

THE



# Archive

ISSN 1649-2943  
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JOURNAL OF THE NORTHSIDE FOLKLORE PROJECT

ISSUE 12

Uimhir a Do Dhéag

# THE Archive

## THE ARCHIVE ISSUE 12

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Printed by Aleo print & design - www.aleoprint.com 2008

**Front Cover Photo:** Aerial view of St Finbarr's College, Farranferris, Cork - (Courtesy of St Finbarr's College)

### Project Manager's Note

In June '07 the Northside Folklore Project offices moved from the grounds of the Sunbeam to the beautiful building featured on the front and inside cover, St. Finbarr's College (also known as Farranferris Seminary). We must thank **Northside Community Enterprises** for our cosy new home perched high on the Northside and for their ongoing support of our work. Remember, we are a community resource: ring us, write us, email us or come visit and check out our wonderful view!

We hope you enjoy this latest issue of *The Archive* and the diversity of subjects covered, as well as the array of photographs, old and new. We are once again indebted to all of our contributors, from within the project and from the wider community.

Last but not least,

**Thanks to the UCC Dept of Folklore & Ethnology and Cork City Council for their financial support, making this publication possible.**

## PHOTOGRAPH & STORY



Eastern view of Farranferris College, Cork  
Photo: Courtesy of St Finbarr's College, Farranferris

### Farranferris Seminary 1887-2006 - the end of an era

Farranferris College closed its doors as the diocesan seminary and boys' secondary school in June 2006. For Cork city and county, it brought the curtain down on 119 years of service to the area. The legacy it has left is very significant. Indeed, it will only be assessed accurately with the passage of time.

Work started on the building of Farranferris College on the present site in September 1884. The fact that it was built with the finest brickwork, pitch-pine and construction materials was a harbinger of its future greatness. Students entered with the idea of priestly formation. An excellent education in the classics, the arts and mathematics was guaranteed from the early days. The college was opened in 1887.

As the diocesan seminary for the see of Cork and Ross, it was a place where vocations were nurtured and developed. Farranferris educated our bishops and priests. Farranferris has its famous past pupils. Bishop John Buckley and the late Bishop Michael Murphy together with the late professors Aloys Fleischmann and Sean O'Riada passed through its doors. On the sporting field, there were notable victories including winning the Dr Harty Cup and All Ireland colleges hurling championship several times. 'Farna folklore' contains many a story associated with those sporting moments. Memoirs of these exploits are enshrined in literature. College presidents lent full support to the fine tradition of preserving the Irish language and culture in Farranferris.

*Colaiste Bharra, Fearann Phiarais* was more than a happy and stimulating place to go to school. The college provided a spiritual and social network to the people of Cork. People came to Farranferris for that support. There was a sincere welcome for all who came up the 'avenue' to visit. Its closure signalled the end of an era for the city. Farranferris educated and prepared for life, generations of Cork boys. Their valuable contribution in all walks of life thereafter attests to the great work done over the years by all who went to make up the Farranferris community.

**BY GERALDINE HEALY**



# CHARLIE HURLEY

## SOCCER HERO

BY LIAM Ó h-UIGÍN

CHARLIE Hurley was born in Cork in October, 1936 in Devonshire Avenue, near the Mercy Hospital. His grandfather Daniel married Julia Cullinane from Crosses Green. They lived at 4, Devonshire Avenue (now demolished) which ran from Henry Street to Peter Street. Daniel had four children: two boys Charlie and Patrick (Charlie's father) and two girls, Mary and Eileen. He married Christina (Dina) Creedon. They lived near the Common's Road, Blackpool for a short while, before securing a house at 10, Devonshire Avenue, a few doors away from the grandparents' family home. They had seven children. When Charlie was just seven months old his parents took the family to England where Patrick (Charlie's father) secured employment in Ford's Foundry in Dagenham, England.

Charlie honed his budding soccer skills while growing up in the East End of London and playing with local side Rainham Youths. He came to the attention of Millwall FC. He signed for them in 1953 when he was just 17 years old, and went on to play 105 games for the club until his transfer to Sunderland FC in 1957. The transfer fee was £20,000 sterling, which was considered the bargain of the decade at that time. At Sunderland, he played a total of 400 games. During those years the going rate of pay for professional footballers was £10 sterling per week. In a career spanning 17 years, Charlie Hurley was capped for Ireland on



First communion photograph of Charlie Hurley & his sister Sheila  
Photo: Courtesy of Liam Ó h-Uigín

40 occasions. His first cap came in a game against England, while he was at Millwall FC. His final international cap was awarded to him while at Bolton Wanderers. In the years between, the rest of his caps were earned while he was with Sunderland FC, giving him the honour of being the club's most capped player in their history.

He was captain of the Irish team on 21 occasions and scored twice in the green jersey. His final three international matches saw him act as coach to the Irish team. Arguably, Charlie Hurley's finest game for his country must have been Ireland v England in 1957 at Dalymount Park, Dublin. It was a World Cup qualifier and he *blotted out* the great Tommy Taylor (England's centre forward) who was a prolific goal scorer in those days. Unfortunately for Ireland, England scored an equalizer in the dying seconds to draw the game. Charlie was the toast of Ford's foundry, for a month afterwards, especially among the Irish

workers. During his retirement years, he became the first recipient of the Irish International Hall of Fame Award when honoured at the FAI Banquet in 1989.

Charlie Hurley still has relatives living in Cork and he came to watch his beloved Sunderland play a friendly against Cork City FC at Turner's Cross during 2007.



Charlie Hurley (fifth from left) lining out for Ireland's international soccer team against England at Dalymount Park in 1957  
Photo: Courtesy of Liam Ó h-Uigín



# BLACKPOOL'S ROARING BRIDGE

BY BREDA SHEEHAN

*Was the Roaring Bridge (1799) located at the junction of the Watercourse Road/ O'Connell Street or Blackpool Bridge? Following extensive and meticulous research, Breda Sheehan at The North-side Folklore Project believes she may have found the precise location of Blackpool's Roaring Bridge and in this article she conveys her findings to a wider audience.*

A PAINTING of the *Roaring Bridge* (Cork Public Museum) gives a vivid picture of Blackpool at the end of the eighteenth century. At that time, the marshland in Great William O' Brien Street had been reclaimed, and part of the Bride and Glen rivers that converged in Blackpool, had been culverted and channelled, in part, underground. Bridges that spanned the Bride/Kiln and Glen Rivers in the last decades of the eighteenth century as they made their journeys through Blackpool and the Watercourse, included Blackpool Bridge (Wherland's Lane), Tanto Bridge (Corkeran's Quay / Great William O'Brien Street) Watermill Bridge (Watercourse Road / O'Connell Street) and Lady's Well Bridge (later St John's Bridge).

The first recorded reference to Blackpool by name was in 1734, when the Corporation opened a guardhouse in the area to prevent rioting against the Corporation. At that time, the textile industry was a major source of employment in Blackpool and the surrounding areas. Textile manufacturers generally outsourced their yarn to be woven by thousands of weavers in their own homes. Periodic downturns in the textile trade from the mid-eighteenth century, meant that many local weavers found themselves out of work. Desperate weavers, ambushed carts, bringing cheaper imported cloth from Dublin and elsewhere, into the city. Merchants attempting to sell the imported cloth had their premises attacked. Employers worked together with the Corporation to break up such combinations, and those who incited their fellow workers to strike for better wages, were severely dealt with.

In 1769 the whipping of Richard Bradshaw (broad cloth weaver) from the North Gaol to the lower end of Blackpool, had the desired effect, when his fellow workers returned to their work soon afterwards. Faction fighting (a form of community rivalry) was also of great concern to the authorities. *The Hibernian Chronicle* (1769) described one such encounter between the residents of Blackpool and Fair Lane as a battle similar to that of the 'Cherokee Indians'. Such encounters usually took place at festival

time or on Sundays and often resulted in fatalities. Whereas newspapers are an invaluable source of information, they focused primarily on the criminal aspect of social life, therefore, ballads provide a more important insight into the social lives of the working class population. Of the numerous ballads written about that era, perhaps the most important is Millikin's famous 'De Groves of de Pool.' It describes the joyous reception given to the Cork City Militia on their return to Blackpool following the 1798 rebellion. It also refers to local industries and portrays the people of Blackpool as a close-knit community.

*When de regiment marched into de Commons  
'Twould do your heart good for to see;  
You'd tink not a man nor a woman  
Was left in Cork's famous city.  
De Boys dey came flocking around us  
Not a hat nor wig stuck to a skull,  
To compliment dose Irish heroes  
Returned to de groves of de Pool.*

*Come all you young youths of dis nation,  
Come fill up a bumper all round;  
Drink success to Blackpool navigation,  
And may it wid plenty be crowned.  
Here's success to the jolly hoop-coilers;  
Likewise to de shuttle and de spool;  
To de tanners, and worthy glue-boilers,  
Dat lives in de groves of de Pool.*

Dr De La Cour painted a less flattering but nonetheless humorous picture about Blackpool of that time:

*Oh the very first day that I came to Blackpool  
I stared and I gaped and I gazed like a fool  
For the butchers and the baiters were baiting a bull  
On the very first day I came to Blackpool*

*There were tan-  
ners and skin-  
ners and  
dressers of  
leather  
And curriers  
and combers  
and dyers to-  
gether  
Oh the devil  
himself never  
saw such a  
school  
As I did the first  
day I came to  
Blackpool*



Cork's Roaring Bridge Blackpool Cork 1799  
Mounted yeomanry enforcing General Laker's curfew hours  
Painting: Courtesy of Cork Public Museum (artist unknown)

A visitor to Blackpool in the first half of the nineteenth century described the inhabitants as, 'a hard



working vivacious race, attached to old usages and habits of thinking and acting'. Not all comments were as favourable. When John Wesley (founder of Methodism) preached in Blackpool in 1769 it would appear that the local population did not take too kindly to him. He later noted in his diary that Blackpool was 'famous from time immemorial, for all forms of wickedness, particularly (sic) for riot'. However, it has to be remembered in the mid-eighteenth century Blackpool in its skeletal form, bore no resemblance to that of contemporary times. The area north from O'Connell Street to the present Blackpool Bridge was still cut off from the city proper. It consisted largely of marshland, an area where elm trees thrived (the Groves of the Pool). Two important factors contributed to the development and industrialisation of the area from the mid-eighteenth century onwards. Firstly, the northern bound trade route to and from the city encompassed what are now Thomas Davis Street, Great William O'Brien Street, Gerald Griffin Street and Shandon Street. Secondly, the Bride, Kiln and Glen rivers that flowed through the area, provided an important source of motive power for a large number of industries that sprung up along its banks, particularly in the latter half of the eighteenth century. By 1787 industrial activity in Blackpool included: distilling, milling, tanning, carpet, glue and textile manufacturing.

In 1750 Charles Smith noted, that the southern suburbs were not as large or prosperous, as the northern suburbs, where much of the trade was located. Smith states that the houses were 'thronged with children' and regardless of their tough circumstances and 'coarse diet' and the hard work of their parents, they were stronger and healthier than children more 'tenderly reared.' From the mid-eighteenth century onwards, the northern suburbs extended rapidly. Rocque's map (1759) is limited, in that it only shows development in the northern suburbs as far as O'Connell Street on the east, and Peacock Lane (Gerald Griffin Avenue) on the west. Beauford's map (1801) is much more detailed, in that it shows extensive development had taken place as far as Blackpool Bridge. The map also shows development on the east side of Thomas Davis Street, as far as the junction of Spring Lane, the west side of the street was at that time still undeveloped. As the northern suburbs expanded, the old guard house that had formed a gateway to the city proper, was no longer adequate.

In 1769 the Corporation decided to build a new guardhouse, and expand their market facilities in Blackpool, on land granted to the Corporation by Richard Brocklesby Esquire (Dr of Physic). The land in question consisted of a number of sites including: one for an open market place (Maddens Buildings), and another site north of Watermill Bridge (O'Connell Street) for the erection of a guardhouse. Two other sites were completely covered by water. Excluding the former site, it would appear that the other three sites granted to the corporation were located in the area adjacent to the present Blackpool Bridge. It is highly probable, that at that time,

the rivers that converged in Blackpool were still untamed, making the whole area inaccessible. It would seem, that Wherland's Lane (located just north of the present Blackpool Bridge bordering Thomas Davis Street on the east and the Commons Road on the west) provided a less direct route, to and from the city centre. According to local tradition (Long, 1980) the Black-Pool (which the area derived its name from) was located in Hatton's Alley. However, Beauford's map, places the Black-Pool in Wherland's Lane, a site identified in a sketch by W. Roe (1838) as that of the original Blackpool Bridge. It is highly probable that the rerouting of the rivers, redirecting it in part, underground, allowed for a new bridge to be constructed in Blackpool, thus opening up a more direct route to the city. Fitzgerald (1895) places the guardhouse and Roaring Bridge (in the painting) at the site of the former Watermill Bridge.

However, C. J. O'Herlihy (1958), a former teacher in Blackpool National School, places the guardhouse and Roaring Bridge, at the site of the present Blackpool Bridge (now the site of the Church of the Annunciation). Whilst the guardhouse has long since disappeared, the structure of Blackpool Bridge has changed little in over one hundred and fifty years, as can be seen by the photograph (left) taken during the widening of Thomas Davis Street, in 1953. Visible also in the painting, are both Blackpool and Tanto Bridges. A visitor to Blackpool in 1846 noted that, 'The locality of the river here gives the name of Watercourse to the busiest outlet of the city, the principal seat of its tanneries and distilleries. At the open end of this well frequented way, the water is open. A police station adjoins and an antique narrow bridge impassable for horse or carriage, bearing the odd name of Tanto Bridge, leads over into the umbrageous haunt of the muses, the classical 'Groves of de Pool'. The terrace of three-storey houses located in York Row (later the Chapel Flags) on the west side of the river, are visible in both the painting and the photograph. The three-storey houses depicted in the painting are reminiscent of that era and still survive in Blackpool, in the area adjacent to the bridge and Great William O'Brien Street.



Road widening at Blackpool Bridge, Cork, 1953 site of the Roaring Bridge  
Photo: Courtesy of The Irish Examiner Ref. 932E

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# Maidin Luain Chincíse

*Amhrán Chorcaíoch i nGaeltacht na nDéise.*

*Ciarán Ó Gealbháin is a post graduate folklore student who lectures in the Department of Folklore & Ethnology UCC.*

**Synopsis:** There are many songs in the Déise repertoire that record and recall historical events. We have quite a number of songs which speak of the pikemen of 1798, for instance, and the efforts of the United Irishmen at that time. Maidin Luain Chincíse is one of these songs, written by the great Cork poet Michéal Óg Ó Longáin. As is often the case, however, within the tradition, this song underwent quite a transformation in oral transmission: Ó Longáin himself penned no more than four quatrains in his original composition 'Beir litir uaim don Mhumhain leat' and did not, in fact, compose the verse from which the widely accepted title of the song is now taken. The song itself speaks of the great struggle for freedom and equality that took place in 1798. The men of Connaught and of Ulster are highly praised while the fact that a greater effort was not made by the Munstermen at that time is much lamented.

MICHÉAL Óg Ó Longáin a chum an t-amhrán áirithe seo' 'the most prolific of the later scribes' mar a thug Robin Flower air. Tá sé ráite, leis, ach ní thagaim féin leis an tuairim, gurbh é, leis, a chum *Sliabh na mBan*. I mBéal Átha Maighir, Carraig

na bhFear, Co Chorcaí a rugadh é<sup>2</sup>. Do mhúin ceird an scríobhaí dho féin agus scór de bhlianta slánaithe aige. Ghlac se páirt sna hÉireannaigh Aontaithe sa bhliain 1797 agus bhí ag earcú dóibh agus ag iompar teachtaireachtaí rúin. Deirtear go raibh leathchéad fear faoina cheannas i gCarraig na bhFear. Sceitheadh air, de réir dealraimh, sa bhliain 1799 agus b'éigean do a bheith ar a theitheadh in oirthuaisceart Chiarraí agus in iarthar Luimní. D'fhill sé ar Charraig na bhFear sa mbliain 1807, agus ó 1809 go 1815, bhí se ina mhúinteoir scoile ann. Bhog sé go Cathair Chorcaí ansan mar a fuair sé post eile ag múinteoireacht go dtí an bhliain 1820. As san go deireadh a shaoil, bhí sé siar is aniar go Carraig na bhFear, a cheantar dúchais, agus is ann a d'éag sé sa bhliain 1837. Tá sé curtha sa Teampall Geal. Níor éirigh sé riamh as an bpeannaireacht agus d'fhág sé 150 lámhscríbhinn ina dhiaidh. Deirtear gurbh é an t-éinne amháin é de na scríobhaithe an t-am san a bhí in ann maireachtáil ar a chuid scríobhnóireachta.

Maidir le *Maidin Luain Chincíse*, amhrán is-ea é a chuireann síos ar imeachtaí na bliana 1798. Is gnáth go dtagann athraithe ar an seanchas agus é ag dul ó bhéal go béal agus ó ghlúin go glúin. Sé

## LE CIARÁN Ó GEALBHÁIN

an dála céanna ag na hamhráintí é. Buaileann gach éinne a séala nó a stampa féin ar an amhrán sa tslí is nach mar a chéile a déarfáidh aon bheirt an stéibh chéanna. Go minic cuirtear leis nó baintear de agus is minic focail nó abairtí á sníomh isteach ná raibh ann ag an údar lá na ceapadóireachta. Is mar sin a tharla i gcás *Maid-ean Luain Chincíse* [sic] agus ba é an clochlú as cuimse a tháinig ar an amhrán seo i gcaitheamh na haimsire ó chéad chuireadh ar pháir é ab abhar don alt fíor-shuimiúil ina thaobh ag Nessa Ní Shéaghdha in *Éigse* an bliana 1939. Ceithre bhéarsa ar fad a bhí ag an Longánach féin ann agus gan trácht ar bith aige ar 'maidin Luain Chincíse'. Cuireann Ní Shéaghdha faoin ár mbráid, agus lámhscríbhinn ó lámh an Longánaigh féin mar fhianaise aici, gur chuireadh chomh mór san leis an amhrán i gcaitheamh na mblianta go bhfuair sé a theideal ón gcéad líne den mbreis a chuireadh leis

sa tslí is gur bheag aithne atá anois air mar 'Beir litir uaim don Mhumhain leat' mar a bhí sa gcéad líne ag an Longánach féin. Ní heol dom gur bhaist sé aon ainm eile air.

Is beag duine i nGaeltacht na nDéise anois go bhfuil an t-amhrán so, nó aon chuid de, aige nó aici sa lá atá inniu ann. Braithim go raibh an t-ádh liom a bheith in iúl ar an amhrán a phlé le beirt amhránaithe a bhfuil cur amach ana-mhaith acu ar



Leac cuimhneacháin 1798, páircín an bhaile, Dún Garbhán – ceann de dhá leac a bhaineann le '98 i gCo. Phort Láirge. Chítear 'an Chois' agus Ceann Heilbhic i nGaeltacht na nDéise sa chútra.  
Photo: Ciarán Ó Gealbháin

stór amhrán na nDéise. Labhras le Seamus Ó Cobhthaigh mar gheall air. Is ó Ré na dTeampán, Sliabh gCua do Sheamus ó dhúchas ach tá sé ag cur faoi le blianta fada anois sa Sean Phobal i nGaeltacht na nDéise. Ag caint do ar an amhrán so, deir sé go bhfuair sé a bhfuil aige de ón bhfile agus scoláire Gaelainne, Pádraig Ó Milléadha. Bhí ranganna Gaelainne curtha ar bun ag Ó Milléadha agus amhráintí á múineadh aige mar chuid den rang aige. Labhras, chomh maith, le hEibhlín Bean Uí Dhonnchadha mar gheall air, mar gur chuimhin liom í á rá ag fás aníos dom, féachaint cá bhfuair sí sin é. Dúirt sí liom gur chuala sí céad uair ag Peats Cuirín é, athair an údair cháiliúil Seán Ó Cuirín, an fear a d'aistigh go máistriúil *Dracula* Bram Stoker go Gaelainn na nDéise. Tá teacht ar an leagan seo na Rinne den amhrán sa chnuasach tábhachtach san d'amhráintí na nDéise ag sean Nioclás Tóibín *Duanaire Déiseach*, 1978.

1. Mo bhuíochas leis an Dr. Seán Ó Duinnshléibhe agus leis an Dr. Proinsias Ó Drisceoil as eolas breise a chur faoi mo bhráid i dtaobh an amhrán seo.
2. Feic Beathaisnéis VI.



## MATCHMAKING - CORK STYLE

MATCHMAKING in Ireland was a familiar concept until recent decades, particularly in rural areas. To help create a picture of the matchmaking scenes of old, I spoke with Daniel Lucey, native of Macroom, Co Cork.

Daniel grew up in the 1950s and described his upbringing as somewhat confined, at least in relation to dating. He reminisced with a chuckle, over his first 'date' at the age of just eleven. 'The young lady was one of my elder sister's friends, she was thirteen. She was light years ahead of me. She asked me would I be her boyfriend and that she would give me biscuits. And I, being very fond of biscuits, agreed. I believe she stole the biscuits out of a tin in her mother's kitchen. So, we went out cycling and she invited me to come and sit inside a ditch, and we sat down and talked about football and all kinds of things. I hadn't the remotest idea what it was all about, but it was my first date actually. I still laugh at it today.'

Daniel explained how his mother was involved in matchmaking in her community, working in the local solicitor's office where she witnessed the signing of many a matchmaking contract. Daniel shared some of her experiences. 'I remember she told me of a man coming in on a Wednesday and he was getting married on the Saturday, and she asked him was he happy, you know, with his prospective wife, and the fellow said: 'haven't seen her at all yet.' Another story told by his mother was of a man who met and approved the girl proposed by the matchmaker, 'but on the morning of the marriage, it was her sister who walked up the aisle, but he went ahead and married her.'

A major factor in the match was the dowry; consisting of a sum of money, land or material wealth, which the prospective family would gain as a result of the marriage. One story Daniel told, highlighted the significance of the dowry. A man came with his parents to sign the marriage contract, but on hearing that the feathered mattress expected as part of the dowry was no longer included, called off the marriage.

'Matchmaking was very common in the part of the country I came from' said Daniel. 'A great number of the marriages in my home town came from this, and I think that good matchmakers actually sometimes were in a better position to choose than the couple themselves, because they would know the extended family. They'd make some very astute and worthwhile choices. And that was the way things were done in those days.'

Daniel confirmed that many a match grew into romance, saying that he knew of countless happy marriages formed from the good judgement of a matchmaker. He concluded: 'I believe the reason so many matches were a success was that peoples' expectations of life were so similar - settling down, having a family and living a good Christian life. Romance was a secondary thing, a hopeful expectation. In contrast, young people today allow romance to dominate and hope everything else will work out.'

For myself, I think I'll take the recommendation of a friend - who swears there is surely a good match to be found from the thousands of eligible bachelors at Park Ui Caoimh. See more on match of the day, for all the best scores!



Henry Denny & Sons affectionately known as 'Denny's cellar' a thriving pig abattoir, was located on Watercourse Road, Cork. This factory building has been demolished to make way for new development.  
Photo: Liam Ó h-Uigín taken in 2002

## INDUSTRIAL BLACKPOOL

BLACKPOOL and the Northside of Cork, developed from a settlement of poor native Irish outside of Cork City, which was then a walled area covering North and South Main Street and the adjoining lanes. The city itself was occupied by wealthy people who were, for the most part, English settlers. Due to the policy of placing heavy duties on imported textiles and subsidising native industry, Cork became a great centre for the manufacture of woollens, cottons, linens, beer, stout and whiskey. Blackpool shared in that prosperity.

Andy Bielenberg, in his book *Cork's Industrial Revolution* paints a picture of Blackpool as a hive of industry, with many small factories producing textiles. Cork was a great centre for the cattle trade and provision industry, and a cattle market was situated at the end of Blarney Street. The area around Shandon Street also became the centre of the great Cork butter industry.

*The Cork Examiner* (first published in 1843) reported people dying of starvation in Blackpool even before the great famine in 1845 - 1848. The famine itself caused dreadful suffering to the poor. Mortality rates for Cork City and county may have reached a figure as high as 200,000. People died not just of starvation, but as a result of dreadful diseases such as typhus, cholera and yellow fever that spread rapidly among the malnourished members of the population.

Towards the end of the 1800s some improvement took place in the Irish economy. With more spending power in the hands of the rural community, industries like brewing, distilling and clothing flourished. This alleviated poverty somewhat in Blackpool. A new factory was established in Millfield in 1864 to manufacture linen. This was the same building (sadly destroyed by fire in 2003) that later became the Sunbeam, the greatest source of employment in the area. Older Blackpool residents aged 90 or more, can look back at a time of incredible change not just in their own area but also in the entire island of Ireland.

**BY PADRAIG Ó CUANACHÁIN**

**BY NIAMH LUCEY**



# WORLD WAR II MEMORIES

BY PATRICIA O'NEILL

*Patricia O'Neill has written extensively for the Cork Examiner, Holly Bough and Evening Echo. She is also a regular contributor to the County newspaper The Carrigdhoun and writes for the Dublin magazine Social & Personal. The Archive is delighted to welcome Patricia O'Neill to their list of contributors.*

I WAS one of thousands of Irish women and men who joined British forces, during World War II (Many from my own city and county of Cork.) To be asked to look back on those days stretches the memory back, as you travel into the past. Why did we go? World War II closed Europe and further to travellers. The only way to do so was to 'join up' in the services, as a doctor, nurse, or work in a factory. If the urge to go was in you, off you went. I had finished studies at Crawford School of Art, Cork. A fistful of certificates and what to do with them? Many friends were taking the train North to enlist; I wasn't going to be left out of anything.

So it was off to war in the army, the Auxiliary Territorial Service known as ATS following the drum like my uncles in World War I. It was the train to Belfast, changing at Dublin. A long journey there from Cork, on the night train, which did take all night. Milk churns clanking at numerous stops, uneasy sleep. The ticket collector answering our anxious enquiries about arrival with: 'This train is due no time, nowhere!' You made the journey North, were interviewed, then back down to Cork. Waiting there to be called up. Then the journey all over again. The cultural shock after our protected family life at home, was something else! Marching on the Ballymena barrack's square to the shouts of a male sergeant-major. They could be demons, especially those who didn't want women in the army. We lived in corrugated iron Nissan huts, with a central stove belching out fumes, and rows of beds crammed in together (on each, three hard mattress pads, known as biscuits.) All your worldly goods lined up for kit inspection. Latrines (horrors!) and cleaning them. All a far cry from the 'City by the Lee', but we were young and hardy.

Our uniform was far from glamorous; Khaki jacket, with brass buttons (a special stick came for cleaning them) peaked cap with special saucy forage cap for 'walking out', skirt or trousers and shirt and tie. We wore sensible brown laced shoes, ghastly thick stockings, striped warm pyjamas (I've never worn pyjamas since!) Even more ghastly but underneath - khaki elasticated rayon knickers - known as 'passion killers'. First postings for me were Belfast and Derry. In Derry, we arrived for the 'invasion' by American troops. Looking back, it seems like a hundred men to a girl, with no shortage of escorts, who wore smart uniforms, distributing

candy, cigarettes and nylons. American Red Cross clubs sprang up, servicewomen and civilian girls jitterbugged the night away. The 'honeys' as we dubbed them (owing to the way they addressed us) taught us to jive, neck, smoke Lucky Strikes or Camels. President Roosevelt's wife, Eleanor, turned up one night in a Red Cross club. Seeing a few of us standing there looking at her in awe, she asked: 'Aren't you girls going to dance?' No problems there, with all these GIs. Back in Barracks we were visited by the late Princess Royal, Countess of Harewood. I was one of a physical training squad (brown shorts and orange shirt) chosen to put on a demonstration for her. Women filled various jobs - drivers, telephonists (me among these) teleprinter operators, cooks and orderlies (releasing men to go to war). You could have a billet in a comfortable city house, or find yourself on an anti-aircraft battery in the wilds, in leaking Nissan huts. You took it as it came - no choice!



Patricia Foreman (O'Neill) in her ATS (Auxiliary Territorial Service) uniform circa 1945  
Photo: Courtesy of Author

I was posted to Hull on the North Sea, which had suffered much bombing. In East Yorkshire, the only 'raid' I was in, was when a flying bomb flew over and we dived under our beds, as a dark shape blotted out the moon. The winter snow in Hull was the deepest I'd seen. A Cork doctor and his wife lived there, and made me very welcome in their home. Further North then to Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in Scotland. In the 'Granite City' (Aberdeen) barracks, the skirl of the pipes woke us, at what seemed like dawn. Outside Edinburgh, as World War II came to a close in Europe, I was posted to number nine Civil Resettlement Unit. What did that mean? To it came British prisoners of war from German camps; to be repatriated before joining their families again. The work was interesting, sometimes sad, as they tried to pick up the threads of home life again. Some found broken marriages, the price of long wartime separation and intolerable strain. VIPs came to visit - among them, two Irish Field Marshals: Alexander and Montgomery, also Lady Elphinstone, sister of the late Queen Mother - they were both members of the Scottish Bowes-Lyon family.

Memories flood back as I write, long train and boat journeys home on leave. From Aberdeen right down to Cork. Often standing (while travelling) on wartime trains. A morning at Bangor station Northern Ireland, seeing hordes of US soldiers and marines in full battledress - among them many we knew. Stern faced, grim, their eyes on distant battlefields, had we known, to the D-Day landings on Normandy beaches. Thousands of allied troops including many Irish, would die on June 6th, 1944. Such was the spirit and courage of ordinary people who lived through extraordinary times, with horrific bombings for many. My English grandmother Elizabeth, was killed by a direct hit on the iron Anderson shelter, in her Lon-



rific bombings for many. My English grandmother Elizabeth, was killed by a direct hit on the iron Anderson shelter, in her London garden. Her body was taken to a nearby mortuary chapel, for burial – this was also bombed and wiped out completely. Her two daughters were injured in the raid. Somehow, life went on, despite smoking ruins. It was all a different world, part of history; and we were there, many of us from Cork and county, as well as all over Ireland. Women served in: the ATS, WRNS, WAAF, First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, (driving ambulances), with doctors and nurses in civilian hospitals, others working in factories, MI5 and the War Office on ‘hush-hush’ work. You name it, we did it. On June 6th, 1994, (50th anniversary of D-Day) I wrote a page for the then *Cork Examiner*. I also attended a British Legion party with my cousin Stephanie, of Crosshaven, ex ATS. Ten years later on June 6th, 2004 I would write for Cork’s *Evening*



Poster purchased by Patricia O'Neill at the Imperial War Museum in 1991. Image: Courtesy of Author

*Echo*. Going with my cousin Ailsa of Passage West – ex WRNS to St Anne’s Church, Shandon, in Cork. Wearing our war medals, we were shown to veterans’ seats in the front rows. A simple and moving commemoration service for D-Day’s 60th anniversary. We met many Cork men and women who had gone to war – and what do you know, two American veterans! It didn’t seem possible that the end of World War II moved on 60 years.

Writing this has been a looking back, that has been full of memories for me, a time of my life that I will never forget. Some of the women at war that I knew are still around today, and I think of them as I write this. Thinking too, of those no longer with us. As for the men we’d laughed and loved with – many never came back to Cornwall, Canada, Christchurch, Colorado, Cracow or Cork. They live on in our memories – forever young.

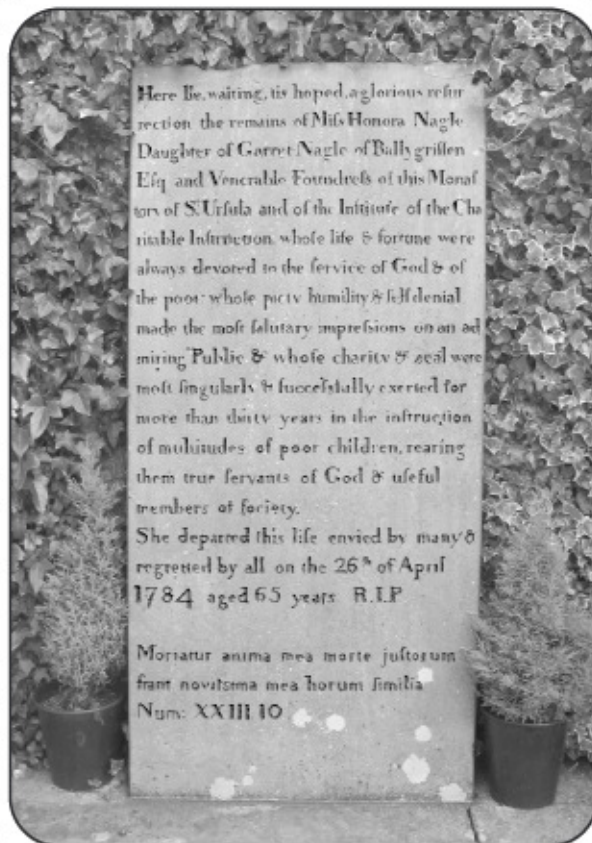
## NANO NAGLE - EDUCATOR 1718-1784

BY NANO NAGLE

THE pregnant girl shuffled towards the kitchen table avoiding her three little boys, who were playing with conkers (fruit of the horse chestnut tree) on the floor. She took a well deserved seat at the table and watched her mother fill the kettle. ‘Well love, how are you feeling?’ her mother asked, looking sympathetically at her daughter. ‘I’d really love to have a girl, Mam’, the girl replied, ruffling the hair on her eldest boy. ‘...but then again, ten fingers, ten toes are all I ask.’ Her mother looked at the three boys who were now arguing whose conker was bigger. As the voices became raised, mam kneeled down to negotiate with the boys while replying: ‘Why not pray to Nano Nagle to have a girl? It is the bicentenary of her birth, and with that, you have married a Nagle from Cork!’ The girl pondered, ‘Yes, the Presentation Sisters were always very good to me when I was in school. They do her work to this day.’ ‘But promise me love, that if you do have a girl, you will give her the name Nano’, her mother asked. ‘I always loved that name’, her daughter responded, adding, ‘Nano, yes, Nano...’, and prayed ‘Please Nano, give me a girl’.

And so I was called Nano Nagle, born into a loving Catholic family in Mallow. Having been born with a famous name, I had a keen interest in the life of Nano Nagle. Many knew of Nano Nagle but if I ever ventured outside of Cork, I could see people’s faces pondering: ‘Where have I heard that name before?’ Then of course there was the slugging of other children which, I must admit, embarrassed me to say my name but I grew to like it. The usual, ‘Na-no, Na-no, Mork calling Orson, come in Orson’, (from the 1980s sitcom ‘Mork and Mindy’) became a regular. Because I

grew up in Mallow, each year without fail I was taken to Ballygriffin, the birthplace of Nano Nagle (1718). I grew up learning how she helped the poor and neglected children to receive an education although it was clearly forbidden by the Penal Laws. There was so much I was to learn about Nano Nagle and the depth of sacrifice she had to endure, to educate and care for the poor. In my research, I looked for an image of Nano, her personality, her spirit and the type of person she was, how she grew and turned around from being a girl who lapped up the riches and the high life, to giving everything she had; dedicating all her time to those less fortunate than herself.



Nano Nagle's original headstone in the garden of the South Presentation Convent, Cork  
Photo: Shane David Walsh, NFP Archive

Nano was noted for her vivacity, liveliness and ardour as a child and these high spirits often led her into trouble. Her father, Garret Nagle, is thought to have known that these high spirits were there for a reason and exclaimed: ‘My Nano will be a Saint yet!’ This would be an area I totally identified with. At one stage, at the age of about 7-8 years, I have a memory of having done something out of place in the company of a number of adults. As my parents’ friend Pat tried to hide a grin, he bellowed out ‘Nano Nagle, with a name like that, How could you?!’ It was forever more a chant in our house when Pat called. I found myself becoming more intrigued by Nano Nagle, not only because of having the same name as her but her personality is one I really admire. Having the care and consideration for the elderly and the poor, she also was very fair; a woman of practical common sense. I still wonder sometimes, if I were to sit down and chat with her face to face, what it would be like? I find myself



going back to the era Nano was born into, and how times were hard for some. Nano had the advantage of being born into a wealthy Catholic family and didn't experience the pain of hunger and suffering. She was soon to find out, giving up all she had to bring love and care to those who most needed it. Because of not being brought up with this suffering, it was a mighty shock to her, when she eventually had the experience of seeing it first hand. When Nano and her sister Anne were on their way home from a ball in Paris, from their carriage, they spotted a group of poor people huddled together in the rain waiting to go to Mass. The girls were in awe at how these people had such determination and dedication for their God, while they were living the high life. Nano had many a sleepless night after this, worrying and wondering how she could help the poor. This was the beginning of Nano's answer to God's call.

During the time of the Penal Laws, many people were illiterate - the only government schools at the time were Charter schools, at which it would cost to be educated. The only other schools were the hedge schools, and although the fees were low, it still was unaffordable to the poor of the day. They were oppressed by the government because of the Penal Laws and by the social and economic system that favoured those who already had more than enough. Nano Nagle intuitively felt that the answer was education and understanding of oneself spiritually, physically and socially.

If the poor people of Cork could understand themselves, their total environment and the unseen realities of the spirit, they would be able to develop within themselves and become more liberated within society. Nano set about doing this, not only for the children of the poor, but she was also noted for her evening classes for adults.

In the year 1749, Nano returned from a French convent and began her first school in a mud cabin in Cove Lane (now Douglas Street), Cork. All this was organised in secret from even her family, because she risked danger and possible death, not only for herself but her family. Even when living with her brother Joseph and his family, all the hours she spent schooling; they thought she was praying in the chapel. She proceeded, and slowly, one school turned into several. Her motherly care was a godsend it seems, to the filthy and puny charter schools that the Catholic children were going to. In one particular charter school at Strand Street, Dublin, it was reported that: '57 work at spinning cotton, 7-8 year olds, confined indoors and stand at least seven hours a day at the wheels every day, winter and summer.'

Writing in 1801, Hannah More (a Protestant) of Bath & Wells, stated flatly: 'I allow no writing for the poor' meaning that they were trained only as servants. (*Nano Nagle - Woman of Vision*). When Nano was sole supervisor of her schools during the years 1755-71, the civil authorities seemed to turn a blind eye, but then in April 1762, there were many threats of danger due to ill feeling among anti-Catholics. In turn, many Catholics openly condemned

Nano's disregard for the Penal Laws. She was abusively criticized in the streets receiving painful and humiliating insults, such as accusations of deceiving the people with her houses of prostitution! All insults were taken without a reaction and in silence. She would never have let the treatment be known, only that she had to warn and prepare her Sisters of what should be expected should they continue to follow her methods.

The following years 1763 and '64 were particularly difficult financially, be it for the reasons of the growing expenses of her schools or the decrease of her own finances. The boys' schools were in dire straits financially and Nano was obliged to beg. She continued to beg for the rest of her days.

It is said that there wasn't an annexe in Cork that Nano did not know. I have read that while travelling to her schools, she would

regularly visit the sick and the elderly. Even her own sickness didn't hold her back. 'In paying last attention to her body, they found that her knees had been long in a state of ulceration, and then only could they account for the uneasiness which she had appeared to struggle with during this exercise - what anguish must she have felt while from five o' clock in the morning until nine at night, these excoriated joints were daily applied to the ground? What renewed pangs when her devotions were as regularly prolonged in the same unaltered posture!' (Coppinger, 1784)

Nano died on Monday, April 26th, 1784 at the age of sixty-five. Nano is buried in the Presentation Convent grounds on Douglas Street, Cork which was previously known as Cove Lane (yes, the area of the mud cabin where she set up her first school of thirty girls). Her coffin can be seen and touched. It took me quite a while to go and see it and when I did all I felt was peace and admiration for my namesake. I honestly wasn't sure how I

would feel, seeing on a large wooden coffin ... 'Here Lies Nano Nagle'.

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- Source: Sr Rosario of The South Presentation Sisters, Cork
- English translation from Old Testament last paragraph of Nano Nagle headstone:

*Let my soul die the death of the just,  
and my last end be like unto them.*

Numbers XXIII: X



NANO NAGLE  
Portrait by: James Barry 1741-1806  
Bequeathed to The Presentation Sisters  
by James Nagle Healy in 1993





Photo: Courtesy of Sheila Kavanagh

## **OUT IN THE COUNTY**

### **THE OLD TEN ARCH BRIDGE AT MALLOW**

*Sheila Kavanagh is now in her late 80s and suffers from impaired sight. This short article was submitted with her permission by her daughter, Myra Kavanagh, a former Northside Folklore researcher.*

I MUST have been about two or three years of age when I remember being taken out by my dad to where the engineering works owned by one of the Doyle brothers now stands. My dad put me standing on the wall. There were a lot of people around the area all pointing and excited. I didn't know what was going on, but now I know it was the day after the lovely Old Bridge was blown up by the Freedom Fighters. This was done to prevent a train load of ammunition for the British soldiers from getting to their barracks at Barrack Street, (now named Emmet Street) which would have caused more death and destruction in Mallow town and surrounding areas. The big stone boulders were flung far and wide with the force of the explosion. And they lay around the area for many years after. Then later when peace reigned they were used for other building purposes. The British soldiers went on the rampage that night and burned down all they could of the town. In the following few days the soldiers had a ball, destroying: shops, houses, business premises and homes, leaving the people bereft of anything they could earn a living by. The people were terrified and sought refuge outside of the town, wherever they could.

A lot of families found refuge at Auntie Minnie Hartnett's farm, Blackrock. It is up a boreen and hidden from view of the main thoroughfare. Today, it is still occupied by members of the Hart-

nett family. At the time there was a barracks near where the entrance to Blackrock Drive now is. The land was later purchased by a Mr O'Leary, Bridge Street. Long after the demise of the barracks, the daffodils that were once planted still bloomed, as did the victoria plum trees which still bore beautiful fruit until they were cut down. The main British barracks were situated in Barrack Street (hence the name which still survives). A quiet cul-de-sac off the west end of town where peace reigns once again.

**BY SHEILA KAVANAGH**

## WITH THANKS

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all the many people who donate articles, research, letters, book reviews, photographs, maps and drawings to *The Archive*. In particular, we would like to acknowledge the *Evening Echo* and *Irish Examiner* for the use of materials from their wonderful archives. Without all these generous contributions, *The Archive* could not be possible, and we are truly thankful for the ongoing support.

As our way of giving back to the community, who make our work possible, we continue to offer *The Archive* as a free publication. Financial donations toward the ongoing printing costs of *The Archive* are always gratefully appreciated and acknowledged.



# JEWISH NEIGHBOURS OF YESTERYEAR

BY GERALDINE HEALY

NESTLED among the little streets, in a somewhat self-contained area – bounded by Albert Road, the gas company, and the more recently developed Shalom Park, (opened in 1989) the people of 'Jewtown' (sic) lived their daily lives. My maternal grandparents reared their family in Geraldine Place, in the heart of this community. Among the older generation, Jewtown is the colloquial name for the area. There were tales in my family lore, of what life was like in the 1930s and 1940s in this little oasis. This present enquiry is prompted by these very memories.

Brightly painted yellow, a grocery store / post office under the name Shalom Stores, stands in the centre of Jewtown. I eagerly entered its doors with an expectation of some exotic culinary delights for my lunch. Alas, it didn't proffer *kosher* grub, nonetheless, it provided very good fare indeed. On one of the few balmy summer days of the year, I sat in the little park, a few minutes stroll away. Partaking of a sandwich on a park bench, I mused as to what it must have been like in the years before the outbreak of the war. The park bears the name Shalom Park, which attests strongly to the former ethnic composition of the area. *Shalom* comes from a Hebrew word, meaning peace. A lovely greeting, which would have echoed down the little streets of old. Family names on Monarea Terrace, Marina Terrace and Elizabeth Terrace, reveal little Jewish presence today. The Hebrew language is no longer carried on the breeze.

First mentioned in the Cork records for 1801 - Isaac Solomon, was one of the few Jews in Cork as the new century opened. He traded as a silversmith and jeweller, on Patrick Street, specializing in small items, such as spoons and cream jugs. His work was highly prized. There was a Solomon Hymes (Hyams) umbrella maker, working in Blackpool, in the year 1810. His son carried on the family business in 1845 and transferred the business subsequently by 1870 to 64, North Main Street. More Jewish activity in the city of Cork, began in the early 1880s. Around 2,000 Jewish people arrived in Ireland between the years 1880 and 1910. Cork received many Jews from Lithuania at this time. Indeed, some of these people came from one village - Akmeyan, in Lithuania. En route to the New World, fatigue and the duplicity of an unscrupulous sea captain, resulted in some emigrants thinking that they had reached the United States, whereas they had got no further than the 'Emerald Isle'! Some Jews settled in the area of Hibernian Buildings, at the head of the River Lee, in Cork. A Jewish yearbook entry of population data, gives a Jewish population figure of 400 for the year 1905.

The arrival of the Jews to Cork was inauspicious. It foretold little of their future contribution to Cork life. Little groups of Lithuanian and Polish immigrants arrived, with few possessions and little money. As the newcomers had little or no English, the language problems added to their difficulties. Many of the early arrivals began to work as itinerant pedlars, selling scrap iron or fancy goods, often by horse and cart. Soon, they integrated to a large degree with the local population, taking part in the professions and business life of the city. Among the Cork Jews, were pedlars of holy pictures, a music shop owner, tailors and even a Jewish cap maker, on Caroline Street. Their children entered college to study medicine and law. Equipped with skills, they sought employment abroad, to suit their qualifications. Some Jewish moneylenders provided a source of credit, at a time when credit from financial institutions in Cork city were beyond the reach of the poorer

classes. A Cork Jewish influence remains through the late Cecil Hurwitz, Jewish born, who became a Catholic in 1949. He established the organisation PEACE (Prayer, Enterprise and Christian Effort) in 1974 and organised events to promote unity and peace to Northern Ireland.

Limerick city, saw what became known as the the Limerick pogrom in 1904. At the time, the Goldberg family lived there. Louis Goldberg was injured during the incident. The family decided to leave for Cork. His son, Gerald Y. Goldberg, was to become a very prominent member of Cork society. He lived into his nineties and had a distinguished career as a solicitor in the city. A legendary advocate, he practised as a solicitor for 63 years.

Holding the office of the mayoralty of Cork in 1977, he became the first and only Jewish incumbent of the position. Devoted to Cork, he said in an interview with the *Irish Times* in 1998 that he felt: 'we should give something back to the places in which we were



Elysian Tower rising above the redbrick terraces formerly the homes of our Jewish neighbours of yesterday.

Photo: Geraldine Healy, NFP Archive

spawned'. The National University of Ireland bestowed an honorary doctorate in law upon him in 1993. A classical Hebrew scholar, he left behind a collection of paintings and books testa-



ment to a lifetime's dedication to the arts. Gerald Goldberg died in late December, 2003 and was buried in a civic ceremony on January 4th, 2004. Speaking to Dick Hogan of the *Irish Times* in 1998, he lamented the fact that only 8 worshippers remained in attendance at the South Terrace synagogue, which has had a lifespan of 110 years. In that interview, he said: 'one of the great sadnesses' of his life was that the community had dwindled beyond a comeback. (A *minyan* of 10 males over 13 years old, is necessary for a service). It is well to note that at the height of Jewish strength in the city two synagogues and a Jewish school were formed. Emigration took its toll among the Cork Jews.

Jewish customs were very different from the local customs. At the synagogue in the South Terrace, the Rabbi, decked in his *kittel* which was a white knee-length overgarment worn on high holidays, his head covered in the *kippah* (a brimless skullcap) intoned the sacred passages of the *Torah*. Rites of passage in the Jewish faith began with the *brit milah* (or circumcision rite) on the 8th day of life, when the infant was named, amid much celebration. *Bar mitzvah*, tokened the passage of the Hebrew child from childhood to adolescence. A couple took their wedding vows under the *chupah* canopy, and ended with a glass being broken - a symbol of the eternal sorrow of the Jewish exile. *Pesach*, (Passover), celebrates the exodus from Egypt. The festival of *Sukkot*, involves taking one's meals in a homemade structure for seven days, in remembrance of the time spent by the Israelites, wandering in the desert. Sincere and devout, the Jewish community lived out its life to a strict code of ethical behaviour.

The weekly *sabbath* consisted of a day of complete rest, especially for orthodox adherents to the faith. It began before sundown on Friday, and ended shortly after sundown on Saturday night. At the commencement of the sabbath, two candles were lit and a sabbath blessing, recited. For the meal to be a *kosher* meal, the meat needed to be slaughtered in *kashrut* style by the *shochet*. Hens were kept in the little yards behind the tiny terraced houses and a common sight before the sabbath was of a woman heading for the *shochet* for the 'job' to be done. In Jewtown, no work was done by the descendants of Abraham, on the sabbath. Catholic neighbours were asked in to Jewish homes to light the fire, set from the previous day. Similarly, the gas stove had to be turned on, to cook food by a non-observer, on the 'day of rest'. *Shabbos goy*, was the term used for such a helper. No writing was to be done on the sabbath, the use of electricity was forbidden and among orthodox Jews the use of the motor car and the use of money on the sabbath was frowned upon. Sadly, such customs proved difficult to observe and

maintain in modern times. In his book *Jews In Twentieth Century Ireland*, Dermot Keogh writes of the effects of the government's restrictive refugee legislation: 'Ireland did not prove to be a safe haven for many fleeing persecution on the continent.' He further highlighted that uncertainty about the future was a big concern for the Jewish community in the early war years. Very few Jews came to Ireland during the Nazi period and shortly after the end of the Second World War. After the war, many families emigrated to the new state of Israel, founded in 1948. Sadly, by 2005, Jewish population figures gave a number of 30 Jewish people in Cork city. The synagogue is now closed more often than open, and regular services are no longer held there. However, the synagogue has hosted special events for visiting members of the faith.

A final snapshot of my walk around Jewtown, features the startling contrast between the houses of Monarea Terrace and the new modern buildings touching the skyline at close proximity. This high rise architectural endeavour will eventually dwarf the area. Many of the former inhabitants of these little streets would be surely amazed to see such a high rise tower on their doorsteps, decades later. The Jewish presence in Cork, spanned a relatively short period of time. A sentiment echoed in David Marcus' book *A Land Not Theirs* is indicative of our debt to these Jewish immigrants - 'I can say in all sincerity that Cork would be poorer without you'. No doubt there are children of our former Jewish neighbours and friends across the globe who carry in their hearts affectionate memories of Jewtown, and of the people of Cork.



Unfortunately tasty Jewish delights are no longer available in Shalom Stores today  
Photo: Geraldine Healy, NFP Archive

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Source: The late Mrs May McCarthy (née de Courcey) formerly of 31 Geraldine Place, Cork city. Aunt of author.

NFP Archival source: SR 312, L. Cohen



# SOUND EXCERPTS

*The following are sound recording excerpts from our multimedia archive, which also includes photographic and video material. The taped interviews are with members of the Travelling community and compiled for this issue by NFP researcher, Catherine Aherne*

## **Excerpt 1: Ellen Quilligan recalls stories her grandmother and her father told her about life on the road:**

They used to tell me when they were young, when they were in the wagons, they used to have no shoes and they had to go round begging and sell little holy pictures. For Easter now she used tell me, you know them little real small eggs you used to get with sponge in the middle, 2 pence or sumthin' they used to be, she used go down and get them for Easter and just used to sell 'em. The holy pictures in the baskets going around selling 'em you know. They all used to be around the campfire every night telling stories and ghost stories and all this. My father was telling me that, when he used to go up to the farmer now, for milk and things like that, or he used to go around asking the people did they want anything to get fixed. Well, if the people wasn't there, he'd say we can go into that house and sit down until they come back, but he said now that you couldn't do that because some people wouldn't like travellers and they'd hunt you away, and if people caught you inside their houses now, they'd get you arrested. But, he said, long ago, that the settled people and the Travellers used to mix and they were better times.

## **Excerpt 2: John Quilligan shares his memories of his father and of barrel top wagons:**

I remember my father making rings, I often watched him. But it's pointless making a ring now because you can buy the same ring fairly cheap, you know. I'd often see him make it out from a silver coin such as the old half crown. It would take him from maybe two to three days to make it, to shape it and design you know, heat it and when it was heated he'd twist to a certain design, but I don't think I'd know how.

I remember we us'ta travel in one (barrel top wagon). We us'ta stay up the Fair Field and we'd leave the Fair Field and we'd go down to Dunmanway and Clonakilty, called Baile Beale and we'd go back, we'd go back old West Cork. My father and my grandfather would go in the farm houses and they'd repair things for the farmers, and my grandfather us'ta make horse shoes an' sell 'em to the farmer ya know. An' we us'ta go to a place called Glengarriff and it was lovely down there. An' that's a long time ago.

We had caravans called Buccaneers, which was built in Germany, very well built but not for the British climate, and they were great towing caravans. You could tow 'em on the motorways but you couldn't do that with the old caravans 'cause they were horse

drawn. Some of the old caravans were adapted with a tow bracket put in front so they could be pulled by vans when vans came into the scene. But they're very rare now. They're hardly ever in existence. They're very valuable now to get one. Most of them is bought by the tourist trade and brang to America and England and if ya do happen to find one in Ireland it would be in very, very bad condition and you'd probably have to pay a lot of money for it anyway.

As far as I remember they had to be three different type woods. Certain wood for the floor 'cause a caravan was built on your horse, the size and build of your horse. A heavy caravan would kill a weaker horse...also there was the best caravan you could buy was a Newry caravan, was made in Newry in Northern Ireland and there was another caravan called the Bandon Wagon. That was a good one to have, but the greatest caravan builder of all was a travelling man, I never met the man, his name was Michael Harte. He was a great man to build. No one could build a caravan like him.



Traveller home, a common sight on halting sites around Cork City in past years  
Photo: Donal Sugrue, NFP Archive

## **Excerpt 3: Mary Quilligan, a settled Traveller living in Farranree, recalls childhood memories of Christmas:**

Let's think back now, I remember clothes, I remember my father and mother go to the pub an they'd bring back all sweets, sweet cake and a doll each. You didn't get much presents them days, you know, and I remember, they'd play music and my mother go step dancing or she'd play the accordion or they sit down, they sing or they tell stories or all that kind of thing. We wouldn't get any doll's houses. We get a little cloth doll with long hair, it be like thread you know, and then me father might make us the tinsmith mugs, you know, he'd make them or he'd make something for the boys you know...

We go to Mass of a Sunday. We get up nice and early dress ourselves up, polish our shoes, put on a new dress and go to Mass. We'd have great fun on the way back. We'd look forward to the bit a Christmas pudding that my mother would make and we'd look forward to the dinner, you know. My mother then she'd cook chickens and things like, there weren't any turkeys, and everything would be put out on top of a table and you just ate away from it, you know what I mean ... Maybe they might be a few sweets called macaroonie bars.

Then afterward my parents would have a drink, they'd have a singsong, they'd be playing the music and they'd be céilí dancing till you'd go home and they'd be lots of jokes and stories from years ago. My father then was a great tin whistle player and my grandfather then would play the bagpipes and they would dance the whole night through'til three in the morning.



**Excerpt 4: Breda O Driscoll, a settled Traveller, recalls some of the old traveller trades that are being kept alive by the younger generation:**

...But you'd still have that in 'hawking' ways as in exchanging, but other than that, none of the kind of old generation don't bother with that now...they stay mainly to the scrap and the horse dealing, and that would be it...they don't bother with tinsmiths up around here or the kind of selling balloons an' things like that. They don't make as much money, but they would, the young girls and boys would do it and at the fairs, there's Tralee Races now...there was Galway Races...you'd have Puck Fair, you have Cahirmee Fair where all the Travellers meet in the summer...they wouldn't have seen each other from one end of the year to the next, you know. You'd look forward to it and you exchange and you sell roses maybe at the Rose of Tralee...and you'd sell balloons maybe at other fairs like that, you know...but it wouldn't be the older generation now that would be doing that.

**Excerpt 5: The following version of *Little Red Riding Hood*, is in the traditional language of the Travellers and was published as *Little Red Riding Hood* by M Casey and Rose Ingram. This excerpt is from a recording in our archive as read by Cathy McCarthy:**

A long time ago there was a lackeen by the name of Little Red Riding Hood. Why she was called Little Red Riding Hood was because her Narish Beor bugged her a red tug. One day her Narish Beor gayged her to crush to her Narish Beor's Aul Beor's keen with a basket of peck. And when she was about to go crishin along the tobar, her beor gayged her not to crish the wrong way because of the big bad ugly wolf that lived in the wood beside her granny's snug little keen. So off Little Red Riding Hood crished to her Narish Beor's Aul Beor's keen croonin to her own lace, as she was crishen along the tobar.

In the middle of the wood the big bad ugly comra of a wolf was stalling at a knocky steamin a big fat steamer in his pee. When he saw the lackeen out he bugged and whidded 'Where are you crishen to my litle lackeen?' And she whidded 'To my Narish Beor's Aul Beor's keen to bug her a basket of peck.' When he heard her sayin' that, the comra of a big bad wolf licked his pee and whidded 'You crish that way me girl, it's the handiest way to go.' And off crished the little lackeen about her business, headin' hard for her poor auld grannys snug little keen. As soon as she was gone, off he crished himself as quick as his corrigs would carry him and of course he bugged there a lot quicker than the litle lackeen did. He caught

his breath, knocked on the rulas and the granny said: 'What do you want whoever you are?' And the comra said: 'It's only me, your little red lackeen with a basket of peck and a couple of bottles of stout for you.' When she heard that the auld beor said: 'Crush in quick, like a good little lackin. I'm tawspin for a trape.' The comra lifted the latch on the rulas and crushed straight in. The aul beor shot up in the bed and nearly tawsed when she glosed at the big bad comra of a wolf. He grabbed her by the nyuk, corbed her off the press and then bugged her into it. He picked up her cap and tug and crushed it on his own lace and then bugged into the oul beor's lee.

At that very minute the Little Red Lackeen knocked on the rulas and the big bad comra of a wolf whidded 'Who's anosha?' It's only me, Granny, your little Red Lackeen.' 'Lift the latch so and crish right in,' came the answer. So in she crished and ogled at the Granny. 'Oh what big oglers you've got,' she said. 'All the better to ogle you with, my dear,' said the comra. 'And oh Granny, what big lugs you've got.' 'All the better to hear you with', said the

comra. 'And Granny, what great big shiny teeth you've got.' 'All the better to peck you with, my dear' said the comra as he jumped out of the lee and ran the Little Red Lackeen all around the room.

Just then the Little Red Lackeen's Naerish Feen was passin' by the cottage and he heard all the racket goin' on inside with the Little Red Lackeen roarin' cryin'. He ran to the keen, bursted in the rulas and corbed the big bad comra of a wolf with a belt on the side of the head with a stick he had in his hand. He heard the poor auld beor roarin' cryin' in the press and she sobbin': 'Bug me out! Bug me out!' So he bugged her out and after all the commotion didn't they find the basket on the floor and the couple o' bottles o' stout still intact. So Grannie traped the couple o' bottles and the others had a cup of scald and that was the end of the story of the Little Red Lackeen.



Taken near Glenville Co Cork  
Photo: Catherine Fray, NFP Archive

In November 2007 the **Cork Traveller Women's Network**, in partnership with the **Cork Public Museum**, launched their exciting new **Traveller Culture Exhibit**. This permanent multi-media exhibition is an ongoing and evolving project, and is Ireland's only Traveller cultural exhibit. The beautiful centrepiece of this display is a highly decorated full sized traditional barrel top caravan. Other features include an interactive audio system of oral histories, a reproduction of a Traveller camp (complete with a bender tent) as well as new art and heritage work produced by members of the Cork Traveller community. Check out this display on the first floor of the Cork Public Museum, Fitzgerald's Park. **Admission is free.**



# CORK CITY HERITAGE PLAN 2007 – 2012

BY NIAMH TWOMEY

(Cork City Heritage Officer)

CORK City Council has prepared the first ever Heritage Plan for the city, as part of its ongoing commitment to promoting and protecting its heritage. As the Heritage Officer for Cork City, I am coordinating the development and implementation of this five-year plan. Our heritage is expressed in unique sites and landmark buildings such as, St Anne's Shandon, St Finn Barre's Cathedral, the Areas of Special Character at Wellington Rd/St Luke's Cross, the medieval laneways of the North Main St and the bird sanctuary at the Lough. However, the heritage of the city is not just about the physical environment, it is also about the relationship between all these elements and the people of Cork. It can be heard in the songs, stories and history of a place, celebrated through sport, literature and art and experienced through the language, accents, local customs and traditional food.

Put simply, heritage is what we as a community have inherited from the past and are creating for the future. It maps and mirrors the diverse and continuous change in Cork and its citizens, from the Vikings through to the modern day. It is this legacy which defines the City as a vibrant and interesting place. The plan is very much for the people of Cork and is under-pinned by the principle of shared responsibility. Therefore, it seeks to bring together the different agencies, interest groups and individuals involved with local heritage, and to identify practical, achievable and realistic actions and objectives over the next five years.

The aim of the plan is 'To Secure the Heritage of Cork City, to Enrich the Lives of its People and to Ensure that the Care of our Heritage; Past, Present and Future is at the Heart of the Development of the City'.

The Heritage Plan has four objectives:

(1) To protect and enhance the natural, cultural and built Heritage of Cork City

(2) To promote awareness, appreciation and enjoyment of the Heritage of Cork City

(3) To promote interest and knowledge in Heritage through education and training

(4) To collect and research information on the Heritage of Cork City.

The Heritage Plan consists of 47 actions, covering topics such as:  
**Archaeology** e.g. the city wall, plaques, historic monuments, graveyards

**Built Heritage** e.g. protected buildings, bridges, heritage objects eg troughs, post-boxes

**Natural Heritage** e.g. biodiversity, the River Lee, landscape, trees, designated areas

**Cultural Heritage** e.g. libraries, museums, archives, maritime heritage, folklore, place-names

**General Heritage** issues e.g. education, funding issues, access, interpretation.

It is hoped that the plan will enhance the quality of life for the people of Cork by improving and protecting what they cherish in their own place. This in turn can have an economic benefit in terms of tourism and by adding to the general perception that the city is a good place to live, work, visit, learn and do business.

Cork City is continually changing, evolving and being created. We are creating the heritage of the future while trying to protect our inheritance from the past. It is important to balance the need for change with the desire for protection of our legacy. The development and implementation of a City Heritage Plan is a key part of this process.

For further information or to obtain a copy of the Heritage Plan please contact; the Planning Dept, City Hall Cork, tel 021 4924086 or email [heritage@corkecity.ie](mailto:heritage@corkecity.ie)



Unusual view of St. Anne's Shandon taken from the old cemetery, where some of the tombstones date back to the 18th century.

Photo: Denis McGarry



# DAYS OF CHILDHOOD

BY NOEL O'SHAUGHNESSY

*Nostalgic memories conjure up images of crowds of youngsters playing on the streets & avenues, particularly in areas like Spangle Hill (now Farranree) where I grew up in the early to late 1950s - on the northside of Cork City.*

DURING the long hot summers of those far off days, coats and jumpers (pullover) were placed strategically at both ends of Farranferris Avenue, to make the goalposts, as children (usually boys) from almost every house on the avenue converged onto the street to have a 'game a ball'. We are talking here of numbers amounting to fifty kids - split into two teams. The ages of the participants ranged from about seven to thirteen or fourteen years of age. Unfortunately, one ball (football or hurling ball) would be used for the game - while its owner reigned supreme. When the call would go out: 'Jimmy, your tea's ready!' or 'Michael, get in here NOW!' the ball would be swiftly retrieved from the melee and taken in with Jimmy/Michael for tea! The consternation that this interruption caused to the unfinished game created no end of argument as cries of '15-12, NO! 15-13' would ring out in monotonous contradiction. A new ball being introduced inevitably meant the restart of a new game to sate the appetites of the warring sides. It was not unusual for those 'friendlies' to last until dusk or the frenzied bedtime calls from mothers and siblings dwindled the opposing team numbers to an unfair fifteen versus seven, or the goals score reached astronomical numbers such as 72 to 47! There was never any hope of some games being resolved before dawn. Oh well! at least tomorrow there would be a chance of revenge, yes, there was always tomorrow...

The girls, for their part, had different forms of street games like skipping, nursery rhymes and games which inevitably involved BOYS. Games that fell into this category included 'Spin the bottle'. Boys and girls would sit around in a circle, one person would spin a bottle and whoever each end of the bottle faced when the bottle came to a halt, had to kiss each other. The rules for this particular game varied across Cork city. In Spangle Hill anyway, whoever was facing the top of the bottle when it came to a halt had the choice of kissing whomsoever he/she wanted to kiss. Another game called 'Marbles' known as 'glassy alleys' was very popular. One could win a marble from another child by placing a 'glassy alley' on the ground and challenging the other to roll theirs from an agreed distance to strike against it. A strike meant that the thrower would gain an extra marble, but a miss meant that the thrower would forfeit one marble. These multi-coloured round-shaped orbs were also used for trading

among the children. They had a mesmerising effect on some of us, because of their various sizes, colours, shapes and feel.

When the autumn and winter months arrived, the games became more sedate because of the darker early evenings. One such pastime was called 'Chessies'. Chestnuts were gathered from nearby trees and a hole (made with a nail or pointed implement) would be made in the conkers (fruit of the horse chestnut). A piece of string (twine) would be drawn through the hole in the chestnut and a knot made on one end to secure the chestnut in place. When one was ready to play 'chessies' a group would gather around to watch the tournament begin. The rules were simple. Each player was given a conker attached to a piece of string and took turns in trying to break their opponent's nut using a swinging motion. Each player was entitled to one attempt, until the other was left with only the string remaining. The winner would be declared the 'conkers' champion, until a new chessie challenger arrived on the scene and the gladiators returned to the fray.



Playing 'chessies' or conkers. Another favourite streetgame of pre and postwar Cork. source: [www.viewimages.com](http://www.viewimages.com) Editors note: There is an Irish Conkers Championship held in Freshford Co Kilkenny each year and 2008 will be the 9th Anniversary of the event

Among the popular winter street games was 'Release', where one team hid while the other counted; before setting out to seek them. As each opponent was caught, he or she would be put in a place of detention (usually under the street-light) and a guard put in place to prevent the escape of the detainee(s). On our avenue, Release was a healthy exercise, always enjoyed by the boys and girls. The object of release was for the 'hidden ones' to sneak up on the guards, touch their team colleague on the arm, and thereby grant them their 'RELEASE'. This often took hours to finish as each team took it in turn to play the

hidiers or seekers.

A game from long ago that seems to have disappeared from streets and parks nowadays, was called 'Donkey'. This game required no skill other than agility. Most of the terraced gardens were enclosed with iron railings. One child would bend over and clasp the railings with both hands as another would vault or jump up on his or her back shouting: 'Mount a ginny, mount a ginny, one, two, three, all a fall, a fall a fee, Donkey!!' The mantra was repeated three times to determine how long the 'donkey' could sustain the weight of the jockey. The next child would attach themselves by placing their hands on either side of the hips of the one in front making a row for the following child to jump over. There was a season for everything such as, playing with 'Spinning Tops' for example. These wonderful multicoloured spinning tops were first set in mo-





Typical comic strip character of bygone days and a prophetic precursor to the space-age as we know it. source: [Dan-Dare.org](http://Dan-Dare.org) - Dan dare Gallery Index

tion by first spinning them by hand and then whipped up to speed by a piece of shoelace attached to a stick.

In summer we headed for Ross' wood. This activity was commonly known as 'goin' on a hike'. The wood was about a mile short of Blarney village. A hike was to boys what a picnic meant to girls. The excitement of preparing to go on a

hike to Blarney caused a lot of hassle to some mothers, especially if they had more than one child wanting to go. It required preparing more than one packed lunch, usually made up of bread and jam or bread and sugar and a bottle of water. Not all of the children owned a bike though, so, the boys with a crossbar on their bikes would carry a passenger on their crossbar, whereby two could travel together on the one mode of transport. It was broadly accepted that the older boys would assert control of the group. After all, they were the ones with the matches. Matches were needed to light the camp fire. For eons, natural pathways had been formed by those who trod through Ross' wood. Over the years, the terrain had become as familiar to us as our own street. As soon as we dismounted from our bikes, some of us would gather a few stones to make a circle. Sticks, brambles and gorse would be gathered by others and placed in the circle. A fire would be lit and poppies (potatoes; skin and all!) placed on the roaring inferno. Pieces of newspaper from the unwrapped sandwiches would be torn and rolled into the shape of cigarettes. The 'elders' would light up and smoke. Each suck on the makeshift cigarettes causing them to glow brightly on one end. 'Poppies' cooked, the feast would begin. Despite the fact that they were as hard as turnips, I have never enjoyed potatoes with the same relish as the ones we cooked on the open fires of those far off days.

Picking blackberries was messy but great fun. An empty jam jar or deep tin was all that was required to hold the ripened black fruit. Stings from nettles or wasps was commonplace. Washed and cooked a tasty jam was produced for home consumption.

On windy days, improvised playthings were created, like the 'Windmills'. It required three elements: a used round-shaped lollipop stick, plus a thumb tack (drawing pin) a piece of paper (shaped into a propeller) and away you went with your windmill. I can also remember playing with 'Corkys' (tin caps, from mineral drink bottles and stout bottles). Hammered and flattened, they were used as 'pretend money' by the girls and boys to play 'shop'. I can vividly remember the horse-drawn bread van from Hosford's bakery, 'Paddy the wasteman' and the rag and bone man. Hosford's had a logo of a championship cup on the back of its van, hence the name 'Championship Bread'. Paddy the wasteman arrived weekly, on a donkey and cart, to collect the leftovers from our dinner plates - to feed his pigs. The rag and bone man drove one of the very first motorised vans to be seen on our street. He ac-

cepted all kinds of discarded clothing from the surrounding neighbourhood, in exchange for sweets (toffees/candies). He also accepted empty jamjars.

As we grew a little older, the street leagues started. Each terrace would form a team of hurlers. St Colman's Road and Farranferris Avenue played many an epic final in the Fair Field. In my own family home, my mother kept a little trophy in the glass cabinet, that I had won on one of those memorable occasions. The local GAA club Na Piersaigh, profited from the talent uncovered in those street competitions. Some, like Roger Twohig and the late Pat Kelleher, R.I.P are names that I recall, both of whom went on to play on the Cork senior hurling team. The comradeship that grew from these competitions is still going strong today. I sometimes meet my foes of long ago and we share a laugh about the street leagues.

Comic books too, were also very popular during the 50s on our avenue. Often, to save having to spend money, comic books were exchanged as an enterprising way of acquiring reading material. The most popular weekly comics around those years were: *The Dandy*, *The Beano* and *Kit Carson (Cavalry Scout)*. Wartime stories were amongst my favourites in those sixty-four page illustrated comic books. *The Hotspur* entertained the sports fans, while *Dan Dare Pilot of the Future* satisfied the science fiction followers on the avenue. Yet, within two decades of those times mentioned, man would be walking on the moon!

The children of the 21st century have television/video games, computer games, iPods, Gameboys and mobile phones for entertainment. But, a lot of these modern creations are individual or lone pastimes. The street games and pastimes of long ago had more of a community spirit about them and were part of a character forming exercise. Sadly, motorised traffic through the streets of our city now prevents the resurgence of the street games of long ago. Will we ever see the likes of them again? I think not. Times have changed and we must move on. However, they really were happy days indeed!



Liadain Ni Chadhla playing a popular modern children's game *Nintendo Wii*  
Photo: Stiofán Ó Cadhla



# The Sheep Farmer

BILLY McCARTHY

It wasn't easy being the son of a wannabe entrepreneur. My father operated a bread and grocery delivery business and kept a little shop, selling bread, tea, sugar, etc, at our dwelling house in Quaker Road. Later he reared and traded pigs in the back yard of the premises as well as growing and selling all manner of vegetables, tomatoes and fruit, in the spacious garden. Part of my work when I came home from school in the evening was to feed the pigs and clean out their living quarters. Now this was nothing out of the ordinary as there were many homes in Cork city where pigs were kept at that time.

But probably the most exciting achievement of dad's innovative efforts was the invention of the tipping wheelbarrow; he believed that since the development of the standard wheelbarrow nobody had ever improved on the original design so he set about rectifying this shortcoming. He began by building a timber prototype using the wood from a Ford's box and the wheel of an old barrow that he had saved for the purpose. Nobody was surprised when he succeeded in producing a working model. He then obtained the services of a friend who was something of a potential architect and

who made drawings of the subject. A patent was applied for and the drawings were placed in the hands of a local metal fabricator who produced the finished article. It caused quite a stir among family and friends initially, but I cannot remember any further development of the project, nor can I recall what became of that unique model of my father's tipping wheelbarrow.

During the latter years of World War II, dad acquired 16 acres of mountain land at Barnetstown, near Watergrasshill about twelve miles to the north of Cork city. We spent a lot of time working on the reclamation of two fields, one of three acres and the other of two, with a stone ditch dividing them. As the machinery for such work was expensive the job fell to my father and those family members who were capable of putting in some effort at tasks such as digging out stones; mostly quite large and awkward and placing them in a horse-drawn cart that my father had borrowed from a kind neighbour. Reclamation at this rate would take a number of years to complete, in fact I'm not sure if the work was ever fin-

ished as dad's health took a nasty turn and he was out of action for a long time. Meanwhile, we had built up a flock of about forty sheep for which this type of land was ideally suited. In a short time I had learned quite a lot in the area of sheep husbandry, such as dipping to prevent lice infestation, shearing and the making and fitting of fetters. Incidentally, I'm not sure if the latter activity is allowed in present day animal rights legislation. It may have been illegal then, but simple people that we were we hadn't a great knowledge of the law in those days. In any case, the law was quite lenient then and I often think of the times that we burned scrub in the warm, dry weather during the months of July and August, but only when the wind was blowing from the direction of Watergrasshill, so that the smoke and the smell would not be detected at

the Garda station there.

As we lived in the city my father would get to check on the sheep only on Monday and Friday of any week when his delivery round would bring him close to the property, so if anything was amiss it would have to wait until his next visit to the area. Now this situation worked out fine as a rule since we would rarely experience a crisis in this, our own little agricultural industry. However, one day somebody from Barnetstown was coming into



Herding the sheep in Innishannon Co Cork 1945  
Photo: Courtesy of Irish Examiner

the city on business and brought the news that the sheep had gone absent without leave and were nowhere to be seen in the locality, so, after a hurried conference involving my parents and I, it was decided that I should travel to 'The Land' as we described the sixteen acres.

The following morning on my father's old bicycle, I would trace the whereabouts of the wandering animals and relocate them to their home ground. I could not contain my excitement at the thought of this great adventure ahead, especially as it meant a day off school. I thought of my confirmation class and of Brother Dermot reading from scripture: 'Go out into the world and find the sheep that are lost'. So this wasn't really a free day from school; it was just an extension of my religious instruction. I reckon I was about twelve years of age at this time and in fourth class in Christ the King National School in Turner's Cross. I was happy and content at school as I came through the 'B' stream, where academic achievement was of a lesser priority to that of our peers in the 'A'



class. Our main teacher was Mr Patrick Thompson, a genial Cobh man with a flair for local history, poetry and folklore, so he and I got along very well; he rarely referred to me as anything other than 'Mister Mac'. Mr. Thompson was quite accustomed to me taking the odd day off, so school was far from my thoughts as I cycled merrily down the Lower Glanmire Road on my oversized mode of transport: through the villages of Glanmire, Riverstown and Sallybrook, and then the long haul, up the Bleach Hill to Annacartan Bridge, where I turned right off the main road, with about two miles ahead of me, before I reached my destination. When I arrived at Barnetstown all seemed normal enough; the rabbits still greeted me as I walked by the haggard which my uncle Johnny referred to as the 'gárdeen', to the shell of an old cottage that stood in the corner of the acre, where the swallows nested every year for as long as I could remember.

The sheep would often use this facility as a shelter during spells of bad weather. Obviously the one departure from normality was the fact that the sheep were nowhere to be seen. On further inspection I located the opening through which the errant animals had made their escape, so, widening the gap by removing the remaining briars and some lengths of timber I began my search for the wandering woollies. I covered all the usual places nearby where the sheep would be likely to wander; to the extreme corners of the property and down the glen that was part of our land to the stream that formed the border between our place and that of a neighbouring landowner. Having satisfied myself that they were definitely gone walkabout, I remounted the bicycle and followed the road towards Watergrasshill, my reckoning being that if they had taken the line of least resistance the sheep would have gone that way. As it turned out my thinking was correct. I located the merry wanderers about three miles from Barnetstown, grazing contentedly on some common ground, and once I had made a quick head count I lost no time in gathering them together and driving them back to home ground.

My mission accomplished and without a care, happily I began the twelve-mile journey home. I sincerely believe that if a grandson of mine were to carry out the same task today, I would meet him at Tivoli with a brass band and escort him through the city, but there was no such wonder or excitement at my homecoming. It was simply a case of sitting down to my dinner and filling my mother in on the events I left home for school the following morning, tired and very, very saddle sore. Of course, after roll-call, Mr Thompson lost no time in requesting an explanation as to why I wasn't at school the previous day. You see Mr Thompson would never *demand* an explanation; he was too polite for that. So, I gave him a full account of my exploits and he acted as if he was completely gobs-macked. He made me feel like I was a real hero and a great example to my classmates.

Honestly, it was difficult to keep the smug smile off my face for the next half hour until Brother Norbert, the principal, came into the classroom to check the roll-call. He remained in the room for what seemed like an eternity and during his visit I maintained a very low profile knowing that he wouldn't have the same understanding nature as Mr Thompson. Eventually, and to my great relief, he moved towards the door and was just about to disappear out into the corridor, when my so respectful and understanding teacher called after him, and his voice appeared to reverberate around the school, saying: 'by the way Brother, did you know that we have a sheep farmer from Watergrasshill in the class?' I really couldn't believe what I was hearing; Mr Thompson sold me out! Brother Norbert came back into the classroom and once again my escapade of the previous day was laid bare before all present. I couldn't help thinking of another 12 year old, who 2000 years ago, when he found himself in a similar dilemma simply said:

*Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?*  
(LK 2:49)

## THE MODERN PRIMITIVES

THE BODY MODIFICATION SCENE in IRELAND

BY JENNY BUTLER

Jenny Butler is a regular contributor to *The Archive* journal on contemporary and urban culture. She is a post-graduate student who lectures in the Department of Folklore & Ethnology UCC.

BODY modification is technically anything that deliberately changes the human body to suit the way the individual wishes it to look. By that definition, cosmetic surgery would be included as a way of superficially altering the body to fit a desired appearance. However, the phrase body modification usually refers to non-medical practices such as tattooing and piercing. This article focuses on forms of body art apart from tattooing.

Certain forms of body modification originated in tribal communities. These practices were often part of spiritual or religious rituals or rites of passage in traditional cultures. The term 'modern primitive' was coined to refer to people in the western world who engage in these practices in new, urban, contexts. The popularity of body modification in contemporary Ireland is reflected in the numerous tattoo parlours and piercing studios that have sprung up around the county. There are tattoo conventions around the world for tattooists and piercers to demonstrate their work. Cork has its own tattoo convention held

annually, usually in Midleton, East Cork. Tattoo conventions normally have sections or stalls devoted to body piercing. Many people would be familiar with the more common facial piercing - ears, eyebrows, tongues and lips. Other piercings are becoming increasingly common, like the bridge of the nose, septum, the nape of the neck, nipples, and navel. Stretched earlobes are also becoming well known.

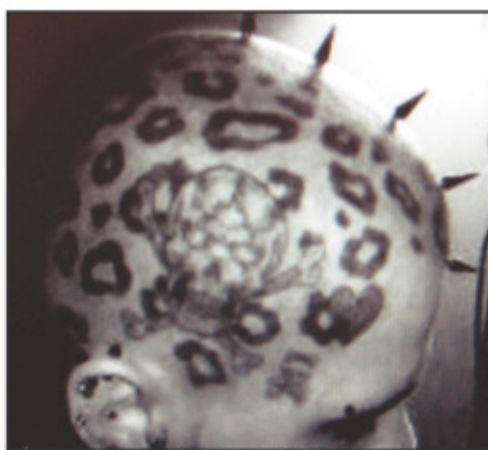


'Beck' piercings by *Bodyshock*  
Photo: Courtesy of Jenny Butler

Another growing choice in body modification is subdermal implants, where an object, usually a small ball or rod, is implanted below the skin. The materials used by piercers for subdermal implants must be such that it doesn't rust or disperse into the bloodstream. Consideration is also given to the potential for setting off metal detectors and many piercers would use surgical steel or titanium, neither of which contains iron ore and therefore is not magnetic. For external piercing, a variety of materials can be used, including silver, Pyrex and what's called 'Bioflex Clear' (flexible plastic for bars and barbells). Natural materials are also used, for example the hollow tubes inserted to stretch the ear can be made of animal bone or, if a plug is used in the hole on the lobe it can even be made of bamboo, coconut shell or wood. Micro-dermal piercing, where one part of the jewellery is inserted under the skin and



the rest shows outside on the skin's surface, seem to be progressively more attractive to people and some incorporate these into tattoo designs. More extreme piercing is being experimented with, for instance, one can even get their eyelids pierced! Some have chosen to get transdermal mohawks, where metal spikes are inserted in place of hair. Piercing can be semi-permanent and these are sometimes known as 'play piercings'. Light hypodermic needles or acupuncture needles are used to pierce only the surface layer of skin and are not intended to leave a permanent mark. The purpose is to make a temporary design on the skin. One example is the 'corset piercing' where the needles are laced together in imitation of the way a corset is laced up a person's back and this is worn for a short length of time.



Transdermal Mohawk  
Photo: Courtesy of 'Baz' Metal Morphosis

Apart from piercing, it is possible to have other procedures done such as scarification, of which branding is one type. There are now outlets in Ireland where this is done. Scarification is where the skin is cut or cauterized purposely and then prevented from healing naturally. The scarring left contains a design. 'Strike branding' is where a pattern is stenciled on the skin and then cut or burned until the right depth and width is reached to leave permanently raised marks. Unusual practices like tongue splitting, where the centre of the tongue is bisected to make it similar to a snake's, are also carried out.

Body piercers are expected to do an apprenticeship but there is no official standard training or recognized college courses that grant qualifications in Ireland. Recognized piercers train others and sometimes the apprentice is charged for receiving this teaching. Some Irish piercers go to England or elsewhere in order to learn more about scarification or more extreme or unusual piercing.

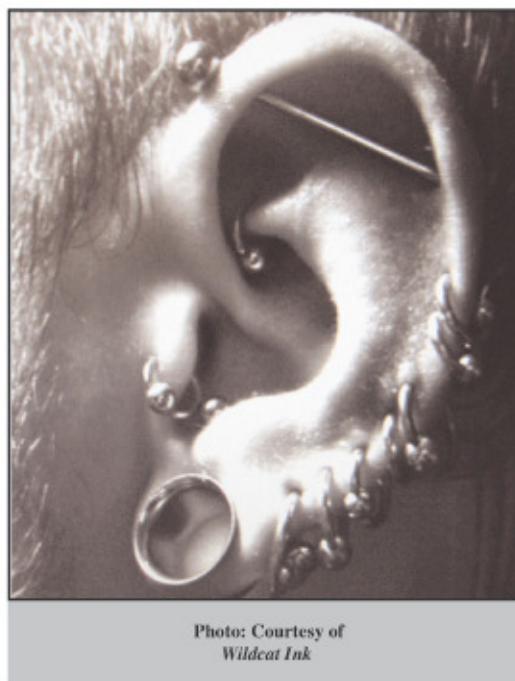


Photo: Courtesy of Wildcat Ink

Rob, a body piercer who did a year and a half apprenticeship and works in *Hellfunky's*, Dublin, explains: 'Over here a lot of them [piercers] kind of talk amongst [themselves] like piercing boards, like little message boards on the internet and just find out, alright 'how do you do this?', 'how do you do that?' and they'll just kind of communicate across the world with different people that do different things and that's the way most of us find out how to do stuff because there's no set college or anything that teaches you how to do this...if you were supposed to do something like scarification you'd actually need a proper medical background, like, go through a couple of

years of college in order for it to be classed as safe'. Some piercers view their practice as a job while others insist they are primarily artists. Glen, a piercer in *Adonis Piercing Studio*, Dublin, says: 'Some fifteen years ago when I started, I had the idea that those in the business were into the art, the whole oddness associated with tattooing, body modification, mastership of one's own canvas etc. Time moved on, and I would see many different attitudes on this point. Some were mad into their art, be it piercing or tattoo; some were very financially based and to some, yes, it was just a job... but it is always good to put things in perspective and remember, it is largely for the art...folks can get too serious in this game! I think to me, at this stage, it is both!'

Many in mainstream society find piercings distasteful or even socially unacceptable. There is an association between body modification and social deviance, perhaps simply because it is not part of conventional fashions or trends. Some may even frown upon it or have stronger opinions and view it as self-mutilation or disfigurement. Others might even view certain forms of body modification as cultural appropriation, ear and lip stretching for example, because of the origins of the practice in tribal cultures.

However, opinions are subjective and one may wonder what attracts the clients to piercing studios. According to Rob, there is great variation as to the types of people that call into the shop and not necessarily restricted to any age bracket: 'Most of them would be young, about let's say seventeen up to say thirty-five but we get some old people coming in, like we've had a few seventy year olds coming in'.

There are many reasons why people find piercing so alluring. Some individuals find modifying the body in these ways to be aesthetically pleasing. There are overlaps between the body modification scene and other areas of alternative culture, including music subcultures, a prominent example being punk. For example, those who are part of rave or EBM (Electronic Body Music) culture might favour ultraviolet plastic jewellery and different kinds of piercing can be part of specific cultural groupings.

Many feel that this is an art form, using the body rather than a canvas, and that there are a multitude of ways in which bodies are modified as a form of creative self-expression.



One of the many tattoo and piercing parlours around Cork city centre  
Photo: David O'Leary, NFP Archive



# JOHN HOGAN - SCULPTOR SUPREME

BY RONNIE O'HERLIHY

JOHN HOGAN was arguably Ireland's greatest 19th century sculptor. Although not born in Cork, and spending most of his life outside of it, his name will always be associated with Cork City, the city of his youth and the South Parish in particular.

He was born in Tallow, Co Waterford, on October 14th, 1800 to John Hogan and Frances Cox. The family moved to Cork in 1801 to live at No.11 Cove Street, in the South Parish and the young Hogan grew up there until the age of eight. The only formal education he received was in a primary school in his home town of Tallow, between 1809 and 1814. He was very good at history and mathematics and he hoped to become an architect, as he was also very good at drawing. Back in Cork City in 1816 he became an apprentice clerk in the office of one of Cork's leading solicitors at the time, Michael Foote of Patrick Street. He wasn't cut out for life as a clerk, and he continued the whole time with his architectural drawings as well as taking to carving figures in wood. Around this time Hogan's father was working as a foreman for the well known Cork architect, Thomas Deane, on the new Cork City prison in Sunday's Well. Deane was in need of somebody at short notice to copy some of the plans for the building and he found out that his foreman's son was good at architectural drawing, so he asked him if the younger Hogan would be interested in the task. This was how in 1818, at the age of 18, Hogan's life as a sculptor began, for although he was employed to draw plans, his carving ability soon came to the notice of Thomas Deane and it wasn't long before he was making models and carving ornamental figures for Deane's buildings.

The year 1819 saw Hogan begin carving full-time for Deane and one of his first commissions was the figure of *Minerva*, created in pine around 1820 and placed above the doorway of the Royal Exchange Insurance Company, on the South Mall. This was a remarkable piece of work for a man so young, who had only begun to study sculpture seriously after the arrival of the Antonio Canova casts to Cork in 1818. *Minerva* can be seen today in the Crawford Art Gallery, along with many other examples of his work and also alongside those Canova casts that he greatly admired. Even before the carving of *Minerva*, he had carved a life-sized female skeleton in pinewood, which was so accurate that it was used by Dr Woodroffe for lectures in his well respected School of Anatomy on Warren Street, today's Parnell Place. There are only some fragments of this skeleton surviving, which can also be seen



Completed in 1846 one of John Hogan's most important works was a full life-size statue of Daniel O'Connell, Emancipator, and Ireland's most renowned orator of the 19th century. Photo: Ronnie O'Herlihy

in the art gallery, in an upstairs cabinet with some other anatomical studies completed by Hogan.

In 1822, Bishop John Murphy commissioned him to carve 27 saints in wood for the North Cathedral where they remain to this day. The following year his work came to the attention of William Carey, a member of the Royal Irish Institution, who decided to try and raise funds to send the young sculptor to Italy to work alongside the great sculptors of the day. After a lot of hard work enough money was raised and Hogan set sail, stopping first in London to study some of the classical works there and finally arriving in Rome on Palm Sunday 1824. He lived in Rome from 1824 until 1849, where he created most of his best works. Within a couple of years of arriving in Rome he finished what is regarded as his greatest piece, his interpretation of *The Drunken Faun*, in plaster, which now stands proudly in the Crawford

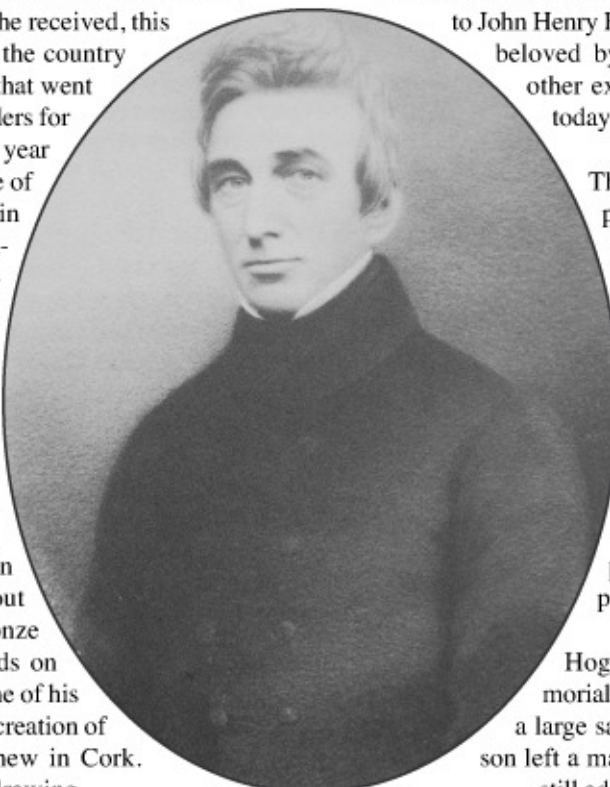
Art Gallery. Other pieces followed and in 1829 he created the first of three marble versions of his well known work, *The Dead Christ* which was placed in St Theresa's Church on Clarendon Street, Dublin, the second version (1832) is in the South Chapel here in Cork and the third (1854) went to St John's basilica, Newfoundland.

While in Cork in 1832 he received a gold medal, along with Daniel Maclise, from the Cork Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. He was married in 1837 to an Italian, Cornelia Bevig-nani, she, at 22, was fifteen years younger than him and they went on to have twelve children, eight girls and four boys. Two years later, he was elected to the *Incorporated Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon*, a body formed in 1500 AD, which had the Pope at its head. It was made up of painters, sculptors and architects, fifteen of each and usually all Italian. Hogan was immensely proud to be the first Irishman elected to the body. On his fourth visit to Ireland in 1843, he received a number of commissions, including one of his most important, from the Repeal Association, for a statue of Daniel O'Connell, which he completed in 1846 and it was placed in the City Hall in Dublin. That same year saw him make his fifth visit home where he supervised the placing of his statue of William Crawford in the Savings Bank on Lapp's Quay, where it stayed for many years before being donated to the Crawford Art Gallery. In August 1849 he decided to bring his family home to Ireland and they went to live in Dublin, moving into a house on Wentworth Place, later to be renamed Hogan Place in his honour, where he set up a studio. He felt that Dublin would



offer him more in terms of commissions but instead it had a negative effect on the amount of work he received, this was probably to do with the fact that the country was still in the grip of famine and all that went with it, indeed he didn't receive any orders for work in 1850. However, the following year he was commissioned to create a statue of Thomas Davis for the City Hall in Dublin. From then on he received commissions on a steady basis. In the National Exhibition in Cork in 1852, held on the site of today's City Hall, he exhibited a number of works, including a fourth *Dead Christ* in plaster, to great acclaim and he also had many exhibits on show the following year in the Great Industrial Exhibition in Dublin.

His health took a turn for the worse in 1855 while working on what turned out to be his last portrait statue, the bronze statue of Daniel O'Connell that stands on O'Connell Street in Limerick City. One of his last commissions, in 1857, was for the creation of a bronze statue of Fr Theobald Mathew in Cork. However, he had only been at the drawing stage of it when he passed away on March 27th, 1858, and was buried on March 30th, in



John Hogan 1800-1858  
From book *John Hogan, Irish Neoclassical Sculptor in Rome* by John Turpin:  
Photo: Courtesy of Author

Dublin's Glasnevin cemetery. The job was given afterwards to John Henry Foley, who created the Fr Mathew statue beloved by generations of Corkonians. Many other examples of Hogan's work can be seen today in Cork, the city of his youth.

There are around two dozen individual pieces in the Crawford Art Gallery, in wood, plaster and marble. Other pieces can be seen in different churches in the city and county. Also, his work can be seen in St Michael's Church of Ireland Blackrock, St John the Baptist Church, Kinsale and St Joseph's Church, Glanmire. Just inside the main entrance to St Joseph's Cemetery, Ballyphehane, is the burial place of Patrick Murphy (Co-owner of Murphy & O'Connor. (From whom Hogan purchased his clothing).

Hogan was commissioned to create a memorial to Patrick Murphy, a reclining angel on a large sarcophagus. This remarkable builder's son left a magnificent legacy behind him, which is still admired to this day and the year 2008 sees the 150th anniversary of his death.



The above photos illustrate very well how the Blackpool landscape has changed over recent years. On the left we see the old Glen Rovers GAA Hurling & Football Club premises (now demolished) with Corporation apartments in background also no longer with us. This area is where the North Ring flyover takes traffic away from the once busy Blackpool village. On right, Madden's Buildings (Watercourse Road) is still keeping its sunny side up and providing accommodation for some of our more senior citizens.

Photos: From video clips supplied by Eddie Noonan, Frameworks Films.

The **Northside Folklore Project**, in conjunction with **Frameworks Films** and **Cork Community Television**, is embarking on an exciting new series of half hour documentary films. This series, **Corklore**, is supported by **Sound & Vision**, a scheme designed by the **Broadcasting Commission of Ireland** to support new television programmes about Irish culture, heritage and experience. Frameworks will be working with a different community group for each programme in the series. The Northside Folklore Project's first film will explore the dramatic alterations in both built and cultural heritage in the vibrant community of **Blackpool**, where more has changed in the past ten years than in the previous hundred. Utilizing oral history, archival film footage and still photography we will look at the depth of change in Blackpool through the eyes and voices of her people. Thanks to funding from a **Cork City Coun-**

**cil Heritage Grant**, there will be community screenings of the film. The series will also be shown on Irish community television stations, including, in the near future, **Cork Community Television**.

**Cork Community Television (CCTV)** has been established to provide a community television service within Cork city and county and has provisionally been awarded a license from the **Broadcasting Commission of Ireland**. It will enable communities to make, manage and broadcast programming to reflect their own interests, activities and concerns.

We are very excited about this relationship with Frameworks Films, and hope that this is only the start of an ongoing series of high quality documentaries produced by and for the people of Cork.



# THE MYTH AND LEGEND OF ELIZA LYNCH

BY SHANE DAVID WALSH

ON 1st March 1870 in the torrid heat of Paraguay, an attractive young Cork woman scrapes away relentlessly at the moist and clammy earth. Using her bare hands, she alone digs what will become the grave of both her lover and her son who died together on the banks of the Aquidaban River. This heart-rending spectacle would mark the end of what had become the most fruitless and ferocious war the South American continent had ever experienced. The woman's name was Eliza Lynch and she was born near the spa town of Mallow, Co Cork on June 3rd, 1835; the daughter of an English physician and an Irish mother.

Very little is known about her early life and what is known is often disputed as Eliza Lynch was a stranger to the truth when it came to relating her own personal background. What is known is that her family escaped the Irish famine in 1847 via Queenstown (Cobh) and she was brought up in the tumultuous times of the Second

Republic in Paris. At 15 years old Eliza married a French military vet, Xavier Quatrefages but since this union meant isolation in an arid outpost in Algeria, it was not long before she departed from her husband at 18 years of age and returned to Paris where she became a courtesan. She considered herself a woman of refinement, quickly realizing that in order to live a life of luxury, then this amoral profession was the only means by which she could secure an affluent future lifestyle.

It is said that she would enlist the aid of servants, instructing them to leave her business card at the most exclusive hotels and embassies, advertising her services as a language teacher to both courtiers and foreign diplomats. With her fine figure, long red hair and limpid blue eyes she attracted men of consequence. She was an astute woman who knew how to get her own way with men through sexual design. As Anne Enright the Irish novelist stated, Eliza Lynch was; 'a real Cork woman, over imaginative and over sexed'. Yet in spite of all her admirers, Eliza Lynch would be content with just one lover provided that such an admirer would safeguard and subsidize her interests with unwavering loyalty and finance. She first encountered Francisco Solano Lopez at 19 years of age. He was the adopted son of the self declared Marshall President (dictator) Carlos Antonio of Paraguay and heir apparent. He had been sent to France on a diplomatic mission, to purchase



Eliza Lynch born near the spa town of Mallow, Co Cork on 3rd June, 1835; coming from an Anglo-Irish family she was the daughter of an English physician and an Irish mother. Photo: [www.erroluys.com/ParaguayanWar](http://www.erroluys.com/ParaguayanWar)

military equipment, railroad and infrastructural materials. Money was no obstacle and Paraguay would soon command the largest military fighting machine in Latin America. The relationship between Eliza and her Paraguayan paramour developed at lightning speed and sexual sparks flew as the chemistry between them became instantaneous and irrevocable. Such was their union that within 6 years Eliza provided Lopez with 6 children. This seems odd since Lopez was considered by many to be nothing more than an ugly, lecherous and vainglorious lout. Diminutive in stature, with bandy legs and a misshapen head he incessantly smoked cigars; rarely being seen without one clenched between his rotting black teeth. He must have seemed a ludicrous figure had it not been for the fact that many saw him as a raving homicidal maniac. Not only was he delusional in his aspirations, but paranoia and a psychopathic delight for killing also accompanied him throughout his life.

When Lopez returned to Paraguay, Eliza, pregnant with their first child followed him. In Lopez she saw the possibility of becoming not only the lover of a dictator of a small yet prosperous nation, but gaining unfettered access to national finances. With civilized French elegance and chic dress sense, Eliza made quite an impact on the Paraguayan nobility. Yet in spite of such finery and exquisite tastes, she was rebuffed by Lopez's family, while the noble families of Asunción saw her as; '*la ramera irlandesa*' (The Irish prostitute.) Eliza was quite capable of shaking off such insults, knowing that her day would come and that revenge is always a dish best served cold. During my research of Eliza Lynch, she has struck me as a formidable and determined woman who could rise above petty jealousies, while quietly harbouring a vindictiveness of sheer poison and bloody intent. Woe betide any person stupid enough to even think of getting in her way!

Following his father's death, Lopez seized power and Eliza busied herself as the dictator's lover in all kinds of grandiose plans. She was determined to remodel the country's sweltering capital into an imperial city of political renown, with herself as its Empress. She undertook ambitious projects, building roads, palaces and opera houses; projects which were either left incomplete or not utilised. Behind it all though, Eliza's motives were more selfish than anything else. During her 15 years in Paraguay she bought up 32



Francisco Solano Lopez who saw himself as the potential Napoleon of South America. Photo: [www.erroluys.com/ParaguayanWar](http://www.erroluys.com/ParaguayanWar)



million hectares of land at obscenely low prices, and transferred thousands of pounds worth of the state's gold into secret European bank accounts.

Before his death, Lopez's father warned him that troubles of state were better resolved through negotiation than military conflict. He dreaded the idea of leaving this volatile lunatic as successor to such massive military resources. Within three years of the start of his rule, Lopez bungled his way into the War of The Triple Alliance (1864-1870). A blood drenched calamitous clash in which Paraguay waged war on the unified forces of Uruguay, Brazil and Argentina. This was to be the most catastrophic conflict ever fought in the Americas. Some attribute the war to Lopez's own diplomatic ineptitude while others argue that the devastation of war was solely the scheming of Eliza Lynch. She's been accused of having filled his head with delusional ideas of becoming the Napoleon of South America with her as his Empress. It's been argued that when Dom Pedro II of Brazil rejected Lopez as a potential son in law, it was Eliza who encouraged Lopez to attack his northern neighbour. Similarly, having read an unflattering article about herself in an Argentine newspaper, Eliza then added that country to her hit list in pursuit of imperial glory.

The war proved beneficial to Eliza; with Lopez commanding the warfront, she became the fulcrum of power in Asunción. Not only was she kept busy in her avaricious acquisition of vast tracts of land; she also meticulously took revenge on those who had initially reviled her on her arrival in Asunción. Following the war, scant were her enemies who survived. Men were either tortured on falsified charges of treason or sent into battle to die. Women were stripped of their personal gemstones, raped and sent into the inhospitable Gran Chaco region to die.

'Among the blacklist of dictators, despots and death-merchants that any nation has ever had the misfortune to be afflicted with, Paraguay's Mariscal Francisco Solano Lopez is worthy of note. But he always listened when his Irish mistress whispered in his ear.'

It is estimated that 1.2 million or 90% of Paraguay's pre-war population was decimated during the war. While a once wealthy country had now become an economic pariah, Eliza Lynch still continued to lavish herself with sumptuous imports of Paris fashions and European artefacts. She was by now the richest woman in the world, but while she imported she also exported; namely the wealth of the state of Paraguay. Towards the war's end, Lopez became more and more demented after each successive defeat. His psychoses and psychotic behaviour were now getting the better of him. He had his nephew and cousins executed while also ordering the execution of his own sisters. 'Even his own mother at 70, was flogged within an inch of her life'. Everything came to a grim and ghastly finale when Brazilian troops under the command of General Câmara lanced and then shot Lopez and Eliza's favourite child (Panchito) beside the Aquidaban River. Although Eliza did not witness this event Câmara did accompany her to the area; allowing

her to excavate a shallow grave with her bare hands for her deceased lover and child. Neither Paraguayan nor Brazilian soldiers were prepared to help her. Câmara was informed that if the women folk of Asunción caught up with Eliza they would surely kill her. Fortunately for Eliza, Câmara had her put aboard ship and swiftly deported to Paris where she died penniless and in obscurity on July 27th, 1886.

Eliza's remains were exhumed from the famous Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris on the 144th anniversary of Lopez's birth. She was re-interred with all due military honours in La Recoleta, Asunción not far from her lover's tomb. Today she is hailed as a national heroine in Paraguay with monuments to her memory and streets being named after her. In fact the first statue one sees at the airport in Asunción is that of Eliza Lynch. Remarkably she has come to represent one small country's resolve to do battle with much larger nations. The problem with Eliza Lynch is that she's an enigma. Even today she is not fully understood and in some ways she has become something of a political football. Her memory and exploits have been subjected to both romanticization and historical

reversionism. It is on this level that Eliza Lynch proves to be so elusive to this researcher. Therefore it's imperative that a serious assessment of her life and dominant role in Paraguayan politics be undertaken.

As an Irish adventuress in South America, surely we owe it to Eliza that her reputation and motivations be substantially established in fact and not guessed at through myth and hearsay. Victors often write history and what we learn about Eliza Lynch becomes so enmeshed with bias and propaganda that perhaps we may never truly know the reality behind this self-willed and resolute young woman. I am forever left, personally intrigued with Eliza Lynch as so little is known about her. What I do know is that warfare has myriad complex causes and to simply put the most destructive war in South America down to one woman does seem to scream of scapegoat. There can be a fine line between history and folklore, and it may just be the case that most profiles of Eliza Lynch owe more to fiction than absolute

fact. But then again, fact can often be stranger than fiction.

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Eliza Lynch rising through Paraguayan society (circa 1860)

Photo: [www.erroluys.com/ParaguayanWar](http://www.erroluys.com/ParaguayanWar)



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*We are always interested in our reader's views and welcome letters and inquiries.*

**Dear Editor,**

Just a note to say many thanks for leaving copies of Issue 11 of *The Archive* into our school. I was extremely impressed with its quality and derived great enjoyment from reading it. It is so wonderful to see so many people putting time and energy into exploring our folklore and keeping information regarding our heritage alive. I will pass the copies onto our staff and it will no doubt enable them to make History and English class come alive in a real way for the students as they recognise many of the locations mentioned. Once again, many thanks for your great efforts.

Yours sincerely,

Helen Ryan

Principal

McSwiney Community College

Knocknaheeny, Cork

**Dear Editor,**

I am researching my Irish heritage and trying to get hold of these books: *Story of Monto* by John Finegan, Mercier Press  
*Monto: Madams, Murder and Black Coddle* by Terry Fagan, the North Inner City Folklore Project  
Any help or information would be very welcome.

Dena Pezet

New Zealand

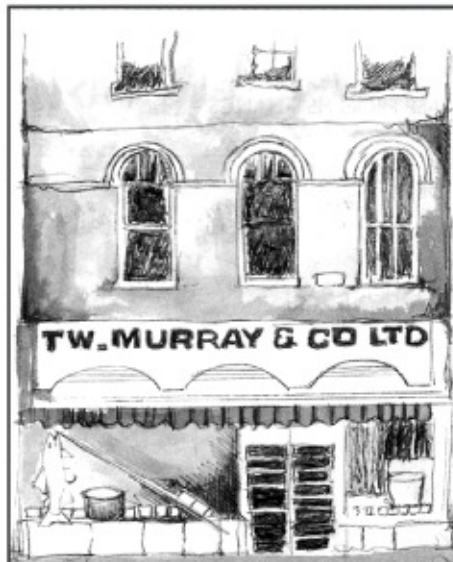
*Above letter is a sample of regular requests we get about these two books. We are often confused with the North Inner City Folklore Project which was based in Dublin and no longer exists. Unfortunately, both of these books are out of print, although sometimes available through used and rare book dealers.*

*Project Manager*

**Dear Editor,**

I wish to acknowledge receipt of *The Archive* Issue 11 around mid-June. We found it most interesting - and filled in some blanks in our knowledge of the Martello Towers. I refer to our own recently produced *Ireland's Naval Base & Navy*. We make no claim to 100% accuracy but rather produced it as an easy to read history of the Naval base (mainly) with a few pages at the end on the Naval Service. Thanks again for *The Archive*.

I was particularly interested in the article on Sunbeam as my aunt (now deceased) lived in



Murray's fish tackle shop on Patrick Street  
Sketch by Bill O'Shea

Blackpool for most of her life and was familiar with the factory, although she didn't work there.

Yours sincerely,

Pat McNulty

Commander NS

Officer Commanding Shore Operations

**Dear Editor,**

The Cloyne Literary and Historical Society is providing their members (about 50) with a monthly lecture event or outing. We are now making plans for the events in the coming year. We came across your magazine *The Archive* Issue 11. In fact I found in it two articles from authors that had already presented lectures in Cloyne: Jenny Butler and Brian McGee. Both were extremely entertaining.

Yours sincerely,

Marie Guillot

Hon. Secretary of the Cloyne Literary and Historical Society,

Kilcrone House, Cloyne, Co Cork

*The Society has asked us at The Archive to pass on invitations to some of our contributors from Issue 11 to provide a talk on their chosen subject in the near future. Ed.*

*We would like to thank Caroline and Alan Hennessy for identifying one of the 'mystery photos' in our last issue. In the house party picture taken in the home of George Desmond in the 1950s, they recognized, from left, Mary O'Keefe (singer); Sheila Barry (fiddle); Ann and Bill O'Sullivan (now living in Australia); and Nora Lee. Both Sheila Barry and Bill O'Sullivan were members of the St. Enda's Céilí Band. Don't remember the photo? Don't have a copy of Issue 11? You can read all the previous issues of The Archive on our website: [www.ucc.ie/research/nfp](http://www.ucc.ie/research/nfp)*

**Dear Editor,**

I hope that you are all fine and that everything is going on well for you and your projects. I would like to thank you again for welcoming me in May and I would also like to congratulate you for your brand new website. It is very interesting and I would like to thank you for putting a picture of me and you on it, this is very nice of you.

Good luck for your research.

Best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Ludivine Bouhelier

French Phd Student

in Irish Folklore

Université de Franche-Comté

Besançon

France



French Phd Student Ludivine Bouhelier, (front right) on a visit to The Northside Folklore Project. Back row L-R: Mary O'Driscoll, Shane David Walsh, Geraldine Healy, Noel O'Shaughnessy. Front row L-R: Catherine Aherne and Breda Sheehan.

Photo: Nano Nagle, NFP Archive



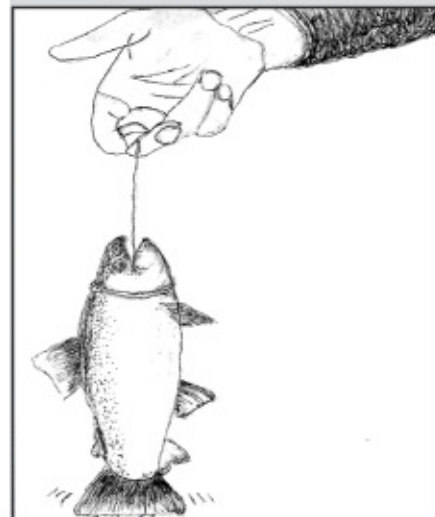
# BOOK REVIEWS

## *The Lore of Ireland: An Encyclopaedia of Myth, Legend and Romance*

by Dáithí Ó hÓgáin, The Collins Press  
Price: €29.95

The author of this book has indeed accomplished a most remarkable piece of work on Ireland's heritage when it comes to the subject of folklore, myth, legend and romance. This book acts as a most welcome and scholarly treasure trove of both cultural and traditional beliefs, encompassing as it does the wealth and richness of Ireland as a land of renown and wonder. From the myth and mists of time, the author gently guides the reader from Irish heroes of mystical legend, through the dramatic days of the saints, and up to and including some of the larger than life characters who have shaped Ireland's destiny in more recent times.

Compiled in alphabetical order, the author has included some 350 different topics with references to various sources. Wherever a story of myth needs to be told, the author gladly obliges the reader, and in this context, the book becomes an invaluable reference companion to all that Irish literary and mythical culture may hold. Bursting with fascinating lore from both the animal and human realms, this book is a must for not only the ardent student of Irish folklore and history, but also for the carefree casual reader who simply wishes to be both enlightened and entertained. The author's style while being accessibly academic, is also relaxed and friendly, giving detailed ex-



MAN WITH FISH  
Sketch by Bill O'Shea

planations on a whole host of different topics, while at the same time achieving his goal with simplicity and crystal clear clarity.

This reviewer can not recommend this book highly enough as it details so much about the lore, legend and history of this country which makes Ireland what she is today. A beautifully compiled book which is sure to be used and referred to for many years to come. Never has a book on this subject been so timely and should therefore be thankfully appreciated by all.

by *Shane David Walsh*

## *Beyond The Mist*

by Peter O'Connor, Allen & Unwin,  
Price: €12 approx

A rewarding aspect of folklore research is the way in which a line of inquiry can branch off into unexpected and fruitful byways. Thus I recently discovered *Beyond the Mist* – what Irish mythology can teach us about ourselves, in our local suburban library in Adelaide, South Australia. On the back cover is a quote from Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch, one of the original moving forces behind the Northside Folklore Project and retired head of UCC Department of Folklore & Ethnology, who says of this book: 'Far and away the best informed and most successful commentary on how Irish tales go to the hearts of all our lives.' High praise and thoroughly deserved.

Peter O'Connor is an Australian scholar who spent time as honorary visiting fellow at UCC and interprets Irish mythology in the light of Jungian psychoanalytic theory. The book is an excellent Irish folklore primer, with the central mythic tales retold with grace and clarity. The cycles dealt with are: 1) The Mythological Cycle; 2) The Ulster Cycle; 3) The Fenian Cycle. This material is set in its wider cultural and historical background and there is a useful Irish pronunciation guide. But the warm heart of the work lies in its analysis of Irish mythological tales. We are dealing with timeless, basic things – how people experience at a profound psychic level the great transitions of birth, marriage, separation, ageing and death; the rise and fall of heroic figures; how human be-

haviour is entwined with the health and fertility of the natural environment. This book is an enterprise of scholastic and intellectual rigour, written in plain language for the general public.

There is a fascinating exploration of the concept of the 'Otherworld', the blissful realm the ancient Celts saw as being adjacent to, but separate from, our everyday world. Characters overlap and appear in various guises, gods assume different attributes in different settings, sometimes merging identities. Something which should be of great interest to Cork people is the discussion of the Cailleach Bhearra (the Old Hag of West Cork's Beara Peninsula), who may date back to pre-Celtic times. This is a world permeated by veneration of the female principle. (For more information on this topic you should also see Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch's excellent and important, *The Book of the Cailleach*, published by Cork University Press, 2003.) *Beyond the Mist* invites us to appraise our relationship to the world, to see beyond the fog created by egotism and the obsessive acquisition of status and material wealth and perhaps to propel us on the path towards wholeness and a healthy balance between the material and spiritual.

by *Stephen Hunter*

## *Last Gasp From Fish Hangs Man!*

...A Fishy Story

by Bill O'Shea

This is a charming little booklet about one man's experience of fishing. Bill is a Northsider and through this story he brings the reader on a journey of some well known Cork landmarks. His story is also quite informative on some of the practices he uses to make the necessary hooks and lines for his various fishing trips. His encounters with the Bailiffs evoke a very humorous picture of a teenage boy engaging in his passion for fishing and the trouble that this got him into. This quaint little booklet is a wonderful read; it sends the reader into a visualisation of Cork's great Northside and some of the activity that goes on there.

By *Catherine Aherne*

*This is a H.O.P.E. Project funded book. Copies are available for €3 at The Northside Folklore Project. Editor*



# THE URBAN LANDSCAPE



Views of cranes near Cork City centre  
Photos: Shane David Walsh, NFP Archive

Towering above Cork Warehouse Co. Ltd and Cork City as a whole, the photograph above, left, depicts enormous cranes busying themselves with the daily toil of adding level upon level to what will become The Elysian Tower, and albeit somewhat briefly in the future, the tallest building in Ireland. A bit closer to the ground the photograph on the right displays a crane and pile-drivers but a stone's throw away from Emmet Place. Along with a new shopping area and apartments, this development will also see the construction of an underground car park. Cork City is developing at breakneck speed with buildings of yesteryear disappearing while new ones appear. Cork City is in the throes of urban change and evolution.



## The Northside Folklore Project

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Image Processor: Robert O'Herlihy  
Printing: Aleo print & design  
[www.aleoprint.com](http://www.aleoprint.com)

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Northside Folklore Project would like to thank: FÁS, Susan Kirby, management and staff of NCE Ltd, Fr John O'Donovan, Noreen Hegarty, Pat O'Leary and John O'Leary UCC Dept of Folklore and Ethnology, Diarmuid Ó Giolláin, Stiofán Ó Cadhla, Cliona O'Carroll and Bláthnaid Ní Bheaglaóí, City Library, Kieran Burke, Cork City Museum, Dan Breen, Crawford Art Gallery, Coleen O'Sullivan, *Irish Examiner/Evening Echo*, Ann Kearney, Cork City and County Archives, Brian McGee, Frameworks Films, Sister Rosario, Jim Fitzpatrick, Stephen Hunter, Mary O'Sullivan, Robert Waldron, Myra Kavanagh, Eamon Morrish, Niamh Twomey and Cork City Council

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