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Issue 10

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THE ARCHIVE ISSUE 10

Contents

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Front Cover: Courtesy of The Irish Examiner

PHOTOGRAPH & A STORY

The Capitol Cinema

The Capitol, a cinema that holds fond memories for many a Corkonian, came to a close this year. The Capitol Cinema opened on the 5th April, 1947 with the Bob Hope and Joan Caulfield comedy, *Monsieur Beaucaire*. The cinema then had one auditorium which was curiously decorated with a picture of the Madonna and Child on the ceiling and a series of scantly clad girls bearing bugles on the balcony, which sounded when they announced forthcoming attractions. This was obviously deemed inappropriate, and the girls were promptly removed! The Capitol screened many of the great epics; *The Longest Day,* My *Fair Lady* and *South Pacific*, but the most successful film shown was *The Sound of Music*, in 1967, which ran for three months. In 1974 a second 105 seater "Mini"screen was added, and in 1989 the Capitol became a six -screen Multiplex. (The most modern cinema in the British Isles at that time). The closing of the Cork's Capitol Cinema marks the end of the first modern Multiplex in the city and the last great movie palace of yesteryear.

By Fawn Allen

"How's it goin', boy?"

The Northside Folklore Project now has sets of "How's it goin', boy?" our six half hour radio programmes created for Cork 2005, European Capital of Culture available for ¤15 each. This fascinating 3 CD series is based on over forty individual interviews with Cork residents of all ages and from a wide variety of backgrounds, including Australia, the Marsh, Nigeria, Gurranabraher, Russia, Evergreen Street, South Africa and many more. The format of radio is a new departure for us, and has proved to be a most rewarding way of sharing materials collected by our community folklore project. We are very proud to be able to represent the diversity and energy of the people of Cork in their own words.

The Northside Folklore Project is located in the Northside Community Enterprises Building, Sunbeam Industrial Park, Old Mallow Road in Blackpool. We are open Monday to Friday, 9AM – 1PM and 2PM to 5PM. Our phone number is 021-4307282.

We would like to thank **UCC Dept of Folklore and Ethnology, St Joseph's Credit Union,**

STREET SOCCER

BY CONAL CREEDON

WE don't call it the Inner city here in Cork – it's just plain downtown. And home for me is a spaghetti bowl of streets centering on the one called Devonshire. Let me take you back, thirty, forty years ago or so, it was a long time ago. A time when Miah Dennehy walked on water and Georgie Best was God and street soccer was the game. It was a time when people were buttoned up, in the days before velcro.

Without a blade of grass on the downtown streets – street soccer evolved into a game in its own right, new rules for new conditions. Squad members could range from one to twenty a side. With no set age limit, toddlers tackled teenagers – sometimes even the local dogs joined in. Major Dorney, a terrier from number 7, will always be remembered on our street for a sensational equalizer he once scored – enough to put Pele to shame. And with no set time limit – a game once lasted from June to September, with the final tally on the score sheet reading, 245 to 197 – it was a decisive victory. The notions of offside, a corner kick and line ball were redundant in street soccer and a parked Morris Minor or high footpath could often be more of an asset than an obstacle.

With at least five different locations to play ball in our neighbourhood, the stadium of choice on any particular night was dictated by requirements. Pine Street, was a favourite. Two goals diagonally situated and located at either end of the street – this quirky lay out effectively meant the playing area consisted of two goal mouths side by side. With no mid-field on Pine Street, this was a game of attacking defence where wingers invariably played on the right wing. It was a game of crossing it in on the head, goal poaching and scrambles in the box.

The Big Lane located between the Sin È pub and the Corner House Bar, was always a safe haven from traffic – but because of its proximity to O'Connors Funeral Home, for fear we'd wake the dead, noise levels had to be kept down while its topographical incline meant you were either playing with the hill or against the hill.

While Carroll's Quay, though perfectly flat with evenly marked goal posts – had the minor drawback of having a low quay wall running the full length of the left wing – many of our games on Carroll's Quay ended with a ball in the river and a gang of downtown dirty faces watching it float off on a turning tide until it vanished at Brian Ború bridge, next stop Roches Point! This brought its own pressures to bear on the ever evolving game and honed the skills of keeping the ball on the ground and one-on-one tackling.

Knapp's Square, was the venue used when the numbers were down and not enough players were out to field a full two teams. The Big Gate of Whitakers Hatchery – became a communal goal for the attacking game of three-goals –in. Both teams played against one goalkeeper – and with all men forward – it was a game that redefined the off-side rule. But down our street, the Stadium of Light had to be at three points corner, where Leitrim Street, Coburg Street and Devonshire Street meet.

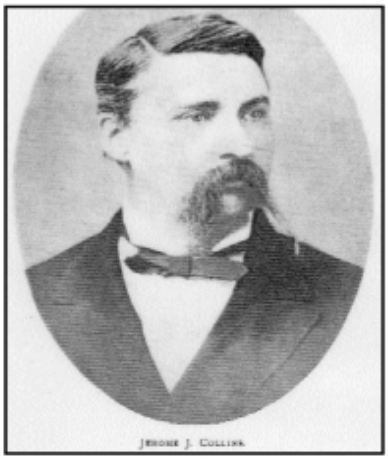
The stretch of road between the gate into the Ashley Hotel and the gate next to my father's shop was the pitch, illuminated by the solitary street light, dangling from the pole outside Miss Hartigan's tea shop. And night after night, we'd gather there like moths to a lamp. Twenty or more downtown dirty faces out for a game, where every boy, girl, dog and cat chased an inflated pig skin like coursing greyhounds.

The ball never stopped in Street soccer – unless a car came into sight and the rule, 'Hold the Ball' was issued – we'd all stand statue-like until the offending intrusion passed – or the sound of breaking glass would bring an abrupt end to the evening with the roar of 'Scatter.' But in the early 1970s, the increasing traffic flow through our street should have warned us of an inevitable impending tragedy. And when a neighbours child died under the wheels of a bus, the lights went down on the stadium of light. Street soccer became a thing of the past as the people of downtown lost sovereignty of our streets. Down our street, change comes slowly, but come it will. The downtown dirty faces have gone. The families have moved out to where the grass grows greener.

The quiet backwater that was Carroll's Quay, a place of shelter and night time mooring for northside swans is now built over and is a four lane highway. An apartment block stands where once stood Whitakers gate – and McKenzies gate on Pine Street is now a multi storey car-park – keeping the motor car safe from people – oh the irony of it all. But sometimes as your heading up the skeety bar steps, in your mind's inner ear, you'd swear you could hear shrieks of delight as a shower of sparks from quarter irons along the road – send a pig skin squealing; rip, roar like a rocket rattling the back of the gate at Smyth's Stores…

FULL CIRCLE – THE JEROME J. COLLINS STORY

BY AMY JOHNSON & ROGER HERLIHY



OCTOBER 2006 will mark the 125th anniversary of the death of Jerome James Collins at the age of 40 in the Arctic Circle. An exhibit dedicated to him can be seen in the Cork Public Museum in a case alongside Daniel O'Connell, Charles Stewart Parnell and Fr. Theobald Mathew. The last three people mentioned are very well known throughout Ireland because of what they achieved during their lifetimes, but why is so little known about Jerome Collins, this great Corkonian, despite making many contributions to society during his relatively short life? The only public recognition of his life is a small plaque at the South Gate Bridge where his family had a business and lived for a few years. The fact that he engineered the old cast iron North Gate Bridge, was in the Fenian Brotherhood, the founder of Clan na Gael in America, the world's first Weather Correspondent and an Arctic Explorer seems to have been largely forgotten in his native city.

So who was this man who began his life in Cork, only to end up suffering a hard lonely death in the frozen wastes of Northern Siberia? His story begins on October 17th 1841. He was born in a house called Arbutus Lodge, on the Blackrock Road, the eldest in a family of eight boys and one girl born to Mark and Ellen Collins. His brothers were: Thomas, Mark, Patrick, Michael, Daniel, Bernard and William. His sister was called Mary. Around the time that Jerome was born, his father went into partnership in a Salt and Lime Works, on the South Main Street, in the city. In 1843, Mark (his father) took sole ownership of the business and this led to the family moving to a house on the South Main Street.

They seem to have rented out the house at Blackrock Road for a number of years; but moved back there sometime shortly after 1850. Mark Collins died in Feb 1862, his son, also Mark, had died following a shooting accident just two months prior to that. Following her husband's death, Ellen took over the business. The young Jerome began his education in the Lancastrian School on Washington Street, part of the Square Deal Furniture Centre occupies the site of the school today. After this, he went on to St. Vincent's Seminary, today's Mercy Hospital, presumably to study for the priesthood. He didn't become a priest though; instead, he concentrated on the sciences and mathematics, becoming an engineer when he left school. He joined the firm of Barry McMullen and they won the contract to construct the John Benson designed, cast iron North Gate Bridge in 1862. It was opened on St Patrick's Day 1864 and Jerome was the engineer who supervised the building works. It was one of the most beautiful of Cork's bridges until it was replaced in 1961 by the present Griffith Bridge. Shortly after completion of the North Gate Bridge, Jerome became involved with the Fenian Movement, who were recruiting heavily in the quest for Irish freedom. He went to work in England for an iron construction firm and was working in Pentonville Prison when some of the leaders of the Fenian Movement were sent there following their arrest. He tried to organise a breakout of the prisoners, however, his plan was discovered before he could put it into action and he had to make himself scarce. He took the decision to head for America, arriving in New York in 1866, along with his mother Ellen and brothers, Daniel and Bernard.

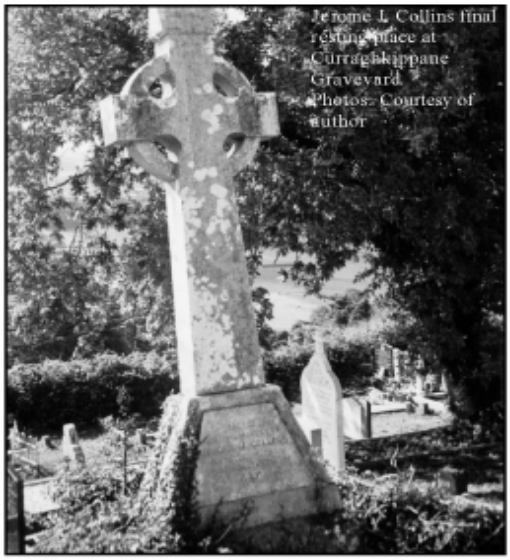
Within a year of arriving in the States, in June of 1867, Jerome became one of the founders of the Clan na Gael organization. The founding of Clan na Gael seems to have originated in another plan by him to free Fenian prisoners. Prince Arthur, the then 17 year-old son of Queen Victoria, was in America and Jerome planned to kidnap him and ransom him for the release of Fenians. He was at that time an engineer working for the United Pacific Railway Company who were draining the Salt Meadows in Jersey City and the men chosen to kidnap Prince Arthur were either Fenians or I.R.B. members who were working under him. The plan failed, but the organisation brought together the Irish and American Fenian organisations, later becoming one of the great supporters of Irish Republicanism in America.

Residing in Hudson City, New Jersey, Jerome was Street Commissioner from 1869-1870, and then assigned Chief Engineer of the Marsh Land Company. Needing an outlet to express his love for the sciences, he began to study meteorology, and was the first man to understand the west to east movement of weather patterns across the Atlantic Ocean. He was employed by James Gordon Bennett to work as "Clerk of the Weather" for his newspaper the New York Herald - making him the world's first Weather Correspondent. His weather warnings to England and Europe were an invaluable service and his predictions were soon widely received. In 1878, he was invited to attend the Meteorological Congress in Paris, where he read two widely acclaimed papers and viewed the city from above in a hot air balloon.

Bennett, the flamboyant owner of the Herald dreamed of making headlines in the North Pole, following the success he had with the Stanley-Livingstone adventure in Africa. He purchased the English barque-rigged yacht, Pandora, in 1877 and had it refitted for arctic exploration in Le Havre, France.

Under an agreement with the U.S. Navy the ship would be captained by Lt George W De Long and be under navy discipline. The Pandora was renamed the Jeannette after Bennett's sister. De Long wanted Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians harnessed for the expedition, he specifically did not want Irish on board, in his mind they were not hardy enough. Eventually, he ended up with 2 Irishmen in the crew of 31, both from Cork, Jerome, embedded as the Herald Correspondent for Special Services, and a man from Cobh named John Cole.

In preparation for the scientific experiments he was to undertake, Jerome visited Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell. From Edison, he obtained a generator to try out his newest invention, the arc light, in order to "light up the Pole". A visit to Bell was fruitful in that hundreds of feet of copper wire were acquired, to set up communication in the Arctic region. Jerome was also to be the ship's photographer, so a portable darkroom was set up as well as a portable observatory to place on the ice. Before the expedition began, De Long made a remark to another newspaper that Jerome was "merely an accessory" on the trip. This rightly infuriated Jerome, and although De Long later tried to play down his remarks, a rift had developed between the men that would never heal. To add insult to injury, Jerome was forced to enlist as a seaman, (information not divulged to him at the time he volunteered to go).



Jerome J. Collins final resting place at Curraghkippane Graveyard. Photos: Courtesy of author

July 8th 1879, was the day the steamer Jeannette set sail from San Francisco. She was to head north by way of the Bering Strait, laying her course very late in the season. Following a stop to take on more provisions, on August 27th, the Jeannette passed through the Bering Straits, but within ten days, the ship became trapped in ice and would never see open water again. She drifted helplessly for almost two years, all the while De Long maintained as best he could the morale of the crew and the integrity of the ship. Through no fault of his own, Jerome's experiments with the communications and lighting all failed and the wrong developing chemicals for the photography were on board, this added to the tension between Jerome and the other officers. Following a conflict with the captain over a trivial offence, he was placed under suspension and subsequently he was relieved of all duties in December 1880.

After almost 2 years in the grip of the ice, the hull of the Jeannette finally succumbed to the pressure and she sank on Sunday June 12th 1881. The crew had already prepared the boats and provisions that were to accompany them on their journey to land. Jerome was not allowed to assist the men and his journal, scientific observations and photographic plates, were all allowed to sink with the ship. However, he hid a notebook and letters on his person. Three boats were assembled and a crew was assigned to each under the command of De Long, Lt. Chipp and Chief Engineer Melville. A fierce gale arose, and Chipp's boat was forever lost, the other two boats reached land. The struggle to find land had begun, their plan was to reach the mainland at the Lena Delta, Northern Siberia, make contact with the natives and get word back that they were alive.

For many days, they dragged the boats over the ice, although Jerome was still not allowed to help until they finally came to the open water of the Laptev Sea, beyond which stood the Siberian mainland. Melville's crew proved successful, and they eventually found natives, who gave them food and shelter. De Long's party, (including Jerome) was not so fortunate. They were unable to press on, having reached land (mainly due to De Long's fear of abandoning his logbooks). Additionally, they had sick men, which was to burden their search for help. De Long's ice journal became a long litany of recording the deaths of the men who were with him. The last entry in the journal reads: "Mr. Collins dying", on October 30th 1881. He was still under arrest at the time of his death. The bodies of Jerome J. Collins, Captain De Long and the others were found in the spring of 1882, perfectly preserved in the Arctic Circle. Jerome's body made its way back to the city of New York, and following a Mass in St.Patrick's Cathedral there, it was accompanied by his mother's body (she died 6 months after the Jeannette set sail) and brought back to their native soil of Cork and interred in March of 1884 at Curraghkippane Graveyard, overlooking the River Lee.

His funeral was deemed "The Longest Funeral in the World", Jerome's body having travelled 14,000 miles from Siberia to Cork. An inquiry into his mistreatment on board the Jeannette never reached a decision and despite the efforts of his brothers, Daniel and Bernard, to clear his name, to this day, the blemishes remain on his naval record. In addition, Jerome's notebook was never released by the Navy despite the repeated requests of family members over the years. Ironically, he is listed as a "civilian" on the US Naval Archives Website.

In the autumn of 2004, the crew on board the Irish vessel Northabout, skippered by Jarlath Cunnane, paid homage to their native Artic explorer, Jerome Collins. They laid a handmade grass wreath in the sea as they passed by the Lena Delta where Jerome perished in 1881. Kind words and prayers were said in his honour. The Northabout was the first yacht to circumnavigate the Artic Circle: starting in 2001, she and her crew completed the journey on October 12th 2005. Following in her Great - Great Grandfather Daniel Collins' footsteps, Amy Johnson is acting through her Minnesota Congressman, Senator Coleman's office, to investigate the mistreatment of Jerome on board the Jeannette. She is asking her Senator to obtain a copy of his naval records, remove the charges against him, release his diary and have a copy made of his Congressional Gold Medal, which was stolen from Daniel Collins, so that she may bring it home to Ireland where it rightfully belongs in his honour. Amy also hopes to persuade the Cork County Council, to restore Jerome's Celtic Cross headstone, before the 125th anniversary of his death, and possibly have a plaque erected at the house of his birth on the Old Blackrock Road, his life is finally coming full circle... Amy Johnson is the Great-Great Grandniece of Jerome J. Collins and lives in Biwabik, Minnesota, USA. Her email address is: johnson.amy@mchsi.com - Roger Herlihy is a member of the Cork South Parish Historical Society.

DE DOCKERS OF CORK

BY DAVE McCARTHY

Cork writer Dave McCarthy, sends us some excerpts from his book ***Cork's Docks & Dockers***

THROUGHOUT the 18th and 19th centuries, machinery helped to take some of the hardship out of the dockers lives. Later, the founding of the Trade Union Movement saw an improvement in working conditions. Life was no bed of roses for the dockers of Cork. Conditions were far from perfect. Accidents and injuries were not uncommon. Still they came; generation after generation. For these men were a breed apart. The Cork docks became their lives while River Lee water continued to flow through their veins.

Tadgh O'Donoghue (retired)

"I'm eighty-three now, and I spent most of my life down the docks. I was born in Mannix's Lane, (off Wolfe Tone Street) and I must have been about eighteen or nineteen, when I started on the docks. It wasn't like it is today, with all their fancy machinery. T'was diggin' in dem days. I can remember seeing men covered in dirty wet coaldust; trying to dry themselves in the old shanty we used for a canteen; before they'd go back to work after a cup of tea…and they soaked to the skin. Sure, half of them got pneumonia or pleurisy out of it. I was there during the Second World War, and I used to work on the Yankee coal boats and the copper boats. The work was so hard then, that some of the men couldn't manage it at all, but they got a job anyway, because they had families to feed and the dockers always did look after their own.

"There were great characters down there, and some of them were fierce schemers. I remember Timmy the Tan, Pa Tow, Jack Diamond, Mac's Smile and Davy Doughbags. They used to call him that, because they said he had loads of money! He used to always wear ex-army clothes, and he used to give out loans to some of the fellas, when they were caught for a few

My brother, Pa Tow O'Donoghue, was an All Ireland running champion in 1925/26, and he also worked down the docks as well, until he fell down a hold in 1932, and broke his back. That finished him, God love us! I was top man down the docks at one time and my father was a leading-man before me…He too, worked for Davy Doyle, the same as myself."

THE OCCUPYING FORCES

In 1974, this group of dockers occupied the old Cork Labour Exchange, which was formerly located on White Street. The dispute was caused by the refusal of the Dept of Social Welfare to pay unemployment payments to dockers, on the days when work was not available for them in the dock area. A large proportion of the dockers featured in the photo came from the Northside suburbs of the Gurranabraher and Farranree (Spangle Hill) areas of the city. Among the group we recognised the following:

J. Gough,
J. O'Driscoll,
E. Scott,
J. Murphy,
D.Wise
J.O'Riordan,
M.Wise,
D. Nagle,
C. Delury,
M. Long,
L. O'Leary,
D. O'Leary,
D. Twohig,
D. Doherty,
J. McCarthy,
J. O'Brien and
G. Barrett

NICKNAMES

The true badge of acceptance on Cork's docks was the infamous nickname. No self-respecting docker would be caught dead without one. Indeed, many dockers were known only by their nickname and many of these would be printed in the death columns of the local newspapers on their demise, so that their friends would know who had passed away. Below is an example of some of those nicknames. Many of them were hard earned and I have deliberately refrained from printing the actual names of these worthy men, out of respect for their families and to protect the guilty...

ATE THE FISH, BOIL THE WATER, BORN DRUNK, CLEAR THE HARBOUR, COME OUT AND I'll FIGHT YA', DAVY DOUGHBAGS, FLEADH AWAY, HAND ME THE HOOK, JACK DIAMOND, JERRY THE LIAR, KING FAROUK, LEGSY, MAC'S SMILE, PA TOW, PIG IN THE RIVER, POUND IN ME PANTS, SAUSAGE, RASHERS, FRESH EGGS, SHAKE ME SHIRT, SPLIT THE PEA, STEP OUT, STAND BACK, TASHER, THE BULL, THE DONKEY, THE GREAT WHITE HOPE, TIMMY TAN AND *WALK ALONE*

CHRISTMAS FREEZE-UP IN CORK

BY RICHARD T COOKE

The climatic conditions of our beautiful city of Cork have changed considerably from Christmas' past. Our winters on the whole, have become milder as we get less snow and frost.
Snow balling at Christmas was an assured annual past-time for both young and old: many a winter would transform the fortress city of Cork into a winter wonderland.


'SKATING ON THE LOUGH'
A PENCIL SKETCH BY DANIEL MACLISE
TAKEN FROM: ' JOURNAL OF THE CORK HISTORICAL/ARCHAELOGICAL SOCIETY'

RIVER LEE FROZEN

DURING the reign of King Charles II (1660 –1685) Cork experienced many harsh winters, but, 1683 was one of the worst on record. A severe frost lasted for many weeks, and Christmastime witnessed carriages and cattle pass over the frozen river Lee.

A WONDEROUS SIGHT

The young ladies from the town could be seen dressed in a wealth of Elizabethan colour of heavy garments, with elegant laced shoes; in multi-coloured costumes of waistcoats and breeches, tight fitting frockcoats and sporting buckle shoes. The sons of merchants and aristocrats, would mingle with the ladies. Many citizens from the walled town and suburbs, would avail themselves in the delightful recreation of skating and game playing, on the frozen channels. These waterways would have comprised of today's St Patrick's Street, Grand Parade, South Mall, Cornmarket Street, Grattan Street, Sheares Street, Henry Street and both the main channels of the Lee.

GEORGIAN PERIOD

During the Georgian period (1714 –1830), as the town wall was slowly disappearing from the landscape, the city witnessed more severe frosty winters. For instance, the winter of 1739 was the hardest in the memory of man. This was called the Hard or Black Frost. Tents were pitched on the frozen Lee, from the North Strand (today's Lower road) to Blackrock -and many jolly Corkonians passed the time away skating to and from today's Harbour Commissioners complex to the village of Blackrock. The following Christmas saw the heaviest snowfall in forty years, lasting for days. The snow was six feet deep in areas and travelling was brought to a standstill. In addition, many houses and structures with thatched roofs collapsed due to the weight of the snow. On a lighter note, many children enjoyed themselves by sculpturing figures in the snow.

SKATING ON ST PATRICK'S STREET & UNDER SOUTH GATE BRIDGE

The year 1788, saw the citizens of Cork celebrating another frosty winter; and a new bridge was erected across the North channel, St Patrick's Bridge (A Toll Bridge). Due to the severity of the frost, the South channel was frozen and the easily pleased locals, many living in the ice-cold tenements and smoke-filled dark hovels or cabins, from Barrack Street, Globe Lane, Frenches Quay, Cove Street and the neighbouring lanes off South Main Street, availed of the opportunity by skating on the channel and playing under the present South Gate Bridge (Built 1713). Another heavy frost in 1767 was so severe that many businesses had to close. It seriously affected the tradesmen and merchants and for the want of something better to do, many resorted to the Lough for skating.

ICE MONEY

The distinguished Cork historian, C.J.F. McCarthy (1912-1999) tells us that the frozen Lough helped to put many a hot dinner on a poor families table. This photograph depicts one of the jolly bunch – barefooted; reminding us of our less well off brothers and sisters at Christmas. Throughout the Victorian period, idle men of the city looked forward to the employment given, in breaking the ice on the Lough, and drawing it to the ice-houses, which were sited on Lough Road. The ice money or profits from the sale of the ice, was divided by the Corporation between the North Infirmary (Closed in 1987) and St Patrick's Orphanage. It is interesting to note that a remnant of one of these ice-houses, can be viewed today at the rear of the Lough Tavern.

VICTORIAN PERIOD -WHITE CHRISTMAS

Victorian Cork (1887-1901) also witnessed many harsh winters. The Cork artist, Daniel Maclise, has left us many elegant Sketches of Christmas past. Above, is a particular one, of a group of jolly young corkonians 'Skating on the Lough'.
Peeping through the 20th century window of Christmas past, we can see that our winters have indeed got milder, although the first half of the century witnessed some frosty winters and snow white Christmases. These can be seen in the Irish Examiner classic book 'Picture That'.

On a final note, I wonder will Cork ever see another snow white Christmas again? Being a romantic at heart, I do hope that we will, but not like the ones of old Cork Christmases of the past.

AN AIR FOR MUSIC

A HISTORY

BY BOB SEWARD

THE Cork Academy of Music was established as a voluntary initiative in 1994, with a two-fold objective; (1) To improve literacy in the field of music notation and practice by means of certified qualification, and (2) To fulfil a need for a music institution for people from the Northside of Cork city, an area that is well known for its musicality. This idea was specifically aimed at those who were underprivileged and those who would otherwise have had no opportunity to study music.

Cork Academy of Music Big Band performing at City Hall

Bob Seward carried out a feasibility study showing that due to changing trends within the music industry, such as miming, the use of backing tracks and a lack of discipline, the standard of musicianship had deteriorated, and young musicians, though sometimes highly talented, were not given the necessary opportunities to study music correctly in a proper environment. Within days of its unveiling, approximately 200 applications arrived; justifying the initial concept. Since its inception – which was brought about by a high degree of voluntary commitment on the part of the board, and the grateful funding of FÁS, the Academy boasts over 600 successful students who have achieved internationally recognised standards through our external examination board; the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. Running with advice, help and financial support from the FÁS Community Employment Scheme, its own board of Management; 2 full-time and 5 part-time teachers, and the patronage of well-known Cork businessman, Clayton Love Jnr, the Academy has been rated as one of the most successful initiatives to date.

The majority of the students come to the Academy with the equivalent of a Junior Cert standard of education, or less. Many would have come from a marginalised background, with practically no formal education and no viable opportunities in sight, in any field. A high percentage of the students have gone on to, and successfully completed, third-level education in various institutes throughout Ireland and abroad. Firm connections have been forged with these institutes, including, Cork University College and Leeds College of Music, both of whom have helped to integrate some former students into the working world. Also addressed are, running other courses (such as computer literacy, communications and personal development) courses, under the Back To Education Initiative/FETAC in conjunction with its main aims. Friends and members of the Academy have developed an amateur Big Band. This venture has proved to be highly successful in helping to finance and promote the Academy through its public performances. The Big Band is well known locally for its involvement in charity work. The Academy also runs an International Jazz School with Guinness Jazz, that invites students from Europe and further afield to an intensive training course given by internationally recognised tutors and performers. In 2005, Cork's year as Capitol of Culture, the International Jazz School was held at Vienna Woods Hotel, Glanmire, and did prove to be an excellent cultural event for the city immediately preceding the Guinness Jazz Festival.

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URBAN PAGANS – CITY WITCHES

BY JENNY BUTLER

Paganism is an umbrella term used to refer to a variety of spiritual practices. Within any one of these spiritual paths, beliefs and practices can vary widely from one individual to another. One for Pagan spirituality is Witchcraft, which itself encompasses an array of paths, including Wicca (a mystical religion), Hereditary Witchcraft (passed on through generations of a family) and Traditional Witchcraft or Hedgewitchery (modern form of Witchcraft based on practices associated with the Wise Women of pre-modern Ireland) and other forms of modern magical traditions.

THE term Pagan stems from the Latin word paganus meaning 'country-dweller'. Another Pagan path is heathenism, which stems from the Old English word meaning 'inhabiting open country' and is probably the root word for heath or areas of moorland. Both terms are associated with rural areas and the natural landscape and have come to be defined as 'nature religions' or 'earth-based spiritualities'. Connections have been made between Paganism, the natural landscape and idealised aspects of rural life.

Mainstream media continues to portray the Pagan movement as the loony fringe of environmental activism. There is the somewhat patronising 'tree-hugging-hippy' stereotype that environmentalists and nature-lovers are often pigeonholed into. While nature is important to Pagans, most who belong to the movement live in urban areas. Many Heathens and Witches also live in urban areas. This might lead us to ask where Pagans fit in the concrete jungle as opposed to the usual association they have with the rural wilderness. Some, feel more at home in the urban environment, pointing out that it is their home and that the city has its own spirit. Their worldview has been formed in an urban milieu and influenced by the urban landscape in which they were raised or now live.

Pagan worldview influences perceptions of the city, as shown by how Debra, a Druid, feels about Belfast: 'For many years I lived in Belfast city centre. I love the way Cavehill nestles above it with all its myths and legends – it always feels alive. It shows the profile of a female's face lying, looking at the stars and also in the same instance a male's face also lying, looking up. Its an amazing buzz to actually see the Goddess and God lying in the land, knowing they are there and visible from the city'. Pagan city-dwellers incorporate aspects of nature into their day-to-day activities in different ways.

Some people also include representations of the four magical elements:a candle to represent fire, incense to represent air, a bowl of water and a bowl of soil or stones to represent earth. The elements of Earth, Air, Fire and Water are important for some magical systems and where it is not possible to be outside in physical proximity to the physical elements, aspects of the natural world can be placed on an altar in symbolic form.

One way of trying to live in harmony with the natural cycles is to celebrate the seasonal transitions by eating seasonal food and decorating the house with seasonal foliage, for example holly at Yule/Winter Solstice and flowers at Bealtaine (May Day). Many Pagans also place foliage on an indoor altar. Others choose to be closer to natural energies in ritual by practicing in a garden or city park. There is a belief that the energies of the land can still be tapped into in the city: 'The powers of the land are different here. They are still here but it's slightly more difficult to tap into them when you're on the fourth floor of an apartment block surrounded by noises from cars, than when you are actually standing on the ground with bare feet' (Silja).

It is believed that spirits inhabit the cities and that Ireland's urban areas have their own Genius Loci, just as the sidhe are believed to inhabit the trees, rivers and other natural features of the countryside. The Otherworld or spirit realm is not just to be found out in nature and in the view of many Pagans it is possible for people to commune with the divine in their kitchen or dining room at home. Magical practitioners are of a similar opinion that energy can be tapped into regardless of where a person is. The general consensus is that magic works on the magical or spiritual plane and the physical location of a person has no bearing on this: 'One must also be aware of the building of sacred space, that is to say through regular work in the same place, as with the similarity of the same system, it develops an energy, and a strong astral presence' (Brian). Some Pagans are pantheists and consider all of creation to be divine; for them, the spirit of creation or life energy permeates everything, including man-made objects and therefore do not feel divorced from divinity simply because they are situated in an urban area. Magical worldview informs lifestyle and symbols are used by some for inspiration in their everyday life. Some examples are getting tattoos with mystical significance, putting magical emblems and talismans in living spaces or workplaces that may seem to a non-Pagan to be merely decorative.

Sacred symbols to most Pagans are the pentacle (five-pointed star) and triskele (three spirals radiating from a central point). There are even bumper stickers on cars with Pagan phrases such as 'Blessed Be' or more tongue-in-cheek ones like 'Born Again Pagan' or 'Pagan Clergy'.


CITY WITCHES

It should be noted that there is no Pagan church in the sense of the major world religions. Though there are Sacred sites which can include a stretch of trees growing in a residential estate or a grassy spot beside a river in a town. City locations, for example Powerscourt in Dublin, have been the setting for important rites of passage like Handfastings (Pagan weddings). Large-scale Pagan events take place mainly in Dublin as this is the most accessible central location for people travelling from other parts of the country. One Pagan event held in Dublin is An Féile Draoíochta, a day of talks on various Pagan related themes with stalls where people can buy items of ritual paraphernalia or Pagan artwork. Moots are informal gatherings for Pagan networking and socialising, often held in a pub. There are long-running Moots in Dublin, Ennis and Cork and newer ones have sprung up in other cities.

In the city, more attention is given to finding a location for ritual that is away from prying eyes. Some people have a "temple room" within a house, set aside for ritual and meditation. There are other ways in which rituals need to be adapted for performance in an urban location. For example a Wiccan Coven based in Dublin works "skyclad" (a term for ritual nudity). Apart from the fact that Irish weather is not suitable for this kind of activity (!) it is not practical to do this out in a busy city with people walking nearby; therefore the Coven must confine their magical work to indoors.

Due to the hectic lives that many people lead today, Pagan groups accommodate members' work schedules. Frequent meetings such as Esbats (meetings of a Wiccan Coven held on the full moon, typically devoted to spell-work) are held in a house or apartments rather than out at a sacred site in the countryside. Urban Pagans may practice ritual differently from those who can go to open spaces in the countryside. Adaptations need to be made to forms of spiritual expression in ways that fit with the urban environment. While Paganism is generically classified as "nature-based", it can be seen that pagan culture is growing and flourishing in urbanity too.

LITTLE HANDS - LITTLE MIRACLES

BY URSULA HEGARTY

The Manager of Little Hands Creche, Ursula Hegarty, recalls the day, Thursday September 25th 2003, when a huge fire ranged out of control at the Sunbeam Industrial site, at Blackpool, on Cork's Northside.

IT was not the lunch break that I expected. I was just about to go out and grab a sandwich when a staff member called me to go out to the outdoor play area as there was a very visible thick black smoke coming from one of the premises below our building. This smoke was a good distance from our centre but given that the wind was blowing up in our direction I felt that it would be better if all those in the play area came inside. On our return to the classroom I met with John O' Leary, Assistant Manager (NCE) in the corridor and he advised me that we should evacuate the building as a precautionary measure.

ROBERT LONG'S 3RD BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE NEW CRECHE

I informed all staff in the centre. We evacuated the premises and assembled at our usual spot at the front of the building. There was quite a lot of activity outside at this point as many people were returning from their lunch break. We had a total of 80 children in the centre that day and they were all very calm. Fire drills are a frequent exercise for the childcare centre and so they were not overly upset. All the child registers were checked and all the children and staff were accounted for. At this point the fire chief requested that we move further up towards the car park as the wind was blowing in our direction. So we moved up towards the grass area by the Southern Health Board house. The children sat on the grass and the staff began to sing songs with them to distract them from the events that were unfolding.

John O' Leary then advised me to contact the parents, as it was visible that the fire was escalating. So we managed to contact all the parents and by 3.15 pm we had returned all the children to their parents. The road outside the Sunbeam Business Park was chaotic as many parents abandoned their cars and ran in the direction of the Business Park. Looking back and having witnessed the devastation on that day it is really miraculous that there were no injuries. At around 7.15pm that night I got to re-enter the childcare centre with the fire chief. The floors were flooded and the right hand side of the building was completely destroyed. The fire had destroyed underneath the floors and the entire outside play area. Much of the next few days were spent assessing the damage and trying to come up with a plan for relocation. After much deliberation the decision was made to set up temporary accommodation in portakabins while a new premises was being sought. So we managed to set portakabins in the car park of the Sunbeam Business Park, and within three weeks the centre was up and running again. The new centre accommodates 100 children now and comprises of 7 different units.

All in all they have a great time in a safe and secure environment. The Southern Health Board had guided us along as we endeavored to maintain all the previous facilities that we had. The cabins worked out very well and that is where we lived for 11 months while our new premises were being built. Our beautiful newbeautiful facility is now located in the old Go-Karting building at the Sunbeam Business Park.

An Ford Anglia agus an Fhilíocht
Seán Ó Ríordáin agus Cathair Chorcaí.

DR STIOFÁN Ó CADHLA

'Lá fada san oifig. Díolta leis na Gallaibh. Namhaid is ea an saol. Namhaid gach aoinne. Ní mór dúinn ár n-aigne a cheilt agus cló eile seachas ár gcló féin a chaitheamh. Má bhuaileann tú liom san oifig ní liom a bhuailfir ach leis an duine atáim ag taispeáin don saol' [An Taisceadán, *Comhar,* 1963].

CUIREANN an sliocht seo seanchláir na mbleachtairí telefíse i gcuimhne dom, an bleachtaire bocht ag fágaint na hoifige oíche cheoch, hata ar a cheann, toitín ar a bhéal agus é ag caint leis féin os ard. Cad atá aige á rá, ná raibh Ó Ríordáin sa mbaile i gCorcaigh? B'fhéidir go scríobhfeadh teifeach nó imirceach an lae inniu a leithéid ach Éireannach? Saol dúbalta a chaitheann sé, saol i ganfhios don saol. Nuair a ghoid sé amach i measc an phobail bhí lá oibre an Bhardais i leataiobh ach bhí oíche oibre in oifig an Bháird ag fuireach leis, obair an fhile Ghaeilge, obair faoi rún, faoi cheilt, faoi lagmheas. Bhí Éire ag athrú, bhí Sasana ag athrú, bhí *San Francisco* ag athrú, an raibh aon áit ann don bhfile Gaeilge?

Nuair a théann duine chun an cháin don chearr a íoc ní bhíonn aon tsúil aige nó aici gur file, gan trácht ar fhile Gaeilge, an cléireach taobh istigh den fhuinneoigín. Rugadh Seán Ó Ríordáin, file mór na Gaeilge, sa bhliain 1916 i mBaile Mhúirne in iarthar Chorcaí. Fuair sé post i mBardas na Cathrach sa bhliain 1937 in oifig na mótarchánach ar Phlás Pharnail, bhí sé bliain is fiche d'aois. Oifig chiúin go maith a bhí inti ní foláir mar níor chláraíodh ach 261 gluaisteán sa bhliain 1945. Ceithre bliana ina dhiaidh sin bhí suas le 15, 000, sa bhliain 1968 bhí 348,000. Breis agus trí céad punt a bhí ar *Ford Anglia* in 1949 agus trí céad go leith ar *Ford Prefect*. Nuair a fuair sé bás sa bhliain 1977 bhí níos mó ná céad míle cearr ar an mbóthar.Chaith Ó Ríordáin a shaol i mbun na bleachtaireachta ag iarraidh a áit féin agus áit na Gaeilge a mhíniú agus a shamhlú sa bhfilíocht agus sa bprós a scríobh sé don Irish Times. Cé gur chuaigh na colúin phróis i bhfeidhm ar a lán daoine ní raibh oiread cáil air lena linn agus a bhíonn ar Fintan O'Toole nó John Waters inniu. Tuairisceoirí ar chúrsaí reatha is ea iad siúd don chuid is mó, file agus fealsamh ab ea Ó Ríordáin.

Níor aithníodh i gceart riamh an núálaíocht aigne, an greann géirchúiseach ná an reibiliúnacht gan scáth a bhí ann. An raibh aon ollamh, aon iriseoir, aon scríbhneoir tosnaithe ar chuimhneamh fiú amháin ar thír iarchaitliceach (*postCatholic*), iarphrotastúnach (*postProtestant*), iarchríostaí (*postChristian*), iarghaelach *(postGaelic)*, iarghallda (*postEnglish*), iaranglosacsach (postAngloSaxon), iarghé (*post-Gay Byrne*!), iarshofaisticiúil (postsophisticated). Níorbh aon súgradh ardnósach an macnamh aige faoi mar a bhíonn go minic i ré an Tíogair Cheiltigh. "Cá bhfuil Éire?" an teideal a bhí ar cheann des na hailt, ceist mhór a chuaigh go dtí croí Uí Ríordáin agus is mó freagra a thug sé uirthi. An bhfuil sí sa Ghaeltacht, i nDún Chaoin, i mBaile Mhúirne, i nDoire nó i gCúil Aodha? Ní leis na háiteanna seo amháin a shamhlaigh sé Éire, bhí sí ar Shráid na Blarnan chomh maith:'Creidim gurb í Sráid na Blárnan i gCorcaigh an áit in Éirinn is éireannaí dá bhfuil feicithe agam.Is cinnte go mba dheacair áit níos daonna a shamhlú.

B'fhéidir gurb shin é atá i gceist again le dúchas – díreach daonnacht' [Daonnacht, *The Irish Times,* 29.07.72]. Shamhlóinn go gcuirfeadh a lán rudaí ins an saol comhaimseartha áthas ar an bhfile, stádas oifigiúil don Ghaeilge san Eoraip, Acht na dTeangacha nó TG 4. Ba bhreá leis aonteangachas an Bhéarla agus an t-iolrachas bréagach a ghabh leis a bheith á bhascadh. Ba ghráin leis iarracht sean-nósach Enda Kenny céim síos a thabhairt don Ghaeilge in institiúidí oideachais na tire, rud a chuirfeadh a aimsir féin i gcuimhne dó arís.

Chuirfeadh teacht na n-imirceach lena dteangacha agus lena gcultúir áthas air chomh maith. Is cinnte go dtuigfeadh sé gur fairsingiú ar an daonnacht nó ar an dúchas iad. Ná raibh taithí aige féin ar shaol an deoraí, nach é a thuigfeadh cás an imircigh a mbíonn air nó uirthi saol dúbalta a chaitheamh, ag iarraidh foirmeacha Béarla a líonadh isteach, ag iarraidh plé le stát coimhthíoch, ag aistriú ó theanga strainséartha sa lá go teanga na muintire istóiche. Ag féachaint amach ar na treibheanna seo dó chífeadh sé é féin, thuigfeadh sé gur teanga de theangacha an domhain a theanga phríobháideach féin, go 'gcaitheann Corcaigh nó Baile Átha Cliath nó San Francisco nó Cúil Aodha nó Dún Chaoin tarlú arís is arís eile chun a bheith ann' [Cá bhFuil Éire? *The Irish Times*, 24.10.70].

ENGLISH SUMMARY:

'A long day at the office. Sold to the English. The world is an enemy. Everybody is an enemy. We must conceal our minds, we nust wear a disguise, anything but our own true selves. If you meet me in the office, remember it is not me but the person I show to the world.' It was written by a Cork poet in the Irish language? Was he not at home already, in his own place, amongst his own people.Born in 1916, in *Baile Mhúirne* Seàn Ó Ríordàin was, and still is, Ireland's foremost modern poet in the Irish language.The poet describes living a double life, hiding the Irish language, poetry, creativity, political and cultural identity in a largely Anglophone Ireland. The car tax office was on Parnell Place when Ó Ríordáin started working there in 1937. It may have been a quiet office as there were only 261 cars registered in 1945. A Ford Anglia would set you back £300 pounds at the time. By 1977, the year the poet died, there were more than 100,000 cars on the road.

During these years Ó Ríordàin maintained a weekly column in the Irish Times that amounts to an amusing and insightful commentary on cultural and political life in Ireland during a critical period. The prophetic power and shining originality of his writing overshadows most contemporary academic, journalistic or literary commentaries. Who else in the1970s wrote that Ireland was postCatholic, postProtestant, postChristian, etc. One thing that would please this poet in the shadows of an anglicizing narrow minded state is the multicultural nature of Irish society today. Doubtless, he would welcome cultural and ethnic diversity, the meeting of different vernacular cultures. He himself felt the pain of the outsider in an alienating state, completing English language forms in the Irish language, translating from one language to the another.

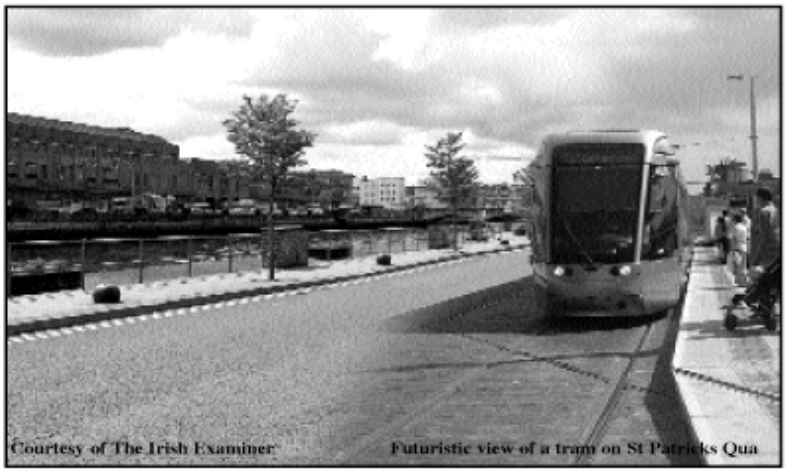
The Transport Revolution

AN URBAN PERSPECTIVE: PART 2

BY JOHN MEHEGAN

In a previous article, we looked at the first phase of the urban transport revolution, from its embryonic beginnings in the mining industry during the 16th century to the first fully fledged urban transport system with the advent of the horse tramway in the mid 19th century. But, with the rapid pace of industrialisation, and consequent growth of cities, the limitations of this form of transport were soon evident (see previous article Archive 9). The quest for a viable alternative involved experimentation with a variety of other methods, including battery and steam powered vehicles, but the most noteworthy initiatives were those, which made use of electricity. For much of the century progression in the field of electricity had concentrated on the development of electric lighting rather than electric traction. However, a significant breakthrough occurred in 1873, when a Belgian engineer Z.T. Gramme, built on the work of pioneers such as Siemens and Pacinotti, in discovering that electricity could be carried over long distances. Thus, Gramme's generator became the long-awaited electric motor.

THIS landmark finding was soon to be successfully exploited by Werner Von Siemens, when he built the first electric locomotive for the Berlin Industrial Exhibition, in 1879. From this tentative beginning, progress was made on a number of fronts. Firstly, Siemens made a significant advancement on his earlier work, when he opened the world's first electric tram service in 1881, along a one and a half mile stretch of line in the Berlin suburb of Lichterfelde.



Courtesy of The Irish Examiner. Futuristic view of a tram on St Patricks Qua

This service which was a single line as distinct from a network, made use of converted horse trams, each with a twenty-six person capacity and attained a maximum speed of 20 kms. per hour, with electric current being fed through the running rails. Not surprisingly, given the early stage of development, problems were encountered, most obvious being the fact that there was a lot of current leakage due to poor insulation at the rails. Over the course of the decade, a variety of alternative methods were experimented with, some such as the conduit system (which derived current from an underground source), made use of electric traction, while others persisted in using battery or steam-power. But, the ultimate goal remained as to how to be able to economically and safely deliver power to a moving vehicle, while at the same time, making sure it was environmentally compatible with an urban setting.

The attainment of this objective was closer than might have been thought, for in tandem with those initiatives already outlined, experimentation was also taking place in the area of electric traction using overhead cables. Here, Siemens was once again to the forefront when he exhibited an overhead current collector at the Paris Industrial Exhibition in 1881. While in the United States, a Belgian called Charles Van Depoele, developed the trolley pole, which proved to be a cheap and simple method of current collection. But the most significant and far-reaching development occurred when the American, Frank J. Sprague, was awarded the contract to construct a new electric tramway system in Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A. In going about his work Sprague encountered many problems of a technical nature, but having the foresight to successfully incorporate the most up-to-date innovations of the time into his project, he eventually got the system to work. As a result, the world's first city wide electric tram system opened in February, 1888. The system Sprague constructed, offered numerous advantages vis-à-vis its horse drawn equivalent, superior speed and power, meant that bigger cars could be used, offering greater passenger capacity. The ability to surmount steeper gradients, led to a more extensive service; and reduced operating costs, allowed cheaper fares to be offered, resulting in an upsurge in passenger demand. In addition, the safety and environmental aspects had been appropriately addressed, with the use of overhead wires. With the new electrified system proving its viability, both from an economic and social perspective, transport promoter's globally soon sought to emulate its success.

<u>Electric Trams: International Developments</u>

The positive impact of the Richmond project can be gauged from the fact that by 1893 (just five years after its inception) more than two hundred and fifty urban electric rail systems were operational throughout the United States. By way of contrast, the pace of electrification in Europe was somewhat slower. At this point in time, it has to be remembered that for the greater part, European cities were at a more advanced stage of physical development than those of the 'New World'. As a result, many city councils were unwilling to allow overhead wires to run through their historic centres. Consequently, a dispersion of effort occurred, as many cities opted to persist with some of those methods already outlined.

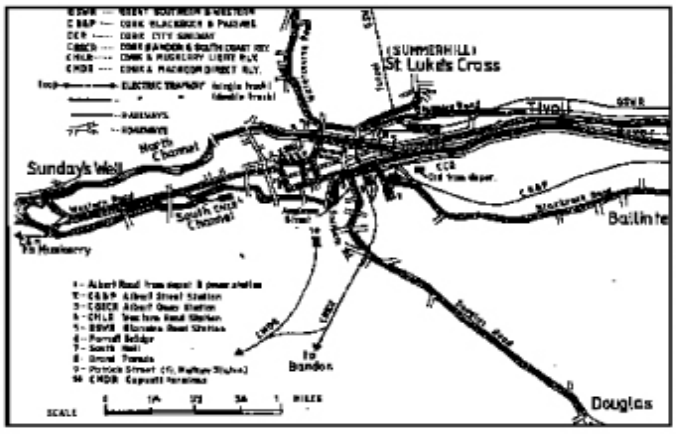
A prime example of this phenomenon was Paris, where a variety of systems operated simultaneously. Outside the city gates, overhead wires were permitted, while inside some vehicles operated off battery power, while others used the conduit system. By the turn of the century, this phase of experimentation had to a large extent passed, and the pace of electrification began to gather momentum throughout the European continent and further afield. Here, it is important to emphasise that while there was a decisive shift towards the use of overhead wires, the process was never total, and some operations continued using alternative forms of power. Ireland provided a graphic illustration of this contrast, because whereas Dublin (between 1897 and 1901) and Belfast (1905), chose to electrify their networks,

both Derry and Galway, retained their horse tramway systems. Cork, which albeit briefly, was the only other urban centre in the country to embrace the tram, provided a somewhat unique situation, which we will now examine in greater detail…

Electric Tram: Cork

In terms of public transport, Cork was the only Irish city to lack continuity of service. With the untimely demise of the horse tramway in 1875, the city was bereft of a public transport service for over two decades. What's more, the whole short lived experience had left a sour taste at a number of levels, most notable of which was the animosity that existed between members of the corporation and the director's of the company, which impeded the proper development of the service. As a result, any future initiatives would require a more unified approach so that a more comprehensive and successful service could be put in place. This finally became a reality in 1898, when the city rejoined the urban transport revolution.

As stated earlier, the development of electric traction was intrinsically linked to the production of electric lighting, and it was this phenomenon, which gave rise to the re-introduction of the tramways to Cork. The owners of the new service were the London registered Cork Electric Tramway & Lighting Co. Ltd.,(C.E.T.L.) who had a close association with the British Thomson-Houston Co., who were the main contractors. Several sub-contractors were involved in the various component parts of the operation,including, William Martin Murphy (later of Dublin 1913 Lockout fame) whose company was contracted to do the street track and paving, while the trams were built by Brush & Co., of Loughborough, England. The entire operation was supervised by a B.T.H. engineer, Mr Charles H. Merz. For its part, the corporation were as interested in the development of an efficient electric lighting system as a tramway service. With this dual benefit available to the city, the mistakes of the horse tram era were carefully avoided, and both parties worked together to ensure the successful implementation of the project.



The scale of the development involved construction of a large electricity generating plant and tram depot at Albert Road (which would provide public lighting for the city, and current to drive the trams), and a tramway system that would not only incorporate the old horse tramway route - but would also include those suburban extensions sought by the horse tramway company a quarter of a century earlier. This gave the new system a total mileage of just under ten - and compared favourably with that of the horse tramway which was basically a city centre service covering - just under *two* miles. The network opened on December 22nd 1898, with eighteen cars operating; the remainder being phased in over the following three years; giving a grand total of thirty - five cars. A contemporary account from the Examiner, exemplifies the positive mood which surrounded the arrival of the electric tram, it says:*"With such an advantageous and expeditious mode of reaching the suburban districts, combined with the uniform penny fare, the popularity and success of the trams ought to be assured."* And so it proved to be. For thirty-three years the electric tramway, (which like its predecessor used the Fr Mathew's Statue as it's hub) was to become an integral part of the city landscape. With services that ran every ten minutes to Blackpool, Blackrock and Tivoli, every twelve minutes to Summerhill and Sunday's Well and every twenty minutes to Douglas, the green and cream bedecked vehicles were popular with a broad section of the community. Whether it was the sub-urban resident commuting to their place of work, the attendee at a sporting event, or the family taking a Sunday trip, the tram facilitated city-wide movement on a scale not previously seen. During its lifetime the service had an exemplary record in terms of efficiency, profitability and safety, and more than made good any loss of favour incurred by the horse tram. However by the mid-1920 the signs were ominous for the electric tram system, and its two hundred and sixty strong workforce, when buses began to appear on the streets of Cork. In addition, improvements in road paving saw greater usage of bicycles, and of course the states decision to nationalise the electricity system was a third impediment. With the C.E.T.L's position severely eroded in terms of electricity supply and transport, the closure of the operation was inevitable. This was initially scheduled for March 31st 1931, but with an insufficient number of buses in place to meet passenger demand, the trams were brought back into service after six days. As bus numbers grew throughout the year the trams were gradually phased out, and after a six-month reprieve the system finally closed on September 30th 1931.

Conclusion

The demise of the Cork tramway coincided with a gradual downward curve in the fortunes of tramways worldwide. Strong competition from bus transport (which was viewed as more flexible than the tram), saw many networks close during the inter-war years. Also in the private sphere increasing affluence has led to a greater degree of car ownership, which has subsequently created the twin problems of traffic congestion and environmental pollution in many cities throughout the world. The recognition of this fact, and the need to implement a meaningful urban public transport response, has seen the tram re-invent itself once again, in an effort to adapt to the modern urban milieu in the form of light rail. This mode of transport, which is wholly compatable with an urban environment, is rapidly gaining recognition worlwide as an integral part of the solution to urban gridlock.

Already, this concept has been taken on board here in Ireland with the advent and ongoing development of the Luas network in Dublin. Here in Cork while no specific commitment has been given to the development of a light rail network as such; the Cork Area Strategic Plan (CASP) does acknowledge the need to keep potential light rail corridor's open for possible future development. Who knows, perhaps sometime during the 21st century it will be a case of 'back to the future' for our fair city.

A DecadeThe Northside Folklore Project:

A RETROSPECTIVE

THE Northside Folklore Project was originally intended as a pilot project, a co-operative initiative of "Folklore and Ethnology" at UCC, Northside Community Enterprises and FÁS, to bridge gaps between the academic world and the community by establishing a research archive for urban folklore and oral history in Cork city. The idea grew out of debates at Folklore and Ethnology research seminars in the early 1990s. The recognition of the importance of urban folklore and popular culture and the methodologies that would reflect the equally important role of the holders of this cultural knowledge constituted the two driving sets of concepts relevant to discussions which led to the implementation of the Project.

Group Photo; Launch of How's It Goin' boy? radio series 2005

Folklore and its collection are not alien to Irish people. The Irish Folklore Commission has played a political role as a national institution, an educational role initially through its schools collection programme in 1937-38, a social role in encouraging awareness of traditional culture which led to revival movements in music, dance, storytelling and other aspects of customary and material culture. We regularly see excerpts of its photographic and film collections on television; we regularly hear samples of its audio material, on the radio. However, while the emphasis then was on past, rural and Irish language expression, it was also on recording the voices, the activities and the opinions of the bearers, makers and users of traditional culture. The aim was the collecting, preserving and eventually disseminating of this knowledge to reinforce a sense of identity and ethnicity particularly important in the political and socio-economic context of the time. These basic premises remain.

Cultural awareness, a sense of identity and ethnicity are still crucial to the political integrity and the socio-economic well being of a people. The dynamics and the contexts however, have changed. More people are now living, working or socialising in towns. Communication and media technology have blurred the boundaries between the urban and the rural, the local and the global. It has significantly enhanced access to information and knowledge and to a degree democratised its production and dissemination. An awareness of Irish cultural identity and ethnicity has contributed to the making of vibrant communities on this island and overseas and we now live in a country where the possibility to experience the dynamics of cultural and ethnic diversity is actual and present. It is from within this broad intellectual perspective, inclusive of the importance to provide a research context which favours a balance between insiders and outsiders perspectives that The Northside Folklore Project was born.

In 1995, meetings were held between "Folklore and Ethnology" at UCC and representatives of community groups. Issues similar to those of the UNESCO process for the safeguarding of folklore were debated. Questions of control over the collection, preservation and dissemination of the material were discussed.In the summer of 1995, a series of field research workshops was organised by "Folklore and Ethnology" at UCC. A steering committee comprising of UCC and community group representatives from the Blackpool Historical Society, the Mayfield History Group and Cork city Partnership was formed. In the spring of 1996 a Community Employment Scheme was endorsed by FÁS. It was co-sponsored by NCE, who provided part of the equipment required and a base.

In August 1996 candidates were interviewed for the positions of coordinator and researchers. Training was provided by UCC. It was not long before the energy and the synergies of the research team started to flow and become productive. All developed talents and acquired new skills and as interviewers, photographers, cataloguers. Most importantly all had a keen interest in the local culture and were eager to express, explore, deepen, broaden and share that interest. The location of the Project in the Sunbeam, was also vital. Full of history, full of memory, full of pride. A symbol and an icon of the Northside community. As a result of the dynamism and the hard work of the team, the Project archive quickly acquired a multimedia collection documenting many aspects of the local history, traditional and popular culture. The professional approach of all involved contributed to the credibility of the Project which started attracting limited financial and other support from, local, national, community based, business or state institutions which enabled the expansion and the dissemination of its research and archive collection through its publications its travelling exhibition, its videos, radio programmes, website, educational workshops, etc. In the past ten years, more than 75 people have worked for the Project. In the past ten years thousands of people have contributed their knowledge, their voices, their creativity to the Project. Their contributions are invaluable. - **By Marie-Annick DesPlanques - Research Director**

HOW'S IT GOIN', BOY?:

In The Northside Folklore Project's first ten years, one of the most exciting developments was the great opportunity presented by Cork's becoming European Capital of Culture in 2005. We were given the support to play a part in celebrating the city as a vibrant stage for cultural production, and we were well placed to explore questions brought up by the idea of Cork being a 'Capital of Culture'. As a community-based folklore project, we asked ourselves 'what is the everyday culture of the city, and how could we best represent it, paint a picture of it, share it?' Now there is more movement in the world than ever before, with people leaving Cork, coming back, and arriving for the first time.

The everyday of Cork is changing as well, with so many worlds coming into contact on the streets of the city. We decided to carry out 40 new interviews to reflect these changes (ten with people born and bred in the city and the rest with people who have come to Cork from elsewhere) and create a radio series. This was our first adventure in radio. Because so much of our work involves interviewing people, radio is an immediate way of giving a taste of that, without losing the energy, humanity, humour, accents and turn of phrase of the interviewees. We hoped to take a snapshot of life in the city, and of all the diverse memories and experiences that are part of it, and to put it on the airwaves to say 'this is who we are right now'.

There were many high points to the process. After we had made all our preparations, put together our questions, gotten to know our new equipment, we started doing interviews. All of a sudden, the interviewees stopped being an abstract, an unknown, and turned into living, breathing people who welcomed us into their homes and their lives with a generosity that stunned us. Hearing stories from far and near (to name some of the places Cork,NewYork, Bulgaria, Australia, Turkey, China, Nigeria, England, Argentina and even Kerry), and all that we learned in the process, was a wonderful experience for us.

Then, at our project meetings, as we talked about emerging themes for the radio programmes, people would come back from interviews, or from listening to each other's interviews, fired up with stories. We'd sit around a big table, and one story or comment from one interview would start us talking about something similar in another, and that would spark off memories from our own lives, and so it would go, round and round. Beireann scéal scéal eile: one story gives birth to another. Each week it felt that the interviewees were in the room with us. And that's what we hope we achieved through the programmes: a conversation between the people of Cork, a story of the everyday, told by a variety of different voices, a picture of how all the people of Cork (born and bred or by choice) play with Cork speech and Cork humour, a reflection of the magic, energy, and diversity of the city. Fair play to us! The radio series HOW'S IT GOIN', BOY? is available as a box set of 3 CDs from the Northside Folklore Project for ¤15 and includes among many topics, memories of growing up in Cork and elsewhere, childhood games, first impressions of the city and its people, and favourite Cork landmarks.

By Clíona O' Carroll - Special Project Co-ordinator

<u>THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE:</u>

The Northside Folklore Project has achieved remarkable things in its first ten years, despite being very "young" for an archive. From our collection of over 380 sound recordings, close to 10,000 photographs and hundreds of hours of video materials, we have given back to our community many quality productions: a professional portable exhibition; the book of living folklore, *Life Journeys*, the entertaining short film, *A Night at Bingo* ;a set of Cork postcards; and ten issues of this, our highly respected free journal. In the last two years, besides creating our Cork 2005 radio series, "How's it goin', boy"? we have been involved in several film projects. We are very proud to have been part of the Frameworks Films Cork 2005 project, Cork WideScreen, which produced the excellent short film *Sunbeam*. Conal Creedon came to us for information in the making of his fine film for RTE, *The Burning of Cork*. TG4 likewise did research in our archives for their beautiful production, *Cathair Chorcaí*. We were delighted to participate in the Blackpool Development Group's film and photographic exhibition, Fadó Fadó.

Not as high profile but every bit as important, has been the work we have done consulting; giving advice; hosting visiting groups and individual researchers; offering internships and work placements; making presentations; answering emails; recording and interviewing; acquiring new training and technical knowledge to build our capabilities; raising funding, and then, the core of our work, archiving and cataloguing the collected materials. We have worked with students as young as 9, researchers of 70+, professors, writers, community organisations from all parts of the city, libraries, hospitals, and groups representing schools and universities, senior citizens, the "new Irish", Cork singers, musicians and story tellers, of course, oral history collectors. All of these activities have laid the ground work for a challenging and exciting future. Looking ahead, we hope for more books, more radio programming, a searchable website, working in cooperation with the County Heritage Plan, extending our connections to the community and local schools, building our connections to other academic institutions and to continue serving as a resource to people of all interests and backgrounds. All of this and more, while not forgetting the basics of our mission—to build a permanent and accessible community based archive of folklore and local history. We aim high—to increase the understanding and respect for the cultural process of folklore as a method of empowerment and definition of identity for the Northside, and for Cork City as a whole.

All of this represents many hours of work, work made possible by the happy partnership with Northside Community Enterprises and FÁS. We could never have accomplished what we have so far without their support and an ongoing supply of staff members. This has been an advantage not available to many other folklore and oral history groups throughout the country, and something for which we are very grateful. Likewise we thank the leadership, knowledge and commitment provided by Béaloideas, UCC Department of Folklore and Ethnology, in particular the dedicated big thinker most responsible for our existence, Marie-Annick Desplanques. I would like to add my thanks to all of the staff of the Project, past and present, for their time, energies and enthusiasm. What will we achieve in our next ten years?!

By Mary O'Driscoll - Project Manager.

A FRIENDLY SOCIETY

A brief credit union history ——— BY JACK HEALY

The origin of the credit co-operatives can be attributed to the efforts of two German men: Hermann Schulze and Freidrich Wilheim Raiffeisen. In 1846, a crop failure in Germany brought famine and suffering to Delitsch, where Hermann Schulze was born. He was a local judge and his position involved him in continuous dealings with small shopkeepers and poor traders, allowing him the opportunity to understand and appreciate their suffering. To alleviate the problem, he founded a Friendly Society for Craftsmen, to provide co-operative insurance against sickness and death.

IN 1884 Raiffeisen, organised a society, which he called the Heddesdorf Credit Union. Initially, the Movement grew slowly, even so, he saw the need for regional and national organisations to promote their common purposes: supplying legal advice and facilitating central bank services. The Movement began to experience rapid growth and by the time of Raiffeisen's death in 1888 there were 427 credit unions operating throughout Germany. News of the success of Schulze and Raiffeisen's credit union ventures in Germany, soon spread throughout Europe and North America.

In America, the first pioneer of the concept of credit union was Alphonse Des Jardins, who was a member of the editorial staff of his local newspaper. Many of his fellow workers were at the mercy of high rate moneylenders. The result of his endeavours, was the establishment of the first credit union in North America in 1900. Under the principle of Des Jardins's credit union, the character of the borrower achieved security for a loan: loans were granted only for productive purposes or emergencies. The organisation was democratic in true co-operative style, with members having only one vote at A.G.Ms regardless of shares held.

Over 50 years later, credit unions began to emerge in Ireland. Cork was very quickly into the arena with the promotion of Credit Union in the late fifties and early sixties. A number of new suburbs were built in Cork in the hard times of the forties and fifties, by a stalwart band of people. They were prepared to face the unknown hazards of taking on a 30 or 35 year mortgage, to give the next generation a better start in life than they had themselves. These were mainly wage earners, paying mortgages, taxes, etc. People did without what they could keep hidden, 'Sausage Park and Lace Curtains but no Sheets' caused many a blush. Many were generally inclined to rely on their own resources, mind their own business and keep a respectful distance from prying neighbours. There were no organisations in the newly established suburbs except the Church, where people could meet and get back to their roots for a social life.

In the late 1950s, Most Rev Dr Cornelius Lucy (R.I.P.) Catholic Bishop of Cork, while in the United States, had been impressed by the work of the many credit unions he saw in operation there. He collected as much information as possible on the Principles and Practices of Credit Unions. On his return to Cork, Dr Lucey used every opportunity to promote credit union, was constantly quoted in the *Examiner* and national newspapers, promoting his idea. In January 1960 the honour of being the first credit union founded in Cork fell to the parish of Ballyphehane.

St Joseph's C.U., Dillons Cross, Cork.
Which will be celebrating their 40th anniversary in 2006.
Pencil Drawing by D. Baylor

Generally, the group was made up of 30 – 40 people and had a wide representation consisting of tradesmen, factory employees, clerical workers, a clergyman and a member of the legal profession. Regular meetings were held, with the other study groupsat which the Byelaws were examined, clarified and discussed. Close contact was maintained North and South of the city. The spirit of co-operation was evident as other credit unions came to group meetings to exchange views. Credit unions that were up and running were visited, to study accounting systems and the layout of premises. As there would be some initial expenditure in forming a credit union, it was decided to save a small sum per member per week and to set up a mock credit union. A Board of directors was duly elected and the Pseudo-Credit-Union was in place, giving invaluable experience for when the credit union would open to the public.

Chapter X1

A Chapter is an association of credit unions within a defined geographical area and no history of the credit union movement in Cork can be written without emphasising the important role that it filled. The first Chapter in Cork was formed in 1963, and the first officers were Fr Fitzgerald, (President), George Thompson, (Vice President) and Der Cogan Hon. Treasurer. The chapter served as an educator and a cementing agent between local credit unions. The chapter meetings, enabled credit unions to learn from each other and to share their experiences.

Chapter X1 grew very swiftly and in 1967 it became necessary to divide chapter into two areas, Chapter X1 (South Cork) Chapter X11 (North Cork). Meetings were held monthly, and each credit union had two delegates who were obliged to report to it on its own progress from time to time. Forty years on, Chapter X1 continues to meet on a monthly basis and uphold the Philosophy and Ethos of Credit union.

At the 30th of June 2003 there were 33 Credit Unions in Chapter X1, with shareholdings of 918 million euros and loans of 564 million. It was the effort of individual credit unions to unite, to undertake common activities and provide a community service, that we witnessed the real success of the movement. The twenty-five Chapters throughout the country, continue to have a vital role in unifying the movement.

THE MODEL 'T' FORD(E) FAMILY

BY DENIS B.FORDE


DENIS FORDE
AGED 8 YRS
Courtesy of Author

THE new Ford Tractor Manufacturing and Assembly plant built in 1917 – evinced great excitement among the citizens of Cork during the dark sombre years that ushered in the new 20th century. There was unemployment and extreme poverty, with long lines of men and women queuing and signing on each morning at the unemployment exchange, at White Street. The arrival of Ford's factory gave solace and hope to many of those same unemployed men and women. Their lives and conditions were altered and the future looked promising.

Denis Forde's grandfather who lived at Birds Quay, Blackpool, (next door to the famed Glen Rovers clubroom) was one of the lucky ones to be employed at Fords, when he became one of a labour force, preparing the site for the building of the factory. When production started in 1919, he was assigned to the Foundry. Two years later (1921) Denis' own father, Timothy Forde, was also employed at the Foundry. He worked there up to the transfer of tractor production to the new Ford Plant at Dagenham, in England.

After the Second World War broke out in 1939, all operations at the Cork plant were suspended. In 1941, Timothy signed up for work at the Ford Imperial Foundry, at Leamington Spa, in Warwickshire, where he tragically died, as a result of an accident at the Foundry.

Young Denis, was eleven years old and the eldest of a family of seven (five boys and two girls), at the time of his father's demise. His mother had to face the future with a heavy burden of caring for seven children, without a 'bread-winner.'During this sad time, the Managing Director of Henry Ford & Son Ltd. (Cork) Mr John O'Neill, promised his mother that as soon as Denis reached his fourteenth birthday, he would give him a start with the company (just before Christmas 1942). Denis celebrated his fourteenth birthday on 21st December. War still raged in Europe.

In March 1943, he became the youngest employee in the Ford company's history. Starting on a wage of £1-10 (One Pound ten shillings) per week.

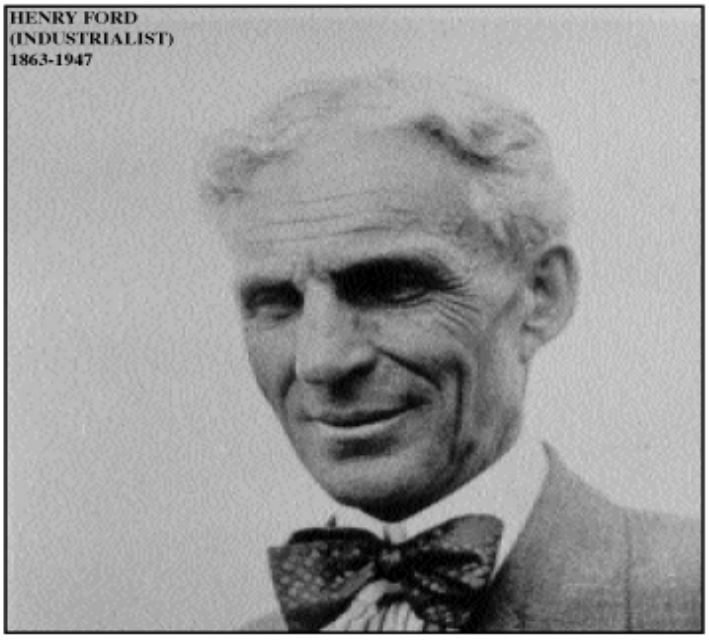
It was also compulsory in those days to attend Vocational School at Wellington Road, for one day each week. After the war ended, car production restarted and two of Denis' brothers started work at Fords, in Cork.

For experience, Denis spent two years in the Leamington and Dagenham factories, in England, crankshaft grinding and gear-cutting, in the Dagenham Machine Shop, plus core making and dressing in the Foundry. In 1962, while working in Tractor Preparation, followed by a short stint in Quality Control, he was advised to make an application for the vacancy of Ford Mobile Film Projectionist. This duty entailed providing educational film shows to the members of: Macra Na Feirme, Muintir Na Tire, The National Farmers Association, The Irish Country womens Association, Technical Schools and other kindred bodies, covering the 26 counties of Ireland.

After ten years, the advent of television saw the demise of the film unit operations. By 1971, Denis was joined by his own son Tim, who began an apprenticeship as a fitter-welder, with the Millwrights department. Denis, began work in car sales in 1972, for a ten year period, and in 1984 was elected to the position of Secretary of the Ford branch of The Irish Distributive Workers and Clerks union, which negotiated the unanimously accepted redundancy package by its members. Finally, Friday 13th 1984 arrived and the gates of the Ford Car Assembly closed for the last time, with the loss of 800 jobs…

Henry Ford was good to Cork for sixty–seven years. In Denis Forde's view, Henry Ford was the original Celtic Tiger, who set the seeds for the affluence we have in Ireland today.
For sixty-five of the sixty-seven years of the Ford Motor Company in Cork (1919 to 1984), a Cork family named **Forde**, gave four generations of loyalty to the company. Grandfather, **Denis Forde**, father, **Timothy**, son, **Denis** (author) and his son also **Timothy**.

Denis Forde is retired and living on the northside of Cork city.


HENRY FORD
(INDUSTRIALIST)
1863-1947

Women Remembering Their Working Lives

BY DR ELIZABETH KIELY
& DR MAIRE LEANE UCC

A project researching the lives of women who worked in the Munster regions of Cork, Limerick and Kerry in the 1940s and 1950s commenced in the year 2000 in the department of Applied Social Studies in University College Cork. The research team conducted 42 interviews with women, who responded to a public call and agreed to be interviewed for an oral history study enquiring extensively into all aspects of their working lives and related matters. The project, which was funded by the higher Education Authority, was motivated by our concern that little was known about women's waged work in the 1940s and 1950s in Ireland in general and particularly in the Munster region. Furthermore, we believed that the typical characterisation of this generation of women as home-based and economically inactive required further investigation and elaboration. The women who came forward for interview were reasonably diverse in terms of their age range, social class, education level, geographical location, profession and length or continuity of their working careers.

MADGE AHERN -who also participated in the project.

OF the forty-two women who told their stories, thirty-eight were married, three were single and one woman became a nun. The group studied included a poultry instructress; a civil engineer, a cheese maker and a convent farm manager. In addition: nurses, teachers, domestic and agricultural workers, factory workers, office workers, service providers and civil servants were also interviewed. Analysis of the census data for the period of the study confirmed that the main occupations in which women workers were concentrated were represented in the oral histories collected. The majority of the women, who participated in the study engaged in paid work at some stage of their married lives. This was an interesting feature of the study group, considering that census data for the time revealed that married women's labour market participation in Ireland was very low at 5% and remained relatively unchanged from the 1920s to the 1960s.

Clearly in evidence in the oral histories collected, was the pervasiveness of the legal and cultural idealisation of woman as wife and mother, which was deeply imbibed in the culture of the time and in the collective psyche of that generation of Irish women. As Catherine O'Driscoll, a dispatcher in a sweet factory, who resigned from work upon marriage in 1940, explained; 'I mean when you get married, you married for good… And if you were blessed with children well you were to stay at home and mind them…' However, the data also demonstrated that the idealisation of the home-based mother could be compromised most often by families' dire financial needs and in some instances, by a woman's own desire to extend her role beyond home duties, or to generate personal earnings and to exert control over how such earnings might be spent. It was their status as widows with young children, which compelled Catherine Walshe, Mary Taaffe and Rita O'Donovan, to return to paid work in the formal labour market. In contrast, Margaret Twomey, was motivated to take up various office and factory jobs when married during the 1950s, to earn her own wage and to spend it as she wished. As she remarked: '…now if there was something needed then in the household and I could subsidise it, I would do so… I had my own few bob, I had the choice to use it'.

To alleviate the level of family hardship experienced, women engaged in all kinds of income generating work inside and outside of the home, dependent on what suited their individual and family circumstances. Mary Taaffe, emphasised the importance of earnings from poultry keeping, a home based industry for many rural women: 'It was very important financially, it was a very important industry for them… actual money they could get into their hands… they could improve things in their houses… they got in cookers and certain things. The poultry money helped them to do all that'. For many, particularly working class women, it was indeed a struggle to manage their complicated identities and roles as wives, mothers and workers, at a time when state support for such a combined role was non-existent. Rita O'Donovan, solved her child-care problem by taking her young baby to work with her when she took up a position as a paid domestic worker. A career trajectory unbroken by obligations to families of origin or marital families was rarely evidenced in the narratives. Notable exceptions included two teachers unaffected by the marriage bar, two women engaged in family run businesses and a domestic / agricultural worker, who worked for her family's lodgings on the farm of her employers.

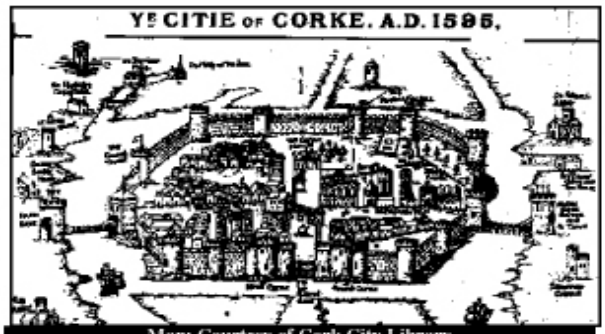
The oral histories also indicate that union activity amongst women interviewed was fairly limited. In some instances the kind of work and the settings in which women were employed were not conducive to the collective organisation of workers. This was true for women employed in small retail outlets or in provision and for women engaged in localised domestic or agricultural labouring positions. However, a factor that strongly militated against female workers investing too much of their energy in the activities of the male-dominated trade union movement was their own and others' perception of them as workers. Their engagement in the paid labour market was typically seen as a brief interlude, which would end upon marriage and motherhood. To date, the oral history project has generated a number of academic articles and conference papers on many different aspects of women's work in the south of Ireland in the 1940s and 1950s (see website for details http://www.ucc.ie/wisp/ohp). A multimedia exhibition showcasing the work of the project held in UCC in February 2003 provided a valuable opportunity for the women participants to come together to share their stories and experiences. The oral history project is now entering another new and exciting phase in its development. With financial assistance received from the Women's Studies Centre in University College Galway and the kind permission of interviewees, a collection of 41 edited narratives will soon be avaiable, with the provision of the project's on-line oral archive.

Place Name: St Marie's of the Isle / Crosse's Green

BY DOLORES HORGAN

A family moved to our street in the 1960s and I became "best friends" with one of the girls, Aoife. When she told me her school was called St Marie's of the Isle. I thought "Wow how lucky is that, her school is on an island". In school we discussed the origins of our city, how it comprised of several marshy islands surrounded by the River Lee and the word Cork derived from the word Corcach, the Irish word for marsh.

The story goes that Mr Walker, while building his distillery, St Dominics at Crosse's Green, in 1840, discovered the first graves associated with the Dominican Abbey, St. Mary's of the Isle but he chose not to disturb them. In the 1980s a series of archaeological test trenches were dug in Crosse's Green adjacent to St Marie's of the Isle Convent. The area finally gave up its secrets, for below the surface lay 200 graves, coffins and remains, as well as the foundation of the 13th century Dominican Abbey. As wattle fencing from that period was uncovered outside the environs of the Abbey, the earliest evidence of the ordinary folk living outside the medieval walled city, apart from the Dominican Community.



Map: Courtesy of Cork City Library

The result of tests on the remains tell us a great deal concerning the health and nutrition of the people living at that time. A string of rosary beads or paternosters consisting of forty-two beads made of bone were discovered along with a skeleton dating from the 13th century. Saint Dominic's gift to the church is the Rosary and it is said that the inspiration came to the saint from the Mother of God.

From historic sources we learn that Lord Philip de Barry, an Anglo-Norman was the founder of the Dominican Abbey in 1229. In those early years the Abbey and the entire island possessed privileges to include tax exemptions, later this was only to apply to a certain suite of rooms in the western wing of the monastic building. These secret apartments had communication with various parts of the island itself and with the neighbouring house of Gill Eda by a subterranean passage. The Norman or the Black Friars as they became known due to the black garment they wore, were part of the new communities of religious orders living alongside people in the towns and cities ofEurope. So strong was the connection between the Dominicans and Gaelic speaking people that in 1285 both the Franciscans and the Dominicans were accused of making "much of the Irish language" Royal alms and money offerings were granted on several occasions to the Dominicans in the late fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

While many of the nobility had religious connections to the Abbey, some taking the Habit being buried there. The Annals record burials in the grounds from the 13th and the 15th centuries. The Dominicans provided free education for the youths of the town and also the poor of Cork. They dedicated their House to St Mary de Insula or St Mary's of the Isle, the name chosen by the Sisters of Mercy for their convent and school, built after the famine. The boundary wall of their convent contains two closed-up window niches believed to have formed part of the 13th century priory. A royal charter dated 1317 writes of free passage for the Mayor, bailiffs and the Dominican Friars into the city over the South Gate Bridge, stating that "The Friars were to be let in for the sake of good town's people". Looking at the Pacata Hibernia map, Ye Citie of Corke A.D 1595, St. Dominic's mill and chapel are situated on the marsh beside the river called St. Dominics Island, outside the walled city.Life during the Reformation and the penal laws was tough for the native Irish people who were Catholic and spoke only the Irish language.

When the Dominican property was confiscated after the Reformation the land was granted to William Boureman however, the Dominican community still lived on in the convent. He was to part with his interest and a grant was then made to a Mr. Crosse, where the name of the area, Crosse's Green originated. In 1578 St. Dominic's image was publicly burnt in the city by the Protestant bishop according to the Annals. An equestrian bronze statue of the founder was also demolished. Their convent was given to the mayor of Cork for a residence later known as the Great House of Dominic. The convent was again flourishing in 1622 with a novitiate in 1629. However, with the arrival of Cromwell in 1649, the convent bell was melted down for miltary usage. This was a great loss, for when the great bell tolled the people of the walled city came to the Abbey to hear the sermon given by the bishop. During penal times an Act of Parliament was passed ordering the clergy to leave the country. With this the Friars continued to diminish in numbers, and those who stayed were forced to conceal themselves wherever possible for fear of their lives, while continuing to say Mass in Mass houses and at Mass Rocks.

However, Community life was was again restarted by the Dominicans in a little house in Friary Lane Place with a chapel being built there in 1721. This community was remarkable for the varied learning of its members many if not all of them held professional chairs in the colleges of Seville, Rome, Louvain and Lisbon. The site of the old Dominican Friary was in Friary Lane Place with a chapel being built there in 1729, where several novices received the habit. In an old map of Cork 1750, drawn for Smiths History a small chapel surmounted by a cross is shown by the mouth of the Kiln River, at Knapp's Square. Today, the Dominican Church and priory are located at Popes Quay, on the Northside of the River Lee. On laying the foundation stone in 1848, following Catholic Emancipation in 1829, Fr Russell OP stated: 'The first Dominican Community, the walls of old St Mary's Abbey of the Island arose on the southern banks of the Lee under the protecting shadows of the mystic round tower and venerable Cathedral of St Finbarr.' In keeping the connection with the past, stones from the old Dominican Convent of St Mary's of the Isle, given by the Cork Corporation to Fr Russell were inserted in the walls of the Priory.

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FOLKLORE MISCELLANY

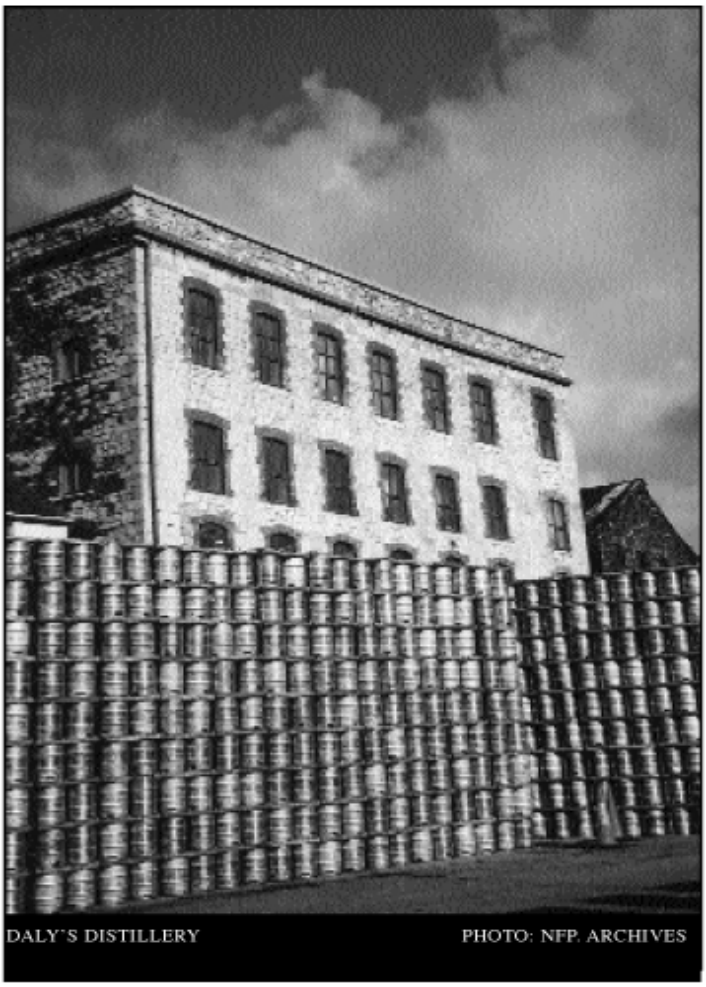
NORTHSIDE NOTES

FORMER DALY'S DISTILLERY

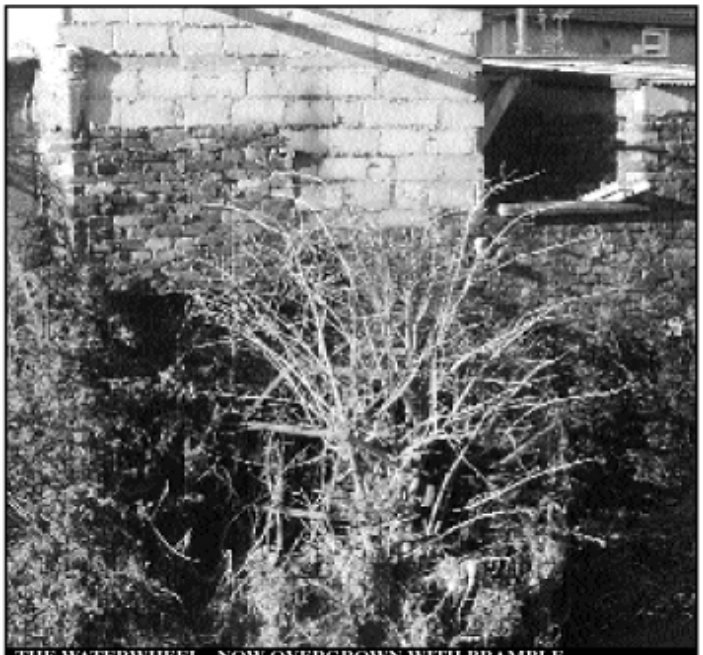
Extract below is taken from the collection of Cork's Built Heritage by CP Hudson & Stephen Hunter.

THIS is an historic location for commercial activity, with one tradition claiming that Christianised Danish Vikings - established a water-powered flour mill hereabouts, in the late 11th century. St John's Mill (probably sited on a canalised arm of the Ballycannon Bride River, just above its junction with the Kiln River) is recorded by the late 13th century.

The distillerywas constructed for James Daly & Company who began operations in 1820. The five storey, seven bay edifice, is faced with irregular cut limestone blocks its sides composed of a limestone/sandstone rubble mix, with arched red brick window surrounds providing a distinctive feature. This handsome building has been recently refurbished into apartments, as part of an attractive and imaginative development. The distillery was essentially steam-powered and was part of a complex that included: maltings and granaries on John St, Leitrim St and Watercourse Road. Distilling ceased in 1867, when the enterprise was absorbed into Cork Distillers Company. Later uses, included a flour mill. A fine brick chimney associated with the distillery building was unfortunately demolished in 2000.



DALY`S DISTILLERY PHOTO: NFP. ARCHIVES



THE WATERWHEEL - NOW OVERGROWN WITH BRAMBLE
PHOTO BY FAWN ALLEN

BUCKLEY'S WATERWHEEL

BUCKLEYS WATERWHEEL was constructed by a Mr Matt Buckley, owner of a tyre shop on the Commons Rd, during a period of energy price hikes in the 1980s.

The object was to exploit the flow of the Ballycannon Bride River, as a supplementary power source; recalling a fascinating tradition of water mills on the river and its tributaries - stretching back to medieval times. The wheel never became operational, due to the bed of the stream being lowered, but it remains an intriguing tribute to a community's flair for improvisation that deserves to be recognised and celebrated. Now rundown and overgrown, it should be restored and protected. With a plaque or explanatory board, it could form an unconventional feature in a riverside walk. Items like this, do much to enliven the urban landscape and help to provide a sense of communal continuity. Also worthy of a mention is Jeremiah O'Donovan's Generator, which functioned a little downstream from the waterwheel during the 1920s and '30s. The brainchild of a local national schoolteacher, it used hydro-electricity to supply his (teacher) household with all its power needs.

SOUTH OF THE RIVER

Castle Brand

OF all the household utensils you'll find around the modern home, I would safely say that the most vilified is undoubtedly the humble frying pan. We are constantly being warned through every manner of media against the use of the pan, due to the high level of cholesterol and heart disease caused by the consumption of saturated fats contained in modern cooking oils.

Certainly we hear words now that were unknown to us at a time when cooking was done on a pan well greased with lard, or as a special treat with margarine or even butter.

At The Merries Photo: Courtesy of The Irish Examiner

The frying pan was in regular use at that time; you could have, on special days such as Christmas morning and Easter Sunday, a breakfast of fried sausages, rashers, black & white pudding and eggs, topped off with lots of fried bread; all cooked while floating in beautiful liquid fat. Often the main meal of the day was cooked in the same way, and this thought brings to mind, a day many years ago, back in the late 1940s, when my age was still worked out in single figures.

Piper's Amusements, based in Douglas, were a huge attraction for young and old of that era, and for us who lived in Quaker Road, it meant just a short two-mile walk. It was a lovely spring day and the sun shone out of a clear blue sky, so my older siblings suggested we would head for the 'Merries', as we knew it. What a treat for someone of my tender years! Of course I couldn't wait to get on the road; but there was one slight hitch in the arrangements. Our mother insisted that we eat before we set out; so she immediately proceeded to prepare some food. There were a few boiled potatoes in a bowl, left over from the dinner of the the previous day, so these were peeled, mashed and put on the frying pan. Things were going well until the pan, which was a little twisted and bent with age appeared to spring a leak and caught fire. Though the blaze was quickly extinguished, my mother was furious; making no secret of the fact that she had been struggling with inferior pots and pans for years. She would refuse to cook with these ancient utensils from this day forward. However, with a little encouragement from her excited brood the fried potatoes were transferred from the pan to a large dinner plate and placed on top of a saucepan of boiling water to keep the food hot. Half a dozen eggs were cracked into a bowl, whisked into a paste before a bag of mushrooms that had been picked that morning in a field near O'Halloran's Bar on the Kinsale Road, were added to the beaten eggs. In spite of the recent threatened inferno, the frying pan was once more called into service and a delicious omelette was produced. So, well fortified and with the usual warnings to be careful on the road, we headed for the village of Douglas for our day at the Merries, but not before I promised my mother that if I won on the Wheel of Fortune, I would bring home a new frying pan. This kind thought, born of pure innocence, earned me an extra threepenny piece.

When we arrived at Douglas, the excitement of seeing the chairoplanes, horses, bumpers and all the other magical attractions occupied our minds for some time, until we spotted the lady with the funny accent selling tickets and spinning the big wheel with all the numbers on it. I had already been for a spin in the bumpers, a ride on the horses and now I was left with just the threepenny piece I had so cunningly gained from my poor innocent mother. I decided that to buy one ticket at a time would insure the money lasted longer giving me a better chance of success rather than spend it all on three tickets for one spin of the wheel. The lady came around to where we were standing and I said "one please", handed over my threepenny piece getting back two pennies and a ticket. I cannot recall the numbers of the first two tickets that I bought, but I do know that the third ticket I bought with the last of my reserves was number three. The lady spun the wheel and I thought it would never stop; it seemed to go on forever. Eventually it came to a halt. I heard, loud and clear and in a funny accent **"number three".** I know that my heart skipped a beat and in the excitement, I dropped the precious ticket.

My sister who was with me all through my ordeal, retrieved the evidence of my win. She waved it to draw the lady's attention. When asked to choose my prize, I was mesmerised by the vast array of fabulous fare that was on show. There were guns & holsters, footballs, police handcuffs & whistles and furry animals of all shapes and sizes. I hesitated, agonising for what felt like an eternity, before my conscience kicked in and I said in a very quiet voice "can I have a frying pan please?" The lady handed out my prize while my sisters gathered around to admire the object of my delight. They shook my hand and kissed me as if they were seeing me for the very first time.

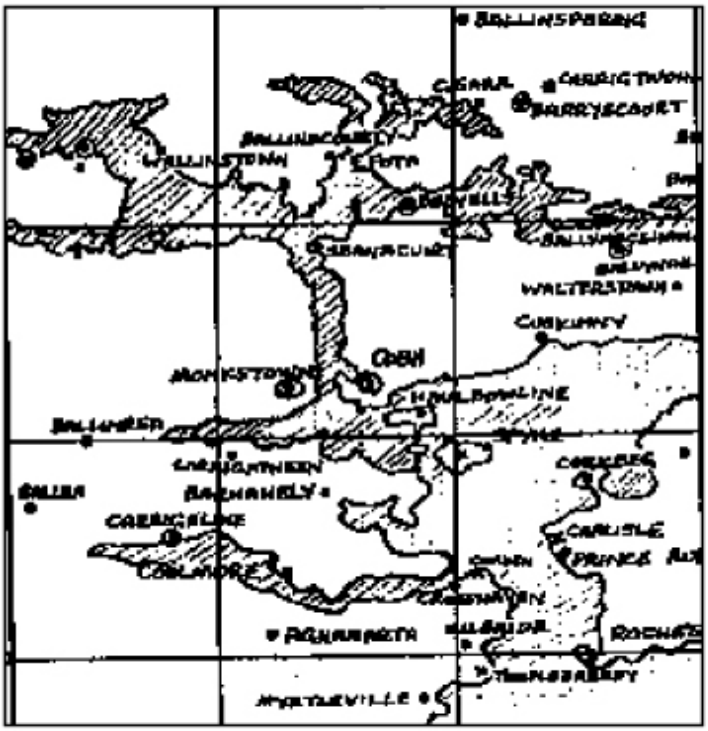
So ended our day out we had no more interest in the funfair as we could hardly expect to do better than a win on the Wheel of Fortune. On arriving home we could not contain our excitement and I was put sitting at the table while my parents admired the shining new frying pan with the label that proudly declared the name ***'Castle Brand'***. I do not remember how long the frying pan served our family's cooking needs but I do know that it was the topic of conversation for many a long day.
BY BILLY MCCARTHY

THE MIDDLE PARISH

St Patrick's Street

The city's main thoroughfare first appeared in the late 18th century when the channel running between two great marshes east of the old core was arched over. The street, which can truly described as the heartbeat of the city, is synonymous with much of the drama that has taken place in Cork over the past two centuries. Whether it be politics, sport, films or love, all have been embraced by 'Pana'. Today, St Patrick's Street continues to retain its timeless appeal, and with its newly enhanced people-friendly image, the age old Cork tradition of 'Doin'Pana' should become an even more pleasurable experience.
BY JOHN MEHEGAN

OUT IN THE COUNTY



A Story of Belvelly Castle

AN English family named Hodnetts, from Shropshire, England in the fourteenth century, built Belvelly Castle. Belvelly Bridge, was built in 1807 to replace the existing ford. Belvelly or *Beal Atha Bhealaigh* is translated as 'The Mouth of the Ford'. In the *Itinerary to the Counties of Ireland*, published in 1806, it is recorded that 'in the Great Island, you go through Barryscourt and at low water was the passage at Fota. The passage refers to the ford. The castle is a tall square tower of between 70-80 feet high and about 30 feet wide at base. Only traces of the battlements remain.

It is apparent from historical records that the Hodnetts were still in possession of Belvelly in the sixteenth century. Thus the Barrys held most of the island of Cobh, while the Hodnetts held a portion of the land until the seventeenth century. They also had land in Courtmacsherry and Timoleague. In 1329, Lord Philip Hodnett and his retinue were defeated by Barrys and Roches and the Great Island subsequently obtained the name of Barrymore.

A large part of the Great Island (that west of Belvelly) was named Hodnetts Wood. The Hodnetts continued to be enemies of the Barrys. A member of the Hodnetts family is reputed to have lived at Fota Island in great poverty, having been driven from his land with his cows who were drowned in *Loch na mBho* i.e Lake of the Cows.

Miss Hodnett was the last known survivor of the Hodnett family of Belvelly. She married one of the Ronaynes and was the grandmother or mother of the famous Philip Ronayne of Ronayne's Grove (now Marino) on the Great Island. Philip's son died young but he also had daughters, whose descendants are still apparently living in Dublin and elsewhere in Ireland.

Sir Walter Raleigh, became the owner of Belvelly Castle for a short time in 1581, until Lord Barry repossessed it. Sir Philip Courthope, from Kent, occupied the castle in 1636, at £60 a year. He was an ally of the Barrys who lived at Little Island and was MP for Cork, in 1661. Courthope made alterations to the castle transforming it into a modern castle of its day. The worn plaque over the entrance doorway near the south end of the North wall, probably depicted his coat of arms. A large murder hole covers the entrance lobby and a spiral stairway in the SW corner connects four mural chambers. Murder holes were located between the main gate and an inner grating where hot oil, arrows and rocks could be dropped from the roof through holes.

In her book *Ghosts of Cork,* Pauline Jackson quotes James Reynold's story *The Shattered Mirror.* The story is told of Lady Margaret Hodnett who was often seen roaming about the castle. A rejected husband who told her 'May you search for mirrors all your life and never find one' had cursed her. Margaret's vanity lived on as she searched for mirrors, by rubbing the stones on the walls of the castle. Sometimes she saw a reflection 'but only as through running water'.

Lord Cork's son, Broghill, occupied the castle until 1651. After that date there is not much mention of Belvelly Castle in written records, until it was purchased by a Frenchman, Gilles Dargnies, in the twentieth century. Monsieur Dargnies was a direct descendant, of the Hodnett family. He wished to restore and preserve the castle in its original state. A Trust was created by Dargnie called 'The Friends of Belvelly Castle' to assist him with his restoration project. The Castle has recently changed hands again, sold in the summer of 2005 for the sum of ¤150.000 by agents Hamilton Osborne King. Time will tell how the story of Belvelly Castle develops.

By Eileen Cronin

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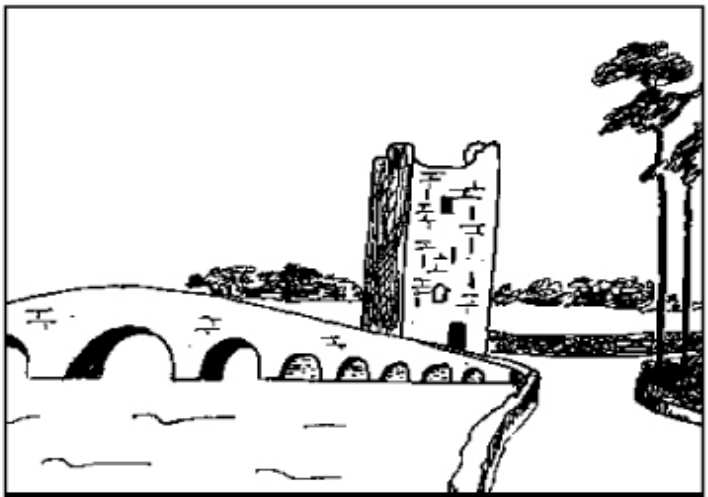

BELVELLY CASTLE SKETCH BY EILEEN CRONIN

THE HOUSE WE LIVED IN

BY DENIS LEAHY

OUR house was just an ordinary three-bedroom Corporation house, at the top of Gurranabraher. Although there were ten children and my parents living there, we still had room for a wonderful variety of birds and animals.

The back garden was very small, but we still managed to keep: dogs, ferrets, rabbits, chickens, fish, ducks, finches, linnets and a canary. The rabbits, finches and linnets were caught wild, the canary, which must have escaped from some house, was captured by my brother! Sick dogs were brought to my brothers to be cured, but they rarely returned to their former owners.

ACTING THE GOAT

Despite the variety of animals we kept, the star of the show was undoubtedly the goat! Bought as a kid, he soon ruled the roost as if he was 'King Puck' himself. The quietest child in our house was my brother, John. He started to feed the goat some titbits and soon they became great friends. The goat also adored him, following him around like a dog! When he went to school, the goat went too, waiting in the schoolyard until John came outside again. There was no prouder schoolboy in Cork, as he paraded home with the goat in tow. My father, who was an army cook, viewed the goat with a jaundiced eye. He did not like the goat! He often passed remarks on how delicious goat stew would taste. We could have no more eaten him, than have eaten each other! It would have amounted to cannibalism if we did.

Sketch By:Eileen Cronin

The goat loved comfort, and on summer days he would follow the sun from widow sill to window sill. He treated every house as his own. One of our neighbours, who was a widow, used to work cleaning offices down town. She used to clean the offices at night and often had to stay out until the early hours of the morning. One night she left her front door ajar. The goat sneaked up the stairs and got into her bed.

When the poor woman got home from work, she did not bother putting on the gas light. She slipped into bed and was dozing off when she put her hand on the goat's head! She was a superstitious woman, and when she felt the hairy creature with horns, she thought it was the devil himself in the bed with her. Her screams woke the whole neighbourhood and the poor goat was in disgrace. Luckily for him, she was a kind woman, with a good sense of humour, or my father might have put his 'stewplan' into operation. The goat would eat anything: shoes, wallpaper, boots, curtains or clothes Most of the men in our area had only one good shirt. It was worn for Mass on Sundays, either pawned or put away until the following Sunday again. One day, the woman second next door, left her line of washing too low and the goat chewed the collar off her husband's shirt! There was war as my mother had to go into the Coal Quay and buy a secondhand shirt to replace the damaged one. She washed and ironed it, and the man grudgingly accepted it. He threatened to chop off the goats head if he ever ventured onto his garden again, but as it was impossible to explain this to the goat, he carried on just the same.

Another day, John came home from school with a face as long as the Mardyke. The goat was missing and could not be found. It was like a wake in the house that night; with everyone worried about the fate of the goat. When my father came home, a babble of voices told him what had happened. I think, he was secretly hoping that we would never see the goat again. It would mean no more trouble with the neighbours, and anyway, the only animals he really loved were the ones that won at long odds when he had money on them.

The following night however, a small boy came with the wonderful news that the goat had been sighted. He was in the grounds of the Good Shepherd Convent at Sunday's Well. John leapt from his chair and ran the mile and a half to the convent a gaggle of excited children following him! He rang the gate bell and waited. 'Sister' he said, 'you have my goat inside?'

'Have I now?' said the nun, 'and what's your name, little boy?'

'John Leahy, Sister'.

'Do you know, you are the tenth 'John Leahy' to come here looking for a goat. Is there a plague of John Leahys or something?' 'But I am, Sister, ask anyone here?' he said, pointing to the other children there. 'He is, Sister, he is' they all chorused, as she opened the door to allow John to enter.

When the goat saw John, he danced with delight, and his bleating would have woken the dead. The nun's face lit up with relief, as she said, 'Take him away, little boy, and good riddance, he has us eaten out of house and home!'

A wonderful change came over John when he got his goat back. From a shy, timid schoolboy, one of thousands, he became John Leahy, the boy from Cork, with a goat for a pet! It is strange, looking back now, remembering the drama of the missing goat, remembering as though it was yesterday. Perhaps, my father did get his way, then again perhaps not.

SOUND EXCERPTS

The following are excerpts from sound recordings in our multi-media archive, which also includes photographic and video material. These excerpts have been selected around the theme of Cork pastimes.

Excerpt 1: Sheila Murphy recalling dancing at the crossroads.

"The dancing was at the crossroads, just as you went out to the cross, you see. Sarsfields was up there, the Sarsfields lived there, the African Missions bought it afterwards, but that was Sarsfields. Just at the crossroads there was a big field, I think it was owned by a Mr. Ryan, who won a lot of money in the Irish Sweepstake. He bought a lot of land around, and the people who organised the platform, 'era a couple of local young men around, they bought the land and they built the platform on it. There was a little gate to go in and that way they were able to charge sixpence to go in, because you had to pay the musicians. There was a beautiful girl, used to play the violin, I think she's long since dead, called Nelly Fury, she was out from the Lough. She fitted the picture beautifully, she played the violin, she had long golden hair, and she used to play that with a man called Jim Carlton, he used to play the piano accordion. And they would play the music, and it used to be just beautiful."

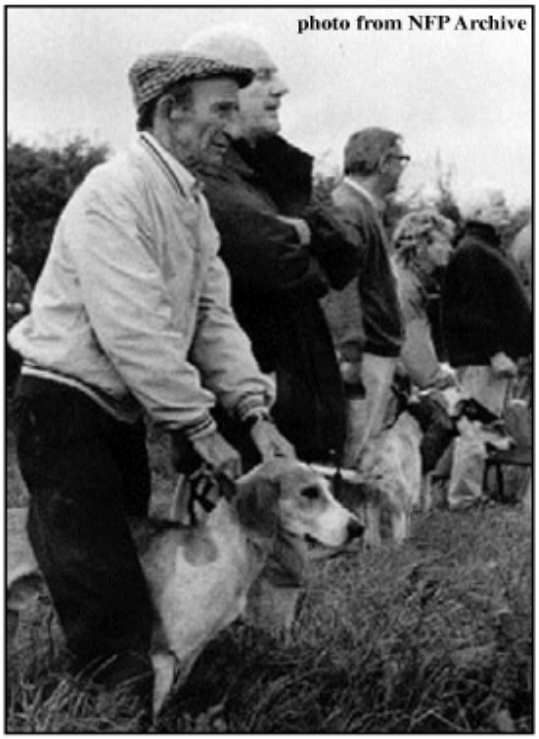
photo from NFP Archive

Excerpt 2: Eddie Daly on the history of 'Road Bowling'

"It started I suppose with the great famous scores between Armagh and Cork. You had Danny McFarland and Mick Barry, they were two famous names. Danny McFarland was a famous name in Armagh at the time and actually it's not called bowls in Armagh its called bullets. They call it bullets in Armagh and I suppose it stemmed from there really you know, going back to 1960s and early 70s. There was some famous All Irelands between Armagh and Cork but now it's getting into parts of eh, Dundalk, Louth and Dublin. They're playing a bit of it in Dublin now as well, but definitely the famous places are Armagh and Cork."

Excerpt 3: Billy McCarthy's memories of street hurling.

"Our favourite street game was hurling, we used to play in East View Terrace, off Quaker Road where we lived. There would be little or no traffic on East View Terrace. There was just a row of houses, just sixteen houses on one side, on the left, and on the right you had the wall of Quaker graveyard, a blank wall. East View Terrace was the place to play ball to our mind! But some of the residents didn't like it. We often held a full scale hurling match there, on a Sunday afternoon. I remember one particular incident, one of the lads who used to play there with us, one age with myself, he and I and another chap, Michael Maverley (God Rest him) who was a few years older than us, and we were playing ball, at lunchtime in East View Terrace, and old guard Halloran coming on his bike, from Barrack Street Station to his home in Ballinlough at lunchtime, just swung casually in to the terrace and caught us playing ball.
So he took our names and one of the lads who was with us there, his grandmother lived as he did, in East View Terrace. His grandmother came down and spoke to the guard and said "this lad wasn't with them at all, this is Pat, my grandson, catching him by the hand and attempting to take him away. So Guard O'Halloran in his wisdom said 'One moment Mam, that lad was playing with them when I came along. And incidentally', he said, 'aren't you the woman who came into the station to report these lads?' The three of us were fined for playing ball there, three and sixpence, three shillings and sixpence."

Excerpt 4: Noreen Hanover recalls family outings to Youghal by train.

"That was the holidays, and always then maybe four or five times, maybe more, you'd get to go on the train to Youghal. My mother used to say 'only if it's fine, now we are only going, if there is bit of cloud at all we not going!' She might say this now Tuesday or a Wednesday, and waiting for Sunday! There was a very rich family living in one of the houses up by us, and they were very rich, but they were very nice people, kind of to all the rest of us. But one thing that they had was a weather clock, and you'd be up at half past eight on a Sunday morning knocking at the door asking what would the weather be like? And Mrs Murphy would say it would say fair. Does that mean very sunny? And she'd say fair as the day progresses, and we might go down to our Mam and say it's going to be grand. So our mother would say we'll go so, so we'd all go down then to Youghal."

Excerpt 5: Frank Quinlan with a description of a draghunt.

"The draghunting season starts on the first Sunday in March ands runs right through all summer months until the last Sunday in September, which is seven months. Now I organise a draghunt, it's ran roughly between five and ten miles over fields both rough country and smooth, and what crossing roads and bogs it takes in, a big terrain of country. Now you know the mixture is actually at the moment aniseed oil, turpentine, that's put on a rag, and that's pulled in four parts, by four runners and the dogs are let off on one end and the first six dogs home at the opposite end, which we call the finish, they're judged to be the winners, that's actually what a draghunt is. Now the drag is ran and sponsored by the Cork City and County Harriers Association, they organise all draghunts."

Excerpt 6: Liam Foley talks about his time playing in Showbands

"Showbands flourished and thrived because they provided that bridge between young people and their Rock n' Roll idols, and in a sense, that probably spawned what was called the copy cat musically, but having said that, very good copy cats. For example you had certain top-name international artists –e.g. Brendan O' Brien and the Dixies adopted Buddy Holly, sang like him played his hits. Likewise Brendan Bowyer of the Royal Showband adopted Elvis Presley, sang his hits, moved around the stage like him, danced a bit like Elvis. So the point being that when these bands came to your locality to your crossroads, a parishhall virtually in the middle of nowhere, where the social outlets were so limited and suddenly you had an exciting performer like Brendan Bowyer, being if you like, the embodiment of Elvis Presley.


The Arcadia Ballroom
Photo from NFP archive

If we were playing in a place like Croom, which was only ten miles from Limerick, and at that time it was a nine- to- two gig, we would be out in this place at three o' clock in the day, stuff all rigged up, rehearsing there all day. This could be winter and you'd be there freezing in these ballrooms in the winter, because you'd couldn't depend on the heat, until the people would come in. Because they were only small town halls. The ballroom would supply a meal alright, a local meal is the thing, and that generally you could depend on. Sometimes you'd only get a plate of cold ham and a cup of tea, it was pretty rough. And then you'd just get changed in to your clothes and you were already freezing, right, so you had to get in to the suit. And go in and play this gig in a cold ballroom that might not warm up until eleven o'clock, until everybody was in, right. It used to fill up there fairly fast, you know? And when it was full–up you could really get in to it, but it was a long gig, it was a five hour gig."

GOING BACK

BY STEPHEN HUNTER

We are regularly asked how Stephen Hunter, Editor of The Archive for issues 1 to 8, is getting along since his return home to New Zealand. Here is an excerpt from Stephen reflecting on going home after many years in Ireland.

GOING back after long absence to a place of early associations can be an emotional experience. The formative years of my life (age three to 15) were spent in Devonport, a beautiful seaside suburb of Auckland, New Zealand. I maintained close links with this place after my family moved to a newer suburb in the mid 1960s, then didn't see it for 20 years when I left Aotearoa (NZ) in 1984. Devonport, called Takapuna by its original Maori inhabitants and Flagstaff by European settlers in the 1840s, was in my childhood a borough covering some two square miles, with a population of 11,000, many of whom were working class folk employed at the Devonport Naval Base – its dockyard was jokingly referred to as "Scotland Yard", because of the large numbers of British Isles people working there. It has now been absorbed into the large North Shore City and has been largely gentrified, with property prices going completely off the graph. Despite this, it remains unique, more than three-quarters surrounded by water and linked to downtown Auckland by ferries, with superb beaches, an abundance of green space and wonderful Victorian and Edwardian streetscapes. The crowning glories are the volcanic cones, Mount Victoria and North Head, former Maori pa (hillforts) affording dramatic views over land and sea.


Stephen's former home in Devonport Photo by C.P. Hudson

My father's family had roots here going back over a century the house I grew up in was built by grandpa Thomas Hunter in the early 20th century. I believe that his father, John Hunter, had emigrated to Aotearoa from Co Kerry around the 1840s. How I wish that I had talked to my grandfather more about his memories when I was a child (he passed away when I was about 14) and recorded the recollections of my parents, for much fascinating information has gone with their passing.

Family circumstances in recent years dictated that I should return to Devonport. Myself and wife Carol left dear auld Cork, in June 2004, staying in the town of my childhood from then until a few days ago. Along with the inevitable difficulties of coping with a country whose political, economic and social landscape had changed drastically over the past 20 years, I was confronted with the memories of my early life and the contrasting realities of the present. Where there were once scores of familiar faces, I now recognised at most ten from that earlier time. I walked past the primary school of St Leo's Convent, where the evocative sounds of Angelus bells from the nearby All Souls' Church had called us to prayer as children. The Mercy Sisters there conducted over-sized classes in a manner that established unequivocally that they, not the pupils, were in charge. However, they were mostly far from being harsh disciplinarians, and were in fact selfless, dedicated people who gave their young charges a lot of love.

And so I re-acquainted myself with streets which are etched in memory as the theatre of early sorrow and joy, redolent of the impossible hopes and dreams of childhood. I looked back on a fortunate time. Money was not plentiful, but I was surrounded by the approbation of good people.

As in most parts of NZ, Irish and Catholic influences were not dominant elements in the broader society, but a Christian ethos was widespread, helping to create what I believe to have been a gentler and in some ways more truly egalitarian society. Doubtless there was a measure of hypocrisy and conformism, but when I look about me now, I wonder if children are any better off in a world of unfettered materialism and the relentless, brutal, emotionally destructive pursuit of "success" and "self-fulfilment".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,
I Have just received a copy of *The Archive* from a member of my family who lives in Spangle Hill (Now known as Farranree) on Cork's famous Northside. Our great-uncle, Michael Raymond, was lost at sea when all hands went down with the SS Ardmore (*last issue*). I really enjoyed reading *The Archive* and was wondering if it would be at all possible to get some back issues to show my dad, who is Michael Raymond's nephew. Indeed some of my family still live at the location given as Michael's address, at Farranferris Avenue, Farranree.
I am a printer by trade who writes poetry and have written a couple of poems that mention your lovely city and the Northside. All the poems I write will be put into a new book (the second) that we sell for donations, with all the proceeds going to support the **Aisling Appeal** (an organisation that assists the repatriation of elderly Irish men and women, if they so desire) which is based at Arlington House in London's Camden Town. For more info check out:www.aisling.org.uk
The following is an example of the poetry sent to us by Kevin:

ARE WE ALL AGREED? INDEED A GREAT IRISH FEED
The Clonakilty's are a grilling
There's some rashers on there too
Some Galtee chipolata's
And soft poached eggs to do
Toasted soda bread with Kerrygold
A mug of hot strong tea
A million dollars can't buy an Irish fry
Such a culinary spree!

The smells and the aroma
Are wafting here and there
The kids will soon be getting up
To sample such fine fare!

We no longer wait for parcels
Of tasty black and whites (black and white puddings)
To come off the boat at Fishguard
To where they'd travel overnight!

Support yer local butcher
Yer business he doth need
Especially if he's an Irish one
And can supply you with a feed!

Anyway back to the banquet
The toast is done
The eggs are poached
Things like this are so very important

Mr Kevin Raymond
7, Elmwood Ave,
Boreham Wood,
Herts, WD6 ISY
England.

Hello,
MY name is Jennifer Fawcett, and I am a masters student at UCC. I attended a presentation at the Northside Folklore Project, in a group with Dr Kieran Keohane; which I found to be fascinating .I was wondering how I would go about maybe using some of your material for my thesis, or if you thought you might have something relevant to my work. I was most interested in your presentation with regards to the radio programme you were preparing ... particularly in the stories recounted by people who had moved to Cork from other countries.

My thesis is centred around this experience of dislocated identity, and in particular; the creative outcome of diaspora/exile. I am exploring people's relationship to their home(and the loss of home) as expressed through some form of writing, in my case, through poetry. I am sourcing general trends such as, how people may describe their actual house, or perhaps any discussion on what they perceive the relationship between their body/emotions and their homeland.

Best wishes,
Jen Fawcett jen.fawcett@gmail.com

Editors Note
Jen's email is an example of the kind of information requests we receive at the Folklore Project. We found her request particularly intriguing because Kevin Raymond's email (above) came after hers as an almost perfect response. We have since put them in touch with each other. Kevin has also been sent copies of *The Archive* for his father.

This group of student from North Presentation School, Gerald Griffin St, paid us a visit as part of their work on a local history project. NFP staff gave them a presentation on folklore and oral history, which included listening to archive sound recordings of

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BOOK REVIEWS

Street Lanes And Squares in the South Side: By Deerpark Transition Year Students: (Aidan McNally: Cork 2004) Price: ¤ 15

AS both a native of the South Parish, and ex-Deerpark pupil - this book evokes a host of personal memories.
But apart from the familiar and the nostalgic, the book admirably succeeds in its primary purpose, that of uncovering a wealth of information which aptly portrays the rich and oft times turbulent history of what is 'the real south side'. In putting together such an impressive publication the pupils of Deerpark are to be commended, for theirs is not only the satisfaction of a job well done, but in the broader sense the knowing that they have made an invaluable contribution to the history of their city.
John Mehegan

Presbyterians in the City of Cork
By Alexander Cromie:(Commercial Graphics N.I. Ltd: Conlig, 2004) Cost Price: ¤ 14 -¤ 17 Euro P&P to Rev John Faris 63 Rochestown Rise Cork.

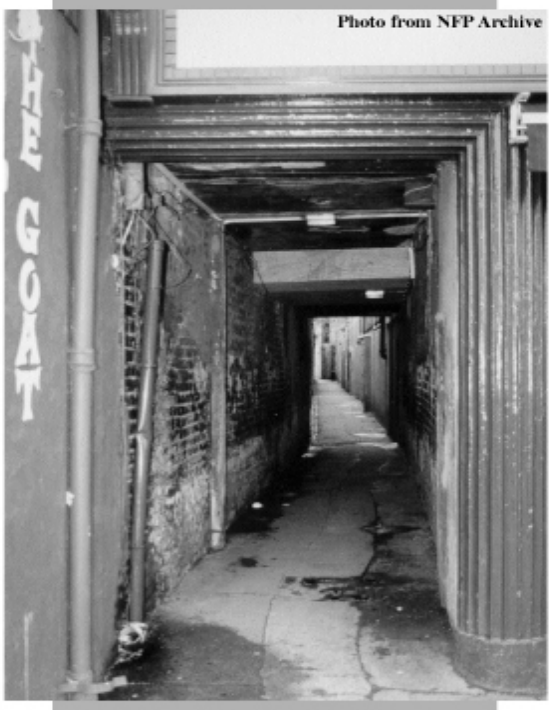
This publication provides a very detailed account of the history of the Presbyterian Congregation in the city from the late 17th century. Comprehensive in its treatment of the subject matter, this book is and will no doubt remain an excellent source of reference for many years to come, both for the historian and the general reader seeking a greater insight into, and understanding of, this unique religious community. *John Mehegan*

Hidden Treasures of Cork's Northside - By James M. Fitzpatrick (First Published by Fitzpatrick's Press 2005) Price: ¤ 20.00

This book gives a kaleidoscopic view of the Northside of Cork city. The book is designed to help the reader remember the beauty of the Northside environment, 'the fine decorative features around many corners, on shops, in gardens and parks, up high and at ground level, indoors and out.' Each photograph carries an interesting historical note, crystallising many facets of our heritage. Photographs range from 'Views of the Northside and Fitzgerald's Park' (p.36) to the Mosaic pub wall at Coburg Street. 'Hidden Treasures of Cork's Northside' is well worth purchasing as an enduring souvenir of Cork City. The book is hugely recommended and is on sale in all local bookshops.
Eileen Cronin

Two Weeks in June By Martin McSweeney' (Dog Ear Publishing - Price ¤ 10

Photo from NFP Archive



Using street names of the Northside: *Cathedral Rd, Gurranabraher, Shandon St* and cinema's that have since closed down: *The Palace* and *Pavilion* - local readers are drawn into the lives and homes of familiar surroundings. Cork has unearthed another skillful writer. Martin McSweeney, has written a cracker of a first novel. It's got all the neccessary ingredients of a good page turner: love, hate, suspense, surprise and satisfaction.

June 1963 is a date etched in nostalgia - recalling the short visit to Cork of the U.S. President, John F. Kennedy. Mary Horgan is an impressionable young 19 year old. She falls in love with an American architect, Dean Reynolds while a manic love struck Blarney man, also pursues her through acts of violence. McSweeney's use of dialogue (Cork brogue) carries the plot to an unsuspecting conclusion. *Then Angela started, her voice elevated to a south side tone.* 'I bet Justin is not from the Northside. I'll bet Justin is from Ballyphehane, or even Douglas. He'll shit his pants when Louise turns to go over the Northgate Bridge." This book could prove to be an ideal birthday or Christmas present for fellow Corkonian exiles.
Noel O" Shaughenessy.

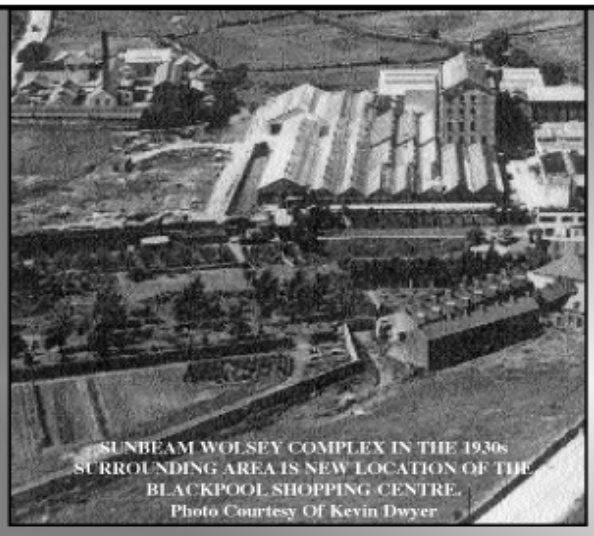
The Bones of Us: The Cork Anti-Poverty Resource Network Ltd.,Available from the Education Right Resource Centre. Ph. 021-4307969.
Price ¤9.99

"The Bones of Us" - what a wonderful title! I got to hear about this publication through a friend of mine who made two contributions to the book and I am so happy to have got a copy! Each of the stories are quite individual. For me, having been born in the late 40s, both the rural and urban stories really hit a very happy chord, bringing me back to long ago. I can identify with many of the experiences and fond memories of the contributers. In my view, it is a very special social history of Cork City and, in years to come, will hopefully, enlighten future generations.
Sheila Chambers

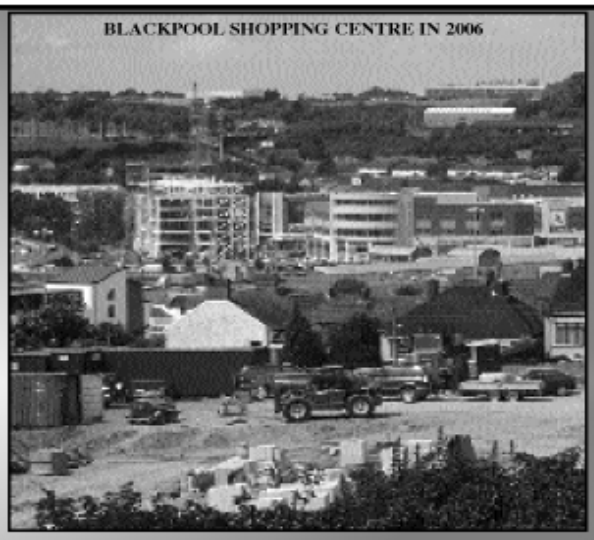
Atlas of Cork City
Cartographic Editor: M. J. Murphy
Editors: JS Crowley, RJN Devoy, D Linehan, P Flanagan
Price ¤49

Cork as the European Capital of Culture 2005 is celebrated with this publication. It is a compendium, combining the historical, geographical and sociological perspectives of Cork city. Another dimension is added via maps, photographs, paintings and drawings. It is a reference book for the researcher, students of all ages and a book to pick up and read at ones leisure.
By Dolores Horgan

• THE URBAN LANDSCAPE •



SUNBEAM WOLSEY COMPLEX IN THE 1930s SURROUNDING AREA IS NEW LOCATION OF THE BLACKPOOL SHOPPING CENTRE.
Photo Courtesy Of Kevin Dwyer



BLACKPOOL SHOPPING CENTRE IN 2006

I have been working in the Sunbeam for the past year and am struck by the changes I have seen in the local landscape in that short time. When I first arrived what is now the Heron's Gate apartment and office complex was only a skeleton of steel girders. This however, is only one small part of a massive change in the local landscape over the past 60 years. In its heyday, the Sunbeam Woolsey complex boasted fine lawns and gardens, a swimming pool, pitch and putt course and an orchard, all of these recreation facilities have now been swallowed up in the ever expanding urbanisation of Blackpool. By Fawn Allen

The Northside Folklore Project

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We continue to offer *The Archive* as a free publication.