

THE



Archive

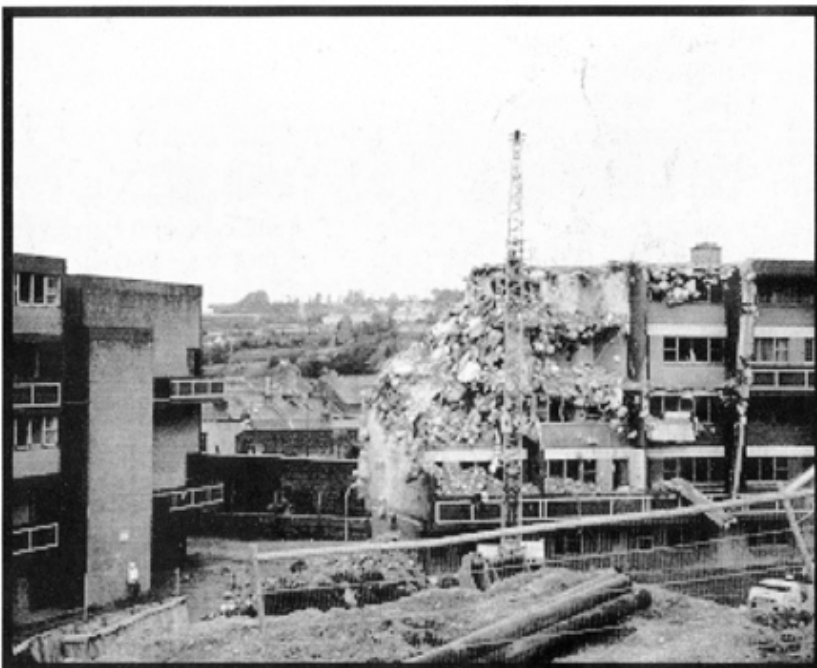
The Blackpool Flats - *By Catherine Fray*

The Blackpool Flats have come to be regarded as an eyesore, but many former residents retain happy memories of the complex...

The Blackpool Flats were opened among much fanfare in 1971 by the then Taoiseach Jack Lynch, (one of Blackpool's most famous sons). Providing housing for 120 families, they were designed and built by O'Sheas Ltd. of White St., Cork, as part of the City Architect Dept.'s Green Lane Housing Scheme. Estates were also developed in the Glen and Togher areas, but the Blackpool Flats were considered to be of a higher quality. The six blocks were named after the famous glens of Ireland - Antrim, Imaal, Glenties, Aherlow, Dunlow, and Avoca. Now after just 27 years, three are coming down. These include the Glenties and are on what locals called "the Village Side", towards Millfield.

Many have considered the flats an eyesore and a public housing experiment that went horribly wrong, with serious social and economic problems. Balancing that view, you would have to say that many people were very happy there, especially in the earlier years. A lot of residents created beautiful homes for themselves and the vast majority, then as now, were honest hard-working folk. A big problem was poor design. The buildings were dangerous for young children, being so high and without barriers.

There were no lifts, making things hard for people with prams and toddlers or large loads of shopping, not to mention the poor coalman, who had to swag 30 bags of coal per block because the only heating was one coal fire to warm an entire dwelling. Alternative heating for upstairs had to be supplied by the occupant, usually in the form of portable heaters or radiators. There were no fire exits, and there was the constant worry of children straying onto the busy road nearby. Drunks using the area as a shortcut home after pub-closing could also be a problem. Tenants felt ignored by the decision-makers, who didn't seem to take the trouble to consider the needs of those who had to live there.



Goodbye to The Glenties

JOURNAL OF THE NORTHSIDE FOLKLORE PROJECT



The site of Bird's Quay

On the other hand, the buildings were cool and airy in summer, with balconies where you could sunbathe. Some of the women sat on the steps and chatted while watching their children, who were inventive at creating their own games. This was just as well; recreational facilities were almost non-existent. If someone was getting rid of an old cooker, the children would collect newspapers for fuel and play "chipper" until the caretaker took it away. They would get Bingo books from the Glen Hall and play their own form of the game, or would take unwanted things from home and organise a "jumble sale"; they would always improvise with whatever came to hand. The Glen River forked just above the Glenties, one branch ran down alongside what had been a little street called Bird's Quay and on under Thomas Davis St.; the other headed towards Watercourse Rd. Its correct name is the Backwatercourse. Both streams were loosely termed the Rats River or The Bank. They held an allure for adventurous children, but parents were constantly warning their youngsters to stay away from their fast-flowing waters.

Some of the flats' long-term residents felt that the buildings were haunted, or on unlucky ground. There certainly were some terrible accidents and uncanny incidents within the complex. I lived in the Glenties for ten years and walking around before they were demolished I felt ambiguous about the place; a mixture of an eerie feeling and a sense of nostalgia for the good times there. The countryside was never far away; I can remember the evocative sounds of hounds baying on a Sunday morning as they were prepared for a day's hunting, or a lone piper wailing plaintively from the heights nearby. Some former neighbours can still recall the days when you could safely leave your door unlocked and even if you had a falling-out with someone they still looked out for you and yours. But time changes everything and I know that many people will be glad to see the end of the flats. Blackpool is getting a long-overdue facelift, so it's welcome to a new era for one of the most famous suburbs of the city that sits by the Lee.

Northside Community Enterprises Library

The library at the N.C.E. Ltd's Sunbeam premises (Millfield) opened in August 1997 and is run by Northside Folklore Project personnel. Open to the general public, with a current membership of over 110, its hours are 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m., Monday to Friday. An extensive range of reading material for all age groups is available, including daily newspapers, magazines, history books, (notably local history), fiction, poetry, D.I.Y., arts and crafts, cookery and an excellent children's section. A high proportion of stock is out on loan at any given time. Currently there are 1800 book titles on the shelves and this number is steadily increasing through kind donations from publishing houses and other sources. We would like to express our appreciation of those members of the N.C.E. staff who have donated books.

Material is categorized according to the Dewey numbering system, which dictates the location of every book in the library. A unique feature of the library is the CD ROM section, with upwards of 100 titles, ranging from demonstration discs through quiz and word games and "Bodyworks", to encyclopedias. There is limited availability of the computer station for use of this resource. A recent acquisition is Internet access. Our librarians will be happy to demonstrate this facility, with all the recreational and educational benefits it offers, each day between 1 and 2.00 p. m.

But our main function is as a lending library, so if you are not already a member we cordially invite you to join up. The library offers a comfortable informal environment, whether it's for study or just relaxing with a crossword puzzle. There is a nominal membership fee of £2.00 per annum, which enables you to borrow two books at a time, renewable after two weeks. Thank you for your past support, may we wish you many happy hours of reading in 1999! - *NCE Library Staff*



The Library At N.C.E

Cork Vision Centre,

North Main Street

(Ph:021-279925, Fax:279987)

Saint Peter's Church has been rescued from the edge of oblivion to enjoy a new flowering...

An excellent example of a decaying historic building transformed by imagination and hard work, the centre is housed in the former Saint Peter's Church (Church of Ireland). Churches on the site go back at least to the Anglo-Normans in the 13th century; this one was erected in 1788 with George Pain adding the tower in 1840. The building was de-consecrated in 1949 due to dwindling congregations. Once a warehouse, it was in a sad state by the early 1990s, the abode of wild cats ("the cats' home") and "bush drinkers". It has been magnificently restored by Cork Corporation as part of the Urban Pilot Program; in co-operation with the European Union and accordance with the conservation principles of the Venice Charter. Managed by the Cork Civic Trust as a visitor and exhibition centre; its highlight is an impressive 1:500 model of Cork City. The Centre offers historic videos and guided lecture tours conducted by friendly staff. And the food in the Deanery Restaurant (021-273477) next door is among the most delicious that I've tasted anywhere.

St. Peter's is one of seven Episcopalian houses of worship in the city and inner-suburbs that have changed functions since the 1940s. At the Northside Folklore Project's exhibition there in October I met several one-time parishioners who were delighted to see the premises enjoying a new flowering. In nearby Paul Street stands another erstwhile Anglican church of great heritage value, the now empty St. Paul's. This 1723 stone edifice is one of the oldest buildings in the city.

Back at the Vision Centre, folkloric tales abound. Premature burial was a common fear centuries ago; one "corpse" was found muddled but alive in the church graveyard the morning after his interment, having clawed his way out of his grave. A wealthy woman laid out for burial acquired a startling new lease of life when a "faithful" servant attempted to cut a valuable ring from a finger - the sudden pain seems to have woken her from a coma. Shortly after the centre's opening last July a staff member found a 1919 Imperial penny on the stone entranceway adjacent to a former burial plot. One morning a few weeks later two employees discovered another six pennies of the same year there, raising some interesting speculations, such coins not being exactly common. 1919 would have been a traumatic year in the locality; The Troubles were in full swing and the the Church of Ireland community in particular was reeling from the loss of many young men in the Great War. It is known that poor people used to collect outside the church on weddings and feast days to receive small donations from the congregation. An obscure hoax is one possibility. Another is the agency of crows. They had been seen to dislodge large clumps of moss



Cork Vision Centre

from the tower and may have scattered an old stash of coins, although workmen familiar with the site insist there was no such hoard. Or perhaps... *Editor*

The Cork Butter Museum

(Ph:021-300600)

Ideally situated, the new Museum recalls the glory days of the city's butter trade ...

This museum conserves, records and exhibits Ireland's dairying heritage, focusing on Cork's famous Butter Exchange, which operated between 1770 and 1924. It is located in the historic Shandon area of the city, adjacent to the former Butter Exchange buildings (now the Shandon Craft Centre, containing interesting shops and the Shandon Cafe, (Ph:021-300302) and the 1722 Protestant Church of St. Anne's. The museum's three exhibition galleries deal with the origins of dairying in Ireland, the genesis and development of the Butter Exchange and traditional butter-making techniques. Established through the generosity of Dr. A.J.F. O'Reilly it is run by subventions from the Irish dairy industry.

The Museum has published "At the Sign of the Cow: The Cork Butter Market 1770-1924", by its curator, Dr. Colin Rynne. This is the first general history of the Cork Butter Market and the city's once celebrated international butter trade. Open to the public between May and September (10a.m.-5p.m.) with a small admission charge. (Adults £2.50; OAPs, children, groups of 20 or more £2; family ticket £5). Open by appointment only between October and April. For further details please contact the curator at the above number. - *Colin Rynne*

Cork in Song and Story

- By Valerie Curtin

Conversations with Billy McCarthy unlocked the door to a treasure-house of memories...

When Billy McCarthy was born in Quaker Road in 1941, World War Two was raging in Europe. The young Irish state was wobbly on its feet. Times were hard. His father Patrick and uncle Johnny from Ballygurteen in West Cork had come to the city in search of work years before. They both worked on the trams and Patrick later was employed as a bread van driver at the bakery Co-Op. in Capwell (present site of Coláiste Chríost Rí).

Billy attended school at the Presentation Brothers in Turner's Cross. "Our favourite street game was hurling, there would be little traffic in East View Terrace. We often held a full-scale match there on Sunday afternoons. I remember Guard O' Halloran coming on his bike from Barrack Street Station, just swung casually into the terrace. The three of us were fined three shillings and sixpence!" They also played "run-away-knock". "The terrace was great for that, because it was a terrace of sixteen houses, each with an identical knocker, at an identical height on the door. If you had a string long enough you could go right to the top to number sixteen, tie the knocker, bring the string under the knocker of each door down along. When you got to the bottom you pulled the string!" The lads at that stage were around the corner.

The youngsters frequented Kiely's chip shop in Douglas Street on their way home from Saint Finbarr's Boys Club in Copley Street. Fivepence bought a huge bag of chips. Some mischievous pranks took place. "As you went out the Kinsale Road, there was a boggy mass in a deep gully near the railway bridge. It was a great place to collect frog-spawn. We used to gather that, bring it



"Five pence bought a huge bag of chips..."

home and keep it in water until the tadpoles hatched. Soon you had young frogs hopping all over the place, our poor mothers would be fairly demented."

The areas of wilder land were a paradise for children. "On the other side of the Bandon railway was Carroll's Bogs. We used to catch little trout in the Tramore River there, we'd make a net with a handkerchief and scoop it in under the bank. That's how clean the water was at the time. A favourite prank was to lie down at the side of the track when the train was coming on. We used to put a half-penny on the line and the train wheels would flatten it. If you got a shop dark enough and a person naive enough, you could pass off the half-penny as a penny!"

Due to the proximity of the Evergreen Bacon Factory, many families on Quaker Road reared and fattened pigs in their long back gardens, which sloped down to Saint John's Graveyard, off Douglas Street. The animals were driven through the hallways and out into the street to the factory, earning an extra few bob for the family budget. Billy remembers his mother singing:

By Degrees

*There was a kid in our house this morning,
nearly drove me parents mad
He swallowed a bob, God help the bob, the only bob
we had.
Me father got into a terrible rage and me mother
began to shout
And now we have an awful job to get the shilling out.
But we're getting it by degrees, we're getting it by
degrees
Mother and I are on the job, punching the kid to get
out the bob
And now and then we give him a terrible squeeze -
We've only got ninepence up to this, but we're getting
it by degrees!*

Billy received a first-hand account of "The Troubles" from his father, a former anti-Treaty Republican. When Michael Collins's brother Seán died in 1970, General Tom Barry (who had been on the anti-Treaty side during the Civil War of 1922-23) gave the graveside oration. Billy saw it as being an occasion of reconciliation and wrote:

The Glorious Hour

*The hour has come, that all-important hour
When we as brothers rally once again,
To face the common foe and use our power
To banish for all time the bitter pain.*

*We hear the voice of Barry as of yore
Ring out across the land at Carbery
"Forget the past, let's clasp for evermore
Our brother's hand, and live as brothers, free"...*

I first heard of the writing of Michael Ronayne through Billy. Billy's father had worked with him at the Bakery Co.Op. I spoke with Michael's daughter, Sheila Murphy, at her Northside home in Gurranabraher Road. A true Gael, Sheila had many tales, but none so sad as that of the execution of her uncle Patrick Ronayne, aged 21, at Victoria Barracks (now Collins Barracks) in 1921. "My mother was going down Green Street, and you turn to the right to go down Barrack Street, and the only person she met was Mrs. Wyse (Pearse Wyse's mother), who said: 'You look a bit distressed, Mrs. Ronayne'. She replied, 'Mick's brother is being executed this morning'. Mrs. Wyse said, 'Wait a minute and I'll get a coat and go along with you'. My mother was ever grateful to her, because she was all alone. Mrs. Wyse stayed during the execution and all and my mother said she could never forget her kindness for it."

Patrick Ronayne had been involved in an I. R. A. ambush at Mourne Abbey, near Mallow. Sheila told me: "We lived that time in Gould Street, Greenmount, Cork. Some man knocked at the door and said, 'Your brother-in-law is being executed this morning'. He walked away and never looked back". To this day she never found out who he was - he could have been a British intelligence operative; he was very definite about it. To commemorate his younger brother, Michael wrote:



Patrick's Street

Courtesy of *The Examiner*

Mo Phódraig Óg Mo Chroí

*Oh his love for me was firm and true and bound me like
a spell
But how he loved his native land no words of mine can
tell
And when his comrades rose to fight and claim her
liberty
The first to grasp his rifle bright was my Pádraig Óg Mo
Chroí.*

*His faithful comrades brought to me the story of his
death
How he thought of me and spoke of me in his last dying
breath.
Then they laid him down to his long last sleep, when
they brought the news to me
So now I am left to mourn and weep for my Pádraig
Óg Mo Chroí.*

Sheila remembers: "I was in Cumann na mBan (a women's Republican organisation) for years. We had a meeting, it was very tragic, James McCormick and Peter Barnes were hanged in England, and there was a big meeting of those in sympathy. A school teacher, Eoin McCarthaigh, was giving the oration. There was a woman on the edge of the crowd with a very loud voice, she was interrupting him, talking to her friend.

He said a few times, 'There's a lady over there and my listeners can't hear, she's talking so loudly'. She shut up, but soon started off again, so he said 'There's someone in the crowd and they don't know that James McCormick and Peter Barnes have died for Ireland'. Quick as not she roared back, 'Erra boy, them who dies for Ireland, never dies!' "

Michael Ronayne was a prizewinner for his work in the "Cork Weekly Examiner". In 1931 he penned *Lament For The Trams ...*

*This is an age when speed's the rage, and all is push
and go
And the speedy things of yesterday, today are deemed
too slow.
Quite soon indeed, our land for speed will equal
Uncle Sam's
And so today we're witnessing the passing of the
trams.
Full well they served our dear old Cork in the lazy
days now past
They went by electricity and halted on request
For thirty years or more they're here, but now their
race is run
So we're bidding them a fond goodbye, and we'll miss
them when they're gone...*

A Story of Tattooing

- By David Hickey

Tattoos have been used to denote rank, signal membership of specialised social groups and for adornment. Egyptian mummies have been found which bear their indelible imprints...

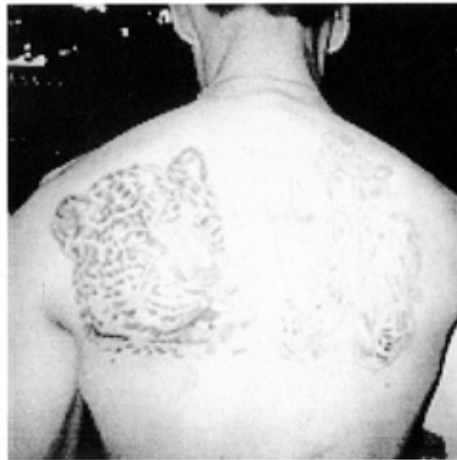
For at least 30,000 years cultures the world over have employed the art of tattooing, and it appears this practice is even more common today. People have had various reasons for marking themselves, on which those studying ancient societies can only speculate. Today it is relatively easy to obtain explanations from the tattooed person. That is what I hope to research while working on the Northside Folklore Project.

Indigenous cultures of the South Pacific have employed tattooing for centuries to denote the individual's status within society. Using dark geometric-style designs the New Zealand Maoris decorated their bodies with tattoos to establish social recognition among their peers. This traditional form of tattooing became very popular with traders and colonisers of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, and a form of commerce developed. In addition to the Europeans getting exotic tattoos to show the folks back home, there developed a trade in tattooed heads for display in Britain. Maori intertribal wars resulted in the heads of the defeated being displayed by the victors. Goods such as tobacco and alcohol were exchanged for them; this continued until the fashion for Maori art declined among the British elite classes.

These contacts helped expand the custom into western society. With the upper-class traveller and the hired sailor both wanting the designs, there was soon a demand for skilled tattooists. The request for tattooing while at sea led to some less-than-professional work among the mariner class. The establishment of tattooing parlours around the port areas of many western cities helped provide a base for better standards. Rising levels of interest and workmanship demonstrated that a living could be made from such a profession. Other establishments along the quays included pubs and brothels. The unsavoury reputation of such areas did not help create a positive social image for tattooing. Even today some people only associate tattoos with certain social groups such as sea-farers, bikers, or ex-prison inmates.

Through my research I hope to talk to various people within such groups, as well as more "hidden" sectors of society. Today it can no longer be stated that "they" are the only type of people to get a tattoo, with people from right across the social spectrum now carrying such marks.

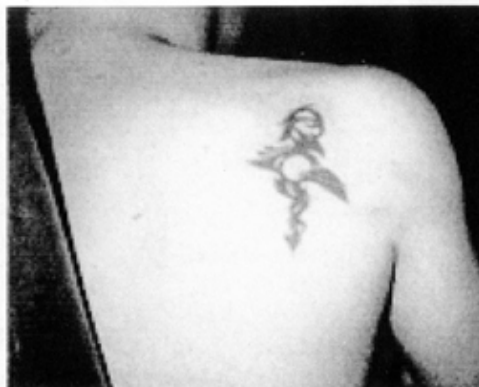
With pop groups like the Spice Girls and sports stars such as Vinnie Jones displaying tattoos, these decorations are less of a stigmatisation for the wearer. They no longer have to be permanent features. There are temporary tattoos used in advertising (the Wrangler Jeans promotion); chewing gum transfers that are marketed at children; and the henna (mehndi) tattoo, which has been popularised by the singer Madonna. These examples of temporary adornments provide a taste of placing art on the body for fashionable reasons. (Something similar could be said of "Body-piercing").



The process has an interesting material culture, with the artist's tools varying according to the surrounding cultural milieu. Early tattooists would have used carved shell or bone as the "needle". The design would have been applied through a process of tapping the sharp edge into the skin, then a natural dye would have been added to allow the design to heal with a colour. Today's needle is metallic; the dyes (which are still natural) are added as it penetrates the skin. This modern "machine" can be held like a pen, with a small vibrating electric motor at one end and the needle at the other. The organic dyes help avoid allergic reactions. These technical advances make possible all sorts of intricate patterns, such as portraits and Celtic knot-work.

My research will probably only cover a fraction of this broad topic. What type of tattoos people get (i.e. professional or "Indian ink"); the designs they choose; where they decide to place them; and sex and

gender aspects of the culture. Stories associated with tattooing will also be collected and added to the archive. I would like to invite anybody interested in providing information on their tattooing experiences to contact the Northside Folklore Project. Lastly, cautionary tales about dyslexic tattooists: In the 1960s a fan of "The King" was left with "EVLIS" adorning his form, and then the strident guitars of the '70s enticed a Jimi Hendrix fan to get a tattoo. This resulted in another unfortunate mis-spelling when he received "VODO CHILD" rather than "VOODOO CHILD" indelibly marked on his skin!



Courtesy of **Red Dragon Studio, George's Quay**

Lower Killeens

- By Caroline Cronin

Each June a Mass is said in the ruin of St. Catherine's Church, while devotees still bedeck All Saints' Well with flowers and holy pictures...

The area of Lower Killeens provides a quiet rural backdrop to Northside suburbs such as Fairhill. Part of the valley of the Ballycannon Bride, it is a place of great folkloric interest. Sometimes road bowlers can be seen gathered at the Blackstone Bridge, preparing to practise their sport on Lower Killeens Road, locally known as the Old Blarney Road. About a mile into the countryside one comes to Teampaill na gCillíní, the site

of an old graveyard with many sandstone gravemarkers and the adjoining remains of St. Catherine's Church, a relic of the mysterious Medieval parish of St. Catherine's. The words "teampaill" and "cillíní" seem to have similar meanings, relating to

churches. "Teampaill" often occurs in locations associated with the Normans, "Cillíní" has been interpreted as "little churches", but it could also refer to a burial place for infants.

The ruin consists of four sandstone walls, stone water fonts and a stone altar, and may be of Late Medieval construction. The site is much older, one of Cork's earliest known religious establishments. In 1174 Dermot McCarthy, the last King of Cork, gave a charter to the monks of Gillabbeigh which included lands around Lower Killeens. Monks would walk from the Gillabbeigh, on Cork's Southside, across the hill of Gurrabraher, to say Mass and conduct funerals, and this seems to have become something of a pilgrimage route. Churchfield writer Denis P. Long found the distance between the two sites to be exactly two miles in a straight line, and wondered if this may have had some mystical significance. 1970 was the Year of Conservation and St. Catherine's badly overgrown ruins were cleared by Boy Scouts of the 8th Cork Troop. The landowner said his grandfather could remember the last burial in the graveyard.

Tradition asserts that during the Famine of the 1840s the deceased were brought on carts from adjacent areas of the Northside through a boreen off Nash's Boreen and over the River Bride via "The Watery Bridge", a small stone construction at least 200 years old.

They then travelled up the other slope of the valley to their final resting place, which is often still called the "The Famine Graveyard". The procession would be headed by a piper wailing a last lament, which gave the name "Cosán an Píobaire", ("The Piper's Boreen") to the narrow trackway. John Cronin, owner of the farm in which St. Catherine's is situated, showed me a hatchway in a farm building from which the starving were fed during that disastrous period. A Mass is held in the church every June. The priest dresses in the garb of Famine Times and the beautiful ceremony is well worth the journey.

About half a mile further along the road in the direction of Blarney lies All Saints' Well. This lovely spring is on private land, (one would really need to be led to it

by a local), completely hidden by a canopy of majestic old trees and protected by a white dome of local limestone. The stone bears a carving of the Crucifixion and the inscription "All Saints' Well, 1761". The

water inside the dome is about two feet deep and two feet across its surface. The interior is adorned with relics, holy pictures, prayers and medals, testimony to the beliefs of those who come to pray and to bless themselves with the water, which is said to hold a cure. Mr. Willy Good, a rich source of knowledge about the area, told me of a friend of his who was to all appearances cured of severe arthritis by dousing himself with this water. The well and its surroundings are lovingly maintained and there is something restful and deeply restorative about a visit to its precincts, so close to urban Cork, and yet, like other parts of Lower Killeens, so much in touch with less hurried times.....



Lower Killeens, from Teampaill na gCillíní



All Saints' Well

Big Houses of the Northside – By Stephen Hunter

The surviving mansions of Cork's Northside offer tantalising glimpses into a vanished world...



The institution of the "Big House" reached its apogee during the 18th and 19th centuries and occupies an important niche in Irish literature and folklore. "Great houses" were usually identified with the land-owning Protestant Anglo-Irish gentry, but during the 19th century newly-emancipated Catholic merchant families often aspired to a similar role. The image of the elegant big house dominating its neighbourhood, graced with an "aristocratic" family and surrounded by loyal retainers features prominently in Anglo-Irish fiction, such as Somerville and Ross's "Some Experiences Of An Irish Resident Magistrate". Many of the houses once enjoyed their own "demesne" of gardens, orchards and agricultural land. Now the nucleus often survives in a different form - as a nursing home or hotel perhaps - suburban development having swallowed up most of the broad acres. These mansions could also be seen as symbols of exploitation and alien control, the luxuries that they provided for a privileged few being dependent upon the cheap labour of large numbers of economically vulnerable people. Such institutions probably had their direct roots in the castles and tower houses built here by the Anglo-Normans, and later by the Gaelic aristocracy in response. An ancient parallel would be the villas established by the Romans in Britain and elsewhere. Above all, the big houses exuded confidence; a belief in the triumph of the values of Empire and a secure future for the system.

A number of such buildings survive in Cork City and its environs. Whatever the shortcomings of the society that spawned them, they are a fascinating aspect of our folklife, meriting protection. Many have been demolished, with a lamentable loss of historical and architectural heritage and economic and social potential. To list some - on the Southside - Lakelands, a onetime seat of the Crawford brewing family with a world-class aboretum; the many-gabled 17th century Ronayne's Court (it is connected with a famous child's rhyme about the King of Spain's daughter and a walnut tree, one of its fireplaces can be seen in the foyer of Blackrock Castle); and Monfieldstown House, which seems to have provided the genesis of Charles Dickens's abandoned-wedding-feast idea in the novel "Great Expectations".

On the Northside Tivoli House with its ornate neo-Classical garden "folly" buildings was erased in the 1970s. Woodhill - the lovely residence of the Quaker family the Cooper Penroses and once known as "the Irish Vatican" because of its art collection - was levelled in the mid-1990s. And so many others are just memories now, their sites mute testaments to short-sightedness and greed.

Six Mansions of Lota

"Lota" seems to be synonymous with an Irish word for an allotment of land; it may also have associations with "lochta", a loft, or elevated site. The area lies partly in what was the Medieval townland of Lotabeg, and enjoys a choice situation on the north bank of the River Lee. The rolling south-facing slopes are ideally sited for the winter sun; a perfect location for the mansions of Cork's "merchant princes".

Lotabeg: Starting on Lower Glanmire Road near Tivoli, "Little Lota" is the only one of the six to remain solely a private home. Its distinctive stone entranceway ("O'Callaghan's Gates") includes a George Pain-designed Ionic arch surmounted by a statue of an Irish wolfhound. Known sometimes to schoolchildren as "the black dog", this landmark commemorates a hound that saved a 19th century owner of the property, D. O'Callaghan M.P., from drowning in the nearby Lee. The square late-Georgian house was built around 1800, planned by the elder Abraham Hargreave for Sir Richard Kellett. It contains a fine cantilevered stairway. The expansive wooded grounds convey, to me at least, something of an eerie atmosphere.

Lough Eric: Built in the late 1700s for an Italian nobleman, this has metamorphosed into **Fleming's Restaurant** (Ph:021-821621), offering accommodation and classic French cuisine. It has a friendly, intimate feeling and is tastefully decorated with portraits and other memorabilia from the early 19th century. Produce from the terraced gardens in the five acre grounds is used in the restaurant. In earlier times there was an ornamental lake in which a young lady of the house apparently drowned after hearing of the death of her lover, who was abroad with the British armed forces. "The Pink Lady of the Lake" reportedly haunts the property. The present owner returned the building to its original delicate pink shade ("the pink house") on the advice of a local. Good luck has followed.

Lotamore: This two storey late-Georgian house was erected in 1798. Among its various 19th century owners were the Perriers, a prominent merchant family of Huguenot origin who fled religious persecution in Brittany during the 1680s. They supplied this city with several Mayors. "Big Lota" was later the Cork offices of the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes; it is now a four-star guesthouse operated by Mairead Harty. (Ph:021-822219) The interior has a gracious Georgian ambience. A fountain and an overgrown walled-garden hint at former glories, which are being slowly restored.

Horses featured prominently in big house society; there is still a complex of coach yard and stables with their attractive panelled partitions, cobbled floors and iron hay dispensers.

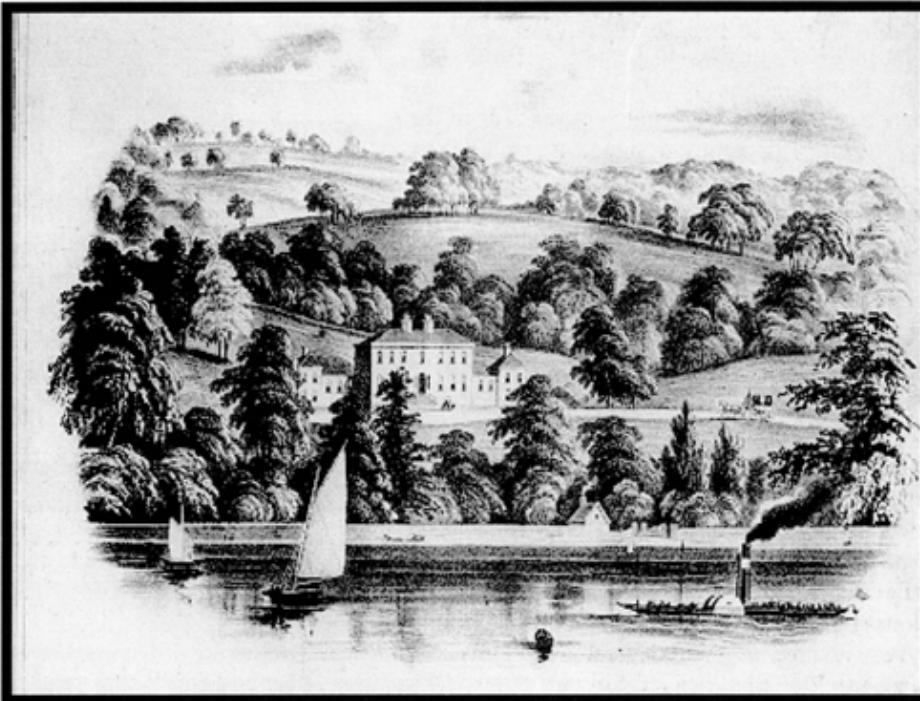
Lotapark: Now Saint Laurence's Cheshire Home. This attractive two-storey house was built in 1801 by John Power. James Roche ("J.R.") of the Gentleman's Magazine added single-storey wings, one of which contained a ballroom decorated in the Louis Quinze style. Another owner was the brewer J.J. Murphy, who died in Italy in 1851. His body was stored in an upright piano for its sea-journey to Ireland, due to the refusal of the Neapolitan crew to travel with a coffin. Saint Laurence's holds an annual fund-raising bazaar (November) at Vienna Woods Hotel.

Lota House: The largest of the six, in a commanding ridge-top position, the present building was completed in 1769 for Robert Rogers.

It was designed by Daviso de Arcourt (Davis Duckart), a talented architect of Franco-Italian descent, who appears to have "moonlighted" on Lota while officially employed on the Cork Mayoralty House, Grenville Place (now part of Mercy Hospital). Lota reflects his Continental background and exhibits the Palladian style - a movement founded by Andrea Palladio (1508-1580), stressing the importance of harmonious proportions. The three-storey house boasts a grand entrance-way with a Baroque porch and lavishly-carved mahogany staircases. The front stairs were once flanked by superb nude sculpted figures of Adam and Eve; these were replaced in the 1930s by statues of Christ and the Virgin Mary.

From about 1400 to 1694 the site was held by the merchant family the Galweys, (probably of Anglo-Norman origin). Stubbornly Catholic, they suffered under Penal Laws, but showed a remarkable capacity for survival. Lota House in the 17th Century was a two-storey semi-fortified pile to the north of today's complex. Its picturesque church ruins remain above the modern swimming pool. The Protestant Rogers family bought Lota in 1694 and erected the precursor to the 1769 house

around 1707. In 1854 the Wood family purchased Lota; the carved lion over the front door is part of their armorial bearings. The Woods were staunch Unionists; in the disturbed atmosphere of September 1920 some Republican activists visited Lota and asked Andrew Wood to hand over any weapons on the premises. He complied and the meeting went off amicably enough. In 1922 the family sold Lota to Patrick Crowley and moved to England. The Brothers of Charity acquired the somewhat dilapidated 65 acre property for £3000 in 1938. They laboured to provide accommodation and training for people with a mental handicap. The establishment now employs a staff of over 200, caring



for 80 residents. 1998 saw the Diamond Jubilee of the order at Lota. During the 1980s and early '90s the fund-raising "Strawberry Fair" was held annually in June. Strawberries from Rathcooney were sold in a festive atmosphere of stalls, bands and donkey-rides.

Lotamore

Lota Lodge: Now the **Vienna Woods Hotel** (Ph:021-821146)

Occupying a dramatic situation on wooded slopes high above the Glanmire estuary, Lota Lodge was built about 1765 for Lord Barrymore, possibly by Davis Duckart. The house retains walls which are four foot thick, ornate fireplaces, vaulted skylights, wood carving and plasterwork by Sardinian craftsmen. The beautifully-panelled Austrian Oak Room was originally a library. A carved face with eyeholes adorns one door and attests to the room's later use as a billiard hall - anyone approaching could check discreetly to see if a player was concentrating on a shot. From 1875 to 1946 the property was owned by the Crawford family (of the Cork brewers Beamish and Crawford), with extensive re-building after a fire in 1903. The Brothers of Charity used the complex between 1947 and 1955, after which Lota Lodge became a hotel. Acquired in the early 1990s by Darina O'Driscoll and John Gately, it has an international reputation for comfortable accommodation and tasty fare. It also hosts the Munster finals of "The Homemaker of the Year" competition.

The hotel has been said to harbour a ghost. While there is no sense of a "presence" about the place, there is a doorway behind the reception counter which the owners' dog refuses to cross. Strangely, each time I attempted to photograph this threshold, my camera failed to function, although it worked perfectly well before and after. The 20 acres of gardens and woods offer restful walks and an attractive route into neighbouring Lota, especially in spring, when the wildflowers are at their best. The holdings of these properties form a precious green belt; foxes are seen, as are hares, rabbits and pheasants.

Mention should be made of two stately houses a little further afield, which continue as family homes and are open to the public from May to October. **Dunkathel (Dunkettle) House** (Ph:021-821014), owned by the Russell family, sits atop a hill on the eastern side of the Glanmire estuary. Apparently designed about 1790 by William Hargreave (a pupil of Davis Duckart), it incorporates elements of earlier houses on the site. One could spend hours viewing its treasures, which include a fine collection of watercolours by a former owner, Beatrice Gubbins, and an orchestration - a kind of rare 19th century forerunner of the gramophone.

Riverstown House (Ph:021-821205) at Riverstown, beyond Glanmire, is sited on ten acres of land above the Butlerstown River. With roots in the early 17th century, much of the house was rebuilt in 1745 by Dr. Jemmett Browne, Church of Ireland Bishop of Cork. It has been astutely restored by the Dooley family. One of many attractions is the decorative plaster work of the Francini Room. I have heard a ghostly story of recent origin: Someone approaching the building on a dull evening thought they saw the windows ablaze with lights, with people in antique costume dancing as at a ball. The observer wondered if they were witnessing a fancy-dress event. On arrival all was quiet, the dancers gone; everyday reality held sway. Both houses offer



Riverstown House

tantalising glimpses into a vanished world and are deserving of support; entrance fees are reasonable and visitors can be assured of a warm welcome. Callers, especially groups, can often be accommodated out of season, but always phone first to check.

Tommy Mintern, A Northside Folk-Poet - By Dolores Horgan

The verse of folk-poet Tommy Mintern paints a picture of days long past...



The aroma of freshly-baked bread, the scent of a newly-mown lawn or the sound of a favourite old song on the radio can unravel memories of different times of our lives. I found a poem among my late father's possessions which had a similar effect, giving me an insight into his formative years. The frayed edges and the deep folds in the pages attested to something much-loved and read. It is part of a collection by Tommy Mintern, who lived at Fairhill from the 1920s to '40s. I made contact with him through my aunt Breda and her husband Paddy, who was a boyhood friend of Tom's.

Tom wrote of his own experiences e.g. "Memories of the Northside", and "The Sportsmen Of Fairhill", his own version of "The Boys Of Fairhill". He conveys the excitement surrounding the build-up to a Sunday drag-hunt.

*"The O'Callaghans were doggy men - as were the
Quinlans too
They'd hunt for days around "PK's", that dedicated
few
The O'Driscolls and O'Herlihs were always to the
fore
When they rooted Reynard out they followed up a
score..."*

*And dear old Paddy Horgan with his pony and his
trap
With a terrier called "Ned" he always carried on his
lap
The crowds would gather early on a sunny Sunday
morn
And Connie Doyle like Gabriel would start to blow
his horn.
"Tally-ho, hark-away" - sweetly every echo sounds
The whole Northside would waken to the baying of
the hounds..."*

The poem goes on to describe the atmosphere created by the All-Ireland Drag, held in the summer months.

*"The lorries bursting at the seams rolled off down
Peacock Lane
Men's voices soon burst into song - they sing an old
refrain,
They turned around St. Mary's Road and soon were out
of sight,
We knew we wouldn't see those men again 'til Monday
night..."*

Tommy also had letters published in the "Examiner" and "The Echo". Among these were "Nostalgic Days in the Northside" and a poem outlining the history of the Sam Melbourne G.A.A. Museum. He recalled stories his father told him of the Tivoli Ferry Disaster of Sunday, July 4, 1909. Two people were drowned and a number injured in the capsizing of a ferry transporting spectators across the River Lee from a hurling match at the Cork Athletic Grounds (now Parc Uí Caoimh) to Tivoli. Tommy's uncle, James Mintern (died 1950), a boatbuilder from Cornmarket Street, saved the lives of eight people in the incident. In the course of an eventful life James was credited with rescuing 49 people from drowning, and was awarded the Bronze Medal and Vellum Parchment from the Royal Humane Society.

Christmas - By Billy McCarthy

If Christmas in the 1940 and '50s lacked affluence by today's standards, it was also characterised by genuine excitement and goodwill...

The most striking feature of Christmas as I knew it as a child in the 1940s and '50s was the stark contradiction between the goodwill which abounded during the Holy Season and the sheer hardship in evidence in the homes of large families such as ours. The meagre single wage groaned under the struggle for survival already and could not possibly support the extra burden of the expectations of us children at this time. But let me say that we were never without sufficient wholesome food and warm clothing; it was toys and other festive novelties that were in short supply.

However, we always looked forward to Christmas as a very special time when the city centre, which was just a short walk from our home in the Southside's Capwell district; would be awash with multicoloured lights and the streets overstrung with decorations. A real effort was made by the occupants of houses where the Nativity Crib commanded a central position. On Christmas Eve it was customary for all the family to gather in one room where the Christmas Candle was lit by the "head" of the household, or alternatively, by its youngest member. A decade of the Rosary was then

recited to invoke world peace. A particular treat was our visit to Santa Claus in the run-up to Christmas and by far the most popular choice was the red-robed gentleman in residence at the Cork Cycle Company, Camden Quay. Apart from the excitement of receiving what by today's standards would be a very humble offering, the thrill of careering from the first floor of the shop down the slide to Santa's Cave was the highlight of our trip. In our later childhood years we made this outing with a group of seven or eight of our peers. Naturally, having the freedom of the town without parental constraint made the event all the more enjoyable.

My father worked as a bread van driver whose daily round took him mainly to rural areas, among people who ensured that our Christmas table never lacked either a turkey or a goose, as well as plentiful potatoes and green vegetables. On the odd occasion he would arrive home with a fine salmon that had fallen foul of a net strategically placed at a secret spot somewhere on the River Bride.



The first person to rise on Christmas morning was my mother, who would light the oven and start the turkey or goose cooking before the whole family set off to Mass at Saint Finbarr's South Parish Church; always referred to as the "South Chapel". Returning home to the irresistible aroma emerging from the oven, we ate breakfast, then turned to the items that Santa Claus had brought in the still of the night. Soon we were out on the street, the boys with their cap-guns shooting everyone in sight, and the girls, some in their nurses uniforms, treating the casualties; others wheeling rag dolls in their tinplate prams.

I still wonder how our mother managed to have us all seated and beginning the Christmas dinner together. My father led the Grace Before Meals and prayed The Lord would grant that we would all be present around this same table this time next year.



The Moving Graveyard of Matehy

- By Martin O'Mahony

When the occupants of the graveyard didn't like a newcomer, they got up and moved. And for centuries a gate refused to stay on its hinges...

The beautiful hamlet of Matehy nestles in the lush countryside of the townland of Vicarstown, Co. Cork. It is about ten miles from the edge of Cork's urban Northside, via the Kerry Pike Road, on to the village of Tower near Blarney, and on again up the "Old Kerry Road", which is also the route of the historic "Butter Road". There is the old Post Office, now closed down, with the famous "Strand Bar" next door, well-known to the hunting fraternity.

Across the road stands the lovely Catholic church of Saint Joseph's. But the most notable feature of Matehy - which has been translated both as a contraction of an early local clan name - "Mag mac Teichech" - "the Plain of the Sons Teichtec", and as "the plain (or field) which took flight"; is the ancient graveyard



with its haunting ivy-covered church ruins. This little burial ground is well-known to Northside people; many have relatives at rest there.

There is a ghostly side to this cemetery, as revealed to me by Mr. Patsy O'Callaghan of Kilclough, Vicarstown. Patsy's ancestors have been buried there since the early 17th century and he gave me the grand tour of the area while telling me about the "Moving Graveyard of Matehy". His story runs as follows: Sometime about 1650 a Captain Fox in Cromwell's army entered the small thatched church in Matehy while the priest was saying Mass. He walked straight up to the priest, who had his arms raised in elevation of the Host, and cut off both his hands with his sword. He then despatched the unfortunate man with a final blow. Leaving the grisly scene, Captain Fox headed for Mallow with his regiment. While fording the River Shournagh, about a mile outside Matehy, a furious thunder storm broke. Fox and three of his men were struck by lightning and killed instantly. Fox's Bridge spans the river at that spot and preserves the memory of the murderer's infamy. About a mile north of the river stands a small copse of trees in an area known as Loughane which until two hundred years ago was shown on maps as a disused

church and graveyard. Fox was buried there, but something strange happened on the very first night of his stay. The rest of the corpses decided that they didn't want to lie in the same place as a priest-killer, so they rose from their graves, put their headstones on their backs, and headed on down to the River Shournagh. Their aim was to reach the site of the ancient hill-fort at Matehy before daybreak. It must have been a scary sight on that frosty night as almost five hundred souls struggled up the rugged hill. One of those restless beings was said to have been lame all his life and he made slower progress than his companions. As he was crossing the river he realised that if he did not hurry he would be caught by the rising sun, so to lighten his load he jettisoned his stone. A headstone could be seen on the riverbed up to about fifty years ago, when an unenlightened County Council engineer covered it over with concrete while building the present Gort Bridge.

A large rock on the riverbank to the left of the bridge from the Donoughmore Road bears an indentation uncannily like that of a footprint. It is said to be an impression left by a ghostly traveller.

When those poor cadavers arrived at Matehy they simply slid under

the sod just as if they were slipping beneath a blanket; where they rest to this day. Or at least most of them do. At a distance of about fifty yards to the west of the graveyard there is a gateway through which it is said the corpses passed that fateful morning. For about three hundred years after their journey, a gate was never known to stay hanging there. Each night the owner - of whom there were many in that length of time - would make sure the gate was closed, but in the morning it would invariably be found thrown off its hinges and resting against the side of a nearby ditch. Nobody ever claimed to have witnessed the barrier being removed, but it was a thing that regarded with some dread in the locality for generations. One possibility was that an unhappy corpse that had not reached Matehy on time was still traversing the countryside, searching for the gateway that would lead him or her to the final resting place. A famous name associated with Matehy Graveyard is that of Denny Lane, Fenian, poet, political prisoner and sometime Member of Parliament for the Carrigaline area. He is probably best remembered for his song "Carrigdhoun"...

Carrigdhoun

*On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown
The clouds are dark on Ard na Laoi
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the angry Owenbue.
The morning blast is sweeping fast
Through many a leafless tree
And I'm alone for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, och, ón ma chroí...*

*Soft April showers and bright May flowers
Would bring the summer back again
But will they bring me back the hours
I spent with my brave Dónal then?
'Tis but a chance for he's gone to France
To wear the fleur de lys,
But I'll follow you my Dónal Dhú
For I'm still true to you, ma chroí.*

Denny Lane died peacefully at his residence, 72 South Mall, Cork on November 29, 1895, in the presence of his wife and two daughters. The funeral was a huge one, all classes and creeds being represented. It left Saint Finbarr's Church ("The South Chapel"), Dunbar Street, for Matehy. A week later Maurice Healy, M.P. chaired a meeting which discussed the creation of a memorial to his old friend. Later a magnificent sculpted Celtic Cross more than eight feet high was erected over the grave. The inscription reads:

*DENNY LANE, BORN DECEMBER 4th 1818
DIED NOVEMBER 29th 1895
HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY AND LOVED HIS
KIND. R. I. P.*

The grave is on a rocky eminence commanding a panoramic view of the countryside, isolated, but sanctified by the proximity of the church across the way. Perhaps those disturbed spirits of an earlier time have experienced a kind of consolation in having a modern Irish patriot leader lying among them; a soul who could assure them that there was indeed light at the end of the long night of their country's troubles.

of Blackpool opposite Murphy's Brewery and back of Watercourse Rd. (See "Bride's Sacred Waters", "The Archive", Vol.1, Issue 2). This has been virtually obliterated to make way for the new Blackpool By-Pass and the euphemistically titled "Bride, Glen and Kiln River Improvement Scheme". (How one "improves" a river by banishing it underground is beyond me.)

I think that a great opportunity to create a really special heritage/community facility in Blackpool, handy to the City and Shandon, has been squandered. The brightly-painted cottages, with their low doorways and Old-Worldly air, could have been imaginatively developed, but whatever their fate, I can see no excuse at all for the demolition of the mill. This was mostly 18th. century, of rough-hewn local sandstone. Part of it went back to the 17th. century - older than most buildings in Cork. Built over the Backwatercourse (a branch of the Glen River) it still housed a mill-wheel as recently as the 1950s. Archaeologists tell me that it was one of only three mills of its type from that era surviving in Ireland. What a superb community centre or business premises it could have made if it had been approached with a modicum of vision! Maintained areas of open water in the Bride and the Backwatercourse could have provided a fine educational and visual facility and a timely tribute to the role water-power played in the industrial development of the area.



The Old Mill, Poulraddy

Farewell Poulraddy

- Stephen Hunter

*The old mill at Poulraddy survived war and famine,
fire and flood, but not the zeal of the developers...*

Blackpool people have been saddened recently to witness the destruction of the historic Poulraddy (various spellings) Harbour area, including Shandon View Cottages and the old Water's Mills. The term "harbour" preserved unique folk-memories of a time when small boats could come up from the River Lee on high tides via the Kiln River and into the basin-like part

A whole neighbourhood, so steeped in folklore and history, so replete with memories, so rich in possibilities, has gone. I am expressing a personal opinion here, but I make no apology for stepping outside any supposed narrow remit of "folklore", because an issue like this goes to very heart of our sense of identity and our world-view, things which are integral to the concerns of folklorists. (And anyone who cares about Cork). I am all in favour of balanced responsible development, and I appreciate that Blackpool has serious problems with both traffic-congestion and flooding, but I am convinced Poulraddy could and should have been saved.

This is about much more than rescuing old buildings or other sites (important though that may be). It includes the preservation of secure emotional reference points for future generations in a world of often bewildering and depersonalising change. Do we really want to replace what is unique and memorable about a place with the motorway, the garage, the fast-food outlet; identical to countless others across the globe? Each week more remaining fragments of early Cork come under threat - as of writing I hear that pre-historic ring-forts in Mayfield, perhaps the last in the urban area - have recently been bulldozed. We desperately need a higher level of public debate on these matters, to involve the community more in the decision-making process and to act before it is too late.



The Old Mill ...Gone Forever

Letters To The Editor

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

As a dentist practising in the Northside your publication has a place of prominence in my waiting room, where it is very favourably commented on. I find it very informative and stimulating. Please keep up the good work.

Con O'Leary, Dental Surgeon, St. Patrick's Hill

Someone gave me this page from a calendar: (It reads:) "A Kaleidoscopic Sun: In January, 1923, at Cork, Ireland, the Sun was seen to appear with bright red flashing rays in all directions. The rays changed to yellow and then green, and mock suns appeared and flashed in one place and then in another in rapid sequence. This may have been the same phenomena in the famed 'Miracle of Fatima' incident in Portugal in 1917. The nature of this phenomena is unknown, but presumably it has to do with high altitude ice crystals."

I wonder if this event ever took place, I never heard mention of it while growing up in Cork. Looking forward to Vol. 1, No. 3.

Michael J. Riordon, North Hills, La Habra, California
(An ex-Northsider living in the U.S.A.)

"The Archive" is really impressive. Thanks for sending them. I wish I could put something like that together here. Does Stephen Hunter keep a mailing list? I'd like to receive other issues when they come out. It's a good model for folklorists' community work. I think a similar thing here, taking into account all the neighbourhoods of St. John's, would be very good. I especially liked certain articles - it's good to see the Devil -At-The-Dance legend turning up! And being a follower of local streams, I loved the article about the Bride waters. I kept imagining articles that could be written about rivers here in St. John's. Now that almost every river here has a protective association looking after it and looking into its history, it should be possible to put together articles like it.

Congratulate Stephen and the others for me (and yourself!) for a great job.

Philip Hiscock, Folklore and Language Archive,
Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John's,
Newfoundland, Canada
(Letter from a Canadian folklorist to Dr. Marie-Annick
Deplanques,
Bealoideas, U. C. C.)

As a former "Sunbeam" worker (many years ago!) I found Catherine Fray's article in "The Archive" No.2 brought back memories. "Sloking" apples, steam hammers, the Foxy Lady, it's all there. I'm glad the Sunbeam grounds are being used by community-based ventures like the Northside Community Enterprises. All the articles were enjoyable; I also particularly liked "The Eucharistic Procession". I think "The Archive" is performing a great service for Northside folk. Good luck!

(Mrs.) M. O' Sullivan, Churchfield

In your last issue you invited letters and informative small pieces from your readers. I have enclosed something you may like to use. Good luck with further editions of your magazine.

I can recommend the Sunday's Well area for a walk for anyone with an interest in history and folklore. Starting at the City end by St. Vincent's footbridge where swans and salmon are often seen, there is a small stone bridge in the Irish Distillers' premises which I believe is one of the oldest in Cork City. This crosses a type of mill race or "backwater" just before it joins the much larger body of the River Lee's North Branch, a reminder of the days when the low-lying island of "The Middle Parish" was criss-crossed by many such channels. The remains of an old distillery lead the way up to the high stone wall which curves the road. The street was formerly Stable Lane and was home to many merchant families. St. Vincent's Church at the top of the road is an architectural gem; further along is the smaller church of St. Mary's Shandon, renamed Our Lady of The Holy Rosary. Once Church of Ireland, the old Tridentine Mass is now celebrated there. Nearby is the gaol where Constance Markievicz and the writer Frank O'Connor were incarcerated. It is now a world-class tourist centre. Staff swear that the place is haunted by a strange green figure near the cafe, and the ghost of a child which manifests on the steps of the old infirmary. A little-known fact is that the father of writer and historian Peter Berresford Ellis (an expert on Celtic subjects) grew up in Sunday's Well. The elder Berresford Ellis was himself a writer, starting his career at the "Cork Examiner".

Approaching the western or Lee Rd. end of Sunday's Well Rd. a plaque on the right hand side marked "1644" reminds us of the holy well that the area takes its name from. It was once famous for the curative properties of its waters, but was covered over by road-widening in 1946.



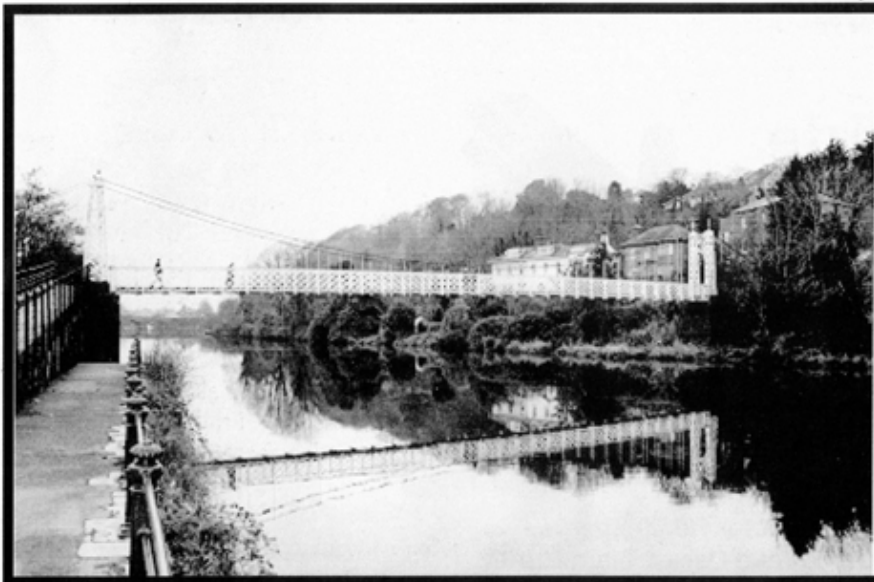
Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Sunday's Well

"Father Prout", the celebrated author of "The Bells of Shandon", wrote of it:

*"There is a trace, time can't efface,
Nor years of absence dim;
It is the thought of yon sweet spot,
Yon fountain's fairy brim.*

An old saying stated that "The sun danced for joy on Sunday's Well every Easter Sunday at Daybreak." The perfect way to round off your ramble is to cross Daly's (Shaky) Bridge and return to the City via Fitzgerald Park and the Mardyke. There are some good pubs along the way for those who get thirsty walking!

C.P. Hennessy, Sidney Place



Daly's or "Shaky Bridge"

Our family loved the second issue of "The Archive". Are there any copies of issue No. 1 still available? It is one of the best publications of its sort that we have seen. As newcomers to Cork from Dublin, we found it contained some fascinating information about the Northside of our adopted city. Could you give us some history or folklore relating to the old tollbooth in Saint Luke's Cross? And why are the steps by Leitrim Street called the "Fever Hospital Steps" and the "Ninety-Nine Steps"? Are there really ninety-nine?

Dave and Emer Coogan and family
Dillon's Cross

Director's Note

With the arrival of the third issue of The Archive, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate everybody involved in The Northside Folklore Project's exhibition which opened in the Cork Vision Centre, North Main Street, on September 30th, 1998.



The exhibition was funded by The Heritage Council and provided the Project with the chance to create a presentation based on a number of the themes researched since its inception. It opens with "What is Folklore?", a look at various understandings of the term, ranging from that of the person on the street to the published academic. The central part of the presentation examines Travelling Traditions, The Showband Era, Northside Harrier Traditions, Schools Folklore and Roy Keane. The content is both text and image-based, with audio and video sections available to complement the mounted display boards. The exhibition ran for three weeks in the Vision Centre and is currently reaching a number of schools and libraries in the area.

Meanwhile, The Northside Folklore Project is continuing to enlarge its archive of both audio and video interviews, a facility which should soon be fully computerised and accessible via the World Wide Web. Topics currently being researched include Road Bowling, Northside Artists and a study of the Coal Quay and its association with the tradition of shawls. The long-term goal is to extend this type of research while also developing the exhibition aspect of the project. If you have any questions or comments, or a story to tell, then please do not hesitate to contact us through any of the numbers listed on this page. We also welcome correspondence to our "Letters" section in this magazine.

Liam Hurley
Assistant Supervisor



Acknowledgements

The Northside Folklore Project would like to thank the following:
FÁS, The Heritage Council, Northside Community Enterprises, The Examiner, U.C.C., Sony Centre, McSweeney Photo, Mercier Books, Northside/Southside News, Noel Deasy Cars, Dr. Marie-Annick Desplanques, Ita Harris, Maurice O'Brien, Alan O'Mahony, Denise Cremin, Claire O'Connell, Colin Rynne, Kieran Burke, Tim McCarthy, Lorraine Cahalane, Geraldine Troy and N.C.E. Catering Staff.

The Northside Folklore Project



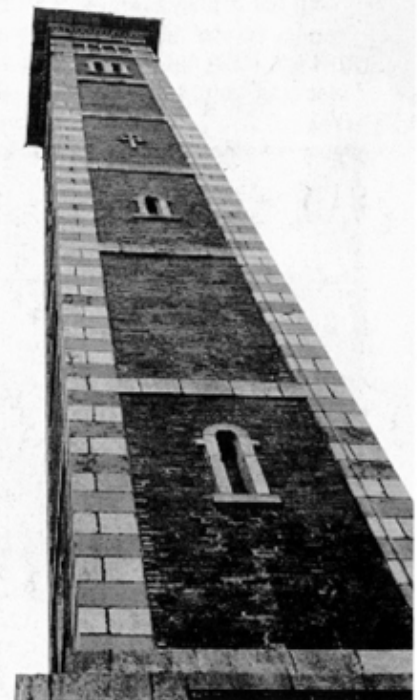
NORTHSIDE COMMUNITY ENTERPRISES LTD.,

Sunbeam Industrial Park, Millfield, Mallow Road, Cork, Ireland.

Tel: +353 21 307282 Fax: +353 21 303664

e-mail nfp@indigo.ie <http://www.ucc.ie/ucc/research/nfp/>

Editor Stephen Hunter, Project Director Dónal Sugrue,
Assistant Supervisor/Magazine Layout and Design Liam Hurley,
Archivist - Charlotte Crowley



1863 Waterworks Tower, Shanakiel