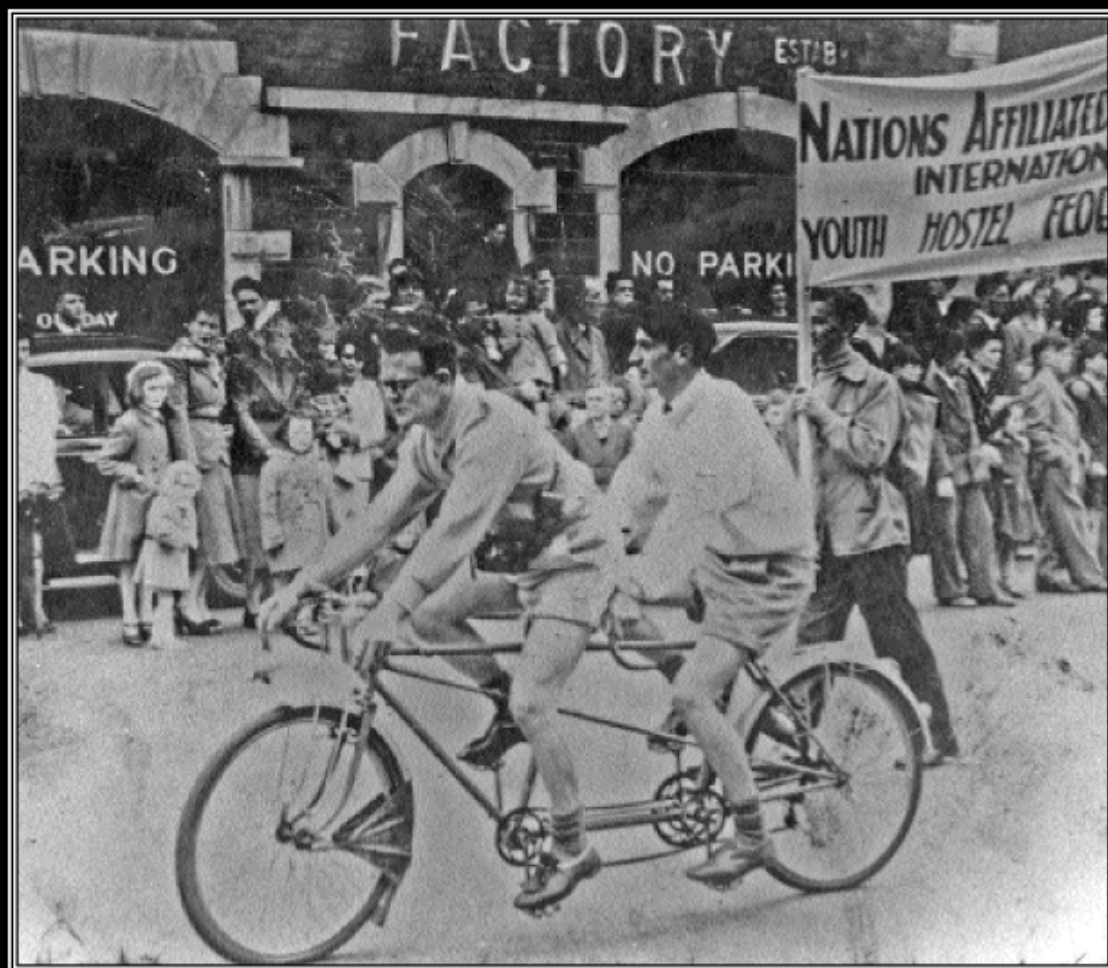




# Archive

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JOURNAL OF THE NORTHSIDE FOLKLORE PROJECT

Issue 11

Uimhir a hAon Déag

# THE Archive

## THE ARCHIVE ISSUE 11

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Front Cover Photo: An Óige group taking part in a parade -  
Cork - at date unspecified from the collection of Brian Murphy

## PHOTOGRAPH & A STORY



Lindville Hospital, before its demolition, was located in the  
Ballintemple area of Cork City  
Photo is from the Hunter/Hudson Collection

THE Hunter/Hudson Collection of photos was donated to the Northside Folklore Project by former Archive editor and NFP staff member, Stephen Hunter, and his wife, Carol Hudson. (Although now living in Australia, Stephen has assumed a new role for The Archive as our 'foreign correspondent', see page 6) Both Stephen and Carol are avid photographers and these images document Cork on many levels and from many different perspectives. Containing around 1500 photos, the topics covered range widely--street scenes, buildings, graffiti, landscapes, bridges, signs, musical performances, churches, rivers, sporting occasions--people and places, everyday events and sights that will prove their worth in the years to come as part of our permanent archive.

As many of you will know, one of Stephen Hunter's biggest interests was in built heritage, so, above is one example of the many photos of Cork buildings from the collection. As a result of funding received from UCC by Marie-Annick Desplanques, the entire Hunter/Hudson collection will soon be searchable on our website. Check it out at: <http://www.ucc.ie/research/nfp>

## “How's it goin', boy?” the Book!

The Northside Folklore Project and Nonsuch Publishing have recently published a fascinating new book, “How's it goin', boy?” An intimate depiction of Cork city through the eyes and in the words of its inhabitants, it reflects the variety of backgrounds, experiences and stories that make up the everyday life of the city today. As part of our radio project for Cork 2005, European Capital of Culture, The Northside Folklore Project interviewed more than forty Corkonians, old and new, about their lives. This book, edited by Cliona O'Carroll, shares the rich and dynamic material collected, along with an alluring array of photographs of Cork life.

“How's it goin', boy?” is available in bookshops around the country, or directly from the Folklore Project for €17.99. “How's it goin', boy?” the radio series is also available at NFP. This 3 CD set of six half hour programmes is based on the same interviews as the book, but contains quite different material. The dimension of sound adds huge richness, with the voices and colourful accents of a wide variety of Corkonians. The book and radio series can also be purchased as a set for €30, exclusively from the Northside Folklore Project. Find us in the Northside Community Enterprises Bldg, Sunbeam Industrial Park, Old Mallow Rd, Cork.

We are open Tuesday to Thursday, 9am--1pm and 2pm--3:30pm. Our phone number is (021) 430-7282.

We would like to thank UCC Dept. of Folklore & Ethnology for their continued funding of The Archive.

# AN OIGE -CYCLING IN CORK

BY BRIAN MURPHY

Brian Murphy was a friend of The Northside Folklore Project, and contributed this article shortly before he died unexpectedly at the end of 2006. He was a lifelong member of An Óige, a cyclist, rower and caver. He was extremely active in a number of clubs that supported outdoor activities and co-operative action, including Cork Cycling Campaign, Cork Speleological Group and Naomhóga Chorcaí. He will be missed by his many friends in the groups with which he was so closely involved. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

CURRENTLY, I am organizing an archive of photos and articles about cycle touring in Cork and particularly the history of the local An Óige group. In this, I was greatly encouraged by the support of the late Vincent Godsil and his family. Vincent who joined in 1939, used to cycle to Dublin and back during the Second World War, in order to attend the An Óige council meetings. His dedication and courage was exceptional. He was one of many hundreds of members over the years who voluntarily worked for An Óige and enjoyed it most of the time. If I was to list all the people who have helped me in my collecting I am afraid it would be longer than this short essay. All I can hope for is that An Óige keeps up the excellent service that it has provided to the young people of Cork, for the last 67 years.

At the beginning of the 20th century a German schoolteacher called Richard Schirrmann, became so concerned about the living conditions of his pupils, he began to take them walking in the countryside. At that time the air of the cities was so full of smoke that the children suffered from rickets due to lack of sunlight. A wealthy friend donated a castle (Athena) to him as the first official hostel (1910). He also used schoolrooms to stay in, as they were empty at weekends. It was felt that the children were benefiting emotionally and spiritually as well as physically. The hostel movement expanded so quickly that by the time Hitler came to power and attempted to shut them all, there were already thousands of hostels all over Germany. On the 7th May 1931 the Irish Youth Hostel Association (An Óige) was founded. By 1941 they had acquired 16 hostels and over 2000 members. This was the new Ireland, and they celebrated their freedom. The Irish language and culture was encouraged at that time. As young Irish people met other Europeans they came to value their own culture. At that time, the CTC (Cyclist Touring Club) facilitated mainly English tourists by maintaining a list of small hotels and B&Bs, at which cyclists and walkers were especially welcomed. The Trades Unions and other movements such as the Legion of Mary, encouraged outdoor social activities such as cycle touring and racing. Infectious diseases such as tuberculosis were still prevalent especially among young people. The Grocers'

Cycling Club was popular for its well organized cycle trips and dances. George Harding (Cork) was an active member at that time. In 1939 a shooting lodge in the Galtee Mountains called Mountain Lodge was lent to An Óige and thus became the first Munster hostel.

Again, An Óige was fortunate in attracting leaders of intelligence and imagination such as Jack Coleman. Coleman, already had an impressive record helping to establish the first scouts units in Cork, together with his close friend Jimmy Cotter. His later publications on Irish caves and other aspects of the Irish countryside won him international recognition. A local Cork businessman donated a substantial sum of money and this resulted in the setting up of Keimaneigh hostel. Local An Óige groups assisted young travellers going to Europe by providing them with information brought back by more experienced hostellers.

An Óige also pioneered the practice of guiding groups of tourists around Cork telling them the story of the city. The second Munster hostel was Gortavalig (1941) near Bantry. This was a beautiful hostel, but it only remained open for a few years as most young people had joined the LDF (Local Defence Forces) or the Red Cross during the war. Travel was difficult owing to the shortage of normal goods due to the activities of the German submarines. All strangers in an area were suspect, particularly if you were carrying camping equipment. At the end of the Second World War it was intended that the next hostel would be located in the Cobh area. Unfortunately, this was not realised due to building difficulties. Interestingly, during the Holy Year of 1950 An Óige encouraged the young and adventurous to cycle to

Rome. Those with time to spare survived by working on the reconstruction of the European Hostels. However it was the acquisition of Roches Point Youth Hostel that really stimulated the growth of An Óige in Cork. At that time before the arrival of the oil refinery and the other chemical industries, much of Cork harbour was still wild and beautiful. This location was much enjoyed by city workers - cycling down in about an hour to ensure a bunk in this busy hostel. The trauma of the Second World War further reinforced the need for communication between different nationalities. Youth Hostel Associations became a worldwide movement promoting international friendship and understanding.



Group relaxing outside the Hostel  
Photo: Courtesy of Brian Murphy



Some of the An Óige cyclists on a days biking. A very popular form of transport during the early 1940s  
Photo: Courtesy of Brian Murphy

# BALLINACURRA'S HAUNTED HOUSE

BY JENNY BUTLER

It gives us great pleasure to welcome back former contributors to our Archive Journal. Jenny Butler submits this wonderful and thought provoking story of the paranormal.

IRISH folklore is rich with stories of ghosts and spirits. Many of us would have heard about ghosts or haunted places as children. A ghost is an apparition of a dead person, which is believed to appear to the living, typically as a nebulous image. Ghosts are the disembodied form that people's spirits or souls are thought to take after death, often being confined to a specific location. Theories abound on the possible existence of ghosts and many explanations have been given of what ghosts actually are. One explanation is that they are stuck between worlds, between the human world and the spirit realm. Perhaps their location results in them so often being described in such a vague way as being hardly visible, transparent, and faint to human eyes. They are portrayed as insubstantial, without flesh – they are a different substance now, an immaterial form.

Following this theory, the hazy accounts given by eyewitnesses are perhaps because the person who has experienced the ghostly encounter has been given a glimpse into a supernatural realm, the description of which, they find difficult to articulate. It is thought that ghosts may attach themselves to surroundings known to them in life, most commonly dwellings (thus stories of haunted houses) but it is believed they may equally attach themselves to living people or to objects. A man named Oliver recounted the following story of his experiences in what he believes is a haunted house. In April 1997 Oliver moved into the Village House in Ballinacurra, East Cork, with his partner Anne.

This house was detached and had been idle for years, before being rented out. The building had been made into two living spaces: a main part and a smaller apartment. These were separated from each other by a partition. Oliver and Anne were living in the smaller apartment. They were there a few weeks when strange things began to happen. The kettle would turn itself on and the stereo would turn itself off. Oliver found this irritating because he would be listening to music while working and then the stereo would keep turning itself off. They thought these annoying happenings were caused by an electrical fault, but got the wiring checked and there was no problem with it. There were also unexplained noises, such as a smashing noise like a china pot had broken on the floor, both Oliver and his girlfriend heard this noise but neither of them could find anything broken in the house. Oliver and Anne used to leave the house together in the mornings', they would make sure all electrical appliances were turned off and that all the lights were switched off. They came back home several times to find that furniture had been moved about and all the lights were on. As Oliver exclaimed 'the house would be lit up like a Christmas tree!' He thought that someone was getting into

the house some other way and messing around while he and Anne were out. He went to the landlord to ask if it was possible for anyone else to have a key and was reassured that he had been given two keys and duplicates had not been made. While in the house, Oliver often got the feeling that someone was watching him intently, or that someone was standing beside him, but when he would look around, there would be nobody there. He admitted that on more than one occasion he ran out of the bathroom in fright because of this feeling of being watched. He said of the feeling of being observed: 'I didn't actually see anything, but I know there was something there. It felt like there was someone there you know? There was kind of a presence there... eerie.' On one occasion, in his bedroom, the door opened and he had the sensation of someone passing close by him, then the door closed again. Anne also had a door slammed in her face when she was alone. They often heard footsteps in the corridor - 'A few times we went down to answer the front door thinking there was someone coming up the steps outside but there would never be anybody there'.



The Village House in Ballinacurra, East Cork  
Photo: Jenny Butler

and doing these things. They got the locks changed and kept only their own keys on them, without making copies.

On another occasion, Anne was in the shower and started screaming. She told Oliver that the trapdoor in the ceiling had opened by itself. The attic had an opening covered by a piece of wood where one could go up with a ladder into the attic. Oliver climbed up to check for intruders in the attic but found nobody there. One Saturday, Anne's daughter, who was seventeen years old at the time, was visiting and heard footsteps going up and down the hall downstairs. She saw a young girl, whom she said was between ten and twelve years old, come in and stand by the fireplace and walk out again. She described the girl's clothes as 'old-fashioned'. Up to this point, Anne and Oliver had been living in the flat, but the main part of the house became vacant because the family were moving on to another house. Before she moved, the woman who had been living in the main part of the house told Oliver that she and her family had been 'plagued with things happening' in the Village House. Oliver and Anne moved into the main house. Shortly after moving, similar episodes took place. One night, Oliver's three-year-old grandson was staying over and was asleep upstairs. Oliver, Anne and her daughter, were sitting talking in the sitting room below the sleeping child.



All three heard a noise like someone had run in the front door, up the stairs and they heard footsteps along the ceiling, as if someone had gone into the room. Oliver ran upstairs to have a look, but couldn't find anyone and the child was asleep. About twenty minutes later, Oliver heard the same noises upstairs and went to check - this time armed with a poker. Later the same night, they heard a sound that he described as 'the front door being blown off its hinges' and someone running in. Again, when he checked, the front door was closed. Another night, Oliver's son came to stay, and he was to sleep in the same room that his own child had stayed in. When he went up and opened the bedroom door, he saw the cover lifting up a little off the bed as if someone was getting up out of bed. He had a sensation like someone had walked past him and then the door closed, with him still inside the room. The doors in the house were quite heavy wooden doors. A breeze or even a strong wind could not open or close them, nor could the bedclothes have been moved in such a purposeful way by a breeze.

Underneath the stairs there was timber panelling. This panelling was painted and a door inset in the panelling had been painted over. The hinges of the door could be seen even though there were layers of paint over them, but the door handle was gone. One day Oliver got a chisel and prised the door open. Behind the door was a little room made of red brick. He found what he describes as a 'fossilized child's shoe'. It was made of leather, which was now cracked and had a round top and a strap on it that would go across the foot and fasten on a button on the other side of the shoe. It looked like it would have fitted a child of around ten years of age. There were some specks of dark red colour still visible and it looked like it had been a polished red shoe. Oliver said his 'blood ran cold' when he saw the shoe on the floor and said 'I was associating the shoe with the child that had been seen back in the flat'. Oliver found it strange that only the shoe was in the room and there were no cobwebs; the floor was spotlessly clean. Throughout telling me this story, Oliver had maintained that 'the dead can't hurt you', but he still didn't dare move the shoe from where he found it, so he put it back into the little cubby-hole-type room and closed the door back up: 'I didn't want to disturb it. I didn't feel I should move it.'

After all these occurrences, they decided to call in a ghost expert and they were put in touch with a priest in Saleen. The priest called to the house and said that there was a definite 'presence' and that he could feel his hair standing up on end while in the house. He said prayers and then blessed the house. Oliver said that this calmed things in the house for a while. However, it wasn't that long before things started happening again. One night in the kitchen, Oliver saw two big beer mugs swaying on hooks on the wall at the back of the sink and then they started swinging around very fast. They were moving quickly but never banged against each other and then stopped abruptly at exactly the same time. Then Anne found a flattened penny on the floor next to the bed in their bedroom. Etched into the coin was the name of the place where Oliver's mother wanted her ashes to be scattered. Oliver found this especially strange, since he didn't think anyone apart from himself would know the location where his mother had wanted her ashes to be scattered. His mother had only ever been in the house once for Sunday lunch. Then, Anne found a cherub about the size of a thumbnail that Oliver's mother had brought him back from America. This cherub had been lost for years, and had reappeared for Anne to find. She gave this to Oliver, who put it in his pocket. Shortly after, it vanished again. There were lots

of instances of people in the house putting objects in a specific place only to later find they had been moved and no explanation could be found for this. One of the neighbours told Oliver that a family used to live in the Village House in the 1940s. The man who lived in the house worked in a local factory and they had a little girl, who died about three days before her communion from an illness, possibly diphtheria.

For some reason, the neighbour attested, the child's mother was afraid to let her play with local children and blamed the other children when the child fell ill. Oliver mentioned the shoe to his neighbour who said that maybe when the girl misbehaved, she would be locked in the dark cupboard under the stairs without her supper as that was a common punishment in the past. Strange things had happened in the house the whole time Oliver and Anne lived there, until they moved in 2003. Such things as the doors opening on their own, furniture being moved, lights and electrical equipment going on and off are the phenomena associated with poltergeist activity. A poltergeist is a mysterious invisible force asserted to move or throw things about and means a 'noisy ghost', from the German *poltern*: 'to make a racket', 'rattle', 'rumble', and *geist*: 'ghost'. A German language term for this kind of entity is used because the earliest recorded cases of poltergeist-like incidents were in Germany. A poltergeist can be a ghost or some other supernatural being that creates physical disturbances. Activity usually starts off with minor displacements of objects, strange sounds such as unexplained banging and crashing noises, and in some cases, progresses into more violent activity such as objects being hurled across rooms and the overturning of furniture.

As Oliver related, many of these occurrences took place in the Ballinacurra house. Another supernatural explanation would be that the child's spirit is still in the house and is attempting to communicate with those alive in the house. Perhaps the ghost of the little girl that died in the house is for some reason looking for recognition from those who inhabit it today. Could it be that the shoe in the cupboard is some kind of message to the living?



Cork city Women's Gaol - location of the first 'Ghost Convention' in Cork - 2001  
Photo: NFP Archives

# A Long Way From Cork's Green Fields

BY STEPHEN HUNTER

It's been so dry, you could make a powder keg out of the world...

So sang the celebrated Delta bluesman Eddie 'Son' House Jr of a famous drought in Mississippi during the 1930s, but his description could equally well apply to large parts of Australia in October 2006. We are living in South Australia's state capital Adelaide, a garden city which occupies the fertile plains between the wooded western slopes of the Mount Lofty Ranges and the waters of the Gulf Saint Vincent. Its Mediterranean style climate means an average annual rainfall around 500mm (20 inches), with cool wet winters (June-August) and hot dry summers. This year's winter was the driest since records began over 150 years ago, and spring has been equally worrying, with one early September day reaching an unprecedented 35 Celsius. Streams have dried up, grass has a parched appearance, fire danger is acute and stringent water restrictions are in force. Worshippers are being asked to pray for rain at local churches.

As a lover of Ireland's people, culture and temperate weather, I inevitably look for Old World reference points in the Antipodes. Carol (wife) and I have walked some of the linear parks that line streams which descend from the hills and wind through the leafy eastern suburbs to



Stephen Hunter at the site of Fourth Creek also known by its aboriginal name Morialta which means 'everlasting waters' photo: Courtesy of Stephen Hunter

the River Torrens. One favourite is Fourth Creek; a less than imaginative renaming imposed on it by European conquerors, but a watercourse of similar dimensions to our own Ballycannon Bride, which rises near Kerry Pike and makes its way through Blackpool to reach the Lee at Camden Quay. River names are often of ancient derivation and 'Bride' is no exception, honouring the Brigit/Brigid figure of Celtic goddess and Christian saint. I have never seen the Bride completely devoid of water, but Fourth Creek is now an aching dry jumble of exposed white rock that the rambler does well to avoid, given the possible presence of brown snakes. There would be work aplenty for Saint Patrick in Adelaide now, large numbers of these venomous creatures having migrated from the hills into the suburbs in recent years.

I was vividly reminded of my folklore research with The Northside Folklore Project, when one winter morning we encountered Annesley, a wonderful man in his 80s who was off on an eight mile jaunt into rugged hill country. He had grown up in the locality and showed us the site of a pool in Fourth Creek where he learnt to swim as a child. We immediately called to mind such

places as Lucey's Pond, Susie's Pool and Murphy's Rock, which were sections of the Northside streams familiar to generations of schoolchildren. He told us the Aboriginal name for the creek and area - 'Morialta' - which means 'everlasting waters'. 'Even in the driest summers there was usually at least a small flow here', he said, going on to describe the series of three impressive waterfalls further up the valley. 'It can still be a raging torrent after good rain, but so much water is drawn off for human use now that its whole character has changed.'

We recently met another great South Aussie - Ivan P. Copley, Justice of the Peace and an official with the state's Statistics Coordination Unit. He is a descendant of the Kaurna (pronounced 'garna') the local Aboriginal people, who exercised their loving custodianship of the region for 40,000 years before the arrival of

white settlers in 1836. Within 25 years they had been almost destroyed by the impact of European civilization.

Ivan told us of their close relationship to the land, and discussed some of their mythological stories, including that of Tjulbriki, the Ibis man. He made an epic trek to a cave named Janawing at Cape Jervis, the southern tip of the ranges, to rescue

the body of his nephew, Kulultwi, who had been speared for violating a tribal taboo. All along his return journey he wept, and from the ground where his tears fell there sprang the life-giving springs and streams, including Morialta, that have done so much to make settlement in the area viable. Ivan also alludes to some lesser-known aspects of his people's heritage: 'These guys in the story are very important, but we have one who is so sacred that his very name cannot be spoken publicly. A few people know it, including myself, but I could never speak it to you guys, for instance.' This offers insights into the nature of an ancient belief system, humbling in a world where it often seems that nothing is sacred and where everything is up for sale.

While drought is a naturally recurring phenomenon, essentially what is happening has been brought on by global warming, exacerbated by our lack of preparedness for dealing with such extremities. Let's hope that Tjulbriki's tears don't turn out to be cried in regret for this damaged earth and for all of us, that the springs and streams will soon flow again and that we can learn from the quiet spirituality of the Kaurna nation.

# SEÁLAI THE CHORCHAÍ

TREASA NÍ ÉALAITHE

Gearrthóga beaga anseo as tionscnamh a dhein mé le déanaí i Roinn an Bhéaloidis agus na hEitneagrafaíochta in Ollscoil Chorcaí.

## SEÁLAI THE AGUS NA TIONÁNTÁIN

CATHAIR mhór gnó a bhí i gCorcaigh san 18ú agus sa 19ú aois déag. Promanáid fhaiseanta iad Cé na mBaitsiléirí, Cé Camden, Cé Mhic Lavitt, Port Úí Shuilleabhán, Cé Sheóirse, agus eile. Ins na tithe ceithre urlár a chónaigh na gnóthadóirí saibhre. Nuair a tógadh na bruachbhailte i Montenotte, Crosaire Naomh Lúcaís, An Dubhghlas, Carraig Dhubh, Bóthar an Choláiste agus uile, mar a raibh gairdíní, clósanna, páirceanna don chapall agus, go háirithe, aer glan slántiúil, thréigh na buic mhóra mífholláinteacht na cathrach go gasta. Ligeadar a dtithe galánta sa chathair amach ina n-árásáin dóibh siúd go raibh cíos ceart acu. Ach is beag athchóiriú a deineadh orthu feasta, agus d'isligh a stádas go 'Tionántáin'. Ag tús 1900 bhíodh suas le triocho duine ins na tionántáin seo, áiléir is íoslaigh san áireamh, gan ach an t-aon leithreas amháin eadortha amuigh sa chlós, agus doirteal amháin ar an dara hurlár a dhein gnó dóibh siúd ar an triú agus an ceathrú hurlár.

An íosaicme a chónaigh ionta anois agus muintir an tseáil i réim. 'Siombal an bhochtanaís é', agus chaith 80% de mhná na cathrach an seál. Ba cuma cén sórt léine nó sciorta, nó cé chomh sean is a mbídís, ní bheadh fios a ngnó ag éinne, mar chlódaigh an seál an t-iomlán, nó an neamhní. 'The shawl covered a multitude' a chuala mé go minic, chomh maith le 'Ah, the bad old days. Let them be!'

Ní raibh gairdíní nó faiche i lár na cathrach agus ba ghairid gur leathnaigh acídí den uile chineáil. Dr. Shinkwin once said 'There are generations of bacteria in these shawls. The sick would lie on them, be treated

on them and die on them, but the shawl continued to live.' Ag an am sin ní raibh frithbheathaigh le fáil agus toisc barraíocht daoine ins na 'slum tenements' seo, leathnaigh an diftéir, an eitinn, an fiabhras dearg agus meiningíteas.

Seo scéal ó Chaitlín a chabhraigh le seálaí a thit ar leach oighir in 1930: 'The poor shawlie was in her seventies and lived on the top of a three or four storey building...broken stairs...dangerous...' Ní raibh faic sa seomra ach leaba síntéain faoi fhuinneog le pánaí briste, i seomra fuar le seanghráta folamh. Ní raibh oigheann ná gás ann, agus an t-aon solas a bhí aice ná coinneal bheag don Chroí Naofa. 'I came back again that night with milk, butter, bread...coal...and was appalled when I knocked at the door; she had her skirt and blouse up against herself. She had gone to bed

and used her clothes to lay on top of herself. She had no bed-clothes. It was that bad.'

## SEÁLAI THE AGUS JOBANNA

De dheasca gan obair ag na fir, chuaidh a lán ar imirce agus in airm Shasana. Feicimid Seálaithe Chorcaí ag obair go dian dícheallach chun bia a sholáthair dá gclainn, agus is iomaí sort oibre a dheineadar.

Is minic iad ina sheasamh i dtithe na n-usal ag sclábhaíocht ar phá lae, ag glanadh, ag iarnáil, ag fuáil, agus curam na leanaí ortha freisin. D'oibríodar i monarchain éadaí, toinnrsfist fuillróga ?? thobac agus phacáileadar amach é le cannaí feola do shaighdiúirí na Breataine, phiocadar cleití sicíní i stór Johnny Lane i Sráid na Bearaice. Ní raibh rud nár thrialladar. 'They'd...collect sticks from mills, go from door to door selling firewood...boil the meat off an old cow's head, take the bones down from the Coal Quay and get 2/6 a bag...on Fridays we'd collect the blood from the sheep and pigs in the slaughter house...we'd make Drisheen, that's white from the sheep, and black pudding is pig's blood... in

the factory we'd work from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. and be down the Coal Quay and sell it on Saturdays. All the women wore shawls.'

## MARGAÍ SRÁIDE – TUAISCEART NA CATHRACH

Cloisfeá cór iontach guthanna ag canadh amach a gcuid earraí, i rithimí agus i bhfocail a d'oir dá ngnó thuas i dtuaisceart na cathrach i dtosach an 20ú aois. Sheasaidís ar dhá thaobh Lána Mala, síos go Gabhal na Spor, clár úll in áirde ar dhá bhosca oraíste ag bean amháin agus í ag glaoch: 'A pinny each the wine apples! A glass of wine in every apple!' Lena cois cailín óg tanaí ag ardu trillseáin oinniún Spáinneach: 'All for a pinny.'

Chloisfeá dioltóirí mionearraí ansan agus leathanach bán-dearg in áirde acu le: 'A pinny a sheet the pins! A pinny a sheet the pins! Made in Japan! Made in Japan!' Sheasadh mná ón dtuath ar ciumhais Bóthar Mala, ciseáin lán de sicíní, de lachain agus de ghéanna acu. Dhíoladar uibheacha úra, sé phingin an dosaein, im fhéindhéanta ar ocht bpingin an pháint agus clúdaíodh i nduilleóga móra cabáiste iad.

Synopsis: These short snippets from a Folklore project, outline the demise of the 'Grand Houses' to the status of 'Tenement slums' – the homes of the 80% Cork women who wore the black shawl during the last century. Mentioned are some of the jobs they undertook outside the home in order to keep hunger at bay. Their ingenuity, dedication and strength was awesome.



Treasa Ní Éalaithe (Author) and Cliona O'Carroll showing how the Shawl was worn in Cork. Photo: NFP Archive

# THE FLAX MILL

BY BREDA SHEEHAN

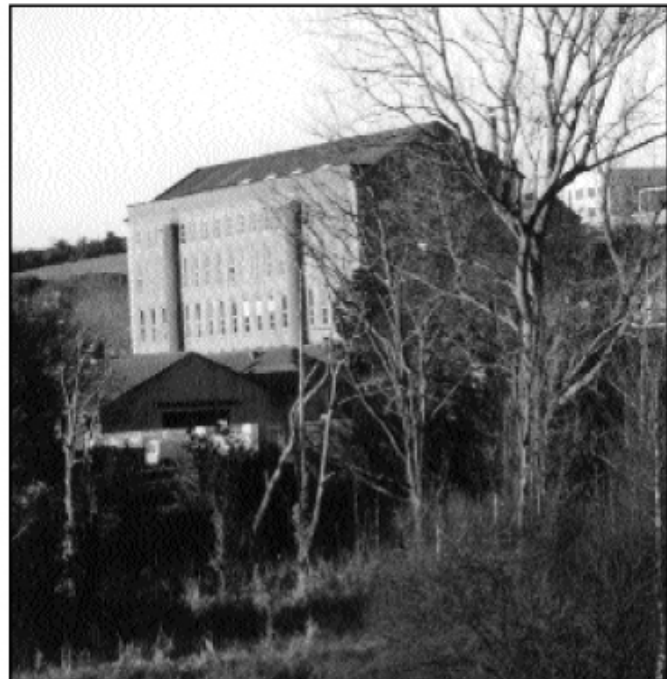
BY the end of the eighteenth century, between 2,500 and 3,000 woollen weavers worked in Cork city - falling to 1,000 by 1822. There were 2,000 cotton handlooms in operation in the city suburbs by 1800. This number decreased to 400 during 1824 and by 1832 this number dropped to 300. Back in 1826 the families of the unemployed weavers in Blackpool (Cork) held a public demonstration to highlight their plight. Women and children of the unemployed textile workers marched through the city with banners proclaiming: 'We want employment ourselves' and 'Our children are starving.' According to Maura Murphy, the 'occupational structure' of the city had gradually changed during the nineteenth century, 'reflecting the dawning of the new railway age' and the decline of the traditional craft-based industries. In the second half of the nineteenth century the introduction of the sewing machine and the mechanised factory system, progressively displaced the traditional domestic industry.

The Cork Weaving and Spinning Company (or Flax Mills), was established between 1864 -1866 at Millfield, Mallow Road, on the site of the former distillery and adjoining flour mill (later Sunbeam Wolsey). The carefully chosen site was extensive. It included about sixty acres of land, that extended about one mile from the entrance of the railway tunnel in Dublin Street, to Shaw's Mills, at Kilnap. On the city side, the site extended in width from the Mallow Road to the Commons Road, narrowing as it stretched towards Kilnap. The site in Millfield was ideally located outside the municipal boundary, so that the company could avoid paying corporation taxes. It also had the advantage of an adequate water supply in the form of the Bride/Kiln River that flowed through Millfield, including an ample labour force in the adjoining northern suburbs. The foundation stone for the new mill was officially laid in October 1864. In December of the same year, John Francis Maguire, acting chairman of the company, stated at a meeting of the Munster Flax Improvement Society, that the building was: 'rapidly reaching towards the fourth floor.'

Determined that the company would succeed, Mr Mulholland, a former Belfast mill manager, was employed to oversee the whole operation. A temporary training school was set up in the old mill, where experienced Belfast linen workers trained the local workforce. From the outset, the company experienced mixed fortunes, and initial projections suffered a setback, due to considerable delay by Messrs Coombe of Belfast, in delivering machinery. The proposed five storey redbrick building was designed by Belfast architects Messrs Boyd & Batt. A local builder Mr Richard Evans, was awarded the tender for the construction of the main mill and Mr R. Brash (Architect) secured the contract for the mill chimney. The project undertaken by the company was a very ambitious venture. A figure of £60,000 was invested in the new company, in an attempt to revive Cork's textile manufacturing trade. The long term projection of the company was to employ 1,200 workers. Of that number, it was proposed to employ 200 males and 1,000 females. According to the chairman of the company 'most of that thousand will be the poor helpless girls that cannot find employment now, not even for 2d a day.' That is not to say it was entirely a philanthropic endeavour, as it was also hoped that a successful textile trade would provide business opportunities for the sons of the major investors in the company. By July of 1866 there were 5,180 spindles in operation.

The following year (1867) the company was employing 70 Belfast linen workers and 630 local workers. Despite its best efforts, insufficient resources prevented the company from overcoming a slump in the textile trade in the aftermath of the American Civil War. Just five years after its official launch, (November, 1871) the company was sold at public auction for £19,000. William Shaw, a former director at Cork Spinning and Weaving Company, reopened the factory in the mid 1870s. Shaw exhibited his work at the Cork Industrial Exhibition in 1883 but efforts to keep the floundering factory afloat failed, and by the mid 1880s the mill once more ceased operations. The factory reopened again in 1889 under new management. The board of directors included Messrs James Ogilvie, Thomas Lunham, and Francis Henry Thompson; names that were to become synonymous with Cork commercial trade for the most part of the twentieth century.

The factory was extensive and comprised of a number of different departments and stores where the raw material (flax and tow) was put through the various stages of development such as: rippling, steeping or retting, breaking, scrunching and hackling, before being spun and finally weaved on power looms. A new weaving facility was built on the site and the weaving of linen on steam powered looms was an entirely new departure for the company. In the past, hand loom weaving had been carried out extensively in the Blackpool area. By the end of the eighteenth century the textile industry was a major source of employment in the city and adjoining suburbs. Textile manufacturers generally outsourced their yarn to be woven by thousands of weavers in their own homes. According to David Dickson, 'from the Red Forge at the foot of Dublin Hill to the heights of Mallow Lane and in all the adjoining lanes and streets the busy sounds of looms were to be heard.' The decline of the textile trade in the aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars had a devastating effect on thousands of weavers particularly in the Blackpool area of the city.



The Sunbeam building in earlier times  
Photo: NFP Archive



While for the most part, the main area of female employment was in the domestic tailoring and dressmaking trades, from the 1870s more women were employed in office and clerical work. However, the advancement of industrial technology in the later half of the 19th century meant that employers were increasingly employing lower paid unskilled male and female workers. In December 1879 the Douglas flax mill advertised for a few hard-working families consisting primarily of females for work in their Flax mills. An added incentive was the allocation of company owned houses to suitable applicants.

In 1891 there were between 200 and 300 young girls employed in the spinning departments of the Cork Spinning and Weaving Company amounting to 700 workers in total, including men and boys. In the flax mills, many of the female employees worked long hours - six days a week, in appalling wet conditions and in some instances for a wage as low as one shilling per week. Young girls started work in the flax mills at the age of twelve or thirteen and often started work at six o'clock in the morning particularly in summer time as much of the work was done by natural light.

To produce a finer linen yarn, it was necessary for the fibres to be moistened by warm water. Because of this, the floors

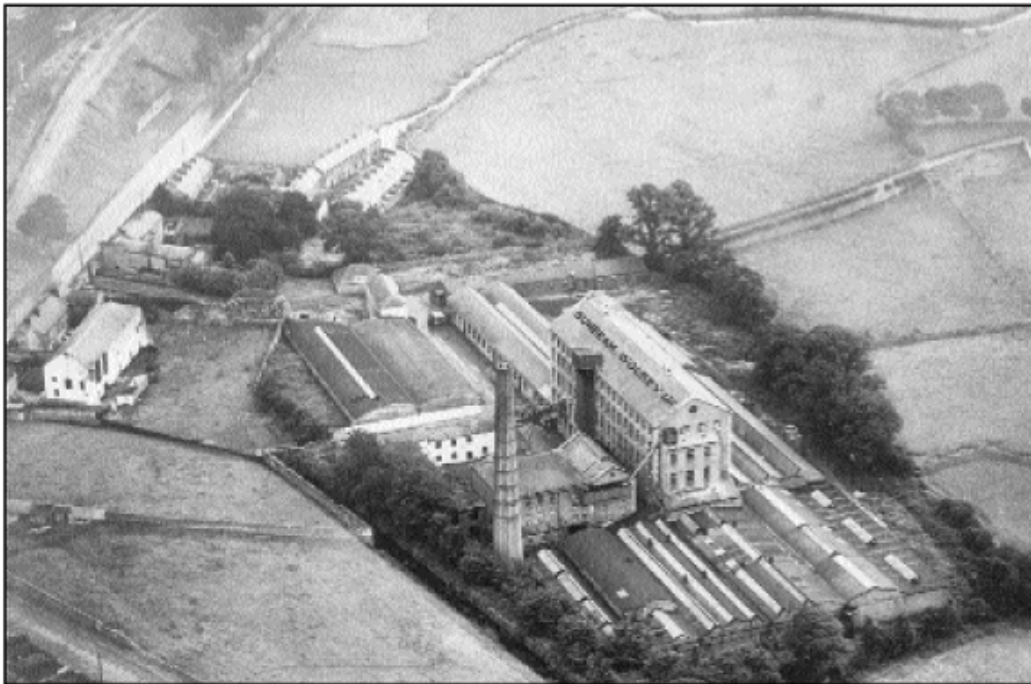
were always wet. The process known as wet-spinning meant that the water used to moisten the material on the long spinning frames was continuously thrown off in a fine spray by the rapid motion of the spindles. The wearing of long leather aprons by the spinners, provided some form of protection from the flying spray. However, there was no escaping the sodden floor, particularly for the young girls (known as doffers) whose job it was to run at great speed from frame to frame, removing bobbins as they filled with yarn and replacing them with empty ones. Patrick Beirne (former teacher in Blackpool School) gives an avid description of bare-footed, black-shawled young girls rushing to work in the flax mill, at Millfield, Mallow Road.

In the first year (1889) the company operated at a loss - due to the vast expense involved in training the workforce and the subsequent low production of the trainees. The following year the company made a net profit of £2,285-6-2 and twenty seven new workers' cottages were completed - with money borrowed from the Board of Works. In spite of consecutive losses in 1893 and 1894 the company recovered and by 1919, employed 1,000 work-

ers making it the highest concentration of female employment in the county. While working conditions were difficult and wages low, the Cork Spinning & Weaving Company did provide much needed employment in the Northside of the city. In an era when poverty, unemployment and emigration were rife, young girls wages often played an important part in subsidising low income families where the main bread winner was either unemployed or ill. The five storey redbrick building that formed the central part of the industrial site provided an impressive archaeological landmark for northbound travellers leaving and approaching Cork city by rail or road, for about one hundred and forty years. Regrettably, the historic building was destroyed by fire in September, 2003.

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Aerial view of Sunbeam during the early 1930s taken from over the Kilbarry area.  
Photo: Courtesy of The Blackpool Historical Society

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## YOUNG PEOPLE & "NO NAME CLUBS"

BY KARYN BARRY & STEPHANIE O'REGAN



Junior Leaders in St Joseph's (Mayfield) No Name Club.  
L to R: Karyn Barry and Stephanie O'Regan.  
Photo: Joe Mullane

The 2006 National President of the No Name Clubs in Ireland was Corkman, Mr Joseph Mullane, who was also involved in the setting up of the Mayfield No Name Club in 1998.

Karyn Barry and Stephanie O'Regan both studied for their leaving certificate at St Patrick's Girls Secondary School Gardiners Hill Cork.

THE No Name Club is a national voluntary youth organisation, founded in 1978 in Kilkenny, Ireland. Established to provide an alternative to the pub culture, it seeks to demonstrate a lifestyle, where members learn through their own experiences of how to make friends, have fun, and enjoy social outings in a warm, healthy and friendly atmosphere. Use of alcohol or drugs is seen to be unnecessary for young people. St Joseph's (Mayfield) Cork No Name Club is one of 25 clubs affiliated to the organisation. The Mayfield club was founded in 1998 and since its formation it has gone from strength to strength each year. Being members for the past two years has provided us with many happy memories and experiences.

A panel consisting of three of the clubs adult leaders interviewed us. But having overcome the initial fear, we can thankfully say that the No Name Club interview gave us a real insight into interviews, and how they are conducted. Activities with other club members also built up our confidence and self-esteem, and encouraged us to take control of our lives. In May 2005, a visit to Garda Training Headquarters at Templemore, Co. Tipperary was organised by our adult leaders, as part of an educational trip for the club. A former junior leader of our club, Jamie Meaney, who had entered the training college two years previously, escorted us throughout the campus. He explained all the aspects of the Garda training programme, which made a great impression on our club members. As a result of the visit, members of the Garda Síochána are now held in the highest respect. Some of our members are seriously considering a career in the Garda force.

At our weekly club nights, the young members and the adult leaders jointly plan the forthcoming events, which can sometimes be challenging in terms of commitment. The national competitions

of youth awards and a variety of events are wonderful opportunities for young people to socialise, mix with each other and make new friends. Despite the rehearsing and preparations that have to be undertaken by the members in order to participate in the national variety competitions, the hard work does pay off, when our club is presented with one of the many category awards and we receive the compliments of young people from other competing clubs. Currently, our club members are taking part in a weekly series of workshops in drama, comedy and dancing, in an effort to develop our skills for future competitions. Club nights each week have become more enjoyable, as we receive tuition from excellent tutors who put us through our paces, often providing us with laughter and good entertainment. Over the past two years we have attended a number of very enjoyable functions organised by No Name Clubs from various parts of Ireland, and we have many happy memories.

Young people in the 15 to 18 age group continue to enjoy themselves in a substance-free environment. We have gained a lot of experience, an increase in confidence and self-belief and have made numerous lasting friendships with young people in other clubs throughout Ireland. The past two years involvement in our local No Name Club has enabled us to grow, becoming more rounded and better persons and aware of the dangers that are inherent in indulging in alcohol and drugs.

We have learned to enjoy our teenage years with our own peer group. In recent times a number of our club members have volunteered to help out in the Teach Mhuire Daycare Centre for the elderly in our community on their half-day from school each Wednesday. These are just some of the experiences which we have both encountered through our involvement in the St Joseph's (Mayfield) Club.

### NFP WEBSITE BREAKTHROUGH

The Northside Folklore Project's new Website is coming soon to a computer screen near you. Search through our vast ethnographic archive database of transcripts, sound recordings, videos and photographs that have captured the essence of Cork through the years. Relive the Cork 2005 experience listening to over two hundred sound excerpts taken from our radio series, "How's it goin', boy?" produced by Cliona O'Carroll. For the first time, there is also complete access to all ten previous editions of The Archive.

Conceived by Marie-Annick Desplanques as part of the Backlog Reduction and Enhancement of Archival Knowledge (BREAK) project with help from the UCC presidential fund, the database and website were developed by Karol Coleman, Colin MacHale, Margaret Lantry, Jenny Butler, Maeve McDevitt and Mary O'Driscoll with the invaluable assistance of the Northside Folklore Project staff. It provides the listener and viewer with the ultimate media experience of Cork city – as it is now and has been in years gone by.

Enjoy it all on: <http://www.ucc.ie/research/nfp>.

## FIELDS OF DREAMS

BY LORD MAYOR Cllr. MICHAEL AHERN

THE part of Cork where I spent my early years was Victoria Cross. It had everything a young person could want. I lived in one of the houses at the start of the 'Straight Road', so the Lee Fields were my front garden. The Lee Baths were open for the summer months, where I had learned to swim at an early age. My swimming teacher was one of the baths' attendants, a man that many of the older persons will remember, Andy O'Brien 'The Brown Bomber', so called because of his sun-tanned body and his high-board diving prowess. The area where the County Hall now stands was known to us then as 'The Matchfield' as it was formerly a field used by the Munster Football Association for their games. Just above river level, it was subsequently raised to its present level by constant dumping. And no one ever objected to the dumping or indeed to the huge city dump, which was further out the straight road.

Jennings Wood was very near and it was a beautiful place. This was accessible to us via what is now the Grove, in Orchard Road.

There, we got our chestnuts, and indeed we got walnuts for eating as well.

We built our camps there and fished in 'Duck's Pool'.

This is the area of the river where the Lee meets the Curraheen. My father, who was a very good fisherman, took me night fishing

on many occasions and with

him I always caught a few trout.

At that time there were also otters in the river. Once, after heavy summer rain, the Curraheen river flooded, bringing a flat-bottomed canoe downriver, which we young boys had spotted. We followed it to the 'Duck's Pool' and were able to retrieve it there. We had it for about a week of our summer holidays and sailed in it many times each day, from the Lee fields to Donovan's Bridge and back, in the sunshine. And it was idyllic, until the owner was found! Sport: hurling, football, soccer and rounders were a big part of our lives, where we played in the Lee Fields when they were empty. It was not unusual to see two teams of adults from the city, playing soccer in the first of the Lee Fields (now the Kingsley Hotel car park) and another two teams sitting on the wall

waiting to 'fall in' after they were finished. We played regularly, in what we called 'The Priests' Field', owned by the Capuchins. They had about fifty student priests, living in Victoria Cross. They played football in their bare feet, in their long brown habits which were sometimes tied up - and they could play! Their regime was tough and they had only about an hour a day to play. We, therefore, had the rest of the day. My father worked for a baker, Henry O'Shea, who was a former Lord Mayor. He sold confectionery from a bread van which was pulled by a horse. He came home at lunch time, as was the general custom, for his dinner. The van, together with the horse, was parked outside our door, where the horse could be seen feeding from a bag of oats which was tied around his head. Sometimes I went with him for the afternoon when he would call to all the shops on the Northside.

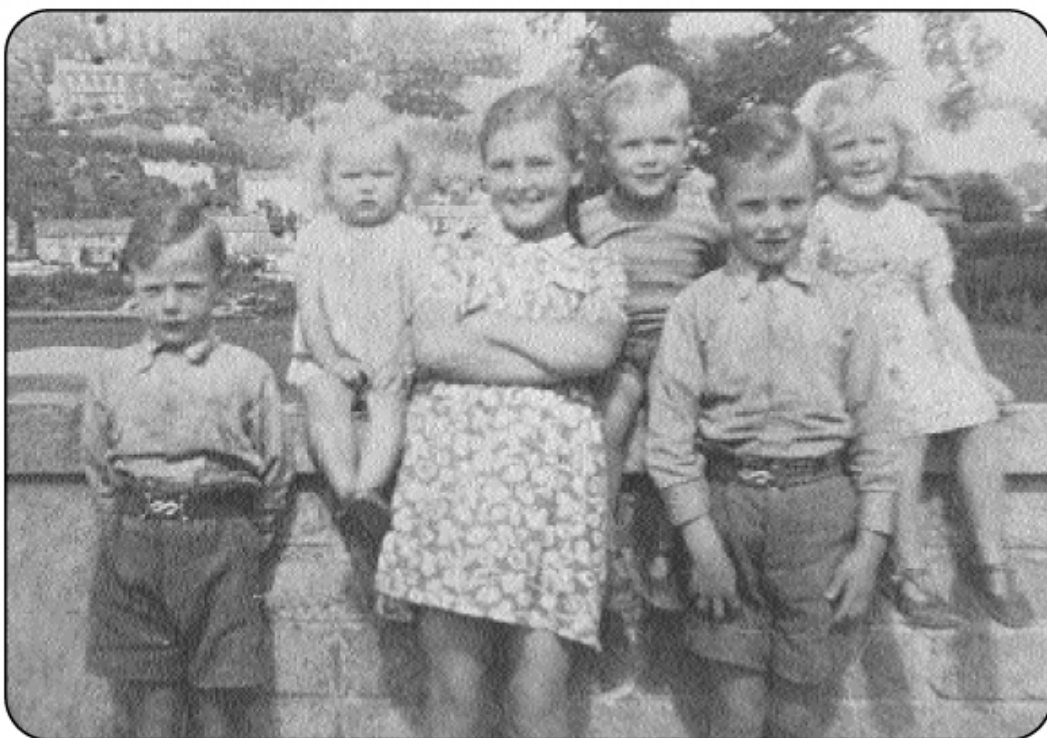
We would untackle the horse in the evening and he would stable him either in Coach Street, behind Sullivan's Quay, or in the

South Main Street, where Henry O'Shea also had stables. Later, Sir Henry's night club (now no more) got its name from the Henry O'Shea bakery.

Mr. Hurley, was the 'cake-man' for the southside. Horses were a huge part of our lives then. Each night in the summer, about fifty horses would be let loose in the Lee Fields - west of the Lee

Baths. These horses would be driven from town by young boys, with maybe five of the horses tied together.

They were dray horses, who had finished their days work, owned by a man called Coffey. The horses would come to the Lee Fields via the Western Road. We often met them at the University gates (UCC) where we would be allowed to mount one of the horses and get a free ride to the Lee Fields. Cork was a very different place then. It was not unusual to have cattle driven through Patrick Street, and the most fun of all for us children was, to see pigs being driven through a built up area. They really resisted it and would run anywhere, even into shops, to avoid being made to conform. It is easy to be nostalgic for things that are gone but it is fair to say that the terrible poverty is also gone.



Michael Ahern with family members. Michael is seated second from left.  
photo: Courtesy of Lord Mayor

# VINTAGE MEMORIES

BY JAMES TWOHIG

MY earliest motoring memory is from 1928 when local Monard farmer Paddy O'Sullivan bought a brand new black Ford Model - A. The car was purchased in Clonakilty for £211 - a fortune then - and the price included driving instruction by a mechanic sent to live with the O'Sullivans for a week or so. Mr O'Sullivan and his daughter, who was only a teenager at the time, both learned to drive. The car was used by the family for going to mass, town, etc. Petrol was available at a shilling and a halfpenny a gallon,



1956 photo: Jim and his friend Maurice Buckley in their 1928 Three wheel Morgan participating in a rally in Dublin

ROP (Russian Oil Products) brand, pumped by hand in Tom Shaw's garage near the grotto in Blackpool. I was about 7 years of age and I remember being very impressed by this machine. I still recall its registration number: IF 8240. In 1929 Dennis O'Neill got a Model - B Ford truck for general haulage and I also remember farmer Myles McSweeney bought a 10 horsepower Ford Model - C and Mr Hartnett, the cattle dealer, had a Baby Ford. I must have been a bit fascinated with these cars since I remember the models all these years later. Cars were remarkable when I was a child. Most people walked wherever they had to go. Bus and train travel existed but they were not everyday transport for ordinary people. Few could afford a bike.

Of course Cork people favoured the Ford make because of the Ford factory in town which had started production in 1919. This factory was located in Cork because the grandfather of the famous Henry Ford was born in Ballinascorthy, West Cork and emigrated to the United States where Henry started his car production factory in Detroit. As business boomed in America, Henry located a factory in Ireland to make cars for export to Europe and worldwide. Cork was chosen because of its port and because Henry 'wanted to start Ireland along the road to industry'. He had visited Cork and West Cork in 1912 and seen the city for himself. The factory produced Model-T and later Model-A cars when it first opened. Then production of Fordson tractors became the main work of the production teams. Model - BF and Model-Y cars were also built and in 1937 Ford was the leading make in sales of private cars with 5893 cars sold compared to 1352 of the Morris, the next most popular make.

I remember also the 1936, 1937 and 1938 races in the Model Farm Road/Carrigrohane Road area. These international races caused great excitement at the time. The circuit started at Victoria Cross, turned at Dennehy's Cross, went out the Model Farm Road, over Inchigaggin Bridge, encountered the hairpin turn at Poulavone, where there is a roundabout today, and back in the Carrigrohane Straight and finished at Victoria Cross again. I remember



Jim, in his second 1926 Ford Model-T in 2004 at Crookstown

Mervyn White, a British motorist who came to Cork specially to participate in the race, but he later died a few days after a crash at Inchigaggin bridge in the 1936 race. I remember the cars, Mazaratti, Riley, MG, Alfa Romeo, etc. There were huge crowds and it was hard to get close to the circuit. One of the 1938 races was won by Prince Bira, an Italian, in an ERA. He came to each of the three years' races and had mechanical problems in the first year and crashed in the second year. It would be great to see another Grand Prix out the Straight Road.

In 1938, when I was about 17, Lynchs, my employers, decided to purchase a 5 cwt van for milk delivery and again driving lessons came with the van. I was taught to drive by a man from CAB called Uncles. Instruction was in a Ford 8 saloon car. I was eager to learn and had no difficulty getting the knack of it. From 1938 on I also started car 'maintenance' because I had to keep the van on the road. I had an interest in technical and electrical systems of all kinds and learned about engines and mechanics hands on. Neighbours began to bring their cars to me (or sometimes I had to go to the car) to get them going.

I also attended classes on motor engineering in the Crawford Institute to learn more. During the war years, petrol was rationed and only available to providers of 'essential services', doctors, priests, hackney drivers, undertakers, etc. Petrol for pleasure driving was not permitted. The Lynchs had to revert to horse and cart for milk delivery. Some cars were converted to run on gas. Tyres were difficult to get so were worn literally threadbare. The Ford factory stopped production of new cars and trucks during the war and applied the skeleton staff to the repair of axles, gears, etc., thereby saving resources including activities such as straightening nails and making screwdrivers. Many workers from the factory went to work in the Ford factory in Dagenham and others cut turf in Naad bog and stacked it for sale in the Marina factory.

Coal couldn't be imported at the time. After the war I went to work in Ellis's sand and gravel pit in Ballyvolane driving a Ford V8 truck. There was a building boom at the time. I drew sand, gravel and concrete products to build the Capitol cinema. The Ford V8s had a tipper and the sand and gravel was mechanically loaded but there was no machine for loading blocks. They had all to be handled - hard work on a hot day! At this time I built 60 Hercules DOOD diesel engines from parts supplied from Canada.

These were the first Ford diesel engines to be fitted in Ireland.



I took an interest in motorbikes for a while. I had a Triumph and an ex-army BSA. The bike was my transport to work. One morning on my way to work I had to swerve to avoid a V8 truck on Victoria Quay. Of course there were no helmets then. I was concussed and woke up in the North Infirmary. I had another motorcycle mishap on the Mallow Road caused by mechanical failure. This time gravel from the road ended up in my head. I decided two accidents in a short time with bikes was enough and after that

door and doctor's coupe and had different special bodies, e.g. trucks, minibuses, etc. Early wheels were wooden spoked and later models had wire spoked wheels. Not all Model-Ts came off the production line black, despite Henry Ford's often quoted remark that you could have any colour you liked once it was black. Later models had a choice of grey, green, maroon or black. The Model-T Maurice Buckley and I bought in 1957 was black, a 1926 model, registration IF 6138. It was in poor condition when



Christy Crowe (Left) in Corporation Yard with unnamed worker with 1926 Ford Model -T.  
1957 photo: Courtesy of author.

I stuck to the cars. The first car I owned was a green Morris 8, bought second hand, about 1948. It cost about £40, money was hard to get and it wasn't easy to have any kind of car, but it was in good condition and I drove it to Dublin without a bother. After that I had Morris', Fords, VWs etc. When I left Fords', I joined CIE and worked in bus transport for more than thirty years.

we got it. We had to tow it to Cork. We gathered parts from around the country and got it running. We did a bit of touring and rallying with it and enjoyed sorting out the little mechanical troubles that always arise with older cars. I got married in 1958 and within two years my Model-T was gone, replaced by a pram. I had to put my motoring interests on hold for more than 20 years.

I began to be interested also in older cars. A friend, Maurice Buckley and I, bought a three-wheel 1928 Morgan and entered it in the first Cork Veteran Car Run, held in Cork in June 1956 organised by the Cork Motor Cycle and Car Club. It cost £5 and we bought it the week before the run and got it going. It had a starting handle at the side. Starting handles were no surprise in those days but one at the side was a bit unusual. We drove this car to Dublin and participated in a rally there. Nowadays these veterans are trailered to rallies. Early the following year we bought a Model-T Ford in Ballyhea for £25. The Model-T is an interesting car for several reasons. Fifteen million of them were built in total between 1909 and 1927, some in Cork as mentioned earlier. The Model-T came with different style bodies, four door, two

However, my interest in the Model-T Ford had not waned. In 1984, I bought another 1926 Model-T in scrap in Fenagh, Co Limerick. I restored it over a number of years and have enjoyed old-time motoring mostly in the summertime since 1988. In May 2005 there was a great display of Model-Ts in Cork when 40 assembled for a rally. They came from Great Britain, U.S. and Holland as well as all over Ireland. Model-Ts of all shapes and colours rallied for a week around East and West Cork and Kerry. The weather was good and these latter day Model-T drivers had a great time. It is great to see that motoring has become accessible to everyone, no longer reserved for the wealthy. If I was young now I probably would have a carbon fibre bonnet and big noisy exhausts. Happy and safe driving.

# SOUND EXCERPTS

The following are excerpts from sound recordings in our multimedia archive, which also includes photographic and video material. These are also excerpts from our new book, *How's it goin' boy?* selected for their humorous insights into Cork and her people.

## Excerpt 1

Geoffrey D'Souza, from India, muses on Cork speech

Well, 'boy' seems to be the word used in everything: 'How ya, boy? How ya doing, boy? What's happening, boy?' and the same in the female version, 'How you doing, girl? You OK, girl?' And that is the first thing you would notice, and they just keep shouting it maybe twenty times in a sentence, and everybody you meet on the road they all call you boy, which is very funny you know, but then that is just one of those typical Cork things that people would do. And there is no age barrier, you can be seventy or eighty and it's all the one. Well, the whole thing is that English is like a song to them, they keep singing it in the high notes and low notes, and it's very hard, like: you have to be very, very conversant in the English language to understand what they are talking about.

## Excerpt 2

Stefan Wulff, from Germany, with a River Lee story

A couple of months ago we were rowing up the North Channel to the Mercy Hospital, and at the bridge in front of the North Gate Cinema there were three women who kind of were calling us and waving. We thought they were just excited to see us, and they said, 'Can you come over here, we just dropped something.' They were

laughing all the time, and I thought they were having us on, but anyway we went over there, and they said, 'We dropped money in there, we dropped a fifty Euro note.' We said, 'Get out of it,' but it was true, it was floating there. There was a strong tide going down, and so it took quite a bit of manoeuvring to get close enough to the fifty Euro note, but eventually we got it, and I climbed up one of the ladders that you can see along the quay to pass it on. The woman who had lost it said, 'Look, I have ten Euros here for you,' and I said, 'It's all right, it was our pleasure really to get involved in this rather unusual event.'

## Excerpt 3

Micheál Ó Geallabháin offers a Cork joke

One of my sisters was out there in Spain a couple of years ago, and there was slagging going on between the Dublin and Cork crowd. It was 'Even Stevens' until one of the Cork people said to the Dublin crowd, 'how would you recognise a Corkman with an

inferiority complex?' And they said, 'We don't know.' He said, 'He's a fella who thinks he's the same as everybody else.'

## Excerpt 4

Billy McCarthy with a story from his Cork youth

My brother had what we would call a 'racing bicycle,' a bicycle with turned down handlebars, and he was very, very particular about that: he wouldn't let us use that, we were too young, and that was his pride and joy. But one summer he went to the country working as a helper on a combine harvester - combine harvesters were very new at the time, and they used to require so many people working around them - and he was doing that for the whole summer, and while he was away I took advantage of his bike. One day we were cycling in the Lough. Now you can walk right around the Lough: there is an inner path and an outer path; the outer path was always regarded as an 'Irish mile,' it would take a person walking a good ten minutes to walk it. That wasn't good enough for me: I was cycling the bike in the inner path.

Now there is a little wall all the way around it, it is about ten inches

high, and while I was cycling around, the Angelus bell rang. The Angelus bell rang, and being brought up in the strict religious code that I was, I made a Sign of the Cross, and to do that of course it entailed taking my right hand off the handlebar, and while I had lost concentration for that moment, the front wheel of the bike struck the curb which ran right around the Lough, and I went head over heels into the Lough with the bicycle following on top of me. Completely

submerged in the water, and that's the way I had to go home and confess my sins, that I had taken my brother's bike out and that I had to suffer the consequences. That for me was the Lough: it has many, many memories, and I brought my children there down the years, and now I bring my grandchildren there.

## Excerpt 5

Emeka Ikebuasi, from Nigeria, and an early misunderstanding

There is one funny thing that happened. I spoke with someone on the phone, an Irish person, I think that was to the welfare officer or someone. I remember talking to her on the phone and, midway through, or after this discussion, she said to me: 'I'll talk to you later, I'll talk to you later; bye, bye, bye, bye' and she hung up. So I went back and I stood by my phone, you know? Waiting. [Because] she said she was going to talk to me later, I had in mind she had other things she wanted to talk to me about and that we



Stefan Wulff and friends in search of the fifty euro note on the river Lee. Photo: Finbarr O'Regan

So I stayed by my phone, and I just didn't want to go anywhere, and neither did I want to do anything to preoccupy myself when she calls. So I waited throughout the whole day and the call didn't come through, and I wondered, 'why? Is that the way she behaves? Why did she tell me she would talk to me later? I've been waiting all day and her call hasn't come.' And the following day I actually gave her a ring and I said, 'You said to me you were going to talk to me later and I waited all through the day and you didn't ring me up.' And she said, 'No.' We're done with our discussion!' And I said, 'But you said that you were going to talk to me later!' She said, 'No, no.' That is the usual language here, when we're done with someone on the phone you can always say, 'talk to you later, bye, bye, bye'. So I said 'Oh! Now I'm getting into the system!' So that was one funny experience that I had earlier on.

### Excerpt 6

Vitaliy Mahknanov, from the Ukraine, with some humour from home

Sometimes the Ukrainian humour takes advantage of other countries but not always. For example, one anecdote, a Ukrainian woman married a foreigner, and at first they [have a] conversation, with the man trying to explain to the wife: 'Look, when I came home and you see my hat on the back of my head, I will be happy, I will love you all night, but if I come home and the hat is in the front of my eyes, I'm very angry: don't touch me and leave me alone.' His wife looked at him and said: 'Listen dear, when you come home and see me with arms towards to you, it means you are welcome, I will feed you, I will love you all night. But if you come home and you see me standing with my hands on my hips, it means I don't care where your hat is!'

### Excerpt 7

Mary O'Sullivan and tales of terror  
I remember that we were staying in a little place outside Kenmare and Dinny and Nonie, now, had their tent pitched and then Michael Coffey and his wife had their tent pitched there. Hanny's van was here and we were sleeping in the back o' that. We were outside a sort of a manor, no one lived there, it was sort of gone desolated. And they built an outside fire and I loved this, like. Nonie would have done her bacon, cabbage and spuds on the fire you know, and I had that, and I was going, 'Oh, this is brilliant.'

And Dinny then started with his stories, oh my God, I'll never forget it. Lady Palmer, now we were outside the gate of this Lady Palmer's house, right, and we were sitting around an outside fire, complete darkness all around us, and he started this story about the dog monster that was ... she had a big huge garden, big huge garden. He said, 'Look in over the wall there now,' to the children that were there. So we got up and we were sort of looking

in, he said, 'Can ye see the big boulder that's in there?' And we said, 'Yeah, yeah, it's over there,' and he said, 'That's where he's buried.' Well I swear to God, I got weak, I can remember running screaming to Hanny and she was there, she was saying, 'Would you stop it, he's only messing,' and I was going, 'It's in there, he's under it, oh Jesus Christ, I'm going to bed.' But like, that was the ideal time to tell a story like that, outside, at an outside fire, with complete pitch-blackness all around you. And of course he was laughing like, 'cause us children, we were screaming, we were saying, 'Oh, we don't want to hear no more, no, no, don't tell us.' 'He's in there now and it's known, it's a common thing in Kenmare, that people see him, in the w...' Well, I didn't sleep; I did not sleep that night.

### Excerpt 8

Robert Fourie, from South Africa, overhears a classic exchange  
I remember when I first arrived in Cork, I remember standing on North Main Street and hearing a conversation between two older Cork people. One old lady was walking along, and she saw another old lady coming in the opposite direction, outside that church on North Main Street, it's got a green Byzantine dome on top of it. And the one said to her, 'Where are you off to girl?,' and

the other one says, 'I'm off to Mass.' So the first one says, 'Would you ever say a prayer for me, so?' and the other one says 'Say your own feckin' prayer yourself.'

### Excerpt 9

Andy Hawkins makes observations on Cork 'things'

When I walk into a bar, and this is another aspect of being home [from abroad], I'll know most of the people sitting around the bar and I can have a chat ... I could have a great social night just meeting an old friend and chatting at the bar. Whereas when I was abroad — when I was living in New Zealand, Australia, in America — I could go into a bar and know absolutely no one.

It can be very lonely in a big city. And they've got this thing here, 'ballhopping.' I absolutely love that. They come in and they'll say something to you, and it will be something totally outrageous, like, but of course ... they're only larking, they're only slagging you, right? But of course, if you are gullible — and people are — they'll believe it and, of course, there's always a couple in

the crew that know it's a 'ballhop' except you ... until the penny drops, you know? Now, ballhopping I think is uniquely Irish ... I think it's just a Cork thing. Another thing is ... you're walking down Shandon Street, you might meet Joe on the street: 'Joe, where are you going?' 'I'm going up along, well, where are you going?' 'I'm going down along' and 'Later on I'll meet you out along!' That's totally a Cork thing, right? All that sort of thing. That to me is great.

## How's it goin', boy?

Cliona O'Carroll

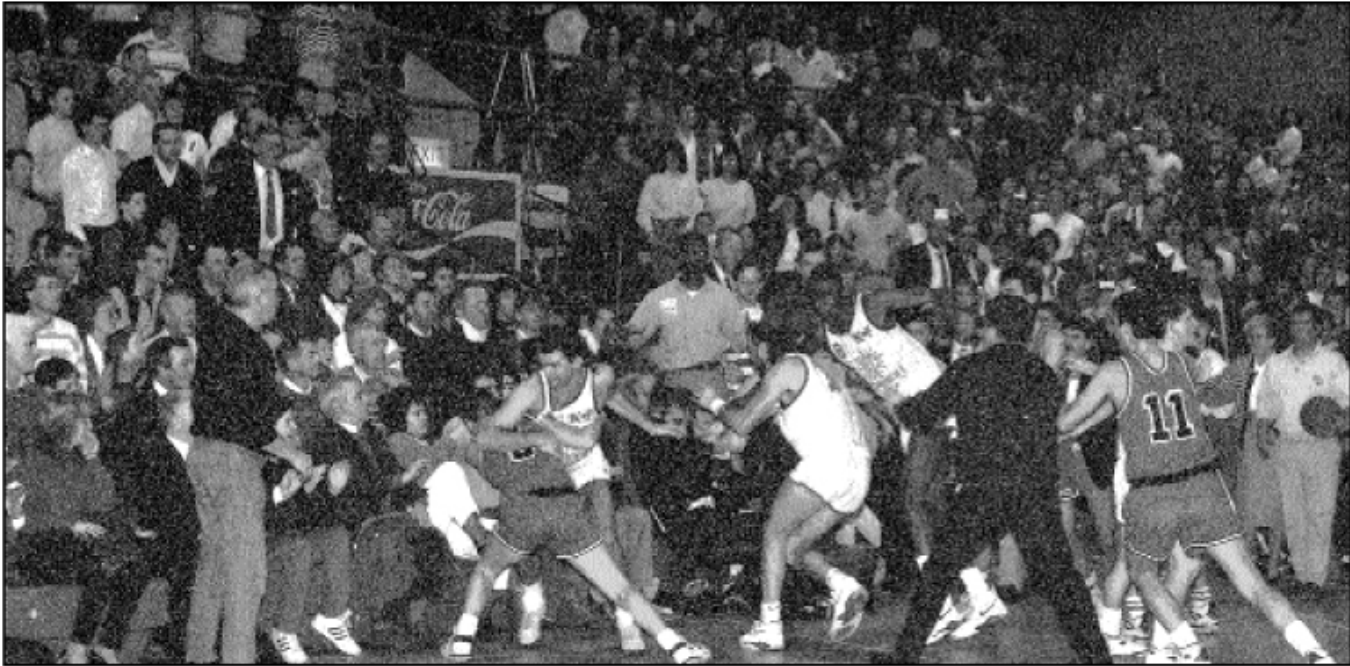
For the Northside Folklore Project





# BASKETBALL IN CORK

BY JIM O'DONOGHUE



The passions and excitement of basketball captured as a fracas breaks out during a game between Neptune and Ballina in February 1991  
Photo: Courtesy of Irish Examiner

The excitement of National League Basketball in the early 90s, is explained in evocative narrative by the following story...

LEAGUE season 90/91 was about to be decided in the above game. A packed stadium saw the home team (Neptune) fiercely determined, playing great defence and at the three quarter stage leading 73/54. Ballina threw caution to the wind and went on a three-pointer scoring streak. With only minutes remaining, the lead was cut to seven points. Neptune were on the back foot! Then Ballina 'self destructed.' Following a foul on a Ballina player, some of their supporters and players decided to exact retribution. A fracas ensued which spilled into the crowd. A mass of heaving bodies landed in the laps of some of the dignitaries present. Bishop John Buckley and local T.D. Danny Wallace, disappeared from view! When order was restored, the Ballina momentum was lost and Neptune went on to victory on a score of 86 points to 74. That game epitomised all that was great about the game at that time. The passion and emotion equalled that aroused at Croke Park, Thurles or Thomond Park. Neptune Stadium was indeed the place to be.

Basketball was devised by Dr James Naismith in Springfield Massachusetts in 1891. The International Amateur Basketball Federation was founded in 1932. In the post war years, basketball was introduced to Ireland by the Defence Forces, but competition was confined to the Irish Armed services. They played challenge games against visiting US Navy and Airforce teams. In order to form a County Board and to provide competition for the Defence Forces, the first civilian teams, Neptune and Weevils were founded in Cork, in 1947. The people involved were to become familiar names in basketball: Donal O'Donoghue, Tossie Bruton and Humphrey Lynch. The County Board itself came into existence the following year. The Northside influence was evident from the start. Apart from the fact that the three above named were Northsiders, the only playing venue available was Collins Army

Barracks. In those days of the bicycle or, 'shank's mare' the proximity of facilities of any kind was of great importance. When people were being encouraged to try their hand at this new and unfamiliar game, the closeness of the Barracks to northsiders was a trump card. The Neptune and Weevils' teams were therefore dominated by people living within a short radius of the Barracks. Neptune, from that inauspicious start, grew steadily over the years. The young people have always got special attention and teams lined out at all levels in under-age competitions. This tradition helped enormously when basketball took off, following the opening of the Parochial Hall in Gurrabraher and the subsequent introduction of professional players - mainly Americans. In 1985 the basketball stadium was opened. This put Neptune in a unique position. It was the only club with its own premises, and played host to the national finals from its opening in 1985 until the Arena was built in Dublin, in the early 90s. Neptune is a giant in basketball terms, not alone in Cork City, but also throughout Ireland. It has won far more National trophies than any other club.

Tossie Bruton must get special mention in the context of the development of Cork basketball. He founded Weevils, but more importantly, he and Brother Quinn, of Blarney Street school, set up street leagues in 1958 and subsequently founded the Cork Juvenile Board. Another club in the giant class is Blue Demons. Based in the Blarney St/Sunday's Well area, it was established in 1966. Blessed with outstanding administrators from the start, it steadily grew in strength. The De Paul Boys Club provided a steady stream of talent, with the result that Blue Demons quickly became a mighty force in local and national competitions. Playing out of the Gurrabraher parochial hall, it too was perfectly positioned to become a major force in the golden era of Irish basketball, during the 1980s. It continues in that vein today as is evidenced by its recent successes at national level. Over the years, seven Cork teams have competed at national league level.



Of these, only one (Crosshaven) was based outside the Northside of Cork. Apart from Neptune and Blue Demons, the North Mon always provided tough opposition. Iona, based at Christian Brothers School in Blarney Street, dominated at juvenile level, locally and nationally over a long period.



Bob Marcotte, (10), American International College, trying to break through past Ireland's Eamonn Molloy during the final match of the three day international tournament in Cork, Ireland. Photo: Courtesy of Irish Examiner

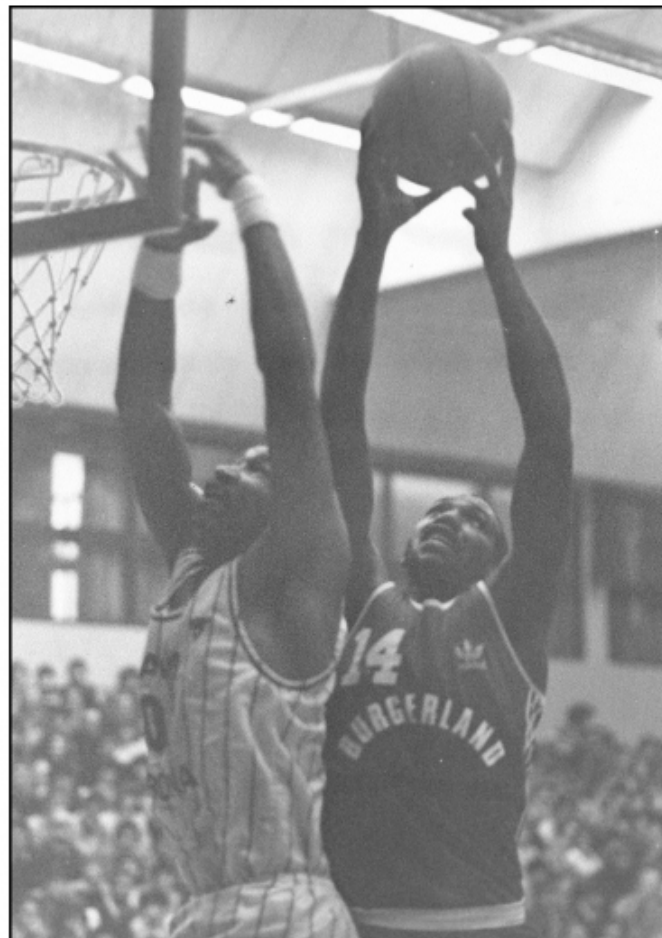
While they also competed at senior level, they never really made the breakthrough. Both St. Vincent's and C.G. All Stars drew their players from the Churchfield/Knocknaheeny area, and like Iona, produced an array of talent without it ever really making an impact at senior level. Five ladies clubs have competed at National Level: Neptune, Blue Demons, Blarney, Donoughmore and Kyer Kelts (Ballyphehane). Blarney made a huge impact in the national league between 1980/1990, but unfortunately, is now defunct. Donoughmore are currently competing nationally. Kyer Kelts are not the force they were, while Neptune no longer has a ladies section. This is regrettable as they once competed successfully at all levels, setting a record in the 1970s of eight Cork Championships in a row. No ladies club has dominated the Cork scene since.

On the occasion of the first competitive games in the Parochial Hall on the 20th September 1958, the programme illustrates the dominance of Northside teams: 7:30pm Easons Avenue v. Churchfield. 8:15pm Neptune v. Army Band -Senior A 9:15pm Tigers v Kanturk - Senior B (The Tigers club played out of St Francis Hall, Sheare's Street).

New teams everywhere in the county use indoor facilities in schools, community complexes and GAA Club Halls. Blue Demons had outdoor facilities off Rope Walk on Sunday's Well, while Iona trained in the Blarney Street school yard. Carrigaline, Ballincollig, Donoughmore, Glanmire and Bantry are very strong at juvenile level, while teams from Ballyphehane, Douglas, Mallow, Carrigtwohill, Donoughmore, Cobh, Skibbereen and Kanturk compete in County Board competitions. However, the question must be asked if all of these are strongly enough organised for the long haul. They might be advised to examine closely the Neptune and Blue Demons models. If they do, and put their clubs on a real solid foundation, there is some hope that they will match the top two and in the long term, break the Northside monopoly. During 2007, Neptune Basketball club will celebrate its 60th anniversary.

The County Board will reach the same milestone in 2008, while Blue Demons already celebrated 40 years in existence during 2006. These two clubs have monopolised Cork and Irish basketball at senior level, while Iona have had many glorious years at juvenile level. Finally, the American influence on basketball in Ireland and their high scoring abilities is

depicted below in a tournament game played in the North of Ireland, in the early 1980s.



Mike Pyatt (14, Burgerland-Neptune) rebounds with Boo Williams (10, Team Corona) a 1982 action shot of American players at Andersonstown Leisure Centre. Photo: courtesy of Jim O'Donoghue

# MARTELLO TOWERS OF EAST CORK

By EILEEN CRONIN

Eileen Cronin has kindly contributed some research material from her forthcoming book about the lower Cork Harbour and its environs. Her previous article on Belvelly Castle (last issue Archive journal) is now followed by a story of the Martello Towers of East Cork. A native of East Cork, Eileen Cronin has two previous publications to her name: *A Sprinkling of Fota and Treasured Times*. MARTELLO Towers were built during the Napoleonic Wars for fear of an attack by Napoleon Bonaparte. Eight of ten original towers survive in the Cork area: Garnish Island, two on Beare Island, one on Haulbowline, Ringaskiddy, Belvelly, Monning (near Fota) and Rossleague. Martello Towers are far more numerous in England than anywhere else. As a result of Great Britain's war with France (1796 to 1815), up to 194 towers were built. In Ireland, most of the towers are situated around Dublin, the most famous of these being No 11 at Sandycove, now the James Joyce Museum.

In 1904, Joyce stayed at the tower at the invitation of his friend, Oliver St John Gogarty, but his visit was cut short when a dispute arose between the two. The tower

however, is given recognition in *Ulysses* in which the tower is compared to the castle of Elsinore. A misspelling of the Corsican name, Mortella, gave rise to what we now know as the Martello tower.

The name Martello derives from a tower on the island of Corsica which was unsuccessfully besieged by the British in 1794. Originally, the entrance was raised approximately 10 feet from the ground. A rope ladder gave access to the tower as this was easily hauled up at the approach of an enemy. The average height of the Martello towers in Ireland is 40ft, the base diameter 45ft and the thickness of the walls 8ft. Extracted from local quarries, the towers of Cork Harbour are built of coursed limestone ashlar (solid stone). Brickwork was used for the interiors and for vaulting. The layout of most of the towers comprised three floors. The ground floor consisted of the magazine and a water tank. The troops lived on the first floor and the gun platform was located on the flat roof. On the highest point of Ringaskiddy stands another martello tower, the largest in Cork Harbour. It too was built

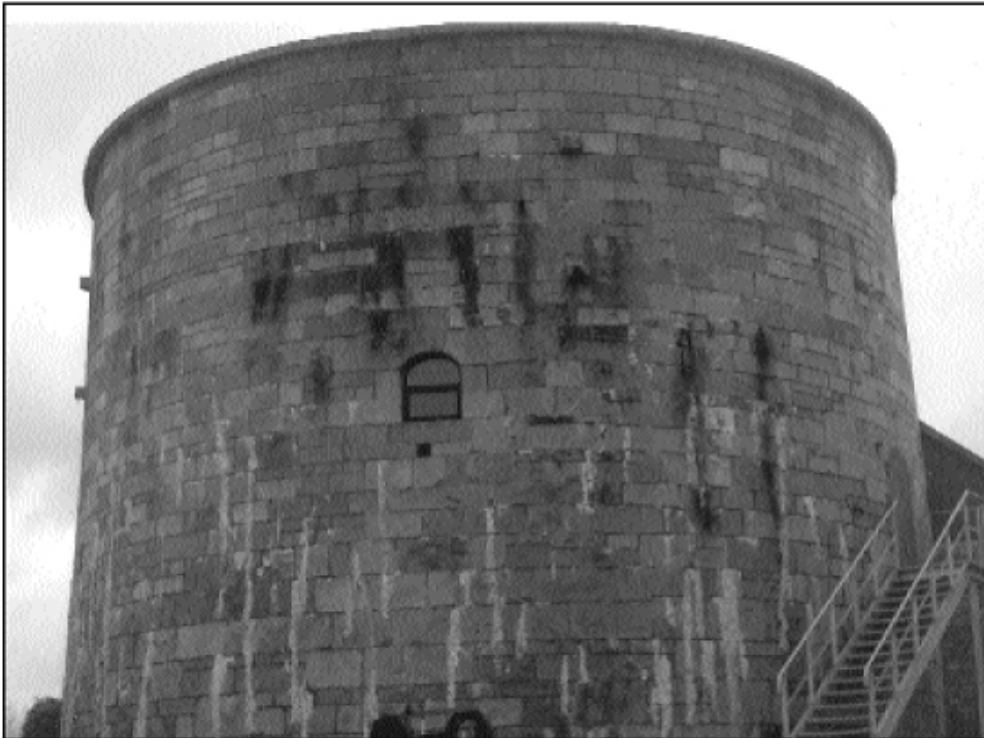
c1815. In very good condition, it's situated just less than a mile south of the tower on Haulbowline. I visited Haulbowline tower in late April 2006. The Naval Service have converted the Martello tower into a Maritime museum. Oval in plan, a narrow stone staircase leads to the basement. On the top floor a cannon can be seen - apparently on the lookout over the harbour for unwanted intruders. Formerly, one gun was mounted on each of five towers. Napoleon never came, but his name is immortalized in the towers that never fulfilled their original purpose - to deter his visit to our shores. My visit to Haulbowline was rounded off with a short trip, courtesy of the Naval service. The tower at Belvelly stands directly South of Belvelly bridge. Belvelly was

once a very close-knit community boasting a National School (now a private residence) grocery shop, post office and community Hall. The interior of Belvelly Tower is lined with brick.

At ground level, four rooms radiate around a central circular area, a room to the North served as a magazine. Belvelly tower was formerly the property of Smith Barry of Fota. For a short time it

served as a community hall. Activities included: billiards, music, dancing, cards or one could enjoy reading a local newspaper. Musical instruments often heard were, the box melodeon and Jew's (jaw) harp.

In the time of Lord Barrymore, footmen and coachmen were encouraged to go to the dances. Being of slim build and clean cut, they were carefully selected for the occasion. It is said, that Maurice O'Brien, a local man, used to 'pick them up and swing them around.' The interior of the tower was blown up by the Irish military during the War of Independence - in order to prevent a takeover by the Black and Tans. Both Belvelly Castle and Belvelly Tower have been sold to different private owners. The Martello Tower is built on a five and a half acre site. Since 1992 (when planning permission was granted) it has been refurbished on the outside. The area has been spruced-up, weeded and mowed, with new hedging planted around a railed enclosure. The tower of Rossleague is interesting because of its location. It is situated a little over a mile from Belvelly, along a quiet meandering



Haulbowline Tower, the most dominant of all the five towers of East Cork  
photo: Eileen Cronin

country road, raised on a hill and approached through a field. It is oval shaped with a circular interior and gun platforms. Rossleague has a unique history. Invaded in 1600 by Hugh O'Neill (his objective was to win supporters for the cause) the Martello tower was built some 200 years later, the builders being mindful of previous attacks and thus more resolute in their bid to use the tower as a strong defence against future attacks. The Martello tower on Manning Island, Marino, is situated on



A view of the town of Passage from the top of Haubowline Tower  
Photo: Eileen Cronin

a small islet near the railway line between Fota and Carrigaloe. It is also known locally as Monning Tower or Fota Tower. The train journey would be a lot less interesting without this curious structure of our historic past. Fota Tower is famous for its Fenian band who raided the tower in 1867. A band of men, led by Captain Mackey, (alias Francis Lomasney) got away with all the ammunition kept in the magazine. Fortunately, nobody was hurt but the incident ignited the hearts of ballad singers who still sing the words of the ballad Down Erin's Lovely Lee. This ballad, popularised by well-known singers such as Jimmy Crowley, includes the following verses:

On March the sixth in sixty three  
we sailed from Queenstown Quay,  
A gallant band of Fenian men bound for Amerikay.  
While journeying with that gallant band, as you may plainly see  
We were forced to go from sweet Cloghroe down Erin's lovely Lee.  
For six long months we ploughed the sea,  
from Queenstown Quay in Cork,

Just like an arrow through the sky till we landed in New York.

Them Yankee boys with stars and stripes came flocking down to see,

That gallant band of Fenian men from Erin's lovely Lee.

Then one of them stepped up to me and he asked me did I know,

The hills of Tipperary or the Glen of Aherlow.

Or could I tell where Crowley fell, his native land to free,

And the tower that Captain Mackey sacked, down Erin's lovely Lee.

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## Community Archive

We welcome public feedback on our articles and stories, as well as donations of material. Materials on deposit in our community archive become permanent research resources available to the public. If you, or any member of your family, have memorabilia such as photos or stories of life in Cork over the last century, and would be willing to share this information with NFP and the wider community, please contact us by phone, by email, or in person, at the address below.

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# MY ROMANTIC RIVER LEE

BY RICHARD T COOKE

SINCE human eyes first gazed upon her beauty, many have bestowed her with delightful titles, but to me the Lee was just a fun place to be. As a child growing up alongside her musical waters it was indeed a fascinating period in my life. Not alone in the long hot summers, but in all seasons the Lee became my watery playground – fishing, swimming, rafting and having fun with happy swans and the water rats; salmon leaping out of the water winking at me, shoals of mullet and bass dazzling me with their shiny bellies, trout showing off their multi-colours, flat fish hugging the quay walls while the eels of all sizes weaved themselves into balls. Indeed, it was a magical time. Looking at my romantic Lee today, she is still as proud as ever. She makes her entrance just above the tranquil hill of Gougane Barra and plays an Oscar-winning performance as she wins the compliments and admiration of her audience all around the world, along with being celebrated in elegant splendour in poetic verse and ballads. For some thirty miles or so, she plays her role exquisitely, embracing some of the most magnificent mountain scenery the eye can behold; until joining the might of the Atlantic Ocean at Cork harbour in Cobh, County Cork. Her performance takes her through many breathtaking valleys, where magical ring forts lie as fairies dance in the moonlight, through ancient abbey ruins and churches, where ghostly monks chant spiritual airs, while castles echo with fun and laughter.

She smiles in delight, as she glides along the picturesque parishes of: Ballingearry, Inchigeela, Macroom, Coachford, Dripsey, Farran and Ovens. On to the satellite town of Ballincollig, until she reaches the radiant City of Cork, and onto the fishing villages of Passage, Monkstown, Ringaskiddy and Cobh town.

The River Lee is an angler's paradise, a tourist's delight and a lover's dream. Her elegance has been captured by painter's brush, and her moods of passion by poets, writers and composers. One of the first poets to have had an emotional relationship with the River Lee was Edmund Spenser, when, after a stroll around the Walled City of Cork with his lovely new bride, Elizabeth Boyle, he penned:

The spreading Lee, that  
like an island fayre,  
Enclosed Corke with  
divided flood.

An old Cork bard,  
inspired by something  
stronger than the water  
of the placid Lee wrote:  
Much I've heard about  
the Rhine,  
With vineyards gay and  
castles stately,  
But those who think I  
came for wine,  
Or lofty towers, mistake  
me greatly,

A thousand times more  
dear to me,  
Is whiskey by the silvery Lee.

Many poets, writers and composers, also boasted of their birth-

place when they wrote about the River Lee. One such Corkonian was Francis Sylvester Mahony, alias Father Prout, when he composed the romantic Bells of Shandon. The following is the first verse:

With deep affection,  
And recollection,  
I often think of  
Those Shandon Bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling around my cradle,  
Their magic spells,  
On this I ponder,  
Where 'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork of thee;  
When thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand – on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the River Lee.

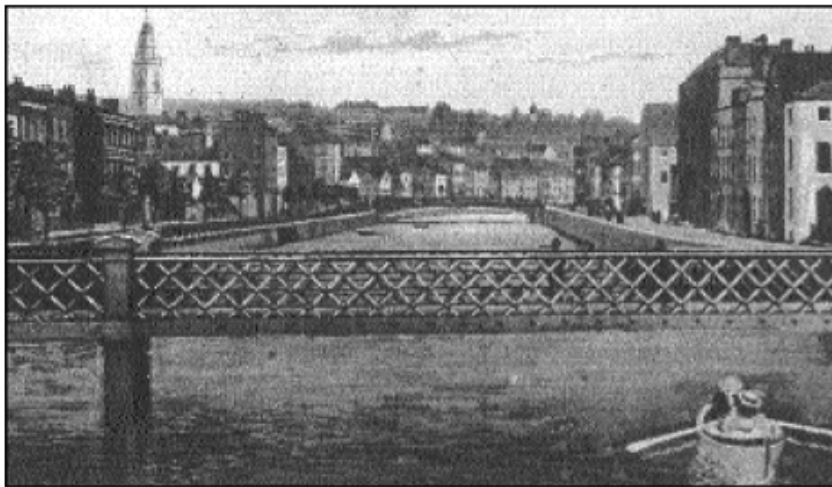
Robert Gibbings, was another great poet and writer with a passion about his native Cork. Here is a piece that he wrote in the early years of the 20th century when he journeyed along the banks of the Lee:

'For close on three mile above Cork, the river runs slow and smooth as if reluctant to meet the sea. Pleasant meadows border the stream, meadows in a wide valley, gateway to the west... you can walk the whole length of its course without seeing even a village, for, from Cork to its source, there is not a hamlet on its banks, a house here and there, a cottage by a bridge. Such lovely bridges too. As you follow the banks there is just sufficient track to give you confidence. It may be cattle or sheep, or even rabbits, perhaps the footsteps of a labourer going to and from his work that has tempered the growing of the grass. The glory of the river is yours very sincerely'.

No article on Cork would be complete without the evergreen sentimental ballad *On The Banks of My Own Lovely Lee*. The following is the first verse of this romantic ballad:

How oft in my thoughts  
in their fancy take  
flight, to the home of my  
childhood away;  
To the days when each  
patriot's vision seem'd  
bright, Ere I dream'd  
that those joys would  
decay.

When my heart was as  
light as the wild winds that blow,  
down the Mardyke through each  
elm tree;  
Where I sported and played 'neath each green leafy shade,  
On the banks of my own lovely Lee.



Painting showing St Vincent's Bridge and my romantic River Lee  
The painting is reproduced with kind permission from the files of the historian Michael Lenihan



# THE AMBASSADOR & THE 402

BY FRANK KENNEDY

## ARRIVAL OF NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR TO IRELAND

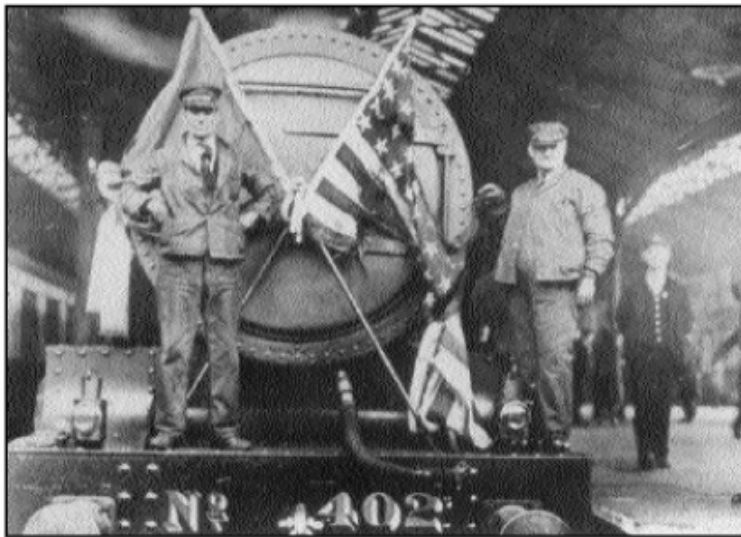
IN SEPTEMBER 1934, I began work as an engine cleaner at the Railway Locomotive Department, Cork. As a sixteen year old with a fascination for steam locomotives, I quickly adapted to my new environment. One day, as I watched Locomotive Number 402 being prepared for the Dublin run, a fellow worker remarked: 'Do you see number 402 over there? That's the one that worked a train from Cork to Dublin, over six months ago, with the new American Ambassador aboard - and did it in record time'. I determined that at some future date, I would discover the full story surrounding that record-breaking run. After a lapse of approximately fifty years, I strolled into the Gilbert Library in Dublin, seeking information on the achievements of the 402 in 1934. Following a brief search, an assistant arrived back with some magazines and old newspapers. Finally, the following story emerged.

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected 32nd President of the United States in 1933 he appointed Mr William Wallace McDowell of Montana, as his choice of ambassador to the Irish Free State. Sadly, his wife died in Chicago, in December 1933. Three months later he arrived in Ireland to take over his new assignment in Dublin. On March 20 1934, the new ambassador disembarked from the U.S. liner Washington at Cobh. He boarded a special train for Kingsbridge Station (now known as Heuston Station) Dublin. The train left Cork at 2.29 pm and arrived at Kingsbridge, two hours and twenty eight minutes later, which constituted a new record time for the 166 mile rail journey.

Welcomed at Kingsbridge Station by Mr P.J. Little, Parliamentary Secretary to the President of the Executive Council, Eamonn de Valera, and other dignitaries, Mr McDowell inspected a guard of honour, while the No. 1 Army Band played the U.S. anthem. After thanking the engine driver Mark Foley, he proceeded to the U.S. legation at Phoenix Park. One week later, March 27th, the ambassador presented his letters of credence at Government Buildings, to President Eamonn De Valera. This represented a procedural change whereby up to then, it was the Governor General who received these credentials. The Irish Government had agreed in the autumn of 1933 to ratify this change.

On April 9th, Ambassador McDowell was guest of honour at a Government Banquet at Dublin Castle. The papal nuncio was seated on the Ambassador's right, while the president was seated on his left. President De Valera made a short complimentary speech and proposed a toast to the ambassador. Mr McDowell in his reply, reminded those present that he had come from Butte, Montana, sometimes called 'Little Ireland' that owed its origin to

an Irishman named Marcus Daly. He had the honour of being taken to Butte, thirty six years earlier (1898) by Mr Daly, who started him in copper mining, eventually backing him financially in his first business ventures. As he was speaking, he was seen to suddenly grow pale and stagger. He slumped to the table, to the consternation of his fellow guests. Dr Von Dehn, the German ambassador and Dr James Ryan, Irish minister for agriculture, realising that the Ambassador had suffered a heart attack, rushed to Mr McDowell's aid and tried to revive him by artificial respiration, but it was all to no avail, and he was subsequently pronounced dead. The remains were taken to the American embassy Phoenix Park at 12.15 am. Days later, (April 13th) at 9.30 am, his mahogany coffin was draped in his country's flag, placed on a gun carriage and taken from the embassy to Kingsbridge Station. The coffin was placed on board a special carriage for the train journey to Cobh, Co Cork.



Train Driver, Mark Foley (Left) and unidentified railman  
Photo: Courtesy of Frank Kennedy

Mark Foley, Locomotive 402 driver, again drove the train. At Cobh, the coffin was met by Free State troops & Gardai and placed on a ferry - to the awaiting liner Manhattan, lying off Roches Point. After a long sea journey, the remains of ambassador McDowell were finally laid to rest, in Memphis, Tennessee. A descendant of a Scottish emigrant, William Wallace McDowell, was born in 1867 at Trenton, Tennessee, USA. While in business at Butte, Montana, he took an interest in politics, becoming a member of the Democratic Party in the Montana state legislature and ultimately Lieutenant Governor of Montana, until his appointment as ambassador.

When the exiled Marcus Daly died in the early part of the last century, he was reputed to have amassed a fortune of \$50,000 from his mining activities, around the Butte region. The Irish settlers there (including those from the Beara Peninsula) fostered their native games by setting up Gaelic sports clubs. One particular team named 'The Wolfe Tones' (exiles from West Cork) won the senior Butte Football Championship on at least one occasion. The trophy, a magnificent silver cup, was eventually put on display for several years in Adrigole, West Cork, in Ireland.

Sectional running times for the record-breaking run of Locomotive 402 on March 20th 1934, are shown below:

Cork to Mallow	25 minutes at 50. 4 mph
Mallow to Limerick Junction	37 minutes at 60. 8 mph
Limerick Junction to Thurles	15 minutes at 82. 0 mph
Thurles to Ballybrophy	17 minutes at 69. 7 mph
Ballybrophy to Portarlinton	19 minutes at 78. 9 mph
Portarlinton to Kildare	10 minutes at 70. 5 mph
Kildare to Kingsbridge	25 minutes at 72. 0 mph
Total Time.....	2 Hours and 28 minutes



Blackberry Picking early 1940s Cork  
Photo: Courtesy Irish Examiner

### NORTHSIDE NOTES

#### Pocketing The Proceeds

THE 1939 -'45 Second World War period in Ireland and particularly in Cork, was often referred to as the 'Emergency'. Keeping body and soul together was of paramount importance. Potato-bread was made for example, by adding a portion of flour to the potatoes. This method often proved unsuccessful, as the potatoes remained only partially cooked whereas the flour was fully baked. White flour was a scarce commodity and bran was usually made from brown flour, by the use of a makeshift sieve.

Many activities were engaged upon in the northside areas of Cork during those years to make pocket money. In this regard, hunting rabbits was one lucrative way of making money. So also was pigeon trapping. Blackberry picking was also considered to be a popular little earner. Another big earner, but not often engaged upon, was dandelion root digging. Dandelion digging was always done in deep gravelly soil, the sides of railway lines for instance. These conditions produced the biggest roots. A big price, about one shilling and sixpence (about 20 cent in today's currency) per pound, was obtainable. Dandelions were used to make a substitute coffee. There was some expertise required in the pursuit of some of these pastimes.

For example, pigeon trapping was done with a looped line such as a fishing line with a baited centre of maize. Maize could be obtained off the back of horse drawn floats near the docks by spillage from canvas bags. Rabbit catching was generally done for home consumption, while some rabbits were sold to local eating establishments. An unusual method for keeping food warm was the use of a tea chest full of hay and a biscuit tin containing the food, placed in the centre. There was no such luxury as a microwave-oven in those far off years! Most of the activities were done in the countryside, where we also swam in the streams and even sometimes drank the water we swam in. Apparently, in those days pollution was not an issue.

#### Sawdust Fires

ONE of the most innovative things that this writer witnessed was the use of the sawdust fire. It could be used to heat water for cooking, to bathe a family, complete a weekly clothes wash and eventually when allowed to burn out, it would last a very long time. Success in the making of a sawdust fire depended on a healthy supply of sawdust, and to this end, many forays were paid to the local timber merchants. Before transporting sawdust to the home, a canvas bag and hand truck were needed. Then came the use of a five gallon metal drum with the top cut off. A disc, about the size of a 1lb. jam jar cover, was then cut out at the bottom centre of the drum. Damping down the sawdust was also necessary. The drum would then be packed very tightly with the sawdust, by first placing a pick axe handle, protruding slightly below the bottom opening, (The tapered handle was important as it could be delicately withdrawn from the drum without disturbing the internal hollow wall).

Finally, securely placing the drum on bricks so as to keep it raised above the ground, the procedure was readied for action. The whole operation would have to be conducted outdoors as the threat of setting a home on fire was always a danger. A small fire was then lit beneath the drum and within minutes the sawdust began its slow burn, accompanied by a very satisfactory roar. Metal bars placed across the top of the drum were then used to support any items to be heated or cooked. The heat from the drum was very intense. Many years later, a utensil for fast and economical heating of water was developed. This was called a volcano kettle. Other necessities in use around the war years were:

1. Boots/shoes soled by the use of discarded bicycle tyres.
2. Sweetening tea by using boiled sweets (sugar was rationed).
3. Making coats/jackets from old army blankets & uniforms.
4. 'Turning' jackets /suits by ripping and reversing same.
5. Using old wool thread (by ripping existing garment) to re-knit or repair socks, gloves etc.

-BY NED O'DONOVAN



Debenhams, (formerly Roches Stores) Patrick's Street Cork.  
Photo: Gill O'Donoghue.

## MIDDLE PARISH

### Roches Stores to Debenhams

AS a child, the big day out was a venture to Cork from my home town of Mallow. We were woken at an early hour and the 'good clothes' put on. The excitement of going away shopping for a day was like as if we were going to a foreign land. We were all piled into the car and headed for Roches Stores car park. Our first stop (which was the reason that we came) was the coffee shop in Roches Stores aka 'Roches'- where we had the opportunity of a chocolate éclair or jam doughnut with our Coca-Cola!

And so we have come to the end of Roches, where all items were reduced to half-price, but of course the clothes that were left, ranged from sizes 6-8 and 18-22 as with any store closure. I still managed to pick up a number of cards, without their envelopes though! The interior layout hasn't changed yet, although the name over the door has. In the same way that Brown Thomas is still known as Cashes, no matter how people try to get used to it, Debenhams will always be Roches to me.

-BY NANO NAGLE

## SOUTH OF THE RIVER

### Memories of Cove Street

I WAS born Veronica Walsh, in 1946 in a house on Cove Street in the heart of the South Parish. My parents were Annie and Gussie Walsh. Most houses on 'Cova' at the time were large tenement houses, with up to three large families in each one. We were lucky in that in our house, No. 44, there were only two families living there - my own family and my Uncle Timmy's family, the Powers. There were nine in my family and eight in the Powers', all sharing one small yard and one outside toilet. There was a cold tap in the yard which was our only source of water, and no sink!

Times were hard but my memories are of a very happy childhood. My dad was a docker who was paid daily, so we had a regular income in the house. My mam was a woman who was always thinking of ideas to bring in a few extra bob into the house, what you'd call an entrepreneur today. One of her schemes was, to head down to Haughton's timber yard on the South Terrace with a box car, where she and her friend would fill it with scraps of wood. Then they'd wheel the lot back to Cove Street, and get the older children in the house to chop the wood into sticks. The younger children, myself included, would have the job of cutting

up bits of old bicycle tubes and tying it around the bundles of sticks. They would then be sold from an old store at the end of Traver's Street, which was one of the main thoroughfares for people going to and from work in the city - from the southside. On the Friday of each week, all the children in the house would be lined up inside, and under the light of the gas lamp each child would be given their 'pay', the older ones would get a 6d piece and the younger ones a 3d piece.

### The Pawnbroker

A FRIEND of my mam called 'Agnes' was also from Cove Street and her husband wasn't the best at handing over the wages each week, so she always found it tough to make ends meet. She had a big family, and like many others at the time, used the pawnbrokers to help her out. Her husband had one good suit and one good shirt, so each Monday, unknown to him, she'd bring them around to the pawnbroker on Sullivan's Quay, get the few bob for the week and redeem them on the Friday. One particular week, her husband needed the shirt for a funeral, so off she rushed to get the shirt back; but found it covered in dust from the pawnbroker's shelf. She had to wash it before the husband got home and tried to dry it with the iron. She only half succeeded in this and the shirt was still damp as he put it on. He didn't seem to notice and off he went to the funeral. It was a very hot day and all the men walked to the graveyard. The women went by car and as they arrived at the graveyard, their eyes were drawn to one of the men standing at the gate. He was there in his shirtsleeves and all they could see was the steam rising from his back as the sun dried the shirt.

It brought a few laughs from the women, including Agnes, who never did tell her husband where the shirt had been. The iron was also in and out of the pawnshop on a regular basis, and the man working there often joked with her that she'd be the cause of the pawnbrokers going up in flames. As she often brought the iron back to the premises still roasting hot, she'd say: 'Era boy, ye're safe enough, sure the fire station is only next door.'

-BY VERONICA McCARTHY



Cove Street, Cork, sometime in the 1940s. Veronica McCarthy lived in the first house on the right of picture.  
Photo: Courtesy of Veronica McCarthy

# FOLKLORE MISCELLANY

## OUT IN THE COUNTY

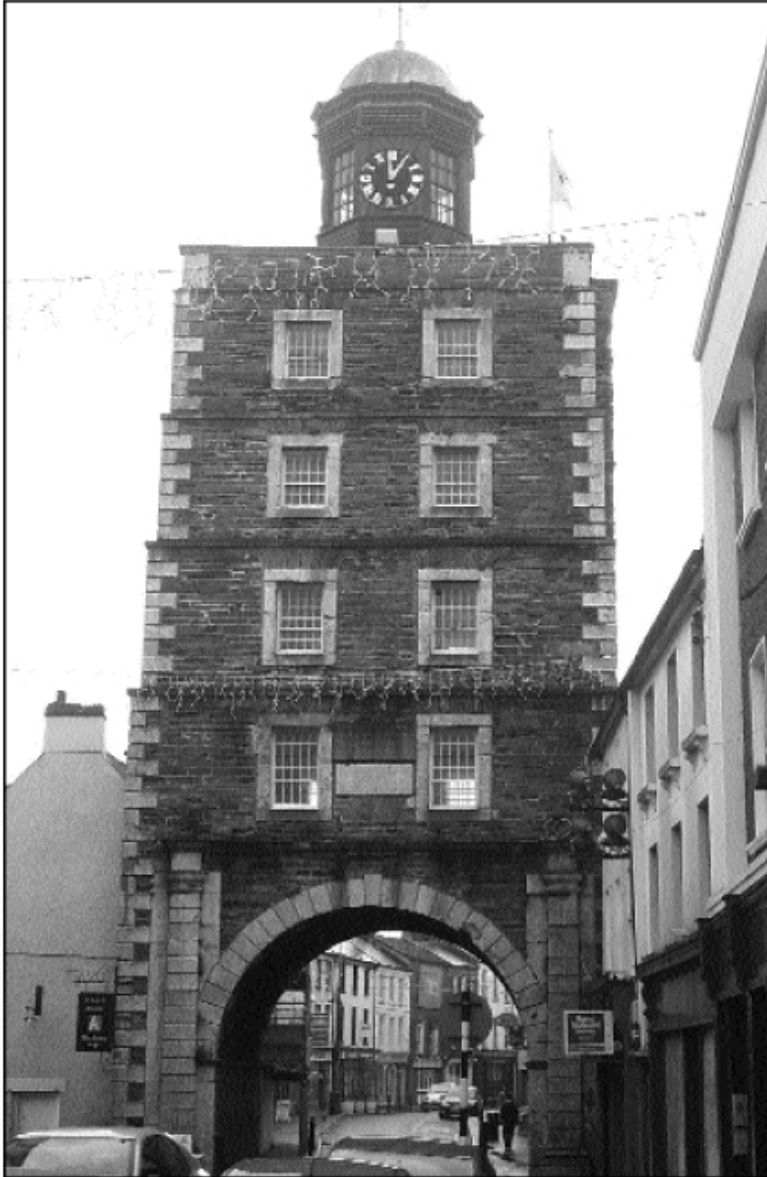
### Youghal History

While growing up in Cork city, summer trips to Youghal beach were always looked forward to, during long school-free days. For me, Youghal meant only two things: the beach and Perks' funfair. As I sat on the beach, picking the sand out of my flattened ham sandwiches, little did I know back then, that I would one day come to reside with my husband and children in this seaside town. In 1998, when I first came to live here in the dead of winter, I was amazed at the huge residential areas, parks, shops, schools and restaurants, which had already existed - beyond my childhood boundaries. I was blissfully unaware of the wealth of history in Youghal, which resided in the bricks, footpaths and churches that I passed by, on a daily basis. Alongside my family, I have two great loves in my life: the theatre and history.

So, it was with great enthusiasm, that I became part of a new group, The Youghal Historical Players whose aim was, to uncover Youghal's hidden history, through the medium of theatre. The Youghal Historical Players portrayed the lives of some local people of notoriety. It explored the lives of Florence Newton, an old woman who was tortured and put to death on suspicion of witchcraft and also featured the life of Katherine, the Countess of Desmond, who, legend has it, lived to the grand old age of 140!

One of the most famous residents was Sir Walter Raleigh; circa 1552, was Mayor of Youghal 1588-1589 and also responsible for introducing the potato and tobacco to Ireland, via Youghal. Because of its great port, Youghal had by then, become a bustling town since the mid 1400s. It has also been witness to many changes throughout its history. The Vikings raided and settled there during the 8th century, only to be subject to upheaval by the Normans in the 12th century. In the early 13th century, British settlers began to move across to Youghal. By 1616, Sir Richard Boyle, (c1566-1643, the first Earl of Cork) cemented English occupation with his successful luring of the English to Youghal.

Boyle, also industrialized Youghal in the 17th century, by exporting pipe staves, wool and cattle. Not forgetting the English settlers, Boyle imported goods such as; wine, cloth, tobacco and luxury items into Youghal. Unfortunately, Youghal has a darker side too. The beautiful landmark of the Clock Tower (1777) formerly known as the Trinity Gate, was used to publicly hang (among others) some members of the United Irishmen, from its windows in the late 18th century. The notorious Clock Gate had a further storey added and this grim building was used as a torture chamber and gallows until 1837.



The Clock Tower, a well-known landmark in the town centre was used to publicly hang criminals during the late 18th century. Photo: Ruth Hayes

and gallows until 1837. Youghal was hit fiercely by the famine in the mid 1800s and suffered consequently from emigration. The military garrison in Youghal moved to Fermoy which was another economic blow to the town. However, by 1860, the tourist industry began to flourish, with the introduction of the rail link from Cork city to Youghal.

In recent years the town has dedicated one week in September, to celebrate its amazing history. 'Youghal Celebrates History' is the perfect opportunity for visitors and locals alike, to explore the rich tapestry of historical buildings and events on offer. Such buildings include Tyntes Castle, from the 15th century (the only castle in Europe to reside within town walls). St Mary's Collegiate Church, is also one of the few remaining places of worship, built in 1220, where one can see the monument and tomb of Sir Richard Boyle.

Though I will always consider myself a 'blow in' to Youghal, I have nonetheless made it my home. Walking around the town

today, I feel a heightened sense of awareness, about the heart and history of this wonderful place. Youghal, to me, is not just about the beach and Perks' anymore! It is an industry, a survivor, it is indeed my home.

Information provided by Youghal Urban District Council – History Page. [www.youghal.ie/history.html](http://www.youghal.ie/history.html)

The Plays: The Trial of Florence Newton, Witch of Youghal, and Katherine - Countess of Desmond, were both written by Dr. Kieran Groeger.

- BY RUTH HAYES



# CORK CITY & COUNTY ARCHIVES

BY BRIAN MCGEE (City Archivist)

The Cork City & County Archive, designated repository for the archives of Cork City Council, Cork County Council and various other local authorities in the County, has relocated to the Blackpool area from its former site in the city centre. It also holds archives of many defunct bodies such as the Poor Law Unions, Rural District Councils and the ancient



Merchants Quay 1870 - 1890  
Photo: Courtesy of Cork City & County Archives

visual records and electronic records. The main function undertaken by Cork City & County Archives is preservation of local archives gifted or loaned to the city and county. Most of our holdings date from the 19th and 20th centuries, with some materials dating from pre-1800.

The chief categories of archives held include:

Corporation of Youghal. Brian McGee, City Archivist, offers more information on their very important work.

In 2006, the Cork City & County Archives moved to a new building in Blackpool, Cork City. The building is the first stand alone purpose built Archives in the history of the State. A state of the art facility, it meets the most modern standards for the storage and research of archives. Formerly known as 'Cork Archives Institute', it was established in 1971 to safeguard Cork's archival heritage. The Archives collects, preserves and makes available to researchers materials relating to all aspects of the history of Cork City and County. The archives come in many forms, for example, letters and correspondence, manuscripts, diaries, files, minutes of meetings, reports, legal documents, photographs, maps, plans and drawings, posters, account books, audio-

Local Government Archive; Business Archives including, Cork Butter Market, R & H Hall Merchants; Personal Papers including those of Denny Lane and Terence MacSwiney; Landed Estate Archives and Solicitors Papers including from the Earl of Bandon Estate; Trade Union Archives & Archives of Clubs and Societies, including the Cork Sick Poor, Cork Workers' Council; and archives relating to religious institutions.

## Donation of Archives

Cork City & County Archives is actively involved in preventing the destruction of historically important archives. Archives are not necessarily ancient documents, as important records are being created all the time. We are always pleased to hear from individuals or organisations that wish to deposit archives or who may have information about any documents which relate to the history of Cork City and County.

## Reading Facilities:

A modern reading room is provided where archives can be consulted under the proper conditions. Special arrangements can be made for school and group visits.

## Reading Room Opening Hours:

Tuesday – Friday  
10.00 a.m. – 1.00 p.m.  
2.30 p.m. – 5.00 p.m.  
(Times may be subject to change)

## Contact Details:

Cork City & County Archives,  
Great William O'Brien Street,  
Blackpool, Cork, Ireland.

Guthán/Tel. +353 (021) 4505886

Faics/Fax +353 (021) 4505887

R-Phost/Email : [archivist@corkcity.ie](mailto:archivist@corkcity.ie)

Líonra/Web: [www.corkarchives.ie](http://www.corkarchives.ie)

**OPERA HOUSE**  
CORK. Manager - Mr. FRANK J. FITZ

**MONDAY, 10th February, 1913**  
For Six Nights, at 8 o'clock, and MATINEE - Wednesday, February 13th, and Saturday, February 15th, at 2 p.m.

**F. R. BENSON**  
SHAKESPEAREAN CO.  
(Under the Direction of Mr. HENRY HERBERT.)

Charles Warburton John Caban Domeno Yarrow Andrew Leigh Maori O'Rourke Morison Strachan	E. Pender Woodman David Parkhouse Edmond Bailey A. R. Wickham Frank Freeman P. Woodcock Deane	Lilian Laurence Elizabeth Mullins Suzie Vanderson Marion Davis Daggy O'Neil James Madge H. Truitt
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HENRY HERBERT and GLADYS VANDERSON.

MONDAY, February 10th, at 8 o'clock.	<b>OTHELLO</b>
TUESDAY, February 11th, at 8 o'clock.	<b>TWELFTH NIGHT</b>
WEDNESDAY, February 12th, Matinee at 2.	<b>JULIUS CÆSAR</b>
THURSDAY EVE., February 13th, at 8 o'clock.	<b>THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR</b>
FRIDAY, February 14th, at 8 o'clock.	<b>IF I WERE KING</b> <small>(With Musical Numbers)</small>
SATURDAY, February 15th, Matinee at 2.	<b>AS YOU LIKE IT</b>
SUNDAY EVE., February 16th, at 8 o'clock.	<b>HAMLET</b>

Prices of Admission this Week: PRIVATE BOXES 10/6 to 50/-

BALCONY 3/-	ORCHESTRA STALLS 2/6	SECOND CHOLE 1/6	PIST STALLS 1/-
			PIST. 6d
			GALLERY 4d

Admission is not to be given to children or to those who are unable to pay for themselves. The House is not to be used for any other purpose than that of an Opera House. The House is not to be used for any other purpose than that of an Opera House. The House is not to be used for any other purpose than that of an Opera House.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Archive welcomes correspondence from our readers. You may have a memory or idea you wish to share or might like to comment on something in the magazine. Letters may be edited.

Dear Editor,

MANY thanks for collecting the full issues of The Archive magazine for me. I can assure you that my students will find them a wonderful resource for history projects. I really enjoyed reading the material and look forward to receiving future publications. Congratulations to you and all the contributors to this excellent work. Thank you,

Nuala Buckley  
North Presentation Secondary School  
Farranree  
Cork

Dear Editor,

I have just come across this site and I wondered if you can buy copies of The Archive. I was born in Blarney Street and I am the youngest of seven. My older brothers worked in the Cork Milling Company and my sister in the Lee Hosiery.

Regards,  
Paul Ryan  
Birmingham  
England

There has never been a charge for copies of The Archive journal. However, in the very near future, if you require back issues 1 through 10, then you will be glad to hear that we are currently updating our website: <http://www.ucc.ie/research/nfp> - where you will have access to all our journals to date, along with information regarding the Northside Folklore Project and its activities in the Cork area. Editor.



Two NFP researchers, Noel O'Shaughnessy and Breda Sheehan, paid a visit to Farranree (Boys) Primary school during August 2006. This visit took place during the Literacy Group/Playscheme week. They talked about the history of The Northside Folklore Project over the previous ten years. The talk concluded with stories about street games and the film Sunbeam made by Frameworks Films in conjunction with the Northside Folklore Project was shown.

Above: Pupils of Scoil Iosagáin (Boys Primary School - Farranree, Cork)  
Photo:Maureen O'Keefe



Do you recognise anyone in the photos (Above & below) developed from negatives uncovered in the old Sunbeam factory?



## The Northside Folklore Project

### Sunbeam Mystery Photos

The Northside Folklore Project has recently begun looking through 372 'mystery' photo negatives given to us from the old Sunbeam factory. The two photos above are samples of this collection. We are asking for your help to identify these images—do you know any of these people, or where and when these pictures were taken? Any clues or information will be greatly appreciated. We need as much information as possible to catalogue these photos correctly in our permanent archive, making an interesting new addition to our growing collection on the Sunbeam and the textile industry of the Northside. We would love to hear from you! Please contact us at:

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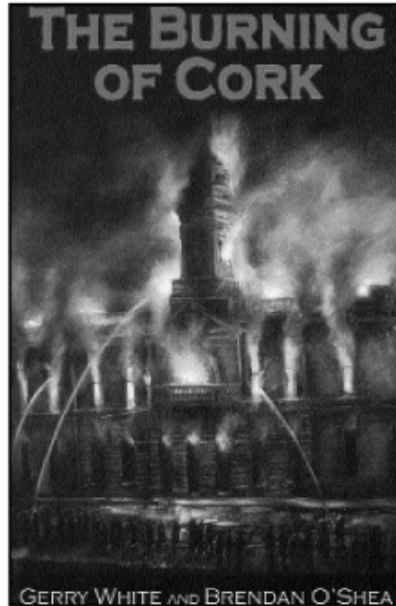
# BOOK REVIEWS

## Supernatural Isle of Man

By Jenny Randles, Publisher, Robert Hale Ltd London, Price: £9.99 sterling. The Supernatural Isle of Man is a great insight into the island. Not only is it a tour guide around the island, it also gives insight to the myth and folklore surrounding the island, some of which involves Ireland. A story of Finn MacCool, engaged in a battle against a rival Scottish giant. Finn tears up a mass of rock and throws it at the giant, missing him, but the rock falls short into the midst of the ocean; creating the Isle of Man. There is a lot of other quirky folkloric stories like this one, such as: Mermaids, Moddey dhoo (the Manx equivalent of a black dog who can supernaturally walk through walls) Tarroo-ushtey (possessed supernatural demon bull) and many more stories of this origin. This book really takes you to the island, which has great history and many tourist points. It is a very good read. -By Maureen O'Keeffe.

The Burning of Cork By Gerry White and Brendan O'Shea, Mercier Press, Price €14.99

The Burning of Cork focuses on the Irish War of Independence through the most crucial years, from 1918-1920 by which time the Irish Volunteers had effectively defeated the Royal Irish Constabulary. Sustained attacks by the Irish Volunteers on RIC barracks, particularly in more isolated areas, forced a large number of policemen to resign. In an effort to wipe out the Irish Volunteers and put an end to their guerrilla warfare, the British Government took a hard line stance and recruited a mercenary army from Britain to quell the troubles in Ireland. As the War of Independence intensified, so too did the horrific reprisals visited on the population of Cork by the infamous Black and Tans and ominous Auxiliary forces. The Burning of Cork is highly readable and a fascinating insight into the role played by Cork men and women in the fight for Irish Independence. Drawing as it does on a wide range of material such as official documents and eyewitness accounts, it objectively charts the background events that ultimately led to Cork city becoming a burning inferno in December 1920. - By Breda Sheehan.



The Outsiders - Exposing the Secretive World of Ireland's Travellers By Eamonn Dillon, Merlin Publishing, Price €12.99

This book is an intriguing investigation by Eamonn Dillon, a journalist with The Sunday World newspaper, of the traditions, hidden crime and prejudice of the travelling world today. It gives insights into the travelling communities within Ireland and the Irish-American travellers who have clung to the old traditions: the feuds within communities, the Rathkeale millionaire traveller-traders who, through years of experience knew an antique when they saw one and the no-mercy, bare-knuckle fights that kept onlookers to a minimum. The Outsiders also gives insights into the story behind the Pádraig McNally and John 'Frog' Ward case, along with similar cases of recent years. The book ventures into a world of murderous feuds between gangs of travellers and how they can sometimes claim the lives of those who are innocent to these feuds. As Eamonn Dillon explains 'The book is an attempt to put into context the divide that exists between travellers and 'country people,' the term used by travellers to describe non-travellers. This book singles out some of the individuals whose actions and the way they do business has informed the wider society's negative view of the traveller community. The travellers who feature in this book are by no means responsible for the negative

image of their community.' This book is a must read. When the knowledge is put out there of family loyalty and traditions and the generations of traveller-on-traveller crime, the question must be asked 'What would one do in their shoes?' -By Nano Nagle

Serving a City -The Story of Cork's English Market By Diarmuid Ó Drisceoil & Donal Ó Drisceoil, The Collins Press, Price: €27.99

The authors of this book, through words, photographs and illustrations, have managed to depict the very essence of a market, which for many Corkonians is an old and trusted friend. Considering the fact that Cork's English Market has survived war and famine as well as fire and economic depression, it is only right and fitting that in these years of boom and wealth, a book of this quality and meticulous detail should have been written. Not only is this book a wonderful tribute to the market itself, but it also acts as an easily read history of the development of Cork City over the centuries. It rightly records the English Market as being the social hub of the city, where friends and neighbours meet to shoot the breeze, while being catered for by stallholders whose greatest assets are their friendliness and personalised touch in matters of trade and discourse. This book is a kaleidoscope of colour, informing the reader of the market's history and architecture while warmly introducing us to the stallholders and customers, all with stories to tell and the best produce to buy and sell. This reviewer found the chapter on women traders between 1830-1925 both comical and illuminating, but I will leave that to future readers of this superb book to find out about. Truly a remarkable book, which gives the reader a loving and more appreciative insight into all aspects pertaining to the uniqueness of The English Market. It may be of some interest to the reader, that some years ago The English Market was voted to be the fourth best indoor market in the entire world. I am sure that some Corkonians may take issue with such a rating. Since all of Cork knows that our market is number one!

- By Shane David Walsh

# THE URBAN LANDSCAPE



Seamus Murphy (1907-1975)

Situated in the Northside Community Enterprises building on the Sunbeam Industrial Estate, is a little seen Seamus Murphy sculpture. The limestone panel of two ladies spinning and weaving is approximately 6ft by 2ft in dimension (198cm x 60cm) and set into the wall of what we are told was William Dwyer's Sunbeam office. Seamus Murphy was a northsider; although born in Mallow, he lived on Wellington Road and worked in Blackpool for most of his life. The Spinning Wheel sculpture was commissioned for the Worsted Mills in Midleton by the Dwyer family, who then moved it to the Sunbeam in Blackpool when they set up the mill there. The Dwyers also commissioned Seamus Murphy to design the Blackpool church. We hope that someday this beautiful work of one of Ireland's most acclaimed sculptors will be moved to a location where it can be enjoyed by everyone in Cork. Thanks to Fawn Allen for research and photo.



## The Northside Folklore Project

Northside Community  
Enterprises Ltd

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### DISCLAIMER

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