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The Archive

JOURNAL OF THE CORK FOLKLORE PROJECT
Iris Bhéaloideas Chorcaí

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The Archive 17

Contents

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Front cover collage by Tom Doig. Photo elements courtesy of the Hammond family and the Cork Local Studies Library. Photo of radio mast by Tom Doig.

Project Manager's Note

Here is the latest edition of *The Archive,* with the usual eclectic mix of material and images, contributed by project staff as well as by generous members of our community. Thank you one and all.

A significant change in the last year is our new name. The original Northside Folklore Project has now evolved into **The Cork Folklore Project**. This better reflects the breath of our collective material and focus, and makes it clearer who we are to the online world. But we have, and will always have, significant collected material about the Northside in our archive.

It was also time for a new logo, which you can see above, created by Tom Doig, who also contributed the beautiful collage for this front cover. But just to be clear, we don't actually have a Folklore plane! One other note — this issue is printed on a slightly lighter weight paper, to make necessary savings on print cost as well as on postage. We hope you still find it a satisfying and collectible read.

Thanks to our tech savvy crew we have made a number of technological advances:

- Check out our new and improved website (with special thanks to Ian Stephenson) as well as our Facebook page. Don't miss Mark Wilkins' audio slideshow *The Counting House* based on interviews he conducted with Beamish employees and photos donated to us from the Roy Hammond family.
- With big thanks to our fantastic JobBridge intern, Deirdre McCarthy, we are in the midst of converting to a digital age database that will make our sound recordings more accessible, an exciting but labour intensive project.
- We continue to 'populate' the Cork Memory Map with more memories and hope to begin including video footage soon. We are always looking for new voices and stories if you would like to put yourself on the map.

For essential funding we thank **Cork City Council**, whose loyal support has continued and is deeply appreciated. We were also very fortunate to have received a **National Heritage Council** Grant in 2012 for work on the Cork Memory Map. In the current financial climate, the value of this assistance cannot be overstated.

We are always looking for contributions and feedback from the community, so whether it's a comment, a story, an image, an article or a financial contribution, get in touch, we love to hear from our readers. Enjoy!

Mary O'Driscoll

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 and all those who purchased our films, radio programmes and books over the last year.

The Cork International Exhibition, 1902-03

The event which bequeathed Fitzgerald's Park to the City of Cork

Tom Doig

Like many Cork people, I enjoy spending time in Fitzgerald Park on the Mardyke. It's a lovely open, green space to enjoy a quiet day out with friends and family by the Lee, away from the traffic and noise of the city centre. What many visitors to the park may not know, is the story of how the land became a public amenity in the first place. It is a story that is intertwined with that of the Cork International Exhibition, held on the grounds from 1902-03 and with Edward Fitzgerald, the Lord Mayor who suggested the project to the Cork Municipal Council in February 1901.

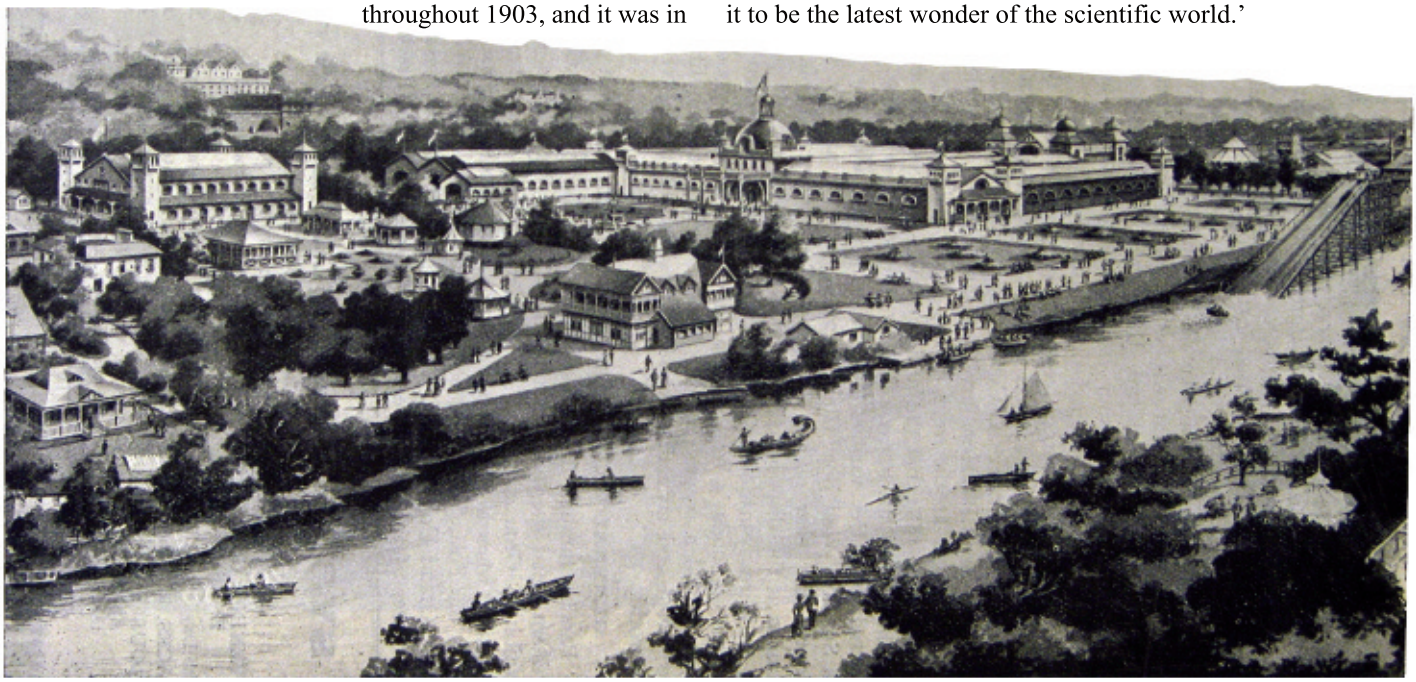
Lord Mayor Edward Fitzgerald, 'prominent and energetic originator of the exhibition.' Reproduction courtesy of Cork City Library

Fitzgerald's proposal was greeted with great enthusiasm by the councillors and businesses of the city. As an exhibition site, the committee proposed conjoining the areas now known as Fitzgerald Park, and the Mardyke Arena. At the time these were amalgamated from a variety of small properties, the owners of which 'readily adopted the view of the executive committee and placed their delightful grounds at the disposal of the exhibition.' According to the committee, 'the pretty villas and sloping gardens of Sunday's Well on one side and the richly wooded Mardyke on the other formed a natural framing for the ornamental buildings which will hold the varied and attractive exhibits that have been gathered from all parts of the world.' A Mr H A Cutler was appointed honorary architect and charged with overseeing the building of temporary structures on the site to house the exhibits. The buildings were mostly constructed from timber with white plaster used for ornamental detail, with roofs and turrets as a rule, in red, contrasting pleasingly with the green of the surrounding trees and gardens.

The Exhibition was opened on 1 May 1902. Such was its success in the first year that the decision was made to extend the the event throughout 1903, and it was in August of this year that Edward VII visited the Exhibition. The official guide books for both years make fascinating reading, containing maps and comprehensive lists of the display areas. The Industrial Hall, which stood in the south west corner of the site, covered almost 170,000 square feet. It housed display areas for a cornucopia of continental businesses, such as the Bourraux Brothers, purveyors of 'Parisian novelties,' Van Houten's Pure Soluble Cocoa from Holland (sold at 1d a cup, including a biscuit), and an Ed. Seiler from Liebnitz, who sold pianofortes, harmoniums and organs. Cork was well represented by companies such as Musgrave's Wholesalers, John Perry & Sons Ironmongers and The Lee Boot Manufacturing Company. However this was just a small section of the vast hall. The Women's Section displayed 'examples of every kind of handicraft that is now being practiced by women, not only in Great Britain, but in France, Hungary, Sweden and other countries.' The collection demonstrated examples of various textile techniques, including lace, applique and embroidery, which were loaned to the exhibition by several convents in the Cork area, the Crawford School of Art, the Royal School of Art and the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. The purpose of the exhibit was to illustrate opportunities available to women in developing small businesses from home. As the guide mentions:

> There is no way better calculated to encourage the adoption of craft work by women than by a comprehensive exhibition of what is being done today in this connection by women of all countries.

The Industrial Development area of the hall displayed an 'installation of electric light, wireless telegraph apparatus, and an X-Ray Plant.' The main attraction was a specimen of the newly discovered metal, radium, whose 'remarkable qualities constitute it to be the latest wonder of the scientific world.'



***A General view of the Grounds,* an artists impression of the 1902 Exhibition, held in what is now Fitzgerald Park.** Reproduction courtesy of Cork City Library

The existence of radium had been proven only four years previously by Marie and Pierre Curie in Paris. It was a sensational discovery at the time, and the exhibit would have attracted great attention. Considering the fate of Marie Curie, who died due to her exposure to radium, exhibiting a radioactive element at the Exhibition probably wasn't advisable, but the effects of radiation were little understood at the time. The guide book announced:

> Radium costs about £350,000 per lb and is by far the most valuable substance in the world. It radiates heat, light and electricity without loss of its own matter.

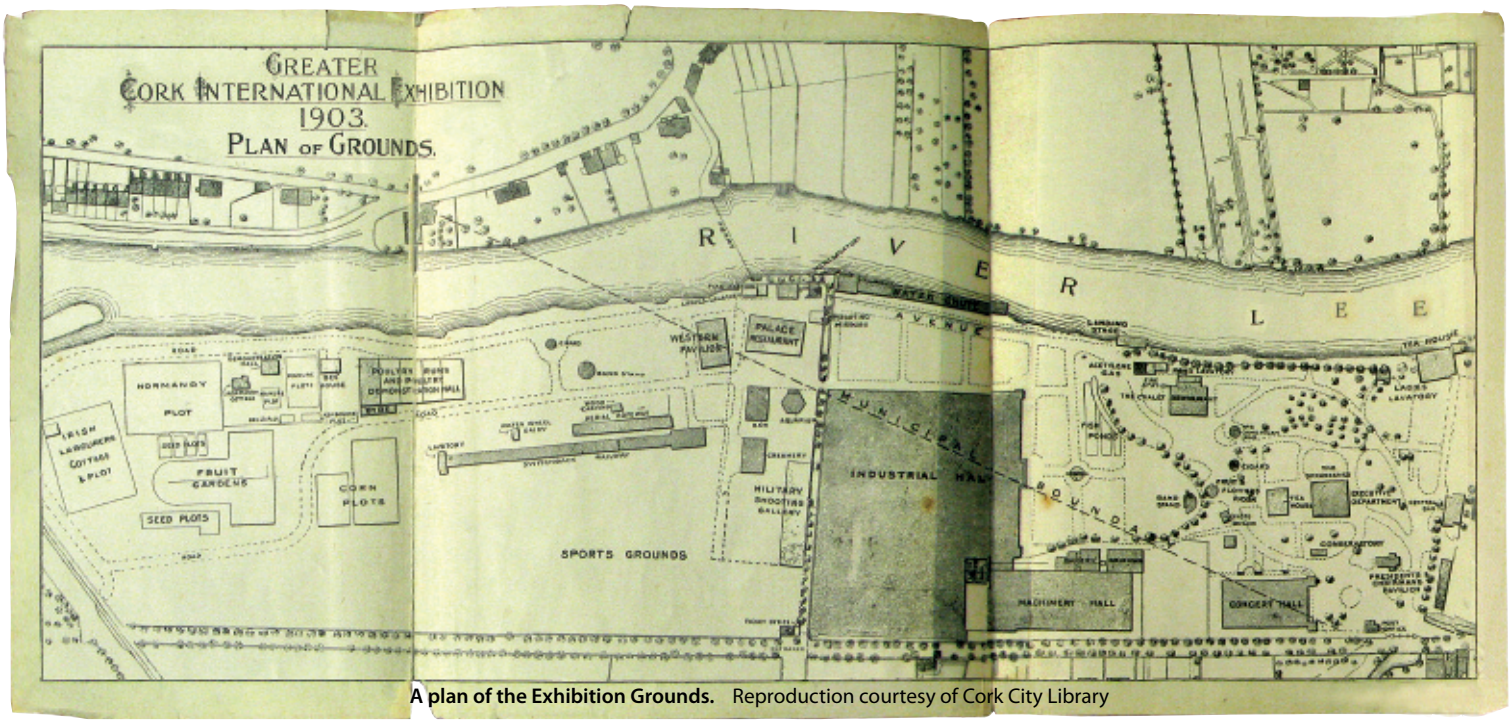
Adjacent to the larger Industrial Hall was the slightly smaller Machinery Hall housing a boiler room, generating electricity and steam power for the exhibits. In this area the Model Bakery was housed, creating freshly baked goods for sale to the public, as well as Hadji Bey's, Cork's much loved producers of Turkish Delight. Other steam powered activities included wood turning, hat making, printing and typesetting, as well as refrigerators and ice making machines, which could conceivably have been used to produce the Viennese Ices advertised by the surrounding restaurants and vendors.

The third largest building in the Exhibition was the Grand Concert Hall which according to the guide 'possesses comfortable seating for 2000 persons and affords ample room for an orchestra and choir of 500. Cantatas, oratorios, concerts and recitals be given here at regular intervals.' The attraction of musical performance during the exhibition cannot be underestimated, with three different bandstands situated throughout the site. In Edwardian times, music recordings were still very much a novelty and it would have been very common to hear brass bands performing whilst strolling through public parklands at the time.

When trying to visualise the Exhibition it is worthwhile recalling the popularity of boating and water sports amongst the Edwardians. The *General View of the Grounds* (see previous page) depicts a variety of different craft on the Lee. A Landing Stage was built for the convenience of 'electric launches, gondolas and wherries [a type of water taxi], which afford a pleasant change for those who desire to view the grounds from the water or who wish to float lazily in the sunshine.' Also located on the river, very near to the position which 'The Shaky Bridge' now occupies, was the hugely popular Water Chute. The Chute's cars would 'carry passengers up a gradual ascent to the summit. A seat is taken in one of the boats which then starts down the incline. As it descends it gains impetus, until an exhilarating speed is attained, when with a sudden swoop the boat bounds on the placid waters with a gliding, skimming motion.'

The switchback railway with the Western Pavillion in the background Reproduction courtesy of Cork City Library

Another major draw was the Switchback Railway an early precursor of the roller coaster, with a timber frame constructed on site. Like the water chute, it represented a significant engineering achievement, as well as proving a major attraction for visitors. The switchback was located in The Western Field which also hosted the Aerial Ropeway, a ride that sounds somewhat similar to the modern 'zip wire', providing 'exciting entertainment for the sterner sex. The visitor grasps the wheel attachment, jumps from the platform and is whirled through space to the station at the other end.' Presumably 'the sterner sex' meant men, but whether women were advised against using the aerial ropeway because they weren't 'stern' enough, or because they wore dresses remains unclear. One of the most popular amusements was the Shooting Jungle, which involved shooting moving targets with rifles. Next to this was a Military Shooting Gallery focusing on long distance markmanship. Also in this area were located a series of Distorting Mirrors 'which to young and old alike are extremely grotesque.' Next to this was the Topsy Turvy House, 'standing on its chimney with its foundations in the air.'



A plan of the Exhibition Grounds. Reproduction courtesy of Cork City Library

One of the most bizarre and impressive sounding displays was the Submarine Pavilion which housed a glass fronted tank containing between two and three thousand gallons of water. Inside, the divers publicly demonstrated:

> A true representation of deep sea diving, illustrating the methods employed when working at sunken vessels - recovering treasure from strong rooms, laying foundation stones for jetties and harbours, using hammers, chisels, pickaxes and shovels under water as an ordinary workman does on land.

The glass front enabled the visitors to view the movements of the divers at the bottom, whose activities were illuminated by 'submarine electric lamps.' Bizarrely, a telephone enabled the public to converse with the divers during these demonstrations.

The original guidebooks for the 1902 and 1903 Exhibition
Reproduction courtesy of Cork City Library

The Western Field contained the agricultural displays. Many visitors came by rail on day trips from rural areas. Previous exhibitions had focused on farming machinery aimed at rich landowners. Instead the committee developed an exhibit examining opportunities available to rural smallholders, with 'an Irish Labourer's Cottage laid out to show the most profitable use to make of land.' With an emphasis on small scale productivity, this area also had a seed plot, where varieties of interest were grown. Next door, a 'Normandy Plot' was developed, in order to compare farming methods. To demonstrate this 'an intensely typical group of Norman peasants were brought over to live in the cottage, cultivate the garden and shew how this industry is prosecuted in France.' It is not known how the 'intensely typical' peasants got on with the Irish labourers, but presumably many farming methods were compared and exchanged. The nearby Bee Pavilion explored honey production and was situated in a 'Bee Garden' displaying the most favourable pollen bearing flowers, while the Fish Ponds displayed specimens of trout, pike, perch, rudd, carp and eel.

The Great Exhibition was undeniably an impressive spectacle, and with a staggering 1.5 million visitors over two years, extremely well attended. But, was it merely a source of distraction for the masses or did it serve a greater purpose, enriching the cultural life of the city and county? Edwardian society was extremely prosperous as a whole, yet the stratification between the upper classes and the working poor was huge, a situation exacerbated by the effects of colonial rule.The admission price to the exhibition would presumably have been prohibitive for the more disadvantaged Corkonians. The organisers did try to make some recompense by focusing on more socially progressive exhibits. We have already mentioned the agricultural section which would have been of great interest to Munster's rural population, and the Women's Exhibition which explored possibilities for women to work independently of unscrupulous employers.

Remnants of the exhibition include: the Father Mathew Memorial Fountain, The Lord Mayor's Pavilion and the original plaque on the main gates. Photos by Tom Doig for the CFP Archive

As Councillor Kieran McCarthy has pointed out, there are still many signs of the Exhibition to be found in the park today. The most obvious of these is The Presidents Pavilion located just inside the main entrance. This small building is a fascinating indication of the ornate visual style of the Edwardian era and of the exhibition itself, while the red and white colour scheme is presumably representative of the Exhibition's general colour scheme. A dated commemorative plaque can also be seen adorning the pillars of the main gates nearby, while the Father Matthew Fountain still stands in its original setting, surrounded by a pond, where during the Exhibition there had been an ornamental garden and fish ponds.

Witnessing such great developments in science, culture and art, coupled with the Edwardian knack for staging a spectacle must have been a thrilling experience in 1902, but in many ways the Exhibition's greatest legacy is Fitzgerald's Park itself. Four days after his visit to the Exhibition in August 1903, Edward VII announced his decision to confer a Baronetcy upon Edward Fitzgerald. A great achievement by any standards, but in a post-colonial Cork, perhaps the most meaningful and lasting honour for Edward Fitzgerald is to have Cork City's largest and most picturesque public park named in his memory.

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Although original sources were consulted for this article, much debt is owed to Cllr Kieran McCarthy's immensely detailed and thoroughly researched column 'Our City, Our Town', in the Cork Independent, both for inspiration and factual reference. Kieran is currently working on a book about the Cork Exhibition to be published in the near future.

Many thanks to all at the Local Studies section of Cork Central Library for their assistance in researching this article.

William Saunders Hallaran

Cork's first psychiatrist and original 'spin-doctor'

Mark Wilkins

Walking along the South Mall towards the Grand Parade, many people will be familiar with the First World War memorial by the River Lee. A large limestone obelisk, erected in 1925, with an accompanying inscribed plaque, it is one of the most recognisable civic monuments in Cork City. Each November, wreaths are laid here to commemorate Armistice Day and the contribution made by the Munster Fusiliers during the Great War.

Almost directly facing this monument, however, is another plaque commemorating a little-known Corkman whose contribution to the mental welfare of those incarcerated in oppressive institutions over two hundred years ago may now be viewed as almost equally heroic. Unlike other philanthropic luminaries of the time - Nano Nagle, Mary Aikenhead and Father Mathew - Dr William Saunders Hallaran is a name unfamiliar to most Cork people, but his attempts to understand and relieve the mental suffering of his patients in the late 18th and early 19th centuries are worth recounting.

No 43 South Mall, where Hallaran resided, with the plaque erected in his memory by the Cork Mental Welfare Association
Photo by Tom Doig for the CFP Archive

William Saunders Hallaran was born in Castlemartyr, Co Cork in 1765. Little is known or recorded of his early life or as to whether any childhood event compelled him to pursue a career in medicine and psychiatry in particular. What is known is that he studied medicine overseas at Edinburgh Medical School under the tutelage of one William Cullen, a highly influential figure in Scottish medicine at the time. Cullen placed great emphasis on the influence of the nervous system to the onset of illness and is credited with coining the term 'neurosis' to explain any nervous disorder or symptom which could not be explained physiologically. Cullen was also prominent in the Scottish Enlightenment, itself part of a greater European movement which questioned the authority of the Church, whose teachings at the time led people to believe that mental illness was the result of demonic possession or a punishment from God for sinful ways.

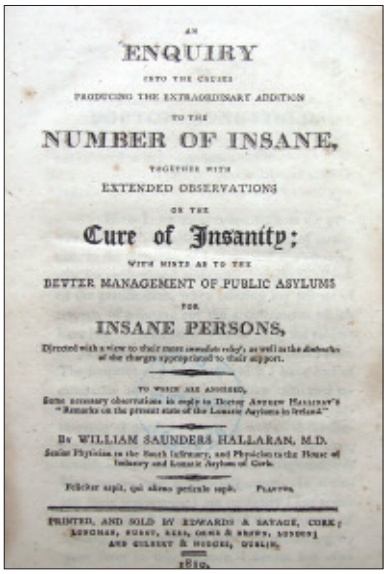
After graduating from Edinburgh medical school, Hallaran returned to Cork and took up a position as medical supervisor at the Cork House of Industry in 1789. This had been established in the period 1776-77 near the South Infirmary Hospital, for the 'recipients of vagrants and strays, prostitutes and poor aged men and women,' as well as those deemed insane. The treatment of residents within these houses of industry was often harsh to say the least. No proper therapeutic programme was in place and they frequently became, as Diarmaid Ferriter said in *Behind these Walls*, 'dumping grounds for Irish social problems.' Many of those incarcerated were stripped of all dignity and sense of self, some being confined with manacles. Also, in many of these institutions there was no medically trained staff at hand to diagnose who was or wasn't insane. People considered 'troublesome' by their families or communities were placed in these asylums despite not suffering from any recognisable psychosis. It was in this social landscape that Hallaran commenced his medical career.

In 1791, the governors of the Cork House of Industry set up the Cork Lunatic Asylum. Built nearby and under the same governorship, Hallaran was the appointed physician here from its inception until his death in 1825. Hallaran quickly gained a reputation as being a conscientious and humane doctor. In 1817, a report from the Select Committee on the Lunatic Poor in Ireland held the Cork Asylum as one of the few positive examples of adequate care for the insane in Ireland. Hallaran was mentioned in the report as 'a doctor of intelligence and deserving of great credit for his efforts.' So what was his approach and what separated him from his peers at the time?

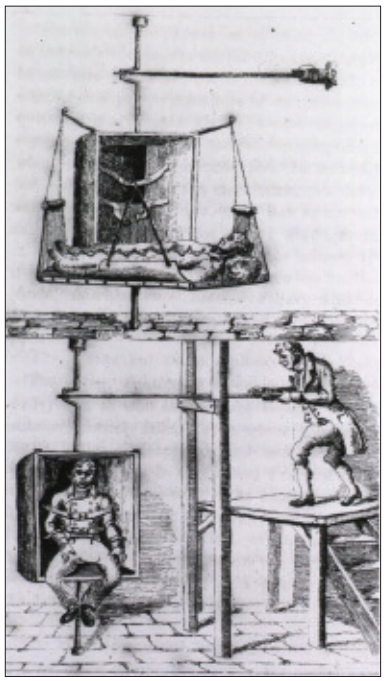
As already noted, Hallaran was strongly influenced by William Cullen, his mentor in Edinburgh, who encouraged his students to pay close attention to any manifest symptoms and to behave towards their patients in a responsible way. However, it is also important to note that Hallaran was also greatly influenced by the 'moral management' approach to mental illness which was used in other asylums throughout Western Europe at the time. This approach had its origins in the work of the French psychiatrist, Philippe Pinel in Paris and more prevalently in the work of William Tuke, a Quaker based in York. Central to the concept of moral management was a lessening of physical restraint and the notion that outdoor activities, such as gardening and horticulture, as well as handcrafts, sewing and knitting, for example, were of benefit to those suffering from mental illness. This demonstrated a move to viewing patients in a more humane way and treating them in a non-coercive manner. Moral management also emphasised the importance of direct interpersonal communication between patient and doctor, whereas previously this would have been actively discouraged. Hallaran applied these methods in the Cork Asylum and in his own private clinic, which he established in 1798, off the Blackrock Road. On his review rounds at the asylum he would engage, as much was possible, in conversation with the

residents on a shared topic of interest. In retrospect this can be seen as an early example of a practising psychiatrist recognising the validity of 'the other' so as to establish a therapeutic rapport that might help in the patient's recovery. Hallaran was also instrumental in the Cork Asylum, acquiring an adjoining field, wherein his patients were encouraged to engage in gardening and horticulture, which he believed would benefit them. Outdoor activities were seen as providing a positive distraction for those who would otherwise spend their days brooding in the asylum. Diet and nutrition were also given proper consideration and he was a keen advocate of 'water-treatment', having observed the calming effects of 'shower-baths' on patients. From all this we can see that Hallaran, while firmly schooled in the mechanistic medical model dominant at the time, was an holistic thinker who devised a systems approach to mental health. This may be seen as an early precursor to the 'bio-psycho-social' model of the 1960s and 1970s which saw illness and health as a consequence of the interplay between biological, psychological and social factors.

Despite all this progress, Hallaran will be forever associated with his use of the notorious circulating-swing. Originally developed by Dr Joseph Mason Cox, a Scottish psychiatrist, in an attempt to induce sleep in disturbed patients, the circulating-swing consisted of a chair suspended from the ceiling which was spun round a vertical axis by a windlass. Cox observed however, that some of the immediate effects of the swing were far from the peaceful slumber he attempted to instil in his patients. In his own words, 'one of the most constant effects of the swing is...vertigo, attended by pallor, nausea and vomiting.' He added, 'the debility arising from swinging is never to be dreaded, it is generally accompanied by sleep and a sense of fatigue.' Hallaran employed a version of Cox's circulating-swing in the Cork Asylum. More elaborate than its predecessor, Hallaran's swing 'was capable of being turned a hundred times a minute and can with ease be regulated to the degree best suited to the intent.' In 1810 he wrote, 'since the commencement of its use, I have never been at a loss for a direct mode of establishing a supreme authority over the most turbulent and unruly.' The use of such an extreme 'therapeutic' tool may seem to jar with Hallaran's other less coercive methods but some of his patients requested to use the swing of their own volition. Whether this was due to the fact that they found the swing lulled them into a calmer state of mind, or that they saw it as a source of amusement, is unclear but he granted them permission to use it in a gentler manner when asked. These circulating-swings became popular in other European countries and continued to be used with varying results up to the mid-19th century. Charles Dickens referred to their use in his critique of medicine, *A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree*, in 1866: 'Nothing was too wildly extravagant, nothing too monstrously cruel to be prescribed by mad doctors…spinning in whirligigs.' Thankfully more humane methods were later developed to calm transgressive patients and today the legacy of these circulating-swings is to be found not in psychiatric hospitals but in fairgrounds and theme parks.



AN
ENQUIRY
INTO THE CAUSES
PRODUCING THE EXTRAORDINARY ADDITION
TO THE
NUMBER OF INSANE,
TOGETHER WITH
EXTENDED OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
Cure of Insanity;
WITH HINTS AS TO THE
BETTER MANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC ASYLUMS
FOR
INSANE PERSONS,
Directed with a view to their more immediate relief, as well as the diminution of the charges appropriated to their support.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
Some necessary observations in reply to Doctor Andrew Halliday's "Remarks on the present state of the Lunatic Asylums in Ireland."
By WILLIAM SAUNDERS HALLARAN, M.D.
Senior Physician to the South Infirmary, and Physician to the House of Industry and Lunatic Asylum of Cork.
Felicior sapit, qui aliena pericula sapit. Plautus.
PRINTED, AND SOLD BY EDWARDS & SAVAGE, CORK;
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME & BROWN, LONDON;
AND GILBERT & HODGES, DUBLIN.
1810.



Top: Title page for Hallaran's first publication in 1810. Above: An illustration depicting the infamous circulating swing
Courtesy of Boole Library, UCC

In September 2011, RTE broadcast a two-part television documentary *Behind the Walls*, which threw light on the darker side of Irish psychiatric practice from its inception to the present day. Hallaran's circulating-swing was cited in the programme as a prime example of the peculiar treatment practices that were common at the time. In the programme, Dr Brendan Kelly observes, 'by contemporary standards this would be inconsistent with human rights and the rights of the mentally ill but he believed this to be a therapeutic tool and he wasn't alone.' The programme did however comment favourably on Hallaran's main contribution to Irish psychiatry at the time, which was the recording of what he believed were the causes of mental illness. Published in 1810, and titled *An Enquiry into the Causes Producing the Extraordinary Addition to the Number of Insane Together with Hints as to the Better Management of Public Asylums for Insane Persons*, it was the first psychiatric text written in Ireland. The diagnostic categories in the book reflect the social attitudes of the time and such 'neuroses' as love-jealousy, pride and anger were included. However, Hallaran also included social unrest, alcohol abuse and syphilis as causes of mental illness, which, according to Dr Brendan Kelly 'can be seen as reasonable and rational thoughts.'

Hallaran was driven to find a solution to the problem of the alarming rise of mental illness in Ireland and he began formulating his own theories as to why this was occurring. The main reasons for the increase of mental suffering, 'the hurried weight of human calamity' as he called it, he attributed to various factors. Among these were: social upheaval (i.e. terror caused by the 1798 rebellion), alcohol abuse (which was rampant in Ireland at the time as it is to this day), and what he referred to as 'the terror of religious enthusiasm', something which he believed to be more common amongst overly devout Roman Catholics. Hallaran also came to realise that hereditary factors played a part in the onset of certain conditions and psychoses. As a result of this research he came to the conclusion that there was no single cure or quick fix for 'madness'. Different conditions required different treatments. This realisation, I believe, was what caused him to complement his medical training with 'moral management' in his therapeutic approach. Add to this his own recognition of the importance of engagement in conversation with his patients whenever he could, and we can see why Hallaran was considered to be such an effective psychiatrist.

One curious thing about him is that he seemed to overlook Ireland's rapid population growth and the accompanying socio-economic stresses as another potential factor in the rise of 'insanity' amongst its civilians. At a British Medical Association

meeting in 1843, held in Cork, Dr Thomas Carey Osbourne stated, 'In 1791 the inhabitants of Cork City and County were 460,466 and in 1831 these were 807,456 nearly doubling a population in 40 years.' Hallaran would have been well aware of this situation during his own lifetime, yet he never seemed to credit it as being a possible determining factor in the rise of mental illness in his writings. Despite his efforts, Hallaran never fully succeeded in his quest to find why so many suffered from insanity but he was a physician working within the limited medical model of his time. After all, it was not until the advent of psychoanalysis with Freud and his followers in the late nineteenth-century that the influence of the unconscious mind in the onset of 'mental illness' came to be more accepted and understood. If such a therapeutic framework had been available to Hallaran there is no doubt he would have co-opted it into his own practice.

In 1818 he published a revised edition of his *Practical Observations on the Causes and Cure of Insanity*. This volume, he hoped, would be received by the medical establishment of the day and further enlighten medical students in their understanding of insanity. He continued working and lecturing until his death at his home on the South Mall on 17 December 1825. Five years later, in 1830, the Cork Lunatic Asylum was reviewed as being, 'one of the best and most extensive in Ireland and its success was attributed to the ability and benevolence of its excellent physician, Dr Hallaran.' In 1989, a plaque commissioned by the Cork Mental Health Association was unveiled in his memory on the front wall of his former residence at 43 South Mall.

William Saunders Hallaran is not a name enshrined in the history of psychiatric thinking and practice. He was not an innovator like Carl Jung, a pioneer like Emile Kraeplin, an intellectual visionary like R D Laing or a radical like Thomas Szasz, all of whom succeeded him. And unlike his peers, Philippe Pinel and William Tuke, whose methods he espoused, he has been largely forgotten apart from his use of the archaic and frankly bizarre circulating-swing. However, what he had in common with all of the above was a genuine compassion for those labelled insane and he was compelled to act in a manner which he believed would alleviate the mental suffering of the increasing number of patients presented to him. And it is for this that he should be remembered.

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Marian Shrines

John O'Donnell, former City Planning Officer, offered us photographs and comments about Cork's shrines

Harrington Square

As a town planner, I have often been struck by the absence of vandalism of Marian Shrines in Cork City, some of which are relatively isolated. This respect seems to me to be an indication of the hidden authority of grannies! Dating from the early 1950s, it was the local people who selected the sites and the designs for the shrines and it is they who are responsible for their upkeep, a testimony to local 'ownership'. Most sites show an interesting instinct in urban design, placed as they are, at a divide of roads, or as a focus of a group of houses, with each shrine being quite distinct.

Evergreen Road

Dunbar Street

Cork Ladies' Football
A personal view

Juliet Murphy

'Penalty or nothing!' was the most chanted line in our house growing up in Donoughmore. Ollie, my brother, would be after charging me down near the goals, and those three words ensured my tears dried up quickly before anyone noticed. We had some great games in our yard, especially on a Saturday morning when our cousins would join us. Ollie and I were ultra competitive with one another, and although he was four years older and stronger, I was convinced I could hold my own with him. As time went by, he was the brother who taught me the skills of football. The hay shed on our farm had four red pillars, and he would challenge me to kick the ball at one of them. If I succeeded he would get me to go back further. In return for his coaching I taught him how to drive – a fair trade off.

Juliet Murphy - playing for Cork
Reproduction courtesy of *The Journal.ie*

The Sciath na Scol tournament in Cork was my first introduction to competition. We played with the boys at that time. I remember well the laughing and giggling from the opposition when I would line out against some poor misfortunate. God forbid that should I get a score or two – then the humiliation would really set in among his teammates. The following day, we would manage to spend the time until small lunch analysing the game with the Master. 'Twas a guaranteed idle hour which made playing all more worthwhile! I remember as a young girl going to Beara to play a game. When we arrived at the venue, however, there was a slight problem with the field. A local farmer was using it to graze his sheep. Given the fact we had travelled such a journey, it was decided that the sheep should be ushered to a neighbouring field. Once that task was behind us, we managed to get the game under way.

One could say that Ladies' Football has made great strides since its foundation in 1984. During the last decade, it became one of the fastest growing sports in Ireland, with young girls enrolling in clubs all over the country. In more recent years that level of participation has tapered off and, although it still remains a popular game, it too is suffering at the hands of emigration and difficult economic times. Along with this the ladies' game remains in the shadows, not always recognised as the great game that it really is.

With any team game there is a certain dynamic. I think that's what attracts me most to team sports. You have competitive individuals who come together to share and achieve the same goal. You can't guarantee that everyone is going to pull in the one direction, but you just have to trust that they will. I come from a place with a strong tradition of ladies' football - Donoughmore. Prior to our success at Inter-County level, we won the Senior All Ireland Final in 1999 and 2001. Our coach, Mossie Barrett, was fanatical and passionate about the game. I recall a pre-match speech the night before our County Final and Mossie was pretty worked up. With all his force and might he hit the door with his fist. Apart from getting a fright we didn't take much notice until he turned up the following evening with his hand in cast. We won that day!

The early years with Inter-County Football were difficult. The team lacked cohesion and, in general, any sort of serious commitment. Looking back, I think the players lacked the awareness of what they could achieve. But all that changed when Eamonn Ryan took over the reins. He inspired everyone. His preparation for every training session was impeccable and it wasn't long before players bought into everything he was about. One of my greatest memories is that of our first win over our arch-enemies, Mayo. There were as many injuries in the stand that day when the whistle blew, as there were incurred in the game itself – bruised legs and pulled hamstrings from jumping over seats to run onto the pitch.

Meanwhile, our goalkeeper, Elaine Harte, and I hugged one another in uncontrollable laughter not believing our feat. Little did we know that that was just the beginning. Last week as I drove down the road after an afternoon in Áras an Uachtaráin in the company of President Michael D Higgins, his wife Sabina, and the family and friends of the Cork Ladies' Football team, I realised we have all been on an incredible journey with a very special bunch of people.

Juliet Murphy holding her Sportsperson of the Year award
Reproduction courtesy of *The Irish Independent*

Juliet Murphy plays with her local team, Donoughmore. She has been a member of the Cork Senior Inter-County team since 1995. She captained Cork to All Ireland success in 2005, 2006 and 2007.

Loafers

Reflections on Cork's first gay bar

Alvina Cassidy

Homosexuality was decriminalised in Ireland on 30 June 1993. In 2012, Cork City Council became the first local authority in Ireland to vote unanimously for gay marriage. A number of gay projects and organisations are long established in Cork, many of which have roots in political and social initiatives dating back to the early 1980s.

The Cork Gay Community Development Project, The Quay Co-op, Linc, and The Other Place, to name but a few, have all made a unique contribution to the movement towards political and social inclusion for the lesbian, gay, bi-sexual and transgender community. Mostly these organisations are located in the South Parish, which has a tradition of attracting alternative groups to this oldest part of the City.

Loafers Bar in 1983
Photo courtesy of WEBREF

Also in the South Parish, at 26 Douglas Street is Loafers Bar, which has served the community for over thirty years, making it Ireland's oldest gay bar. As the first gay bar in Cork run by gay men it was, and still is, a refuge and focus point, offering space to socialise in relative safety. A much needed service in a society where, despite greater tolerance and acceptance, the risk of rejection and violence is still real. So what inspired the owners to open Loafers, in this quiet street, on the southside of Cork and how was it received in the local neighbourhood, as this once traditional Irish pub was transformed into a lively, alternative, modern urban bar?

Ironically, Derrick Gerety and his partner Séamus, who bought what was The Shamrock Bar in 1983, did not set out to open a gay bar. Derrick recalls, 'It never occurred to us that we were going to run a gay bar. That was never part of the plan. I'd been in loads of bars around the world and I wanted a bar I would like to drink in myself. I wanted this really open, bright bar that kept all the old features of the traditional bar.' When Loafers first opened it immediately attracted gays, students and a wide range of punters who came for the bottled beers, like Stella Artois and Becks, which weren't sold elsewhere and the tequila and orange, which in those days, was regarded as a cocktail.

The old property deeds, dating from the early 1800s, reveal the original owners of the building to be Reverend Nathaniel and Dame Eliza Westropp, who had Hugenot ancestory. It was then known as 'The Men's Asylum' and was said to have been a Catholic almshouse run by the Presentation Sisters for aged men. When Derrick and Séamus took over it had one main room and, in addition, a rather odd shaped room with curious dimensions, which is believed to have been a little chapel.

Whilst renovating, they discovered it had once been an old Murphy's tied house, which meant it was owned by Murphys Brewery but rented or leased to the publican. In 1933, Murphy's decorated all their pubs with Canadian pitched pine walls and cream Terrazzo flooring with a black and green border. This beautiful woodwork and marbled floor were revealed when the flocked wallpaper was stripped and the carpet taken up. The renovations also uncovered its former links to the IRA. A letter from them, dating from the 1950s, was found thanking the pub owners for their cooperation in the running of a fund raising raffle. Also, when the back garden was dug up, to create the space for a beer garden, an old grenade was unearthed among the mud and stones.

When Loafers became known as a gay bar, Derrick and Séamus endured many unpleasant and abusive late night phone calls, calling them perverts and telling them that they would be burned out. This was the early 1980s, and the AIDS epidemic raged in America fuelling fear everywhere. People stuffing burning paper and urinating into Loafer's letterbox were regular occurrences and they received quite a number of poison pen letters. Derrick was sometimes, in his own words, 'unnecessarily brave'. One night two guys came in saying they were looking for 'faggots'. He replied, 'Well I'm really sorry but I'm the only faggot here at the moment.' With that they proceeded to kick the living daylights out of him. The Gardaí were supportive and kind when Derrick had reason to call them but, in the early days, it wasn't easy to carry on with that underlying and real threat.

Despite the harassment, they were well received and supported by their neighbours in Douglas Street. Derrick remembers the street as a fantastic place with the atmosphere of a main street in a country village. In the early 1980s there were a few old men, living locally, who wore cloth caps and smoked pipes. They would start drinking at one end of the street and work their way from bar to bar. They still came into Loafers, even after it became known as a gay bar, with their great stories of the locality and the bar throughout all its incarnations.

Derrick related one such story of a scheme contrived to get a drink on Good Friday when the pubs closed. 'One of the punters used to drive a Tayto van and all the lads kitted the van out as a bar just for Good Friday, and they drove down to the Monahan Road and parked the van and the boys went on the piss for the day in the back of the van like, just because it was Good Friday.'

Lunham's bacon factory was across the road from The Shamrock. Another story tells of how at lunchtime some of the workers would bring over a lump of bacon to the lady of the house. She would boil up the bacon and have sandwiches ready for them when their shift was over and they'd come in raring to eat the bacon sandwiches. And they'd be there for half the night afterwards!

The Shamrock had a snug, which women used. Another story tells of the ambiguous attitude, at the time, towards women drinking alcohol and frequenting pubs. This woman came in with a friend of hers to have a bottle of stout in the snug. Her husband didn't know she drank and usually he didn't drink in The Shamrock himself. On this particular day, whilst she was in the snug, her husband and a few of his friends came in and she had to sit tight, stuck in the snug, because she couldn't leave.

Loafers Bar as it is today
Photo by Alvina Cassidy for the CFP Archive

When Loafers first opened there were a number of quirky businesses on Douglas Street. Derrick describes a little Dickensian shop about seven feet wide with a counter and a little old woman sitting behind it selling nothing but tea towels. There was another small shop at the end of the road which sold cards. They provided a tray with bottles of lemonade and glasses so you could buy a little glass of lemonade while you were choosing your card. There was also a shop run by a Mrs Lynch. She used to bake and sell scones on the premises, until health and safety officers prevented her from selling them. Such was her outrage that she made it on to local radio but sadly, for her and for the locals who bought her scones, and who thought the whole thing a disgrace, the decision wasn't reversed.

Loafers too had its own characters. Derrick remembered Johnny: 'Johnny was a docker. I always maintain that Johnny did more for gay people in Cork than any other person I know. He was as out as anybody could be. He was a northside docker and he was everything that a northside docker was. And yet he was out as a gay man. Johnny was respected in the northside of Cork and respected down the docks. So, I think Johnny did a lot for the gay community by just being himself.'


Derrick Gerety - First proprietor of Loafers
Photo by Alvina Cassidy for the CFP Archive

Derrick recalls the first time transvestites came into Loafers: 'One night two middle aged men came in, who were for all intents and purposes west Cork farmers completely done out with wigs and make up. They did nothing with their voices to disguise that they were men. They were wearing the most appalling dresses, made out of dreadful brocade kind of stuff that looked like your auntie's curtains and they were wearing high heels, the works like. All I could think was fair play to you like. I wouldn't do that if you paid me. I stand behind my own bar, as a gay man but I wouldn't do that for a thousand pounds. Man that takes some guts to do that.'

Derrick ran Loafers for nearly 16 years (Séamus departed in the mid 1980s). During that time there was a huge change on Douglas Street from old style pubs, run by families who had been there for years, to pubs bought and run by younger people. The story of Loafers, as a gay pub, is not just a story for the Gay community. Loafers stands in the history of the building itself which stretches from its time as The Men's Asylum in the 19th century through all the tumultuous changes of the 20th and early 21st century. It carries memories of all those who frequented it seeking refuge of one form or another. Most importantly, it has always served, and is an integral part of, the local community of Douglas Street, itself alive with its own history and folklore.

Reflecting on his time at Loafers, Derrick says: 'Older people told me, who came out in slightly different times, that Loafers was a great refuge for them and I'm quite moved by that. I don't think I'm any kind of hero and I didn't set out to become a kind of a hero looking after gay people. The gay thing kind of evolved by itself organically, but to be told that the place was a refuge for gay people, to me that's fantastic and I love to hear that. When I go to places now, including Loafers or Chambers, and see how up front young people are with their sexuality I think that is great, but a lot of people paved the way for that and a lot of people got harmed and beaten up and a lot of people quietly took their own life who couldn't come out. So for me there's all of that history there.'

Today Loafers continues as a lively, community pub. It has changed hands and been revamped since its first makeover in the 1980s, but remains, thirty years later, an established venue for the gay community in Cork. Not bad going for the pub that never set out to be gay!

Many thanks to Derrick Gerety for a lively and humorous conversation about the origins of Loafers Bar of which he was the proprietor from 1983 to 1999.

Images of Animals and Darkness

Beliefs connected to nocturnal animals

Dr Jenny Butler

'Darkness' can be meant both literally, in the sense of a black colour, and figuratively in regard to the dark of night, the sinister or mysterious. Both senses of the word 'dark' feature in the folklore connected with particular animals, including: cats, rats, dogs, crows and bats. Nocturnal animals with the ability to see in the dark are particularly feared. This article focuses on some of the beliefs connected to black-coloured animals and birds specifically.

The Mórrígan - with crow in background
Reproduction courtesy of André Koehne, donated to Wikimedia Commons

As animals that hunt by night, much negative folklore is attached to cats in general. As Lady Wilde observed: 'The Irish have always looked on cats as evil and mysteriously connected with some demoniacal influence. On entering a house the usual salutation is, "God save all here, except the cat."' People believe that if one is going on a journey and meets a cat on the road, one should turn back and go home again. This is especially true if the animal stares you in the face. These beliefs may have come from the idea that the devil takes the form of a cat in order to appear on Earth.

Black cats in particular have various unfavourable prognostications connected with them. They are regarded as bad in character, as Lady Wilde records: 'Their temperament is exceedingly unamiable [sic], they are artful, malignant, and skilled in deception, and people should be very cautious in caressing them, for they have the venomous heart and the evil eye, and are ever ready to do an injury.' Encountering a black cat where it crosses your path is unlucky, and there are various explanations as to why. The familiar of a witch is most often said to be a black cat. The Witch Trials of the seventeenth century, that took place in continental Europe, associated black cats with witches. The folklorist, Kevin Danaher, describes the belief in the process by which the witch is initiated by the devil: 'Each member had made a bargain with the devil, selling his or her soul in return for membership and the power that went with it. Each member had been admitted to the society (of witches) with horrible rites and ceremonies which mocked and blasphemed the Christian ritual; the devil presided over these in person. And each member was given a "familiar spirit", a demon in the shape of an animal – often a black cat.'

Image of flying bat
Reproduction courtesy of Pearson, Scott, Foresman, donated to Wikimedia Commons

Conversely, the black cat is seen as lucky in other accounts and is a common feature on 'Good Luck' cards. Greeting card manufacturers have customarily used a representation or photograph of a black cat as a lucky symbol since at least the 1920s. There are variations in superstitions about black cats and luck. For example, it is considered lucky if a black cat crosses a person's path, but unlucky if a person crosses a black cat's path. Some believe that it is unlucky to chase a black cat from your house or from the doorway, but others believe that it is unlucky to open the door to a cat of this colour.

Some people are frightened of black dogs. The supernatural black dog can be defined as a type of ghost that haunts particular places. It is also believed to be an evil spirit or even the devil in disguise and 'although it is never expressly stated in Irish folklore, the idea is that such sinister animals could physically attack a sinner and take him away to hell.' Their otherworldly associations result in black dogs being linked to graveyards and other types of ancient burial sites. They can also be connected to a particular spot on a road or on a hillside. In legends, the black dog is described as looking like an ordinary dog at first, but then contorting into something monstrous-looking or growing to an enormous size. Stories about the black dog spread to Ireland from England, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but are now commonly known throughout the country.

Ó hÓgáin reminds me that bats are also feared and their 'appearance in or near a house was believed to betoken death.' Many people are alarmed at the sight of bats, perhaps because, as creatures of the night, they elicit emotions of fear and anxiety. Another worry that people have is that a bat can get stuck in a person's hair, 'and if the hair were not cut immediately, that person would die.' In actuality, bats find it extremely difficult to grip onto hair, and since – contrary to popular belief – they are not blind, it is also unlikely that they would fly toward a person's hair and get caught in it.

Black rats have historically been associated with the spread of bubonic plague due to people being bitten by the infected fleas they were carrying. According to Roud, in popular belief, the action of 'rats or mice gnawing one's clothes, or the furniture and fittings of one's room, has long been regarded as a sign of bad luck, or even death.' Since rats are the primary carriers of Weil's disease (Leptospirosis) and other bacterial infections that can be contracted by humans, it is

possible that some beliefs about rats bringing illness and death have such infectious diseases at their source. People are also wary of the creatures because of their high intelligence and 'you had to be something of an expert to trap or poison a rat, for they were suspicious of anything strange.' According to Danaher, in Ireland, rats are among the animals whose name is unlucky to mention to fishermen on their way out to sea or while aboard the fishing-boat.

Black-coloured birds are also the targets of much negative folklore. Many view crows and ravens as harbingers of evil or at least bad luck. Roud tells us: 'The ominous nature of the raven is a standard motif in beliefs across the British Isles' and according to Wilde: 'a raven's raucous call is a bad portent and if ravens come cawing about a house it is a sure sign of death, for the raven is Satan's own bird.' A raven perching or cawing near a house in which someone is already ill causes particular alarm. Dáithí Ó hÓgáin surmises the origin of these kinds of beliefs: 'There are several reports that the druids used the flight of birds as auguries, and they were believed to have been able to interpret the cry of the raven. A vestige of this survives in folklore, which claims that ravens and hooded crows are birds of ill omen, and that to hear them hovering over or squawking near the house betokens the death of some relative.'

In Irish mythology, there is a trio of war-goddesses – the Mórrígan, Badb and Macha (or Nemain) – that are collectively known as Mórrígna, 'great queens' and are all associated with crows. The name Badb refers to the 'hooded crow' (the grey crow), what is called a 'scald-crow' in Ireland. MacKillop tells us: 'In later Irish folklore Badb appears to have lent much to the figure of badhbh chaointe (keening or weeping crow), a figure who haunts battlefields and may presage death. In this function, she has much in common with the banshee.' The Mórrígan is said to have the power to transform into a bird, which is most often described as the crow. Her transfiguration into a crow is an omen of death for the army that opposes her people on the battlefield. In the Táin Bó Cuailnge, she appears on Cúchulainn's shoulder as a hooded crow, 'portending the scavenging of his corpse.'

It may be these associations with death and consumption of carcasses that gave rise to the notion, in folklore, that crows are unlucky creatures to have near your house. According to Kevin Danaher: 'Crows were also feared as omens of bad luck if one met a single bird on a journey or when setting out in the morning, in the same way as seeing a single magpie.' The carrion crow, as Dannaher points out, was disliked because it would kill livestock: 'The grey-hooded crow, the córnach as the old people called him, was hated as a killer of lambs and chickens.' A single crow flying over a house is regarded as a bad omen and a group of crows is 'particularly feared if they seemed to be focusing their attention on a particular person or building.' It seems that the literal and symbolic associations of darkness are prominent in folklore concerning particular animals, and these popular beliefs have implications for people's attitudes toward such creatures.

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The Oral History Network of Ireland

2012 conference review

The Oral History Network of Ireland (OHNI) was founded to bring together practitioners and those involved in oral history from all over Ireland and to encourage best practice in all aspects of collecting and archiving. To further these aims, as well as to showcase some of the wonderful work taking place around the country, OHNI hosted its second annual conference in Ennis, Co. Clare, on 28 – 29 September 2012, titled, 'Voicing the Past: Oral History and Heritage in Ireland.' With over one hundred people attending from both north and south, the conference represented the wide spectrum of interest and applications in the field of oral history.

The two day event included training workshops, panel discussions, the presentation of a number of papers and the showcasing of collection projects from around Ireland. Some of the workshops on offer were: Oral History Basics: Interviewing and Best Practice; Setting up Your Own Oral History Group and the very popular Using and Interpreting Oral Sources. Some of the topics covered in panel discussions included: Spanish flu and other tales: the commemorative decade through the eyes of survivors; Women, priests, and otherworldly forces in the National Folklore Archives; Arranged marriages in the Corca Dhuibhne Gaeltacht, West Kerry; An oral history; restaurants and culinary history; The Belfast Project and the Boston College subpoena case; Performing social memory: the Goilin Singers, the Liberties and the mapping of oral history.

The conference keynote speaker, Professor Alessandro Portelli, recently retired from his position as Professor of American Literature at the University of Rome, drew on his twenty five years of research in Harlan County, Kentucky, USA for his inspirational talk. It was a privilege to hear one of the leading and most influential contemporary oral historians demonstrate his skill and knowledge in the field. Professor Portelli described the richness of the history, landscape and people of Harlan County in Appalachia, and their struggle with environmental and industrial exploitation over the last century. The conversations he inspired continued over dinner and well into the night in Ennis.

Overall, the conference was a huge success for the young organisation, sending attendees home full of ideas, information and inspiration. From community based to academic collectors, amateurs to professionals, beginners to old hands, individual enthusiasts to volunteers from dedicated group projects, the enthusiasm was infectious and the networking widespread. For more informaiton about The Oral History Network of Ireland, the conference and upcoming events please see the OHNI website: *www.oralhistorynetworkireland.ie*

Submitted by members of the steering committee of the OHNI. Catherine O'Connor and Mary O'Driscoll

Sound Excerpts

Memory map interviews — thrift and resilience

Dr Clíona O'Carroll & Dr Ian Stephenson

These extracts reflect a theme that came up again and again in the Cork Memory Map interviews; the many ingenious ways in which people responded to a lack of resources. Mothers made food and clothing stretch, extra food was sourced in allotments, gardens, orchards and the countryside, and the city streets sometimes yielded food and money, when a little creativity was applied.

Eileen Jones from Welsh's Lane, Blackpool

We went up Ballyvolane now, up the straight road, out around the Fox and Hounds in Ellises' Boreen and down where Glen Heights is now. There was a big field up by Connie Lucy's where you got grand blackberries this time of the year now. We'd go up there picking blackas. There was the Long Field at the other side belonged to Ellises, just you go in at the corner of Ellises' Lodge, you go in there and you get the blackberries. Lovely walk, with all beautiful trees that were meeting at the top. That was a Sunday walk, like, and Mary Daly's mother now, Eilly Dwyer's mother and Mrs Foley from Slattery's Lane, who was Mrs Daly's sister, the three of them, they'd collect us on a Sunday, they'd take all the children around the place now. We'd all go up the road with them, and they never went around the road without a bag on their arm. And any bit of stick you find at all, 'kipeens' as they used call them, you pick up the bit of stick and you give it to them, and they'd have it in the cloth bag. That was the stick for the fire, like, and you'd go around the road and we wasted nothing. We were well trained.

Mary Sheehy's brother Michael, her mother and her grandmother on Kyle Street with a bag of clothes for trading
Photo courtesy of Mary Sheehy

Noel Magnier from Gerald Griffin Street

People had gas in their house and that was more for lighting than anything else. The ESB hadn't arrived into the houses, so people had gas lights and they put the money into the meter, a penny into the meter. And people that wouldn't have the penny came up with various schemes to get something that looked like a penny. People used to cut out pieces of tarpaulin in the shape of a penny and put it in. Other people put in medals, right, and they couldn't believe their luck when the medals worked. The only thing was; there was embarrassment for the mother of the house when the man from the gas company would come around to open it up every six weeks. And he'd throw out the money on the table and there'd be more medals than money. That was rather embarrassing, but the mother would invariably say: 'Oh, those children were at it again!'

Mary Sheehy from Gurranabraher

My mum was a dealer in Kyle Street, she was an outstanding woman. And my father worked for the Cork Harbour Commissioners down in Tivoli. They had everything in the Coal Quay, but in Kyle Street it was normally clothes. She got them from good sources. Good people, y'know, that would want to sell them, and she'd buy 'em. She'd have to go and collect them. Her family came first for the picking of the clothes, and after that it was everybody else's choice. The garden peas, my father used to grow them now, used to grow all his own vegetables out in the back, a fine big garden. And he'd have cabbage down one trench, he'd have potatoes down another and he'd have carrots there and then the peas in the pod. There was actually no struggle, because what we hadn't got, or what the neighbour hadn't got next door – we always shared together. And that's the way. There was actually no big struggle, no there wasn't.

Paddy Marshall from Great William O'Brien Street

Up in the top of Water Lane, there was a hill between the Mon and between Farranferris. There's houses built there now, but that was a field and there were allotments there in the forties, fifties. My grandfather had an allotment there. He used grow potatoes, he used do some veg as well, carrots and turnips, which were the staple diet at that stage, and the cabbage.

Breda St Ledger from Thomas Davis Street

If there was a visitor came, maybe one of my mother's cousins now from England, or one of my father's cousins from America, you'd be sent down then for maybe a quarter pound of biscuits. And you'd pray that they wouldn't take one. Because then you'd know you'd have biscuits later on. The money wasn't there to buy the food that we can buy today. So while my mother would have been a very generous soul all her life, she would have gotten things by the week, let's say. She'd have no money, but she'd have to pay for it at the end of the week. And like all people who can't afford to pay up front, they always paid over the odds, do you know? Because there'd be a book open in the shop and you'd have your name on the page. So everything you got on any day was added in. End of week then, 'twas all totted up and that'd be your bill, but you'd have to pay that on a Friday.

Liam Ó h-Uigín from The Marsh

There was the Farm Products and the business was turkeys and chickens and ducks and all that business, eggs. And at Christmas time, the pluckers to pluck the fowl. They came from all over the city and you'd see 'em all with their shawls and they'd be all passing up and down. The place was a hive of activity with women and their black shawls and all the feathers stuck on to them and they were known as the pluckers. They worked in the Farm Products. Their store was there now by 25 Henry Street, and they also had another store down below where I lived, towards the end of Henry Street. And every so often, they had four or five fellows that were working in the Farm Products, they might shepherd with little sticks maybe a hundred chickens or ducks or turkeys, from one store to the other. And of course when we'd see that happening, all the hall doors were all opened, right, and one of the lads then would leave a terrier off in between all the chickens and they'd scatter all over the place. And once the chicken went inside the door, that chicken became the property of the person of the house. Now they also had rabbits. And our favourite way of getting a few pence for to go to the pictures was, the rabbits would come in, in crates, the farmers would come in the trucks that time, and they'd be so many of them there that they'd park along the street. We'd go up and we'd break off the side of one of the crates and we take out three or four rabbits. They were all dead, like. If we took three or four rabbits, we'd go back up to the Farm Products the following day and we'd sell back the rabbits. We might get tuppence each for 'em and we'd have more money then to go off down to Miah's that night. As I say, we had our own little way of milking a few bob.

Paddy Fitzgerald with greyhound in 1955, Tramore Road
Photo courtesy of Paddy Fitzgerald

Paddy Fitzgerald from Tramore Road

There was a great orchard across the road, there were pears and plums and you name it. Oh, we used give them a visit now and then, and then we'd be out the following day fixing up the hedge where the slockers got in. 'Tis we'd be after going in! And then the mother had a lot of hens, she used keep about fifty hens out in the yard. There was a big garden there that time and she'd have herself three or four pigs. There's a greyhound there now, where the pigs used be. And she used wash them and all, like, she was there with a scrubbing brush, they used be snow white, they were beautiful. There was the neighbours up the road there, Murphys, and they'd come down with the horse and the float and they'd back it into the yard and load the pigs for her and take them into Lunham's, and bring her back her cheque. I'd go round collect the waste in a lot of the houses, on my donkey and cart, for my mother, for the pigs. Up around Turner's Cross, all the houses up along there, we had houses and they used keep it for us. Catching the rabbit was the country idea, there was many a fellow bought a farm out of them, I'd say. They used to catch them by the hundred during the war. Fellows used to be out night and day catching, snaring and trapping. They were a half crown each, they were great money, you know? We used go out ferreting and netting them and everything.

Marie Finn from Friars Walk

My mother was a very hard working woman. My father had to go to England when we were young, so she was literally on her own bringing the three of us up. My mother would paint this house no trouble. We'd go to bed at night and we'd come down in the morning and she'd have papered this room. She'd make sheets out of flower bags, stitch them together. She might stitch four, six of them together so, which meant they were all seams. Then she'd boil them and by the time they'd be done they'd be as white as any sheet. She used to turn things, you know for dressmaking. My uncle used to wear sort of soft hats and when he'd be finished with them she'd take them and she'd bring them in to McKechnie's. They used to re-block it into a woman's hat, they had a block and they'd make it into a woman's hat. And she used to dye everything, she'd nearly dye herself. She'd have a big dish up on the gas stove and she'd dye. As my brother said recently: 'She must've been one of the first people to be recycling.'

Pat O'Brien from Fair Hill

Hunting, dazzling for rabbits; you get a battery off a motorbike or sometimes a car battery, you get a lamp, you go out with your lurchers then. And you know, you go out the country, you get a few rabbits, take them home and eat them. Or sometimes if you had ferrets, you'd keep one or two for the ferrets. Then years ago, there used to be boats coming in, it was called 'chocolate crumb', it was like big chunks, it was like coal but it was chocolate. So nearly all the dockers, they'd take a bagful home for their kids, you know? You'd come home, it was beautiful, like, it was like a rock you're eating. But I'd take some into school then with me and I'd swap other fellows. They might give me bars or ice lols, you'd do swaps with them.

Cork's Middle Parish

A glance back at the Marsh area of Cork City

Geraldine Healy

From earliest childhood, my memories have been shaped by the city of Cork in which I was reared. Its streets, hills and lanes provided familiarity and security, around every corner a character and a story. Above all there was a feeling of home about the place. My parish was the Middle Parish nestled between the north and south channels of the River Lee. A glance back at earlier times here provides the nucleus for the study of the origins of our city centre. This article endeavours to bring to life the bustling lively community which once walked these streets, and called this part of Cork City their home, in the not too distant past.

By 1750 the physical appearance of Cork had been considerably altered as the city spread out beyond the old wall structure to embrace the land adjacent to it. In *The Middle Parish Chronicle*, the authors Richard T Cooke and Marion Scanlon outline the history of the Marsh area west of the North Main Street in the area of the northern island. They relate how: 'This marsh was leased to one Hammond in the early part of the 18th century; and stretched from the present Henry Street on the north to Sheares Street on the south, and from Grenville Place on the west, to Grattan Street on the east.' Dr Patrick O'Flanagan tells us in the *Atlas of Cork City* that 'Hammond's Marsh' is partly coincident with today's Middle Parish or 'Marsh'. By 1726 in John Carty's map we see a few lots, buildings and ornamental gardens represented for Hammond's Marsh. On the northern side of Hammond's was Pike's Marsh. Again in *The Middle Parish Chronicle* we read that the latter marsh was leased in 1708 to Joseph Pike at £5 per annum and that by 1760 Pike's Marsh was fully laid out with thoroughfares. Indeed as early as 1696 the Pike family are recorded as being involved with land purchase in this area. The third sector of the Marsh was Fenn's Marsh which stretched from Sheares Street to the South Channel and was spanned by Clarke's Bridge. From the western side of the South Main Street, brewing and glass manufacturing industries are featured towards the end of the eighteenth century. These industries formed the basis for growing industrial zone in that sector of the outlying Marsh area. It is interesting to hear Liam Ó h-Uigín, the noted local historian, in talking to the Cork Folklore Project say: 'I don't think that they were marshes at all, there was just waterways with islands,' for, he asks, how would they build on marshland?' This is undoubtedly a valid point. In an early map of Cork, dating to around 1545, said to have been taken from a sketch in the Tower of London, the land is however clearly designated as marshland.

Geraldine Healy outside The Mercy, formerly the Mansion House
Photo by Tom Doig for the CFP Archive

The increased economic prosperity of Cork City, in the eighteenth century, arose from the development of the provisions trade with North America and the West Indies. The merchants of the city looked beyond the confines of the now obsolete city walls to construct finer accommodation in the newly reclaimed Hammond, Pike and Fenn's Marsh areas, which at the time was one of the most affluent parts of the growing city.

In the *Atlas of Cork,* Richard F Wood indicates that 'increased self-confidence and wealth is shown in the Mayoralty House (1765-1773) on Henry Street off Grenville Place, now part of the Mercy Hospital.' The mayoralty house was officially known as the Mansion House. In the eighteenth century, the building was the civic centre for the social and political life of the old Protestant Ascendancy. The Mayor, sheriffs and corporation officials wined and dined in splendid style in the two spacious banqueting rooms. Picture the scene; the elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen in their bright colourful silk and satin clothes with powdered wigs dancing a minuet on a warm summer's night. The Mansion House was the residence of the Mayor of Cork. The triannual practice of 'throwing the dart' began here at the Mayor's House. The corporation officials then proceeded to the harbour area and threw a silver dart into the waters to assert the jurisdiction of the city. The phrase 'paying on the nail' has its origins in Cork's Mansion House from the fact that the Mansion House contained a stone pillar, four feet high, which had a circular metal plate on top on which money was placed to settle payment of outstanding debts.

Dr Sean Pettit talks in his book, *This City of Cork,* of the mode of transport of the day which was the sedan chair. He relates how link boys with flaming torches led these sedan chairs to residences in 'the South and North Main Streets or over to the North Mall or to Rutland Street and the South Terrace, or up to Dean Street.' A glance back at the streets of the Marsh area c1770 shows a wealthy and fashionable district. The grand houses of Grenville Place lined the bank of the North Channel. The old gentry of Cork, grown rich on the strength of the butter trade, lived in these houses. Several of these dwellings were sumptuously decorated complete with servant's bells, fine furniture, stained glass and a coachyard to the rear.

Gradually commercial activity intensified. In 1770, a Cork street directory lists the professions of people then resident in Hammond's Marsh as follows: cabinet maker, linen draper, fishmonger, saddler, an attorney, an apothecary and a physician. By 1810, William West, the Castle Street printer and bookseller in his directory of Cork talks of accountants, teachers and doctors being among the residents of the Marsh. Henry Sheares had a bank on Sheares Street. In the eighteenth century Fenn's Quay was fashionably lined with elm trees and had water frontage. On Bachelor's Quay, there was the unique Sheriff's House or Doll's House. It has been described as 'the elegant little Queen Anne House (1702-14)' in the *Middle Parish Chronicle.* In its heyday, the Marsh was a hub of social and commercial intercourse. By the 1870s, however, the fine residences were in decline and over time these large houses became tenements. Outlying areas such as

Montenotte, Tivoli and Sunday's Well became more attractive to wealthy citizens.

The late Mr Seán Crowley has captured in *The Middle Parish Chronicle* the atmosphere and activities of the Marsh in the 1940s prior to the exodus from the area. There was, above all, a strong community spirit with a large population in the area. Lodging houses provided accommodation for many people. Grattan Street was lined with tenement houses on both sides of the street. He related how 'your neighbour lived on the same landing in the house.' Christmas was a special time in the Marsh. He wrote how there was more 'glow' than 'glitter' to the celebrations in those days. He related how in 1944, a turkey could be purchased at 2/3d per pound and an iced Christmas cake and plum pudding from Thompson's were a special treat. From the same source, we are told that the pantomime at the Opera House in that year was *Puss in Boots* starring Joseph Locke, a seat in the gallery costing 1/3d. At that time, dancing meant a trip to St Francis Hall on Sheares Street, in the heart of the area. Again, Seán Crowley detailed how in the 1940s, the Sunday afternoon tea dance in St Francis Hall, presided over by the late Jerry Sexton who acted as MC, was very popular. From my own memories in the seventies, the céilí in St Francis Hall was an enjoyable night. Conventions of the time dictated that men line one side of the hall with the girls on the opposite wall. Refreshments consisted of minerals, as no alcohol was served.

Queen Anne's House, known as 'The Doll's House'
Photo courtesy of Michael Lenihan

Conditions in the large overcrowded houses in the Marsh area were far from ideal. In an interview with the Cork Folklore Project for the Cork Memory Map Project in 2011, Liam Ó h-Uigín describes life in Henry Street in the 1940s. At the time people had difficulty in making ends meet in the immediate post war period. The weekly trip to the pawn shop was a vital mainstay in the economy of many families. The suit of the man of the house would be deposited with the pawnbroker on a Monday, taken out for the Sunday wearing of the suit on a Friday, before being re-deposited the following Monday. Sometimes the same suit went back and forward every week to the pawnbroker for several years. Electricity was installed in Henry Street in 1947. Prior to that time oil lamps were in use for lighting. Cooking was often a difficult task. Liam Ó h-Uigín relates how 'some people had ranges but other people just had an open fire with two hobs.' A pot of stew was a typical meal. Many of these houses would have had a solitary tap of cold water in the back yard. Bathing was in a big galvanised bath in front of an open fire. It was a time before the modern conveniences of washing machines and hoovers. Clothes irons had to be heated on the fire or on gas stoves. These living conditions did not take from the happy memories of the people who dwelt in the area in those years.

On bonfire night, St. John's Eve, 23rd of June, the closeness of the community was very visible. Again Liam Ó h-Uigín tells us that the people gathered around and 'they'd bring out a little glass of rasa and maybe a biscuit and we'd have a little sing song around the fire.' Rasa is a drink of diluted raspberry cordial and water. Around the blazing bonfire, the strains of 'On Top of Old Smokie' wafted upwards towards the night sky. There was no traffic on the streets in those days to speak of. Children played their games of 'pickie' and 'chasing.' There was great devotion to the Catholic faith among the people of the Marsh. Again, Mr. Seán Crowley in his article 'Down Memory Lane' writes: 'the monthly confraternity at St Peter and Paul's and the yearly missions were always filled to overflowing.' Religious piety was evident on the Coal Quay with prayers to the Blessed Virgin for peace said regularly by the stallholders.

The death knell for many of the tenement buildings in the Marsh was tolled from as early as the 1930s, and continued through the 1950s with their demolition and the relocation of many families to the new housing estates in Gurranabraher, Ballyphehane, Farranree (Spangle Hill) and Turner's Cross. In the 1960s, the newly constructed estates of the Mayfield, Glen and Togher areas received former inner city residents. In the 1970s and 1980s, some Corporation building took place in the Marsh area. The development of the SHARE complex in the Middle Parish has further helped to keep the Marsh area a vibrant entity. It has been estimated that 20,000 people departed the Marsh area for the suburbs with the clearance of the tenement houses.

Over the years, shopping in the Marsh area often meant a trip to the nearby Coal Quay on Cornmarket Street. Handed down through generations, the stalls of the Coal Quay provided many a bargain. There was a friendly family atmosphere on the street. Characters abounded there with such people as Molly Owens who had something of a Spanish look to her, and earlier still, Bothered Dan who claimed to be of royal descent. Leisure time for the inhabitants of the Marsh often meant a stroll along the Mardyke. In 1719, the Mardyke (Meer Djk) was laid out by Edward Webber, a Dutchman, at his own expense. It is situated west of the former Hammond's Marsh. The Mardyke extends for a mile and had a little stream running the length of it. In the eighteenth century there was a much frequented tea house at the western end. In the intervening years, generations of Corkonians have availed of the lovely walkway under the leafy shade of the famed elm trees.

Today Cork's Marsh resounds to the sound of busy traffic coursing through its centre. The Mercy University Hospital dominates the neighbourhood. All around are traces of the people, young and old, who made up this once vibrant community. Through good times and bad, they supported one another. Above all, the people of the Marsh area of Cork City were synonymous with good neighbourliness and friendship.

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Gael-Taca

Breis is 25 bliain ar an bhFód

Justin Scannell

Bunaíodh Gael-Taca sa bhliain 1987, agus ba iad na daoine a bhunaigh ná Seán Ó Ceallacháin, an Br. Jack Beausang, Pádraig Hamilton agus Pádraig Ó Cuanacháin (arbh é an ceannaire é, go bunúsach).

Ba i Scoil Neasáin a bhí Gael-Taca lonnaithe ar dtús, ach tar éis tamaill, bhog an eagraíocht go Sráid an Chóibh. Sa bhliain 2011, áfach, tháinig athrú mór ar chúrsaí, nuair a fuarthas foirgneamh nua, timpeall an chúinne ó Shráid an Chóibh, ar Phort Uí Shúilleabháin. Thug an bogadh seo an-spreagadh don eagraíocht; tá sí i bhfad níos sofheicthe anois, agus níos mó i mbéal an phobail, dá bhrí sin, ná mar a bhí sí tráth. Tugann an láthair nua seo deis níos fearr dúinn teagmháil a dhéanamh leis an bpobal, agus tá an-chuid gníomhaíochtaí úra ar bun againn chun lánbhuntáiste a bhaint aisti.

Gael-Taca Cafe
Graianghraf le Alvina Cassidy do Chartlann Bhéaloideas Chorcaí

Chuir sé isteach go mór ar an gCuanachánach nach raibh an Ghaeilge ar taispeáint, ná le feiceáil i mórán áiteanna timpeall Chathair Chorcaí, agus bhuaileadh sé go tráthrialta leis na daoine seo thuasluaite, le machnamh a dhéanamh ar shlite praiticiúla éagsúla ina bhféadfaí an teanga a chur chun cinn. Socraíodh go ndíreofaí ar dhá réimse ar leith den saol, mar atá:

- An Logainmníocht: dhéanfaí iarracht ainmneacha Gaelacha a mholadh ar áiteanna cosúil le heastáit tithíochta, mar go raibh cuma neamhdhúchasach ar an-chuid acu.
- Cúrsaí gnó: dhéanfaí iarracht baill den phobal gnó a mhealladh chun suim a léiriú i gcuspóirí Ghael-Taca, agus cabhrú linn teagmháil a dhéanamh leis an ngnáthphobal.

Le caoinchead ó Ghael-Taca

Is beag ama a caitheadh le cúrsaí logainmníochta go nuige seo, ach tá dul chun cinn suntasach déanta ó thaobh cúrsaí gnó de. Cúpla bliain ó shin, socraíodh comórtas a chur ar bun ar a dtugtar 'Gradam Uí Chuancháin'. Is é atá i gceist leis seo ná duais a bhronnadh ar na gnólachtaí sin is mó a dhéanann iarracht an Ghaeilge a chur chun cinn sa Chathair, mar chomhartha aitheantais ar a bhfuil ar bun acu ar son na teanga. I measc na slite éagsúla atá ann chun é sin a dhéanamh tá: (1) focail Ghaeilge a chur ar chomharthaí agus san fhógraíocht trí chéile, agus (2) labhairt na teanga a spreagadh i measc na mball foirne.

Is iomaí rud atá bainte amach ag Gael-Taca nach mbaineann le cúrsaí gnó, áfach, 'Mí na Gaeilge' ina measc. Cuireadh tús leis an bhfeachtas seo i mí an Mhárta 2012, chun an spotsolas a chur ar chúrsaí Gaeilge sa Chathair, toisc go raibh Seachtain na Gaeilge ag dul ó neart go neart i ngach aon áit eile sa tír. Cuireadh neart imeachtaí ar siúl: ceolchoirmeacha, siúlóidí suimiúla timpeall na Cathrach, tráth na gceist boird, agus imeachtaí do pháistí óga. D'éirigh go breá linn agus tá sé i gceist a leithéid is 'Cath na mBannaí' a chur ar bun amach anseo, rud a chuirfidh go mór le himeachtaí eile na míosa.

Ó thaobh na poiblíochta de, is é an rud is suntasaí a bhain dúinn le gairid ná gur thug Uachtarán na hÉireann, Micheál D Ó hUiginn, cuairt orainn ar 7 Nollaig 2012. B'onóir mhór dúinn é – fear atá chomh mór sin i mbéal na ndaoine, agus a bhfuil bá nach beag aige leis an nGaeilge – a bheith inár dteannta, fiú mura raibh ann ach seal beag gearr (toisc é a bheith an-ghnóthach an lá áirithe sin). Ghabh sé buíochas linn as an gcuireadh, thug sé óráid den chéad scoth uaidh, agus ba léir gur bhain gach duine a bhí i láthair an-sult as an ócáid.

Tá sé i gceist againn leanúint ar aghaidh lenár gcuid gníomhaíochtaí sa todhchaí agus, le cúnamh Dé, beimid i gcónaí ag smaoineamh ar shlite nua chun an Ghaeilge a chur chun cinn i gCorcaigh. É sin ráite, ní hiad iarrachtaí ghrúpaí de shaghas Ghael-Taca a dhéanann an difríocht is mó: is iad na daoine féin a dhéanann é sin!

Gael-Taca was founded in 1987 by Pádraig Ó Cuanacháin, Pádraig Hamilton, Br Jack Beausang and Seán Ó Ceallacháin, in order to find practical ways of promoting the Irish language in Cork. Its main area of focus has been to encourage the use of Irish in local businesses, as this is thought to be the manner in which it can be made most visible and accessible to the public. The best example of Gael-Taca's success in this area is an annual awards event called Gradaim Uí Chuanacháin, where recognition is given to those Cork based firms that make the best use of Irish in their affairs. Having moved from its original premises on Cobh Street, Gael-Taca now occupies a distinctive and highly visible position on Sullivan's Quay. This exciting change has led to greater publicity for the organisation (including a visit from no less a figure than President Michael D Higgins), as well as giving it a renewed lease of energy and sense of purpose.

The Kino
Cork's arthouse cinema

Joe Lyons

Mick Hannigan chose a derelict site on Washington Street to open the first art house cinema in Cork. Mick described the building as having an 'unusual look to it, it was never owned by the Church or State.' The building itself is over a hundred years old and was most likely to have been a warehouse of O'Dwyers, officially the Lee Boot Shoe Company, when the business moved to Washington Street in the 1960s.

With the help of architect Ralph Bingham, the 1930s art deco style building was converted into a one screen, 188 seat cinema. The name 'Kino' is a term used in both German and Russian for cinema or movement. Hannigan had observed this process of kinomatograph cinema on his travels to Berlin, for the Cork Film Festival, and so brought the name Kino to his hometown cinema. From his time working at the Dublin Film Institute, Mick's instinct was that Cork had a large film going audience due, in part, to the thriving number of resident students interested in cinema with a focus on non-mainstream movies.

The Kino Cinema, March 2013
Photo by Alvina Cassidy for the CFP Archive

The first film screened at the Kino was *Brassed Off,* a British film by Mark Herman. Attendance figures at the beginning were slow, but as word got round, they improved. When *Shine,* Scott Hick's biopic of the eccentric pianist David Helfgott was screened, some people had to be refused admission as the auditorium had reached capacity. The picture was so successful that it was shown for eleven weeks. Hannigan quoted to the *Irish Examiner*, 'Thanks to *Shine* we were able to pay for the seats.'

The ethos of the Kino was to provide quality before profit cinema. Mick wanted to provide an experience that was different from mainstream cinemas. He wanted more of 'a corner shop rather than a supermarket.' Tea, coffee and cake were served and being able to take them into see the film created a homely kind of atmosphere. The open and relaxed approach adopted by staff, helped women to feel comfortable to come and watch a film on their own.

The Kino offered documentaries and foreign films, and two or three different films were screened each week. In addition to current releases, it also catered for a variety of other screening events, which included special one-off viewings. It was a main outlet for the Cork Film Festival which had an emphasis on retrospective and cultural films. The Kino also hosted two Japanese and four French film festivals during its time. Patronage was diverse. As well as Corkonians and tourists, many visiting American, French and Italian students would make their way to the Kino regularly. It also would often be used as a space for lectures by UCC and overall it received great support and goodwill from the community.

The Kino remained open for fifty two weeks a year, over thirteen years, and was a critical part of Cork's artistic infrastructure. Its finances, however, were always unstable but they managed to survive by showing a few big hits throughout the year. This allowed the cinema to take a loss on the less popular films. And of course there were sometimes operational problems. For example, Director Peter Green's *Pillow Book* brought in 85 viewers but the projector failed on the night!

In 2003, the future of the Kino looked promising as Mick had succeeded in securing a grant of €100,000 for the re-development of the cinema. The funding provided by the Arts Council and the Irish Film Board, aimed to add another screen and café bar to the premises, estimated at €1.5 million. Unfortunately, the work never managed to make it beyond the drawing board in the end. By 2004, the expenses had risen to €2.5 million and to €3 million by 2005. Although Hannigan had secured substantial borrowings on top of the grant, there remained a shortfall of €1 million.

In 2009, Mick Hannigan was sued by the architects and other creditors. His inability to pay these debts heralded the end of the Kino. Gratifyingly for Mick, reports of the Kino's imminent closure brought a rally of support through social networking sites and print media. The public demonstrated their loyalty to the Kino in campaigning for its survival. However, despite these efforts, they couldn't secure enough funding and the Kino closed its doors on the 29 November 2009, thirteen years to the day of its original opening. It was a sad end for those who fought to keep the Kino going and a great loss to the cultural, social and local life of Cork City.

Today, the building itself, as seen in the photograph above, has fallen into neglect. However, a group of Cork teenagers have recently taken out the lease on the building. They hope to renovate the building as a youth café and as a venue for open stage musical performances. We wish them every success.

Special thanks to Mick Hannigan for giving his time to recount how he set up the Kino and for sharing his memories both of its success and of its importance to the Cork cinema-going public. For many years, Mick was also the director of the Cork Film Festival, offering a diverse and interesting programme and providing an opportunity for local film talent.

To Youghal by the Sea

Regular passenger trains fifty years gone

Patrick Walsh

The early and mid 1960s saw many miles of railway closed all around the country. Cork was singled out for particular attention, losing over a hundred miles of track, mostly in West Cork. Closure of the Youghal line was being considered, but fortunately for this author and his generation, CIE discovered that if they withdrew all services from the Cobh Junction Youghal line, it would have cost more than the annual loss of £24,513 to substitute rail services with road transport. They drew back, therefore, from complete closure but on 2 February 1963, driver Noel Maher and guard George Kiely, took charge of the last regular passenger train from Glanmire Road (Kent) Station for Youghal at 6.15 pm. The line was retained, however, for a daily goods service, seasonal beet trains, and summer excursions.

Excursion traffic was very much on the minds of the directors whose company, the Cork and Youghal Railway Company (C&YR), had built the line over a hundred years earlier. One controversial director, David Leopold Lewis, whose shady financial dealings eventually brought about the collapse of the company, declared that he would 'make Youghal the Brighton of Ireland.' Neither he nor C&YR, however, survived to see the development of the strand area around the railway station, as the Great Southern and Western Railway Company purchased the company in 1866, just five years after the line had fully opened. The original station at Youghal is said to have been just a simple iron hut on a single platform. C&YR intended to extend the line into Youghal and have a riverside terminus to facilitate tourists transferring to and from a planned river steamer service up the scenic Blackwater. To cater for this projected traffic the C&YR bought a paddle steamer, *The Daisy*, but the cash-strapped company never built the extension, in spite of getting parliamentary approval in 1861 for the plan. The Daisy's time in Youghal was brief, and after the folding of the C&YR, it was sold to a buyer in Sunderland.

The strand at Youghal Station 1908
Photo courtesy of National Library of Ireland

Excursion trains for day-trippers were advertised as early as 1863 and became so successful throughout the succeeding decades that two extra platforms had been built at Youghal by the 1890s. These were to the rear, or strand side, of the present station building, which was constructed in the 1870s. In the early years of the last century, it was a common sight to have a train at all three platforms during the peak summer season. Also, five hotels opened overlooking the station and strand between 1880 and 1910. These were: The Royal Marine (1880, now The Marine Bar), The Strand (1886, recently reopened as a bar), The Atlantic and Pacific (1907, possibly destroyed by fire in the 1980s, houses now occupy the site), and The Sunmount (1907, later a guesthouse but now a block of apartments).

During this period one could buy a combined rail and river steamer ticket for a round trip. You could go from Cork to Youghal by train, travel up the scenic Blackwater by steamer, *The Dartmouth Castle*, to Cappaquin returning to Cork by train via Mallow, for a fare of 6s 6d. In spite of rising road competition from the early 1920s, trains were still highly popular for the big occasion. John St Leger, who lived in Dunkettle station observed: 'In the summer of 1929 the traffic to Youghal had to be seen to be believed ... often four or five extra excursion trains left Cork ahead of the advertised ones.'

In the mid 1930s, a newspaper article reported that on a given Sunday, 12,000 people, a number equalling one eighth of the population of Cork City, travelled to Youghal by rail. Well into the 1950s, summer traffic was still healthy. For example, over the August weekend of 1955, there were seventeen special services from all over Munster, as well as many from Cork City, arriving at and departing Youghal. In 1952, CIE altered the departure time of an afternoon Youghal train, to provide better connectivity to tourists arriving off the 10.30 out of Dublin. Earlier that year Youghal Tourist Development Association received 120 postal enquiries from English holidaymakers intent on visiting the town. In this pre-air travel era, these travellers had to take an overnight trip by boat from Holyhead to Dun Laoghaire, transferring to Kingsbridge (Heuston) station for the 10.30 train to Cork. There were two special excursion services operating in the 1950s, the annual Poor Children's Excursion and the Showboat Express. The latter left Glanmire each summer Saturday at 8.00pm, returning when the dancing finished.

For many years the first train of the season was met at Youghal station by Mick Delahunty and his band, after which the musicians and the revellers went in procession to the nearby Showboat Dancehall. The men at the train shed in Cork were proud of this service and they made an extra effort on such occasions to turn the train out well, while a banner displaying the name, *Showboat Express,* was attached to the engine. Money made on these trips was donated to a sick fund for railway employees.

After regular passenger services were withdrawn, summer excursions continued throughout July and August, on

Wednesdays and Sundays, into the early 1970s. When summer services ceased in 1979, the service had been limited to just two trains each way on Sundays only. In spite of both trains being fully patronised, CIE, due to an acute rolling stock shortage, discontinued the service, deeming the storing of carriages for seasonal work only to be uneconomical. It is with much regret that I didn't take more interest in the line, for I was on that last train and can testify to it being fully patronised, with the corridors and vestibules packed to capacity. However by early 1982, the line had all but closed. The daily goods had been withdrawn in June 1978, and when the seasonal sugar beet trains ceased running after the 1980/81 campaign, there were no more regular services on the line.

A steam hauled train returning from Youghal, at Cobh Junction 1976 (Glounthaune)
Photo courtesy of Joe Lawton

In June 1985, the Irish Railway Record Society ran a special train to Youghal and the passengers were in for a real treat. The engine that headed the special, which carried an estimated five hundred people, had to be turned on the turntable at Youghal, to the delight of railway enthusiasts. The turntable there had not been used since the withdrawal of steam locomotives in early 1963. I was on this excursion, called the *Seaside Express,* and still have the specially printed old style ticket. This trip took me back, for I remember travelling with my family on these regular summer trips through the 1960s and early 1970s. The following scene, described by Mike Hackett, of a train arriving at Youghal, best depicts my memories of those family trips: 'with crowds arriving off the train, there would be a rush of excited children towards the sea wall to see if the tide is in, with shouts from anxious parents to "hold your brother's hand", "who's got the kettle?" or "stop dragging the bags along the ground.'" It is said that ticket checkers at Cork were sympathetic to many families of limited means, and while checking the two adult and two children's tickets, often ignored the two or three extra kids being squeezed through the gate in the heaving rush towards the train.

The CIE B101, a diesel hauled train at Youghal Station in the 1960s
Photo taken by Joe St Leger and reproduced courtesy of Joe Lawton

The last train out of Youghal was the annual Knock pilgrimage special, in May 1987. The last specials were two GAA specials to Dublin from Midleton on 17 March 1988. John St Leger related the following anecdote: 'Knock specials left Youghal very early, almost always around 6.00 am which meant the train, and its crew had to leave Cork earlier still. On one of these occasions, before the pilgrims arrived at Youghal station, the train crew were chatting away and looking over the sea wall. Just as dawn broke the men were startled to see a robed figure rising out of the water and coming towards them. Being mindful of their pilgrim passengers' destination, they did think for a moment they were witnessing an apparition. They were much relieved, however, when they realised that it was only old Mr Perks, whose routine it was to take a daily dip in the sea, fully robed.'

Various plans to reopen sections of the line have been actively promoted since the mid 1980s. One project planned to make Midleton a railway heritage centre, with a steam train service from there to Youghal. Local committees were formed to assist with restoration of the intervening stations of Mogeely and Killeagh, as well as those at Midleton and Youghal. In the early1990s, plans were afoot to open a railway museum at Youghal Station and arrangements were well advanced for a lease on the station from Irish Rail. This group had even appealed through the press for items to be exhibited but alas, none of these plans have yet come to fruition. Further up the line, partial success has been achieved with the re-instatement of the Glounthaune-Midleton section in July 2009, but it is unlikely that any development east of Midleton will take place in the foreseeable future.

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Murray K A and D B McNeill, *The Great Southern and Western Railway*, *Railways of Ireland* (*Vol. 3, The Great Southern and Western Railway*) by Martin Barestow
Various issues of journals of the *Irish Railway Record Society* and, *Five Foot Three*, magazine of the Railway Preservation Society of Ireland, containing articles by: David Murray, John St Leger, A O'Rourke and Barry Carse
Issues of *The Evening Echo*, *Cork Examiner* and the *Youghal Tribune* were also consulted, as well as the 2012 issue of the *Cork Holly Bough*

Many thanks to David Kelly, civil engineer of Youghal, for information on the five hotels

Pat Walsh is currently compiling a history of the Youghal and Cobh lines and would be interested in hearing from anyone who might have old photographs, old tickets, posters advertising excursions, or any memorabilia connected with the railway. He can be contacted at 087 239 6305, or by email at phoud@eircom.net

‘What’s Your Name for Radio?’

A look back at the subculture of Pirate Radio in Cork

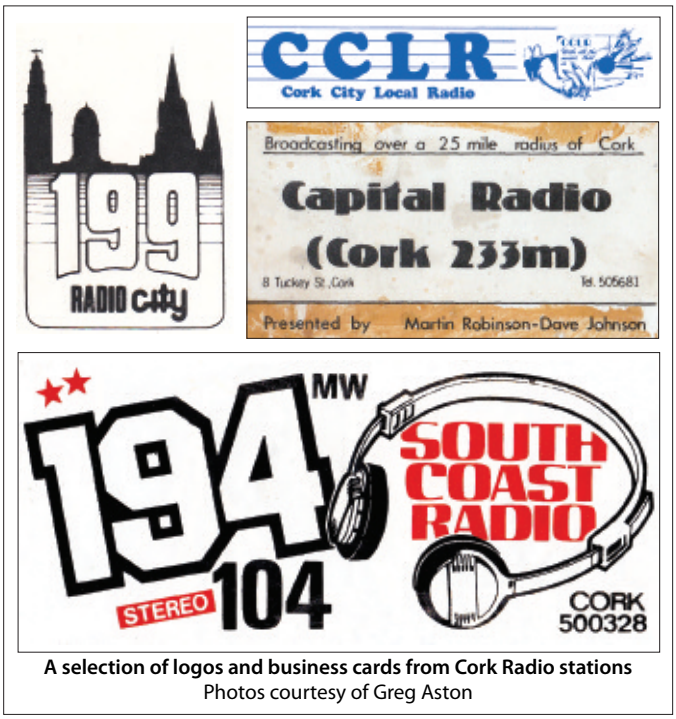
Annmarie McIntyre

A subculture group is most commonly shaped when a collection of people come to the realization that the superior society is failing to provide them with certain needs that necessitate their everyday way of life. - Ken Gelder

Before 2FM was launched by RTÉ in 1979, the state was certainly failing the people when it came to regularly broadcasting popular music across the Irish airwaves. As a result, many tuned into Radio Luxemburg and Radio Caroline (anchored in the North Sea) to get their entertainment fix. In 1964, this spurred a dozen schoolboys to launch Radio Juliet, with the first known illegal radio broadcast in Cork. The innovative bunch invested six shillings to build their own transmitter and conjured up an aerial, some records and enough brass neck to take the music they loved to the air waves, if only for a few days.

An unidentified broadcaster raises an aerial over K2’s base in St Lukes
Photo courtesy of DJ P45

It wasn’t until 1971, that Jack O’Regan, now deceased, took to his garden shed, and with the help of his brother Joe, blasted out the likes of Pink Floyd, The Doors and Led Zeppelin to unsuspecting listeners. In his article, *Swashbuckler Jack*, Jack Lyons tells the story of the interruption of RTE 2’s morning television transmission tests of Sesame Street to kids across Cork, by ‘the wild and wacky DJ Jack O’Regan, introducing the psychedelic benefits of Frank Zappa’s album, *Weasels Ripped my Flesh.’*



A selection of logos and business cards from Cork Radio stations
Photos courtesy of Greg Aston

It wasn’t just unsuspecting mothers that bore the brunt of an interrupted signal. PJ Coogan recalls a day on air at South Coast Radio when a Garda ‘darkened the door of the studio.’ He asked PJ to play a request for his colleagues who were on patrol. PJ naturally obliged and voiced his surprise that they were tuned in. The Garda replied ‘we’ve no choice’ and clicked his walkie-talkie where the sound of Eddie Rabbitt’s ‘I Love a Rainy Night’ came pouring through. If that wasn’t enough, Jim Collins (aka Dave Stewart), co-founder of Capital Radio, received a call from Collins Barracks one day telling him to turn off the station as it was interfering with aircraft!

Although the first pirate station in Cork was launched in 1964, CBC radio, born in 1978, was the first significant station on the city airwaves. The launch of CBC, was shortly followed by ABC, Capital Radio, CCLR, South Coast Radio, Radio City, ERI, Radio Friendly and K2 to name but a few. Apart from a slap on the wrist when the pirate’s signal was too strong, it seems the law more or less turned a blind eye to the stations as the years wore on. However when ABC first went on air in 1978 they were so conscious of security that Tony Whitnell (aka Tony Clarke, aka TC Topcat), recalls the front door being nailed shut. One had to climb through the window to get into the studio. The Dooleys, who were number one in the UK charts at the time, were invited to the studio as guest speakers but they weren’t remotely greeted with the red carpet entrance they may have been used to at the time. In fact, they didn’t even have the pleasure of climbing through the window since that too was shut. Jim Collins recounts kicking in the bottom panel of the door before crawling, followed by all five of the Dooleys, into the ABC studio on all fours. The Dooleys didn’t seem to mind and the interview was a success.

‘It sounded an awful lot better than it looked’ recalls Neil Prenderville (aka Jim Lockhart, not to be confused with the member of Horslips from whom he borrowed his name). ‘The pirates of yesteryear were so basic. I mean we worked with nothing. Absolutely nothing.’ That didn’t stop the disk jockeys (otherwise known as ‘jocks’) from hiding that fact from time to time. Such is the beauty of radio. Pat Galvin (aka Pat Andersen), admits to passing the listener over to ‘Studio 2’ or ‘Studio 3’ when in fact there was only one room, and a very small one at that. He recalls one listener friend coming to the studio for the first time and wondering where the other studios were. Noel

Welch (aka Noel Evans) recollects a broadcast he did for CBC, located in Patrick's Hill at the time, where he told his audience he was 'overlooking the bay down in the beautiful town of Crosshaven.' RTÉ presenter, Joe Duffy once said of radio that 'its magic is all in the mind.' This was never as true as it was for the early pirate stations.

Although there wasn't much glamour surrounding the studios, being in the pirate radio business did mean having a better chance of meeting the men and women behind the music. Pat Andersen's claim to fame is that he was the first person to play U2 on the radio. When the band came to Cork for the first time, Pat asked them for a demo and proceeded to play the demo during his show over the following months. When U2 returned to play in Cork, they were surprised to find the crowd requesting songs. When they asked the crowd how come they knew U2s' music, they were told they heard it on Pat's show. Bono was beside himself with gratitude and Pat voiced his prediction that they were going to be big. Bono agreed that they would, if everyone helped them like Pat had. Pat asked Bono to send him an album to which he replied 'that'll be the day!'

The grassroots nature of the early pirate stations meant that everyone was learning on the job, as there was no formal training. Most pirates will remember being called in for an interview and, if accepted, being given control of the turntable(s) and microphone immediately. 'Working on a pirate back then was like working on a FÁS course', says Ken Tobin (aka Steve Davis, also formally known as Steve O'Neill during his stint with ERI), 'it was just where you learned the trade.' PJ Coogan goes on to say that it was 'the best education anyone could ever have because we built our own studios.'

It wasn't uncommon for friendly rivalries to build up between stations. When Jim Collins left ABC to set up Capital Radio, Con McPharlen gave him permission to take the transmitter from the ABC studio, as Con hadn't been paid by ABC for the transmitter. So Jim and another Capital Radio colleague went down to the station as a new DJ was making his debut. While the young jock was on air for the first time, Jim and his colleague went out the back, dismantled the transmitter and made away with it while the new jockey was left broadcasting to the wall.

In more recent times, K2 could only sit in the shadows while Radio Friendly mushroomed, filling the dance music void created following the emergence of electronic music in the late '80s early '90s. One of the first tracks the K2 DJs played was Public Enemy's 'Fight the Power', in part suggesting a slight hostility to the Power FM DJs coming to Cork to help set up Friendly. K2 'were a more haphazard organisation compared to Friendly but we had our own identity' said DJ P45, co-founder of the station which launched around December 1996. 'We were all about accommodating different music and diversity.' The station was named after the Himalayan mountain because it is the second biggest but is regarded as being the most challenging to climb.

Some Cork 'Jocks', Top: Steve Douglas at Radio City; Middle Left: Pat Galvin aka Pat Andersen; Middle Right: Jim Collins aka Dave Stewart; Above: Tony Whitnell aka Tony Clarke aka TC Top Cat
All photos courtesy of Greg Aston

Pirate radio jocks may not have known it at the time, but they were paving the way for commercial radio as we know it. 'At the heart of every successful radio station today is someone who is steeped in Irish Pirate Radio' says PJ Coogan. When the State finally realised there was a market there, RTE 2FM was born with commercial radio soon to follow. But before that, it was the passion and commitment of the pirates, who spent their time, and sometimes their own cash, broadcasting the music they loved. So, every time you turn on the radio, spare a thought for the pirates who helped to make it what it is today.

Many thanks to DJ P45, Andrea Kennedy and Jim Collins for meeting up with me to recount their experiences of the early days in pirate radio in Cork.

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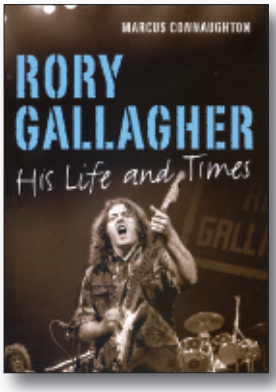
Book Reviews

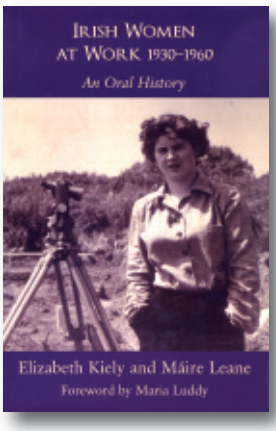


Rory Gallagher: His Life and Times

Marcus Connaughton
Collins Press, 2012

Since Rory Gallagher passed away, in June 1995, his myth has grown and his recordings have been remastered and re-released for successive generations of fans. Several documentaries have been made, websites devoted to his music have appeared and high profile guitarists like The Edge, Slash and Johnny Marr continue to extol his genius and influence. Yet despite all this preservation of the Gallagher legend, little is still known about him. I hoped this latest offering would give some insight into the man himself. Disappointingly I came away knowing almost as little as I had before reading it. This may not be Connaughton's fault, as Gallagher was an extremely private and shy person who seemed to find it difficult to communicate openly even with those closest to him. It is a beautifully presented book with some superb photographs and memorabilia documenting his rise, from baby faced showband guitarist to his iconic status as Ireland's first international rockstar and premier guitar virtuoso. The text is peppered with some enjoyable and at times insightful anecdotes from those who worked and performed with him. There are some references to his family background and to the Cork City of the late '50s and early '60s in which he grew up, but the book ultimately reads more like a fan tribute than a true critical appraisal of his body of work. However, this biography is a welcome addition to the Gallagher archive and a must for his increasing legion of devotees.

Mark Wilkins

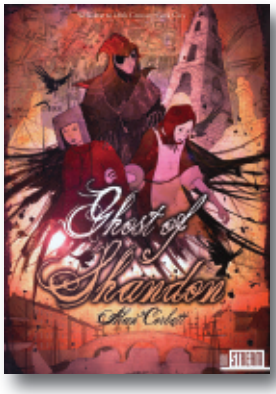


Irish Women At Work 1930-1960: An Oral History

Elizabeth Kiely and Máire Leane
Irish Academic Press, 2012

Elizabeth Kiely and Máire Leane from the School of Applied Social Studies, UCC, based this study on forty two interviews conducted in three Irish counties. It provides a picture of working conditions in the newly emerging Irish Free State and the part that family, class, gender and geography played in determining women's aspirations, rights and opportunities. In the pages of this book we visit schools, factories, shops, hospitals and offices to get a picture of how women fared in the workplace. The question of the sense of identity that work gave to the interviewees is a recurring thread throughout the book. The experiences related here rarely feature in mainstream historical works and constitute a very valuable social history. This is a comprehensive, authoritative and human tale of the lives of a wide cross-section of women working in the period, it is to be highly recommended for social studies students and the general reader alike.

Geraldine Healy

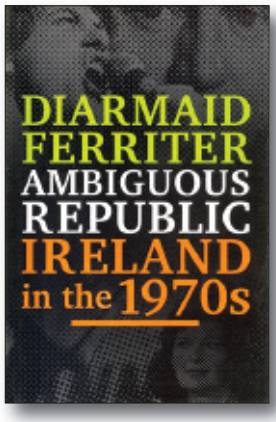


Ghosts of Shandon

Alan Corbett
On Stream Publications, 2012

Ghosts of Shandon is a graphic novel created by Cork artist, Alan Corbett, a graduate of Multimedia from CIT. It follows the story of Ronan and his encounter with a girl called Aisling, who brings him back into Cork's historical past. I'm a big fan of graphic novels and for me this was a real treat. The drawings are excellent and historical characters such as Nano Nagle, Anne Bonny and John Butts are well fleshed out. What I found interesting was the way that the map on the inside page also served as the contents page, linking the page numbers to sites around the city. It is an interesting visual device which allows the plot to incorporate itself seamlessly into the landscape of Cork, with many familiar buildings shown in an 18th century setting. While the artwork is immediately striking, it is easy to overlook the attention to historical detail and context that has gone into this book. For a younger generation reared on the medium of comics, this is an ideal introduction to local history and the architectural heritage of Cork. *Ghosts of Shandon 2* is apparently nearing completion and I am eagerly awaiting the next instalment!

Tom Doig

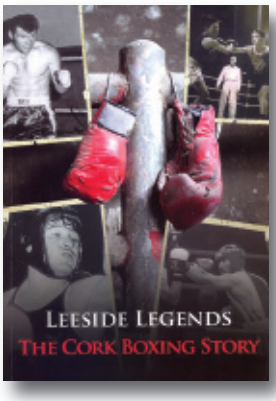


Ambiguous Republic: Ireland in the 1970s

Diarmaid Ferriter
Profile Books, 2012

It is often said that the past is a nice place to visit but not a good place to stay. This may well be true as Diarmaid Ferriter's latest tome reveals how much the past has stayed with us, especially in this post Celtic Tiger era. Whilst reading, it becomes apparent that many of the problems the Republic now faces had their origins in the '70s. As Ferriter concludes 'questions that had first been aired in the 1970s cast a long shadow that the Irish Republic continues to live under.' Ferriter is professor of Modern History at UCD and one of the most prominent historians in Ireland today. His strength as a writer is his ability to not allow his own biases get in the way of the narrative as it unfolds. *Ambiguous Republic* covers a wide miscellanea of Irish life with equal consideration; politics and the economy, the advent of popular culture, the women's movement, developments in education and sport and the troubles in the North. Change was inevitable as an increasingly younger population sought to have its voice heard. Future presidents, Mary Robinson and Michael D Higgins, appear in these pages as radical reformists and Sir Bob Geldof introduces himself as a disaffected punk singer. Ferriter uses his sources, be they recently released State papers or publications such as *Hibernia* and *MacGill,* to create a truly impressive work, which is both readable and thought provoking.

Mark Wilkins



Leeside Legends: The Cork Boxing Story

Willie O'Leary
High Quality Printing, 2011

Compiled by President, Willie O'Leary, and fellow members of the Cork Ex-Boxers Association, *Leeside Legends* celebrates a century of Cork boxing. Illustrated with over two hundred photographs, press cuttings and tournament posters, the *Cork Boxing Story* presents a series of anecdotal sketches of more than fifty individual boxers from Cork City and County. One striking aspect that emerges from these tales is the enormous popularity of boxing in the past, when bouts at City Hall regularly drew a full house. Another is the extent of family involvement in the sport, both between siblings and between generations, including the Lennox brothers, now more famous for fast food than fast feet and fists. Indeed, in addition to the 'Tommy Hyde era' of the 1940s, Brendan Mooney's foreword highlights the 'Joyce era' of the '80s in which three brothers, Kieran, Barry and Gordon, won three national titles at the same championship. Moreover, as a newcomer to the city, I was fascinated to learn that four Cork boxers have represented Ireland at the Olympics: Paddy Kenny (in 1960, when Cassius Clay won gold), and three from the Sunnyside Club; Kieran Joyce (1984 & 1988), Paul Buttimer (1992) and Michael Roche (2000). Another hero of Cork boxing in the 1960s was Mick Leahy, who won the British Championship in 1963 and fought Sugar Ray Robinson the following year. These stories of individual fighters whet my appetite to discover more about the history of the many boxing clubs in Cork. The Cork Ex-Boxers Association have also collaborated with Frameworks Films to produce an hour long documentary, *The Fight Game: The Story of Cork Boxing*.

Dr Ian Stephenson

Other notable books, published in 2012, include:

My Stolen City – a collection of poems, by George Harding, Revival Press
T*ales from Victorian Cork 1837-1859*, by Roger Herlihy, Red Abbey Publications
Cork City Through Time, Kieran McCarthy and Daniel Breen, Amberley Publishing
Recipes from the English Market, Michelle Horgan, Cork University Press

The Night That Waxer Coughlan Climbed the Crane

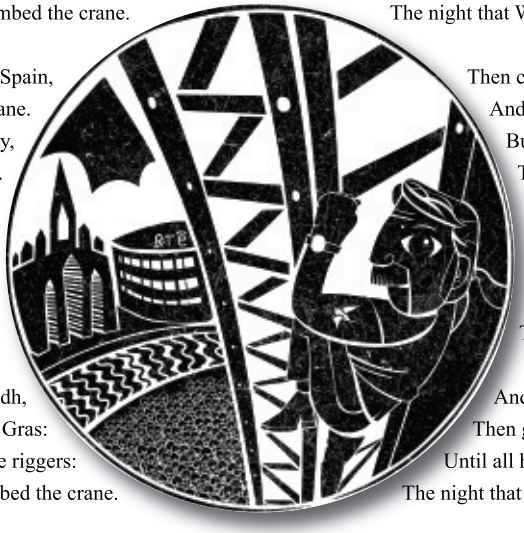
Written by Patrick Daly and illustrated by Robin Foley

Come my friends and companions one and all,
A fabled night in Cork I will recall.
In the June of '82 there was a hullabaloo,
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

O the World Cup was being played in Spain,
But the Boys in Green had once more missed the plane.
Still, down on Sully's Quay there was much revelry,
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

My story's set upon a building site
Where a giant crane soared to a fearsome height.
Then came this hardy boy who aloft at once did hie:
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

Soon there were scenes like you'd find at a fleadh,
Cahirmee, Baile Buí or Mardi Gras:
Beardy ballad singers and tricky thimble riggers:
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.



The guards from Union Quay were there in force,
And the fire brigade was standing by of course;
Priests from Holy Trinity, Doctors of Divinity:
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

Debating the ethics of suicide
Were a sailor who had voyaged far and wide,
And a theologian, playing on his melodeon,
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

Some gutty-boys arrived there by and by
And harangued the fearless climber in the sky:
'Jump down you oul' headbanger!' ''Yer nottin' but a langer!'
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

Then counsellors were summoned to the scene
And requested urgently to intervene.
But they made no headway, all to their great dismay,
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

Perched high above our hero still remained
And to top it all began to entertain;
Doing hand-stands on the jib, I swear that's not a fib:
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

And so the night wore on towards the day;
Then gradually the crowds melted away.
Until all had taken leave save one guard with watching brief:
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

As dawn began to paint the eastern sky,
Back down to terra firma came our boy;
And home their way they made, both daredevil and 'shade',
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

Long life to the Waxer, cool and calm:
For nerve and fearlessness he took the palm.
O long here on Leeside may in memory abide
The night that Waxer Coughlan climbed the crane.

Patrick Daly is a ballad writer and novelist. Over the past three decades he has written humorous and serious ballads set in Cork. Together with illustrator Robin Foley, he is currently working on publishing a book of ballads and illustrations for all ages.

Letters

John Buckley kindly donated some of his photographs to the project

Hello, my name is John Buckley, born in Cork, now living in Philadelphia. I have a lot of photos that I thought you might be interested in, that I took from 1978-83 around Cork City and Ireland in general. I have a bunch of photos of childrens' games that were exhibited at The Triskel Arts Center in the early 1980s.

The project was done over a five year time period from 1978-1983, that took in not only Cork City, but a bunch of other counties around Ireland, including Belfast. I used notebooks for notes, a tape recorder, a 35mm camera, and Canon & Nikon cameras. The photos total about 300-400. It came about out of my own curiosity and since I had a job travelling around the country at the time, I took advantage of being in different locations to take photos. Photos were taken in primary school yards and streets where children played, cities, towns, rural areas and suburban areas.

John Buckley, PhD

These are some of the photographs John sent in. If you can identify any of the children in the photographs, please contact the CFP, we'd be delighted to know their names. For futher information about the photographs please contact John at bucklern1@gmail.com

Street Games in Cork City. Above Left: *Pickie*, Shandon area, spring 1980; **Top Right:** *I'm Shirley Temple*, Shandon St area, June 1980; **Middle Right:** *Splits*, Barretts Tce, Blarney St, Spring 1980; **Bottom Right:** *Chains* near North Cathedral, summer 1981 All photos courtesy of John Buckley ©

David Clifford sends news of a Corkman down under

Hi Folks,

I am a Corkman living in Australia, originally from Mt Nebo Avenue, Gurranabraher. I holidayed recently on Norfolk Island in the South Pacific, an autonomous Australian dependency. It is here on Norfolk Island that the remnants of the famous 'Mutiny on The Bounty' finally landed with some women from Tahiti. It fell under British dominance and the graveyard has some fairly old gravestones among them, one or two from Cork, circa 1842. Also, graves of those from Galway, Dublin, Limerick, Mayo, Belfast, Tipperary. I snapped some and am sending them to you in case you were of a mind to use them as a way of contacting descendants of those concerned, as a community service/point of interest to your readership. Anyway, its about the gravestones. I write to you as a fellow Corkman trying to assist other Cork men and women, indeed Irish men and women, in general to connect with a long ago loved one.

Would you be able to put me in touch with anyone to whom this material may be of interest? Or maybe publish this letter and a reader may be interested?

'Here's up em all say the boys from Fairhill.'

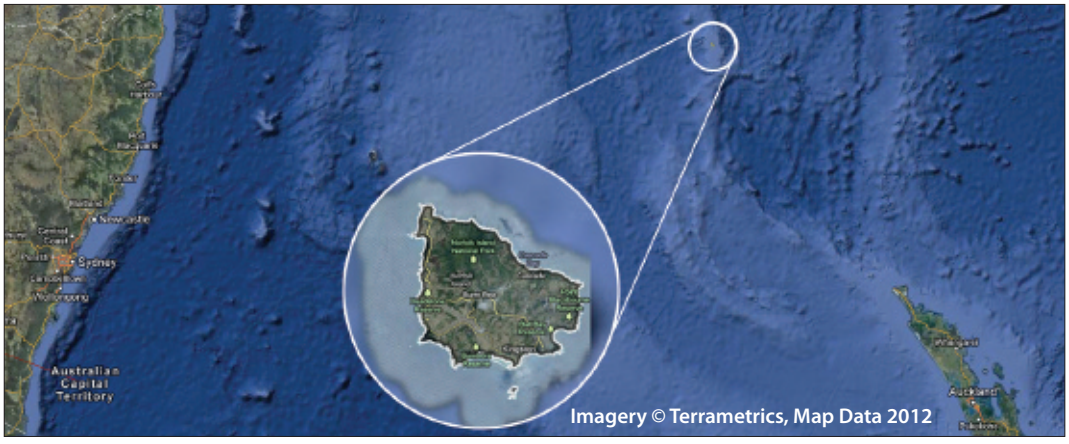
Sláinte, David M Clifford
Email: nohassle@bigpond.net.au

Thank you David, for this fascinating photograph which created great interest around the CFP office. After some research we discovered that Bart Kelly was a convict involved in a mutiny on board the prison brig Governor Phillip*, about a mile off Norfolk Island during which he was killed in 1842. Unfortunately we were unable to discover why Bart Kelly was originally deported from Cork, but if any of our readers has any more information on him or would like to contact David, we'd love to hear from you.*

For a full catalogue of other Norfolk Island grave stones, please visit www.australiancemeteries.com/islands/norfolkdata.htm

At the usual hour of seven the boat's crew, who slept on a portion of the brig known as the prison, were called up to get the boat alongside, and commence work; this would appear to have been the signal agreed upon for the commencement of the attempt to take the brig, and a scene ensued which it would be difficult to describe. Bartley Kelly rushed upon one of the sentries and knocked him down with a belaying pin; Lewis knocked down another, and in the scuffle which ensued, two sentries were thrown overboard, and one of them was drowned. It was difficult from the depositions to say whether they were both thrown overboard, or whether one of them jumped overboard; but the sentry who was saved was thrown over, and there were plenty of such expressions as "jump overboard you ——" and "throw them overboard, and they will tell no tales." In the midst of the confusion, Sergeant Whitehead, whose name appeared in the information, and who acted the part of a brave and good soldier, rushed on deck and fired his piece, wounding, as was supposed, Kelly; Sears seized a billet of wood which was lying on the deck, and rushed at the sergeant, whom he knocked down and struck several times on the head, injuring him so severely, that he could not be removed from Norfolk Island.

The pirates, as he might now call them, succeeded in gaining the vessel. Moss, M'Lean, Kelly, and Samuel Jones, and two of the prisoners, Jones and Whelan, were wounded. Moss was shot by Captain Boyle. M'Lean was shot in the boat, a minute or two after the recapture. Kelly was wounded by the sergeant, and afterwards died.



Clockwise from above: David's photograph of the gravestone of Bart Kelly of Kilmurry, Cork, taken in the Norfolk Island Cemetery Photo courtesy of David Clifford **Left: The location of Norfolk Island, 1456 km from Sydney and 1063 km from Auckland, which was a British penal colony from 1824 to 1847** Photo courtesy of Google Maps **Top Left: A contemporary account of Bart Kelly's involvement in the Mutiny on board the *Governor Phillip*, from *The Sydney Morning Herald*, Thursday 20 October 1842** Reproduction courtesy of the National Library of Australia.

Urban Landscape

Mother Jones Festival

On 31 July 2012, Cork City finally commemorated the life and work of Cork native Mary Harris, with a festival to celebrate the anniversary of her birth. Born under Shandon Bells in 1837, she became known as Mother Jones, one of the most infamous and feared trade union leaders in America. Her efforts, in organising mine workers and in championing the rights of children working in mines, earned her the illustrious titles: 'The most dangerous woman in America' and 'The Miner's Angel.'

The unveiling of a plaque in her memory, on John Redmond Street (right), formed the core of the celebrations. The unveiling, jointly organised by The Cork Mother Jones Commemorative Committee and The Shandon Street Festival, took place on 1 August, one hundred and seventy five years to the day of her being baptised in the North Cathedral. The three-day festival offered a series of film, exhibitions, lectures and concerts, including one given by celebrated musician Andy Irvine.

Right: Unveiling of the Mother Jones plaque on John Redmond Street. The plaque was designed and made by Cork sculptor Mick Wilkins.

Photo courtesy of Mick Wilkins.

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