The Archive

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JOURNAL OF THE CORK NORTHSIDE FOLKLORE PROJECT

Iris Thionscnamh Béaloidis Cheann-Thuaidh Chorcaí

Issue 16

Uimhir a Sé Déag

The Archive

Project Manager's Note

Like everyone else in the country, the Cork Northside Folklore Project continues to roll with the punches of our uncertain times. Despite our lowest staff level ever, an internal move to less space and the continuing drop in funding support, we have had a productive year. Significant progress has been made on our ongoing **Cork Memory Map** and, once again, we have managed to produce an issue of our annual journal, *The Archive*. This very visual 16th edition features a wide variety of beautiful images, with our usual mix of entertaining and informative articles. With our smaller team we are more appreciative than ever of the contributions from community members and former staff. Thank you one and all!

We have experienced another big change with the departure of Dr Marie-Annick Desplanques as a Research Director at the project. After being involved from the beginning, Dr Desplanques has decided to move on to other things. We thank her and wish her the best of luck in her new endeavours.
Mary O'Driscoll

Front Cover Collage by Tom Doig. Photo elements courtesy of the Hammond family and the National Library of Ireland. Photo of Mick Crowley courtesy of Sheena Crowley and photo of Roy Hammond courtesy of Donal Wylde.

City Print Ltd, Cork **www.cityprint.ie**

Urban Landscape
by Gráinne Mcgee

When I first moved to Cork I was at a loss as to how to photograph this urban cityscape; I was more at ease with the rural landscape of Kerry. I believe to photograph a particular place well, you have to live for some time in that area; it's not just about taking a great picture, it's also about attempting to capture the atmosphere and spirit of the place. I began with night photography, learning that through long exposures, pure black night could offer up dramatic cloud formations and wondrous shades of purple, orange and blue. Then one morning I landed down on the quays with my camera well before daybreak, and I have been there most mornings since. There is something magical about early morning in Cork – the quiet, the crispness of the air, the play of the lights and the dawn sky on the water. Recently I have been experimenting with black and white film and hand developing, constantly trying to fine tune my approach. I will be a fixture on the bridges of Cork for quite some time to come! **grainne_mcgee@yahoo.com**

For essential financial support we would like to thank: Cork City Council Local Heritage Grant Scheme, Roinn an Bhéaloidis/the Department of Folklore and Ethnology, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CORK, Catryn Power, Dr Carol Dundon, Josephine Brady, Tony Dalton, Ailish Moloney, and all those who purchased our films, radio programmes and books over the last year.

Trading Music Through the Decades

A history of Crowley's Music Centre from the 1920s to the present

When Mick Crowley passed away, in August 2010, there was a great feeling of loss among the music community in Cork. Not just because his business, Crowley's Music Centre, had for decades provided musicians and music students alike with quality instruments, but because he himself was a genuine link between an older more traditional style of musical instrument building and selling and today's world of modern music technology and buying and selling instruments online. Indeed the story of Crowley's Music Centre runs parallel with the changing face of musical styles, performance and creativity from the Ireland of the 1920s to the present day.

Left to Right: Paul O'Byrne, Rockin' Gerry and Mick Crowley outside the shop on Merchants Quay c. 1972
Photo courtesy of Sheena Crowley

When people talk about changing trends in popular music they usually refer to the bands, performers, record companies, DJs and the various other spokes or cogs that rotate the popular music industry. One overlooked influence on the people that create and play music is the musical instrument maker and retailer. A music shop that builds and sells instruments is going to be an obvious focal point in any town or city that each new generation of music-mad kids will gravitate towards. Denmark Street in London is an obvious example of such a location for musical instrument shops which has achieved an almost mythical status in popular music folklore. Home to music publishing houses and retailers since the 1890s, its legendary status was copperfastened in the 1960s when the likes of The Yardbirds, The Rolling Stones and David Bowie bought their equipment and recorded early demos on the street. George Harrison bought a nylon stringed guitar there, which he used on The Beatles early albums, and Bob Marley is reputed to have bought his first electric guitar from one of its shops.

When I was a teenager saving up for my first bass guitar, I romantically viewed MacCurtain Street as the Denmark Street of Cork. At the time in the '80s, Crowley's Music Centre, The Swop Shop and Russell's Music formed a triumvirate of musical instrument shops situated along the same side of the street. After saving up the £65 for a second hand Encore bass guitar, which I'd discovered hanging on the wall at the back of Crowley's, I plucked up the courage to ask Mick Crowley if I could plug it in to try it out. He courteously obliged and I duly proceeded to drive Mick, the customers and the rest of the staff demented by hammering out the bass riff to Cream's 'Sunshine of Your Love' completely out of time and out of tune for about half an hour until he wearily asked me if I wanted to buy it. I had seen Gerry McAvoy playing bass with Rory Gallagher's band in the Opera House earlier that year and had decided that that was the instrument for me. Had I known that the guy who sold me my bass was the same man who sold Gallagher his 1961 Fender Stratocaster guitar, which had held me along with the rest of the audience spellbound, I would have been gobsmacked!

The story of Crowley's Music Centre, however, goes way back before the time of guitar driven rock and roll, right back in fact to the 1920s when *ceílí* music was the pop music of its day. Tadhg Crowley, Mick's father, had begun learning and transcribing Irish tunes on the bagpipes at the age of sixteen. In the early 1920s this interest expanded into repairing and building pipes for local pipe bands. He made the transition to playing uileann pipes at the Cork Pipers' Club and in 1926 he repaired a set of uileann pipes belonging to Henry Ford's father, which can be viewed to this day in the Ford Museum in Michigan. Tadhg's brother, Denis, shared his interest in piping and pipe making and between them they set up their own business. Sheena Crowley, Tadhg's granddaughter who currently runs Crowley's Music Centre, describes the fledgling business' early days: 'When they were being brought up at home, in the kitchen at night time, as soon as the dinner was finished, they'd bring out the tools they had to make pipes. They used be attaching hemp to the door handles and rolling it around the spirals of the joints of the pipes. My grandmother used to sit in the corner cutting the velvet to make the bags. They had a lathe in the kitchen and everything. Eventually they set up a workshop in Drawbridge Street. Over time then it built up so they had a mini-assembly in the workshop. So they used to make all the stocks and the joints and everything and all the fittings. Someone would put in an order for pipes and it would be shipped to America in six weeks. The very seriously stark difference today is there'd be a waiting list from two to seven years for pipes and only a quarter of the makers are Irish.' This family cottage industry eventually set-up-shop in 10 Merchants Quay in 1933 supplying an increasing demand for handmade uileann pipes, bagpipes and drums. They also opened a workshop in Maylor Street in the late '30s where the pipes were manufactured.

Above: The Crowley Uillean Pipe Shield as designed by Tadhg Crowley c. 1937
Courtesy of Sheena Crowley

Despite the economic austerity in Ireland at the time, the shop continued to thrive. From reading letters and correspondence from that time there seemed to be a serious loyalty to the shop and people travelled from everywhere to get these instruments. Says Sheena, 'It would have been people known to my grandfather and they would have set up accounts. Some people took a year or so to pay off and it wasn't a hire purchase scheme or anything. This was just paid off over time. Trust completely. I mean they often gave out goods! This wouldn't happen today.'

Tadhg Crowley (right), holding one of his own handmade uillean pipes, 1947
Photo courtesy of Sheena Crowley

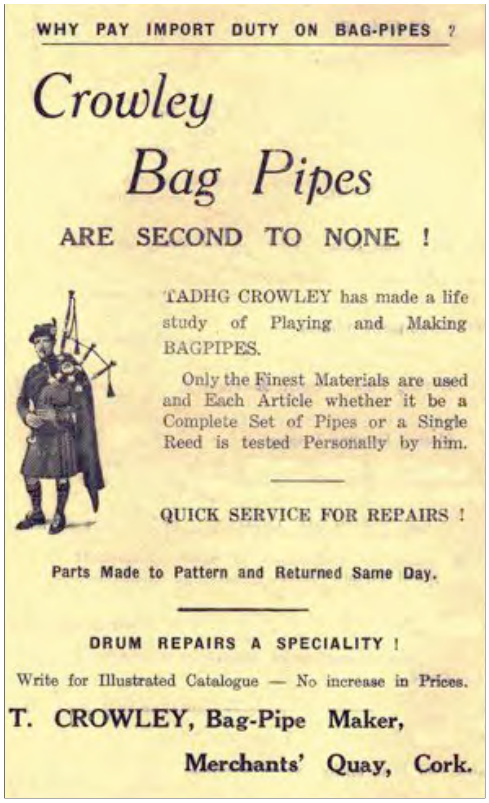
When Tadhg died in 1952 the workshop closed and the emphasis shifted to the retail side of the business. Tadhg's son, Mick, took over the running of the shop at fourteen, something which would be inconceivable today. At the time there was the beginning of a revival in Irish folk music, spearheaded by Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann, and pipe bands were thriving. When Mick began working he'd go out delivering accordions, probably the most popular instrument at the time, due to their portability and affordability. The shop added banjos and mandolins to its stock and there developed a strong rapport between the shop and the growing number of trad aficionados. This is exemplified in Sheena's recalling of the Dunne Brothers. 'They used to play outside Roche's Stores. One of them was blind, he played the violin and the other one was an accordion player. They were fabulous, fabulous musicians, but the fella who played the accordion also played the banjo. He asked my dad "I really love this banjo in your shop but I can't afford it" and my father says "I'll give you the banjo if you come up to me everyday after you've done your busking and you give me a few bob and after a year you'll have it paid off ."'

The advent of the showband era ushered in yet another transition in popular music, and stock now expanded to include electric guitars and amplifiers. Rock and roll arrived in Ireland around this time. The Beatles played the Adelphi Cinema in Dublin in 1963, the Rolling Stones played the same venue two years later. The ban on jazz and rock and roll on Radio Éireann had been lifted. The then Taoiseach, Seán Lemass, had abandoned Ireland's regressive economic protectionism in the late '50s and the country, now trading openly with the UK and Europe, was experiencing its first economic boom. More people could now afford to buy modern instruments and the demand soared. When I asked Sheena how all this change impacted on the business she replied, 'The showband era would have been the wealthiest of all in the history of this business. If you think of all the dancehalls, they'd fill them no problem.'

It was around this time that a young guitarist by the name of Rory Gallagher bought a '61 Fender Stratocaster from Crowley's for £100 on hire purchase in 1963. Gallagher at the time was honing his musical chops with the Fontana Showband, but kept the instrument right throughout his solo career all the while developing his own signature sound on the instrument. Since Gallagher's death in 1995 there have been an increasing number of fans and devotees who have made the pilgrimage to Crowley's to meet the man who sold him the now iconic instrument. The release of Tony Palmers film *Irish Tour '74*, which features footage of Gallagher and Mick Crowley chatting in the shop has only added to the fan mythology. Says Sheena, 'I find it incredible the interest in Rory Gallagher that goes through every chain of connection to him. Right up to my father's death last year we had people from all over the world coming to visit the shop to say hello to the man who sold him the guitar. We've had people crying in the shop because of Rory Gallagher. But the man had power. You put a guitar in his hands and you'd see him come to life. It's so raw. That's instinct. He obviously had so much talent.' There is now a plaque to his memory outside the shop.

Mick Crowley in 2006 with the iconic '61 Fender Stratocaster guitar which he originally sold to Rory Gallagher in 1963
Photo courtesy of Sheena Crowley

By the late 1960s an increasing number of big names had begun patronising the shop. As well as Rory Gallagher, bands like The Dixies, The Freshmen and Horslips were buying instruments and equipment from Crowley's. In 1973 the City Council began redeveloping Merchants Quay and Crowley's relocated to MacCurtain Street where the shop remains to this day. The Cork band Sleepy Hollow were also regular customers and their roadie, Joe O'Herlihy, worked for a brief period in the shop. His passion



The changing face of Crowley's advertising, from 1940 to1973
Left image courtesy of Sheena Crowley. Right image courtesy of *The Evening Echo*

for the latest amps and guitars was complimented by Mick's enthusiasm and it was here he learnt much of the technical knowledge which eventually led to him becoming U2's main sound engineer in the 1980s, a role he occupies to this day. In Eamon Dunphy's biography of U2, *The Unforgettable Fire*, there is an amusing description of the young O'Herlihy calling into the shop on a daily basis driving Mick Crowley crazy asking him about the latest gear in stock. Through this connection, U2 guitarist, The Edge, became a frequent caller to the shop. 'The Edge used to constantly contact us for guitars,' recalls Sheena, 'any nice Gibsons or Strats or whatever. For Rory Gallagher's funeral he wanted a guitar for the post funeral session in the hotel they were staying in. So we sent up a guitar by cab and when they returned it, it had blood on it (laughs). They obviously had a good session.'

Over the years the large basement under the shop became a store room for old, unused and unusual instruments. To the point that it built up a kind of lore of its own amongst musicians. 'I'd often find a rare guitar that my dad had stored for ages and he'd say "Oh that's for Christy (Moore). He wants to check that out."' Certainly that personal relationship between customer and retailer is sadly being increasingly eroded. I remember bringing a Turkish saz into Mick to have it repaired. He had never seen one in the shop before and as a result he serviced it for free. I was amazed that he had still retained his enthusiasm for unusual instruments.

With the increasing digitisation of music and more and more people buying instruments online, shops like Crowley's are finding it harder to adapt to the new form of online retail whilst trying to retain its place at the heart of the local community. 'The internet is colossally damaging, in that respect, to small businesses and to peoples' understanding to what things are now,'explains Sheena. 'We're currently building a website but you're still competing with America, Germany and England for purchasing power. You can't really play with the bigger cats, you're wiped out. Often when people buy guitars online they find they're not set up properly. Now online you get a discount but that's all you get. What we need to do is to show people you're buying not just a product but that you're buying a service. We trade instruments, we service guitars, we rent guitars, we restore guitars. A guy rang me recently from Dingle and asked me had we got such and such a thing in stock. I quoted him a price and he said he can get it online for less. I said I was willing to go down to a lower price but after that I was losing out. But he said he'd get it online anyway. Then he said "this must be killing you, is it?" and I said "it's killing you as well," he asked what I meant and I said it's affecting everybody in this country, the fact that you're willing to go out of the country for only forty or fifty euro. You're not willing to do a direct deal with anyone. That's the problem. I mean if a musician goes to all the trouble to make a CD I want to buy it, not get a free download.'

There is now a vast gulf between the era in which a small business began life building handmade pipes in a family kitchen and today's world of buying and selling musical instruments from anonymous sources on eBay. During that time there have been many changes and innovations in Irish popular music, each reflecting a wider cultural change in Irish society. From the era of the pipe bands, through to the Irish folk revival, the showband era right through to rock and roll and everything since; Crowley's Music Centre has changed and adapted as a business, all the while maintaining a rapport with each successive generation of musicians they supply instruments and equipment to. In the current economic recession people are naturally going to look for a cheaper price on the goods they buy and the internet does at times enable people to buy musical instruments at a lower rate, but there is a cost to this. I believe that it's vital that the direct line between those building and selling instruments and those performing and creating music be kept as close as possible and that this relationship, as espoused by small businesses such as Crowley's Music Centre, continues to be valued.

by Mark Wilkins

This article is dedicated to the memory of Mick Crowley and Rory Gallagher. Special thanks to Sheena Crowley.

Crowley's Music Centre is located at 29 MacCurtain Street, Cork. You can contact them at 021-4503426 or at www.facebook/crowleysmusiccentre

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A Cork Student Recalls ...

A glance back at UCC in the '70s

On a windy Monday morning in early October 1975, I found myself walking up the avenue in University College Cork to begin my studies at the college. From an early age I had conceived my grand plan of doing an Arts degree. As a teenager, many evenings pouring over history books with avid delight had honed my skills in the subject and prepared me for my eventual sojourn there.

That morning, I recall vividly how I took the route of walking through the main gates to savour my sense of the moment. Through the gates I went, the college swallowing me up as I progressed between the great stone portals of the main entrance. With an ever increasing sense of anticipation, I walked up along the tree-lined avenue. The autumn leaves blowing in all directions around me seemed to herald that familiar feeling that an academic year was about to commence. Things always seemed to begin for me at that time of the year. This year was to be no different. In a flurry of timetables, book lists and course schedules I settled down to embark on my year. The work for me was the essence. The historian, Donnchadh Ó Corráin, wove a tapestry in words of the people, politics and places of early Christian Ireland. He painted in with his deft verbal brush a veritable canvas of historical discourse. Delving back into our early prehistory, I couldn't wait every day to satisfy my curiosity. The late Professor Michael J. O'Kelly, attired in black gown, imparted his knowledge and passion for archaeology to all of us fortunate enough to attend his lectures. Professor O'Kelly had spent the years from 1962 to 1975 excavating the great megalithic tomb of Newgrange, Co. Meath.

Geraldine Healy at the Arch, UCC
Photo by Tom Doig, CNFP Archive

University College Cork has stood on the rocky promontory overlooking the approach to the western suburbs of Cork City for over a hundred and sixty years. The neo-Gothic style buildings have provided a wonderful setting for the pursuit of learning. The opening ceremony of Queen's College as it was then known, took place on November 7th, 1849. By all accounts it was a splendid occasion, well attended by civic dignitaries and representatives of the business community. There were up to 900 persons present in the Aula Maxima including many ladies.

The college location is very close to the original site of the monastery and school of the patron saint of Cork, St. Finbarr, at Gill Abbey Rock. The limestone buildings were designed by Sir Thomas Deane, assisted by his pupil Benjamin Woodward. Emeritus Professor John A. Murphy in his history of UCC entitled *The College: A History of Queen's/University College Cork* tells us that 'Sir Thomas Deane is known to have borrowed a collection of drawings of Oxford colleges from a fellow architect and it seems that Deane's plan was influenced by Magdalen College, in particular.'

On a sombre note, in those early days the dour building of Cork County Gaol overlooked the medical faculty of the college. This caused distress to the academic staff and students alike especially at the time of public executions. Again Professor Murphy relates in *The College* how 'the College Council sent a resolution to the lord lieutenant on 3 April 1851, with reference "to the pending execution of female prisoners immediately adjacent to the entrance of Queen's College… and the execution of the sentence thus in view of the College and the great crowd that would probably be collected on the occasion must both shock the students and greatly interfere with the proceedings of the College."'

As a fresh young student it seemed to me the autumnal foliage - yellow, brown and red - bedecked the college campus with a garment of striking colour and richness. Overhead the great tower clock of the Quadrangle building looked down on us as it had done for generations of undergraduates in the years long past, signalling a frantic rush around the lecture halls as it struck the hour. Later in the year, the wooden cases on the walls under the archway of the Main Quadrangle building were a source of joy and dejection as examination results in those days were posted in the glass display boxes. The 'boards' were approached with more than a measure of trepidation on results day.

In the North Wing of the Main Quadrangle under the archway, the Ogham stones are visible in the Stone Corridor. These imposing stone monuments are incised with the earliest Irish written script and have been variously interpreted as ancient grave markers, commemorative stones or possibly boundary markers. Damian McManus in *Ogham Stones at University College Cork* outlines how relative linguistic dating 'suggests that they belong to the period from late primitive Irish (fourth to fifth century) to early old Irish (seventh century).' He also tells us that 'the people recorded on these inscriptions are not known from the historical record, with the result that absolute dating of these stones is impossible.' Canon Power writing in 1932 also concludes that the dating of these stones cannot be precisely determined. Their use coincides with the arrival of Christianity to Irish shores. It is clear from the details on the stones that Ogham was in use at a time of transition in Ireland, when pagan beliefs and Christianity existed side by side. It was in use at a time when the old order was passing and the new faith establishing itself. The distribution of the stones in Ireland has a very definite southerly bias. The counties of Cork, Kerry and Waterford have the greatest number

of stones approximately 260 out of 330 monuments in Ireland. Co. Kerry has the greatest incidence of Ogham. Thus Canon Power suggests that the script probably originated in this county.

The Wisteria shrub in early summer peeping through the lattice windows gives an almost Elizabethan atmosphere to the Stone Corridor. On a summer's day, it is an enchanting sight. Today the Stone Corridor is an administrative area. Students no longer mill around its stone pavements. Alas no more the lingering jovial conversations of the present student generation rising to its roof. Further along the Stone Corridor, one passes the door leading to the Aula Maxima. Formerly the conferring of student degrees took place in this hallowed hall. Ancient tomes redolent with old knowledge line the walls. The portraits of venerable past Presidents gazed down on the happy recipients. Again, in *The College*, Professor Murphy relates that in the *Cork Examiner* dated the 26 September 1849 that 'when finished [it] will be one of the most magnificent rooms in Ireland,' a statement which has been more than verified.

The Quadrangle, UCC, 1985
Photo courtesy of the Hammond family

At the end of the Stone Corridor tucked under the great stone stairway was the old Arts library. The librarian Miss Nora Brown tended to our needs. The adjacent stone stairs led to the reference library and the reading rooms. Those reading rooms were cramped and it was difficult to concentrate there with students constantly coming and going. After Christmas, demand for reading spaces increased as students began in earnest to prepare for the upcoming examinations.

In the mid seventies, the Boole library complex hadn't been built. It received its name in memory of George Boole who was the first professor of Mathematics in UCC. The area in front of the 'old rest' was known as 'the Quarry'. This was a playing pitch where inter faculty soccer matches took place. This pitch had been in use for over one hundred years.

A channel of the river Lee runs alongside the main campus area where the tennis courts, now replaced by the Lewis Glucksman Gallery, were located. Close by, there was a green area where one could sit on a hot day and rest undisturbed. The poignancy of the great human waste of the First World War has touched this quiet corner of the university campus. There is present in these lower grounds an oak tree of special interest. In the trenches of the allied front, in the tunic pocket of a fallen officer, formerly a UCC student, was found a tiny oak tree sprouting from an acorn. A fellow officer and friend of the slain man retrieved it and it was subsequently planted in the college grounds. Sadly, the second officer was killed soon after in action. The oak tree stands as a memorial to the loss of these two students.

Nestled among the more recently built modern buildings on the eastern end of the campus is the Honan Collegiate Chapel. It was consecrated in 1916. The church and furnishings are a product of the Irish arts and crafts movement of the early twentieth century. In the *Collegiate Chapel Cork*, Professor O'Kelly related that these adornments were made from 'Celtic patterns so that they would be in complete harmony with the whole architectural scheme.' He further indicated from the same source that 'everything falls into place in a unified scheme and nowhere is there a jarring note.' In the book entitled *The Honan Chapel: A Golden Vision*, Virginia Teehan outlines how it was 'conceived and executed at the height of the early twentieth century Celtic Revival, the collection is a unique expression of this renaissance.'

The architectural style is Hiberno-Romanesque and harks back to a glorious period in Irish church building. It takes elements in its design from St Cronan's Church at Roscrea, Co. Tipperary, Cormac's chapel on the Rock of Cashel in Co.Tipperary, and Teampull Finghin at Clonmacnoise, Co. Offaly. On a visit to the chapel, one is struck by the rich textiles and the ornate mosaic flooring. But above all, it is the stained glass windows by the Sarah Purser studio and Harry Clarke's contribution to the eleven windows by the Túr Gloine studio which one remembers most vividly. The chapel represents an expression of cultural nationalism at a time when Ireland was proclaiming its independence on the streets of Dublin in 1916.

Today, one can still feel a scholarly ambience when sitting on a seat in the recesses of the Stone Corridor, remembering chance encounters and conversations amid these hallowed walls. The muse descends and one wonders what befell many of the eager and enthusiastic young people we once were. Graduation day ceremonies sent the youngsters forth from the cocoon of the college by the Lee, equipped with skills and an ethos to live their lives by. To this day I still draw from the rich waters of knowledge and wisdom that I drank of there.

by Geraldine Healy

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Cork Printmakers

A print exhibition looking to Ireland's rich folklore tradition

Cork Printmakers is a fine art print workshop based in a refurbished 1850s warehouse at Wandesford Quay, in the centre of Cork City. The workshop was established in 1991 and workshop premises were set up in Thompson House on MacCurtain Street in 1994. In time the workshop, with support and funding from the Cork Corporation, the Arts Council, and the Dept of Arts, Culture and the Gaeltacht, moved to Wandesford Quay in 1999. Cork Printmakers provides the facilities, tools, materials and space to allow artists to develop their practice.

In 2011, Cork Printmakers invited members of the workshop to develop a print work based on Ireland's rich folklore tradition, specifically the tradition of storytelling. Artists were encouraged to develop their own interpretation of an Irish legend, fairy tale or epic as told through prose, poetry or spoken word. This interpretation could take on any form; depicting the narrative of the story precisely; or alternatively a work could aim to encapsulate the mood of a story. Artists were also encouraged to reinterpret a traditional story bringing it into a more contemporary context.

Aoife Layton, *A Storytelling*
Mezzotint, 49 x 29 cm

There is a rich body of work for artists to delve into: Celtic heroes such as Cú Chulainn, Fionn and the Fianna, Oisín, Conn of the Hundred Battles, and tales from the countryside that abound in pookas, changelings, ghosts, banshees and fairies as well as the writings and collections of W.B. Yeats and Lady Gregory. Many artists have looked to fairy tale and legend to inform their work. In 1967, Louis Le Brocquy was commissioned by the publisher Liam Miller to illustrate Thomas Kinsella's edition of *The Táin*, which forms the centerpiece of the cycle of Ulster heroic stories. David Hockney developed a series of etchings based on *Six Fairy Tales* from the Brothers Grimm.

The works submitted for selection in Cork Printmakers forthcoming exhibition are executed in a range of printmaking techniques and each artist has tackled the theme from their own individual experience and expression.

Aoife Barrett, *Liminal*
Etching, Photo Riston and Monoprint, 33.5 x 41.5 cm

In Aoife Layton's, *A Storytelling,* the artist dwells on the bird as an harbinger or omen. The crow is a significant bird in Irish legend, connected both with the shapeshifting goddesses of the battlefield and with local superstition. The dense black of the three birds, rendered in exquisite mezzotint and set against the stark white of the paper, is a striking image, bringing to mind an expression of luminosity and darkness, vitality and death. The red of the berries allude to the red dots that outline letters and animal mofits in illuminated manuscripts. The crow itself remains central to the meaning of the piece and the title is derived from the collective noun for the birds, a storytelling of crows.

Both Debbie Godsell and Aoife Barrett explored the subject of liminality in their work. This is the 'in-between' state or place where the key moment of many folktales is played out. For example, at the top of a mountain where it meets the sky, in the twilight zone where dark meets light, at crossroads, or the edge of a dark wood. This threshold is where subjects are more susceptible to supernatural interference, which sets them on a course outside their normal environment. In Barrett's work, *Liminal*, we see a circle of trees acting as a barrier to the viewer. At the centre is a dwelling house, depicted in a childlike manner and infused with a golden light. A piece of text is impressed over the house, the line 'What should we do?' is visible, which reinforces the strong sense of disquiet in the work. A dwelling is generally recognised as a place of sanctuary, but is here portrayed as a dark, foreboding space.

Debbie Godsell's work is inspired by the landscape of Macroom where she lives. A landscape that yields sentinel copses of trees, half hidden lanes and houses, deserted farmyards, silences and mysterious shapes and outlines on its surface, which all speak of another world or layer for the artist. The title, *The Burning*, comes from the story of the burning of Brigid Cleary whose 1895 murder was a result of ongoing belief in superstition and fairy folklore.

Heike Helig Finn's work, *Que Sera Sera*, addresses the concern that the world is fast developing a homogeneous cultural identity and the distinctive spiritual, material, intellectual and emotional features of each individual society will disappear under the pressure of this uniform global culture. In this work, the owl represents the wisdom, traditions and beliefs of distinctive social groups which are being endangered by the perceived goals of 'fame' and 'beauty' that is idolised today.

by Clare Hennessy

Clare Hennessy is Director of Cork Printmakers, Wandesford Quay, Clarke's Bridge, Cork. www.corkprintmakers.ie

Cork Printmakers

The mythical and the mundane

When I was invited to choose work from a selection of artists on the theme of 'folklore' for The Cork Printmakers exhibition, I really had no idea what to expect. From my own point of view, as a workaday folklorist, each of these exciting works reflects a truly complex and challenging view of folklore that I wish we could bring to our scholarship more often. For me folklore is a rich and diverse body of information, explanation and imagination. Storytelling has been the star of the show for a few centuries as far as Irish folklore is concerned although it is not just a verbal phenomenon. Words are the medium of the raconteur, used with skill, virtuosity and vigour to make us laugh or cry, cringe or shiver, worry or relax.

Debbie Godsell, *The Burning*
Screenprint, 47 x 38.5cm

Many passionate scholars like Jack Zipes and others, have pointed out how the Grimm brothers, Hans Christian Andersen or Charles Perrault sanitised stories for the edification of the genteel or upper classes. Much rambunctious behaviour was subject to censure and censorship. Wakes, fairs, patterns, funerals or festivals were controlled or transformed. What was not collected was as significant as what was.

A Handbook of Irish Folklore, the *vade-meccum* of the folklore collectors of the twentieth century, suggest inquiring 'did the banshee ever appear as a bird or animal? Was any bird referred to as the banshee?' In Aoife Layton's *A Storytelling* the crows immediately remind us of the 'Death Omens', recalling the goddess Badhb Catha (goddess of battle), the 'bow', also the colloquial name for the banshee in parts of the south. This is the 'badhb'. Sharp, sleek and slick, clawing red berries, the 'badhb-badhb' for many Irish speaking children was the 'bogey-man'. The colours are the striking, stark colours of fairytales.

Heike Finn, *Que Sera, Sera*
Digital Print 45.5 x 37 cm

The 'Handbook', as it is casually referred to, also asks for descriptions of the setting in which the stories were told, 'At the fireside? At wakes? At the forge?' and so on. The Swiss scholar Max Lüthi describes the persona of legends as star-crossed, stumbling blindly, helplessly across an emotional or psychological minefield. The place in Aoife Barrett's *Liminal*, aptly described by Clare Hennessey as a 'dark foreboding place', is an illustration of that. There is a sense of bathos in the margins and fringes of the world where much 'folklore' happens or perhaps where the world is constantly recycled. It is a translucent world.You can see through everything, inside the diminutive house there is a single rocking chair, a fireside – classical setting for traditional storytelling – with children sitting on the floor. Like many of the pictures it leaves you perplexed, perhaps the stories foreshadow the world outwith the home. Snatches of print, accompany it in an interesting fashion like tattered out-dated advertisments or almost as if the overwhelming urge or achievement is to articulate the situation.

Folklore is certainly no stranger to headless bodies, headless coaches, púca, banshee, ghosts, mermaids, Will o' the Wisps, hairy goblins, water horses and pigs, dogs, eels, serpents or dragons. Marcelle Hanselaar's *Priest and the Werewolf* introduces the shape shifting motif contrasting the male and the female, the Christian and the non-Christian supernatural. Hounds and dogs abound in folklore and mythology. Many will recall the hound slaying in the boyhood deeds of Cú Chulainn and the dogs beloved of the Fianna, themselves marginal figures as Joseph Nagy described them in his *Wisdom of the Outlaw*, who 'wolfed' the country. The canid or hound stories and shape shifting (ravens, horses, fox, wolf, hare) have a long pedigree and lycanthropy is a rich vein of scholarship in its own right. In his 1890 *Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland*, the American ethnologist Jeremiah Curtin gave a modern example in 'The Fisherman's Son and the Gruagach of Tricks' (gruagach, from gruaig, meaning hairy creature). This echoes similar encounters between the priest and wise woman or the priest and keening women for example.

The artist describes the 'alchemy of folklore' as analogous to her method of etching, 'biting and stopping out', the peripheral vision, the female, feminine element in nature, a strong theme throughout all the work it might be said.

by Dr Stiofán Ó Cadhla

Stiofán Ó Cadhla is Head of Roinn an Bhéaloidis/the Department of Folklore and Ethnology, University College Cork.

A larger selection of work will be chosen from the submissions for exhibition and will tour to venues in Ireland and internationally in 2012/2013. Work will be selected for exhibition by Dr Ó Cadhla.

Gargoyles and Sheela-na-Gigs

A look at the symbolic carvings in our church architecture

Material culture is an aspect of folklore and heritage study that is often overlooked in favour of oral history and verbal narratives, but of course many stories are connected to buildings. Buildings are an incredibly significant part of our heritage and religious buildings are no exception.

A feature of church architecture worthy of note is that of gargoyles. These are decorative stone carvings normally of limestone but occasionally marble, found on old buildings, particularly the cathedrals and large churches of Western Europe. Most date to between the tenth and fifteenth centuries. Gargoyles were a characteristic of Gothic architecture but are also found in much later architectural styles since they became commonplace on cathedrals. St Fin Barre's Cathedral in Cork city, built in 1865, has gargoyles and restoration work in 2010 included the replacement of three of them. Acid rain and other environmental factors can lead to the deterioration of gargoyles and other stonework. The gargoyle is usually shaped like a strange, ugly, creature, and can be simply a head with the face showing but may also be depicted as a full-bodied crouching figure. Such a squat figure is the winged gargoyle on St Colman's Cathedral in Cobh. The crouching figures usually are shown gripping onto the building with claws or talons. They can be deformed or misshapen animals, most often dogs or lions, sometimes with a human face, hybrids of human and beast, or they may have no 'natural' elements and appear simply monstrous.

Above and Below: Gargoyles of St Fin Barre's Cathedral
Photos by Tom Doig, CNFP Archive

The word originated in Old French, *gargouille*, 'throat', probably because the throat and mouth of the stone head acted as a spout on the buttress of a building to keep the structure free of water. Often, rainwater drains through the mouth of the gargoyle from the roof of the building, so these are part of the gutter pipes in the stonework and thus project outward from the wall. They can be viewed as functional ornamental pieces of stonework. They are not simply drainage devices however, and there is a reason for their grotesqueness in that they represent the evil ever-present in the mundane world. Some medieval gargoyles, open-mouthed with tongues protruding as if in agony, are placed in larger scenes or contexts that represent eternal damnation and the torments of Hell. It is interesting to note that the Devil and demons are often depicted with their tongues sticking out, so perhaps these were intended as warnings to sinners of where they might end up should they continue in their errant ways.

Church architecture in its entirety is a manifestation in material form of sacred and profane cosmology. The exterior of a church or cathedral has reminders of the sinful, profane, everyday world that one leaves behind, at least in symbolic terms, on entering the sacred space of the building's interior. Gargoyles can sometimes be seen within sacred buildings too but in close proximity to the entrance, for as one moves toward the altar, the artwork changes to convey the sanctity and goodness of the divine. Therefore, near to the altar, angels and saints are often portrayed. Belief also persists that the gargoyles, because of their frightening appearance, serve to scare away evil spirits that might linger in graveyards of churches or try to distract people from entering the cathedral. Another symbol associated with church architecture that is thought to possess this power of averting evil influence is the sheela-na-gig.

The name sheela-na-gig has its origin in the Irish language although the exact meaning is not clear. One suggested derivation is *Síle-ina-Giob* meaning 'Shiela (or a version of the woman's name Sheela) on her hunkers', so a woman with her knees bent so she's in a low position, balancing on her feet, which is exactly what many of these figures are depicted as doing. Another suggestion of where the name might have come from is the Irish *Sighle na gCíoch*, which means 'the old hag of the breasts.' Interestingly, in some areas these figures are called 'Hags of the Castle' and are also found on castle walls. For example, there is one in the stone of the window of the Great Keep of Bunratty Castle, Co. Clare. These ancient carved stone images depict naked female figures with their genitals prominently displayed. Commonly the figure's hands are emphasising her exposed genitals and so these have been interpreted as fertility symbols. It is fascinating that these very sexual, pagan carvings are found on some early churches and it is generally believed that, although they pre-date Christianity, these symbols were kept in Christian sacred places for good luck. The builders of Christian churches may have been superstitious about discarding these figures and so built them into the church walls. There is a belief, which persists today that sheela-na-gigs have the power to avert the Evil Eye. The Evil Eye is a magical power believed to be possessed by particular individuals to make something bad happen at will, for example by casting a spell on someone or something by simply looking at them. There is some evidence too that the symbol was believed to frighten away evil spirits, akin to the gargoyle, but in this case perhaps due to some connection with the divine feminine.

The layout of church buildings can be understood as having aesthetic qualities but also symbolic attributes that are interlinked with beliefs about good and evil forces in the world. Material culture is often expressive of belief, as this brief discussion of Christian architecture reflects.

by Jenny Butler

Jenny Butler, a regular contributor to The Archive, *lectures in Roinn an Bhéaloidis/the Department of Folklore and Ethnology, University College Cork.*

2012: Bliain na bPiseog

An bhliain bhisigh agus an béaloideas

In this article, Con Ó Drisceoil looks at the traditions and superstitions associated with leap years, and suggests that however modern and liberated we consider ourselves, we still rely on the old traditions at important times in our lives, such as birth, marriage and death.

Mar is eol don saol mór, bliain bhisigh is ea 2012. Is ait agus is iontach na scéalta agus na piseoga a bhaineann le blianta bisigh. Deirtear gurbh iad eolaithe na hÉigipte a smaoinigh ar an lá breise sin a chur leis an mbliain, agus de réir a chéile ina dhiaidh sin thosnaigh daoine i dtíortha éagsúla ag samhlú mallachtaí, beannachtaí agus nósanna faoi leith leis an lá sin, an 29ú Feabhra.

Ní fios cé is túisce a smaoinigh ar an nós is cáiliúla acu, sé sin go mbeadh cead ag an mbean ceiliúr pósta a chur ar an bhfear i rith na bliana bisigh, nó (i dtíortha áirithe) ar an lá bisigh féin. In Éirinn, gan amhras, cuireadh snas na Críostaíochta ar an scéal. Dhein Bríd gearán, más fíor, le Pádraig faoi chás na mban a bhí ag fanacht go mífhoighneach le súil go n-iarrfadh na fir orthu pósadh. Chun í a chiúiniú, ghéill Pádraig go mbeadh lá as gach ceithre bliana ag na mná chun an gnó a bhrostú. Nárbh fhial an fear é, a thug lá amháin as gach 1461 do na mná?

Con 'Fada' Ó Drisceoil
Photo courtesy of Pat Aherne

Thug na hAlbanaigh an scéal céim eile chun tosaigh. Deirtear gur cuireadh pionós ar aon fhear Albanach a dhiúltaigh ceiliúr pósta mná ar 29 Feabhra: go gcaithfeadh sé fíneáil airgid a íoc, nó gúna nua a cheannach di. De réir an tseanchais i dtíortha eile, bheadh blianta fada mí-áidh i ndán don bhfear bocht a dhiúltaigh di. D'fhág sé sin go mbíodh fir óga ag dul i bhfolach, nó ag teitheadh lena n-anam as an gceantar ar an naoú lá fichead, ar eagla go mbéarfaí orthu.

Nach sean-aimseartha na smaointe iad seo ar fad? Ba mhaith linn ar fad a cheapadh go bhfuilimid gafa chun cinn go mór agus go bhfuilimid ró-nua-aimseartha do na piseoga seo go léir. Tá oideachas orainn. Ní ghéillimid do na sean-deighilteanna a deintí idir ról an fhir agus ról na mná. Tar éis an tsaoil, nach bhfuil mná ag tiomáint busanna, ag saighdiúireacht, ag deisiú gluaisteán, ag feidhmiú ar na leibhéil is airde sa pholaitíocht agus i gcúrsaí gnó? Nach bhfuil cuid mhaith fear ag fanacht sa bhaile chun an chlann a thógaint fad atá na mná ag obair amuigh?

Níl fhios agam an bhfuilimid chomh nua-aimseartha sin. Tagann an sean-mheon amach ionainn arís agus arís eile, agus braithim go mbíonn an sean-mheon seo go mór chun tosaigh ar an dtrí ócáid is bunúsaí inár saol: breith, pósadh agus bás. Sin iad na h-ócáidí a chuireann brú orainn. Sin iad na h-uaireanta a dtagann fonn orainn an rud a dhéanamh "i gceart", gan aon lúb ar lár a fhágaint sa ghnó. Teastaíonn cinnteacht uainn ar na h-ócáidí sin, agus is minic a thitimid siar ar na sean-rialacha agus ar na sean-nósanna, is cuma an gcreidimid iontu nó nach gcreideann.

Smaoinigh ar na piseoga go léir a bhaineann leis an bpósadh, agus ar na nósanna sean-bhunaithe atá chomh traidisiúnta agus chomh diamhair leis na piseoga céanna. An t-athair ag tabhairt a iníne uaidh, cuir i gcás, agus a fhios ag an saol mór gur fadó riamh a d'fhág an iníon chéanna ceannas agus smacht a h-athar! Cístí, fáinní, bláthanna, an ball éadaigh gorm, confetti … agus na comhluchtaí go léir atá ag tuilleamh a gcuid airgid i dtionscal na bpóstaí: ní ag fáil réidh leis na sean-nósanna atá na daoine sin, ach ag iarraidh nósanna nua a chur leo chun cúpla euro breise a bhaint as. Muna gcreideann tú mé, léigh an cúntas gairid atá ag Peig Sayers ina leabhar ar lá a pósta féin, agus cuir i gcomparáid é leis an bpósadh deireanach a raibh tú air.

Mar adeirim, tá meon na sean-phiseog go smior ionainn fós, agus nuair a thagann bliain bhisigh inár dtreo is amhlaidh a chuireann an meon sin é féin in iúl níos treise. Bíonn piseoga difiriúla, mar shampla, ag muintir na Gréige agus na hÚcráine nuair a thagann an bhliain bhisigh. Tá sean-chreideamh sna tíortha sin go mbeidh an mí-ádh ar aon lánúin a phósann i rith bhliain bhisigh. Níl a fhios agam an mbíonn an cailín ag cur na ceiste ar an ngarsún i rith na bliana seo, ach má bhíonn, ní phósfaidh siad go dtí an bhliain seo chugainn. Agus má cheapann tú go bhfuil an meon seo ag dul i léig, féach ar na figiúirí: de réir fiosrú a deineadh le déanaí, deir duine as gach cúigear, nó 20% de mhuintir na Gréige, go mbeadh eagla an domhain orthu pósadh i rith na bliana seo, toisc bagairt an mhí-áidh.

le Con Ó Drisceoil

Con 'Fada' Ó Drisceoil is a songwriter and accordion player from West Cork. With Johnny McCarthy and Pat 'Herring' Ahern, he is a member of The Four Star Trio, a mature boy-band. Con has been writing comic songs for three decades on a wide range of subjects which include canine castration, Shakespearean tragedy, unwelcome percussionists and the wildlife of County Clare. In 2009 he received the Composer's Award at Gradam Ceoil TG4.

Publications and Recordings

The Square Triangle (CD with The Four Star Trio) 1997
It's No Secret (CD with Séamus Creagh and Hammy Hamilton) 2001
The Spoons Murder and Other Mysteries (Book and CD of comic songs) 2006

Cork City Railways 1912-1976

A history of the city line that once linked Cork's two biggest stations

On January 1st, 1912, a street-level railway line opened between Cork City's two biggest stations. There were high hopes for this three quarter mile line, once described as the last significant addition to the national rail network. Yet it closed under the media radar in 1976. Its story is, I think, worth telling.

In the early 1850s, three railway companies opened city termini adjacent to Cork's newest quays. Two were on the Southside, Victoria (later Kennedy) Quay and Albert Quay, the third station was on Penrose Quay, almost directly across the river. As early as 1861, plans were put forward for a type of floating dock with rails, that would offer connections between these stations but it never materialised. Throughout the following thirty-five years many schemes were proposed but by the early 1900s the city's five termini were physically isolated from each other. This situation caused one railway company chairman to complain that: 'No town the size of Cork in the United Kingdom has the ridiculous situation of having the railways scattered all over the place and not connected.' The breakthrough came in 1906 when the Cork City Railways and Works Act was passed giving powers to the Cork City Railways Co (CCR) to construct a street level line to connect Glanmire Road with Albert Quay, the city's two largest stations. The Great Western Railway of England subscribed half the capital of £150,000 and the CCR's registered office was the GWR headquarters at Paddington Station London.

Diesel Locomotive C209, Alfred Street, early '60s
Photo courtesy of Charles P. Friel

'The link', as it was called by local railwaymen, left Albert Quay on the western side beside Eglington Street, crossed Albert Quay onto Clontarf Bridge and after crossing Lapps Quay went along Clontarf Street, one of two streets built to carry the line. Still heading north it curved slightly to the right, to line up with Brian Boru Bridge, along a widened Deane Street, on the eastern side of Parnell Place Bus Station. After crossing Brian Boru Bridge and Penrose Quay, the line entered Brian Boru Street, the second of the new streets, but half way up this short thoroughfare, it curved to the right and entered a passage known as the Clyde Cutting. I have been told that some older Cork citizens often referred to Brian Boru Street as New Street. On emerging from the cutting, the line straightened in an easterly direction and ran along the northern side of Alfred Street and having crossed Railway Street, entered the Great Southern and Western Railway (GS&WR) goods yard, where the entrance to the public car park is today. Railwaymen referred to the section of line along Alfred Street as the Laundry Bank, and indeed a laundry did exist there(owned by the Metropole Hotel), and is shown on some Ordinance Survey maps. A separate line left Albert Street yard on the eastern side to serve Victoria Quay. It crossed Albert Street and entered a cutting, behind the Sextant Bar, before curving onto Victoria Quay and continuing eastward for about half a mile. In 1913 spurs were laid off the link to Lapps, Andersons and Penrose Quays.

The most spectacular features on the link line were its two lifting bridges. Although the proposed line was to cross the Lee's two channels, consideration had to be given to vessels docking upstream. At that time ships were still berthing as far as Patrick's Bridge and beyond Anglesea (now Parnell) Bridge on the south channel. The latter was a swivel bridge and this design was also considered for the line, but in the end it was decided to go for bridges with lifting spans. The bridges were constructed in an upright position and were only lowered when fully completed. The one over the North Channel, Brian Boru, is 232 ft long while its sister, Clontarf, is 197 feet in length. The opening span gave a 62 ft wide clear passage and the lifting was controlled from an overhead cabin on each bridge. With the movement of shipping downstream in the 1950s, the bridges lost their lifting gear and with it Cork lost the spectacle of people and traffic rushing towards these bridges when a lift warning was given.

Expectations were high for the cross-city link line. The GWR were keen to capture the lucrative fish, agricultural produce and livestock traffic from the Cork Bandon and South Coast Railway (CB&SCR) network, and rail it from Albert Quay across the city. In the other direction it hoped to attract British tourist traffic for West Cork and Kerry via the West Cork system, and it was hoped to run through-carriages from Rosslare to Bantry via the link. In spite of having occasional movements of up to twenty trains a day, receipts were disappointing and the cost of maintaining the bridges was high. The anticipated through tourist traffic never materialised and apart from a brief, one-train-each-way service, which lasted for a few weeks in 1914, the line carried freight exclusively.

The first real threat of closure came in the late 1920s but pressure from local representatives forced the Great Southern Railway to reverse their decision. The objectors to the line's closure were vindicated in the following years when large amounts of sugar beet started to be railed from West Cork across the city for Mallow. In the early 1930s also, Fords started railing out large amounts of vehicles on flat wagons along Victoria Quay and link for up-country destinations. Steel girders for Mallow Sugar Factory were unloaded and railed to the site from Andersons Quay early in 1934. When the entire West Cork rail network closed on March 31, 1961, it was expected that the link would also close but it managed to survive another fifteen years. In the late 1960s Messrs Goulding started moving large amounts of fertilizer from Albert Quay across to Glanmire Road and in 1970 long trains of oil tanks were loaded at Albert Quay for a factory in County Waterford. In the other direction, tar wagons from North Wall in Dublin, crossed the line for a County Council tar depot adjacent to Albert Quay and an odd container train for Dunlop's on the Marina also ran to Albert Quay. With very short

notice and below the public radar, CIE ceased all traffic on the lines in April 1976.

For a line with a speed restriction of 5 mph, its requirement that a flagman had to precede all trains and a limit of twenty wagons per train, it had its share of mishaps, not all of its own doing. During the Civil War a Free State soldier, driving an armoured car adapted to run on rails, was seriously injured when a sniper fired from the ruins of the old City Hall, while he was entering Albert Quay Station off the link. In 1935, a man was killed when he was struck by a train crossing Railway Street out of Glanmire Road. There was a fatal accident at the Sextant Cutting in the early 1940s. A small engine hauling five wagons was emerging from the cutting onto Albert St when it was in a collision with a horse drawn dray. A Mr. Walsh of Customs House St, who worked on the docks, was seriously injured, as he was sitting on the cart and died of his injuries at the scene soon afterwards. My mother, who was a friend of a cousin of the deceased, recalls that Mr Walsh was trapped in the wreckage in terrible pain for some time and all that doctors could do was to give him something to numb the pain. On March 13, 1942, a double decker bus heading for Blackrock collided with a train at Lapps Quay. There were no serious injuries but one side of the bus was badly damaged.

Diesel Locomotive (with brake fan), Brian Boru Street, early '60s
Photo courtesy of Charles P. Friel

There was great excitement in 1965 when a ship docking just east of Clontarf Bridge failed to stop and ploughed into it. The 'City of Cork' was moving upstream to dock at the south jetties. As she approached Clontarf Bridge, motorists presumed she would stop short of the bridge. She didn't, and as motorists abandoned their cars and dockers looked on in amazement, the 'City of Cork' ploughed into the bridge a distance of 8 feet. Fortunately nobody was injured. Rail services were seriously affected while one of the consequences for road users was the introduction of one way traffic. The situation for the Traffic Department of the Corporation was further compounded by Parnell Bridge having to be closed for essential repairs at this time also.

Diesel Locomotive C212 entering Clontarf Street, early '60's
Photo courtesy of Charles P. Friel

Among the more unusual traffic that crossed the link was a daily consignment of three wagons of laundry from Ballincollig Barracks that crossed the City Railway bound for Clonmel. In 1965, a train carrying the entire Bertram Mills Circus crossed to Albert Quay for nearby Kennedy Park. Also in that year, a special train from Belfast carrying pigeon racers, crossed to Albert Quay Station before releasing the birds. Albert Quay was picked as it was the most southerly point on the rail network at that time. In August 1972, the driver of a cement mixer drove into the Clyde Cutting from the Glanmire Road side, trying to take a shortcut perhaps. No damage was done to the track but there was some scraping on the sleepers.

Over the years, many Cork cyclists would have had the traumatic experience of having their wheels become jammed between the rails. I was talking to a Cork exile in Dublin recently and he recalled being thrown from a Honda 50 on one of the bridges, after such a wheel jam, and hasn't mounted a motor bike since.

Talking with some ex-Railwaymen some years ago, I got the following anecdote. Throughout its existence, all goods trains on the City Link were 'loose coupled'. This meant that while the train was moving, there was no slack on the chains linking the wagons but when it stopped there was. This often meant recoil as the wagons bounced off each other and moved backwards, taking up the slack in the chain. On one occasion, as a train was winding its way through the streets, the driver was cleared by the flagman and applied power. The fireman, however, noticed a motorist dashing to cross the train and shouted to the driver to stop. He did and an accident was avoided, but a car tailing the brake van got a smack from the bouncing buffers of the rear train vehicle. The 'lads' claim that it is the only recorded instance of a car being struck by a train from behind. I am puzzled as to why a car would want to tail a train running at 5 mph, or was it perhaps going faster?

When the line closed in April 1976, the history of railways south of the Lee ended. However, the record for the longest serving station in Cork City remains on the Southside. Albert Quay, which served the West Cork network, gave Cork one hundred and twenty five years of service but it will relinquish this to Cork's only surviving city station in 2019, when Kent Station on the Northside, will be opened one year longer.

by Pat Walsh

Pat Walsh is a member of the Irish Railway Record Society and the South Parish Historical Society. He is is currently completing a history of the Youghal and Cobh line for an MA in Local History at UCC.

Cork Memory Map

An update on CNFP's online project

Would you like to hear about a woman who was 'a terror for the shawls', about the horse in the lounge of Banjo's pub on Blarney Street, or how some ball dresses went to a dance without their owners? If so, visit the Cork Memory Map at www.corkmemorymap.org, where these stories and more are available to listen to online 'from the horse's mouth'.

Since June 2010, we have been carrying out interviews and accessing our archives in order to create an online map of Cork City that will document the personal memories, folklore, occupational lore, characters and stories associated with different areas of the city. Map users can click on a point to hear people talk about their memories of growing up in the area, stories of events that happened there, or descriptions of the trades and streetscapes of recent and bygone times. Each audio segment is accompanied by a picture of the contributor or of the landmark in the past or present and a transcript.

The Cork Memory Map on display at the Civic Trust House
Photo courtesy of Clíona O'Carroll

The initial technical design of the project was carried out by Cheryl Donahue as part of her dissertation work for an MSc in Interactive Media with the Department of Computer Science, UCC. We hope to build on this work to create a map that portrays the city from the ground up, from the perspective of the people who make it what it is. The map will provide a very different virtual city tour for tourists and newcomers to Cork, and function as a resource for schools, local groups and individuals. Our interviews so far have explored a range of shared experiences of Cork people from the 1940s onwards, including going to the cinemas, the baths, milk and cake shops, the wide range of ways in which city people made ends meet, and Bonfire Night.

However, the map isn't restricted to any particular time period (we have memories from this century as well as the last), and it is open to anyone with memories and stories of the city, old and new.

Heritage Week 2011: 'Put yourself on the map' event

In August 2011, the CNFP held a week-long Heritage Week exhibition and collection event in collaboration with Civic Trust House. A physical model of the Cork Memory Map was displayed, with excerpts and pictures connected by ribbons and pins to relevant points on a large table-mounted map. Visitors to the exhibition were invited to 'put themselves on the map' each day by taking part in mini-interviews in which they recounted memories and stories of their own. For the final exhibition day, excerpts from material collected during the week were transcribed and added to the exhibition along with portraits of the contributors.

The Cork Memory Map also featured in a ten-minute Curious Ear documentary broadcast on RTÉ Radio 1 during Heritage Week. The podcast of the documentary can be accessed online at: http://www.rte.ie/radio1/doconone/curious-ear-doconone-cork-city-memory-map.html

What does the future hold for the Cork Memory Map?

We hope to expand the map through continued interviewing, the addition of many more 'story points', and the development of self-directed city tours and smartphone applications. All of this will depend on successful fundraising. The technology that supports the map requires money and expertise.

Screenshot of the Memory Map website at www.corkmemorymap.org
Photo courtesy of Clíona O'Carroll

We are happy to hear from potential interviewees: if you have a story, memory and/or photo that you would like to share, please do get in touch with us, as this is a long-term project. And finally, keep an eye on the website and check for us in the *Heritage Week Brochure* for 2012 (August 18-26): we hope to present the updated Memory Map project to the public in our own Heritage Week event.

by Dr Clíona O'Carroll

Clíona O'Carroll is a lecturer in Roinn an Bhéaloidis/the Department of Folklore and Ethnology, UCC, and is Research Director with the Cork Northside Folklore Project.

Sound Excerpts

Memory Map interviews from Heritage Week

Michael O'Callaghan from Togher: sad goodbyes on the Innisfallen.

My mother and my father and I left Cork in 1960, when I was only three, to go to London. I have strong memories of sailing on the old black and white Innisfallen. As the ship was leaving, all the people would start singing, and that still haunts me. They were singing 'Now is the hour when we must say goodbye.' You could have a couple of hundred people on the boat, they weren't going away for the weekend, they might never come back. And there used to be people wailing and crying on the ship. But the ship would go slowly down the river, and you could drive down the Low Road in both directions, and there would be cars following it slowly down all the way. And then you'd have a long sea journey to Fishguard, and a long wait in Fishguard in the cold with the smell of fish and what I later found out was Bovril, and a six or seven hour train journey to Paddington.

We'd come home every summer, and my Grandmother lived in Gilabbey Street, and she hadn't electric light. This was in the '60s, and she hadn't electricity. I can still remember that she had little gas lamps, and the lamps would be lit, and she'd cook on the fire. At night they'd sit there talking for hours. I was about seven, eight years old, and I used to love it.

I'll never forget that song, and the smell of Bovril. If you play that song to anyone in their fifties and older, I guarantee you that they'll think of that. *'Now is the hour when we must say goodbye/soon you'll be sailing far across the sea…'*

Brenda Stillwell came to Cork from Cavan thirty years ago, and had to learn the language.

I was only seventeen when I came to Cork first. Every morning I used to walk into the Art College [from Richmond Hill], and I would walk past where Whitaker's Hatcheries were, and across the way there was a garage, and every morning this young lad that was working in the garage would come out and ask me, 'Are you jagging?' And I had no clue what he was talking about, and I would just smile and keep walking. I'm sure he thought I was really stuck up, or playing hard to get. But I had no clue what the word meant, 'Are you dating anyone?' and it was all very foreign and strange to me, coming to Cork.

Around that little area there were a lot of Irish speaking people. That was An Stad café and I would hear them speak in Irish. Inchigeela Dairy is where I'd go to get bread and milk, and I'd hear the customers and Mrs Creedon, who was in the shop with her two Siamese cats, and that's the first time I'd heard people converse in Irish in their day-to-day living. It's always exciting for anyone moving away from home for the first time and realising that you actually have to buy your own milk. It's one of the things: I grew up on a farm and it was the first time I ever had to buy milk in my life.

Dragan Tomas from Bosnia and Herzegovina becomes a regular in the Old Reliable.

Coming here to Cork, I found a job, and I thought I would be staying here shortly [for a short time]. You continue living here, you know, like there's a normal life going on, paying bills and going out with people and stuff like that, and suddenly you turn around and you realise, jeez, I'm here two years now in this town. What I'm finding out about Cork, and this is also something which I hear very often from other people, regardless of their background, you know, being Irish or foreigners, it's a very mellow town, it's very easy to meet new people. When you go out, wherever you go out, it can be a pub or whatever, it's just very easy to start a conversation with somebody. And I've lived around on this planet Earth, but that's something that I rarely came across.

I lived in Shandon Street for two years, my first two years, and on Shandon Street there's that pub which is called the Old Reliable. And it's an old man's pub, and you would rarely see a woman in there. You might see a woman maybe Saturday evening, there would be a few of them sitting there, but you know most of the customers are men. And I became actually local, but I could never really understand them when they would talk. I really became one of them, I was there, like, a day or two a week for a year, or a year and a half, and you know they accepted me. It was just a beautiful feeling, but I could rarely understand them when they talked to me. I would say, 'Uh-huh, yes, oh really, yes of course.' What can you do?

Fergal Crowley remembers the Munster Arcade.

Before Penney's there was a very well known shop in Cork, the Munster Arcade. It was a real old-fashioned drapery and general merchandise store. I went to work there in 1955. After training I started off in the department called the haberdashery, and they sold all kinds of things from needles to wool and various things like that. And then I went on to different departments. They had an antiquated lift, you know, with these iron gates and they had a lift boy bringing people up and down. They also had an intriguing thing for the cash. It is all cash registers today, but in those days they had a thing called a Lamson System, whereby when the customer paid the money, the docket was written out and it was all put into a metal canister. There was a pipe coming down inside the counter, over by the wall of the counter and the money was sent up to the cash desk and the canister was sent back again then with the change.

My father, God rest him, started off work there in 1901, and I retired in 2001 from the same building. So between us we gave a hundred years service to the same building. My father told me a story that in the early days in the Arcade, they [the staff] used to sleep in there. They had a dormitory, especially for fellas coming up from the country. And they had great fun when fellas would come up from the country. It was almost like a boarding school. When they'd go to bed at night, the supervisor would come along with a torch to make sure they were all in bed. Apparently one night one fella ducked out to a dance, and the authorities didn't know anything about it. They dressed up one of the dummies and put it into his bed in the dormitory. Your man came back from the dance, got into his bed and nothing was known about it.

Pete Duffy from Orrery Road, Cathedral Road, remembers how people depended on the pawn to make ends meet.

The father's suit could be going into the pawn on a Monday. And if there was something on, 'twould be taken out on a Friday, when the dole came in. And like in the end like, the father or the pawn shop didn't really know who owned the suit, like. It went on so long and it was the same with every family. That resulted in the way that the suit could outlive the family because it was a means of money, it was kept in perfect nick. That time pawn shops were fascinating places, the place was full of pawn shops. I remember the one down in Blarney Street next to the Blarney Street School and there was one up on the end of Patrick's Hill.

Joseph Lane from Gurranabraher: 'You'd go in a cripple and come out walking.'

Our thing was collecting paper, waste paper. At Paul Street as you go in, that's where the waste paper company of Ireland was, and if you gathered paper you could sell it. There were plenty of cheap cinemas around, unlike today. So like once you made a couple of pence at all you were able to get in to the cinemas. I went to them all. You had The Savoy, The Pavilion, then there were the cheaper ones like the Assembly Rooms, and the Lido. They used to say about the Lido: 'You could go in a cripple and come out walking.' Does that make sense? How would you interpret that? You'd go in a cripple but you'd come out with so many fleas on you, that you'd be walking! That was the joke about that place. It was a dump, but it was all right. 'Twas only all hard seats, and it was probably one of the cheapest cinemas in the city. It was out in Blackpool, out next to the church. It was a fairly popular place because the city centre places were more expensive. And fellas now that were doing a line would bring their girls to the city centre. But young fellas could go to the Lido or to The Assembs [the Assembly Rooms].

Milk and cake shops were very popular when I was in my teens. You'd be coming home on a Saturday or Sunday night, they were scattered all over the city. Up to the '70s there was one in Leitrim Street. A brother and a sister had it. It was known as An Stad, and they used to have milk and cakes and things like that. The milk and cake shops used to be very popular after the cinemas on a Saturday or a Sunday evening. People would go into them. They had nice cakes. And then you'd get Chesters and things like that, which would be the cheapest form, that's what most fellas would be going for. Because there'd be icing on the top of them you see.

Pat McCarthy from Shandon Street: a girl called Valera.

I'm originally Pat Burns from Mahony's Terrace. I had five sisters and one brother. My grandmother was living next door to us, and my father was from Wicklow originally. My third sister was being christened. Now, people were very religious at the time. My father went up to the church, up through all the lanes and up through Shandon [to the North Cathedral]. He wasn't gone a quarter of an hour and he was back down again.

At that time the women couldn't go with the child to be christened, they had to be churched. My poor mother nearly had a heart attack, seeing the child and the entourage, and my father saying, 'The child isn't christened.' So she said: 'Why isn't the child christened?' Now, they were naming the child Valera Burns, and the priest refused to christen her Valera because he said that she was being called after Dev and it wasn't a saint's name. So my dad, being my dad, said, 'That's fine, I'll bring her to Shandon' [the Protestant church of Saint Anne]. Of course, that was like a red cloth to a bull. Down he came, and the child was still there a pagan after three days, there wasn't a move, so the priest had to come down. He came down to my mother, and he said, 'I have to speak to your husband.' Even though she had had the child, it was the husband he wanted to speak to. So he said to my father, 'Bring the child back up.' And my father said, 'I'll bring my child up if you christen her Valera. If you don't, Shandon will do it.' So she was christened Valera Burns. I can remember the time when we genuflected to the priest, and women got down on their knees and kissed the ring. But my father, who went to mass every Sunday, wouldn't give an inch.

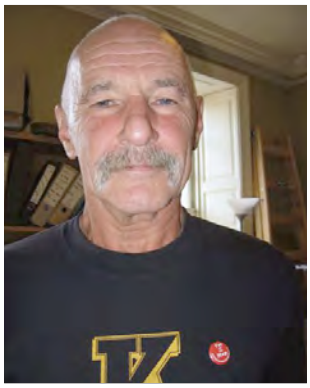
Liam Ó hUigín from The Marsh: tea chests and messenger bikes.

I was a messenger boy for Musgrave's in the early '50s. They had a bike that was the shape of a box, a three-wheeler, and it was a great attraction, they were the only firm in Cork to have a messenger boy's bike like that. You'd be delivering stuff to the Old Bridge Restaurant, or up to the café in the Savoy and you'd have to go up the steps at the back of the Savoy with maybe a hundred-weight of sugar. For a fourteen or fifteen-year-old, that was a big ordeal at the time. But when you'd come out then, you'd meet a few of the lads and they all wanted a spin off the bike because it was an unusual bike.

And tea chests. Tea chests in Musgrave's were another great thing. Now, I can remember working in the ESB after, and the

older fellows were telling me that as children they were reared in tea chests, that their mothers would put a little blanket in and put the tea chest on its side and put the child into the tea chest. I never actually saw it, but there are people down the road, when I used to be telling them about Musgrave's, they'd say, 'I can remember a tea chest at home, and the baby used be put into the tea chest,' or 'They were used for holding blankets and things like that at home.' But you'd hardly see a tea chest at all now.

Tom Jones from Shandon Street, now living in Connecticut, recalls low-flying excitement.



I wonder how many people remember this. It had to be, let's see, somewhere between '57 and '62. We were playing in what was called 'the field,' at the bottom of Spangle Hill, and this helicopter came. Of course, just the fact that there was something in the air at that time was really dramatic. It was flying really low and it circled Spangle Hill, and every kid chased the thing. Eventually it landed. There is an ESB sub station right there between Mallow Road and Dublin Hill. It landed there, and of course every kid rushed out to see this thing. I remember looking, when I got there, and seeing multitudes of kids cascading down there almost like locusts. Everyone wanted to get out there and see this helicopter. It's almost like the helicopter was our Moses, and all these kids were just swarming down there, as if this helicopter, this Moses was going to take them to the Promised Land.

Michael O'Connell from Farranree, former Lord Mayor of Cork, remembers Queen Elizabeth II's visit to Cork in May 2011.

It was only when she arrived in the Grand Parade that they told me I could bring her across the road. I was standing on the carpet waiting for the car, 'twas coming up the Grand Parade and this guy came over and said 'Lord Mayor' he said, 'when you're finished in the market,' he said 'you can bring her majesty across the road to meet the people'. 'That's grand,' says I. So we came out of the market and when you meet the Queen first, the protocol is that you address her as Her Majesty but after that you call her 'Ma'am.' So I was getting well into the Ma'am business anyway. We came out of the market, then we walked across the road and I said 'Ma'am,' says I again, 'I'd love if you met my daughter and my two grand-children, they're over there.' 'I'd love to,' she says.

So I walked straight over to [my daughter] Aileen, and my two grand-children were there, and I said to the kids, 'Kids, say hello to the Queen.' 'Hello Mrs Queen,' she says. The small one was up in Aileen's arms, and I said, 'Hey missus, say hello to the Queen.' She was only about two and a half at the time. 'Mrs Queen,' she said, 'I've a very sore lip,' and she starts telling the Queen about her lip and we moved on then. Then the next day I got the paper and there's my granddaughter and the Queen and she explaining to the Queen about her lip.

Excerpts compiled by Dr Clíona O'Carroll and Stephen Dee
All photos unless indicated are courtesy of Clíona O'Carroll

WARNING!! WARNING!! WARNING!!

The Archive is an endangered species. We have no funding pledged for next year's issue, and our usual sources have been cut. Without YOUR support there may not be an Issue 17.

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Roy Hammond

An English photographer who shot some of Cork's most iconic images

Roy Hammond was an English photographer and cameraman who lived and worked in Cork from the late 1940s until his death in 1996. A charismatic and gregarious character, he was a well known figure about the city and his pioneering work as a photojournalist for both the *Cork Examiner* and RTÉ set a high standard for aspiring young cameramen to try to emulate.

Born in London in 1926, his mother bought him his first camera, a Bakelite, in 1939 so he could take pictures for a school tour of Southampton Docks. Shortly after, due to the outbreak of war, he was sent to live away from home to avoid the Blitz and as a result never finished his formal schooling. Two years later he landed a job with Fox Photos, then a leading photo-agency on Fleet Street. He began as a 'gofer' on the Press Bench, running errands for the more senior staff and delivering photographs to the national newspapers. However Roy was always keen to learn as much as he could and he spent the evenings studying at the London School of Photography at Bolt Street, just around the corner from Fleet Street.

In 1943, he volunteered for the British Army and passed an exam shortly afterwards to become an army photographer. He frequently flew with the 6th Airborne Division taking photographs of experimental loadings of troops and equipment. After VE Day, in 1945, he was appointed to the Imperial War Crimes Commission in Berlin and spent the next two years posted there. His work included accompanying a medical officer who was exhuming bodies of RAF aircrew shot down over the Russian Zone of East Berlin. Roy would take detailed photos of the bodies prior to their being re-interred in a military cemetery.

Roy Hammond filming the Cahir Park House Fire, June 1963
Photo courtesy of Donald Wylde

On returning to England he set up his own business in South London doing a mixture of weddings, portraits and freelance press photography during the austere post-War era. In the summer of 1948 he secured a job in Gunton Hall Holiday Camp in East Anglia as resident photographer. The manager there told Roy of his plans to take over the running of a holiday camp in Ireland and invited him over as photographer a year later in 1949. The camp in question was Trabolgan Holiday Camp at Whitegate in East Cork. It was here that he met his wife, Rose Sheppard from Albert Road, who was working in the holiday camp both as a waitress and stage performer. They were married shortly after and had four children.

In 1951, Roy took over the Frances Sweeney Studio, at 33 Patrick's Street, doing mostly wedding photos and portraits. Billy MacGill who worked with Roy as his understudy remembers: 'We had a base, 33 Patrick's Street. Steep house, tall house, wide stairs and at every right angle there was a window so we had a light situation. At the very top of the stairwell we had a small glass roof where we used to hang our negatives under it and they would dry very quickly and naturally in the sun. He had a really good filing system for everything. We mixed all our own chemicals. Roy was fanatical for quality; we had to be the best always. It was something he insisted on. The relationship between the master and the apprentice was that he kept nothing back. There were no secrets.'

Billy continues: 'Across the road was a tailor, who was deaf and dumb. He was a very nice guy, he was lonely too of course. So Roy went off and learned deaf language so he could signal to the deaf and dumb tailor and then there would be conversations everyday across Patrick's Street. Roy used to say, "Fuck sake I have to talk to him again!"(laughs)'

Soon after this he took up freelance press photography and managed to land a job as photographer with the then staunchly republican *Irish Press*. The appointment of an Englishman to such a position would have raised an eyebrow or two at the paper, as anti-English sentiment was still prevalent in those days. His career as a press photographer received another boost when, in 1964, he succeeded the retiring John O'Keeffe as chief photographer for the *Cork Examiner*. Many iconic images from the time were captured by Roy for the paper and in 1966 his work as a photojournalist was recognised when he received two awards at the annual Press Pictures of the Year Exhibition, Best News Picture and Best Sports Picture of The Year.

The setting up of *Telefís Éireann* opened yet another door for Roy and he got a job with the station as cameraman, shooting news film in Cork for its first transmission in 1961. Another well known Cork man who worked with Roy in those early days of RTÉ was renowned sports presenter Bill O'Herlihy. At the time in the mid-sixties O'Herlihy was working as a presenter on the current affairs programme 'Newsbeat'. Roy was the programme cameraman and both he and O'Herlihy would travel around the country filming regional stories.

Hammond's reputation as a photojournalist grew, as did demand for his services. MacGill recalls, 'A situation arose with the *Cork Examiner* where they decided they would accommodate their chief photographer, he could do the RTÉ thing but the paper got first call. There was a clash of interests, they didn't mind if he did RTÉ but nothing more. He had a Vauxhall Estate car with a sign made for it which said *Telifís Éireann* mounted up in front of it which got us through roadblocks a lot quicker. He didn't basically have any fear and damn sure he wasn't going to bow down to any stupid authority and that would include everything

from guards to military. He wasn't going to back down for these guys. So we progressed on.'

The life back then of the photojournalist, as described by MacGill, seems worlds apart from the one today of constant news-streaming and photo-shopped digital images sent to newsrooms as e-mail attachments. 'Roy would be forever news orientated. News was the buzz and that keeps you bloody sharp. The amount of people who would ring you with tip-offs would be quite high. Roy's friends would have been journalists with the *Irish Independen*t, the *Irish Times*. The *Independent* was in Patrick Street, the *Irish Press* was in Cook Street, the *Irish Times* was in Cook Street and Kealy's Bar in Faulkner's Lane was the local pub. It was all around there, so there was news continuously. Colourful journalists came and went in Kealy's everyday with the result that a story would not be missed. It would have been what Fleet Street would have been at one stage. Roy had good contacts, guys like Der Breen in the film festival. Good mates, good working environment. 35mm opened up the world of press photography and it was very exciting. Before we'd go to a match on a Sunday, we'd heat up the developer about fifteen or twenty degrees higher than what it should be so by the time we got back the temperature would be just right. That would bring us up to the station at half five to get the prints in an envelope to get the six o'clock train. All the time, I suppose, we were pushing it out with better pictures, different pictures, we were just there with quality and knowing what quality was and that was the all important thing. His standard was exceptionally high. He wouldn't have got the contracts if it wasn't.'

At one stage Hammond, ever one to try out new approaches to his photography, acquired a small plane so as to get aerial shots around Cork. 'The plane was great but he couldn't get the final bit of his bloody exam (laughs). There was an aero club, Joyce Aviation, a sort of working class adventurers flying club. They had a couple of planes, Roy got his own two seater plane. He eventually got his licence. The flap would go up at the side and you'd point the camera out. We had a go at one stage of trying to attach the camera to the floor of the plane, so if he was flying on his own he could pull out the slide at the right time and take a picture, but the vibration of the plane was so great it didn't work out.' As well as his passion for aviation, he was an avid enthusiast of hang-gliding and sand yachting and was also a founder member of the children's charity 'Lifelink'.

In 1968, RTÉ offered him a full-time contract working for them as photojournalist/cameraman and he stayed with the station until his retirement in 1992. Not long after he retired he was diagnosed with cancer and died in Marymount Hospice in December 1996. He was buried at St. Michael's cemetery in his adopted home of Cork. An obituary in the *Examiner* commented: 'Roy covered all the major stories, both in Cork and nationally, he covered nearly every major story you could think of, he was a great newsman and a thorough gentleman.'

While looking through some of Hammond's photos and slides for this article, what struck me was not just the obvious quality of the images but how many of the people and events he captured on film have since become part of Cork's recent history and folklore. Some of these are printed here.

by Mark Wilkins

A selection of images taken over the years by Roy Hammond in Cork: Top Left: **Katty Barry pictured in her home in 1961;** Top Right: **Aerial view of the Round Ireland Yacht Race;** Middle: **Cork 800 Celebrations, August 1985;** Above: **The Cork Opera House engulfed in flames, 1955**

Special Thanks to the Hammond family for permission to reproduce these photographs

For more of Roy's photos, see overleaf

Cork City
Past and present

Last summer, the Cork Northside Folklore Project received a box of old photographs, negatives and artefacts from Roy Hammond's personal collection, which was kindly dropped in to us by a family member. Among the many interesting, historical and iconic photos in the collection, we discovered a photo project he had been working on. This consisted of a series of images he had taken of various parts of Cork City in the mid '80s which corresponded with matching archive photos from the Lawrence Collection from the National Library of Ireland dating from the early 20th century. Roy had done his best to take his photos from almost identical vantage points as the originals, so as to provide an interesting photographic juxtaposition depicting the changes in his adopted home over the years. As his photos are now over twenty-five years old themselves, we decided to complete the series by presenting them alongside images taken in 2012 to see the further contrast and change in Cork over the last quarter of a century. We hope Roy would have approved.
Mark Wilkins

One of the things that struck us when revisiting the vantage points from which these photographs were taken, was the sense of timelessness that surrounds these images. Whether we were standing in the stock room above No. 21 Coburg Street or the staff canteen of O'Brien's Sandwich Shop on Daunt Square, it was quite an eerie sensation to think that in the same room, from the same window, Roy Hammond had taken the same photograph 27 years before, and a Lawrence photographer more than 60 years before that again. While the street facades, shops and fashions in the photographs have undeniably changed, the people in them seem very familiar to us. They still cross the road in the same places, congregate by the same lamp post or street corner, look in the same shop windows and drive down the same streets.

It is also worth noting the technical differences between the photographs. The Lawrence photographers used the 'colloidal' process, creating their negatives on 6x4 inch glass plates. Not only was the photographic equipment bulky and heavy but the photographers had to bring their developing equipment on these assignments as well. It was this remarkable achievement, and the breadth of locations documented, that led the National Library of Ireland to aquire the Lawrence Collection in 1943. By the time Roy Hammond took his photos in the '80s, he had a wide variety of cameras and film at his disposal. For these shots he chose a medium format camera and slide film, giving the photos their unique saturated colour. Nowadays the cheap availability of digital cameras means that anyone can try their hand at photography. It is astonishing now, to think that the entire Lawrence Collection could fit on a flash card the size of a postage stamp.
Tom Doig

Thanks to the National Library of Ireland for permission to reproduce the Lawrence Images and to the Hammond family for permission to reprint Roy Hammond's photos. Thanks also to the many premises who allowed us access to these vantage points.
If you are interested in seeing more comparative images of Cork, past and present, look for 'Cork, A Scrapbook Through Time'. *This book was created by Éabha Landers, an enterprising 12 year old girl from Glanmire,Co. Cork, who matched her own current photos to the same Lawrence Collection photos from the National Library of Ireland.*

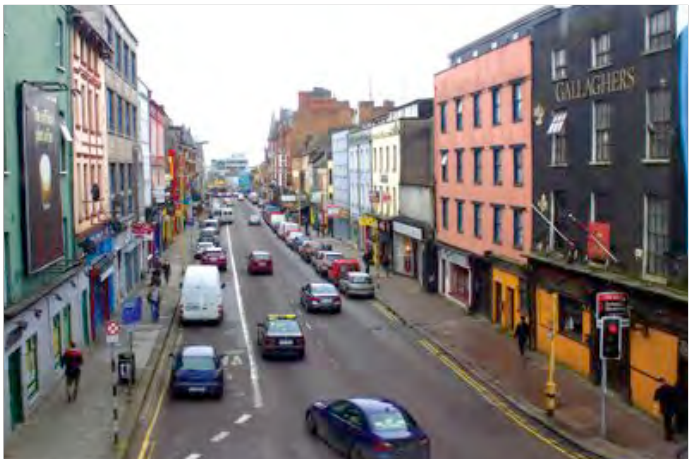
King Street, c.1918 Photo courtesy of the National Library of Ireland

Grand Parade, c. 1921 Photo courtesy of the National Library of Ireland

South Mall, c. 1925 Photo courtesy of the National Library of Ireland

Patrick Street, c. 1921 Photo courtesy of the National Library of Ireland

MacCurtain Street, 1985 Photo courtesy of the Hammond family



MacCurtain Street, 2012 Photo by Paddy O'Shea for CNFP Archive

Grand Parade, 1985 Photo courtesy of the Hammond family

Grand Parade, 2012 Photo by Paddy O'Shea for the CNFP Archive

South Mall, 1985 Photo courtesy of the Hammond family

South Mall, 2012 Photo by Tom Doig for the CNFP Archive

Patrick Street, 1985 Photo courtesy of the Hammond family

Patrick Street, 2012 Photo by Tom Doig for the CNFP Archive

Butterfly Souls

Butterflies, birds and other signs of after death communication

Amy Winehouse's father Mitch is convinced that since his daughter's death they have felt her presence through the unusual appearances of butterflies and birds.

On the American chat show, 'Anderson Cooper', Mitch recalled, 'As I got up at the funeral to speak, a black butterfly came in. It was the biggest butterfly you could imagine. I had my head down because I was reading, but I could hear people muttering. The butterfly circled around me and then went towards Amy's coffin. A week later I was at my sister's house. There was a thump on the French windows. A baby blackbird had flown into the glass. It was night time. My brother in law picked it up and put it out on a bush, but it flew back in and landed on Jane's (my sister) foot. It was there in the middle of the floor flapping and whistling. Jane was feeding it and Reg was talking to it at eye level. Have you ever heard anything like that in your life? It's incredible. Has anybody ever seen that?'

Many people have. What the Winehouse family experienced is more common than you might think. Whilst working in bereavement care I heard many stories of people receiving unusual signs such as the appearance of a butterfly, a bird, or having a dream or other experience before or after a death. I've heard about butterflies flitting over coffins at gravesides and crematoriums in every season of the year; robins appearing at gravesides; swans and seals assisting in the rescue of drowned bodies; and striking weather patterns at funeral and memorial services. The experiences are often understood as the deceased communicating that all is well, or confirmation of the continuity of life after death. For those who experience them, they bring comfort, hope and a sense of awe and mystery.

The Butterfly - symbol of hope and transformation
Photo courtesy of Vanessa Maumelat

The butterfly is often depicted as a symbol of hope, freedom and resurrection and has inspired humankind since antiquity. You'll see them in logos for hospices, care homes and grief counselling services. The ancient belief that birds and butterflies are departed souls is found all around the world in cultures as far apart as Zaire, Central Asia, Mexico and New Zealand. The emergence of the adult butterfly symbolises the freedom of the soul upon death. Emblems appear with this meaning on Christian tombs, and Christ is sometimes depicted holding the butterfly of resurrection. *Psyche* is the Greek word for both 'soul' and 'butterfly,' stemming from the belief that human souls became butterflies while searching for a new reincarnation. The Celts believed in butterfly-souls and fly-souls which, like bird-souls, flew about seeking a new mother or resurrection. Pre Islamic Arabic society also believed that the soul could leave the body in a variety of bird forms.

That the butterfly especially is a potent symbol of hope and transformation, lodged deep in our psyche is poignantly illustrated by Dr Elizableth Kubler-Ross, hospice pioneer, in her book *On Death and Dying.* She explains what influenced her work in care for the dying. 'It started in Maidanek, Poland, in a concentration camp in 1946, where I tried to see how children had gone into the gas chambers after having lost their families, their homes, their schools and everything. The walls in the camp were filled with hundreds of pictures of butterflies, drawn by these children, scratched and etched with fingernails and pebbles. It was incomprehensible to me. Thousands of children going into the gas chamber, and this is the message they leave behind — a butterfly.'

The symbol of transformation and hope that butterflies convey is evident in the following stories told by people from County Cork. So too is the sense of mystery about how the natural world can be seen to help at life's darkest moments. There is a commonality of content and shared experience in these stories that is not easily dismissed. Of the people I gathered stories from, none of them knew each other or anyone else with a similar experience.

Anne's Story

Joe, my neighbour, passed away February 2009. He was 86 and a bachelor who lived alone. He was a great man for the praying. His small kitchen had images of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady. He had been born and reared in this house, in a remote part of West Cork and often reminisced about the good old days when friends and relatives would visit each other's houses and there would be dancing and storytelling.

He had requested that, after his funeral, all his relatives and friends gather in his kitchen for tea and drinks like old times. And we did. I had never seen his kitchen with so many people. It was buzzing with chatter and laughter. His stove was blazing. Later that evening, Joe's nephew spotted a butterfly in the hall. He said to his mother. 'Do you think that means something?' She said, 'I think it's a good sign.'

I remember thinking to myself that it couldn't be a butterfly, it's probably a moth. It was 9pm on a dark winters evening. But sure enough a few minutes later, this beautiful coloured butterfly flew into his tiny kitchen and fluttered around over everyone's heads. I remember thinking this was quite special but a lot of people seemed oblivious to it. I couldn't take my eyes off it. From time to time it would rest beside the different sacred images in Joe's kitchen. It was quite magical and I felt it was a special sign that all was well with Joe.

Elaine's Story

I work in Bantry as a support worker in a residential care setting for people with learning difficulties. Last year, Mary, a client, who had become a much loved friend over the years, died following a short illness. She was a real character and even today in the house we still talk about her and the things she used to say.

At her funeral, I went to the altar to read her eulogy. As I was reading, a colourful butterfly came in and flew over my head and all around Mary's coffin. I noticed it but was more focused on what I was reading. Afterwards everyone was talking about it. Some people said that it was Mary coming to say that she was all right. There was a mixed reaction to it. Some people I talked to thought it was lovely and were happy about it. Others were a bit spooked by it and didn't know what to make of it. Everyone though thought it meant something and seemed to think it wasn't just a coincidence.

Margaret's story

There were many strange signs and happenings before and after my husband John's death. He died tragically in a boating accident. He was only 49 and his death was like a bolt of lightning. John had his yacht on a mooring at Drake's Pool near Crosshaven. He used a small dingy to row out to his mooring from the pontoon. For months prior to his death John talked about a swan that came regularly to him on the boat. On the day he died his long-time friend Mark found him. On that cold February day, Mark had driven to Drake's Pool and saw John's car there and the dingy at the yacht. He saw a shape in the water that looked like a body. He got a fright and began shouting John's name to get him to help, but there was no sign of him. A man who lived nearby came out to see what was wrong. He too was sure it was a body, and then, Mark realised it was John in the water. At that point John's body was floating away from the pontoon toward the open sea but it got stuck in an eddy. The men were frantically trying to figure out how to get to the body when suddenly there was this almighty screeching and flapping of wings behind them, and this swan swooped out from the woods behind and under the pontoon, over to the eddy. It pushed John's body in to the pontoon. When I arrived there and was holding John's body on the pontoon, Mark kept talking about the swan and wondering where it had come from. I said 'That's John's swan,'and told Mark how he would come and hop onto the side of the boat to John and he would feed it.

The Children of Lir stone in Allihies, West Cork
Photo courtesy of Dave Spathaky

The months after John's death were dreadful, so much despair and a huge sense of loss. People kept saying to me that he's around but I thought 'Are they for real? He's dead.' However, in one of the many books on grief that I read, I found a story about someone seeing a butterfly as a sign. That November, there was a memorial service for the dead. My family were unable to attend, so I went alone. I was miserable, sad, and feeling sorry for myself. The service was held in Monkstown Church which had been closed for several months for renovation. It had opened just for that service, and it was freezing cold. I sat halfway up the church feeling alone and isolated. I went to the altar to light a candle for John when his name was called. The grief was overwhelming and when I got back to my seat I sat with my head bowed down so that others wouldn't see my despair. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something flicker, and then a butterfly flickered out from under the far end of the pew I was in. It flitted forward a bit. Then it stopped and lifted itself onto the rail in front of me. I thought 'Oh my God, he *is* here.' It gave me instant consolation and hope. I cupped it in my hand and held it for ages looking at it. As the service ended it flew off to a high point in the church. I firmly believe it was John's spirit. Since then, six years on, at the times I'm at my lowest ebb, a butterfly appears in the most unusual places and I think, 'thanks John, you're still with me in spirit.'

Environmental Signs

A friend Sinead told me she had been travelling when her father died and hadn't been able to attend the funeral. Months later 'I took some of my father's ashes to a river he loved. As I emptied the tin into the water there was a sudden loud thunderclap. I know it could be just coincidence but it felt really uncanny, weird that it would happen just at the moment I put the ashes in the water. It's mad I know, but I did think it was a sign from him. I just had this feeling. I think he was probably having a laugh at me.'

I attended a ritual for a young American girl who had been brutally murdered. Her mother had brought her ashes from America to scatter on the Children of Lir stone in Allihies, west Cork which was of deep significance to her and her daughter Sally. It was a cold, cloudy misty day and we were all hunched together as Ursula unhooked the phial containing some of Sally's ashes from a chain round her neck. She kissed the phial and gently scattered the ashes over the Children's stone. At that moment the clouds parted and the sun shone through. We were bathed in shafts of sunlight. It was so moving. Ursula broke the awed silence saying, 'This is the first time I've felt Sally's presence since she was taken from us, she's really here right now.'

A life crisis or death of a loved one can lead many people to question the meaning of life and their perception of the world. These stories tell us that the timely appearance of butterflies and birds in the experience of loss bring a sense of after death connection and communication. Whether or not you understand the stories in this way, it is clear they bring comfort, joy and hope to those who have witnessed the signs. The stories take us to the edge of our known experience, to a mysterious place. We are left to wonder about the interconnectedness of our personal reality to the natural world outside of ourselves and its power to reflect meaning, healing and transformation in life and in death.

by Alvina Cassidy

Many thanks to those who contributed to this article. If you have a story you would like to share please contact the Folklore Project, we'd be delighted to hear from you.

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Rostellan Woods

The vengeance curse that haunts the Rostellan Estate

February 1808, Grosvenor Square, London. An elderly man, Murrough O'Brien, rides his horse home. Although his condition is not verifiable on the night, he was known for his drinking and his gambling. In the darkness something startles his horse and he is thrown off, dying where he strikes the ground. Was this a simple accident or the workings of something far more deadly? To uncover how Murrough's death may have been supernatural rather than natural we have to go back two generations.

Elizabeth Hamilton, Countess of Orkney, was the founder of Midleton College but her arrival in Ireland was the result of a trauma; exile. Her beauty was renowned and as lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary II, she fell under the gaze of King William III, more famously referred to as William of Orange. William kept Elizabeth as his lover for over fifteen years before pressure from his wife forced him to give her up, ironically, after his wife had died, an expressed deathbed wish. Elizabeth was married to her cousin, George Hamilton, and as befitted the acknowledged mistress of the King, his titles were raised and they were given land in Ireland. Eventually she would return to England, but her daughter with George, Anne, would stay, marrying her cousin William O'Brien. William's desire to impress his beautiful wife would knit his family's lineage and that of the lands of Rostellan to an unstoppable vengence curse.

Siddons Folly, named after the actress Sarah Siddons, on the Rostellan Estate
Photo courtesy of Stephen Dee

The lands of Rostellan sit on a promontory overlooking the world's second largest natural harbour, Cork. While the original castle at Rostellan, built by the MacSlein family in the 13th century had fallen to ruin, William wanted his new home structured around the views of the harbour. In order to do this, he razed a small graveyard into the sea so his garden could sweep down to the shore uninterrupted. An old woman, possibly from Farsid, a nearby village, had her only child buried in the graveyard and had pleaded with William not to touch the graveyard. When her pleas fell on deaf ears she cursed him, claiming no male heir would inherit the estates and unnatural death would always shadow them. William and Anne would have five children, four sons and one daughter. The eldest Mary was born deaf and dumb and she would be the only one of the children to survive to adulthood.

In 1753, Mary O'Brien would marry her cousin, Murrough O'Brien, the man who would be subsequently thrown from his horse. He was a heavy drinker who loved the bright lights of London. While wealthy, he gambled a lot of his fortune away and was known for his womanizing ways, particularly his infatuation with Drury Lane actress Sarah Siddons. A folly tower on the grounds of Rostellan was renamed after the actress. As for Mary, she saw little of Murrough and was left to wander the regal gardens and forest surrounding the estate trapped in her own world of imagining. When he did return, he entertained, filling the house with a gaiety that was unfamiliar to Mary. It was reported that a two-hand sword belonging to their ancestor Brian Boru hung in the entrance hall to impress the guests. What became of the sword remains a mystery. The O'Briens had one daughter in their thirty-seven years of marriage whom they also named Mary, fulfilling the curse that no male would inherit the estate. After Mary's death, Murrough quickly remarried so his debts could be paid and upon his own tragic demise his nephew inherited the Rostellan estate. William O'Brien in turn would have four daughters and no son. Upon his death, his brother James would inherit but the curse had its grip clasped tightly on all who became interlinked with the land and while James married three times none of his wives bore him any children. Upon his death, the Earldom of Inchiquin, long held by the O'Brien clan, became extinct.

It would seem while men could inherit the estate, they were never able to pass it on to male heirs apparent. The curse however did not stop with the O' Brien lineage. Dr Joshua Wise bought the estate in 1870 and died nine years later unmarried. His brother James, possibly aware of the reputation Rostellan had garnered, did not live at the estate. Instead he held an auction in which many rare objects were sold, almost certainly including the Brian Boru sword. The estate was then sold on to author, Sir John Pope Hennessy. However, Hennessy lived in Sir Walter Raleigh's house in Youghal and whatever plans he had for the Rostellan estate never came to fruition and ended with his own demise. His wife remarried and mortgaged off the house so neither of his two sons could inherit. Perhaps she also had some foresight into the blight on Rostellan. In 1944 the Army Corp tore down the house and with it curtailed the legacy of a vengeance curse.

Today, hidden in the encroaching forest, are parts of walled gardens that once held exotic plants now lost to time. The landscaped lawn is now a football pitch and the only remnant of the majestic house is a sidewall to a later added chapel. Had Queen Mary's dying wish not sent her husband's lover to Ireland, had William O'Brien not been so intent to impress his beautiful wife, had an old forgotten woman been left to visit her only sons grave, then a different story might have been told. Walking through the forest today all one really can feel is a sense of peace, so possibly the spirits are at rest. But with all that turbulance of human emotion, if one just looks hard enough, perhaps ...

by Stephen Dee

Stephen Dee is a student in the Department of Folklore & Ethnology at UCC. He volunteered with the project in the summer of 2011 and helped plan and present our Cork Memory Map exhibition during Heritage Week.

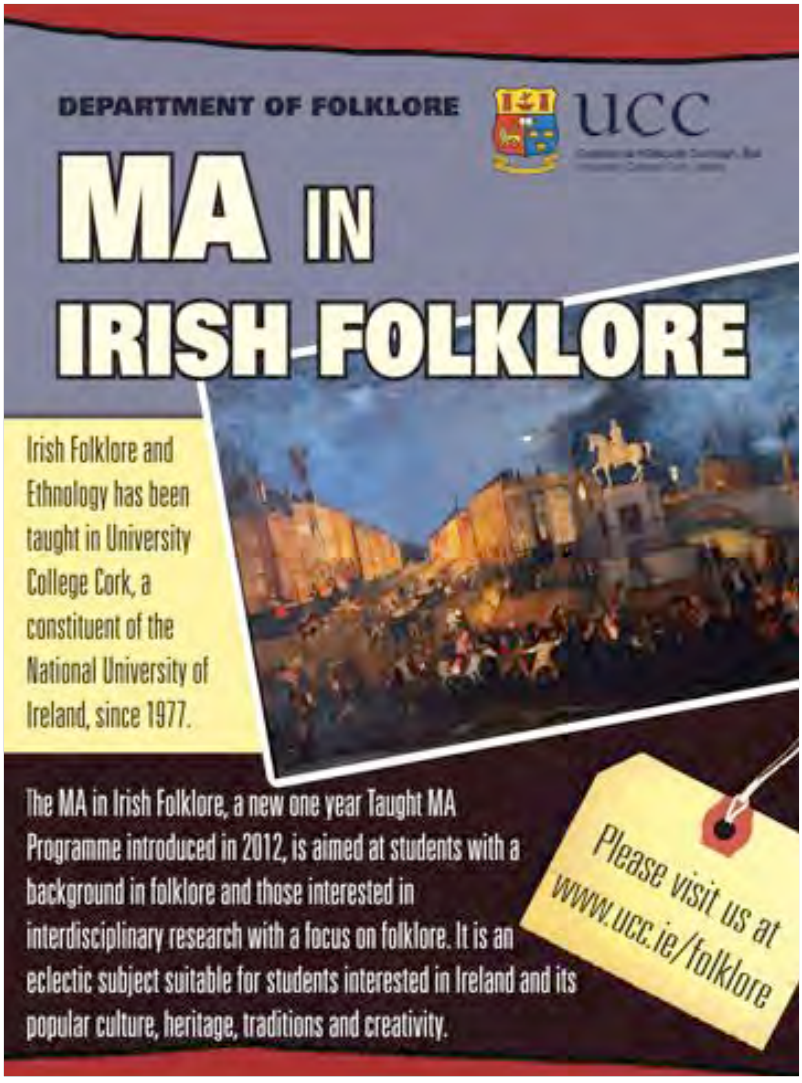
Photo and a Story

Photo courtesy of Marie-Annique Desplanques

Little did I know how far in distance and time, folk memory preserves our sense of identity! But this is not a dream; I knew that after 15 years as Research Director with the Cork Northside Folklore Project, I would eventually find the way to the beach! Is it just part of the Northside Diaspora, or is it hidden Cork? I took the picture as I was out walking in Patrick's Cove, on the Cape Shore in Newfoundland, where most people's last names are Barry, Sullivan, McGrath, Dalton. Their ancestors came from Ireland, some from Cork, it seems, settled here and in the nearby town of St Bride's.

by Dr Marie-Annick Desplanques

Correction:
We want to offer our most sincere apologies to one of our founders and former Research Director, Dr Marie-Annick Desplanques, for a layout problem that deleted her credit from 'Photo and a Story' on the back page of *The Archive*, #15. Marie-Annick both took the photo and wrote the story.



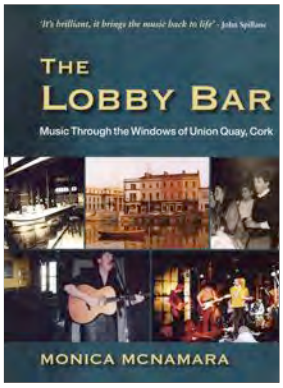
An tSlat Féithleoige

by Dr Stiofán Ó Cadhla

A new book by Dr Stiofán Ó Cadhla, Head of Roinn an Bhéaloidis/the Department of Folklore and Ethnology, UCC has just been published by leading Irish language publisher Cló Iar-Chonnacht. The work was previously awarded first prize for a work in prose in the 2010 Literary Competition of the annual Irish language cultural event Oireachtas na Gaeilge. The publication in the Irish language is entitled (in translation) *The Honeysuckle Branch: The Arts of the Indigenous*. The book, the author's fifth, suggests that it is time to re-examine some of the key canonical understandings of what folklore actually is, or isn't; what, and who, defined it and whether these definitions are useful either for communities or education. This is done through a number of diverse case studies ranging from past assessments of the provenance of Irish learning to the contemporary popular culture in the living Gaeltacht of the present. The author examines the background of the discipline but also looks at the popular culture round of fair and festival as well as issues such as gender, urban legend, technology and contemporary country and western style singing in the Irish language.

Book Reviews

Latest local history and folklore publications



The Lobby Bar

by Monica McNamara

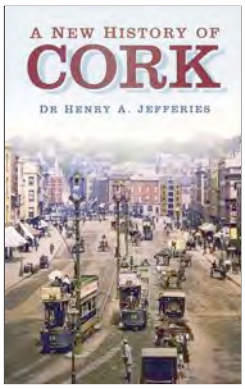
2011, Idirlinn

On picking up Monica McNamara's book about the Lobby Bar, it quickly becomes apparent that this is the kind of book that could only be written by somebody who had practically lived in this unique Cork venue during its heyday. The breadth of interviews and photographs could only have been sourced by someone who shares a great fondness for the subject with her contributors and interviewees. Each page is illustrated by a variety of photos, posters and flyers, that are always pertinent to the text.

If, like me, you only attended the Lobby for the occasional gig, you will probably remember it for its unique atmosphere and the reverential attitude of the regulars. This was fostered in part by the owner, Pat Conway's gentle emphasis on a 'listening policy,' where the audience gave performers their undivided attention. It seems obvious but is a courtesy that is often ignored in other music venues. What McNamara's book demonstrates so well is how the Lobby created a nurturing environment for many of Cork's fledgling performers. Indeed it seems like the kind of place where the dividing lines between audience and performer became blurred. Many of the audience members who came to see famous names such as Scullion, Rick Danko, Bert Jansch, Sharon Shannon and John Cooper Clarke might find themselves up on stage the following night, with their heroes in the audience.

While the main focus of the book is on the Lobby itself, the broader picture of the Union Quay area as a musical focal point in Cork is also covered, with supplementary chapters on music in Charlie's and The Phoenix. This is great read for anybody with an interest in Cork music and a reminder of how spoilt we are for original music in Cork.

Reviewed by Tom Doig



A New History of Cork

by Henry A. Jefferies,

2010 The History Press Ireland

On first picking up this book, the cover gives a lovely quaint impression of Cork City's main street, Patrick's Street. This shows a beautiful old photograph of how Cork looked in the 1900s, depicting how horse and cart went side by side with trams in those days. The book itself has nine chapters all giving different accounts of times in Cork. Included are a number of photos of early maps of Cork, of the medieval walls and of the foundations of the Queen's Old Castle, which have been uncovered, among many others. This is an excellent account of the many different periods which Cork City has seen, for example Viking, Tudor, Georgian and Victorian times, right through to the modern day. My personal favourite chapter is 'Climate Change, Black Death and Recovery,' about the many deaths which occurred during the years 1348-49. It tells the story of how ships brought black rats to our shores, spreading the bubonic plague to many people. It also gives a personal account of a priest named Brother Clyn, describing the way people died, be it from boils, abscesses or from vomiting blood, and stating that it was very rare for just one person in the family to die.

In summary, this is an excellent book for anyone who has a strong interest in Cork local history. In particular, the time span of over fourteen centuries makes it a very interesting read.

Reviewed by Niamh Walsh

Ghosts of the Faithful Departed

by David Creedon

2011, Collins Press

This beautifully compiled and presented book of Cork photographer David Creedon's exhibition of the same name, is one of the finest visual documents available of an Ireland long since past. Much more than just another coffee-table book for the nostalgia market; the images here evoke strong feelings of loss, parting and displacement caused by emigration, yet they also convey a warmth surrounding the lives of the people who once occupied the derelict rooms pictured. Creedon is an exceptional photographer, whose images manage to transform everyday things into artistic statements on the effects of emigration on both those who had to leave and those who stayed behind; the empty dwellings becoming a shrine to a bygone age. Creedon comments that he felt 'like an intruder disturbing the spirits that haunt every room.' However while leafing through these images it feels as if the spirits had beckoned Creedon into these settings, such is the empathy with which he treats his subject matter. Sacred Hearts, rusted bicycles, motorbikes, Singer sewing machines, old pianos, kettles and thimbles; all of these artefacts evoke a strong presence of the people who once lived in these homes.

Also included is a thought provoking foreword by Dr. Breda Grey, as well as a poem by Heather Brett, about the impact emigration once had on Ireland. However, the photos themselves express far more than any accompanying text ever could; a compelling collection.

Reviewed by Mark Wilkins

Pure Cork

by Michael Lenihan

2011, Mercier Press

I've never been one to judge a book by its cover, but in this case I felt I had no choice. Whenever I read a book like this I always get the feeling that it's going to be another clichéd historical photo journal. To me, the biggest fault with a lot of historical writing is a lack of passion. On both counts my cynicism was short lived.

Michael Lenihan's passion is exemplified through this eclectic and personal selection, the majority of which have never been published before. It includes approximately 350 images of glass slides, photographs, postcards, stamps, invoices, posters and more,

collected by the author over many years. He includes a brief description of each image, helping to give an understanding of Cork's past and its people. Lenihan allows the reader to escape the confines of the book and immerse themselves in the past, capturing the magic and beauty of the organic evolution of Cork from a boggy marshland to the city that it is today.

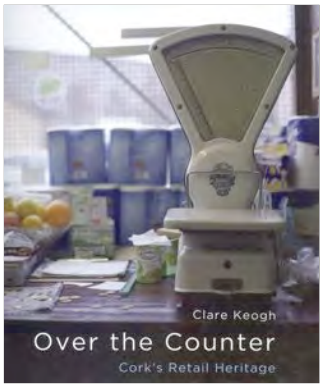
My only complaint would be the lack of an index to reference the pictures, though I would not hold this against the author, as this is a tremendous collection and an entertaining and informative book.
Reviewed by Paddy O'Shea

Barnetstown to Ballinglana

by Billy McCarthy
2011, Clondesert Publishing

In *Barnetstown to Ballinglanna*, Billy McCarthy takes us on a journey in story and verse back through the decades to the Post War period. It was a time of austerity as Billy describes 'when the majority of people had nothing and yet, paradoxically had everything.' It was a time when the values of decency, honesty, generosity and kindness were very much in evidence. The author experienced all these qualities in the house he grew up in and among the neighbours and friends of his family in Quaker Road, Cork City. He states that 'happy memories are prized possessions.' There were visits to Duffy's Circus to see clowns and trapeze artists flying through the air, trips to the Douglas 'merries.' We read of the strong faith of the people of that era that sustained them no matter what they faced in life.

We see the gradual intrusion of modernity into this idyllic world with the arrival of the wireless to the McCarthy household. All this is told in a warm and often humourous vein with a deep sensitivity to the people and places he encountered. Apart from the sheer enjoyment of the stories, it is very valuable as a social history of the period. I enjoyed this book very much and I value the glimpse it has given me of a more innocent time.
Reviewed by Geraldine Healy.



Over the Counter

by Clare Keogh
2008, Mercier Press

Over the Counter is not a new book, but one deserving of continued attention. It is a delightful photographic presentation of the fast disappearing world of Cork's older retail outlets. In these pages we get a glimpse behind the scenes of grocery shops such as Miss Hourihan's premises in Bandon, where traditional values are continued. In these family businesses there was always time for a chat. A world where trust between proprietor and customer is paramount, as evidenced by use of the 'book' credit system. It portrays an era when the local shop was more of a social centre in which local news was exchanged.

We read of old crafts persevering amid modern competition such as John Moynihan's tailoring business in Parliament Street, Cork City. Similarly, John Manley worked for many years in Great William O'Brien Street, Blackpool, producing saddles and harnesses of the finest craftsmanship. We see the manufacture of sweets following traditional recipes at the famous premises of Linehan's of John Redmond Street, near Shandon. The religious devotion of Cork people is captured in the photographs of St Anthony's Stores of Liberty Street.

Clare Keogh brings to her stunning photography a keen artistic intuition which makes her work an aesthetic delight. The camera becomes an historical tool in her hands; with the synthesis of images and text bringing a world to light which will be sadly missed. This documentation is both valuable and enjoyable, and I recommend this book to all who treasure Cork's unique retail heritage.
Reviewed by Geraldine Healy

Haunted Cork

by Darren Mann
2010, The History Press Ireland

A survey by AA Ireland reported that 15.5% of people from Cork claimed to have seen a ghost, more than in any other county in Ireland. *Haunted Cork* highlights this darker side of Cork with a delightful collection of chilling tales. The tales are drawn both from historical sources and from people the author met as he wandered County Cork armed with his camera and dictaphone. Directed by his passion for a good story, Mann relates stories of unexplained phenomena, apparitions, poltergeists, changelings and banshees, as well as accounts of mysterious vanishing islands, ghosts of shipwrecked Spanish sailors and the classic story behind the legendary Blarney Stone. This book contains ninety-eight pages of creepy narrative, some of which the sceptical mind will easily dismiss and others less explicable that will leave a definite chill in the spine. *Haunted Cork* is a well researched and produced book, with photographic illustrations, that those with an interest in the paranormal will surely enjoy.
Reviewed by Alvina Cassidy

Further Reading

2011 has been a rich year in new books about Cork. Although we have given more space than normal to book reviews in this issue, there are a number of other notable books published recently that may be of interest.

The Last Days of the Cork Docklands by Patrick Cummins
Cork, A Scrapbook Through Time by Éabha Landers
From Cork to Congo by Denis Leahy
Blarney Castle: An Irish Tower House by James Lyttleton
Emerging Cork by John X. Miller
Ireland Unhinged by David Monaghan
Where Finbarr Played: A Concise Illustrated History of Sport in University College Cork, 1911 – 2011 by John A. Murphy
Rugby in Munster: A Social and Cultural History by Liam O'Callaghan
Fifty Years Have Flown: The History of Cork Airport by Diarmuid Ó Drisceoil and Dónal Ó Drisceoil
Leeside Legends: The Cork Boxing Story by Willie O'Leary
For Whom the Bells Tolled: A History of Cork Fire Service, 1622 – 1900 by Pat Poland
A Hundred Years of Going to the Creamery by John A. Quish
Lovely Flows the Lee by Frances Twomey and Tom McGettigan

Urban Landscape

by Gráinne Mcgee

Photographer Gráinne Mcgee has a fascination with the quays and bridges of Cork at dawn. A former CNFP staff member, she generously offered us some of her stunning panoramas for this issue. On page 2 you'll find out more about her work and see another of her fantastic urban landscapes.

The Cork Northside Folklore Project

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