorative plaque which was unveiled by Richard O'Neill, whose grandfather, Dick was one of the men who marched from Dunmanway in 1916. Jack O'Leary proudly read his own treasured copy of the Proclamation. Michael Galvin from Kilmurry Historical Society, delivered a stirring oration and Seamus Twohig did a wonderful job as MC as did Jerry Herlihy on traffic duty. Tracy Cronin led the large crowd in a powerful rendition of Amhráin na bhFiann and to conclude, Jerry Murphy and a group of musicians entertained the crowd with some rousing ballads.

There were showers of rain and hailstone during the Re-enactment and despite the inclement weather, every element of the ceremony was conducted with great dignity and respect. The young "Irish Volunteers" stood to attention without flinching for the entire duration and the crowd that gathered stayed until the end, when it dried up just in time for a few photographs.

1916 Garden of Remembrance

The idea of a memorial garden, which was the brainchild of Senator Mark Daly and celebrity gardener, Diarmuid Gavin was rolled out in 2015 and Joe Creedon, along with the Inchigeela TidyTowns group got to work on it with support and input from Cork County Council – James Dwyer, local engineer in the Macroom office and Philip Tett being particularly helpful.

Seven silver birches were selected to represent the seven signatories, a large replica of the Proclamation in granite held in a steel frame and a Tricolour on a flagpole were the main features of the garden. A suitable site was chosen by the committee in the village on the main road to Macroom.

Official Opening

On a sun splashed Saturday afternoon on April 23rd the 1916 Garden of Remembrance was officially opened in conjunction with Clonakilty Historical Society who re-enacted the march from Clonakilty and Lyre to Inchigeela. A group of people, including some of the descendants of the Lyre Volunteers, walked all the way to Inchigeela from Lyre, some of them leaving at five am, stopping for breakfast in Dunmanway, and others followed in a bus. They all walked into the village from the Dunmanway side accompanied by a lone piper, carrying the Tricolour and the Republic of Ireland flags and a gun from the Aud on loan from the Clonakilty Museum. They joined the welcoming crowd gathered at the Square near the 1916 Centenary Commemorative plaque and were welcomed by Joe Creedon. Fr. Martin O'Driscoll recited a decade of the Rosary "as Gaeilge" and then, led by piper, Donal Kelleher, the large group marched east along the main road towards the 1916 Garden of Remembrance where the unveiling ceremony took place.

Children from Kilbarry N.S. including Adrian O'Dea, Sam Pickering and Mark Vaughan, all dressed in 1916 attire, shared their vision for the future, their version of the Children's Proclamation. This was followed by a ceremonial tree planting of seven silver birches to honour the memory of the seven signatories of the Proclamation. This was inclusive in nature; Maura Kiely (nee Moynihan, Graigue) planted a tree in memory of three local volunteers (Michael

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Reading the Proclaimation Easter Sunday

O'Sullivan, Glebe, Ted Quinlan, Inchigeela and Daniel O'Leary, Tirnaspideoga). Jack O'Leary planted a tree in memory of James Mead who was shot during the War of Independence; Karl Horgan planted a tree in memory of his great-great-grandfather, Sgt. Daniel Maunsell RIC who was killed during the War of Independence; Mary Casey, Chrissie Murphy and Peggy Cronin planted a tree in memory of Chrissie's father and local undertaker, Paddy Casey who made the coffins for those killed at the Kilmichael Ambush; Tadhg MacSweeney, ex-principal of Inchigeela N.S. who was involved in preparing the children for the 1966 commemorations also planted a tree; Seamus Knight, 19th child on the rollbook in Inchigeela N.S. and Jess Murphy, 16th child enrolled in Kilbarry N.S. planted a tree each representing the future. Jack O'Leary then read the Proclamation on site, the Tricolour was raised by a member of the Lyre group and all those gathered joined in singing Amhrán na bhFiann.

Sponsors and Contributors

1916 Centenary Commemorations committee are most grateful to the following sponsors and contributors:

Cork County Council (Conor Nelligan, David Foley) and Macroom Town Council (Philip Taite), Cumainn Staire, Inchigeela branch of Fianna Fáil, P.T.A. Pioneers Association, Inchigeela and Kilbarry National Schools, Inchigeela Parish Hall, Inchigeela Drama Group, TidyTowns, Croí Na Laoi, Inchigeela branch of Fine Gael, the Briar Rose bar and Creedon's Hotel, Casey's Funeral Home for supplying P.A. system and canopy, Uibh Laoire G.A.A. and Pat Lehane, whose army expertise was crucial to drill the young men how to march in the days beforehand, many thanks to the young men who marched in the re-enactment, The Everyman Theatre and Lee Valley Clothing for providing 1916 attire, Alma O'Callaghan, who created the fabulous banners and art work displayed around the village, Donal Kelleher the piper, Fr. Pat O'Donovan and his vintage car, Kevin Kershaw and his vintage motorbike, Michael Galvin

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for his oration, Fr. Martin O'Driscoll, Dan and Tracey Cronin, Joan O'Neill for the unveiling curtain, Micheál Crowley, and the local representatives, Michael Creed T.D., Andrias Moynihan T.D. and Gobnait Moynihan Cllr. Connie Cronin photographer, Nagle Memorials Kilorglin for plaques, Denis Herlihy for steelwork, Clonakilty Historical Society along with everybody who took part in the 1916 Centenary Commemorations in any way.

Historical Background Information

The Bureau of Military History was established by Oscar Traynor TD, Minister for Defence in January 1947. The objective of the Bureau was to "assemble and coordinate material to form the basis for the compilation of the history of the movement for Independence from the formation of the Irish Volunteers on 25th November 1913 to 11th July 1921."

Witness statements of those directly involved in the 1913 -1921 period of our history, were given during the decade of 1947-1957 and remained "locked away in the Department of the Taoiseach for some 45 years after the last statement was collected." They were eventually released into the public domain in 2003. These first-hand accounts of survivors and participants provide a wealth on invaluable historical material and were accessed through the website www.bureauofmilitaryhistory.ie to get an insight into what happened in Inchigeela in 1916. The following is one such witness statement from John Cahalane.

John Cahalane was a member of the Lyre Company of Volunteers and he gave his account on 5th November 1947. The following is part of his witness statement: "A meeting of the whole Company was held on Easter Saturday evening and arrangements made for the next day. The men were told no more than that we were going on a march, and when one man asked the direct question "Would we come back?" he got no answer. With the feeling of tension that existed we all felt that something serious was about to happen, that we would be in a fight the next day, but we had no definite information of a Rising or of how or where we ourselves would become involved. Many of the men went to Confession and received Holy Communion in Dunmanway next morning....

We marched to Dunmanway, had Mass and breakfast there and met the Dunmanway Company. Both Companies then set out for Inchigeela under the command of Con Ahern. During a halt on the road, Peadar O'Hourihan came from the Inchigeela direction, stopped and spoke to Jim Walsh. He had a motorcycle. I heard him say that things were looking blue. He went on before us into Inchigeela. I saw him there again later on. We got to Inchigeela about 3 o'clock. Two policemen from Dunmanway accompanied us to Inchigeela. Michael McCarthy had bagpipes and played on the road. Tomás MacCurtain and Terence MacSwiney met us at Inchigeela and we were told that the parade was cancelled and we were to return home. We marched back to Dunmanway and as the night was very wet, stayed there until the next morning." Witness Statement 72.

Other similar statements can be easily accessed at www.<u>bureauofmilitaryhistory.ie</u> - Con Ahern WS59, James Walsh WS22, Thomas O'Donovan WS57, Patrick O'Brien WS58 and Edward Young WS 1402.

Michael McCarthy who played the bagpipes on the road to Inchigeela on that Easter Sunday was one of the three Irish Volunteers killed in action at the Kilmichael Ambush on 28th November, 1920.

<u>Canon Magner</u> who celebrated Mass on that Easter Sunday morning was murdered in cold blood along with 23 year old Tadhg Crowley on the road at Ballyhalwick near Dunmanway on 15th December, 1920.

Inchigeela 1966 Golden Jubilee Commemoration

A copybook containing the minutes of the meeting held in 1966 in Inchigeela to plan the Golden Jubilee of 1916 was "discovered" in the old home of Eugie O'Riordan, Gortnalour on Good Friday, 2016. It makes fascinating reading 50 years on and is reproduced here in full.

Minutes of Golden Jubilee of Easter Rising 1916

Inchigeela 1966

Meeting held in I.C.H.A. Hall – February 28th 1966

Rev. Fr. J. O'Donovan, CC presided over an overflow meeting at the Hall, Inchigeela on Monday evening, February 28th, to discuss the possibility of staging some celebrations to commemorate the 1916 Rising.

The Rev. Chairman speaking first in Irish, and then in English, outlined the objectives of the meeting and emphasised the importance of the event we were about to commemorate, and then threw the issue open to discussion.

The Sec. who followed, congratulated Fr. O'Donovan and Muintir-na-Tire in taking the initiative to convene the meeting and proposed that celebrations be held and appealed for a united effort to make them a success. Several other speakers spoke in the same vein. It was unanimously decided to have celebrations. Then there was a full and free discussion on what should be done. Many suggestions having been put forward, the following programme was finally agreed upon:

<u>Easter Sunday</u>: That a parade would form outside the Church after last Mass (11.30 am) in the following order: Con Murphy and Con Lucey Mall with the National Flag, followed by the Old I.R.A., school children with sashes, ex L.D.F., F.C.A., and finally the general public. The Parade would then move to the Square in that order, where the Flag-bearers would hoist the Flag on a specially prepared Flag-staff, next the Proclamation of the Republic would be read by Michael O'Sullivan, Glebe or in his absence, by Jerome Herlihy, Coornahahilly. Then the singing of the National Anthem led by the school children would bring the ceremonies to a close.

Easter Monday: Mass at 11 o'clock for the 1916 deceased officers and men. After Mass the parade would again form outside the Church in the same order as on Sunday and then proceed to the New Cemetery where the Rosary would be recited in Irish by Tim Kearney, Derrivane. The parade would then march back to the Square where the National Anthem would be sung and the parade dismissed. It was decided that the Flag would be flown for the full week and John Creedon and John T. O'Sullivan were appointed to raise it each morning at sunrise and lower it at sunset. It was also decided to hold a Ceilí during the week and John Creedon was asked to get in touch with John T. Collins, the historian, with a view to deliver a lecture on the history of the parish, some night during the week, at his convenience.



Walkers from Lyre, Ballinacarriga and Dunmanway arrive in Inchigeela April 23rd 2016 led by Donal Kelleher

The meeting then proceeded to elect officers and committee which resulted as follows:

President: Very Rev. J.D. Bernard, P.P.

Vice-President: Rev. Fr. J. O'Donovan, C.C. Vice-Chairman: John Creedon, Inchigeela

Treasurer: Tim O'Dea, Kilbarry with Con O'Riordan, Inchigeela, Dan T. O'Sullivan Graigue

as his Assistants.

Hon. Secretary: Eugene O'Riordan, Gortnalour

It was agreed that all present would be members of the Committee. Delegates selected to attend the Divisional meetings were selected as follows: Rev. Chairman, Vice Chairman, Hon. Sec., and Pete Cronin, Carrignacurra.

It was pointed out that anyone who wanted to go to the Divisional meeting could do so, but the four members selected, or some of them in any case, would be expected to go. The Hon. Sec. announced that one of these meetings would be held at Coachford on Monday, March 7th. It was decided to attend it. The treasurer was instructed to purchase a Flag to be approx. 9' x 6', a Flag-pole, the length to be left to his own discretion.

The question of finance then arose and many suggestions were put forward but it was decided to leave the matter to the next meeting, the delegates to the Divisional meeting to make inquiries as to how they were raising funds in other areas. In conclusion, Fr. O'Donovan thanked all for attending and for the manner in which the meeting was conducted. This concluded the business of the meeting.

Signed: Rev J. O'Donovan, C.C. – March 15th 1966

Meeting held: March 15th 1966

Rev. Fr. O'Donovan, C.C. presided over a meeting of the Inchigeela 1916 Jubilee Committee at the Parish Hall on Tuesday night, March 15th. The minutes of the

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were read, confirmed, and signed. John Creedon and the Sec. reported on the meeting of the Mid-Cork Executive, which they attended at Coachford, March 7th. Arising from the minutes, it was decided that all the Old I.R.A. members would be Vice-Presidents, and Con Lucey undertook to give a list of their names to the Sec. They are as follows: Con Lucey, Cors Moynihan, Mick Lucey, Bill Cotter, Dan Kiely, John Twomey, John Cronin, Con Murphy, Patrick Lehane, Daniel Lynch, John Kearney, Tim Kearney, Bill Murphy, Bill Casey, Jerome Herlihy, Michael O'Sullivan, Tim Buckely, John Cronin, Jeremiah Cotter, Michael Creedon, Willie Cotter, Patrick Casey, Mick Kiely, Jamie Kiely, Jerome Leary, John Lucey, Jack Callaghan, Den Murphy, Jack McCarthy and the following who are in the USA. John McSweeney, Patrick Mahony, Jack Kiely, Denis Callaghan, Patrick Sweeney, Denis O'Leary. The first 17 names on the list would be likely to attend the ceremonies at Macroom. It was also decided that Con Lucey would organise and take charge of the I.R.A., and the Sec. would organise and take charge of the L.D.F. and F.C.A., and that some training would be done on Tuesday night of Holy Week. John Creedon reported on his efforts to get John T. Collins to give a lecture during Easter Week and said he was hopeful he would succeed. The Ceilí was provisionally fixed for Friday of Easter Week. Tim O'Dea presented a full size National Flag which he purchased for £3:9:11. It was decided to hold a Church Gate collection to raise funds, on Sunday April 3rd. The Sec. was instructed to make application for a permit for same. The collectors to be at First Mass: Anto Callaghan, Ted O'Leary, Dan T. O'Sullivan and Pat O'Leary; at second Mass: Con Lucey, Cors Moynihan, Tim O'Dea and the Sec. The next meeting was fixed for Monday night of Holy Week. This concluded the meeting. Signed: Rev John O'Donovan, C.C.- April 4th 1966.

Meeting held: April 4th 1966.

Rev. Fr. O'Donovan, C.C. presided over a meeting of the Inchigeela 1916 Golden Jubilee Committee at Inchigeela Hall on Monday night, April 4th. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, confirmed and signed. It was decided that Con O'Riordan would be employed to provide the barrel with sand and fit the Flag-post in readiness to receive the Flag on Easter Sunday and remove all articles again when the Ceremonies were over. John Creedon reported on the meeting which he and Pete Cronin attended at Coachford. On the proposal of Pete Cronin, seconded by Anto Callaghan, it was agreed to give £2 to the Muskerry executive of the Jubilee Committee, also £2 to the Macroom Committee towards the cost of erecting their plaque in honour of the men who mobilised under orders on Easter Sunday, 1916. It was decided also, to give 10/- each to John Creedon and the Sec. towards petrol for attending meetings in Coachford. The treasurer, Tim O'Dea, reported that the total from the Church Gate collection was £21:17:9. This was considered satisfactory.

The order of the Parade was finalised as follows: Flag-bearer, I.R.A., L.D.F. schoolchildren, general public. John Creedon reported that Mr. John T. Collins would deliver a lecture on some parish history on Thursday night of Easter Week. It was decided to charge 1/- admission to defray expenses involved. The fee and entertainment for Mr. Collins was then discussed. It was decided to leave this matter to the discretion of John Creedon. The question of Masses for the Patriot dead then arose, and at this stage the Rev. Chairman withdrew from the meeting. After a very frank discussion it was finally decided to give an offering of £3 to Very Rev. J.D. Bernard, P.P. for Mass for the repose of the souls of all Irishmen who died for Freedom. It

was decided to give a like offering to Fr. O'Donovan for Mass for the repose of the souls of all local men who died for Freedom. This concluded the business of the meeting.

Signed: Rev. John O'Donovan, C.C. June 13th 1966.

P.S.

It was also agreed that if the committee had a debt after their expenses were paid that the C.Y.M.S would make good the loss from the proceeds of the Ceilí.

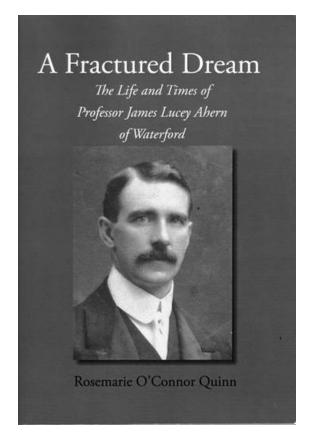
Signed: Rev. John O'Donovan, C.C. June 13th 1966.

Meeting held: June 13th 1966

The final meeting was held in the Hall, Inchigeela on June 13th. It was very well attended. The purpose of this final meeting was to make a final statement on the Jubilee Celebrations as held in Inchigeela. There is no doubt that they were an outstanding success from the point of view of participants and the general public who attended in great numbers.

Fr. O'Donovan, C.C., in thanking all for their help and co-operation paid special tribute to all the officers of the Committee by name and especially all the Old I.R.A. members. One outstanding feature of the Ceremonies which merits special mention is the fact that at no time was there a mention of party politics etc. Everyone wholeheartedly forgot their differences into the celebrations. and went Tim O'Dea made his financial statement. The deficit was absorbed by the C.Y.M.S. Con Lucey replied in thanks to the Rev. Chairman, and the Sec. Eugene O'Riordan seconded and also thanked everyone for their co-operation. It should also be mentioned that the Proclamation was read in Irish by T. McSweeney, N.T., Inchigeela N.S.

Signed: Rev. John O'Donovan, C.C. June 13th 1966.



A Fractured Dream

James Lucey Ahern (1869-1949) born in Ballingeary in the house across the South Lake Road at the Stepping Stones. He was a professor of the Irish Language who wished the Irish language to become the vernacular of the country in the early 1900's. He was a member of the executive of the Gaelic League in Dublin where he joined Douglas Hyde, Eoin MacNeill and Padraig Pearse in their work to bring this dream to fruition. He was a pacifist and was inspired by Thomas Davis and his ideals. His dream at first seemed possible but gradually it became apparent that the Irish people themselves were reluctant to embrace such a move. This interesting book give a great over view of his life. His sister was Gobnait Lehane, who taught in Ballingeary.

Available from the author at: www.rosemarieoconnorquinn.com/

Some Reflections on 1916

Michael Galvin

The title of this brief article invites the reader to reflect on the 1916 Rising, perhaps in a different way from the traditional narrative to which we are accustomed. Put another way, maybe now at the remove of one hundred years it behoves us to look at this historic event from other points of view as well as our own i.e. British, German, and unionist; each of whom we might describe as the principal players in the drama. The article will conclude with a consideration of nationalist perceptions of the event; all complex and oft times contradictory, yet similar.

Let us first consider the unionist angle. The unionists' fervent drive for self-determination was deep-seated, full-blooded, and ready to assert itself in arms i.e. to prevent all-Ireland home rule by force if necessary, hence the founding of the Ulster Volunteer Force and the Larne arms shipment. This aspiration was manifest in the Solemn League and Covenant and the clear intention to set up a provisional government.

This evolving crisis was cauterised by the outbreak of the Great War whereby the Ulster Volunteer Force fought with Britain and the Allies so that home rule would never become a reality, at least in Ulster, and so that unionist self-determination would thereby be consummated. This unionist desire for self-determination, be it the British loyalist nexus or a northern government loyal to the Crown, was never understood or appreciated by southern nationalists of any hue until quite recently. Thus when the 1916 leaders declared an all-Ireland republic they took little cognizance of unionist aspirations and this lacuna became the great Irish conundrum that was about to unfold in the long decades after 1916.

Let us turn our attention now to the British take on the momentous events that were the home rule crisis of 1912-1914 and the 1916 Rising. There can be little doubt that by 1911 the commitment of Prime Minister Herbert Asquith's government to home rule was genuine, but with the Ulster crisis it quite quickly came to realise that All-Ireland home rule, if pressed, could bring with it the real risk of insular civil war and resultant carnage. Along that road Asquith was not prepared to go, and with great justification. Thence evolved the idea of two policies to address and satisfy two contrary sets of self-determination. The problem with this model was the isolation of the minority nationalist population within Ulster, and to a lesser extent the minority unionist population in the south. In time the harsh winds of *realpolitik* would prevail. However, like an acute pain that inexplicably and suddenly disappears, the Great War dissipated the crisis for the future and this shelving was understood and accepted by most.

The rather sudden 1916 insurrection by elements of the IRB with reference to "our allies in Europe" and consideration of a German prince to head up the new republic, the British could not abide, as no colonial power would in the midst of total war with a mortal enemy that declared itself friend and ally of the insurrectionists. The British understandably regarded the insurrection as high treason at a time when Ireland was at war and her sons dying in the trenches. The British reaction, not overly harsh by the standards of the time (think of the Free State Army during the Civil War) was what was expected, as armed dissidents could not be pitied in time of war. The British response was also informed by a visceral fear of loss of empire; Ireland the putative thin end of the wedge that could soon see India too cleave off the imperial block. The insurrectionists expected as much, including Roger Casement, as martyrdom was part of their *raison d'être*. Indeed, many of the British military recognised the bravery of the condemned and opined that home rule denied was the principal reason for the insurrection.

What of the Germans? Well, not a pretty picture, especially in the person of the tyrannical and brutish Kaiser Wilhelm II. He cared nothing for Ireland but sought assiduously to foment civil war in Ireland by supplying both the Ulster Volunteer Force and the Irish Volunteers with arms for contrary intentions i.e. one to enforce home rule and the other to prevent it. By doing so he hoped to draw British troops from the Front to get embroiled in an all-Ireland bloodbath. The Irish leaders were naively taken in by his bombastic Teutonic wiles, with Ireland once again a pathetic pawn in a great European power struggle, as with France and Spain in centuries past. Roger Casement was the most tragic victim of this German deception, made a fool of right to the end; the only reward for this courageous though naïve patriot being the hangman's noose, and a pit of quicklime for a grave.

Nationalist Ireland is perhaps the most intriguing angle to consider from the pragmatic John Redmond at one end of the spectrum to the doctrinaire Patrick Pearse at the other. Up to 1914 John Redmond was the most powerful politician in Ireland with a full democratic mandate and his victorious home rule project accepted as the most prudent and realistic way forward to independence. By 1914 he had succeeded where the giants of Irish history Daniel O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell had failed. With the unfolding Ulster crisis he was coming round to the inevitable conclusion, now also entertained by the more perceptive, that the island of Ireland would have two governments for two peoples. That aside, he firmly believed that the only realistic option was to go with the *post-bellum* promise of home rule if he took Ireland into the war on the side of Britain and the Allies. His great nemesis Edward Carson committed likewise for the opposite reason.

On the day and on the ground Redmond probably made the right decision (the trouble with historians and modern political polemicists is that they always know what happened next, but John Redmond had not that luxury, for like all great men and women he did not write history, he made it). Intriguingly, in the fullness of time Redmond was proved right, for if never a shot was fired in nationalist anger, the Government of Ireland Act 1920 granted home rule, from which Dominion Status (achieved in 1921) would most surely follow. Thus for John Redmond, 1916 was an unmitigated disaster.

The Irish Volunteers, under the leadership of Eoin McNeill, quite justifiably in their minds, believed that fighting for the Allies was not the way forward to independence; rather to strike if there was a realistic chance militarily of success and a modicum of popular support. Patrick Pearse and the IRB thought differently, rather strike at all costs with little thought of success, martyrdom the manifestation of their doctrinaire thought process.

From his logistical militarist viewpoint McNeill was correct in cancelling the Rising, as were Terence McSwiney and Tomás MacCurtain in Cork. Pearse's *idée fixe* methodology was to proceed with a project of guaranteed failure, death, and martyrdom if needs be, the very essence of his whole political philosophy; anything less being entirely meaningless. Paradoxically Pearse's approach proved right as much as did Redmond's, for at the very least it had a resultant objective.

Thus to conclude, the greatest mistake we can make in reflecting on the Rising is to condemn the contrary approaches of the principal players. Rather it is much more challenging, exciting, and realistic to treat each approach with an understanding and appreciation of the varying circumstances and constraints of the times as well as the political, militaristic and ideological philosophies of the personalities, taken together with the broader European context in which they operated.

All had this much in common though i.e. an inextinguishable desire for independence, driven by an unrivalled and unswerving courageous resolve.

An Bus Scoile - The Early Days

Children have been walking to school for hundreds of years – very often barefoot, or wearing hob-nailed boots in the winter months. Stories abound about picking blackberries or hazel nuts, finding birds nests, catching brown trout with your bare hands on the way to school or going home in the afternoons. All very enjoyable, but really a fairly miserable experience in the cold wet days of winter.

Sometime in the late nineteen fifties/early sixties a campaign was started in Ballingeary to organise a school bus for the children in the outlying areas- those furthest from the village. Spearheading these efforts were our Parish Priest Fr. Bernard, our curate Fr. O'Donovan together with parents, the local branch of *Muintir na* Tíre and other interested parties.

Fr. O'Donovan, as Secretary of *Muintir na* Tíre, wrote to the Department of Education towards the end of 1960 and he received a reply dated the 20th February 1961. The main point of this letter was:

There should be a sufficient number of children available for conveyance to school to ensure that the daily average number of eligible children conveyed each quarter would reach at least ten. In order to be eligible for conveyance to school by a transport service, a child should be between five and ten years of age and reside not less than two miles from the nearest suitable National School, or be between ten and fourteen years of age and reside not less than three miles from the school.

Fr. O'Donovan, feeling that he was not making any progress wrote to his Parish Priest who responded as follows:

My dear Fr. O'Donovan, I write in answer to your letter re transport of schoolchildren. First of all let me commend your activity on behalf of the parents and children. I am in thorough agreement with your proposal and have already forwarded my request on your behalf to the appropriate authorities. I impressed on them the advisability of a favourable reply. Yours sincerely, J.D. Bernard.PP.

The letter to which Fr. Bernard refers had already been sent by him on 23rd March 1961. Having received no response he wrote again in May, June and August. Then in October an inspector from the Department visited the area and did some measuring.

On the 27th November Fr. Bernard got a "preliminary reply" – the first correspondence to be received since his initial letter nine months earlier. The Department stated that it was willing to "give help towards a transport service" but inexplicably "would not include children from Aharas, Milmorane, Currahy or Cahirnacaha."

Many of the children in those four townlands entitled to travel on the bus would have to walk up to a mile to meet the transport service. This of course defeated the purpose to a large degree and it seemed, to the people trying to organise the school bus:

most unreasonable as there were properly surfaced roads to very near the childrens' homes and the total distance to be travelled by the bus would not be much more than two or three miles.

During 1962 and the early months of 1963 the clergy, together with the local branch of *Muintir na* Tíre, continued to plead with and put pressure on the Department of Education. Then on the 2nd May 1963 Fr. Bernard received a convoluted reply which among other details stated:

I enclose for your information, a copy of the conditions governing the payment of a State Grant towards the cost of transport services to National Schools, from which it will be observed that a Grant is not provided for the conveyance of children whose homes are situated at scattered points on the periphery of a school district.

After further to-ing and fro-ing the Department of Education on the 23rd July, wrote again to Fr. Bernard:

I am directed to inform you that your recent representations in this connection have been under consideration in the Department and I am to say that it has been decided to sanction a State Grant towards the cost of a transport service to operate on the following itinerary –Ballingeary, Aharas, Derravaleen, Currahy (via Browns Bridge), Ballingeary – a journey of I7 miles daily.

Furthermore, I am to say that the existing service makes adequate provision for the families living in the townland of Cahernacaha and the extension of the service from Carrignadoura to Cahernacaha would not be warranted.

Undaunted Fr. Bernard and his team continued to beg and plead (and no doubt annoy the officials in the Department of Education) until such time as a fairer and more inclusive system of taking children to school by bus was introduced. It may not have been perfect but it was a start and it was reliable.

So, those of us who enjoyed (or for younger readers are still availing of) An Bus Scoile should spare a thought and say a wee prayer for those early campaigners, most of whom are gone to their eternal reward.



I liontaibh Dé go gcastar sinn.

Joe, Maire and Batt O'Leary

Ballingeary Boys School in the Forties

Dónal O'Sullivan, Carrignadoura and Melbourne

The boys school, the origin of which was mentioned in the Cumann Staire journal issues 5 & 6, consisted of one big room, a smaller room and a porch. The porch was used as a cloakroom, a turf shed and a bicycle shed for the teachers bicycles. On beginning school at about six years of age one started with Miss McSweeny in the small room where in rang na naionan we played with marla buí and learned to count and spell simple words. At about the age of 10 we then graduated into the seomra mór for the serious stuff. The lower part of the wall was covered with wainscoting, a timber cladding, and the wall between the windows was painted black and used as a blackboard. There was also a free standing black board and easel. On the first black space on the wall facing the road was written "Every farmer in this locality, whether big or small, rich or poor, owns a cow or two, and well he might since without the aid of this animal etc. On the next black panel was "Níl aon feirmeor, beag ná mór, bocht ná saibhir timpeall na h-áite seo ná go bhfuil bó nó dhó aige etc. On the next panel was a map of Ireland in front of which we stood and chanted "Oileán isea Eire mar tá uisce mór thimpeall uirthe . Tá Éire 300 míle ar fhaid ó Ceann Cléire theas go dtí an Mhailinn thuaidh, agus 150 míle ar leithead ó Beann Eadair thoir go dtí Ceann Léime thiar. Tá ceithre cúigí in Eirinn, Cúige Mumhan theas, cúige Uladh thuaidh, cúige Laighean thoir agus Cúige Chonnacht thiar. The free standing blackboard was used for history lessons where all the battle scenes were drawn on the board, showing the positions of the warring parties. We learned English, through the medium of Irish, adhbhar, faisnéis, cuspóir, stair agus tir eolas, mathematics, square roots and percentages. Once each month on Friday afternoon the priest came in to give religious instructions. On one of his visits, he spoke about the disciples who were hungry and plucked the ears of corn. On asking the class what the disciples did, there was a deadly silence. One bright spark who knew the answer, but was afraid to answer, whispered it to his neighbour. Up shot the hand., "Yes Jack, (not his name)" They packed their ears with corn, Father" On other Fridays, there was a musical session with the master playing records of Harry Lauder singing "I love a lassie," "Roaming in the Gloaming" and " My love is but a lassie yet." on an ancient gramophone. One boy sang two songs, "Cath Céim an Fhiadh" and The "Kilnamartra Exile," for which he got the princely sum of 6d. The master, Padraig Ó Suibhne, was not unlike Goldsmith's The Village Schoolmaster, "A man severe was he and stern to view" with a brilliant intellect and one who didn't suffer fools gladly. Being an old I. R.A. man he used to have the sixth or seventh class marching and drilling with "pretend" rifles. All the orders given in Irish, "Stadaigi ar ais,". "Aire", "Airm ar claon", "Ordaidh airm", "Mairseal go mear", "Clé, deas, Clé, deas, clé, deas". When checking the attendance roll, and finding a boy was absent the previous day, he would peer over his spectacles and the conversation went something like this, "Cad na thaobh ná raibh tú ar scoil inné? "Do bhíos breoite, a dhuine uasal!" "Agus cé'n saghas breoiteacht a bhí ort?" "Do bhi slaghdán orm, a dhuine uasal". After school two boys stayed behind to tidy up and sweep the floor. A handful of saw dust was sprinkled evenly on the floor, and starting at the centre, moving outwards each boy moved forward about 18 inches at a time in a perfectly straight line until the wall was reached and the process was repeated in reverse. The master's sister lived next door to the school and sometimes he would call in to see her. Before going home he would spring a surprise on the sweepers, and there would be trouble if the line was not straight. Next day at school the culprit had to go and cut a stick with which to get a slap. The dreaded order "Sín amach do lamh" especially on a cold morning when the fingers were cold, the slap made the fingers sting. The good thing about staying behind to sweep the floor was that we got a chance to study the big dictionary that was kept in the book case. One studied while the other kept watch, so that was how most of the boys down through the years learnt the parts of the human anatomy. Sometimes when awake at night I wander down "Bóthairín na Smaointe" and wonder what happened to those friends of long ago and where they are now. To those imithe ar slí na firinne, Ar Dheis lamh Dé go raibh a anamacha dílis.

> Some on the shores of distant lands, their weary bones are laid, and by the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves were made.

Irish Words used in English Conversation

Collected by John Kelleher, Kilmore, Ballingeary.

Drail; a bit of a slow coach **Is Baolach**; agreeable

Budalach; a drink gone bad or sour A fuairhé; fella with little sense Stráice; a piece of ground Cnabaire; a bit of a rogue Pouróg; a boulder of a stone Straile; a bit of a waster Pókaideen; a little nook

Plásógeen; a little patch of ground

Sloo; Spite

Draviol; a thing that would be of no use **Slahány**; anything that would be a bit in the

scarce side

Lúbán; a very tough person. A tough lúbán

Tuaplish; one up to some troule **Gráin air (ort)**; about a nasty person

Aníar Aduaig; coming closer or unexpected

Cnávsháling; complaining Drovas; kind of hate

Sha Um baiste; Ha, now so **Lireen**; a small little amount **A Tíscán**; wanting some more

Básachán; a person that'd be between dead

and alive

Cunán; weak and useless **Leointe**; weak and shook

Stuchán; a small crabby common type of bull

A Bostún; not a very nice chap

Shaga; a person

Sheibineach; also a person.
Slibire; a good tall type of person.
Tróvaileach; a good tall type of lad

Gaiske; something done as a surprise -a gaiske

Slua; a very big crowd
A Gamalóg; a simpleton
Angishóir; very untidy
Scuabach; a good healthy day

Di-ing; a very deep cool person **Firse Fairse**; a kind of zig zag situation

Durneen; a kind of small amount. A durneen

of spuds

Fuaim; that type of form **Cohal**; angry looking

Spéaka; a long thin piece of timber for freeing

a gully

Míavrach; nothing going right

Crut; the look of a person. Look at the crut of

him

Grá; no time for a person-no grá

Béicadán; very loud and annoying type of thing.

Caiseal; making up a reek of turf. **Calihish**; lazy- a lazy calihish.

Cnapiúil; an eye. Browish; not a bit tidy.

Ladaránach; a person that'd be in no hurry.

Gaitcheese; playing ole tricks.

Plounk; taking a big piece out of a thing. **Dúchas**; a thing that'd run in families. **Budaire**; a big fella- important.

Luchán; a big pool of water for watering

animals.

Ráméish; talking trash. **Cadé**; loitering around.

Tótóg; a perished looking individual.

A Gowl; a messer.

Stáirheese; in the stáirheese laughing.

Tromplán; a very big type of bee seen in the

summer.

Buingeach; type of scour in animals. **Plike**; referring to a person; bit of a clown.

Cuínkeen; nose. **Mírúil**; fierce jolly.

Laskeese; laskeese of a shoe. **Miskán**; up to some devilment. **Bachuram**; bit of trouble.

Skilúke; a tall lanky type of a fella.

Geiscubal; a person.
Clire; referring to a person.
Leangán; tall thin type of a lad.
Básacán; a half dying class of a fella.

Comálí; a person.

Mácail; some sort of a draw back in a person.

Strácáling; managing away. **Malihi**; a cranky individual. **Múchas**; chocked up feeling.

Tuahalac: stubborn.

Glafíoling; too much ole talk. **Tóir**; something happening. **Scú**; fierce mind for a person.

Dána; a person that wouldn't be said by you.

Furagach; a type of person.

Réitóir; belong to a pipe. **Biránach**; a hardy person.

Bradeese; strong stumpish teeth.
Taiscán; some more (drink).
Gáimí; fella with little sense.
Truslóg; a long step or jump.
Slamaire: type of person.

Slamaire; type of person. **Gráin**; a dislike- grain ort.

Dro-veas; some kind of a dislike as well.

Pórsheen; a narrow little road.

Greesach; a red glow of cinders in a fire. **Púkán**; six or seven sods of turf standing together.

Sí-óg; a small little reek of turf.

Láirhán; several rows of hay in a field.

Cricálí; a person you couldn't depend on too much.

Cnaist; a cnaist of a spud, a good large spud.

Crapahi; very scarce.

Meas; no meas in anything- not much love for.

Buailhán; a buailhán of a stick.
Gligeen; not very sensible- Gluigeen.
Rootamáling; creating a bit of mischief.
Tuaplish; up to some kind of harm.

Scris Ort; Bad ses to you.

Ruaig; I put the ruaig in him; fright

Scrugal; caught him up by the scrugal; neck. **Tulkeese**; heaps upon heaps- or tulkeese of smoke.

Potalógeen; a very neat, tidy, smallish type of a woman.

Browsuch; nice and browsuch - keeping well. **Scalabóg**; knocking off large pieces of

something.

Stupa; fierce stress.

Cunachán; a high brake of furze. **Flahúil**; Decent, no sparing.

Cnuba; A good cnuba.

Seahav; Making a quick go of a thing.

Balav; Probably deaf or something very bare. **Cóshire**; A lot of cars travelling together, like a wedding.

Risúil; Very decent with a thing, plentiful. **Cneadeeling**; As a cow would be when lying down.

Muhalóg; A person with a big head of hair.

Muhal; a muhal of hair- a lot of it.

Amilúch; A born eejit.

Bohán; An old rather shabby little house.

Dreedar; Very weak tea.

Sambo Rigiddy; An old phrase.

Táhire; a fella that'd be a bit of a pest. A brazen little scamp.

Lahig; Gutter or a bit of a mess.

Sculking; Drinking something down very

rapidly.

Grávar; Very easy- going. **Gárluch**; A very young baby

Smacht; To keep control over, command. **Rantéiring**; All the time travelling around.

Mesháling; Messing up everything.

Snoure; Type of person. **Glig-Glag**; Also a person.

Clopsioch; Big mouth or too much talk. **Caoiheach**; An extra amount, awful big. **Bucach**; Lame- or perhaps a beggerman.

Maraga; Not much benefit.

Balcún; A wide type of an object or person. **Staile Na Grás**; Wouldn't know anything about it.

Scaoinch;

Pookeen; Face covered and trying to find people.

Carn; Carn of stones or turf or earth.

Swórach; Bad looking.

Túahalach; Grumpy or sour.

Crealm; a pest- a right crealm.

Bachal; a Bachal of turf or hay.

Cailún: a horse.

Scúite Cuige; mad for it

Tromplán; a large size of a bee. **Eoinseach**; A finished clown.

Smuga; a name that could be called to a person.

Súgach; easy going.

Stríbún; anything that'd be spilled along a floor

Saohering; breathing.

Cúrí-Cárí; Can be got growing on trees; a cone.

Saor- Guh; kind of breathing. **Gwall**; a gwall of whiskey etc.

Lahig; dirty water.

Moonluch; A pond of dirty stagnant water seen in a yard.

A Hiarcais; By Gor, By dambed. Used during a conversation

Mí-á; kind of cursed.

Spioracht; giving away information.

Houndleese; Part of a plough- referring to a plough.

Brían; fed up of something.

Seahire; not too very smart.

Ulogóning; crying.

Ampla; greedy, eating up a thing fast.

Liab; very anguished, a liab.

Balcún:

Snaví; a small manly fellow. **Fíorúil**; referring to an eye.

Brohalach; A good cool healthy day.

Seanmarí; a person going astray and thinking they're right.

Súlach; Very rich stagnant type of water. A

Plounk; to pull a good piece off something.

Ampla; eating up fast and greedy.

Muchalish; a name you'd hear called at people.

Preiceal; referring to a person that'd be overweight.

Stóca; a grown up acting like a young lad. **Stalaire**; a person that would be very angry. **Buaigeach**; a terrible sour alp of an individual. **Iverim san dial**; kind of phrase.

Iontaoive; a person with great opinion, and that's a lot of them.

Inachair; to tackle into something- to get inachair.

Mulacht; something that'd be a right curse, a mulacht.

Brí; making no sence- No brí to him. Blúrach; a fine bright Blúrach of light.

Méiscirís; something of the same nature as measles.

Shíafra; again referring to a person- a right shíafra.

Skilach; for example, eggs to fall and breakskilach made of them.

Dúbaláí; not too trustworthy, a turn coat.

Rishe; an extra benefit, great rishe. **An Íochter**; remarkably small.

Críochnúil; very tidy for doing things, Slachter.

Abalish; very untidy- rough and ready. Lubernach; dressed up very untidly-

everything untidy.

Slaisíoch; a fine slaisíoch of a woman- all there.

Cabaire; a noisy type of client.

Caille; in caille form- damn bad form.

Trí na Céile; Things every which way; up in a heap.

Cropihi; something very poor and scarce.

Gaige; not that fierce brainy.

Crompán; could hardly walk, a crompán.

Buihire: a buihire of a stalk.

Carrig; a hugh carrig of a stone.

Duairc; fairly deep type of client.

Counsóg; a counsóg of honey bees or wasps; a

hive in the ground or bush.

Oulhi; right rough and awkward.

Dúradán; small- or something that can come in

the body.

Skirtán; a pest of an insect that gets stuck in the body (tick).

Smidereens; made in pieces.

Beiribuch; very alert and happy looking. Rue-máil; often seen in a spring well.

Cúv-liah; comes in anything that gets stale, like bread (mould).

Geisgabul; a person treated as royalty.

Fircán; a fircán of butter. **Peata**; a spoiled blackguard. Slídán; touch of a cold or flu.

Scata; a big scata of them, a lot of them. **Gilsluck**; a funny looking object of an insect seen under stones.

Fánach. Something scarce.

Guile; Open your guile- open your appetite. **Corneel;** a corneel of dung in the yard. **Núdi Nádi**; a fiddle faddle, a bit of a waster.

Galar; disease in hens.

Brute; a scamp.

Greim; to make a greim for something, catch it.

Dúirneen; a part of a scythe.

Cardí; a caffler.

Srimile; an anguished type of a person, an

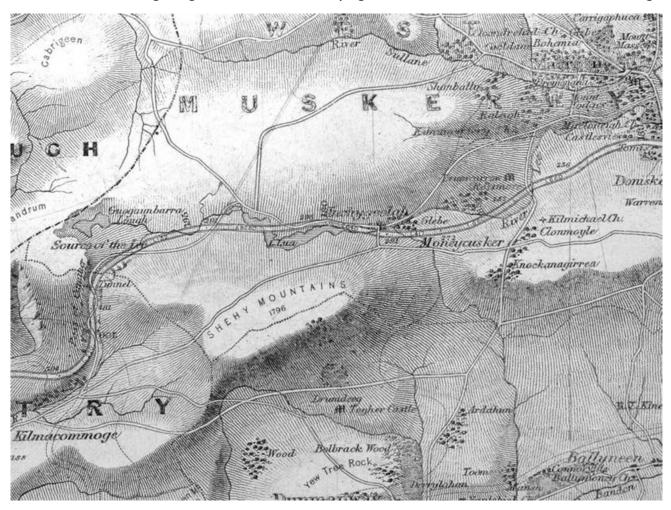
angishóir.

Iveleary - and the railway line that was never built

It is likely that few of today's residents of the valley of the River Lee are aware that, in the 1830s, a railway line was planned to pass through their villages and farms on its way from the vicinity of Blarney to Castletown-Berehaven. Had it been built as planned the inhabitants of Ballingeary, Inchigeela and Keimaneigh would have had access to the major Irish cities and to the rest of the country, years ahead of towns in the Bandon valley or along the south coast. But it was not to be! The 'Berehaven line', with its proposed tunnels, high-level bridges and elevated embankments, was not constructed - and probably just as well.

Background

From many perspectives – agricultural, scientific, engineering and economic, Ireland was an enterprising place in the 1830s. It was also a crowded and bustling place with a population hovering around 8,000,000. Work was proceeding in many fronts: the Ordnance Survey (OS) was accurately mapping the country (Andrews, 1975); the General Survey of Rateable property was progressing (Lee, 1980); National and Model Schools were being constructed under the auspicies of the Commissioners for National Education (Annual Reports, 1831 onwards); Richard Griffith was conducting a geological survey for a large map of Ireland (Herries Davies, 1983, chapters 2, 3) and in 1836 the government appointed a commission to enquire into the development of an Irish railway system (Railway Commissioners, 1837/8). The first trains out of Dublin had commenced rolling in 1834, but a countrywide rail network required planning and coordination. The OS was advanced enough to show the nation's topographic features on maps of a suitably large scale; Richard Griffith was able to comment on the productivity of Irish soils and the geological formations underlying them, and economists had collected enough



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information on the projected traffic patterns between the main centres of population and with the neighbouring island. The stage was set for engineering planners to visit all parts of the country to choose the most desirable routes for a nationwide rail network.

The engineer who reported in 1838 on the 'South and Southwestern Districts of Ireland' was Charles Vignoles. Following an introduction, he divided his report into six parts, synopsised here:

- I, Main Trunk Line, from Dublin to Holycross (Co Tipperary).
- 2, Shannon Line, from Holycross, through Limerick to Tarbert.
- 3, Cork Line, fom Holycross, through Cahir, Mitchelstown, Mallow and Blarney to Cork.
- 4, Berehaven line, from Blarney down the Lee near Ballincollig, thence by the Lakes of Inchygeelagh and Pass of Cummineer to the head of Bantry Bay and thence to Berehaven.
- 5, Limerick and Waterford Line; adopting the Shannon Line (2 above) eastward to Clonmel and on to Waterford.
- 6 Kilkenny Line, from the Main Trunk Line (I above) near Maryborough, by Abbeyleix to Kilkenny.

Writing about the Cork line (3 above), Vignoles did not envisage any major problems or expensive work from Holycross to Mallow (most of the inclinations were less than 16ft per mile) but from there to near Blarney, he stated that inclinations of up to 30 ft per mile may have to be adopted. He referred to the Blarney area, 400 feet above sea level, as the Summit or high level and summarised the problems posed by the local topography: The whole of the approaches to Cork are full of difficulties... I have considered it sufficient to fix the entrance into Cork to be at a high level to the barracks, with or without a communication to the harbour, and that Blarney should be the point of departure for the south-western line to Bantry Bay.

The following is a synopsis of Vignoles' report on the proposed line south-western line to Bantry Bay, which he labelled the 'Berehaven Line'

The Berehaven Line

Commencing on the high level, at 160 miles from Dublin...the Railway will cross the Martin River above Blarney, and follow the right bank of this stream to its junction with the Shawnagh river;... the Railway sweeps round in a south-westwardly course, and forcing its way, by a half-mile tunnel... crosses the river and valley of the Lee, near Ballincollig... at an elevation of 70 feet in height; and returning to a south-west course, attains the banks of the river Bride.. The Railway level at the viaduct over the valley of the River Lee, is 114 feet above high water... The valley of the river Bride is now followed... (and the line returns to)... the valley of the river Lee, 2 or 3 miles below Macroom...

From below Macroom, the Railway keeps the south-east side of the extensive flats or swamps of the river Lee about Toom, and passes by Dromcarrow Castle and follows the Lee, close to the village of Inchygeelagh and from thence, after skirting the north shores of the lakes, crosses at their upper end, arriving (194 miles from Dublin) at the road leading from Macroom to the celebrated Pass of Cummineer...

Here the facilities for Railway formation are much diminished, and difficulties of gradient and physical obstacles interpose for nearly 20 miles, of a character which, if not unprecedented, is at least formidable, and in one or two points gigantic...

Rising from the 194^{th} mile, the Railway proceeds, still closely following the course of the river Lee for more than three miles, when the stream is left, and the Pass of Cummineer entered. Here the line is about a mile below the gloomy lake of Gougan-barry...A tunnel of 2000 yards (1^{17}_{8} mile) is now required, to penetrate the ridge and attain the extreme summit, on the south side of the Pass, at an elevation of 469 feet above high water...The descent to the head of Bantry Bay and then to Glengarriff, is spread over about 13 miles, the total fall...averaging about 1 in 170.

On the Berehaven line, as laid out, the summit tunnel, penetrating the dividing ridge of the mountains, is one of ordinary length; but the passage of the vale of Coomhola, and the bay of

Glengarriff, are doubtless engineering difficulties of more than an ordinary nature. The valley of Coomhola will be passed by means of a lofty viaduct...the extreme height...about 200feet; ...average height is little more than 90 feet and length about 600 or 700 yards.

From Coomhola, the Railway must skirt the head of Bantry Bay; and approaching Glengarriff, south of Captain White's grounds, I propose to take advantage of a chain of islands which divide the inner and outer bays, and to cross, curving with a radius of about 1000 yards, upon an embankment and occasional arching, at an elevation of 62 feet above high water.

Glengarriff Bay once passed, the distance to Berehaven is 19 miles, and a line may be traced along the north shore of Bantry Bay, cutting through projecting points, and striding across a few small inlets. A short tunnel of 800 yards, near Roosk, and the crossing of Adrigole bay are the chief points of difficulty in this distance... The most advisable termination appears to be upon Dinnish Island, 231 ¼ miles from Dublin, opposite to Castletown; the Railway level being there about 22 feet above high water.

Thoughts on this ill-starred proposal

Needless to say, the Berehaven line was not constructed. Iveleary residents were not disturbed by the rattle of carriages or by smoke billowing from coal-fired engines; horses and cattle never strayed into danger and some of the best land in the valley remained productive. Conversely, had the Berehaven Line been constructed, residents of the upper Lee valley would have been brought closer to Macroom, (self-styled 'Capital of Muskerry/Mid-Cork') and to Cork city. We can visualise busy stations at both Ballingeary and Inchigeela, with business and tourist traffic moving both eastwards and westwards. The farming community may have benefitted by being closer to the Cork butter markets and to that vital agricultural resource, lime, easily available at the Castlemore (or indeed from the poorly exploited source at Annahala) (see Collins, 2003). If constructed, farmers, cottiers and labourers would have benefitted by off-farm employment and may have survived the hardships of the impending famine better.

We may surmise how exposure to the wider world may have impinged on local traditions and language. Hopefully, Callanan's words, 'a thousand wild fountains', not Vignoles' description, 'gloomy lake', would have become the abiding memory of those new visitors to Gougane Barra and to places further west. We can only guess at the awe and delight of tourists as the different panoramas opened up on emerging from the darkness of the tunnel. Was the railway's cancellation a loss to the community? Who knows? Perhaps Iveleary people would have preferred to keep their secret places to themselves! Looking outside the parish we could wonder if the next station to the east would be sited along the (now old) Dunmanway-Macroom road near Toames and if the raised embankments would have survived the much later flooding above the Carrigadrohid dam. At Keimaneigh, the long tunnel may have been a short-lived rival to the Pass as a curiosity; but it is likely that the lofty viaduct across the Coomhola estuary would never gain the admiration acquired by the nine-arch narrow-gauge bridge at Ballydehob! It is doubtful if Garnish Island would receive its 'beauty treatment' had the railway disturbed its tranquillity and undermined its island status.

Why Berehaven?

We may legitimately ask why did the Railway Commissioners consider it necessary to plan 71-mile long and costly railway through geomorphologically-difficult terrain from Blarney to Berehaven. Though not spelled out in detail, we can find clues in comments about other projected Lines. For example, in a subsection, Valentia Line, Vignoles referred twice to the desirability of communications to a packet station. Discussing the Shannon Line, he mentioned direct access to the Atlantic Ocean but he did not favour either Foynes Island or Tarbert as packet stations. Additionally, Vignoles was anxious that the lines proposed were convenient to army barracks: Kilkenny Line '... arriving at Kilkenny at the Barracks,

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79 miles from Dublin': Cork Line 'Should the extension from Cork barracks to the harbour not be considered by the Commissioners so advisable to terminate the Railway at Blackpool...'

Perhaps Castletown Bearhaven had these and other advantages that would justify the expenditure. Some evidence can be found in Lewis' (1837) *Topographical dictionary*, published in the same time as the Railway Commissioners' report.

Castletown-Bearhaven ...a post-town...The town has grownup since the discovery of the Allihies copper mines, in 1812...now contains more than 300 houses, with several large shops, and is rapidly increasing...The trade consists principally in supplying the miners in Kilcatteerin...A constabulary police force has been stationed here, for which there is an excellent barrack...The little bay of Castletown is advantageously situated, and vessels of 400 tons burden may anchor in safety: it opens by a deep channel into the northern branch of Bantry or Bearhaven bay... Belonging to this port are four decked boats of 20 tons burden each, 12 hookers of 12 tons and 51 yawls of 4 tons, which furnish employment to about 400 fishermen...

The harbour of Bearhaven is very large, well-sheltered and sufficiently large for the deepest ships, with a good bottom. There are two entrances; the western which is the most direct and readiest for vessels arriving from the west or south; and the eastern which is the safest for strangers...

Bere or Bear Island. This island...is situated on the north side of the bay of Bantry...and contains 1898 inhabitants... A pier has been built...affording protection to 16 hookers of 12 tons and 90 yawls of 3 or 4 tons each, belonging to the island, and employing about 1000 persons exclusively in the fishery... Between the island and the mainland is Berehaven, capacious and well sheltered, and affording good anchorage in water sufficiently deep for the largest ships in the navy...

Epilogue

As with many grandiose endeavours, some of the Railway Commissioners plans were shelved, some altered and some abandoned. The major parts of the national railway system were gradually developed in the 1840 '50s and '60s: Limerick Junction, near Tipperary town, took the place of Holycross; Mallow became an important cross-roads and Cork city was approached through deep cuttings and a steep tunnel. Later on, the Bride valley got a different line from the south side of the city and terminated at Macroom. Berehaven lost out to other coastal towns: Kinsale, Clonakilty, Skibbereen, Baltimore and Bantry, all facilitated by gentler terrain along the softer rocks of the Bandon valley and places westward. Branch and smaller lines eventually lost out to the internal combustion engine but before their demise, a combination of rail, coach and boat facilities enabled the growing tourist trade of the later 1800s, to include in its itineraries many of the beauty spots along the proposed Blarney-Berehaven line.

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Rugadh Jim Collins i bparóiste Dúnmánbhuí. D'Fhreastail sé ar Scoil Náisiúnta Cill na dTor, Scoil Ronán i nDúnmanbhuí agus Ollscoil Chorcaí. Bhain sé Máistreacht amach i UCD agus Dochtúireacht sa Talamhaíocht i Raleigh N. Carolina. Chaith sé a shaol ó shin ina léachtóir sa Talamhaíocht in Ollscoil Áth Cliath.

Mid-Cork Championship

Ballingeary and Inchigeela Junior Football teams met in Ballyvourney in the 1987 Mid-Cork Championship on the 17^{th} May and the very next day Des Fegan wrote this nostalgic poem.

BALLINGEARY v INCHIGEELA

17/5/1987 by Des Fegan

Flicking through the morning papers, I see Waterford beat Clare And Armagh wiped out Fermanagh, (Donegal won fair and square), But there screaming from the pages amid that great sporting mix – 'Ballingeary one-eleven, Inchigeela one-goal-six.'

Now these Mid-Cork rivals meeting on the banks of the Sullane Brought memories flooding back of happy days that are long gone, When another Ballingeary side of guts and skills and tricks Wouldn't be too satisfied with one-eleven, one-goal-six.

Urged on by Seamus Sé, we were with Father Charlie Lynch, And we'd practise every evening until moonlight sprayed the Inch, Then we'd proudly wash our ganzies and our broken boots we'd fix, Never mind your one-eleven, a's ná bac le one-goal-six.

Twomey, Sweeney and Concannon, Din the Lodge and Danny Pheig, And poor Connie Mary Leary, (who had only a left leg)
And the Sullivans from Keimaneigh could give and take the 'licks'
But would scorn a measly win, like one-eleven, one-goal six.

'By J' sez Sé, "Ye're ready!' and I well remember when We went down to sort out Johnny Timmy Johnny and his men. Galvins and Oldhams bit the dust, with shoulders fists and kicks And we trounced them ten-eleven with them scoring no-goal six!

At least, that's how I think it was, but time has dimmed my mind (It may have been the other way, with us the ones behind!)

So I'll raise my glass on high, lads, to the Seventeenth of May —

Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh — cúl a's aon déag, Inse Geimhleach — cúl a's sé!

Heritage-In-Schools in Uibh Laoire

By Ted Cook

2014-2016

Both Inchigeela and Kilbarry Primary Schools continue to participate in this scheme since it's initiation by INTO in 1999.

Attached are four photos recording our on-going "Earth Education" with scholars and teachers.

- 1. At Kilbarry the scholars have been composting since 1997 at the request of then principal Master Donal Cronin. During 2014 we installed a new composting bin and introduced the practice to a new generation of the school community .
- 2. To celebrate Tree Week (March 2016) Teachers Treasa Downey and Caroline O'Donnell potted I year old Oak, Hazel, Holly and Birch with Junior class.
- 3. Since the late 1980s, Kilbarry Senior classes take time to visit Tobar Rí An Domhnaig holy well nearby in Cluain Siar Beag. We follow the simple ritual of prayer before drinking from this Holy Well which folklore proposes was the baptismal font attached to the Medieval Church and burial grounds in nearby Kilbarry townland. In his "Beatha Bharra", Prof. P. Ó Riain, of UCC, recalls an early school at Eadar Gabhal, which he equates with Kilbarry, being between the fork of two water courses, The Lee and The Toon. The surviving rectangular mound comprising the road side ditch is all that remains of this early Church Complex. In The Pipe Rolls of Medieval Cloyne Diocese we learn that Augheris appears to have been the original Parish Church of Inchigeela Parish, North of the Lee. (P MacCotter, History of Cloyne since I Ith Century.) Principal Mgt Lucey of Inchigeela plans an outing to Augheris' Early Church Complex in Gorteennakilla townland after winter has run it's waste!
- 4. Inchigeela Senior Classes commemorate Easter 1916 during Holy Week 2016 with the Warrior Tree. In old lore the Alder is the "Warrior of The Wood".
- 5. Planting a tree at the Priest's House Garden to mark Fr. Martin's 30th Jubilee.

The author takes this opportunity to thank Sean and Saleen O'Sullivan of Meadow Lodge who annually welcome us to their wildlife haven, sited along our annual Botany Walk with Kilbarry Senior Classes.



Tree planting for Fr. Martin O'Driscoll's 30th Jubilee



Inchigeela Pupils planting an alder for 1916

On behalf of the Heritage Council and the School Community we thank the McSweeney Family of Coolnacrannagh for continued access, since their acquisition of the Tobar Rí An Domhnaig monument from the late Dan Hallissey. We thank Dan's sister Peig, who as the one of two known surviving Kilbarry scholars from the early 1930s, visited Kilbarry School on a dry late winters morning in 2016. She recalled inkmaking at the school and showed us her own "ink-quill". Peig added a Bird Cherry (Prunus Padus) to the School Arboretum on the occasion of her visit.

Finally our Bat Surveys in Uibh Laoire continue. The author, on behalf of the volunteers, would like to thank Pauline Lynch of Boylesgrove for their continued consent to bat detect along the Lee's north bank at Leacan Na Gaoithe and Dromcarra South. Regrettably Butterfly numbers and diversity are down for both 2015 and 2016 along our transects to the east of the Parish - an island wide phenomenon

Ted Cook (Heritage Specialist)



Tobar Rí An Domhnaigh visit

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Kilbarry Junior Classes plant native trees



Kilbarry pupils composting

Stories from Schools Manuscript Collection 1938

Translated by Michael O'Sullivan

An Fainne o Seán Ó Toibín

Do bhí rí ann fado agus do bhí ingeann óg álainn aige. Do cailead go hobann í. Lá na socraide nuair a bhíodar a cur sa chomhrainn do bhí gabha láithreach agus chonnaic sé fáinne bréag óir ar a méir. Dubhairt sé leis féin go bfaghadh sé punt ar an bhfainne dá mbeadh se aige.

An íthe na dhiaidh san, chuaidh sé go dtí an reilig agus d'osgail sé an uaig agus thóg sé an clúdach d'on chómhrainn. Rug sé ar an láimh go raibh an fainne uirthe agus bhí sé ag d'iarraigh an fháinne bhaint di. Chuir sé a cheann isteach sa chomhrainn agus chuir sé a méar isteach na bhéal agus a fhiacla dtaobh istig d'on fháinne. Do luig sé go dian ar i gcás go bhfeadfadh sé é a bhaint di. D'faisg sé an mhéár níos mó agus sar a raibh fhios aige cad a bhí tuituigte amach do bhí a dá láimh curtha mór thíompall a mhuinéal aice. Do léim sé amach as an uaig agus do léim an cailín amach ina ndiadh. Thug sé leis abhaile í ach ní raibh aon urlabhra aice. D'imigh an gabha go dtí a hathair agus dubhairt sé leis go raibh an cailín sa bhaile aige. Ní chreidfeadh an tathair é ach mar sin féin do tháinig sé go dtí a thig. Do sgriobh an cailín síos i bpaipéar an cuma a gheobhadh sí a húrlabhra airís. Do chuadar go dtí gleann go raibh sruthán ag rith tríd agus bó riabhach istig ann agus luchair ag fás ag bun an tsruthain. Naoi mbrobh luachra do stathadh agus fainní do dheanamh díobh, agus an naoiadh ceann do chaithneamh uatha. An hocht gcínn eile do ceangal le ríbe as eirbeall na bó agus iad do bheiriughadh i mbainne na bó agus uisge an tsrutháin agus thabhairt le nól di agus do fuair sí a húrlabhra airís agus do phós sí an gabha.

Fuair mé an scéal ó Bean Uí Chríodáin, Inse-an Fhosaidh. 20-1-38

The Ring ó Seán Ó Toibín

There was a King there long ago and he had a beautiful young daughter. She died suddenly. On the day of the funeral when she was being put in the coffin there was a smith present and he saw a ring of some gold on her finger. He thought to himself that he would get a pound for the ring if he had it. The night after that he went to the cemetery, he opened the grave and took the cover off the coffin. He grabbed the hand on which the ring was and he made an effort to remove the ring. He put his head into the coffin and put the ring finger into his mouth. He placed his teeth behind the ring. He pulled heavily on it to try and remove the ring. He compressed the finger further and before you knew it hadn't she put both her hands around his neck. He jumped out of the grave and didn't the young girl jump out after him. He brought her home but she had no faculty of speech. The smith went to her father and told him that he had the girl at home with him. Her father did not believe him but he nevertheless came to the house with him. The girl wrote on a piece of paper how she would regain her speech.

They went to a valley that had a stream running through it, a speckled cow living there and rushes growing at the base of the stream.

They had to pull rushes and make rings from them and discard the ninth ring. They had to tie the eight remaining rings with a hair from the tail of the cow, boil them in the milk of the cow and the water of the stream and present this to be consumed by the girl. She regained her speech and married the smith.

Bean Uí Chríodáin, Inse –an Fhosaidh 20-1-38.

Liam Toibín ó Seán Ó Tóibín

Siuineir do beadh mo sheanaathair mhoir. Do bhí sé na chomhnuí in Inse an Fhosaidh. Liam Tóibín do b'ainm do. Fear ana mheidhreach do beadh é. Ithe amhain nuair a bhí sé imthighe a chodladh do ghlaoidh duine des na comharsanaibh air agus dubhairt sé leis eirighe mar go raibh an tsean bhean seo thuas marbh. Do léim Liam amach as an leabaidh agus ghluais sé chun í leogaint amach. Nuair a shroiseadar an tig do bhí roinnt daoine bailithe ann agus geallaim dhuit nár thóg sé a bhfad uatha í leogaint amach. Ach í gan fhios dóibh go léir do chuir sé córda tiompall a muineíl agus síos fé an mbraitlín go bun an bhuird.

Nuair a bhí an Choróinn Mhuire ráidhte aca agus gach aoinne ana shocair thairrig Liam an córda go deas reidh agus do chorraig an corp. Do thuit cuid aca I luige agus rith an chuid eile amach an doras agus do thuit tuille aca isteach sa chlós.

Fuaradar an oiread sin sgannradh go raibh gach aoinne ag cainnt mar gheall air. D'airig an sagart é. Chuir sé fios ar Liam. Chuaidh sé chuige. Dubhairt sé ná raibh aon cheart aige é dhéanamh agus go gcuirfead sé pionós air. Rug sé amach leis agus d'ardaig sé cloch mór ar a dhrom. Dubhairt sé leis é bhreith leis go dtí an ait go raibh an thorramh agus é thabhairt abhaile chuige airís. Chuaidh Liam amach as radharc an tSagairt agus chaith sé uaidh an chloch agus sé isteach i dtigh táibhirne agus d'ól sé a dhóthain. Um thráthnóna chuir sé an chloch ar a dhrom airís agus rug sé go dtí an sagart é.

Bean Uí Thóibín, Ínse-an-Fhosaidh. 19-11-37

My great grandfather was a carpenter. He lived in Inse an Fhosaidh. His name was Liam Tóibín. He was a very frisky, sportive person. One night as he slept, one of the neighbours woke him to tell him to arise as the old woman above had died. Liam jumped out of bed and made his way to lay out the old lady. When they reached the house there were a number of people present and I can assure you it did not take them long to lay out the old lady. But, unbeknown to everyone Liam tied a cord to the old lady's neck, down under the sheets to the underside of the slab.

When the rosary was said and everyone settled Liam pulled the cord nice and steady and the corpse moved. Some of the people fainted, some ran out the door while more fell out into the yard.

They got such a fright that everyone was talking about it. The priest heard about it. He sent for Liam. Liam went to see the priest. The priest told Liam that he had no right to do what he did and that the priest would punish him. Out went the priest with Liam and he hoisted a large stone on Liam's back. The priest told Liam to take the stone to the wake and to return with it when the wake was over. Liam want out of sight of the priest and threw down the stone. In to the nearest pub went Liam and he drank his fill. That evening Liam put the stone up on his back and returned to the priest.

Bean Uí Thóibin Ínse-an-Fhosaidh. 19-11-37 Cumann Staire Uíbh Laoire Uimhir 16

Story collected by Donnacha Ó Súilleabháin, Priomh Oide Scoil Chéim an Fhia.

Fuaras an t-eolas so ó Pádraigh Ó Murchada, Gort Luachra.

Fuair Pádraig an t-eolas ó 'na drithair críona Dómhnall

Bhí dá dream i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh a bhíodh i geómnaide ag smiolagar agus mion-bruigheanta aca le 'na chéile, Muinntir Loinsigh ar an Leacain mBáin agus Muinntir Suibhne ar Goirtín Eoghain. Bhí an dá bhaile seo an-chomhgarach dá chéile. Oidhche amháin tháinig mac de Mhuinntir Loingsigh isteach go dtí duine do Mhuinntir Suibhne agus dubhairt leis a rádh le na mhúinntir bheith ullaimh i geomhair seachtin'ain an Domhnach a bhí cúca agus go bhfeicfidís ciaca taobh ab fhearr. Dimtigheadar, i rith na seachtin'aine ag bailiugadh conganta siar beanntraighe agus ó thuaidh Baile Mhúirne agus ins gach aon b'all gur dóigh leo go bhfiughidís féar. Cnósuig an sluagh ó gach taobh agus thángadar go Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh. Bhíodar annsan dírighte amach ag feiceam le focal chun bual adh. Chuaidh duine de Mhuinntir Suibhne go Baile Mhúirne cúpla lá roimhe sin agus d'iarr sé congnaim ar Mac Uí Liatháin. Fuair sé an t-eiteachas go mear ó Mac Uí Liatháin. Dubhairt Mac Uí Liatháin leis go raibh a mhuinntir féin agus muinntir Loingsigh ag gábhail ar a chéile i rith a saoghail. "Dá n-oiread dromach treabhtha nó cuing do dhuine againn lár na maireach do ragadh sé chun an duine eile gá iarr-se mar a gcuirfeadh id' choinnibh iad. Níor iarraibh orm é ach má iarrann na loingsigh congnamh orm ragaimid ag triall ortha." Níor iarr Dómhnall Ó Loingsigh aon fear air agus níor chuir sé ann iad. Bhí dá ceann na bruighne ag cainnt le chéile ar an mbóithar agus ag déanamh síothcána bhíodar. D'íompaig an fear ceannais a bhí ar mhuinntir Loingsigh ar a shluagh féin agus labhair mar seo, "leidighidh go léir abhaile, i n-ainm Dé mar tá síocháin danta." Ní raibh an focal as a béal nuair a labhair duine de muinntir loingsigh go raibh mianach na bruighne go smior ann agus dubhairt, "Tá mar déanfamne féin síothcáin dúinn féin." Leis sin do leím sé agus do bhuail s an céad buille ar Séan Ó Suibhne. As san tiocfas, b'fhuí gach aoinne bualadh annsan. Do leanadar uair nó uair go leith ar an ráta san go dtí gur buadhadh go tréan ar Mhuinntir Shuibhne. Sé an meid a bhí dá barr aca gur cuireadh sa príosún gach taobh Bá scadair agus leath-marbhuigheadan a cheile agus bhí a lan aca fé cúram an dochtúra ar feadh tamaill mhaith.

I got this story from Pádraigh ó Murchada, Gort Luachra.

Padraig got the information from his older brother Dómhnall.

There were two groups in mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh,sworn enemies, always bickering and nit-picking with one another. The Loinsigh of Leacain mBáin and the Suibhnes of Goirtín Eoghain. These two bands lived close to one another. One night a son of the Loinsighs came in to a member of the Suibhnes to say that they should watch out in the coming week as afterwards they would know who was the best clan.

They went in the following week west and north to Baile Mhúirne and anywhere else they thought they could get help. They collected the crowd and they came to Ballingeary. They were just waiting for the word.

A few days before that a member of the Sweeney clan went to Baile Mhúirne and sought help from the Uí Liatháins. He got the refusal quick enough. The Liatháins told him that themselves and the Loingsighs had been cooperating for a lifetime. "If one of them needed help they would go to the other. I was not asked for help but if a Loingsigh asked for help I would go there"

Dómhnall Ó Loingsigh did not ask for men and none were sent. Both groups were talking and making peace on the road. The leader of the Lynchs spoke to the crowd imploring God and saying that peace should reign and to go home. He had just said the words when a member of the Lynchs rallied the crowd, leapt forward and struck the first blow on Séan Ó Suibhne. It was every man for himself from then on. They continued for an hour or an hour and a half like that until the Shuibhnes were badly beaten.

What resulted from this was that members from both sides were put in prison. Matters deteriorated and many of them were under the care of the doctor for a long while.

County Cork Farmers Association in Inchigeela



At a dance in Kilnamartyra, 3rd February, 1952. Front Left to right: John Horgan, Hedgefield; Dan Creedon, Rossmore, (Chairman); Ted O'Leary, Derrivane, (Treasurer); James O'Leary, Gortnaknockane, (V Chairman); Eugene O'Riordan, Gortnalour, Hon. Secretary; John Kelleher, Dromnagapple. Back: Donal Creedon, Rossmore; Paddy O'Connell, Teergay; Paddy Dromey, Johnstown; Timmie Galvin, Gortaneadin;

Some political parties come and go and one of those who 'went' was Clann na Talmhan - an Irish agrarian political party – which existed from 1939 -1965. Described as a dynamic grassroots farmers' movement it was according to one commentator - "anti-establishment and populist." Its main aim was "to restore a sense of dignity to the man who lives and works on the land".

Blame for the bad state of affairs in the countryside was laid at the door of politicians and this found expression in the speech of a founding member, Michael Donnellan at a rally in Dunmore, Co. Galway in 1942 when he stated "You could take all the TD's, all the Senators, all the Ministers and members of the judiciary and all the other nice fellows and drop them off Clare Island into the broad Atlantic. Still, Ireland would succeed. But without the workers and producers the country would starve in 24 hours."

A branch of the County Cork Farmers Association was formed in Inchigeela on 20th April, 1945 and met regularly until it disbanded in November 1961. The following extract is from the original minutes of the very first meeting 71 years ago.

"A meeting of farmers was held in Inchigeela on Friday night, 20th April with a view to organising a branch of the County Cork Farmers Association locally. Dannie Creedon (Rossmore) was appointed Chairman for the meeting. The chairman in opening the meeting introduced Mr. Lehane, the county secretary of the Association.

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Mr. Lehane in the course of his speech at first apologised for the unavoidable absence of Mr. O'Driscoll, TD. He then dealt with the good work Mr. O'Driscoll had done since he was elected TD and the great fight he was making in the interest of the farmers. He also expressed the vital need for organisation and cooperation amongst the farmers, he said that the farmers — because of lack of organisation and cooperation had to sell their stock and their produce for what they got, whilst they had to pay what was asked of them for everything they bought.

He also stressed the point that certain politicians tried to keep farmers from organising because that if they were not followers of certain political parties they would not be patriots and said (amidst applause) that the farmers were as good if not better patriots than any other section of the community.

Mr. Lehane then appealed to the farmers of Inchigeela to step in with the rest of the farmers of the county and form a branch of the Association locally.

Rev. Fr. O'Driscoll, CC then addressed the meeting. At the onset he complimented Mr. Lehane on his fine speech and endorsed Mr. Lehane's remarks about the need for organisation and said the farmers were producing the most essential needs of the nation yet they were the worst paid section of the community. He said the farmers should organise and demand a fair price for their stock and their produce and a fair return for their labour and time.

He also dealt with the flight from the land and said it was due to the wealth of the country being in the cities; he also said that if the farmers were well off the men and women of the land would remain on the land and everyone else would be well off. The Rev. Fr. then appealed to the farmers to form a branch after which it was unanimously decided that a branch should be formed. The election of officers then proceeded and resulted as follows:-

Honorary President: Rev. Fr. O'Driscoll

Chairman: Dannie Creedon, Rossmore

Vice Chair: Michael O'Leary, Inchinaneave

Treasurer: Andrew Brophy, Inchigeela

Secretary: Eugene O'Riordan, Gortnalour

The question of appointing a committee was deferred to the next meeting. It was decided that members should affiliate at the next meeting; affiliation fee to be 2 pence per pound in the valuation. The next meeting was fixed for Friday night, 27th April at 9 pm. This concluded the business of the meeting." (We learn from later books of minutes that 12 meetings took place between that first meeting and the AGM on 14th March, 1946. By then over forty local farmers had affiliated) Dannie Creedon, Rossmore; Michael O'Leary, Inchinaneave; Andrew Brophy, Inchigeela; Eugene O'Riordan, Gortnalour; Jack Kelleher, Droumnagappal; John Galvin, Gortaneadin; Patrick McSweeney, Teernassig; John Cotter, Droumnagappal; Tim Kearney, Coolnahahilly; Michael O'Sullivan, Carrignacurra; John Kelleher, Cornera; John Scannell, Scrahan; Timmy Cotter, Toorenalour; Cornelius O'Riordan, Inchigeela; Jeremiah Horgan, Hedgefield; Nelius Lucey, Inchineil; Patrick McSweeney, Inchineil; Daniel Buckley, Kilbarry; Denis Duggan, Rossmore; Cornelius O'Connell, Dromcarra; Timothy Buckley, Kilbarry; P. O'Connell, Teergay; Tim O'Dea, Kilbarry; Timmy McSweeney, Inchineil; Batt O'Leary, Kilbarry; Syl Cotter, Gortnalour; Jerome Crowley, Graigue; Jeremiah McSweeney, Rossmore; Dan Cronin, Derrivane; Michael O'Connor, Direen; Denis O'Mahony, Coorolough; Daniel Murphy, Inchinaneave; Johnnie McCarthy, Silvergrove; Charles Kelleher, Inchigeela; Frank Field, Cooleen; Nelius Murphy, Gortsmorane; Seán Corkery, Inchigeela; Denis McSweeney, Cleanrath.; P.J. O'Reilly, Teernassig, John McSweeney Coolnacranncht;

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Famine in West Cork: Beyond Skibbereen

An extract from a UCC Dissertation By Shane Galvin, Gortaneadin, Inchigeela

In augmenting the argument that the famine was much more austere beyond Skibbereen, my own native area, the parish of Iveleary presents an interesting study of the plight of west Cork's famishing people. This rugged, unspoilt and aesthetic landscape, once resided by the O'Leary clan endured agony and misery of an unimaginable scale during the Great Famine. As in the wider West Cork region, beyond Skibbereen, Iveleary's people languished while predominantly suffering in silence.

'The Parish of Iveleary, also called Inchigeela, is a wild rural area, far from town and devoid of resident landlord or wealthy landowner.' It is the biggest parish along the river lee containing Keimaneigh, Gougane barra, Ballingeary and Inchigeela villages, Kilbarry and Droumcarra. The Shehy Mountains above Gougane provide the source of the Lee which meanders and opens into Loch Allua, an expansive series of lakes between the two villages. 'An extensive area of 42,000 acres, it had the added disadvantage of belonging to two baronies, East Carbery and West Muskerry, and the two Poor Law Unions, Macroom and Dunmanway.² Moreover, the distance from the most remote and desolate areas compounded by the poor road network and transport facilities meant that access to these two towns was arduous and intricate. Rev Sadlier, Rector of Iveleary, describes the land as 'predominantly mountainous, rocky and of wild aspect.'3 At the time of the crisis in 1846, the relief committee estimated that 2,500 acres were considered arable and it contained 7,000 acres of bog and 200 acres of woodland. We can gather from the census carried out in the parish in 1841 that the total population of the parish was 6,357. By 1851,231 cabins had been vacated and the remaining occupants numbered 4,584. This signalled the complete elimination of the cottier class in the parish. Interestingly, the census shows a significant movement of the population from rural townlands to the villages. The Ballingeary-Inchigeela historical society published an article on population decline during the famine which found some interesting results in the respective areas. Carrigleigh, in the village experienced a significant population increase during the famine, 21 in 1841 to 151 in 1851. Dereenabourky in the barren and rocky Gougane area witnessed a decline of 41 to 12 residents. Currahy experienced a 31% population decline, from 243 to 167, Gortnahoctee 122 to 73 while Graigue declined at a startling 67%, 91 to 27.⁴

When famine conditions struck Iveleary, they 'struck hard, distress and hardship reached a most alarming pitch.' The relief committee, consisting of Fr Jeremiah Holland as chairman and the Rector, Rev. Henry Sadlier, the secretary who was in 'regular communication with Randolph Routh, the relief commissioner, and with newspapers, relating to conditions in Iveleary and local efforts to provide food and work for the starving people.' The working cooperation between Rev. Sadlier and Fr. Holland was unique to west Cork. In a lot of cases, as was seen in Mizen, the Catholic and Protestant clergymen were in constant opposition where malice and envy predominated. In Schull, proselytism prevailed which did little to alleviate the plight of the people. The cooperation of the opposing clergy in Iveleary was a resounding success where they did much to obtain their own food and cooking

- 1 Henry Sadlier, letter to Sir Randolph Routh, 4th December 1846
- 2 Máire Mac Suibne, Famine in Muskerry, An drochsaol, (Macroom, Cork, 1997) P. 104.
- 3 Henry Sadlier, letter to Randolph Routh, 4th December, 1846
- 4 Sean O' Sullivan, Population decline in Iveleary, Ballingeary-Inchigeela historical society content, 1997
- 5 Dave Walden, *Famine in Iveleary*, Ballingeary-Inchigeela historical society content, 1997
- 6 Mac Suibne, Famine in Muskerry, An drochsaol, P. 107

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facilities to mitigate the suffering of their parishioners. One can only imagine the further devastation that the parish of Iveleary may have endured were it not for the pioneering work of these two men. Perhaps they could be considered 'true men of God' and the fact that they remained as companions in the years after the famine illustrates a maturity far beyond their time.

As early as 1846, the entire stock of potatoes belonging to the labouring class had been consumed. On the 5th October 1846, Rev. Sadlier 'sought help for this very remote, populous and mountainy district.'7 In this letter, he alludes to the fact that the nearest market town, Macroom, where some potatoes could be purchased is some 19 miles distant from some parts of the district. He continues to state that the price of Indian meal at £14 to £15 per tonne with the added expense of carriage from Cork would make it impossible for a retailer to charge less than Is 10d to 2s per stone.'A labourer at 8d per day and constant work could earn only sufficient to purchase 2 stone in the week which would be little more than adequate for the support of three adults, but at this season of the year, the labourer can scarcely reckon on more than four days employment. Therefore, we request a depot for the sale of meal opened in the parish to control price and bring it within reach of the poor.'8 A stream of communication between the relief committee and the relief commission followed. They continually sought further grants and funding where the mere desperation concerning the situation was evident. In December 1846, Rev. Sadlier made further pleas to the commission. 'We the relief Committee of the parish of Inchigeela, Barony of West Muskerry, County of Cork, beg leave respectfully to lay a statement of the circumstances of this district before you and to solicit from you a pecuniary grant to enable us to continue and extend the relief we are at present endeavouring to afford to the famishing poor of the parish.'9

He reiterates that the mere desolation of the district makes it difficult and expensive to provide food to the poor. The Parish is 15 miles long and 9 miles broad and contains a population of nearly 6,000 persons. There is not a resident landlord, nor person of property in it. It is a very remote and mountainy district.'10 A fund was set up whereby locals could subscribe to give donations. The list of over 200 generous farmers, many of whom were suffering from the failure of the potato crop as well, raised £42-10-0d. This list was enclosed in the correspondence by Rev. Sadlier which still survives in the parish records today. He thoroughly depicts the circumstances behind the opening of a store for relief and the difficulties in attempting to sell at a sustainable price to alleviate the poor. We opened a store on the 22nd of October and have been engaged in selling meal, at first at 1s 10d and for the last fortnight at 2s per stone of 14 lb, to persons whose distress we had previously ascertained by strict personal enquiry and to whom we issued tickets authorizing them to purchase at the rate of 6 lbs per week for each member of the family. Our store is open on two days in the week and so great is the scarcity of provisions here that we sell from 6 to 7 tonnes weekly." The money raised was also utilised in obtaining boilers. These were huge pots with a diameter of 4ft and a depth of 2ft 6ins with a capacity of over 350 litres. There were pots obtained for the villages of Ballingeary and Inchigeela and later in Coolmountain house with the cooperation of Denis O'Leary. O'Leary was an Irish speaking Catholic and the land agent for the absentee landlord, Lord Riversdale. The relief committee also attempted to create and secure employment for the most impoverished in the area which proved to be a colossal task. 'We have been using our best exertions to procure employment, but as yet, have only succeeded in getting one work commenced-we are however, in expectation of more daily.'12

If there was any suggestion that Rev.Sadlier and Fr. Holland were exaggerating the extent of the horrors in famine stricken Iveleary, 'Bishop, the Assistant Commissary-General, reported to Routh on December 12 that he crossed from Kilmichael to Inchigeela, through barren, mountainous country,

⁷ Mac Suibne, Famine in Muskerry, An drochsaol, P. 107

⁸ Ibid

⁹ Henry Sadlier, letter to Randolph Routh, 4th December, 1846

¹⁰ Ibid

¹¹ Ibid

Henry Sadlier, letter to Randolph Routh, 15th December, 1846

to a still more remote and distressed district containing about 6,300 souls.¹³ While discussing the situation with Fr Holland, the bishop also illustrates that there were very limited numbers employed in the public works where they estimated that only 200 out of every 700 received work. The selling of food at a reduced price with the help of donations had exhausted what funds they had available to them.

The scenes of disease, death and starvation in Iveleary were both repulsive and distressing. The events that confronted the people of the parish were surrounded by tragedy and devolution. Perhaps the most ample evidence of this can be found in Rev.Sadliers article published in the Cork Constitution describing the events that he daily encountered. He depicts a situation where he was asked to visit a family whose mother had died a few days before. 'As I was going my way to Macroom yesterday, Wednesday, I was requested to visit some children, whose mother had died of fever the previous Sunday, leaving the family of nine to deplore her loss. I entered the wretched hovel where they were lying, and after examining the children-four miserable objects, one of whom was apparently near death.'14 He continues to describe how he saw another gaunt looking person but he couldn't see it distinctly.'I enquired of a young lad who stood beside me whether it was his sister, he uncovered the face, and you may judge of my feeling when I beheld the corpse of the mother lying in the same bed or sop of straw-with the children where they had lain for more than three days.'15 He mentions another incident in his article where he met a woman carrying a basket of seaweed which she obtained from Bantry, a round trip of some 40 miles. When he mentioned this to the Sergeant, he told Rev. Sadlier that this was becoming common practice. Unfortunately, these were not incidents in isolation as 'they speak for themselves and are only two out of a hundred similar incidents which we are daily and hourly called on to witness.'16 He also alludes to the fact that people are contracting and dying of fever and diarrhoea at a boundless scale. There was an article written in the Cork Examiner by 'Macrompian' in June 1848 regarding a young man that was found dead at the gate of Macroom Union Workhouse. The young fellow got a note of admission to the poor house from the Iveleary Relieving Officer and arrived there at about one o clock in the morning, and not being able to get admittance, had to remain at the gate, where the lifeless corpse was found. 'Dr. Crooke, who performed the post-mortem, said that not one morsel of food was found in his stomach.'17 Folklore of famine related incidents in Iveleary have run through the generations like the river Lee's perpetual flow through the parish. One such incident is particularly emotive. When the sixteen year old daughter of Donnacha O'Cuill died, resident of Cups, north of Ballingeary, he in a weak and starving condition himself, put her body into a cisean, a deep basket with shoulder straps and carried his dead daughter on his back to the family burial plot at Inchigeela graveyard, some seven miles away. The O'Leary family of Gortnafludig, Ballingeary had a few pigs and one morning they were horrified to see a young red haired woman eating the pig feed from the trough with the animals. They dared not approach the woman for the fear of contracting famine fever. A few months later, when one of the O'Leary sons was cutting reeds for bedding on the banks of the River Lee, he found the body of the woman decomposed by the bank. It was believed that she was the last survivor of a family of seven from Glengarriff who had taken to the roads in search of food. These scenes are no less harrowing and lamentable than those in the Castlehaven area described by Nicholas Cummins which were later published in the London news. Although, the area isn't widely recognised as a great sufferer of the Great Famine, it is of utmost importance to recognise the authenticity of the scenes described and the degeneration of the parish's society which was akin to the disintegration to the worst affected famine areas.

¹³ Mac Suibne, Famine in Muskerry, An drochsaol, P. 109

Henry Sadlier, 'Famine Conditions in Iveleary', *Cork Constitution*, 9th February 1847

Henry Sadlier, 'Famine Conditions in Iveleary', *Cork Constitution*, 9th February 1847

¹⁶ Ibid

¹⁷ Mac Suibne, Famine in Muskerry, An drochsaol, P. 109

Lámhscríbhinní den Bhéaloideas a bailíodh i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh c. 1942

Is iad seo leanas liosta na Lámhscríbhinní den Bhéaloideas a bailíodh i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh agus atá curtha ar micreascannáin ag Cnuasach Béaloideas Éireann. Tá teacht ar na micreascannáin i Leabharlann Boole i gColáiste na hOllscoile Corcaigh agus Leabharlann an Chontae. Is Seán Ó Cróinín a dhein an chuid is mó den bhailiú agus i measc na seanchaithe bhí Pádraig Ó Murchú (Patsy Chit), Gort Luachra, Tadhg Ó Buachalla, An Tailliúir, Gaortha na Péice, Conchúr Ó hÉalaithe, Screathan Mór, Tadhg Ó Críodáin, Drom an Ailtigh, Mícheál Mac Suibhne, Gort a Phludaigh agus Tadhg Ó Críodáin, Céim Chorra Bhuaile.

Lámhscríbhinn	Leathanach
24	326 – 347.
32	72 – 76, 108 – 115.
34	502 – 515.
42	273 - 304, 320 - 338, 347, 355 - 357.
88	17 – 20.
92	24 – 26, 66 – 86, 112 – 144.
93	248 – 231.
96	49 – 120.
225	125 – 132.
250	634 – 643, 721 – 723.
323	202 – 212.
338	288 – 339.
407	328, 335 – 379, 386 – 398.
436	404, 294 – 296.
452	125 – 128, 247 – 249, 275 – 278.
462	115 – 124, 145 – 148, 176 – 179.
489	24 – 26.
515	146 – 148.
520	458 – 463.
523	334 – 344, 370 – 393.
647	11 – 296.
710	16 – 18.
822	290 – 582.
841	3 – 586.
849	3 – 586.
864	3 – 586.
912	I – 96.
950	162.
1129	19 – 35.
1135	3 - 5.

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1137	191 – 196.
1145	119 – 123.
1239	67 - 72,225 - 236.
1247	1 - 274,306 - 319.
1268	75 <i>–</i> 76.
1272	42.
1396	572 – 577.
1451	153 – 156.
1453	67 – 68.
1454	79 – 80.
1456	47 – 48.
1523	18 – 20.
1524	5 – 10.
1664	17, 33 – 34.
1682	129 – 135, 241 – 252.
1704	354 – 361.

Tá seanchas as na lámhscríbhinní 515, 710, 822, 841, 849 agus 1145 sa leabhar Seanchas an Táilliúra ag Andrias Ó Muimhineacháin.

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First page of old roll book from Ballingeary Girls National School. The Cumann Staire is looking for help to computerise the Boys and Girls School Records. Anyone who wants to help can contact Seán Ó Súilleabháin. The book on Keimaneigh National School was a fantastic success and The Cumann Staire wishes to acknowledge Diarmuid and Eileen O'Mahony's work in editing it. Over €1500 was raised for Scoil Fhionnbarra. We aim to do a similar book for Ballingeary's two schools.

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Na Swinging Forties in Inse Gheimhleach Ie Seán Ó hÚigín

Léigh mé "Peig" arís le déanaí. Bhíos ag cur an sort saoil a bhí aici sa Daingean an uair úd i gcomparáid leis an saol a bhí againn féin in Inse Gheimhleach timpeall an ama chéanna. B'iad na rásaí capall i bhFionn Trá an t-excitement ba mhó thart ar Bhaile Bhiocáire nuair a bhí Peig óg. Bhíodar ag súil leis an 'lá faoin dtor' le fada roimhis agus iad ag bailiú pinginí in a chomhair.

'Glór na n-each ag teacht le sians.'

Chuir sé mé ag smaoineamh ar cad a bhí againn féin san am. Bhí ar a laghad dosaen imeachtaí móra i rith na bliana, ár rásaí féin in a measg, Lá le Stiofáin. Bhí capaill ó Chaolchill, Dúnmánbhuí agus, fiú ó Bhóthar Bhuí. B'álainn an radharc é na capaill a fheiceáil ag imeacht ar nós na gaoithe tríd na bpáirceanna agus na clathacha. Agus a leithéid de shlua- ná bí ag caint faoi 'dhubh le daoine- ní raibh ach an t-aon mhíniú ann faoi éinne nach raibh i láthair- ní raibh sé tagaithe chuige féin fós tar éis chéiliúradh na Nollag!

Is oth liom a rá nach raibh mórán suime ag cuid des na bligeardaithe óga sna capaill ar chor ar bith- bhíodar ró-thógtha suas le hainmhithe dí-chosacha le gúnaí orthu! Beidh déistean ar dhaoine mar Gary, Colmán, Conn agus Proinsias a leithéid a chlos. Ach más aon tsólás dóibh é bhí mé féin agus Con Joe, beannacht Dé leis, agus Seán Lucey, James Cronin, Pato, Pat Mahony agus John Callaghan ag díriú go hiomlán, beagnach, ar na hainmhithe ceithre-cosacha.

Cé bhuail a match?

B'é an slua ba mhó agus an cur amach ba shuathainsí a chonac-sa i ndiaidh na rásaí, ná na cluichí peile idir Bheara agus Sráid a Mhuillinn. Bhí na cluichí cothrom faoi dhó go dtí go bhfuair Beara an lámh in uachtair i ndeireadh thiar. 'Sé an cuimhne atá im' cheann-sa des na cluichí úd, ná na sluaite de fhearaibh, i gculaithe dubha ag díriú ar an bpáirc díreach taobh thoir den Séipéal. Is cuimhin liom, freisin, Weeshie Murphy, lán-chúlaí Bheara agus é i mbun is i mbarr gach ruathair 's réabadh ina chearnóg dhaingean do-threascairthe. Ó gan amhras, theastaigh ó gach éinne a bheith in a 'Weeshie Murphy' i gclós na scoile, in a dhiaidh sin, big ole Seánaí Sweeney, Dan Corcoran, Donie Reathaí agus Donie Hallissey, gan ach dornán a lua.

Ba é an t-aon slua mór eile daoine gur chuimhin liom ón uair úd ná sochraidh Mrs. Ronan ón gCoill Mhór. Chuas féin agus mo Sheip dhílis suas go barr Chnoc Chúl a' Ghrianán, san áit ina bhfuil an Chrois anois, chun na carranna a fheiceáil ar an mbóthar mór trasna an locha. Bhíodar sínte amach in a scuaine gan scarúint, ós Na Curraithe, Tír na Spideoga, Graigue, suas cnocán Céimíns, agus síos isteach in Inse Gheimhleach é féin. Ceapaim gur stop Shep, fiú amháin, ar feadh tamaillín chun breathnú ar an radharc do-chreidte. Bean iontach ba ea í ó thaobh charthanachta, pearsantachta agus flaithiúlachta, de réir deallraimh.

Roinnt blianta in a dhiaidh sin nuair a bhíos ag múineadh i bParóiste St. Mullins (Naomh Móiling) bhídís ag maoímh faoi chomh mór 's a bhí sochraid Rí Laighean, Art Caomhánach- bhí an cónair i dTigh Mhóiling sular fhág deireadh an lucht leanta Ros Mhic Thriúin, deich mhíle laisteas. Gan amhras, déarfadh begrudgers cosúil le Seánaí, Diarmuid, Fionnaidhe agus Joe Creedon nach raibh ann ach gur fhanadar ró-fhada sna pubs! Ar aon chuma beidh cuimhne agam féin agus Shep ar shrochaid Mrs. Ronan-beannacht Dé dílis ar a hanam uasal.

'A Thiarna tá sé dian a bheith umhall'

Cuireann mo Shep dílis féin céanna, ocáid mhór eile i gcuimhne dom- Rásaí na Madraí, i bPáirc na Gléibe, díreach trasna an bhóthair ón Reilig. Bhí Seán Corkery in a shuí ar rothar agus giorraí bréige

á tharrach aige ó bhun go barr na páirce leis na madraí ar a thóir. Bhí trua agam dos na madraí eile, mongrels gan craobhacha ghineallaigh ná dintiúirí i gcomparáid le Shep sa 'gam-sa. Bhí Shep amach as na traps ar luas lasrach ach nuair a chonaic sé nach raibh ann ach giorraí bréige d'éirigh sé as an rás agus d'fhág sé é agus na hamadáin eile. Ó, bhíos an-mhóralach as Shep an lá san.

Ar do rothar!

Ach bhí rásaí ann dos na daoine leis- na sports a ghlaotaí orthu. Ó beidh cuimhne go deo agam ar na duaiseanna gleoite leagtha amach ar an mbord i lár na páirce- na pinn tobair go mór mhór. Bheadh ceann buaite agam muna mbeadh gur rith Johnny Buckley (sea, an tEasbog!) trasna os mo chomhair! Bhí rásaí rothar an-tábhachtach ann, dáiríre. Tháinig iomathóirí mór le rá ó i bhfad i gcéinón mBlárna, Ceapach Choinn agus fiú ó Chill Chainnigh.

Cheapfá go rabhas á chumadh, ach bhí mo chomharsa anso sa Rabhar, Jimmy Prendergast, curaidh cáiliúil Uile-Éireann ag glacadh páirt. Agus rud níos do-chreidte rothaigh sé an slí go léir ó Chill Chainnigh agus ar ais abhaile an lá céanna le cúpla duais breátha. Bhí duaiseanna le deallraimh ann an uair úd- tá an Silver Salver a bhuaigh sé in Inse Gheimhleach ar an bhfalla anso fós aige. An chéad uair eile a thiocfaidh Joe Creedon an treo so, caithfidh mé é a thaispeáint dó.

Peig, 'ith do chroí amach!'

Dá bhrí sin is léir go raibh saol breá bríomhar againn, ag rith 's ag rás 's ag iomaíocht de shíor i gcomparáid le Peig bocht nach raibh aici ach Rásaí Fhionntrá. Agus ní fhaca sí puinn díobhtha san ach oiread- chaith sí an lá go léir sa phub len a hathair agus a chairde ag cabaireacht 's ag cadráil. Faraor níl spas san alt beag so chun a lán rudaí eile a lua- Rásaí na mBád, Na Feiseanna, An Drámaíocht, Mórshiúl na hEocraiste, Scannáin, Na Céilithe agus an babhta dornálaíochta mór in a raibh Tadhg Con Din ó Dhoire Mheán, 'fear mílte agus mór-bhuailte gach cuideachtain in laoch an lá san. Go mbeirimid beo ar an am seo arís-slán.



Eoin McCarthy Inchineil, Kilbarry crossing a flooded Lee to feed cattle in 1965. Eoin was a brother to Cal and also to Johnny McCarthy, Tuirín Dubh, Ballingeary.

The 1921 Cork Docks Strike And The Ballingeary Man In The White Shirt



1973 cover of Labour in Irish History. Michael O'Riordan Snr in the white shirt

In 1959, in its 50th anniversary book *Fifty Years of Liberty Hall*, the Irish Transport & General Workers' Union published a photograph with the caption, "CORK DOCKERS ON STRIKE 1920". The text had nothing more to say about it, but this date was in error - it should have read 1921 - in a sloppily edited publication, mainly written by Cathal O'Shannon Snr.

Cork City Alderman Tadhg Barry had been Secretary of the Cork Branch of the ITGWU, until he was arrested by the British authorities in the aftermath of the death in Brixton Prison of Lord Mayor Terence MacSwiney in October 1920. Barry was interned in Ballykinlar Camp, Co Down, and fatally wounded by a British Army sentry on November 15, 1921. He had been succeeded as the ITGWU Cork Branch Secretary by Robert Day, and it was Day, along with Branch Chairman William Kenneally, who would lead the Cork Docks Strike in September 1921. A year later, Day would become the first Labour TD to represent Cork in Dáil Éireann. Following Day's death, Kenneally would recall his comrade in the July 1949 issue of the "Irish Democrat":

"There was a wage dispute. Men were getting about £3 2s. 6d.

for a hard week's work. We were demanding £3 10s., together with a cost of living sliding scale. The Harbour Commissioners had been busy at the old game of procrastination for months and months. I was chairman of the branch, and Bob Day was secretary. We called a meeting on a Sunday night and decided to take over the port ourselves next day." Kenneally described how he and Bob Day succeeded in passing the Black and Tans and troops, who were relatively quiescent during this Truce period, and entering the offices of the Board. They informed Sir James Long that Robert Day was now 'Chief Commissioner of the Port of Cork' and that he must now take his orders from him. Sir James left the building at once, but 50 per cent of the clerical staff remained. Alderman Kenneally then took a steam launch to Cobh where the entire staff agreed to accept orders only from the Transport Union. The dispute was settled late on the same day, as a result of the intervention of the Labour Department of Dáil Éireann – Constance Markievicz being the Republic's Minister for Labour. The men won a complete victory, and the national principle of the supremacy of Dáil Éireann as opposed to the British authorities was simultaneously vindicated.

The 1921 Cork Docks Strike evoked such banner headlines in the *Irish Times* as "THE RED FLAG IN CORK: HARBOUR BOARD ON STRIKE" (September 2), and "CORK STRIKE OVER: A ONE-DAY SOVIET; THE HARBOUR SOVIET MEETS" (September 7). The *New York Times* of September 7 had been no less alarmed, with its report headlined: "DÁIL ÉIREANN HALTS CORK HARBOR STRIKE. Intervenes and Quiets a Tense Situation When Workers Seized Board Offices. HAD HOISTED A RED FLAG. Men Return to Jobs After Sinn Fein Labor Ministry Has Negotiations Reopened."

In its editorial on September 7, the *Irish Times* had pronounced:

"The strike of the Cork Harbour Board's workers has ceased for the time being, but its moral remains. The men demanded a minimum wage of £3 10s, which the Board - for reasons that Alderman de

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Cork Dockers on Strike, 1921

Roiste clearly explained at Monday's meeting - was unable to grant. During the strike the shipping trade of Cork was paralysed, but this was not enough for the local organisers of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. They had grander schemes in view. On Monday they rejected with scorn a proposal that the dispute should be referred to a tribunal consisting of a representative of the Commissioners, a representative of the men, and a representative of the Labour Department of Dáil Éireann. They decided to depose the Board, to dismiss some of its officials, to take over its business, and to pay themselves the minimum wage of £3 10s. at the community's expense. They hoisted the flag of their Soviet over the Board's offices. Councillor (Robert) Day, the leader of this enterprise, dictated his terms with more than Cromwellian arrogance at Monday's meeting. He defied the universe to pull down the red flag of Irish Labour, and declared: If the Irish Republican Government put me out of the office to-morrow, they can do it; but they have to count the cost.' Yesterday morning the Transport Workers' Union carried out its threat. It expelled the Board's secretary, installed its own men, and, apparently, took immediate charge of the affairs of the harbour, including the collection of dues. In the afternoon, however, wiser counsels seem to have prevailed. We have not learned the details, but the dispute has been referred to a conference at which a chairman appointed by the Labour Department of Dáil Éireann will preside. The men are expected to return to work to-day."

"Short-lived as was this outbreak of Irish Bolshevism, it was highly ominous. To-day Irish Labour is permeated with a spirit of revolt against all the principles and conventions of ordered society. The country's lawless state in recent months is partly responsible for this sinister development, and the wild teachings of the Russian Revolution have fallen on willing ears. It is small consolation for thoughtful Irishmen that the first experiments in practical Communism - like this affair at Cork and like the seizure of Messrs. Cleeve's premises at Bruree - have collapsed in a few days or hours. Their real significance lies in the temper and aspirations which they reveal. If Irish Labour is not educated by example and precept in the immediate future, if popular government does not induct it fairly, but firmly, into its proper place in the national economy, insisting upon its duties as well as upon its privileges, it may become a source of infinite trouble, and even of disaster, to the Commonwealth."

In 1959, my Cork City father, Micheál O'Riordan, had been pleasantly surprised when turning the pages of *Fifty Years of Liberty Hall*. For there, in the incorrectly dated photo of "CORK DOCKERS ON STRIKE", and seated up front in a white shirt, was his own Ballingeary father, Micheál O'Riordan Snr,



Micheál O'Riordan Snr, his wife Julia, and their eldest child Diarmuid.

from the townland of Inchinossig! In 1973, my father, the then General Secretary of the Communist Party of Ireland, was out of the country when the CPI brought out a new edition of James Connolly's Labour in Irish History, edited and introduced by 'A. Raftery', the nom-de-plume of Paddy Carmody, editor of CPI monthly newspaper, The Irish Socialist. When, upon his return, my father saw a copy of the new edition, his reaction was a mixture of pleasant surprise and embarrassment. For the cover design, by artist Charles Cullen, had been excerpted from that same Cork dock strike photo. Yet both Carmody and Cullen had been completely oblivious of the fact that the man who figured most prominently in that cover photo was my father's own father, and my father, in turn, was embarrassed, in case anybody might think that he was so vainglorious as to put up Carmody to highlight his father in such a manner! Indeed, when, in 1983, the next CPI edition of Labour in Irish History was edited and introduced by my father himself, my grandfather was dropped

from the front cover and replaced by the author of that work, James Connolly himself.

But what was it, in the first place, that had so grabbed the imagination of Carmody and Cullen, that they went on to focus so much on that image of my Ballingeary grandfather? Did they think there was something "Soviet Russian" about the image? To my own eyes, my grandfather, in his white shirt, was not very much different in appearance than the Russian writer Maxim Gorky. But, of course, my grandfather was neither a Russian nor, indeed, a "Red". That was the adjective applied to my father. (See https://vimeo.com/145580588 for the 1971 documentary, "Don't Vote for the Red O'Riordan", which features Gougane Barra quite prominently.) In the dedication he wrote for his 1979 book, Connolly Column: The story of the Irishmen who fought for the Spanish Republic 1936-1939, my father summed up both the complexity and integrity of his own father's political outlook: "To the memory of my father, who, because of the propaganda against the Spanish Republic in Ireland, did not agree with my going to Spain, but who disagreed more with our 'coming back and leaving your commander, Frank Ryan, behind'."

But if my grandfather was not a "Red", neither was he a docker, notwithstanding my father drawing on the Cork dock strike photo to suggest, with apparent photographic plausibility, that, indeed, he was. Not so. Yes, my grandfather had worked on the docks, but as a self-employed carman or carter, an owner/operator with his own team of horses. As I related in "The Ballingeary Moonlighting Case of 1894", published in *Journal 2000* of the Ballingeary & Inchigeela Historical Society, my grandfather was the son of an evicted Ballingeary tenant farmer, Jer Mór Inchinossig. But, over the course of a life of hard work, he himself had risen in the world, and also possessed his own grocery shop in Cork City's Adelaide Street, which he named "Ballingeary Stores". I once remonstrated with my father that, by not telling the full story, he was denying to his own father the full credit for being a man of property who had never forgotten his own humble origins, and who had taken a stand of solidarity with the striking dockers of 1921 - and damn the *Irish Times*!

And an independent-minded man he would remain, forming a close friendship with the father of the future Jewish Lord Mayor of Cork, Gerald Goldberg, and grandfather of writer David Marcus, and film makers Louis Lentin and Louis Marcus. Louis Goldberg had fled to Ireland, aged fourteen, to

escape from the anti-Semitic oppression of Tsarist Russia in his native Lithuanian village of Akmeyan. When he finally settled in Cork, he was befriended by another "blow-in" to the City, my Ballingeary grandfather Micheál O'Riordan Snr. Both men were villagers who had acquired English as a foreign language when coming to the "big smoke". My grandfather was, of course, a native Irish speaker, and Goldberg a native Yiddish speaker. But the latter also went on to become a singer of Irish-language lullabies to his children! When Louis Goldberg died in 1932 my grandfather went down to his own aptly-named "Ballingeary Stores" and, notwithstanding the Church sanctions of that era for attendance at non-Catholic religious ceremonies, he told his assembled customers that he was closing his shop for the day because he was "off to the Jewish cemetery for Mr. Goldberg's funeral!". He was a man I never knew personally, for he died in February 1949, three months before my own birth. But, on this occasion, I now take the opportunity to salute the man in the white shirt!

Manus O'Riordan

O'leary Fox Family - Kilbarry Townland

by Ted Cook



James O'Leary, Australia 1859 - 1923.

Readers may recall the "Magpie" Newsletter, circulating in West Muskerry from 1989 - 1994. The author maintained a column "Inchigeelagh - A Parish History 1641 - 1991". Regrettably the "Magpie" folded in 1994 - we never got beyond 1918. Fortunately, Part 27 (Issue 50 - March 1994) introduced Michael O'Leary's heroism on St. Brigid's Day 1915 for which he was awarded a V.C. (Victoria Cross).

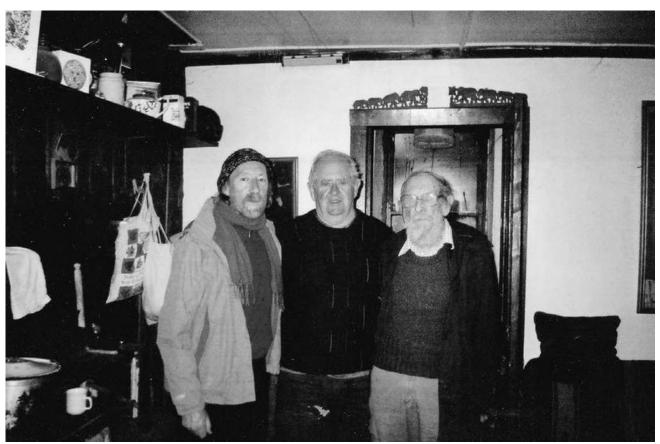
(The series is online since summer 2016 at www.ballingearyhs.com thanks to Finbarr Lucey.)

Knock knock - on a fresh Spring morning in 2009. Our late and lovely Peter O'Leary came calling with Kevin and Barbara O'Sullivan who had travelled from Victoria, Australia, to search for his roots - and to discover more about his maternal grandfather, James O'Leary, born in 1859 on the author's property - the O'Leary Foxes.

Peter O'Leary opened the attached genealogical family tree on the kitchen table - we see James O'Leary, the third of five children born to Tim (born 1825) and Margaret Buttimer who were married in 1854.

James O'Leary emigrated to Australia in 1887 on the "Orient" - followed for a brief period by his younger brother Tim (born 1864). Tim returned to take over the family farm at Kilbarry and start a family with Brigid Lucey (born 1868). They had 10 children, as recorded on the chart.

Kevin's paternal grandfather sailed the same day in 1887 on the "Orient" - a Jeremiah O'Sullivan (born 1867) from Inchigeelagh. Kevin's grandfather James O'Leary, who had settled in Ballarat, Australia, with his wife Ellen Therese Murray, raised a large family. James was a Railway Guard on the Victroia Railways - but did not survive an accident in 1923. Such was James' popularity that eulogies appeared alongside his Death Notice in 5 Australian newspapers. James' address is recorded as "Kilbarry", 111, Peel Street, Ballarat - and is described as "the uncle of Corporal O'Leary, the first soldier to win the Victoria Cross."



Kevin O'Sullivan, middle, second cousin of Michael O'Leary with Ted Cook and Peter O'Leary.

We flasked up for a picnic and drove the short distance to Cluain Siar Beg Townland to visit the V.C.'s birthplace, c. 200 meters west of the former Kilbarry Post Office - only an outline of the dwelling could be observed.

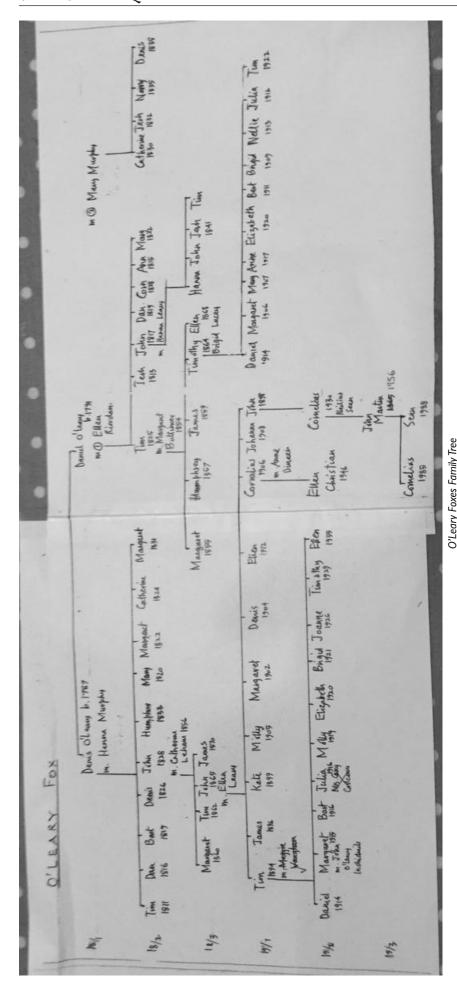
In a lease dated March 20th, 1905 registered in Book 27 - Entry 106 at the Registry of Deeds, between Colonel Jemmett Browne and Cornelius Hallissy, we discover pre-existing "sublettings made to Annie O'Dea and Daniel Leary" among others, comprising plots of c. .3 Acres. In consideration of £580.00, the purchaser Mr. Hallissy acquires the 179 Townland of Cluain Siar Beg, subject to occupations by "Under-tenants". (The Deed records Cluain shear beg). The "Under-tenants" Daniel and Margaret O'Leary were remembered by the late Tim O'Dea and others as "the Leary Lodgers". Daniel and Margaret (nee Lucey) were the parents of Michael V.C. - second of four surviving children.

In the "Magpie" series, we traced the Barry Family of Kilbarry House, Carrignaneelagh Townland, which adjoins Cluain Siar Beg. Within a generation of the death of James Barry (County Sheriff, sizeable Landlord of 20 plus Townlands, Justice of the Peace and Church Warden of Inchigeelagh's Protestant Trinity Church), Uibh Laoghaire's Premier Unionist Family fades rapidly into Historic Twilight.

The 1849 "Encumbered Estates Act" was explained to our Australian visitors. As a direct consequence of the "Great Hunger" decade, 3,000 landed estates failed for want of rent and labour in Ireland.

Some readers will recall the fine ashlar-built Gate Lodge, with its gothic lead latticing at the beach tree-lined entrance to the Kilbarry House - the Barry Seat since the 17th Century. Daniel moved his family into the abandoned Lodge - hence "Leary Lodgers", before being housed at "Jamie Kearney's Cottage" in nearby Cooleen Townland.

Note: James O'Leary's siblings on the chart - no brother named Daniel is recorded.



During his incumbency as Parish Priest, Fr. Michael Cahalane, remained very obliging to Peter O'Leary's Vestry Record research. Peter will be remembered as "the Woodmouse" (endearingly) - with big eyes and big ears and a tiny tongue.

The Vestry Record for 1888 has been accepted as attesting to the V.C.'s baptism - the signature of "Ellen Lucey" as witness to the baptism remains unresolved because she is recorded as the V.C.'s grandmother, aged 68. The 1901 Census captures Daniel and Margaret O'Leary in residence at Cooleen with "Granny Lucey".

One possible route connecting Kevin's grandfather to the "uncleship" of our V.C. would be to scrutinise the picture of the V.C.'s parents in our 2001 Journal (page 29). Margaret would need to be 60 - and possibly to have survived an earlier marriage to Ellen Lucey's son, but retaining her marriage name. Her birth in 1855 at Kilbarry closely corresponds with Mrs. Margaret O'Leary's age profile.

James O'Leary's picture is included (1859 - 1923). For the sake of preserving their grandchildren's link with Uibh Laoghaire, Kevin and Barbara hugely welcome communication from readers to enable further research of the Australian descent of the "O'Leary Fox" Branches.

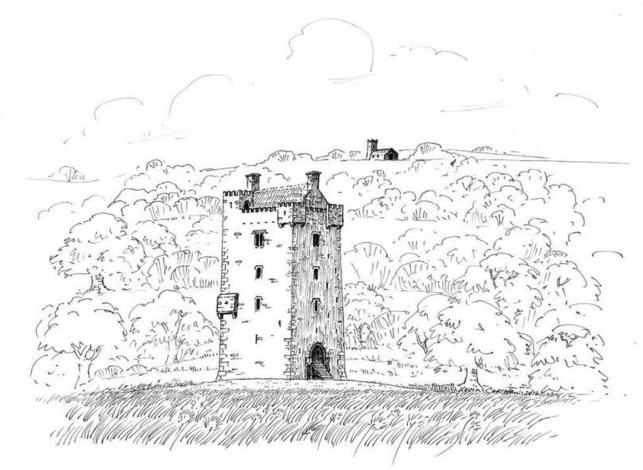
Author's gratitude goes to our late Peter O'Leary (if gratitude



Peig Hallissey and her brother Dan with Peter O'Leary (right), in Cluain Siar Beag Hallissey homestead in 2003

is the highest form of prayer, Peter won't be wanting) - and Peig Hallissey and her late brother Dan - and to Kevin and Barbara O'Sullivan.

Also, our additional two pictures record Peig and her late brother Hallissey Dan their Cluain Siar Beg family home with Peter O'Leary (2003) and Kevin O'Sullivan with Peter and author in the "O'Leary Fox" homestead (2009).



Kevin Corcoran's impression of Carriganeelagh Castle and Kilbarry Church at Scithín Na Radharc. View looking south about 300 metres west of present Kilbarry School

Cumann Staire Uibh Laoire Journal 2016

The Postmistress Retires

Late in November of 1919, Sub-Postmistress Mrs Mary Scriven decided it was time to retire from her position at the Post Office in Ballingeary village in the county of Cork.

By now aged in her mid-seventies, she wrote in her letter to the Head Post Master in Cork: "...owing to my old age and failing health, I can't do duty any longer".

In those days the contractual hours of work for a sub-postmaster were 9am until 7pm on weekdays and 8:30 until 10 on Sunday mornings, a 62 hour week…little wonder she was feeling tired after more than 25 years.

1919 was a tumultuous year in Irish history, in the century that was to bring about independence. In January, in Tipperary, the Soloheadbeg Ambush, said to mark the start of the War of Independence, took place. The first Dail met on January 21st. Further ambushes were taking place around the country, and the death toll among the RIC was rising. In September, a government policy of reprisals began in Fermoy, County Cork. On September 12th, The Dail was outlawed by the British, and the 19th of September marked the official founding of 'The Squad', the IRA counter-intelligence and assassination squad under the direction of Michael Collins. The war of independence was under way.

Mary, the then Mary Ellen Shorten, was born in 1845, grew up in her father's public house and, in 1863, married James Scriven, from the farmhouse next door, following the untimely death of James' first wife Nora (Norrie) at the tragically young age of 34. Mary, aged just 18 years, became stepmother to James' and Nora's three children and went on to have eleven more children with James. The Scriven house still stands, next door to Seartan's (Shorten's) pub, to this day a popular venue, at the eastern end of Ballingeary Village. The Post Office was located within the Scriven house. James had "married into" the Cronin family farm, and, as well as farming, was Ballingeary's first sub-postmaster, the post office having opened around 1883. Eliza (Lizzie) was the youngest of James and Mary's five daughters.

By 1919 Mary had never known any other employment, having taken over the position of postmistress in January 1893 after her husband's death in the previous October.

In her letter of resignation, she recommended Lizzie for the position, who "has been assistant to me since she was 16 years.."

Lizzie, was, by this time 41 years of age. She had married Tadgh Twomey in the church in the village in February 1918, while the world was still at war.

At the time of her mother's resignation, Lizzie was pregnant; her second son Liam would arrive in July of the following year. He was destined to become a general practitioner in the Northern part of England, as was his elder brother Sean who at this time was almost one year old.

Lizzie had assisted her mother in the post office unpaid since 1896.

Tadhg, 8 years Lizzie's junior, sold and repaired bicycles from his shop in the centre of the village. He and Lizzie lived "over the shop" with their infant son, Sean. Tadhg had grown up on his father's farm in the Townland of Turin Dubh, just west of the village with his four brothers and a sister. His mother's family the Walsh's lived in the adjoining farm.

The Twomey brothers came from revolutionary roots; their maternal great great grandfather James Walsh was "Seamus Mor Breathnach" Captain of the "Rockites" at the Battle of Keimaneigh in 1822.

Cumann Staire Vibh Laoire Vimhir 16

The battle had been a protest against the tithe system, high rents, eviction at will, and the other abuses inflicted on tenant farmers by the landlords at that time. Three local men were killed and one was later hanged. A member of the yeomanry Captain Smith, had also perished.

Tadhg's father Johnnie Twomey had been involved with his Walsh in-laws in a case of "moonlighting" (resisting evictions) in 1894 for which he had served a year in Jail with hard labour. Their home in Turin Dubh was frequently visited by leading republican figures of the time, especially during the period of the troubles, including Terence McSwiney, and Eamon DeValera.

Tadhg and his brother Liam were both members of the local Irish Volunteers, and Tadhg himself was adjutant of the D (Ballingeary) company, 8th Battalion, no. I Brigade.

Unknown to the authorities, including, apparently, to Sergeant Appleby at the Royal Irish Constabulary Barrack, (which still sands almost opposite Seartan's Pub), Tadhg and his brother Liam with five other local members of the Irish Volunteers had ambushed members of the RIC and taken their arms the previous year 1917, on a mountain pass road known locally as the "Mouth of the Glen", several months before the Soloheadbeg ambush in Tipperary.

Lizzie was understandably keen to be appointed to the position of Sub-Postmistress. Her mother had been in receipt of a salary of thirty-four pounds eleven shillings, with a further eight pounds eleven shillings for dealing with pensions, and a temporary "war bonus", added to offset the severe price inflation which followed the great war amounting to thirty-eight pounds and sixteen shillings. If this income was lost to the family it would be a disaster.

She was hopeful that her chances were good: she wrote in letter expressing interest to the Postmaster J D McDowell in Cork "I have been my mother's assistant since I was sixteen years and have always been in charge of the office in her absence". The fact that she and her family were already resident in the village would turn out to be a big advantage in her application.

Lizzie submitted her completed application for to the position P.P. on Dec 30th, and returned it to Cork. She provided two character referees: Father O'Leary, pp Inchigeelagh and Father O'Donaghue, C.C. Ballingeary.

In the first week of January 1920, McDowell prepared record forms on both Mary Scriven as the retiring incumbent and her daughter Lizzie as the applicant.

He had received two other applications:

Annie O'Leary aged 24 and as yet unmarried, applied by post from the Albert Hotel in Belfast on Dec 25th 1919. She was in Belfast undergoing training in telegraphy. On her application form she gave her date of birth as "About May 1885". She had worked as an assistant in the Inchigeelagh Post Office for five years and in Godalming, Surrey, England for two years before returning to Ireland.

On the application form she stated that she was familiar with the use of a "sounder" (telegraph) which was the electro-mechnical device used to render the Morse code used in telegraphy into a series of "clicks" and "clacks" which could be translated into a message. A common sight on the front wall of a post office at that time would be a sign stating it was also a "telegraph office", that is telegrams could be sent from there by means of the sounder system. (Ballingeary Post Office had become a telegraph office in 1906 but it was not until the late 1920's that the telephone arrived).

Annie was hopeful of finding accommodation in Ballingeary for both herself and the sub-post office business. She provided Mr R Brophy and Mr C Creedon of Inchigeelagh as character references. McDowell wrote to Annie on 29th Dec, pointing out that "one of the conditions is that the sub-

Postmistress should be a householder" and enquiring "(do) you intend becoming a tenant of the premises in question"? Annie responded that she was "having a house built in the village about 9 yards from the old post office."

McDowell had written to the Ministry of Labour in Cork on December 10th to see could they find an interested ex-serviceman who would wish to apply for the position, presumably on the basis that such an individual would be therefore loyal to the Crown.

On the 24th December he received a reply, enclosing the details of an ex-serviceman Luke Leech then living in nearby Macroom. Sergeant Luke Leech was 58 years of age. Born in Galway, in the 1901 census, he had been recorded as married to Julia, with four children under 10 years of age, living in Castleisland, Co Kerry and an "Acting RIC Sergeant". He had joined the British Army in 1915 and had served in the Labour Corps until his discharge in May of 1919. His discharge papers stated his military character to be "Very Good".

On January 5th, the manager of the Cork Office of the Ministry of Labour furnished a completed application form on behalf of Luke Leech, ... "Providing he can get a house in the village". A perfect candidate, on the face of it, if ONLY he could find a premises.

But Sergeant Leech had already written to McDowell on January 3rd, withdrawing his application because, he said "I have made careful and confidential enquiries regarding a house and can find that there is no house or portion of a premises available in the village or adjacent thereto.".

On January 8th, not yet knowing that Sergeant Leech had already withdrawn, McDowell prepared his report on candidates in order of recommendation: Lizzie, Annie, Sergeant Leech.

By the following day, Sergeant Leech's letter must have arrived, because in the next stage of the due diligence process, McDowell wrote on the 10th, to the Under Secretary at Dublin Castle, asking for RIC reports on Annie and Lizzie and perhaps more importantly Lizzie's husband Tadhg: "and I shall be glad to be informed whether her husband Timothy Twomey is still regarded as a person whose loyalty is not free from suspicion and whether any other circumstances are known to the Royal Irish Constabulary which would render her appointment undesirable".

Annie withdrew her application on January 16th: "At present it is impossible I find to get a house in Ballingeary".

On January 22nd, McDowell wrote to the Secretary "I am communication with the police regarding the suitability of the candidates – the husband on one of them is suspected of being an active Sinn Feiner..."

On February 5th, the Under Secretary from Dublin Castle responded formally to McDowell:

SECRET

"I am directed by the Lords Justices to inform you that it appears from a report received from the local Police that Timothy Twomey (husband of Mrs Twomey the only candidate for the appointment) is known to be a member of the Irish Volunteer Organization and is secretary of the local Sinn Fein Club. He is stated to be very energetic and is thoroughly disloyal."

On Feb 10th The Under Secretary asked McDowell "What do you now suggest?" McDowell responded that "there is nothing to be done but appoint Mrs Twomey, despite the objections for Dublin Castle. There is no other candidate who can provide premises. ..the risk in appointing Mrs

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Twomey is not a serious one. The appointment would not make any material difference as the conduct of the office during the past years has really been in her hands as assistant to her mother.... It can be made clear to Mrs Twomey that her husband must not be permitted to assist in the work of the office."

28th February 1920: To the Secretary Dublin Castle From J D McDowell Postmaster, Cork

"Mrs Twomey was installed on the 27th inst under the conditions stated and a written understanding from her is attached..."

"I hereby undertake to provide the necessary assistance for the working of this office and the necessary accommodation for the post office business. I understand that it is a condition of my



Lizzie's Post Office in Ballingeaary

appointment that my husband must not be permitted to assist in the work of this office. Signed L Twomey"

By 1921, Lizzie's husband Tadhg had become Intelligence Officer in No2 section of D company 8th Battalion IRA. His access to his wife's place of work no doubt helped in the quality of information reaching him.

Lizzie's third son Seamus was born that year. She continued as postmistress for the next 24 years. She ran the Ballingeary Post Office throughout the war of independence, through raids by the "Black and Tans", though the truce and then through the civil war. Lizzie herself died in December 1943 aged 63. Seamus was appointed as Post Master on March 17th 1944

Tadhg died in 1948. Ireland finally became officially a republic the following year.

The Paintings

On the 26th April 1974 four members of the Provisional IRA raided the home of Sir Alfred Beit, Russborough House in Co. Wicklow. Having forced their way into the house they pistol-whipped Sir Alfred and Lady Beit before tying them up and gagging them. The gang then stole nineteen very valuable paintings, many of them by some of the world's most famous Masters e.g. Ruebens, Vermeer and Goya.

An immediate and extensive countrywide search for the raiders and the paintings (valued back then at Eight Million Pounds) was launched. Airports and seaports were permanently monitored, as were all roads and rail connections with Northern Ireland. Road blocks were mounted, and searches carried out all over the country, but for the next several days there was no sign of the paintings. Then on the 4th of May there was a spectacular breakthrough in the case.

This is Johnny Cronin's version of the way the story unfolded, and even though every songwriter is allowed some poetic licence, Johnny's account is not alone accurate but extremely witty and very well written.

Johnny, a well-known singer, songwriter and storyteller, was born in Glasheen, Kilbarry in 1928 and died in September 1993.

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THE PAINTINGS

Now you've heard about these paintings that were taken up near Dublin, For six long days the whole affair the Garda force was troublin: Every Garda of distinction and of texts of acclamation, They were taken for a special course up to a Dublin station.

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

They were given all the details there, and issued with descriptions,
And were guaranteed that from our ports there would be no deflections,
They combed the country up and down from Blessington to Limerick,
And when interviewed they said, "I s'pose they're still in the Republic".

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

Ah! But down in Cork we had two guards though not considered cutie, They were left there in Rosscarbery to attend to routine duty, Two unassuming officers light-hearted, gay and airy, They were Garda Willie Creedon and Sergeant Pat O'Leary.

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

Now these lads got information but their message could be plainer That in Glandore was kept a bull who was a bold Sinn Féiner, They went to Hayes's rented house, a woman there did greet them, But she said she never kept a bull, sure she would never need him.

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

Now the Garda nudged the Sarge outside, the Sergeant looked at Creedon, Saying "I know we're both suspicious but suspicion's in our breeding, Whilst I know the top detectives are now searching coastal waters There is something in our woman here, I'd like to try her quarters".

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

Well, they searched the house that evening and they found three wanted paintings, "Be japers Sarge," says Creedon, "now that must improve our ratings," They walked along the house outside, shure nothing could be finer, When they found the other sixteen gems in Hayes's Morris Minor.

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

They rang the Chief Commissioner and they told him of their findings,
The condition of the paintings and where they were in hiding,
They said they caught this woman though scrub-bulls they had been after,
And the Sergeant swore upon his soul she was the Dugdale daughter.

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

So, here's a health to these two guards, long life and success to them, They mightn't be detectives but they surely know these women, I hope they'll get promotion and be honoured by our nation, Shure I'd like to see them President in some kind of collation.

Agus gheobham arís an cruiscín 's biodh sé lán.

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Note:- Rose Dugdale was one of the IRA gang who carried out the raid on Russborough House. She was arrested under Section 30 of the Offences Against the State Act and charged in relation to the art theft and other offences. Dugdale was sentenced to nine years imprisonment after pleading "proudly and incorruptably guilty." In 1986 Martin Cahill (The General) and his gang raided Russborough House and stole several valuable paintings. Then Martin Foley "robbed" many more paintings in two separate raids in 2001 and 2002. Two paintings (a Gainsborough and a Vermeer) were stolen twice but both were subsequently recovered.



Diarmuid O'Mahony, Padraig Quill and Paddy Quill playing at a party in the kitchen of the Hotel in Gougane Barra.



Catherine Sugrue, Deirdre and Aisling Cronin at the unveiling of the 1916 plaque in Ballingeary. Catherine and Deirdre's grandfather, Tim Sweeney, was a 1916 Volunteer as well as a member of the Board of Guardians, an elected position later replaced by County Health Boards in 1925

The Uí Mhaothágáin Archaeological complex; crannóg and cashel in Tírnaspidoga

Lough Allua sits in the townland of Tirnaspidoga in the heart of an ancient landscape. The lake is part of a ten kilometre chain of lakes near Ballingeary in the Lee catchment; it is a peaceful and serene place and today is a haven for fishermen. The lake is surrounded by the Derrynasaggsart Mountains to the North and the Shehy mountains to the South. The area has occupied a place in my heart from my childhood days. Most of us, who grew up in Cork, have fond memories of heading along the lakeside towards Gougane Barra and the very special feeling this place invoked. A lot of us remember this feeling, even today; you knew you were entering a unique space. Almost all of us have stories to relay about accidental dips in the freezing Lee; and many, including myself, have brought our own children there continuing this rite of passage ritual. Yet the 'special place' extends beyond the Gougane Barra area to the shores of Lake Allua, where the dramatic geographical landscape combines with the seducing and intoxicating power of the past to produce a mysterious and magical place. As a Mehigan, the area holds even deeper significance for me; Mehigans, all over the world, claim ownership and association with the heritage of the crannóg on Lake Allua which bares their surname. Growing up tales of Mehigan crannóg were recounted by my grandfather Michael Mehigan, who originally came from West Cork. The profession he attributed to his clan, through family folklore, was a lineage as professional bards; also an association with Mehigan castle in West Cork. It is remarkable that today Oilean Úi Mhaothágain maintains its quiet presence in Lough Allua going largely un-noticed. Its liminal setting allowing it to exist through time; preserving the memory of those who built and used it so long ago. In doing so retaining a sense of ownership of the landscape for the kin.

Lough Allua and Tirnaspidoga

Lough Allua and the area of *Tirnaspidoga* is often overlooked by Corkconians who pass by on the way to *Gougane Barra*, and this is a missed opportunity. Guys Postal Directory of Munster describes the area as 'the place of the wilderness'. The directory also mentions 'metallic cubes, yellow and shining like gold and metallic ores' are to be found here. Locals, such as Mr. Finbarr Cotter, have told me of such finds in Ballingeary by his father. The landscape feels like an otherworldly space; existing in some indescribable way outside the realm of other places. The area is abundant in ecological and botanical treasures; significantly, it is also a heritage paradise. For anyone interested in archaeology and history, you do not have to wander far to come into contact with the material culture of our past. It is clear humanity has been attracted to this beautiful place from prehistoric times; the landscape bears evidence of the continuity of human presence stretching from the Bronze Age right up until today. A visit to the townland of *Tirnaspidoga* (the land of the robins) will not disappoint the heritage enthusiast; within a short stroll of the lakeside the human footprint is evident in the form of Stone Alignments, Fulachta Fiadhs and the feature of this article, the *crannóg Oilean Uí Mhaotágain* and its cashel.

John Grenham, describes the meaning and origin of the name as: 'Maothagáin: Mehigan: lion beag: Corgaigh & Rl. Bhi an chlann sa lonnaithe taoibh leis gCruachán in iathar Chorcai. Bri dispeagadh ar maoth' = bog, tÁith. Bionn an sloinne seo le fail in Oirghialla faoin leegan Meegan' (Irish Ancestry). There is a poem composed by Eoin Masach Ua Maethagain, (Ó Maothagáin or O' Mehegan) 'Marthain le mac Conchobhair' in the Genealogy of the Corce Laidhe (O' Donovan). The name also appears in Duan Chatháin, believed to be a 7th century poem. Stanza 41, of the genealogies of the Úi Eachach of Munster reads: 'Maothagán tren a trés mhac ag Ciacháran na ccorrat cuain nách cluaintear a ttrodán, as uaidh Munitear Mhaotagán' (O'Keeffe, 1934:47). A more ominous mention of the name appears in Mac Carthaigh's Book, entry MCB1206.4 reads:'The monastery of Peter and Paul was plundered and burned by Bratach Buile Ó Maothagain and MacMathghamhna's bandits'.

Lake Tour

In 2014, I was in the lucky position to be studying Archaeology in UCC, which involved surveying local monuments for a field project; the opportunity had arisen to visit and record the condition of the *crannóg* on behalf of Mehigans everywhere. On the 20h of February, accompanied by my husband, Finbarr Fitzharris (who is related on his mother's side to the Lehanes of Gortnarae), we set out on an ancestral voyage to *Oilean Uí Mhaotágain*; it was, for me, a very humbling experience. The weather was not great, it was raining and sleeting, but this did not impinge on the task ahead. As we headed off in little fishing boat (which we hired from Mr. Greg Latour of *Tirnaspidoga* Fishing Lodge), we did so with a feeling of excitement and anticipation. The excitement was heightened, as research, which included interviews with locals, revealed that the nearby cashel in *Tirnaspiodga* was connected to the *crannóg* via a causeway. This fact brought the project to a new level, as we were no longer dealing with the *crannóg* in isolation; the monument now formed part of a complex. The Mehigan stronghold in the heart of this amazing landscape had revealed itself and I felt almost destined to be part of telling its story. The following are the results of our survey and research of 'The complex *Uí Mhaotágain crannóg* and cashel' in the townland of *Tirnaspidoga*, Inchigeela, Co. Cork, and also a little bit of information about *crannógs* in general.

The crannóg is situated in Lough Allua on the River Lee. The Archaeological Survey of Ireland indicates it is 2.9 kilometres west of Inchigeela. In the 1842 and 1904 Ordnance Survey six inch maps the island is named in Irish, 'Illaunywehagane'. This was translated by O' Donoghue as 'Oilean Ú Mhaothágain' according to the Cork Archaeological Inventory (Mehigan's Island). The inventory states that this Mehigan was a Cineal Laóghaire chieftain. Locals have testified to the existence of a 'zig zag' causeway that can be seen (even today) at certain times of the year. Lunham in 1909 recorded it leading to the cashel: 'a passage raised off the lake's bed leading from the crannóg' (Archaeological Inventory of County Cork, Volume 3: Mid Cork). The author also noted the 'remains of a possible wooden palisade which is a noted feature of crannóg'. The site was inspected according to the National Monuments service by Mr. Tony Balfe in 1994 and he described it as 'roughly circular artificial island made up of boulders' (ibid). He too saw the palisade; he did not find the crannóg to be accessible, due to overgrowth and he did not find the raised passage mentioned by Lunham (ibid). The site was again visited and surveyed by Máire Úi Léime, during a similar project survey for the Department of Archaeology in UCC. Her 1997 article in this journal records measurements of N/S 9.47 and E/W 13 metres.

We approached the monument and landed on the north side. We were able to access the *crannóg* and make our way to the centre without difficulty. The monument was boggy and very wet in areas;



The Crannóg; Oileán Uí Mhaothágain.

a maze of trees are thriving on the monument and these would appear to be aiding the survival of the crannóg via the root systems. The above surface morphology was evident and this consisted of a significant number of large boulders which make up the edging and placed sporadically throughout the centre of the monument. Small black shale like stones appeared under the water surface in large numbers. Further investigation of the construction would necessitate investigation by the Underwater Archaeology Unit. The irregular nature of the

base of the monument is very pronounced. Measurements were obtained by applying a centre base line and offsets from a right angle at the centre. Each quarter of the crannóg was measured, taking our time doing so in order to ensure accuracy. The importance of the monument as possibly the only surviving, above water, *crannóg* in Cork and also its existence as part of a complex, warranted such care. The detailed measurements were submitted to the Archaeology Department in UCC; the structure measures approximately N/S 7.4 metres and E/W 9.9 metres. It is important to stress that this survey was for project purposes, and is therefore offered with caution. Recent and prolonged heavy rainfall caused the water level to rise, affecting the above water surface area and visibility of the edging. The general preservation of the *crannóg* was poor; it does however appear to be holding its own and possibly benefiting from its position in Lake Allua and the anaerobic conditions. It was an extraordinary moment to sit among the history of this place, looking over the surrounding territory. While we did not carry out any experimental archaeology, this type of investigation might offer an insight into possible functions and ideology associated with these structures. The location offered a wonderful vantage point over the surrounding landscape, so the possibility these sites were used for defensive or status purposes may hold some credence.

The Tirnaspidoga Cashel

The next day we visited the nearby cashel. The main road to Inchigeela now crosses through any pathway which would have joined the monuments together; we were granted access by the landowner Mr. Noonan to carry out a survey there. The cashel is set in a gentle S/SE facing slope overlooking Lake Allua and is a readily identifiable rough circular structure. The morphology of the ring fort is grey stone and rubble walls; large boulders contained therein were visible. The structure is of considerable size. It is of single rampart construction; internal measurements are E/W 36 metres and N/S 36 metres. Standing at a centre point in the cashel, 18m across (compass reading 342 degrees facing south), it appears to be aligned with the *crannóg* on Lake Allua. Unfortunately, we could not see evidence of the causeway from this vantage (Archaeology Inventory of Mid Cork, Vol. I I I, 1997).

Crannógs have been defined as 'artificial islets of stone, timber and soil, usually circular or oval in plan and enclosed with a wooden palisade' (O Sullivan: 1998, 2001, 2004). The chronology of these monuments indicate that there were phases of lake dwellings in Ireland and they occurred from prehistoric times possibly as early as the Mesolithic (ibid); the primary phase is thought to be the 6th to the 11th century. They were used also in the later medieval period as 'Gaelic Lordly sites' (O Sullivan et al, 1997:80). Perhaps this was the case with Oilean Úi Mháothagain, we can only surmise. Their situation in their watery context, adds to the mysterious nature. These monuments have enticed antiquarians since the 19th century and they have continued to be investigated to the present day. Distribution occurs mainly in the midland areas with lessor examples in the south, they are also frequently found on the Scottish landscape (O Sullivan 2000:11). Those that have been excavated appear to have had different functions. The early medieval crannóg at Moynagh Lough in County Meath had a metal working area and a settlement house, indicative of high status; however, others have proved to have had more humble functions. Consideration of the size of the cashel to which this crannog is connected, would suggest the possibility, at the very least, of a wealthy holding. The archaeological evidence on the ground and the association with the lake dwelling would, in my very humble opinion, support the interpretation of Cashel & Oilean Úi Mháothagain as being a prominent and prosperous stronghold.

Other Sites

While doing research for this project, another fascinating example of such a lake settlement emerged in an area of the Marsh in Cork City. An article which appears in the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland by a Reverend Power (1920), describes the discovery of such a dwelling near the South Main Street. The structure was discovered while foundations were being laid for new

buildings, in a place where Power said: 'a crannóg was neither expected nor likely to be found' (Power 1920:179-181). Stratification layers revealed oak piles, oyster shells and animal bones; the author noted the find had the characteristics of a crannóg. The Reverend believed that crannógs had been in continual use throughout different periods in time, and, from a very early period (*ibid*). Given the nature of the landscape and location of the City of Cork on a marsh, it would be plausible, (I suggest) to believe such dwellings possibly existed in early times prior to the creation of the Hiberno Norse reclamation of the marshlands and the streetscape creation.

Aiden O Sullivan has written and published extensively on these monuments and has noted their fascinating appeal. These monuments, he says, offer an invaluable opportunity to examine life in early medieval Ireland; believing they hold vital information regarding the social identity and even economical practices of the day. Those that have been excavated bear what O' Sullivan calls 'exciting and fruitful results'. The early medieval *crannóg* was, he says, 'a stage for the performance of social identities in the theatre of the social and ideological landscape' (O Sullivan, 2004: 409). We are told that *crannógs* were used by all in society, both secular and ecclesiastical, Kings and labourers. They were in this regard a central aspect of everyday life of the past (*ibid*). The Harvard expedition were conducive to revealing the archaeological wonders which are stored in these perplexing monuments. In the 1930's they excavated three major sites which included Ballinderry No I and 2 and Lagore in Meath in the 1930s. Since then other projects include the CAP project based at Lough Ennell in County Westmeath. A chronology spanning the Mesolithic to late medieval period has been confirmed through scientific dendrochronological analysis of the timber palisades (O'Sullivan:22). Investigations include those by Christina Fredengren on Lough Gara and also The Discovery Program.

Wetland environments generate conditions which can provide a unique contribution to our understanding of past societies. Indeed, these sometimes invisible landscapes contain within them information which is unattainable in more accessible conditions. In this way, wetland sites can embody the spirit of past cultures, forever frozen in time; capturing a sense of who these people were. These environments are rich in both tangible artefacts, but also the phenomenal of the liminal place. Investigation therefore permits a more illuminated impression and, critically, a window to a wider context of study; relinking and connecting us to the past. As repositories, they may preserve patterns of behaviour allowing



The Lios or Cashel next to The Priests House in Tirnaspidoga

study of the ideology but also of the ordinary. Agricultural practices of the day along with crucial environmental contained in insect, seed and animal remains are captured in stratigraphic watery archives, era by era they are preserved. Archaeologists can now study abandonment and reuse of these spaces; excavation and interdisciplinary which approach scientific includes analysis including, soil micromorphology, radiocarbon dating and

also dendrochronology can reveal 'temporal biographies' and information regarding human interaction with life cycles of the past (O'Sullivan and Van de Noort). Scholars, such as Aiden O Sullivan, are asking archaeologists to rethink wetland environments, shifting the focus, encompassing all disciplines and delving into the social and anthropological significance of these liminal spaces (*ibid*). Wetland sites through their unique anaerobic make up can divulge information which would otherwise have been lost to the Irish record. They present as capsules of data frozen in time, thus creating a blueprint or heritage DNA of an era in its unique context. 'it is an opportunity to tell the more nuanced version of the past' (Menotti and O'Sullivan, 2013:1).

Structurally *crannógs* are fascinating to study; construction required ingenuity and an architectural mentality. *Modus operandi*, in conditions fraught with challenges, required more than mere inventiveness, it required resourcefulness, including manpower and access to the technology of the day; perhaps dugout boats. Larger monuments may be indicative of status and a desire to visibly appropriate the landscape; Royal *crannógs* ranged in size spanning thirty to forty metres in diameter (O'Sullivan:15). Other uses include burial cairns, and craft centres; they may even have had a role in early society as hermitages. The Church utilized these sites for the production of early medieval ecclesiastical metal works such as the Tully Cross and the Lough Kinale Book shine (Kelly, 1991, 88). It has been suggested they may even have been political territorial boundary markers (O'Sullivan, 2007:26). O'Sullivan states that they served as hospitals, even prisons.

Memory and sense of place are now thought to have been a factor, along with ancestral connections. The crannóg at Lagore was used from the sixth to the eleventh century AD; it had phases of occupation and revealed material culture from each phase (O'Sullivan 2007:89-89). This was without doubt a centre of political importance, manufacturing and trade which provided the wealthy with a link to a European wide network of trade contacts (ibid). Many have proven to be of no major significance, for example the crannóg at Scroove on Lough Gara, County Sligo (Fredengren et al. 2004: 164). These were places which were utilised on occasions by both extremes in society, the wealthy, but also the poor. A fine example of the coulter plough was discovered on the Ballinderry crannóg, in County Westmeath. It lay there undisturbed in its watery stratigraphy for ten centuries. It was in pristine condition and confirmed an existence only previously gleaned from clues in literary sources, such as the law tract Críth Gablach and the Saints Lives. More excitingly however, wear scratches allowed the accurate reconstruction of the Irish Coulter's height and even its placement on the Plough. A once folkloric tale was materialised through the preserving properties of this watery place (Brady, 1993:37-38).

Other Sources

Literary sources, for example, the Irish Annals, provide a glimpse of lake dwellings in daily and also political life (see McAirt, Sean the Annals). The monuments also feature in other literary texts; the Saints Lives, record details regarding access, which was granted via invitation by the King; the lake dwelling could suffer a miraculous and watery demise (sinking!), if the invitation was not forthcoming (Van de Noort and O Sullivan 2004). Fredengren suggested the meaning associated with these monuments changed through time; in this way developing the theory regarding 'the social and symbolic nature of these spaces' (Fredengren: 2002, pp 31-3). Monuments which initially were constructed for one purpose were often adapted to meet the needs of coming ages; a King's retreat becoming a prison in another age.

Evidence uncovered from lakes associated with *crannógs* may reveal a ritualistic religious past; deliberate deposition of human skulls along with metal (for example the Lough Gur sword); indicative of ceremonial practices that are difficult for us to comprehend today. Wetland environments, lakes and bogs were liminal transitional zones in the past; such sites allow us the opportunity to delve into the mind-set of the past cultures and scholars can offer interpretations of ancient rituals and

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traditions; hopefully one day gaining knowledge of the purpose of these created liminal spaces (Van Gennep, 1960). *Crannógs*, after all, as marginal locations, comply entirely with Turners definition of liminality, places which are 'betwixt and between' (Turner, 2014).

Crannógs were deliberately constructed and architecturally placed within the landscape, but set apart, for a purpose; through these created wetland spaces, a reconnection with the past is within our grasp. These monuments exist as a very real opportunity to establish an ancestral connection, one which is waiting to be reunited with the present. Excavations on crannógs throughout the country have revealed artefacts of both the mundane and the exotic; they continue however to remain enigmatic (O Sullivan). Theoretical archaeology, scientific analysis and an inter-disciplinary approach add an exciting dimension to the study of these locations which provide an invaluable opportunity to unravel the past. The discipline of Wetland Archaeology is key; scholars such as Gearey and Chapman have highlighted this; noting the possibilities for discovery within the 'hidden landscape' (Chapman & Gearey: 2013).

We do not know what the function of Mehigan *crannóg* was. We are told that it is historically connected to the O' Leary Chieftains in whose territory it sits. There is the possibility that the Mehigans were in the area before the O' Leary's and the *crannóg* built in the years 500 to 1000 (Cumman Staire). The O'Leary's have maintained their presence in the area; the Down Survey of Ireland indicates that O'Leary, *Dermod oge*, who was catholic, held two hundred and thirty five plantation acres in the town land of Turnaspidoga (*Tirinsig* in the survey) in 1641; the lands were forfeited to McCarthy Callaghan, Earl of Clanworthy in 1670. The same survey shows that Mehigans held land in the West Cork area at that time. The Mehigan name survives in the County of Cork today.

It is very easy to understand why man has been attracted to this landscape; folklore claims this area may have been home to the first human habitation in Ireland. While we cannot say this absolutely; it is true that the area presents as a mosaic of ages from the prehistoric up until today. This is also a place that has not lost sight of its past; oral traditions, storytelling and the Gaelic language thrives here today. The people of the area are shaped by this dramatic landscape which has produced artists and poets such as the poetess Máire Buí Ní Laoighaire. Oilean Úí Mhaotágain may hold the key to unanswered questions and offer a unique testament to the Gaelic past of this area. Crucially its' condition, and existence as an example of a rare, above water crannóg and cashel in Cork provides an opportunity for discovery regarding the history, culture and the use of these lake dwellings in this county; the importance of this site cannot be underestimated. During my time in this incredible place locals revealed rumours of artefacts having been found on the crannóg. These objects, their context, and thereby, the story they had to tell, may sadly be lost forever. The landscape of Tirnaspidoga presents as a magical 'wilderness' where a mysterious crannóg serenely sits today; a monument, which may someday give up its secrets. Until such time, it remains, appropriating the landscape through time and space for the Mehigan and O' Leary clan. It hopefully retains a hidden past; acting as a custodian of heritage that might someday reveal details of how O Mhaotágain and his clan lived. On your next visit to Gougane Barra, take a moment to look out for Mehigan crannóg basking in pristine Lake Allua. The complex of *Uí Mhaotágain* along with the prehistoric sites in *Tirnaspidoga* present as a shimmering palate of the past; deserving acknowledgement. My husband's family, the Lehanes, are from Gortnarea, which means my children are connected to this place; it is a nice thought that they might also be connected through my family name and a link in an ancient chain of history remains intact. Perhaps that is why I am so drawn to this ancient landscape, and very proud to be Uí Mhaotágáin.

Máire Ní Mhaotágain / Mary Fitzharris (nee Mehigan)

Sincere thanks to Mr. Nick Hogan, Archaeologist, UCC for his support, guidance and enthusiasm with this project and to my husband Finbarr Fitzharris for accompanying me on this ancestral quest. I would also like to dedicate this little article to the memory of my grandfather Michael Mehigan, a descendant of bards and also to my mother-in-law Nora Lehane, an Inchigeela Lass.

Cumann Staire Uibh Laoire Journal 2016

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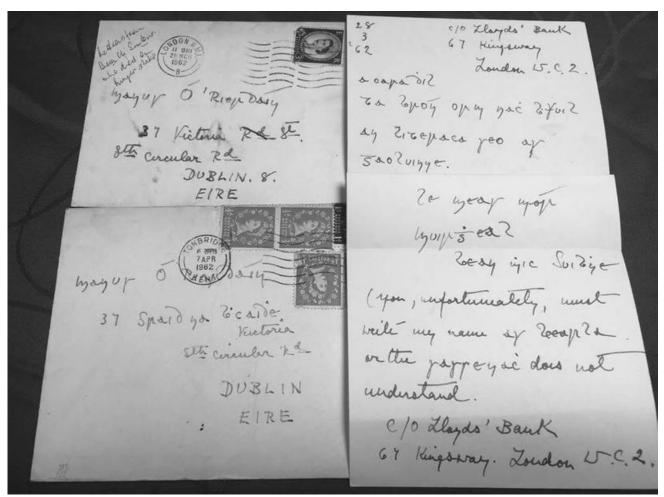
Glór na nGael Festival in Ballingeary mid 1960s

Muriel MacSwiney On Ballingeary, And Her Letters To A Grandson Of Ballingeary

A bare month after the hunger strike death in Brixton Prison of the Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence MacSwiney (1879-1920), his widow, Muriel Frances Murphy MacSwiney (1892-1982), travelled to the USA, together with her sister-in-law Mary MacSwiney (1872-1942), and possessed the fortitude to give powerful testimony in Washington to the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, on December 9, 1920. The full transcript can be found as an Appendix to *Irish Republican Women in America: Lecture Tours* 1916-1925, by Joanne Mooney Eichacker (2003).

It must have been particularly harrowing, so soon after her husband's final days, to have to describe them in public. But Muriel also spoke most warmly of Ballingeary, where she and Terry had spent the happiest moments of their married life together. They had been married in England in 1917, while Terry was imprisoned in Bromyard Gaol. Following his release, it was to the Cork Gaeltacht village of Ballingeary that they repaired for a honeymoon which, in fact, lasted for three months. As Muriel told the Washington Commission:

"We were married in our own language, the Irish language, the ninth of June 1917. About a fortnight later the men were released. I went back to Ireland with him and then we went off to the country together. And that time was about the only one that we had together, at Ballingeary, in County Cork, a very, very beautiful place out in the country where they still do things in the old Irish way. Some of the old people do not know English yet, I am glad to say, and they are very much the better of it."



1962 correspondence from Muriel in England.



Muriel, Terence and baby Maire McSweeney in Ballingeary

The 74 days hunger strike death on October 25, 1920, of Terence MacSwiney - who had been elected to Dáil Éireann in December 1918, and would be elected Lord Mayor of Cork following the R. I. C. murder of Lord Mayor Tomás MacCurtain on March 20, 1920 - came during his final period of frequent imprisonment. MacSwiney imprisoned April-December was 1916, February-June 1917, November-December 1917, March 1918 - March 1919, and was arrested for the last time in August 1920 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. During a year-long period of Terry's imprisonment, Muriel had given birth to their daughter - Maire

MacSwiney Brugha (1918-2012). As Muriel told the Washington Commission:

"Máire was born in June 1918. He was in Dundalk when she was born, but he was moved to Belfast soon afterwards and we had to take her up there to see her father. She was six weeks old. We stayed there about a fortnight. I don't suppose anyone so young had ever been taken into that prison before. She was so young. Her father, of course, was delighted to see her."

It was March 1919 before Terry was freed. And, once again, Ballingeary called. As Muriel went on to relate:

"That was the place where we spent our honeymoon. Because what time we spent in England when we were married we did not count as a honeymoon. When my husband was released in March we went to live in Ballingeary. The little girl was about nine months old. She was beginning to understand what we said to her and we wanted her to speak her own language first. I did not know very much Irish at that time. My husband knew it very well, but I did not know much. I had not made much headway with it. So, we all went to live in this Irish-speaking district. In the towns the Irish language had died out a bit and only the old folks knew it. Do you see this? This is called the Fáinne (indicating a small gold circle on her dress). You can get this ring when you sign a paper and say that you will not speak English to anybody else who has this ring. And after I was back in Ballingeary a while I got this ring. And after I got it, I never spoke a word of English to my husband or to the baby, now about two and one half years old. She speaks Irish. In this district where I was, there are a lot of tourists and they speak English, of course. But for the last three months I was there I never spoke a word of English to anybody. Of course, my husband was there then and he never spoke a word of English either. We gave one of these rings to the baby when she was born, so that she would always speak her own language. We had to take it away from her because she put it in her mouth, but I think it is time to give it to her again. We returned to Cork in November 1919. I should like to say that while we were in Ballingeary the English soldiers and police twice raided he house we were living in at 4 o'clock in the morning. Luckily my husband was not there either time. He used to go back and forth from Cork."

In the Spring of 1962, when not yet thirteen years of age, I was privileged to meet Muriel MacSwiney on a visit to our family home. My father, Micheál O'Riordan (1917-2006), was the Cork City son of Ballingeary parents - Micheál O'Riordan of Inchinossig and Julia Creed of Illaninagh. But it was in his capacity as the then General Secretary of the Irish Workers' Party, and future General Secretary of the reunited Communist Party of Ireland, that Muriel MacSwiney was primarily visiting him, for she

had been an early post-War political supporter of this Spanish Anti-Fascist War veteran. As another supporter, the playwright Sean O'Casey, put it on May 21, 1951: "Michael O'Riordan is his own message. He has all the decent and daring qualifications to represent the people; therefore he'll find it damned hard to win a way for them. He looks a sturdy lad, as, of course, those who fought for Republican Spain were sturdy lads. He has nothing to sell but his soul, and he isn't likely to do that; though he'll be told he'll lose it by holding on to it."

Muriel had the patience to include me in the conversation that ensued in the O'Riordan home. She explained that, in English, she had disliked her given name, Muriel, preferring her second name, Frances. The Irish language was quite another matter. When she met and fell in love with Terry, and he explained to her that the Irish form of her name, Muirgheal, broke down as "muir gheal", meaning "bright sea", she took to that Irish form, and it was as Muirgheal she would write to me in those few letters we would subsequently exchange.

Writing to me from London on March 28, 1962, Muriel addressed me in old Gaelic script and apologised that the letter was not "as Gaolainne". She asked after my sister Brenda, my mother, Kay Keohane O'Riordan (1910-1991), and my maternal aunt and godmother, Máire Keohane Sheehan (1909-1975). Muriel wrote:

"I should be delighted if you would write me asking me for any information you want . You will get the answers. I was in the Irish movement from 1915, until the end of '23 when I went to live in Germany. (I am still in it in the way your father & mother are.) I think we should know our history, especially when all knowledge of it has been suppressed so long by a foreign usurping power, but what is more important is what we are doing in the present day, & preparing for the future. Therefore people of your age are the most vital. Your father and your aunt from Cork made grand speeches at the (Party) Congress. With all best wishes to your parents and your nice sister."

She concluded: "Le meas mór, Muirgheal Bean Mhic Suibhne. (You, unfortunately, must write my name as Béarla, or the Sassenach does not understand.)"

On April 7, 1962, Muriel's second letter to me was postmarked Tonbridge, the Kent market town residence of Alex Blakelock (1926-2009) - her daughter by Pierre Kaan (1903-1945). He was a French Jewish Communist, and they had been active together in the Communist Party of Germany. Muriel, however, left Germany in 1932, getting out in advance of the imminent achievement of power by the Nazi Party. In my own letter, dated April 1, I had asked Muriel two questions: the first as to whether she had known any people who had witnessed and spoken of the Famine, and the second about Germany. She replied:

"The best thing I read about the famine was Arthur Griffith's introduction to John Mitchel's Jail Journal. This was a new edition in 1914 or '15. Terry lent it to me when we hardly knew one another. My father used to say that the people were dying everywhere of what was called "famine fever". I think he was about 20 at the time. All my family, although entirely Irish by race (Ó Murchadha), were West Britons, English Imperialists, but I think now that my father was a Liberal & did not like the famine. The Irish famine was not caused by the failure of the potato crop, that happened all over Western Europe. There were however plenty of crops in Ireland (wheat, barley etc) which the capitalists in Ireland exported to make money & thus caused the famine. I shall write you a longer letter about Germany. The Germans were, & perhaps still are, the most unpolitically minded people in the world, that is why they voted for the Nazis, the voting was free at the time."

Earlier in that letter, Muriel had written: "I too much prefer to obtain information by word of mouth, except when I want to pin down a lying propagandist when one has to keep the printed text of what they have said. I will be in Dublin again & we can have another talk."

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Muriel MacSwiney picketing the UK Embassy in Washington, USA, October 1922

Regrettably, we never had that second meeting. Nor did I come back to her on the "German question" in any further correspondence. My third and final letter from Muriel was dated April 4, 1966, and was in response to an enquiry from me if she would be coming to Dublin on the 50th anniversary of the 1916 Rising. She replied:

"I am not coming over for the 50th anniversary of 1916. I consider that not alone after 50 year, but 5, there should be proper conditions especially for the children, free health services, good schools, full employment (not having to quit our own Eire to be able to live, we had it during the English reign), Religious Freedom... A very disgraceful thing has happened in connection with the 50th anniversary. I expect you will know that Tom Clarke was chosen (at a private meeting of the leaders before the Rising) as the President of the Irish Republic. I know this from my husband and Cork volunteers etc; and although your father is so much younger I think he will also be aware of it. All the Dublin

papers published a letter from me to this effect a short time ago. Well, we are not allowed by the government to honour our great President. There is an old man living, I suppose, not so far from you, J. Clarke... He was in prison with my husband. He wrote a very good letter to me saying that he had known Tom Clarke personally well, and that of course he was chosen as President. However Clarke has not sent this to any of the papers and has not protested to the Government... Tom Clarke was a Fenian aged I6. They were kept for years in solitary confinement, and some lost their reason. A small number had escaped to America and did not suffer this. T Clarke after being released went to the USA and married the daughter and niece of Fenians (especially the uncle John Daly), Limerick, famous. They came back to Éire and had a small tobacconist and newspaper shop in O'Connell St., at the corner beyond Parnell's monument."

"Well, don't do this if there is any reason against it, but if you could go to see J Clarke and ask him from me why he did not protest to the Government? I should be grateful. You can tell him that although I have nothing to do with them, that I wrote to Lemass protesting, and I had a reply. Pearse was military Commandant of all Ireland, not President, and Connolly Commandant of Dublin. Your father will know I think why Cork was not in the glorious 1916 Rising, but Cork did make up for this later. It is for this reason also - Tom Clarke's not getting what he more than deserves - which prevents me being in Dublin 1966."

Joe Clarke had been a hero of the 1916 Rising battle of Mount Street Bridge and was now Vice-President of the then Sinn Féin that recognised neither State nor Government. In any case, I was too much in awe of him to present him with any ultimatum from Muriel. Moreover, I subsequently came to the conclusion that they were both mistaken on the issue of who was President, and that, despite

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Tom Clarke's widow's wish to have him recognised as such, Tom Clarke himself had concluded that a single chain of command made the most sense.

(See www.historyireland.com/volume-22/heckling-dev/ for when I did get involved with Joe Clarke in I 969, the plan for him to heckle President de Valera at the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Dáil Éireann, demanding that the Government release the homeless housing activist Dennis Dennehy, then on hunger strike in Mountjoy Gaol, and also being supported by Muriel MacSwiney.)

My last, 1966, letter from Muriel had been postmarked France, where she was once more active in Communist politics, and alternating between living in Paris and the Breton commune of Plestin-les-Grèves. She enclosed a bulletin from her local Communist Party cell, and wrote:

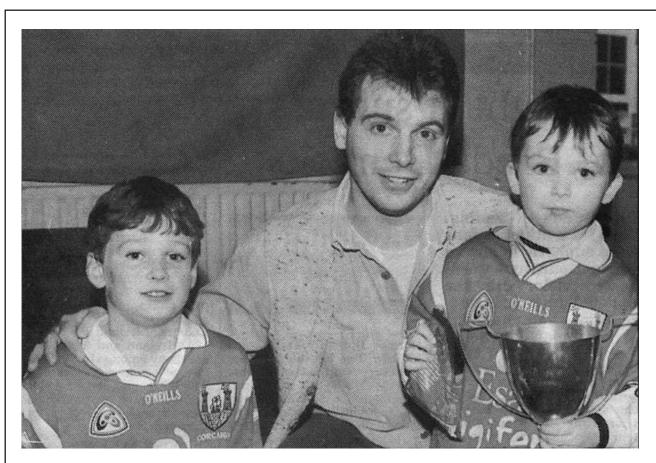
"It is my little corner of Brittany, full of wicked communists like myself. The same is true of many other parts; & the Party in France is very large as you probably know. De Gaulle is being very good in his foreign policy. I don't approve of career officers, which he is, or of political Catholics, which he also is, altho' rather independent; but I do admire him for being a real French nationalist. He could have done what nearly all the French officers did at the time when France was invaded, I 940, go over to the Germans, their hereditary enemy. Same as the English for us Irish. And now he does not see, & neither do I, why France should be swallowed by the United States. I think myself, & so do many French people, that the only real bulwark against the USA Bonn axis is France independent... However, De Gaulle is very bad at present in interior France. There are not enough government credits for schools & hospitals, and altho' a great number of flats have been built they are are far too dear. Not like the 3% of wages paid for accommodation in the Soviet Union... Spain is stirring a good deal. The result of the seeds sown by the International Brigade."

Much as I now regret that I missed the boat in 1962 to ask Muriel follow up questions on her intriguing remarks about Germany, I also regret that I never asked her any questions about the wartime French Resistance. It was only last year that I learned of the leading role played by her former partner, Pierre Kaan. For it was in June 2015 that I learned from my friend of fifty years, Muriel and Terence MacSwiney's grandson Cathal MacSwiney Brugha, of how Pierre Kaan had operated and died. Kaan had been among the founders of Libération-Sud. In 1942, following the success of many of his operations, Kaan was made deputy to Jean Moulin, leader of the unified Resistance forces, and given responsibility for safeguarding transport and communication links between Lyon and the occupied half of France. Denounced by a close collaborator in the winter of 1943, Pierre Kaan was arrested by the Gestapo in Paris on 29 December, tortured by them, and then deported to Buchenwald concentration camp. From Buchenwald, Pierre Kaan was later deported to Gleina, where he would be liberated by Czech anti-fascist fighters, only to die a few days later, exhausted and stricken by typhus and T.B., on 18 May 1945.

Forty years subsequent to my last letter from Muriel, I gave an address, on behalf of the International Brigade Memorial Trust, at Figueres fort in Catalunya. It was Easter Sunday, 2006, and I marked not only the 90th anniversary of our own 1916 Rising, but also the 75th anniversary of both the Second Spanish Republic and Catalan autonomy. I recalled the mass demonstrations of solidarity with Terence MacSwiney that had taken place in Catalunya over the course of his hunger strike, and the subsequent solidarity of his widow Muriel with the Spanish Republic. That Easter Sunday was just a month before my father's passing on May 18, 2006, and I also recalled how he had carried the flag of Catalunya at the commencement of the battle of the Ebro in July 1938, and was now, from his hospital bed, sending his greetings to his second homeland, Catalunya. In May 2007, close to his first anniversary, we scattered my fathers's ashes in the river Ebro, at exactly the same spot where he had carried that flag across the river. On that occasion I sang an adaptation I had done of a poem the French communist poet Louis Aragon had written in honour of the Catalan melody "Santa Espina".

In June 2015 the Government of Catalunya sponsored a conference in Cork City Hall to commemorate the 1920 Catalan solidarity with Terence MacSwiney. A keynote speaker was his grandson Cathal MacSwiney Brugha, whose other illustrious Republican martyr grandfather was, of course, Cathal Brugha (1874-1922). We then proceeded to Cork City Museum, where Cathal showed us the doll, in traditional Catalan dress, that had been sent to his mother as an act of Catalan solidarity with - and comfort for - the infant Máire, during the course of her father's hunger strike. Following that, we next proceeded to St. Finbarr's Cemetery, where Cathal gave an address at the three side-by-side graves of his grandfather Terence Mac Swiney, MacSwiney's predecessor as Cork IRA Commandant and Lord Mayor of Cork - Tomás MacCurtain, and his successor as Cork IRA Commandant - Denis Barry. Cathal then announced that we would now proceed the short distance to another grave - that of my Ballingeary paternal grandparents, Micheál Snr and Julia, my uncles Diarmuid and Donal, and my aunt Nora, and where I had previously placed a very small portion of my father's ashes. Here I once again sang "Santa Espina" - captured on a video recording that can be accessed on the Facebook page of the Catalan writer Toni Strubell, where also can be found a video of Cathal's address at Terence MacSwiney's graveside. At the O'Riordan graveside, Cathal went on to pay tribute to the Anti-Fascist struggles of both his grandmother Muriel MacSwiney and her martyred partner Pierre Kaan. As Cathal pronounced in St. Finbarr's, with such successive graveside ceremonies, we were finally "closing the circle".

Manus O'Riordan



Early 90sTiocfaidh ár lá.Timothy O'Leary and Barra Ó Sé with John O'Driscoll of Ballingeary GAA presentation of Muskerry under 16 medals.

The Crockery Ware

as sung by Patrick Dineen, Inchideroille and Connie Jamsie O'Leary, Derravacorneen, Ballingeary

There was a lad in Longford dwell He courted a girl when he was young, He courted her with all his might That he might have her as his wife.

Chorus: Too-rí-raw, the too-rí-raw, The too-rí-raidire, the too-rí-raw.

This young man rose in the middle of the night Going to see his heart's delight, He struck his toe against the chair Tumbled it into the crockery ware.

Chorus: Too-rí-raw, the too-rí-raw, The too-rí-raidire, the too-rí-raw.

The old woman, she arose the very same night Quickly and loudly calling for a light,

She says young man "What brought you there?

Breaking all my crockery ware."

Chorus: Too-rí-raw, the too-rí-raw, The too-rí-raidire, the too-rí-raw.

I said: "Old woman, don't get so cross
I lost my way and I going to Ross,
I struck my toe against the chair
And tumbled it into the crockery ware."

Chorus: Too-rí-raw, the too-rí-raw, The too-rí-raidire, the too-rí-raw.

I made for the daughter and she lying in bed She knew right well that the devil was said, She said young man: "What brought you there? Breaking all our crockery ware."

Chorus: Too-rí-raw, the too-rí-raw, The too-rí-raidire, the too-rí-raw.

I made for the daughter you may be sure When I got the old woman outside the door, 'Twas then she wooed and did declare That I was a dinger at the crockery ware.

Chorus: Too-rí-raw, the too-rí-raw, The too-rí-raidire, the too-rí-raw.

Come all ye jolly sporting sparks
Never go courting in the dark,
Or if you do, you'll do something 'quare'
That will knock you into the crockery ware.

Chorus: Too-rí-raw, the too-rí-raw, The too-rí-raidire, the too-rí-raw.



Patrick Dineen and Connie Jamsie O'Leary singing The Crockery Ware

Wild Heritage Of Uibh Laoghaire Cuan na nGiorraí - Hares' Corner

by Ted Cook

Addressing "every person living on this planet" in his Encyclical Letter published June 18th, 2015, Pope Francis draws our attention to his namesake St. Francis of Assisi. St. Francis, Patron Saint of Ecology, whose Feast Day we celebrate on October 4th, "asks that part of the Friary Garden always be left untouched". This 13th Century Saint, in whose Canticles he addresses, Sir Brother Sun; Sister Moon; Brother Wind; Sister Water and Brother Fire - ordained that the authentic spiritual life necessitates provision and care for "wilderness".

"Laudato si, mi' Signore" (Praise Be, Lord), the title of this radical Encyclical is taken directly from the Saint's Canticle "through our Sister, Mother Earth". At Chapter 6 (Paragraphs 216/217), His Holiness claims that "the external deserts in this world are growing, because the internal deserts within man have become so vast" - that "the life of the Spirit is not dissociated from Nature".

Within living memory, nearly every field on the farm had its "Cuanree" ("Caumree" - Counties



Hare Bathing in Bluebells
Artist is Emma Colbert, her website is
http://www.emmacolbertart.com/2016/05/31/bathing-in-bluebells/

Fermanagh and Tyrone). The Legendary Queen Meadbh of Connaught, in perhaps our oldest surviving tale "Tain Bó Fraich", goes hunting hounds for Hares "Mil Maige" (animal of the plains). Modern (Medieval) Irish names the Hares as "girrfhiadh" or "short venison game" - hence "giorrai". In our 8th Century "Book of Kells" the Hare is illustrated with markedly short ears the determining feature (morphology) of the Irish Hare (commonly Mountain Hare). Despite 14 introductions of the Brown Hare from Britain between 1848 and 1900, into Counties Cork and Donegal, our Irish Hare is still king from sea level to the remote uplands. Only in mid-Ulster has the Brown Hare (with ears distinctly longer than its head) achieved success.

Research at Queens University (Belfast), suggests "Lepus timidus hibernicus" (Irish Hare) evolved as a globally unique subspecies over 30,000 years ago, surviving on lichens and mosses along our mountain ridges that protruded above the 2 km deep frozen ice-sheets. After the "fast melt", our "giorraí ghaelach" adapted to both the lowlands and uplands - grazing and browsing on grasses and heathers.

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The Brown Hare (Lepus europaeus - capensis), of low-lying farmland, has not been identified by this writer, in Uibh Laoghaire, to date. Older Readers will recall our "three penny piece" with its Brown Hare! As farm intensification and enclosure grown apace - and with our newly introduced Forestry Programme, that aims to raise Forest cover from 10.4% to 18% of National Territory before 2046, the Irish Hare with its highly specialised habitat requirements faces pressures. West Muskerry, along with East Carbery have been identified as part of the 6.4 million new acres ear-marked for Afforestation. The absence of Brown Hares, themselves a serious Forest pest because they strip barks, has made the Forestry option a viable one.

When introducing myxomatosis in 1954, which disease killed c. 95% of the Rabbit population in Ireland, it was great fortune that resistance was triggered in the Hare. The Rabbit was a Norman introduction.

As "Good Indicators" of local environments, the Irish Hare symbolises deep Cultural significance - an "other-worldly" presence in Uibh Laoghaire dating from Erin's youthful days. It is verily the Emblem of Inchigeelagh Tuath - regularly spotted at Augeris' wild expanses, particularly in the vicinity of Uibh Laoghaire's original Parish Church when part of the Cloyne Diocese.

Jamsie Kearney (R.I.P.) claimed that Cluain Siar Mór was really Cluain Sí Mór - Munster's stronghold for the "Fairy Hare", whom, Jamsie propounded was both "enchanted" and "changeling".

In the text of "Laudato Si", the Pontiff calls for an "Ecological Spirituality" if man is to resist "replacing Godhead with Ego" the "Culture of Death" or a "Civilization of Love" (Seachin tú fein).

In our County Cork "Biodiversity Action Plan", the "Irish Hare" is listed a "Red Data" species signifying both its decline and endangerment. It is an Annex V listed species in the 1992 E.U. Habitats Directive and is protected under our Wildlife Act 1976 (as Amended 2000). "Lepus timidus hibernicus" additionally is described as "the flagship species for County Cork".

Though "illegal" since 2004 (England and Wales) and "outlawed" in Scotland since 2002, Hare-coursing remains legal within the Republic - subject to licensing. Historically it has been the "Brown Hare" sought and trapped for "Coursing" - it can reach 37 miles per hour and though not as fast as the greyhound, it can turn much faster. Hence, two days are required for this so-called "sport".



Whether claiming to be "licensed" or not, Uibh Laoghaire's land-owners must confront any trappists on their lands and expressly repudiate any entry upon holdings by trappists. If issues arise, contact the Gardaí - we have no Conservation Ranger in West Muskerry for many years.

Our Hare's natural predators are Eagle and Fox - the latter rarely able to keep up - but will kill their young leverets.

My Ballingeary Home

By Pat O'Sullivan

In this lonely London town I lay my tired old body down, And dream again of friends and days long gone. On the footsteps of my mind I am carried back in time, To see the scenes around my Ballingeary home.

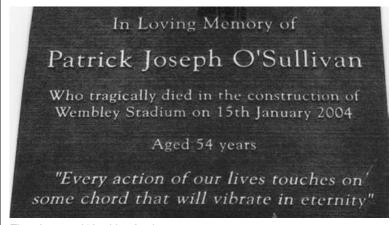
Someone said "the savage loves his native shore"
And I wonder could I ever love you more,
But this much I can tell, it's been a life of living hell,
Since I left my dear old Ballingeary home.

Down the little winding road to the village now I go, Greeting kindly neighbours on the way. Each smiling face I see, brings back fond memories, Of old times around my Ballingeary home.

Someone said "the savage loves his native shore" And since the day I left that little farmhouse door, For peace of mind I'd give all this city where I live, For one glance at my old Ballingeary home.

There's a Church along the way where on Sunday we would pray, And the old schoolhouse where I learned right from wrong. The pictures fade from my mind, this is a different place and time, Far from my dear old Ballingeary home.

Someone said "the savage loves his native shore"
And I wonder if I'll ever see you more.
If fate had been more kind to me, I'd be flying o'er the sea,
To live in my old Ballingeary home.
No more to leave my Ballingeary home.



The plaque at Wembley Stadium.



Pat O'Sullivan. Born Carrignadoura 25th March 1949 Died Wembley Stadium 15th January 2004.

The Great Bike Ride 1939

By Angharad Tomos

You couldn't do it nowadays – or could you? Take your family on a bike ride and travel round half of Ireland, with no luggage at all. It would be a challenge.

But that is what my father, Arial Thomas, did as a teenager, in 1939. They lived in Bangor (about an hour's journey from Holyhead, Wales) and they had never set foot outside Britain. Their mother was in a hospital since about six years with mental health problems, so they were a single parent family to all intent and purpose. My father was 14 years of age, and it was his suggestion to have a camping holiday. Having no car, bikes were the answer. His sister, Ffion had just turned 19, and my grandfather, David Thomas, was 59 years of age.

They had none of this lightweight modern stuff. They bought a brand new tent with a rubber sheet, they stitched blankets as sleeping bags, and brought along a change of clothes – nothing more, except for the three plastic mugs. I admire their minimalism. They joined the Cyclist Touring Club, got a route, and away they went. They set off on Tuesday, the 8th of August.

How do I know all the details? My grandfather kept a journal for the nineteen days they travelled. He got it published in the Methodist magazine, and then cut it out, stuck it on pages, and got all of it bound to make a hard-covered book. 'Ar Olwyn yn Eire' (Welsh for "On Wheels in Eire") is one of my most treasured possesions.

About forty years later, my father made the same journey, with a caravan this time and five young daughters and a wife in tow. That was an eventful holiday. It was the year of the Hunger Strike. Bobby Sands had died two months previously and the tenth hunger striker died while we were in Ireland. Our car was stolen in Dublin on our last night, and all its content taken – everything except the valued copy of my grandfather's diary...

What makes it so valuable to me? The fact that I can go on the journey with the three of them. It is well written, although there are no photos – they did not own a camera. But with the vivid descriptions, you can make up your own images, and the Ireland of 1939 is a very different picture from the present day.

Cars would be much rarer. He remembers barefoot children as a common thing.

He recalls a crowd of unemployed men in Youghal because the flour mill had closed. They washed with the dew, sometimes they were given hay as a mattress from kind farmers.

The one thing that made a lasting impression on my grandfather was the generosity and kindness of the people. He was not refused some land to pitch a tent on by anyone, and they were given milk and bread freely. More than once, a kind farmwife would give my father apples, because of his rosy cheeks, or so my granddad thought! But the freedom was tremendous — if it rained, they were drenched, they dried under the sun, and although the surface of the road was atrocious in some places, the views made up for it.

It was an interesting time politically, as the Civil War had raged only fifteen years previously. My grandfather notes that there were

David
Thomas
with his two
children, Arial (left)
and his sister Ffion, in 1933

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plenty of slogans between Cork and Kerry; 'Smash the Partition', 'Treason to IRA will be punished by death'. Some farmers feared that this would have an adverse effect on tourism, and my Grandfather notes 'They felt like the Welsh towards the Welsh Nationalist that burned the RAF Bombing School in Llyn a few years ago' (Three foremost Nationalist were imprisoned after admitting responsibility in the Old Bailey in 1936).

Their diet must have been monotonous, each of them had a pint of milk at the beginning and the end of each day, and that was what kept them going. Once, as a treat, they boiled eggs on an open fire with an old tin for pineapple chunks as a saucepan!

The most interesting part of the diary for me is the conversations my grandfather had with the local people. He enjoyed a good discussion. The talk turned politically often, but he notes that the Irish don't discuss religion as the Welsh do. The damage caused by the Black and Tans was terrible, and the two major themes were the question of Ulster and the payment that Britain demanded for the land.

This is a piece from the diary of 1939 translated from the original Welsh, the natural language of the family.

INCHIGEELAH

It was a wild harvest in County Cork, and the sun was at its hottest, as we cycled westwards. Our skin became golden and we had sunburn and windburn on foreheads, back of our necks and noses. As I tried sleeping on my side during the night, it was uncomfortable, and I realised that my ears had been sunburnt, and it was as painful as frostbite. We came accustomed to these small grievances, and after a day or two, they disappeared.

Wheat stacked in the fields, blackberries in the bushes and the undergrowth blue with wild flowers – that is what we saw as we sailed by on our journey. The smell of honeysuckle was sweet, and in some hedges, wild fuchsia grew in abundance, with their red flora hanging like bells. On Saturday, on our way to Cork, we saw much honeysuckle falling in fragrant ropes from the trees above.

We went on our way today to the village of Blarney, six miles outside Cork. Here is the famous castle, and in its walls, the 'Blarney Stone', that attracts the hordes each year.

Eloquence is promised to whoever kisses this stone, but one must climb to the top of the castle and stretch awkwardly through a window, risking your life to reach it. I never heard of anyone who was a more gifted speaker after kissing it. We went past it, but Ffion and Arial saw the castle.

Blarney was a small village with nothing outstanding. Arial thought his front wheel was a bit flat, and after passing through the village, we took a rest by a ditch to search for a hole in the rubber, but it was too small to find. We were following the River Lee today, and in some patches, the views were splendid. I remember one time in particular, as we climbed a hill, between Blarney and Dripsey, watching a river deep below us on the left, and trees growing on each bank, and it flowed slowly by, its waters reflecting the blue sky above, and the sun shining; now and then we could see the gravel on the bottom, and still cows standing up to their legs in the water.

Later on, we crossed a small bridge, and stayed to watch the river below. On one side, there were three great concrete walls forming a square with wire netting on the top, and printed on a piece of wood, 'Support Old Gaelic Pastimes (and the Gaelic translation in the traditional font). I suppose it was a place to play.

Towards the end of the afternoon, we were thirty miles from Cork, and getting towards Macroom. We saw a farmhouse on the roadside, and beyond it there was a garden, full of scarlet dahlias and pink gladiolas, with a tidy green wall to surround it. It was on this wall that we had our food, under a monkey puzzle tree, and there was a waterfall opposite. I went up to the farm to try and buy milk, but they only had a small amount as it was almost milking time. They gave us some and lent



Arial Thomas, who was on the Great Bike Ride of 1939 as a 14 yr old boy, his son-in-law Ben Gregory and grandson Hedydd Ioan

us a jug to hold water. The two women were ready enough to chat, and they were very interested in our journey.

I would have liked to see the village of Macroom, as it was there that William Penn was born, the famous Quaker, and one of the founders of the League of Nations, but our route turned left a mile before the village. The poet, Edmund Spencer had an estate of some million acres in this county when Bess reigned; he married a woman from near Youghal, and Sir Walter Raleigh came here to visit once. I did not find out how near to his land we were, maybe we were miles away.

Having left the crossroad for Macroom, we soon came to the romantic mountain country. The road was more rough here, with more loose gravel on the surface. I suddenly became homesick for the Pass of Llanberis, as we saw the gorse and heather on the slopes on the right, and the huge grey boulders rising from them, covered in lichen.

By now, we were approaching Inchigeelah, and we turned into a farmhouse on the roadside to ask for a place to camp. We were sent to a level grazing field by the house, and we pitched our tent on the other side of the hedge. The River Lee meandered through that field, twenty yards from the road, a wide, shallow, slow river, its banks hollow, and breaking up into stony streams, forming tiny islands, with alder trees growing on them.

Near the gate, there was a pool in the river, where the family had their slabbering water from; the fresh water well was further up the field. Ffion washed some clothes in the river, and dried them on the hedges. I eventually found where Arial's wheel was leaking and I mended it. In the morning I washed and shaved in the river.

A young couple cared for the farm, and they had one child, Michael, who had just had cowpox, and the wife's mother had visited them. When night time came, the husband came to the field to chat with us. We lay on the grass outside the tent as we ate our supper inside. It was dark when we parted, and not for the first time in Ireland, we had to have a candle lighted to go into our beds.

Mr O'Riordon was a cheery young man, and we had an interesting conversation. He remembered the Black and Tans in the West of Ireland, and as I questioned him, he spoke of the damage caused and the trouble there was between Irishmen after the Peace Treaty with Britain was signed. There was an old church in Inchigeelah, about a quarter of a mile away, this was burnt to the ground by the Irish, to prevent the British from taking it over and using it as a place to camp.

He spoke quite a bit about the political relationship between Ireland and Great Britain, and he was a reasonable enough man, there was no bitterness or hate in his character at all – or at least, he did not show it to us. He said that every Irishman was ready to discuss politics all day long, and every day. He asked what would Welsh workers discuss. I told him about the quarrymens huts, and over lunch, they also would discuss politics. They would also discuss books, religion and theology, and the sermon on a Monday.

"Oh" he replied, "you won't hear Irishmen talking about books, and religion – we won't discuss that, or even think about it, just go to Mass, and do as the priest tells us."

Now, reading the diary recently, I came across the next piece,

BALLINGEARY

Ballingeary was the name of the next village we came into, 'the estuary of the ford near the bushes in the river' is the meaning of the name, or so they told me. Here, the Gaelic language is commonly spoken, and there is a college here where young men come in the summer to study the language and its history — something similar maybe to what we have with Coleg Harlech (college in Wales with the Workers Education Association). We saw the building as we cycled out of the village, a new building, the same height as one of our new schools.

We went into a shop in the middle of the village to buy food and writing material and asked the woman there about the Irish language. As we received our change, I asked her what half a crown was in Irish, and she replied 'lachroin'. The shelves were full of large Del Monte fruit tins that were expensive, and Ffion and Arial told me that this was the brand of the very best tinned fruit. I was surprised to see so many expensive tins in such a poor village, and I asked the woman if the people of Ballingeary were particularly fond of tinned fruits. She replied that she stocked them for the college boys. They had to have them because they did not like milk puddings, and no other brand would do.

After we had left the village, we came across a row of trees on the top of a small hill, with a rough fern covered slope underneath us on the right, with a covering of trees above. At the end of the slope, there were gorse bushes, and a small stream flowing through them. That was a splendid place to eat, and we went there directly. By the time we got there, it was stagnant water that we did not wish to drink, so we had to eat our food dry.

In a while, we saw a little girl standing on the wall above us.

"Hello" she said and asked if she could come down to join us.

"Come" we said, and down she came.

She was barefoot like many of the children we had seen in Ireland. She was eight or nine years old, being very ready to talk, and she did not appear to know such a thing as shyness.

She sold raffle tickets to a local hospital, and though I do not buy such things, I could not but give her a penny straight away. I gave her name on it - Joan O'Riordan, and then asked what was the name of her home. After



Angharad Tomos and her son Hedydd

she replied, I could not put down in writing the fluent sounds of her tongue, and I had to ask her to write it for me. She did, and I was surprised to see the Gaelic letters in her hand, beautiful letters, not unsimilar to the Greek alphabet. She questioned us a lot, and we did the same. She said that she studied Irish at school and spoke it at home. We told us that we came from Wales,

"Have you ever heard of Wales?" I asked, to which she replied,

"What is that?" rather than "Where is that?"

She had never heard of Wales.

When you go to that side of Ireland, you will notice that the windows of their minds are open to America rather than Great Britain.

David Thomas, In Eire on Wheels

I liked the story, and I realised that I had a name and a place. What would happen, I wondered, if I wrote a letter, with a copy of this, and addressed it to 'The Local Council', Ballingeary, County Cork? 'Nothing will happen', said my husband, but something did — I received a letter from Sean O'Sullivan. The letter had been passed on to him by the postman. It was he who told me that Joan had died, but she had a sister, Eileen Lucey, who lives in Inchigeela. Having her address, I wrote to her and got a reply within a week.

Her and Joan's mother had died when Joan was only three weeks old and her father was left with six children. They were reared by friends, and 'scattered like feathers' according to Eileen. Joan spoke fluent Irish (her foster brother was involved with the Coláiste Na Mumhan).

Joan's story is all too familiar. She left for England when she was eighteen (1949), found nursing hard, and got work in a hotel in London where she met her husband. They went to live in Devonshire, but both have died by now. I would have liked to meet her. But I was grateful to Eileen for telling me the story.

Will I make the same journey in 2017 is the question now. By then, I'll be the same age as my grandfather, and my son will be the same age as my father. What's more, the 8th of August next year falls on a Tuesday

I'm sorely tempted. Not that I'm up for it physically, but neither was my grandad! Travelling as rough as that could be a challenge, maybe I could compromise a bit. If I will decide, I will let you

Angharad Tomos, November 2016



Scoil Mhuire Folk Group early 1980s

Back I to r; Eibhlín Ní Laoire; Eibhlín Ní Riordáin; Ann Nic Charthaigh; Mary Manning.

Front I to r; Geraldine Ní Rinn; Máire Ní Luasa; Mary Ní Bhreathnach.

The Story of Julia McCarthy's Brass Candlestick

as told by D.S. Chu Tuesday, 4 October 2016

Julia McCarthy,

my maternal grandmother's maternal grandmother.

I never knew you,

but I have your brass candlestick.

One of a pair, forged centuries ago now

in Ireland.

A wedding gift perhaps,

the mate lost in transit from there to here.

What were you thinking, leaving your homeland, where kith & kin were rooted likely since antiquity?

Your granddaughter (and my grandmother), Mary Barry let me have your brass candlestick.

More than 4 decades ago,

a Thanksgiving at her farmhouse in Western Massachusetts brought us together.

For the half-dozen granddaughters,

Grandma held a lottery, distributing family heirlooms, and I got your brass candlestick.

The story of the candlestick

related your trans-Atlantic passage,

in ship's steerage - the bottom of the boat.

I'd imagined you came as a young widow, with children in toe.

Gt. Gt. Grandpa Thomas Drummey of County Cork, having died there of illness or famine.

What were you thinking?

to leave home, to come to what?

another home? of transplanted McCarthys & Drummeys in Boston and surrounds?

Until this week, I had your candlestick.

I knew your name, and not much else,

but now I know a little bit of your story.



Julia McCarthy's Brass Candlestick

Thanks to clerics & scribes of old Iveleary, (modern computer geeks too), there are incidentals learned,
places and dates for your: birth, baptism, marriage,
and children's christenings,
even your parent's wedding record.

And still I wonder what you were thinking!?

In reality, it seems you did not immigrate as a young widow, more likely in your mid-60's! or later! Most of your children immigrated earlier, as adults in the 1880's.

The Norwood, Massachusetts directories for 1900 and 1906 list you, boarding at 114 Monroe Street — with sons, John, Patrick and Matthew living nearby.

Grandma described you as a "petite woman,"
who always wore a white starched lace bonnet I.
You were the one who mothered the new mothers in the family,
your daughters and daughters-in-law — and their infants.
You mothered my grandmother,
and she shared that memory of her Grand-mother with me.

When I was young, we'd ask grandma what she knew of Ireland, what stories her parents might have passed down.

She said it was a desperate time for the family: "They were starving."

Neither of her parents would talk much about it; they didn't want to revisit the sad memories, though they might have liked to visit home again.

Grandma never made it to Ireland, though she was 100% (Inchigeela)Irish-Bostonian-Catholic... and proud of it!

Just last year however, my husband Donald & I flew to Dublin and made a daytrip from Cork City to Inchigeela.

Thanks to many gracious, openhearted people,
we had a delightful stay:
Walked the village road over the River Lee,
'toured' Castle Carrignacurra and
had tea with Joe Creedon
who ensured that I had a candle for your candlestick —
straight from the altar of St. Finbarr & Holy Angels!

The parish secretary showed me your marriage record from 1852, contained in one of several tomes, kept in the parish safe — as the treasure it is.

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The trip back to New York was a weeklong ocean voyage not in steerage, but I thought of you every nautical mile!

Thanks to you Julia McCarthy, to your mother and grandmother before you, and yes, to "Mother Ireland."

You lived a mere decade on this side of the Atlantic, before your death and now your descendants thrive in Boston and beyond.

I really don't know what you were thinking when you left Inchigeela for America.

But I have your candlestick, and just now I'm beginning to see the light².



Julia McCarthy Drummey Baptized: 19 May 1827 — Sylvergrove (Uibh Laoire) Died: 27 Jan 1907 — Norwood, Massachusetts

Acknowledgements

Many thanks to Joe Creedon and the gracious, openhearted residents of Inchigeela, County Cork, IRELAND

Dedication

With love and gratitude for my foremothers, known and unknown:
Joanna Sullivan Julia McCarthy Drummy (1827-1907)
Catherine Teresa Drummey Barry (1866-1939)
Mary Frances Barry Dellea (1898-1991)
Catherine Theresa Ruth Dellea Smith (1924-2013)

Roinnt dánta ó Comórtas Filíocht Daonscoil An Fhómhair 2016 sa Ghuagán Barra

Abhainn na Saoirse 1916

Liam Ó Conaill (Coláiste Ghobnatan)

Foinse beomhar glioscarnach ag cogarnaíl sa choill faoi ghliondar is faoi spleodar is faoi dhaoirse an daorsmachta.

Fréamhaithe inar meon Gaelach ag triail arís is arís eile Ó ghlúin go glúin go dtí go n-eiríonn léi sníomh go tréan.

Ag damhsa go mealltach le geallúintí flúirseacha is saoirse nuair a shroichfidh sí ceann scríbe na gluaiseachta.

Ag leanúint a h-aistir ag nascadh le srutháin ag bailiú nirt ós na srutha a thugann tacaíocht.

Ag cur lena cuid fuinnimh ag léimt is ag rith thar chlocha is faoi dhroichid chun sruthú le fána.

> Go tobann eiríonn sí í torranach, tóirniúil, ag fógairt athruithe ag cuir iontais ar chách.

Glacann sí seilbh ar thalamh gurb léi é ó dhúchas ós na fórsaí a tháinig eatarthu a cumhacht á léiriú go brách.

Ionsaíonn sí foirgnimh iad á scriosadh le fórsa na brící á bpléascadh as a chéile iad á réabadh go tréan.

Go glórach, garbh géilleann an struchtúr. leanann cíor thuathail, gach rud tré mhearbhall callánach.

Casann an taoide de réir a chéile maraon le dearcadh na ndaoine cruthaíonn sé faoiseamh suaimhneach ón torann agus ón scriosadh scanrúil.

Fágtar í ag caoineadh dá caillteanas a deora ag sileadh go seasta de bhar na híobairte a ofráladh ar a son.

An tírdhreach aistrithe go hiomlán beidh an ní a doirteadh ar ár son go deo i srutha ár smaointe sinn i gcónaí ómósach dá bharr.

Iontasaí mo Choille

le Shahira Apraku

Síos an bóthar Tríd an gcarrchlós Thar an droichead Sroicheann sé í.

I measc seana stuic crann darach, Nior bhreathnaigh sé orthu Dall ar an áileacht ina láthair Súileann sé ar aghaidh.

Tá sé ag cur báistí anois Scamaill airgid, cheapfa go mbeidís snoire as cruach Is gathanna gréine comh geal leis An bpota óir i scáth an boghadh báistí. Deora na bhFláithieas, le réiméad an Earraigh soilsithe, lontasaí an nadúir Ní thugann sé aon áird

Siúlaim amach, le uillinneacha ábalta, bhí mé óg ag an am sin. Fasann na caisearbháin, péacan na síolta, na crainn ag rince Ní thugaim aon áird agus

Sroichim mo dheireadh.

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1916

le Zachary Laplaud (Scoil Mhuire)

Anois i 2016, tá Éire saor,
Ach bhí an saoirse ana dhaor,
Do chaill a lán daoine a saol,
Anois níl ann ach scrúdú béil.
Smaoinigh an IRB ar réabhlóid,
Ach ní raibh ann ach cailliúint dóibh,
Bhí cabhair uathu ós na Gearmánaigh,
Bhí cabhair uathu ós na Poblachtánaigh,
Do dheineadar gunnaí a sheoladh anall,
Ach ní bhfuaireadar faic ach bád le poll.
Ar Óglaigh na hÉireann a cuireadh ceist,
Ach níor thugadar aon rud leis,
Ar deireadh thiar thall, orthu do theip,
Agus maraíodh iad gan aon cheist.

Connie Cronin

le Ali Ní Luasa (Scoil Mhuire)

"Scaoil an t-urchar", bhéic mo shinseanathair Is é gléasta ó bhun go barr i leathair, Ceannaire ar cheann des na colúin reatha, Is a mháthair sa bhaile ag guí dá bheatha.

Sé bliana déag d'aois nuair a thosnaigh sé ag troid, Rifles agus shotguns ab ea na rudaí a bhí a bhí á ngoid

Ós na beairicí i Maigh Chromtha is Bandain, An trioblóid seo go léir maoinithe i Londain.

Thar na sléibhte, mórthimpeall na ngleannta, Grúpa beag fear ina theannta, Ag troid go fíochmhar is fiáin Ach níor stop sé sin é ag filleadh ar Ghúgán.

Ag teacht abhaile le haghaidh pláta mór prátaí-Nach raibh an t-ádh air go raibh a mháthair ag guí Nach dtógfaí a shaol

Na hamanta go léir a bhí sé i mbaol!

Uachtaránacht

Le hÉimhín Ní Mhathúna (Clochar Naomh Mhuire, Maigh Chromtha)

П

Trumpa mór na gruaige bréige, Pluic an tsaibhris, Ag spalpadh bréaga, Ag cur dallamullóige ar chách.

Ш

Geallann sé mórán,
Don lucht éisteachta gan ciall –
Falla idir Meiriceá is Meicsiceo,
Is díolfaidh na Meicsicigh as?

Ш

Agus níos áiféisí fós, Stopfaidh sé an imirce, Agus déanann sé dearmad Gur imircigh a mhuintir féin.

> IV Ní mór an rogha, Ag muintir Mheiriceá. Clinton nó Trumpa, Fagtar fúthú é.

An Pheil

le Barra Ó hArgáin (Scoil Mhuire)

Thosnaíos ar an bpeil nuair a bhíos a ceathair

I gcoiscéim mo dhaid is athar m'athar. Sinn timpeall na páirce mar scata beag gamhna

Dhá uair sa tseachtain ó Mhárta go Samhna;

Ag ciceáil cúilíní go hard ins an spéir -Ba bhreá linn an chaid amuigh faoin aer. Anois mise an captaen ar fhoireann Chorcaí!

An cluiche mór buaite i gcoinne Ciarraí! Ardaíonn sé mo chroí go harda na bhflaitheasa

Corn Sam Mhic Uidhir á ardú im lámha-sa.

Caoineadh Joseph Plunkett

Le hElla Ní Chuirtín (Chochar Naomh Mhuire Maigh Chromtha)

Cuimhním ort anois, mo ghrá dhil, 'S tú id' chodladh sámh faoin gcré úr, Níor mhair an pósadh sin, thar uair nó dhó, Ach bí cinnte go bhfuil cuid dem' chroí istigh san uaigh leat, mo bhrón.

Is iomaí lá a chaitheamar ar bruach na Life, Ag cur an saoil trí chéile, ag plé a raibh i ndán dúinn, Tá'd siúd thart, imithe, caillte go deo; D'fhág tú im' bhaintreach mé, mór mo chumha.

Sheas tú in aghaidh na nGall, ach do rugadar ort, Ní raibh focail an Phiarsaigh tréan go leor chun tú a shábháil, Ach táim bródúil go rabhas i'm bhean duit, a stór, 's go bhfaca-sa an tírghrá sin i do shúile shéimhe.

Mo léan, do bhí an lá cinniúnach ag druidim chugainn Agus d'inis tú dom go raibh ort seasamh leis an bPiarsach, D'fhagas slán leat, mo chroí ag briseadh, mo ghrá geal ag imeacht uaim, Bhí a fhios agam go maith nach raibh tú chun teacht slán.

Do bhain sibh geit as na Gallaibh, is fíor sin, Nuair a thóg sibh an G.P.O agus na Ceithre Cúirteanna sa chathair, Bhíodar ró-láidir díbh sa deireadh, níor éirigh libh an uair seo, Ach beidh sibh mar laochra againn go deo na ndeor.

Ní raibh nóimead againn le chéile as sin amach, Agus tú teanntaithe acu i gCill Mhaighneann gan mé, Cead pósta ag meanoíche sa chill bhídeach ann, cínnte, Ach bas a fháil an mhaidin dár gcionn ar a sé.

Cuimhním ar an bpósadh, 's mé ag caoi go crua, Ní raibh tú ag iarraidh ach saoirse, ní rabhas ag iarraidh ach mo ghrá-sa, Cad 'na thaobh nár ligeadar dúinn a bheith sona le chéile? Samhlaím go gcloiseann tú mé, 's tú thuas anois sna Flaithis.

Do thógadar amach tú, an sagart le do chois, Gheallamar a bheith dílis, grámhar, go scarfadh an bás sinn, Gnáth lánúin agus bheadh an lá sin i bhfad sa todhcaí, Ach bhí do lá féin socraithe acu siúd, mór mhallacht orthu. Daoradh chun báis tú le héirí na gréine, Scaoileadar urchar a ghoid an saol agus an t-anam uait, Do dheinneas iarracht gan smaoineamh ar an radharc sin, Agus bhraitheas go raibh tú im' theannta, mar ba ghnách.

"Joseph Mary Plunkett", a d'fhógair na nuachtáin, "Maraithe inné, tar éis pósadh ar Grace Gifford", Tá aigne na nÉireannach ag athrú, a chroí, Agus geallaim duit go mbeidh saoirse againn, más mall is mithid.

Cuimhním ort anois, mo ghrá dhil, 'S tú id' chodladh sámh faoin gcré úr, Níor mhair an pósadh sin thar uair nó dhó, Ach bí cinnte go bhfuil cuid de m'chroí istigh san uaigh leat, mo bhrón.

Leanfaimid ar aghaidh ag troid ar do shon, Beidh do scáth romhainn amach mar spreagadh go brách, Seo caoineadh duit, a stóirín, mar a chum tú amhrán dom, Gealltanas go mbéarfaidh mé ort im' lámha, mar a d'impigh tú orm, nuair a bhuailfimid arís.

Ocht Bhéarsa don Seachtar Laochra

le hÉamonn Ó Meachair, I ú Bl Col. Ghobnatan

Tá peann is paipéar uaimse láithreach Anois nó dearhadfad mo dhán Faoi Phadraic Mhic Piarais 's ár laochra Na fir a cuireadh chun báis.

Bhí an seachtar seo fíor-chróga Nach sampla é sin dúinn inniu Ba ghnáth dhaoine iad roimis an Éirí Mar chuntasóir, iriseoir nó múinteoir

Ag tosnú anois leis an seachtar Ag caint faoin bPiarsach an múinteoir Go mbeadh an teanga go flúirseach in Éirinn 's a scoil lan gaoluinn cáiliúil

Tomas Mac Donnchadha a bhí taobh leis Roimh agus tar éis an Éirí Ba bhrea leis an cultúr gaelach agus é a chuir Béarla ar an mBonnán Buí Séamus Ó Conghaile as Alba A bhí i gceannas ar an ITGWU Nach é a bheadh thuas i mBleá Cliath Le tiománaithe busanna inniu

Mac Diarmada a bhí breoite le polio 'S lean sé ag troid ar aon chuma Ó Cléirigh a chaith blianta i ngéibhinn A shínigh an forógra ar dtús

Pluincéad file agus iriseoir A pósadh an lá roimh a bhás Ceannt an píobaire mar me fhéinig Is cuntasóir cosúil le mo mham.

Sin deireadh anois le mo bhéarsaí Faoin seachtar a cuireadh chun báis Go nglacaimid lena ndeashampla 'S an cultúr a chuir said chun fáis

(Mean Fomhair 2016)

Cumann Staire Vibh Laoire Vimhir 16

Comparáid

Méabh Ní Chonaill (Coláiste Ghobnatan)

"1916" a dúirt an múinteoir, Scríobh dán dom anois a pháistí, Faoin saol 100 bliain ó shin, Breac síos bhur gcuid tuairimí."

Níl aon eolas agam faoi 1916, Ní raibh mo thuismitheoirí ann fiú, Tá saol an-difriúil againn anois, Faoi dhaoine fadó – níl agam cliú.

I 1916 ní raibh gutháin acu, Meáin shóisialta nó ríomhairí, Bhí orthu <u>labhairt</u> lena chéile, In ionad dioscó, bhí acu céilí.

Deineadh bia sa bhaile fadó, Ar fheirm nó i gcistin an tí, Anois, ceannnaímid gach rud ón siopa, Pacáistí móra, gan mórán bia laistigh.

Bhí bia níos símplí i 1916, Ó fheirm go forc go béal, Anois, cuireann ceimicí blais ar ár mbia, Le raimhre tá an daonra i mbaol

Fadó, bhí páistí go deas néata, Bhí siad cabhrach is acu bhí béasaí, Ach le teicneolaíocht na linne seo, Ní fhaigheann siad codladh istoíche. Bhí ceol traidisiúnta in Éirinn, Á sheinm ar fhidil, piobaí 's consairtín, Anois déantar ceol ar ríomhairí, Is níl port, nó fiú amhrán ceolmhar binn.

> Bhí scoil an-difriúl an uair úd, D'úsáidtí an tslat ar pháistí, Anois, ní féidir sinn a bhualadh, Níl ann ach spórt is spraoi.

Sna sean-laethanta bhí crógacht ag fir, Ag troid a namhad gan eagla ná stró, An rachadh fir na laethanta seo amach, Chun cogaidh gan aon agó?

Chríochnaigh mé mo dhán, Bhí mé sásta go leor leis, An dtaitneoidh sé leis an múinteoir? Sin í an cheist.

"Obair iontach," a dúirt mo mhúinteoir,
"Tá na línte seo thar barr,
Tá sé soiléir gur dhein tú an-iarracht,
Is gheobhaidh tú duais dá bharr."

Óglaigh gan cháil

le Muireann Ní Argáin (Scoil Mhuire)

Seachtar fear cróga A shínigh an forógra Céad bliain ó shin D'ár saoirse.

Iriseáin, leabhair is nuachtáin Faoin bPiarsach is Seachtain na Cásca, Is gan trácht ar bith ar sheisear déag Ónar mbaile fhéin, Béal Átha. Go Caolchoill rothaigh Óglaigh ár mbaile Domhnach 1916. Teachtaireacht mhall ag teacht ón bPáil An Éirí Amach, ní inniu, ach amárach

Plaic ar fhalla, brat ar crochadh In ónóir don seisear déag. Níl cliú ná cáil orthu timpeall Inse Fáil Ach i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh mairfidh a gcáil. Cumann Staire Uíbh Laoire Journal 2016

Caillte i Stair

Le Máire Ní Shúileabháin Coláiste Ghobnatan

Luíoann na céadta síos, tostach, ritheanna a gcuid fola glas, bán is ór síos na sráideanna. Seasann an chathaoir socair, Dia linn is Muire. Ní féidir linn an milleán a chur orthu!

Thóg namhaid ár mbaile. Dún an dóras i bhur ndiaidh, is strainséirí sibh anseo.

Tháinig sibh i lár na hoíche agus mhúch sibh ár solas, lean an dorchadas in ár dteach ar feadh trí chéad bliaina.

Ach táimid chun an coinneal a athlasadh arís, le spioraid, dóchas is grá.

Fuail sibh ár mbéal dúnta, ár súile faoi púicicín, cheangail sibh ár lámha,

Chas sibh ár ndrom ó Dhia,

Thóg sibh ár mbaile. Imigh leat a strainséir, trasna na taoide arís. Imigh sula gcuirfidh mé amach thú. Ach níor imigh tú.

Lean an agóid sé lá, clann stróichte,

Na céadta marbh, ní fheicfimid a muintir go deo arís.

Ach mhúin sibh ceacht dúinn, an brionglóid a fuaireamar ó bhur bhfocail deireanacha. Tá an rím fós le cloisint i mo chluasa.

O bhur mbásanna leanfaimid bhur spriocanna. Cróithe le cuspóir amháin, is chomh crua le cloch. Ag fanacht mar aonad, íobairt ró-fhada a bhí ann.

Ach fós sheas siad an fód, maraíodh iad, aghaidheanna cáiliúla is aghaideanna anaithnid. A Bheathaí scríofa I leabhar, an smaoinaigh an céad glúin eile futhú? Coiméadeann mise iad i mo pháidireacha.

Ar dheis dé go raibh a n-anamacha dílse. Sé throig síós ach fós in ár gcroíthe. Beannaíonn muintir na hÉireann daoibh go léir, ár laochra.

Máire Ní Shúilleabhain 6b



Scoil Mhuire early 1980s

Back I to r; Lillian Oldham; Anne Quill; Mary Walsh; Mags O'Leary; Helen O'Leary; Margaret Kelleher; Mary Therese O'Leary; Helen O'Connell.

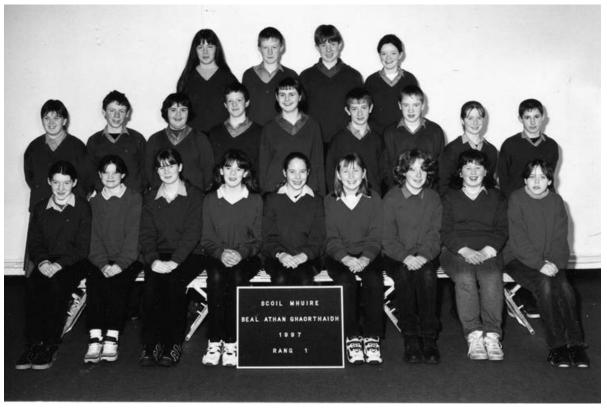
Front I to r; Mary O'Brien; Toni Kelly; Mary Lehane; Orla Galvin; Helen O'Leary; Nora O'Leary; Mary Kelleher.

PHOTO GALLERY



Scoil Mhuire early 1980s

Back left to Right; Kevin Concannon; Gobnait Quill; Mairéad Ní Mhurchú; James O'Leary. Front left to right; Padraig Sweeney; Mary O'Callaghan; Norma O'Riordan; Ellen Ní Laoire; Geraldine Ní Chroinín.



Scoil Mhuire 1997 Bliain I

Back I to r; Noirín Ní Dhuinnín; Donal Mac Carthaigh; Ronan Ó hÉalaithe; Siobhán Ní Thuama.

Middle I to r; Maire Ní Liathain; Frank Ó hÉalaithe; Kay Ní Chriodáin; Fionn Ó Laoire; Aileen Ní Laoire;

Gearóid Ó Riordáin; Martin Ó Riordáin; Cliodhna Ní Dhuinnín; Denis Ó Luasa.

Front I to r; Fiona Ní Leime; Cúlfhionn Ní Fhlionn; Caitriona Ní Shé; Juliet Ní Loinsigh; Sinéad Ní Loinsigh; Máire Ní Riordáin; Jennifer Ní Chroinín; Maighréad Ní hAiliosa; Hazel Ní hArgáin.



Scoil Mhuire 2000

Back Row I to r: Cillian Ó hEalaithe, Luke Ó Croinín, Eamon Ó hÁrgáin, Kevin Ó Tuama, Julianne Ní Chríodáin.

Middle Row I to r: Eoin Ó Muirthile, Colmán Ó Tuama, Shane Ó Duinnín, Johnathon Ó Loingsigh, James Ó hAilíosa.

Front Row I to r: Diarmuid Mac Coitir, Muiris Ó Conchúir, Fionnuala Ní Dhuinnín, Breda Ní Chéilleahair,

Alison Ní Laoire.



Scoil Mhuire 1987

Back row I to r; Paddy Herlihy; Caitríona Ní Thuama, Siobhan O' Leary, Toni Kelly, Orla Galvin, Ann Quill, Mary Kelleher, Nora O' Leary, Marie Kelly.

Front row, Treasa Kelleher, Mairead O'Callaghan, Ann O'Leary, Deirdre Harrington, Bríd Walsh, Lillian Oldham, Collette Cronin, Helen O'Leary, Mairead Twomey.



Scoil Mhuire c. 2003

Back Row I to r: Fionnbarra Ó Cróinín, Míchéal Ó Tuama, Brian Mac Coitir, Shane Ó Cathasaigh, Sarah Ní Choinnceanáin, Eibhlín Ní Chonchúir, Criostóir Ducker, Ian Ó Coinnceanáin.

Middle Row: Anne Ní Chróinín, Sarah Chandler, Seán Ó Duinnín, Órla Seartan, Ciara Ní Laoire, Keith Ó Deasúna, Eoin Ó Muimhneacháin, Eoin Ó Laoire , Finbarr Mac Coitir, Darren Ó Duinnín.

Back Row: Caitríona Ní Chéilleachair, Cecily Ní Loingsigh, Charlotte Ní Laoire, Katie Ní hEalaithe, Mairéad Ní Laoire, Mairéad Ní Bhuachalla.

Missing from Photograph: Rhona Ní Bhuachalla, Nell Ní Chróinín, Barry Ó Críodáin.

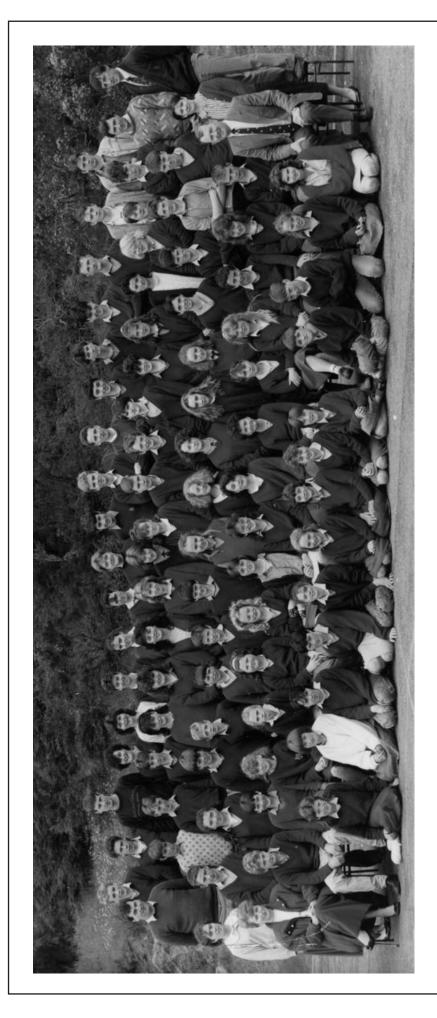


Scoil Mhuire c. 1992

Back from left: Antóin Ó Laoire, Mairéad Ní Loingsigh, Bernie Ní Chróinín, Áine Ní Laoire, Denis Ó Cróinín, Fionnuala Nic Suibhne

Middle from left: Liam Ó Cróinín, Siobhán Ní Cheallacháin, Rónán Ó Tuama, Niamh Nic Suibhne, Helen Ní Shúilleabháin, Dan Ó Liatháin,

Front from left: Marie Ní Riordáin, Deaglán Mac Suibhne, Fiona Ní Chríodáin, Finnbarr Ó Tuama, Muireann Ní Mhurcú, Dan Ó Murchú.



Scoil Mhuire 1990

PHOTO GALLERY



Scoil Mhuire 2000



Scoil Mhuire 1983

Back Row (5) Left to Right. Ann Quill, Ann McCarthy, Pauline O'Leary, Mags O'Leary, Eileen O'Riordan, Finbarr Quill, Orla Ní Ghealbháin, Paul O'Leary, Michael Lynch, Noel Harrington, Nóra Ní Laoire, Derry O'Leary, Seán O'Leary, Ted Buckley, Mary Kelleher, Richard O'Sullivan, Justin MacCárthaigh. Row 4 Julianne Twomey, Helen O'Leary, Gearóid Creed, Sean Ó Laoire, Niall Kelleher, Toni Kelly, Daniel Ó Laoire, Helen O'Leary, Micheál Kelleher, Martin Cronin, Eibhlín Ní Laoire, Margaret Kelleher, John Kelleher, Mary Theresa O'Leary, Siobhán O'Leary, Collette Cronin. Row 3 Máire Ní Luasa, Lillian Oldham, Anne O'Leary, Margaret Lucey, Maria Kelly, Áine Dan Seán Kelleher, Mary Manning, Mary Walsh, Brian Hartnett, Mary Lehane, Pat McCarthy, Máire Ní Bhriain, Barra Ó Suibhne, Claire O'Sullivan, James Oldham, Tadhg Ó Duinnín, Mary McCarthy, Willie Twomey. Row 2 Geraldine Ring, Mairéad O'Callaghan, Mary Twomey, Fionnbarra Ó Cróinín, Séamus Ó Conchúir, Micheál Ó Dúill, Pádraig Ó Iarfhlaithe, Donncha Ó Laoire, Caoimhín Ó Buachalla, Máire Bn.Uí Mhuirithe, Máire Bn De Brún, Eleanor Creedon, Helen O'Connell, Síle Ní Chárthaigh, Caitríona Ní Laoire. Row I FRONT Anne Kelleher, Máire Ní Éalaithe, Paul Oldham, Mary Coakley, David Keane, Micheál Ó Duinnín, Donncha Ó Laoire, Eoghan Ó Laoire, Paul Healy, John Herlihy, Donncha Ó Laoire, Anthony Ó Laoire, Caitríona Ní Thuama, Eibhlín McCarthy.



Pioneers Silver Jubilee Pins Recipients 1974

Back I to r; Maura Cronin; Margaret Moynihan; Judy O'Leary; Joan Moynihan; Bridget Kearney; Mary Twomey; Jane O'Leary; Tadhg Twomey; Nancy Twomey; Noreen Twomey; Denis O'Leary; Jamsie Ned Cotter; Connie O' Riordan; Maura O' Riordan; Josie Lucey; Jerry Mahony. 3rd row I to r; Johnny Moynihan; Cathleen Twomey; Hannie Crowley; Nonie Din Leary; Connie O'Sullivan; Peggy O'Sullivan; Mary Cotter; Maureen Creed; Sheila Lynch; Joan Cronin; Siobhan Creed; Sheila O'Leary; Sean Tobin; Danny Hyde; Abbey O'Leary; Sheila Cronin; Fr. Jack Murphy; Ina O'Sullivan; Eileen Murray; Joan Kelleher; Denis Dan Lucey; Maura Batt O'Leary,Currahy; Joan Kelleher;William Murphy, Gort na Mona; Mary Lucey; Peggy Cremin; Sean Dan Tade O'Leary.

2nd row I to r; Peggy Healy; Mary Kelleher; Joan O'Leary; Molly Moynihan; Maura O' Leary: Willie Sheehan; Jerome Herlihy; Ellie O'Leary; Mary O'Leary, Currahy; Con Lucey; Nora Lovett; Josie Galvin; Norrie Cronin; Annie Cotter. Front I to r; Timmy Jamsie O'Leary; Sean O' Leary; Willie Dick Cotter; Con Lehane; Dan Sean Kelleher; Micheál Creed; Diarmuid O'Leary; Jerh O'Leary; Sean Lehane; Christy Lucey; Tadhg O'Leary; Mick Cremin; Dan O' Driscoll.