

THE



Archive

ISSN 1649-2943

Free Copy



JOURNAL OF THE NORTHSIDE FOLKLORE PROJECT

Issue 7

Uimhir A Séacht

THE Archive

The Archive Issue 7

Contents

Photograph and a Story	2
A Lord Mayor Remembers	3
Wednesday's Child	4 - 5
The Dyke Stream	5 - 6
The Bowlers Rest	7
Oispidéal na Leanbh Tréigthe	8
The Nun's Story	9
Laethanta Scoile	10 - 11
GAA Memories	12
Transitions	13
Excerpts from the Sound Archive	14 - 15
Walking the Line	16 - 19
A Folklore Miscellany	20 - 24
Letters to Editor	25 - 26
Book Reviews	27
Acknowledgements	28

Printed by AC Print • jcomic@indigo.ie

June 2003

Cover: North Monastery Primary School hurlers,
left to right; Craig Leahy, Stephen Lake, Paul Cumming.
Photo by Stephen Hunter

Photograph & A STORY

Prolonged rain brought widespread flooding to Cork in November - December 2002, with Blackpool and Millfield badly affected. Here local men Ned Spriggs and Willie Gough survey the scene at Millfield Cottages on the Old Mallow Road (also known as Red Forge Rd), where run-off from the Kilbarry Heights overwhelmed the drainage system, flooding many homes to a depth of three feet. The terraced brick cottages are a fine example of a purpose-



built Victorian industrial "village", with a lane leading to housing arranged around a courtyard space. The complex was built (or refurbished) in 1836 to house workers employed in the nearby flour mills, which at later times became the site of the Cork Spinning and Weaving Company and the Sunbeam Wolsey Hosiery Mills. Among other interesting features, one cottage wall bears a mark caused by the impact of a bullet, said to have been fired during The Troubles of the 1918-1921 period. The adjacent Sunbeam Industrial Estate now hosts a variety of ventures, including the Northside Folklore Project and its parent body, Northside Community Enterprises Ltd.

WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT

The challenge that keeps growing every year for the Northside Folklore Project is adequate funding: Funding to continue offering *The Archive* free of charge; funding for equipment repairs and replacements; funding for staffing - in short, the money to keep going. FÁS Schemes have been cut back, foundations and granting bodies have less money and more applications, traditional sources of funding through UCC/HEA have diminished - it gets more difficult all the time. If you would like to help make sure that *The Archive* continues publication, or that we are able to replace some of our worn equipment, we would welcome your donation, no matter how small. Besides the personal satisfaction of having contributed to our survival, we will thank all donations in print. For helping with publication costs of *Archive 7* we would particularly like to thank:

Noel Deasy Cars Ltd, Commons Rd, Cork
Denis MacSweeney Photo, Marlboro St, Cork
Cathedral Credit Union, Shandon St, Cork
The Katharine Howard Foundation, Dublin

A LORD MAYOR REMEMBERS

by Cllr John Kelleher

My earliest memory dates back to 1952, when I was three years old and my father was reversing his van near our home at Annmount, Glounthaune. In the van with us was a neighbour, P.J. Sheehan, who now lives at Connolly Rd, Ballyphehane.



My father Eamon (also called Eddie) had established his own business, driving around to houses in rural areas selling vegetables, eggs and chickens. He had been born and reared in Glanmire, living at one time in the village where his father (Michael Kelleher) owned a public house, now called The Heron's Perch. They later moved to Knocknahorgan, near Sallybrook, where the ruins of the house still stand. It was from there he cycled regularly through Caherlag in the late 1930s to "court" my mother, Margaret Bray. She was the youngest in a family of seven and her father James, who hailed originally from Leamlara, north of Carrigtwohill, was a coach driver. He worked for the Murphy family, owners of Annmount House and of Murphy's Brewery.

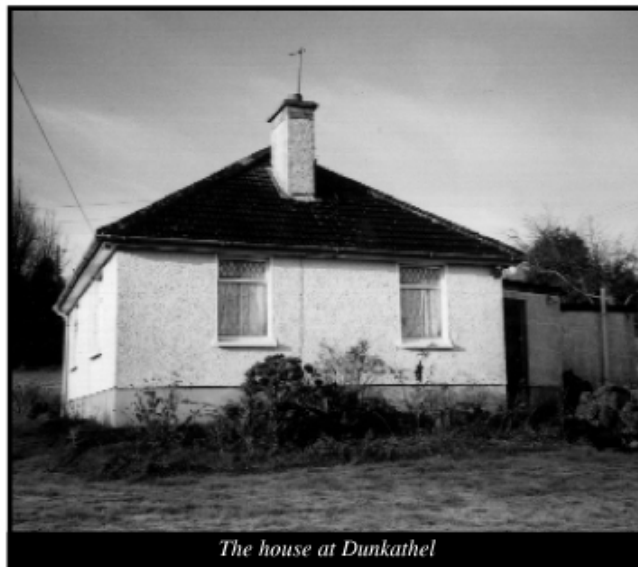
In September 1940, as most of Europe became engulfed in war and terror, my parents were married in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Glounthaune. They honeymooned in Dublin, taking in the All-Ireland Hurling Final which may have featured one of the great Cork teams of that era. As they began their new life together, they little realised, I am sure, that tragedy awaited them. Their first-born child Jean, a beautiful girl whose photograph hangs today in my own home in Mayfield, died from meningitis at 14 months. Returning one night from a neighbour's where he had been playing cards, my father complained of severe chest pains and died soon afterwards. He was 37. He left my mother with a young family to rear, which compelled her to return to work at Ideal Weatherproofs in the city. Our Aunt Ciss, who had no children of her own, cared for us each day as my mother cycled down to Cobh Junction (now renamed Glounthaune) to catch the morning train from Cobh. No doubt she suffered from depression and loneliness, but she was also blessed with a dogged spirit and determination which saw her battle against life's obstacles.

Ted Jeffers, who now lives in Douglas, took me down the hill to the local Primary School on my first day. That building now serves as the Community Centre, and it was there that Mrs Canty, Mrs Shaw and Mr Cooper taught us. The new County Council cottages, built on the back road near Dunkathel House in 1957, offered a fresh start for five families. We were allocated cottage number four. Below us were the Cunningham family, Jack and Jenny, with their two boys Michael and John. Above us were the O'Neills, Jimmy, Betty and their five children. Each of the houses had an acre of ground, common for most rural cottages built throughout the country at that time.

This policy had been introduced earlier by Eamon de Valera, whose main aim was to make the country self-sufficient in basic foodstuffs. Thus, all cottiers were encouraged to grow potatoes and vegetables, and to keep some hens and geese, which most of them did.

There was one major fault with the new houses, however. They did not have running water. We never had a bathroom or toilet in the old house near Glounthaune, but why the County Council officials and engineers built new houses in 1957 without such basic facilities baffled me years later. A water main ran under the road just outside the front gates of all the houses!

Local children had a choice of three Primary Schools. Many walked every morning to New Inn, between Glanmire and Mayfield, where Mr Farrell reputedly ruled with an iron fist. Some went down to Little Island and others, including my brother Michael, my sister Marie and myself, travelled by bus to Glounthaune. My mother cycled everyday to the Weatherproofs factory in Sallybrook, the ruins of which still stand today across the road from the Brook Inn. This was owned by the Bowles family, who were quite popular with their employees, most of whom were women. Rainwear, such as capes and leggings for cyclists, was produced there. The money brought home each Friday was desperately needed, but going to work each day, despite the rain and the snow in the winter, was also a great social outlet for my mother. She made friends, exchanged the usual chat and jokes, and brought some of the local news and views home to us every evening. There must have been some interesting and entertaining characters working there, because I can still remember some of their names. Mrs Foley from Glyntown, Nell Power from Brooklodge and Mrs Foxe are among those that come to mind. Such was life as we grew up in the 1950s and early '60s, not yet knowing what joys and sorrows lay ahead. Perhaps some day, when I retire from politics, I will write a longer account of those things that I can still remember!



The house at Dunkathel

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD

by Maurice O' Brien

Wednesday's Child is full of woe, goes the old saying ...

And why is that? Asks Matt, lighting his pipe.

Because I was born on a Wednesday, misfortune in itself, me mammy said, as it rained cats and dogs all night, me dad was missing again, as usual half-pissed in some watery hole somewhere, went on a bender for a couple of days. Maybe that's why there was a little bit of confusion as to the day, as my dad told the registrar it was the 24th, a Thursday. Might have changed everything.



Our hero on right

When exactly were you born? Asks Matt.

11.44 p.m., Wednesday, 23 November, 1961. I was born at home, the thing to do in those days, not too much of that today. Our mothers were hard as nails, no epidurals this or gas that. They gave birth and got up to make their husbands tea, so my mammy always says. They christened me Maurice Christopher Finbarr O' Brien. Christ! You would think we were rich! I was brought up in the bottom drawer of the chest o' drawers in the bedroom, you know, I swear.

Do you remember anything from your youth?

8.50 a.m., Wednesday, September 19, 1965. God! I remember that day as if it were yesterday! That's the day I was dragged off to school for the first time (we had a trial run the previous Monday and I nearly made it to the front gate). I remember my mother's hand in mine and me holding on to my sister's pram, a big black monstrosity of a thing with a black hood and four huge wheels, it had a silver wire tray underneath, my mammy said this was 'specially made to hold my satchel - satchel my arse - and boy did I cry! The thump in the middle of my back didn't help the situation. Saint Vincent Primary School. Sister Anthony showed me to my seat. "He'll be okay Mrs O' Brien, I'll take good care of your son", says she, as me mammy closes the classroom door behind her, and me with a tuck in my heart.

Did you wear a school uniform?

School uniform, Jaysus, did I look cool! Grey shirt, blue pullover, grey short pants, grey socks and a pair of black patent shoes to finish off the ensemble. I still remember those short pants and every subsequent pair of short pants that followed, it seemed I was wearing short pants half my life. I suppose I got on okay at St Vincent's, I'd a crush on Sr Anthony and I think

she must of had a fancy for me as I received First Prize for Best Boy in the Whole School two years running. 1965 I got a big white plastic cat with two beady black eyes and in '66 it was a model of a single decker bus, red and white with wheels. Boy, was me mammy proud of me.

Anything else stick out from your youth?

Wednesday, May 7, 1968, me First Holy Communion. I can remember standing in line, next to Billser Murphy, waiting to meet the Bishop (a fearful man, built like a brick shit house), with a big green cape and a huge hat, in his hands he held a gigantic stick with three prongs on top. (Packie Cahill said this was to stab whoever doesn't know the answer to "how many persons are there in the One God?") Bishop Murphy turned out to be a kind man who told me to enjoy the day and not to eat too many sweets as I might be sick. I can remember going around to all the relations' houses and making loads of money, though I never knew what became of it. Going to town I can remember getting my photo taken in Paul St, all smart and proper, only for the photographer to lose the negatives...

Do you remember going out to work?

Wednesday, 8.15 a.m., June 1971, I was only 10 years old and me dad took me along to work with him. He was the manager of Togher Shopping Centre and he worked in the meat department. My first job was to pull out all the trays of fresh meat into the display fridges, and sausages, miles and miles of sausages. I had to wrap the sausages into one pound packs, on the wrapping machine. It was about the size of a coffee table and had a hot plate (many's the time I burnt my fingers). It had a big roll of endless cellophane at the back and an electric wire along the front of the hot plate, to cut the cellophane into desired lengths. Christ, I still remember the smell from the wire as it cut through the plastic, a very strong pungy musty smell that stayed in your nose for the day, a smell not too dissimilar to burnt toast. There's 16 sausages to the pound, you know! I used to put in only 15 in some packets, just to see would anyone bring them back. I continued working in that store every Saturday and the Managing Director used to come down from his office just to pay me, two shiny 10 pence pieces (stingy git).

Can you remember your first kiss?

My first kiss? let me see... Yes, it's all coming back to me. It was on a warm summer's night, Wednesday night I think, because it was my club night and I was allowed to stay out to 10 p.m. The year was 1976 and I lost to Ann in a game of spin the bottle. There was a gang of us sitting in a circle at the end



Terrace of early dreams

of the terrace: Eugene, my best pal; Thomas Nott; Olivia (whom I fancied like mad); Ann Murphy; Johnny Morrison (who kissed everybody in the street, lucky bastard); and a new girl whose father stuffed animals, a taxidermist I think she called him. They were all egging me on calling me chicken shit. I was a very shy lad when I was younger, still am, I suppose. But I wasn't going to let the gang get the better of me. I can remember wetting my lips, still on bended knee as I moved in for the kill. (Eugene said that if I didn't wet my lips they'd stick to Ann's and I believed him.) "She'll eat me!" - I thought, as she moved in closer to the middle of the circle, flesh met flesh like a tank hitting a stone wall. I can still taste the blood. "Sorry", she said, but I swear she bit me. A cold shiver swept up my spine. It was a great feeling, mind you. It only lasted two to three seconds, but it felt like a lifetime.

Boy, did I want to marry Ann Murphy that night! And I got to walk her home afterwards. I remember wanting to share my new-found happiness with everyone, Olivia, Paula and even the stuffed frog that she always carried around with her. My first kiss! Ah, a kiss was a kiss then, nothing else, no messing about, not like today. Now it's "Hello, how's your father?" And into bed, without even knowing the other person's name, wham, bam, thank you mam. Sad, ain't it?

Wednesday's child is what, you say?

Full of woe, that means unfortunate, grief, full of problems, sums up my life, eh? Problems, problems, nothing but problems, I hope the trait doesn't continue, unlucky bastards. Me three sons were born on a Wednesday; met me wife on a Wednesday; crashed me last car on a Wednesday... I don't know. What, it's your round! Make mine a double, I could do with it... bartender, same again, please...



Our hero gets his skates on

THE DYKE STREAM

by Anthony E. Dundon

The Dyke Stream holds an affectionate place in the memories of Middle Parish people...

Before 1798 a stream issued from the Curraheen River (a name then used for a part of the south arm of the River Lee) below the spot where the Gaol Bridge was later built in 1835. This stream ran northwards to a moat that was near the present entrance to Fitzgerald's Park, then passed under a wooden bridge that was constructed at the cost of two shillings during the development of the Mardyke in the late 18th century. The 10 foot wide canal that continued in an eastwards direction was familiar to Corkonians as the Dyke Stream. It had many small off-shoots as it made its way towards Sheares Street - once



Cricket at the Mardyke

known as Nile Street. Interestingly, an open stream ran through Nile Street until it was arched over in 1798 - the street was named in honour of the Battle of the Nile, where Nelson destroyed a French fleet at Aboukir Bay the same year. This channel was a continuation of the stream that issued from Gaol Bridge. Even more interesting are the accounts of older Mardyke residents, who claim that gondolas were said to have made their way down the stream at the time of the Cork Exhibition in 1902.

Close by Fitzgerald's Park was a five acre site founded in 1849 and known as the Cork Cricket Grounds. In 1874, the club became the Cork and County Cricket Club, the third oldest cricket club in Ireland. In 1884 the club employed a groundsman at 14 shillings a week. He was provided with a net to retrieve cricket balls that found their way into the stream. Youngsters were mesmerised by the thorneens and sprats that swam in all directions. Many of the young fellows waded through the water to stock apples from the well laid out orchards on the further bank. They were often chased by a young man who threatened them with some flowery language, as well as a blackthorn stick that he held in his clenched hands. But boys being boys, they knew the getaway - it was through a space in the wooden barrier and then across the shallow waters of the Dyke Stream.

The large grey building of St Joseph's School, which is still a landmark on the Mardyke, stood above the meandering watercourse. It was founded in 1913 and the outer fabric of the building has not changed over the years. This was where the boys from the Marsh, the Dyke and the surrounding areas received their elementary schooling. It was run by the Presentation Brothers and a few lay teachers: Bob Tanner



The Mardyke in 1905

(William Tanner) gave unfailing service to the school from the 1920s until he retired in 1963.

Here the stream received its first tributary from the freely flowing Lee. The river's gushing waters met the Dyke Stream at a right angle and where the two currents collided was a two foot high wall which had a gap in its stony contour. If the tide was very high, the current of water from the Lee created a whirlpool effect almost resembling a waterfall. There were days when the stream was overflowed and the murky waters became loaded with debris of all descriptions: wood, cabbage heads, bottles, as well as pieces of furniture. The overpowering current from the Lee seemed only to encourage the little stream to continue its onward journey. The wire railing that ran along the banks was merely a decoration. It consisted of strands of wire running through iron bars that were sunk into concrete. The bars were eight feet apart and in later years became dangerous, as some of them had separated from their attachments. So whether this "railing" ever functioned as a protective barrier is highly debatable.

One resident of Dyke Parade kept a ladder in the hallway and this was used to retrieve school books that found their way into the channel. "Where's that ladder?"- thundered the neighbours when a youngster toppled backwards into the waterway in the mid-1950s. In the excitement, the ladder broke in two and the lad had to be lifted from the water by two pedestrians. Needless to say, those two brave men were warmly congratulated by the lad's parents.

Past St. Joseph's was a playing field that was called Pres Field. Always associated with rugby, it was here the Pres boys practiced the game after school. From the little bridge at the entrance to Pres Field the stream meandered another 100 yards towards its destination. A high wall marked the spot where it flowed under a gully and then out to the river, traversing a large malting belonging to Beamish and Crawford. The brewery effluent found its way to the Dyke Stream and contributed to its murkiness. This brewery was an old, dilapidated windowless building with dark grey walls that rarely saw the sun. The only sign of life here was the occasional appearance of a worker at one of the half-opened shutters. Closer inspection revealed that he frequently shovelled spadefuls of barley and grain. This was the last landmark along the famous waterway. In the late 1960s the brewery was taken over by the university and completely refurbished: the large courtyard was converted into a carpark and the interior into lecture halls and laboratories.



By the late '60s much worse was to beset this historic stream. After much argument and public opposition, it was decided to do away with it, fill it in and hence deprive the citizens of a landmark that they prided and cherished. Opposition came from the local residents, and also from people in authority. However, the opinion was that society should "move with the times". The devastation was soon upon us. We saw it all: The concrete blocks, the stones and gravel being shovelled into the stream. It was being arched over and what remained of the once-celebrated elm trees were cut down. An era had come to an end.

Taking Folklore into our community

As part of its Folklore in the Community programme, Northside Folklore Project members deliver lectures, accompanied by slides and video recordings, to schools, college groups and community organisations. In recent months several groups of American students studying at University College Galway have enjoyed these talks during visits to Cork. Lectures are a two-way process, with input from audiences welcomed. A wide range of topics have been covered, including children's folklore, important calendar festivals such as Lá Bealtaine (May Day) and local history. Talks can be readily tailored to meet the individual needs of different age groups.

THE BOWLERS REST

by Stephen Hunter

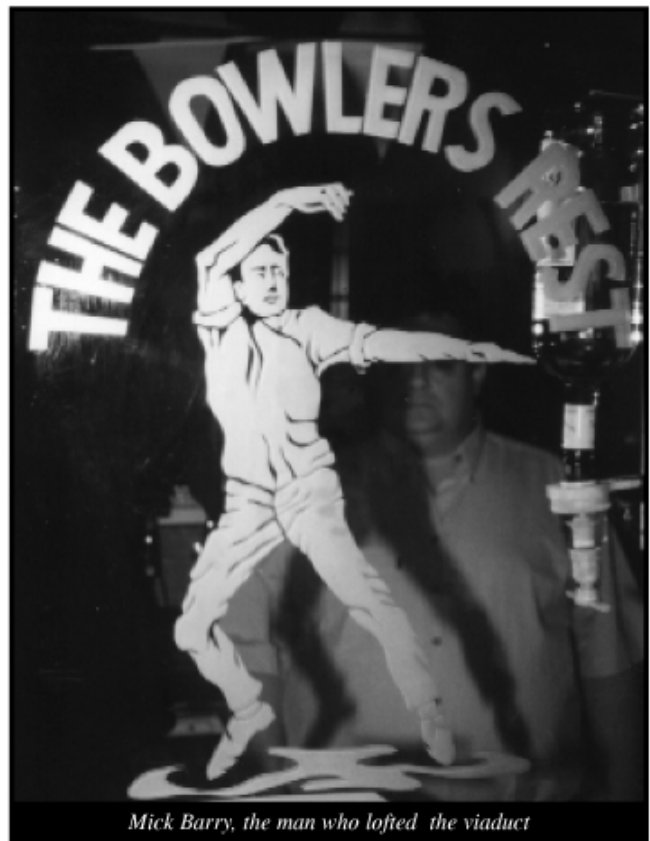
The Bowlers Rest celebrates sportsmen like the famous Mick Barry...

At present the Northside's Blackpool area hosts no fewer than 24 licensed premises, the majority of them small neighbourhood pubs, each with its unique ambience and each imbued with a wealth of interesting history and folklore. **The Bowlers Rest** (021-4300096), is located in a two-storey end-of-terrace building on the western side of what is colloquially known as the Mallow Rd (more correctly Dublin St). North of here Blackpool merges into the small district of Millfield, with the heights of Kilbarry rising steeply from the edge of the valley floor across the road to the east.

The pub has a proud association with Delaneys, a popular hurling club based in the area, and local people, especially Gaelic sports enthusiasts, are its core clientele. It has a friendly, low-key atmosphere and other patrons, from out-of-town shoppers visiting the bustling new Blackpool Shopping Centre nearby to the occasional backpaker, also receive a warm welcome. Proprietor Denis Murphy grew up in the premises and has a keen appreciation of the pub's evolution. "My family have been the licensees since the 1950s, but there has probably been a pub here since the 18th century. The place has gradually expanded, so that now it incorporates four buildings. We used to be right at the edge of the Corporation's area and an adjoining house that we absorbed remained in the County. Up into the 1960s, the boundary literally ran through the pub. At certain times you could legally buy a drink in the northern, county side of the place, but not the city part! Another archaic Sunday law meant that you could get a drink in the morning only if you were travelling somewhere, not if you were local. Naturally you had locals claiming they were in from the country."

"The Bowlers" is a favourite gathering-place for the road-bowling fraternity, with Blackpool people meeting bowlers from further afield. Even with the spread of suburbia, devotees can still resort to traditional bowling spots at no great distance in Ballyvolane and along the Old Whitechurch Road. The lounge bar boasts two fine depictions of famous bowler Mick Barry in action, sand-blasted onto glass by artist Oliver Parsons. One adorns a mirror behind the bar, the other a glass partition. Mick is renowned for having "lofted the viaduct" - thrown a 16 ounce bowling "iron" over the top of the 90ft. high Chetwynd railway viaduct at Cork's southern approaches. Another feature is a cast iron pillar that was once a main support in Molly Howes Bar. This old pub, demolished around 1970, stood on Thomas Davis St near Spring Lane, and was celebrated in GAA circles, being much-patronised by members of the Glen Hurling Club.

Denis remembers when the pub stood at the virtual edge of the countryside. "The ESB Pole Field, or Commons Field, was right next door. That was a marshy wilderness, with the Bride and the Glen rivers running through it. As children we dammed the Bride to make a swimming place and there was lots of wildlife: foxes, rabbits, herons, brown trout and otters." He sees the pub being firmly rooted in the area's traditions, pointing to a large bottle of Hewitt's whiskey: "We must be one of the last



Mick Barry, the man who lofted the viaduct

places in Blackpool to stock this fine drink now, and yet for years it was produced at Hewitt's Watercourse Distillery, not far away. As a community we could do more to publicise the area's heritage. I was involved for a few years with local business people in organising a Blackpool Festival. We put in proposals to restore some historic buildings near Blackpool Bridge. There were remains of a distillery, a tannery, a bakery - all the sorts of things that made the place famous originally. We envisaged a working heritage centre on the road to Blarney, which could have been fantastic for the Northside, but unfortunately we never got official support." He is less than enamoured of the recent trend towards "superpubs": "Obviously they are making it harder for some small traditional pubs to survive. Beyond that, they often do nothing to boost a sense of community. We view our patrons as friends and neighbours, and do our best to support responsible drinking. I still do things like driving customers home at the end of the evening sometimes."

Like many old buildings, "The Bowlers" is said to harbour a resident ghostly presence. Both Denis and long-time bar manager Barry Mitchell have been aware of it. Says Denis: "I've never seen anything, but I've definitely felt a presence a few times when I've been here alone. Some people have glimpsed an unexplained man, usually late at night. He seems to have been some sort of bar employee, maybe a porter, with an apron over his clothes. Whoever or whatever he was, there's never been anything frightening about it, so I guess he belongs here."

OSPIDÉAL NA LEANBH TRÉIGTHE

le Seóirse Sálter (Canónach)



Former Foundling Hospital entrance, Leirim Street

Leis na blianta anuas, féachann Seandún ar na Déantúsí, na daoine ag teacht agus imeacht agus ar gach uile a bhí ar siúl fé scáth an Túir. Mairfodh na mílte beithíoch gach bhliain agus chuireader an fheoil steach i mbairrille chun é a thabhairt thar lear. An fola an tháinig ós na beithígh, as sin a deineadh "Drishín". Ag an am gcéanna bhí an déantús ime ag dul i méid san áit agus tháinig na ceannaitheoirí le chéile chun an déantús a chur ar aghaidh... Maraon le sin bhí ceol na gclog le cloisint ar fud na Cathrach.

In aice Seandún d'oscailfodh Oispidéal na Leanbh Tréigthe, fé Acht den bParliament sa bhliain 1747 chun linbh tréigthe a thabhairt isteach chun cúram a thabhairt dóibh. Bhí an t-Oispidéal seo fé choimirce na Cathrach -- daoine fé leith a bhí toghfa gach bliain chun é a stiúradh. Bhí cáin spesialta fén a bhráid chun cabhrú le seo -- scilling ar gach tonna gual a tháinig isteach i gCorcaigh.

Bhí comhacht ag na Gobhnéirí linbh tréigthe a thabhairt isteach san Oispidéal chun aire a thabhairt dóibh comh maith le héadaigh. Tugadh teagasc dóibh ina theannta sin i léamh agus scríobhneoireacht. Bhí ceithre scoileanna ins an Institute agus tháinig an dochtúir gach lá chun freastail ar na linbh.

Sa bhliain 1833 bhí 1765 leanbh ar na rollaí. Deirtear go raibh an t-Oispidéal suite in aice Abha an Kiln le cois Sráid Naomh Eóghain. Sa bhliain 1854 dhún na Gobhnéirí an t-Oispidéal agus cuireadh na leinbh isteach i dTeach na mBocht ar an dtaobh theas den gCathair.

Ar dtús nuair a oscailfodh an t-Oispidéal dos na lenbh tréigthe bhí an iomarca páistí ann agus bhí gach sort galair ag cur isteach ortha agus fuair 18 fén gcéad bás gach bliain. Ní raibh dóthain slí ná cabhrac aca chun freastail ar na páistí ach nuair a dúndadh an t-Oispidéal agus tar éis é a dhíol bhí na Gobhnéirí i n-ann na páistí a chur amach fé chúram cloinne. As san amach bhí gach rud déanta ar son na páistí fé chúram chloinne. As san

amach bhí gach rud déanta ar son na bpáistí fé mar a dhéantar i ngnáth-chlann.

Seo cuid d'ár stair i gCathair Chorcaighe ó'n ochtú haois déag agus is maith an rud é go bhfuil athrú iontach tagaithe in ár measc leis na blianta anuas.

The Foundling Hospital: Summary

Over the years Shandon looked down on the Industries, the people going about their business under the Shadow of the Tower. Thousands of cattle were slaughtered in the vicinity - from the blood of the cattle "drisheen" was made. Buyers came to promote the industry and butter was manufactured for export as well as meat. Near Shandon the Foundling Hospital was opened in 1747 to care for foundlings - under the Patronship of the City - one shilling per ton was levied on coal to support the hospital. The Governors controlled admissions, providing care, clothing and education in Reading and Writing. A doctor attended daily. In 1833 there were 1,765 children on the Roll list and the hospital was located near the Kiln River (John Street).

In 1854 the Governors closed the hospital and the children were transferred to the Workhouse on the Southside of the city. At the beginning, the Foundling Hospital was over-crowded and 18% died there annually - there was not sufficient room nor facilities to care for the children. After the sale of the Hospital the children were boarded out to families - a vast improvement. All this is now in the past and we can see the great changes for the better that have taken place through the years.

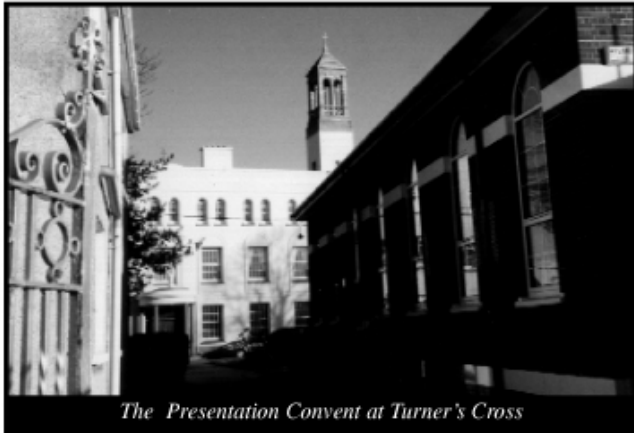
Canon George Salter was for many years Rector of St Luke's Parish, Church of Ireland, on Cork's Northside and a popular figure in the community.



Shandon today

THE NUN'S STORY

by Seán Walsh



The Presentation Convent at Turner's Cross

Sister Marie Collins looks back on a fulfilling vocation...

On a bright summer afternoon Dolores Horgan and I interviewed Sister Marie Collins on behalf of the Northside Folklore Project. We travelled to her convent at Turner's Cross, on the Southside of the city.

Sister Marie began by telling us she wanted to be a nun from about the age of five. She trained as a teacher and taught primary school for 15 years. Later she studied for her degree by night and qualified as a secondary teacher. When she was working she usually rose at around 6.40 a.m. Although she was age 18 when she entered the Novitiate, it was five years before she was professed and entered the community proper. Her training as a nun was strict. They used to have prayers around an altar and novices would have to confess their little breaches of rules. They would have to ask pardon for "offences" such as slamming a door or running along a corridor, for which they received penance. Then they would have Religious Study. Each sister had a job or "charge" - e.g. to keep a corridor cleaned, waxed and polished in addition to keeping her own room tidy. An important part of the day's activities was when they said the Rosary together, as well as chanting the Office three times daily.

She needed permission if she wanted to write a letter. She found it hard that letters to her family were read before they were posted. Similarly, her letters from her mother to her were inspected before she received them. Her brother wrote once to her and signed off "We'll see you soon, Philip". Sister Marie was called up and asked by the Novice Mistress "Who is Philip?" Sister Marie replied, "My brother" and recalls, "she got the land of her life!" But afterwards she laughed over the incident.

In her early days of primary school teaching, Sister Marie would have up to 50 pupils in a class. She still teaches religion and nowadays pupils might ask her "Did you ever have a boyfriend?" "I had several", she would reply. "Oh, we wore beautiful frocks, not like the things you wear now, you're half naked. We had big puffy sleeves, pleated skirts and all sorts of pretty blouses".

In recent years she might watch television or listen to the radio to relax. She had the use of the community car to take her fellow

nuns on outings or to necessary things like hospital appointments. Sister Marie is also an avid reader and reads books that the nuns bring up from the Central Library on Grand Parade. The religion class that she teaches is a break from formal studies for the pupils, away from exam pressure, when the class can relax and listen to a story or engage in discussion. As to her own belief in God, she points to signs in the natural world all around us and asks: "Who made the flowers grow, who made the grass grow, how is it that the daffodils are out above on the Northside and are flowering in America at the same time? Who could that be?"

Dolores asked the sister if the nuns shaved their heads completely when veils were worn. She answered that this was a matter of choice. Those who had their hair cut very short in order to feel comfortable found it difficult to grow it when the rules were liberalised as a consequence of Vatican II. "It was an awful shock to us to take off the old headgear and appear in the new headgear". Before adopting "modern" dress, after the Second Vatican Council, the habit and veil were the normal dress code of the Sisters. Little shawls were worn in winter but these were optional.

All salaries and pensions go to the General Bursar and provisions are made for every religious community. Each Sister receives a small monthly allowance, something which never occurred in the days of enclosure. This she is free to use for personal expenses, excluding medicines, doctors' bills, etc. In recent times the Sisters get an extra holiday allowance and are free to choose and arrange for this. Sister Marie has travelled quite a lot. Among other places, she has visited Rome, Prague, the Holy Land, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland and Greece. She has also made the pilgrimage to Fatima, in Portugal.

Dolores said to Sister Marie, "You've had a very interesting and varied life". To which the sister replied: "I think I'm a great survivor."



South Presentation Convent, Douglas Street

LAETHANTA SCOILE; CUIMHNÊ CINN

le Con Higgins

Rugadh me i dtithe úf Mhaidín sa Linn Dhubh i 1955. Bhí mo thriúr deárthair is mo thriúr deirfiúr ina a gconaf ann leis-ní raibh mórán spáis sa tigh ach i. gcoitinne bhí saol sona sásta again cé gur saol cruá bocht a bhí ann sna caogaidí is sna seascaidí. Is maith is cuimhín liom go raibh air m'athair imeacht leis go dtí an Bhreatain Bheag chun obair d'fhail. Sheolfadh sé airgead chuig mo mháthair gach seachtain. Bhíodh Mam ag tnúth leis an litir gach Máirt. Bhíomar ar bís ag am Nollag agus i rith an tsamhraidh nuair a tháinig Daid abhaile ar laethanta saoire. Bhíodh bronntanais iontácha aige dúinn. Tá cuimhne géar fós agam ar "corgi transporter" a thug sé dom agus sé charr istigh ann, ba iontach an sport is scléip a bhí agam leo.

Nuair a bhíod ceithre bliana d'aois chuas ar scoil go dtí Clochar na Toirbhirte. Bhí na mná rialta den scoth um mhúineadh. I rang a haon, an tSúir de Lourdes. Mhúin sí an fheadóg stáin dúinn, d'imir sí peil linn, bhí cluichí reatha again so chlós ina coinne- an téa bhuaigh an rás fuair sé úll mór dearg ó úllord na Suireacha. Bhíodh gliondar crof orainn nuair a d'iarradh Sr. de Lourdes orainn dul go dtí cistin an chlochir chun arán úr te, subh dearg i gcann a, ull mór, agus bainne te d'fhail. Bhíodh boladh aráin ar fud na scoile don lá ar fad.

Trí bhliain ina dhiaidh sin shúil mo mham mé go dtí an Mhainistir Thuaidh. Ait mhillteach mhór ba ea í. Bhí breis is míle dalta ag freastal ar an dá bhunscoil ag an am, Mon A agus Mon B. Is cuimhín liom go maith agus mé i. Rang a dó go raibh craobh cluiche Sciath na Scol ar siúl i bpaire na scoile idir Mon A agus Mon B. Bhí na hoidí ar bís, bhí na daltaí ag beiceadh in ard a gcinn is a ngutha. B'iontach an choimhlint í. An mhaidín dár gcionn bhí brat "Mon B" dearg is bán, ag séideadh go brodúil ar dhíon na scoile. Rinneadh mórshúil timpeall chlós na scoile, an corn in airde ag captaen fhoireann "Mon B" athas crof ar oidí is daltaí scoile amháin, brón is diomá ar dhaltaí is oidí na scoile eile.

Cuimhne eile atá go buan im'aighe ná an lá a bhí orm dul go dtí teach na Cúirte mar bhí scata again, deich mbliana d'aois, ag imirt iománaíochta ar an tsraí. Gearradh fineáil leathchoroin orainn uilig. Ní gliondar crof a bhí ar m'athair an lá sin.

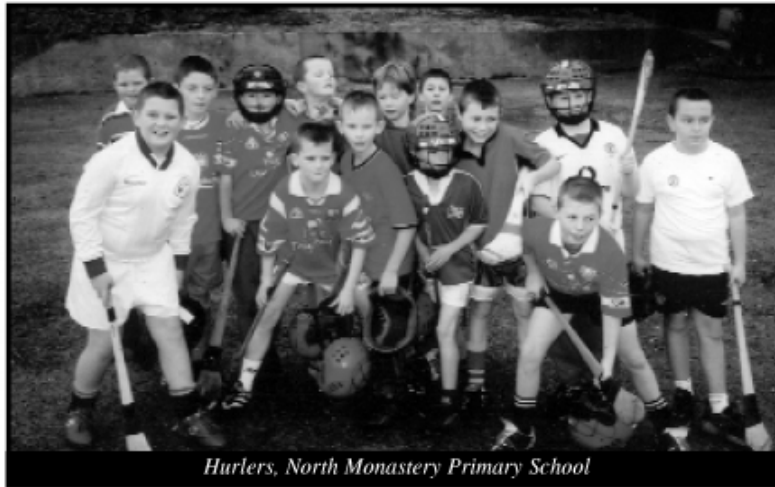
Lá an-mhór an lá a bheadh cluiche i. gCorn an Artaigh á imirt. Bhíodh alán de na cluichí i gCill na Mullach nó Cill Mhocheallóg na laethanta sin. Théimís ar an traein, gach mac máthar is iníon athair ag taisteal. Bhíomís go léir gléasta Le dathanna gorm is bán. Chanaimis "Amhrán na Mainstreach" *Seo dhaoibh a chairde, tógáigí na gártha. Musclaigí meannan na Maí sa sport Níl ar an domhan seo, dream mar an dream seo, Troidigí go láidir is ná geilligí dóibh.*

*ós ar gcionn tá an brat ag séideadh,
Gorm is bán in airead leo*

Cruas is luas a laochra Éireann An Mhainistir ar aghaidh is an Mhainistir go deo.

Bhéiceamar's Ghríosamar an fhoireann. Bhí an- bhród orainn as éacht na foirne. Gach Aoine bhíodh scannán ar súil tar éis scoile-réal an costas a bhí air timpeall trí cent san airgead atá anois again. I halla na seanscoile (leagadh é sna hochtoidí) a thaispean faidís an scannán. Muna mbeadh an t-airgead agat, ligeadh na Bráithre isteach thú saor in aisce.

I lár na seascaidí bhí mórtás cine go láidir sa scoil ag tabhairt omóis do cheannairí Eirí Amach 1916. Bailíodh cúpla pingin



Hurlers, North Monastery Primary School

ó gach dalta gach Aoine. Tógadh brat pholla agus d'aurdíit an brat naisuinta gach maidín agus chanaimis an t-Amhrán Naisiúinta. Timpeall an ama seo leis bhí iar dhalta, Jack Lynch ina aire oideachais agus d'oscail sé an "mheánscoil nua". Tógadh linn snámha leis. Bhí an-obair á dhéanamh ag na Bráithre do dhaltaí thuaisceart na Cathrach ag an am. Is cuimhín liom cúpla oide a thug an-

oideachas dom i. rith na laethanta mar dhalta sa Mhainistir Thuaidh. Mhúin Seamas O Muineacháin mé (tá sé fós ag múineadh sa bhunscoil) i. rang a cúig agus bhí an Br. Seán de Búrca agam i. rang a sé. Muinteór den chéad scoth ba ea Seán. Measaim gur dea - shampla an Bhráthair sin ba chuis domsa a beith im Bhráthair Críostaí ar feadh breis is fiche bliain. Chuas chun oilúint mar bhrathair go Baile Atha Cliath agus mhúineas i scoileanna na mBráithre i.g Cromlínn, i nDurlas, i Mainistir Eimhín agus i Luimneach.

Bhí an -áthas orm nuair a cuireadh um mhúineadh i. mbunscoil na Mhainstreach Thuaidh i 1991. Cé go raibh mórán athruithe tagtha ar an saol, ní raibh aon athrú taghta ar mheoin aighe dhaltaí na Main. Bhí an spiorad, meanman, is mórtas scoile chomh treán agus a bhí sé riamh. Bhí atmasféar cairdúil, deas ceanúil, agus dea- spiorad timpeall na scoile. Bhí dea-obair á dhéanamh ag múinteoirí, sa seomra ranga agus taobh amuigh de.

D'fhágas na mBráithre i 1999 ach d'fhanas mar Phríomh Oide sa scoil. I 2001 nascadh an dá bhunscoil le chéile toisc go raibh lion na ndaltaí laghdaithe. Comóradh iubhaile órga na bunscoile i. 2002 le "gréasán" álainn i. gclós na scoile, tromlach na hoibre déanta ag na daltaí féin, iad á stuiríú ag ealaíontóir. Mags Geaney. Léigh an t-easpag O Buachalla Aifreann speisialta, bhí an halla lán de Thuistí - daltaí, iar-dhaltaí is cairde na scoile. Bhí daréag sagart ag léamh an Aifreann leis, iad go léir ina - iardhaltaí den bhunscoil

Ag tús mo chuimhn cinn dúras gur rugadh mé i dtithe Uí Mhaidín sa Linn Dhubh. Chónaigh mo mham ann ar feadh a saoil. Tháinig droch thinneas uirthi i. mí na Nollag 1999. Bhí uirthi fanacht in ospidéal na Trocaire. Nuair a bhí sí ag dul i. laige go mór agus an bás i ndán di theastaigh uaithi go gcuirfí abhaile go Tithe Uí Mhaidín í. Thogas abhaile í an Chéadaoin dar gcionn. Thainig cairde is comharsana ar chuairt chuici. An Satharn dar gcionn i. measc na gcomharsan agus na cairde agus cé go raibh fhios aici go raibh sí gar don bhás bhí sí sona suaimhneach mar bhí sí socair sásta i measc a muintir féin.

Níl áit ar domhain cosúil leis an Linn Dhubh. Daoine beo bríomhar atá ina gcónaí ann. D'fhulaing na seanóirí a lán cruatan, go hairithe i rith a nóige ach tá beocht is "deareadh neamhghéillúill ag glioscarnach ina súile. Maireann siad ar scáth a chéile. Tuigeann siad an focal comhluadar, "ar scath a cheile a mhaireann na daoine." Táim thar a bheith brodíil gur rugadh is gur togadh mé in áit chomh speisialta, gur fhoghlaim mé na nithe (go mba choir duinn ard-mheas a bheith orthu) a sheasann do dhuine i. rith a shaoil. Críochnóidh mé le seanfhocal.

"Is buan fear ina dhúthaigh féin."

Agus greim filíochta ó Seán O Riordáin.

Dein d'fhaistín is dein

Siohánin led 'ghinúin féinig

Is led 'thigh - se féin is ná tréig iad;

Ní dual do neach a thigh ná a threabh thréigean.

Summary: Memories of childhood days, particularly school days in the North Presentation Primary School and in Scoil Mhuire Fatima, North Monastery Primary School. The great sporting traditions of the North Mon are recalled, the weekly



North Mon Primary

films shown in the old school hall. The pride that the pupils, brothers and teachers had and still have in "De Mon", the great example given to us by parents who worked hard and handed on the values that we still cherish. - *Con Higgins, Principal, North Monastery Primary School*

Sciath na Scol sa Mhainister Thuaidh óThobh an Mhúinteora - by John Anderson.

I returned to the North Mon in 1998 as a teacher and was immediately taken by the spirit and enthusiasm for the games shown by the pupils and teachers. I got involved of course, and soon realised what a proud tradition the Mon has, a tradition



*John Anderson,
Glen hurler & North Mon coach*

held dear by the teachers. After a short time, I felt a certain awe for the men and women who work with the boys. While winning is always welcome, training the pupils is also a pleasure. It is always satisfying to see boys from different clubs get together to form a team in the Mon colours. It is also satisfying to see the boys develop both as players and as people and we hope that these skills stay with pupils throughout their lives.

Being involved allows us teachers to get to know the pupils outside a classroom situation and allows them to see a different side to us too. To put it simply, the rewards of doing games with the Mon boys are many and we would not spend the time doing so if we thought it a chore.

What playing Sciath na Scol in the Mon meant to me.

The North Mon has a very long and proud tradition and I am happy that I have been involved in some way in keeping that alive. As a past pupil and having represented the school in various Sciath na Scol competitions, I am fully aware of the pride associated with playing for the school teams in this context. As a six-year old boy I started playing hurling in the class Leagues and schools competitions. After years of enjoyment it was my turn to wear the famous Mon jersey and to try to play with the same passion, spirit and skill as those who wore it before me. I can still remember the pride when my school friends and I represented our school in the Sciath na Scol Finals in Pairc uí Chaoimh. The great sense of enthusiasm and desire to achieve that parents, teachers, pupils and friends of the Mon instilled in us was infectious. Although our team was not successful on the day, the qualities the North Mon passed to us have lasted a lifetime. "Once a Mon boy, always a Mon boy", as the saying goes. Playing Sciath na Scol with the Mon was a very enjoyable experience for me and I'm sure pupils today get the same sense of joy when lining out for "The Pride of the Northside".



GAA MEMORIES

by Billy McCarthy

The voice of Micheal O'Hehir set the blood tingling in our veins and sent our young minds racing as we listened to the broadcast of the All-Ireland Hurling Final. There were few wireless sets around Quaker Road in the 1940s and '50s, but Mrs Jones at No. 14 was sure to turn up the volume for the benefit of us children who sat around her front door enthralled by the action being relayed from Croke Park on that sunny Sunday afternoon. This was my introduction to Gaelic games and my love of hurling and football has not waned throughout the years. East View Terrace, off Quaker Rd, a Southside cul-de-sac of 16 houses that had been laid with a new concrete surface, served as an ideal playing pitch for some hotly-contested matches. These must have sorely tried the patience of the residents who were virtual prisoners in their homes for the duration of the game. Thinking back to those times brings to mind an incident that happened one day when I was about 12 years of age. Two of my pals and I were playing ball, using the gable end of Power's house as a goalmouth, when Garda O'Halloran, a kindly local policeman on his way home for lunch, cycled into the terrace. He told us that a complaint had been received at the station and he would have to take our names. The result was that we were fined 3s 6d each. (A criminal record at 12 years of age?)

I attended Christ King Primary School, Turner's Cross, a great nursery of Gaelic games whose achievements, academic and sporting are legendary - shame to tarnish such a fine record, on both counts. Brother Andrew was the school hurling coach and he insisted that all boys in the 12 to 14 year age group should attend for training on Wednesday afternoons. I accepted the challenge with great enthusiasm and set out to display the skills so keenly honed on those Sunday evenings in East View Tce. I took up my position at centre field, and felt I was doing fine considering the remarkable shortage of ball supplied to my area of the pitch. Suddenly the voice of Brother Andrew boomed out, "who's the fool with the hurley walking around out there?" So ended any ambitions I may have had of representing my school on the playing field. However, I still had one more string to my bow. Through my future brother-in-law I became acquainted with Redmonds Hurling & Football Club. Now here was my chance to really set the GAA world alight. And I tried, goodness knows, I tried! But there's only so much a tormented teenager can endure, so I hung up my boots at age 16.

I am a great believer in the maxim that if one waits long enough one can achieve just about anything, and so I will be eternally grateful to the organisers of the Airport nine-a-side Gaelic football tournament sponsored by the late Mr Billy O'Halloran in 1977. At that time I was employed as an aircraft refueller with Irish Shell Ltd at Cork Airport, and I was invited to play for one of the teams. After being tried in a number of positions it was agreed that my true place, if we were to field a full team, was between the posts. I can't remember how many games we played over the next two or three weeks, but our team finished runners-up and so at the age of thirty-six I was the proud

recipient of my first sports trophy. Christmas 1969 brought a major turning point in my life when, together with my wife and baby daughter, I moved to the developing suburb of Douglas. By Christmas 1976, three sons had been added to the clan and the local GAA pitch was an ideal location for passing our leisure time. Hurleys and juvenile sliotars were purchased and we were given every encouragement to use this great facility. Then in 1980 the two eldest boys announced that they wanted to play in the Street Leagues. Since I had never heard of Street Leagues I made enquiries and discovered that their names were already on the books of the GAA Street Leagues committee. So this turn of events brought about a dramatic change in my way of life as I progressed from a concerned



Billy at City Hall, Cork

parent to a team mentor and Street League committee member working with, among others, the great clubman and my good friend, the late Pat Dwyer. Later I took the natural step up to the Underage section, chairing that committee in 1986 and following that with six years as Hon Secretary. As well as committee and mentor duties, I took care of the purchase, repair and maintenance of hurleys. Sliotars, and footballs too, had to be bought and accounted for. This was all very enjoyable and satisfying work, and I never heard any of my colleagues complain of being overworked. However, with a day job that was demanding more and more attention, the pressure was increasing to cut back on my club activities, so I settled for the position of caller at the weekly Thursday night bingo sessions and MC for the Friday night sing-song in the bar. Then a major health scare took me out of the scene for the next few years, and life was rather mundane and uneventful until late 1999.

The club AGM was due to be held shortly and my colleagues bestowed on me the greatest honour any clubman could wish for. I was offered the position of Club President. I must admit that it took some time for this gesture to sink in as there were so many people working within our organisation producing results that I could never hope to achieve. Douglas GAA Club attained Senior Football status by winning the Intermediate Football Championship in 1999; the Underage section was going from strength to strength in every age group and I was appointed President of this thriving club. The highlight of my term of office has to be our great success in the Intermediate Hurling Championship in the Millennium year 2000, (my inaugural Presidential year) coupled with the opening of our new indoor training facility (2002) including sports hall, dressing rooms and gymnasium. Yes, Douglas GAA Club has come a long way in the past 20 years, and I am proud to have been associated with its development. The club is in good hands under the chairmanship of Derry Holland, and I am confident that he, along with his hard-working committee, will guide us on the road to further success. We have been blessed with a constant line of decent, honourable people caring for our youth throughout the years, and I am happy to say that my own children benefited hugely under their influence.

WOMEN'S ORAL HISTORY PROJECT IN UCC

A women's oral history project entitled *Women in Paid Employment in Munster, 1936-1960*, was launched in the National University of Ireland, Cork, in February 2000. The project is one strand of a wider research initiative on Women in Irish Society, which was funded by the Higher Education Authority Programme for Third Level Institutions in Ireland. The oral history project sought to collect the life stories of women who engaged in paid work in the counties of Cork, Kerry and Limerick between 1936 and 1960. The Project has resulted in the collection of 42 oral history interviews, which provide richly textured ethnographic accounts of women's experience of diverse kinds of waged work and associated issues. The women who participated in the study were self-selected in that they responded to media calls for participants and they range in age from 65 to 96. All of the interviews were recorded on mini-disc and have subsequently been stored in CD and cassette tape format. A body of material from the project, including a cassette tape of the interview, a transcript of the interview, a photograph of the respondent and any other memorabilia donated by the respondents, has been compiled. Negotiations are currently underway to secure an appropriate repository archive for this material and it is hoped that such may be provided in the new postgraduate library building at UCC. However, the expected completion date for this building is the end of 2005, hence the material will not be available to researchers for some time.

Maire Leane and Liz Kiely

T r a n s i t i o n s



Con Murphy (1943-2002)

In memory of our friend Con Murphy, who sadly passed away in June, 2002. Con was not only our co-worker but a good friend to all of us here at the Northside Folklore Project and Northside Community Enterprises. He had a great talent for music and sang for many years in the Cork Male Voice Choir. Con had a great love of life and is sorely missed by family and friends. He will be forever in our hearts.

Goodbye Friend

*It's hard to say goodbye to a friend
Whose life on earth has come to an end.
This kind and gentle man has gone.
But with us all his memory lives on.
- Maureen O' Keeffe*

Jo Allen (1950-2002)

Jo Allen came to Ireland in 1980 and found a home in Cork. Known as a passionate figurative artist at a time when this was neither fashionable nor lucrative, she attended Crawford College, NCAD, and graduated MA in Barcelona. A highly skilled painter, she always drew from life, mixing her own pigments and constantly exploring new ideas. Jo encouraged, taught and shared her passion with many students and other artists. She was also a respected traditional flute player, performing and recording with the Irish-American band, Knocknashee. Recognised sadly too late as one of Cork's major artists, she will be missed by many people in all parts of the world.

Ar dheis lámh Dé go raibh a anamacha uaisle.

EXCERPTS FROM THE SOUND ARCHIVE

by Dolores Horgan

The following are sound recording excerpts from our multi media archive, which also includes photographs and videos. The taped interviews are with people who worked in the textile industry in Cork.

Excerpt 1: Peggy Payne started work at fourteen years for Mr W. Dwyer when his factory was based at the former Butter Market in the Shandon area on Cork's Northside.

"I was working up until 1936, I was fourteen years old when I started so I must have been twenty-one because you wouldn't get permission to go to England until you were twenty-one. Before we left the Butter Market and moved out to Millfield on the Mallow Road, Mr Dwyer gave an excursion to Castlefreke. Everybody in the factory came, it was a picnic lunch. Oh, it was marvellous and Mr Dwyer, all his family and a lot of his friends waited on us. I remember we had chicken legs and everything. A summer day yes, but it didn't make a difference really. There is a castle there and we had sports and things, you know, running. There were lots of prizes, I remember I won a sleeveless pullover for running."

Excerpt 2: Nancy Byrne also worked at the Butter Market and later at Sunbeam Wolsey, where she recalls many happy working days.

"There were only fifty of us working in the Butter Market, it was one large room with an open basement. It was here the dye house was and an Englishman, Howarth was the dyer. The raw wool that was brought coloured and dirty cream, how lovely it came out of the dye house in the various colours. On the main floor were many of the different machines, stocking for making wool socks, flat for jumpers which would be put together by overlock workers or sewing machinists. Here also tables were provided for hand-finishers or menders. It was usual to find a small hole here and there in a garment due to a knot in the thread, or breaking. Those two or three girls had a nice job, at least I thought so. One of them worked as an usherette in the Cork Opera House from seven to eleven in the evenings. Her sister who was a packer also worked with her, as usherettes they wore black frocks and white frilled aprons.

My position was a machinist. Here I sat in front of a long bench at an electric sewing machine with around three other girls. On the opposite side were the overlockers and they worked machines also, finishing off the inside of woollen garments. My

task being to stitch up the side of children's tops. They were a fawn satin without sleeves and later we would attach them to the skirts. We worked from eight to six, the office workers' hours were nine to six. Life being much easier for them, firstly the boss never frequently visited their place like he did in the factory, also their lives being much more pleasant. A tennis court and other sports were provided for them. Fortunately a clinic with a doctor had been part of the building, thank God I never needed to go there, doctors were never part of my life."

Excerpt 3: Madge Barry worked in local textile factories for thirty-seven years, Lee Hosiery and Sunbeam Wolsey.

"The departments comprised of the spinning, the silk floor where they made nylons, you had the half-hose making the socks, you had the outerwear for the knitwear and underwear. We made jersey wear, suits, skirts, trousers, you name it we made it.

In the Sunbeam grounds we had beautiful gardens. In summer we had all the fruit on the trees and we were allowed to have it. Well, we took it at times when we shouldn't have, apples and pears. We had cockatoos, peacocks in beautiful colours, it was a beautiful place. We had a surgery with a doctor and nurse, we had everything, a dentist looking after our teeth and our general health, we had great facilities there. I think of all my time as I sit down today an old age pensioner of sixty-six years, I sit down knowing I spent the best years in Sunbeam with the workers and bosses and we had some good times.'



Sunbeam workers, old Butter Exchange premises

Excerpt 4: Greta Kiely worked as catering manager at Sunbeam Wolsey, joining the staff for three months and staying for ten years.

"I went there in 1960, taking charge of the canteen. There was a lady out sick at the time and she was in charge of catering, she was very ill and didn't return. I was asked to stay on, I must say it was lovely, very, very nice, lovely place to work, with lovely equipment and lovely canteen. We also had a dining room for senior staff and for board meetings which was lovely too. I must say it was very enjoyable and I enjoyed very much

working there. They had waiter service in the dining room for the board meetings and that, and it was self-service in the canteen, but the quality of food was the same. I had sixteen to eighteen staff, between cooks and canteen staff and another girl in the office, a catering officer. At that time you worked a half-day on a Saturday, as it was a five and a half-day working week. Oh, the beautiful gardens in the summer! It was lovely to go out on your lunch break and sit down there. Then there was a vegetable garden, with a fruit garden further down, and of course, a gardener. He supplied quite a lot of stuff for the canteen. I mean apples and vegetables but not a lot you know. But the gardens were beautiful and beautifully kept with a lovely lily pond and it was beautifully laid out. Also then outside the club, as we called it, where the executive dining room was, there was a lovely rose garden. Again beautifully kept, and those flowers decorated the dining room.”

Excerpt 5: Catherine O’Callaghan started her training at fourteen and a half and continued to work for twenty-one years.

“The whole seven members of my family worked in the textile industry. The eldest sister now fifty-five, Mary, she actually worked in Good Wear, which would have been former Marina Textiles and she went from there to Sunbeam. I have four brothers who are now welders. They went into that trade due to the fact they were fitters on knitting machines and as anyone would know, that could follow onto a trade of welding or any line of work in that area.

About Blackpool Church, my father came from the area known as Broad Lane. The year was around 1944 when the new chapel was built by the Dwyers. A lot of the Sunbeam workers had to do with the official opening of it. In actual fact, there would have been a choir at that time in Sunbeam, singing on that special day. The former Taoiseach Mr Jack Lynch would have attended at that time, and Mr Dwyer.

The Sunbeam was one of the best places to have been employed you know, at the time when the likes of Dunlop and Ford were running. Going back to the late 1950s we had our own dentist, doctor and nurse all in Sunbeam. Our own baths if you wanted to take a bath at the end of the evening and Friday afternoon, you were actually allowed to go and have a bath. If you wanted to better yourself in education you were allowed to attend ‘the one day week’ school. This is where a lot of women learned how to cook and sew, you know to prepare themselves for later on in married life.”

Excerpt 6: Noel Keohane followed in his father’s footsteps but went on to set up his own business in what is now Sunbeam Enterprise Park.

“My father, a machine mechanic, was in the textile trade all his life and that’s how I started. At the moment it’s a dead trade in the city now, because the textile end of it is gone. When I worked in the trade originally you had Sunbeam, who had nearly two and a half thousand people employed right here where we are now. You had Marina Textiles with nearly 450, Lee Hosiery, 300, people employed. There were two or three smaller companies, Siltona Knitwear, Finbarr Knitwear and Glenroe Knitwear all within the city, they have all gone now, you know. Of course, you have Blarney Woollen Mills, but they were small at that time, tourist market.

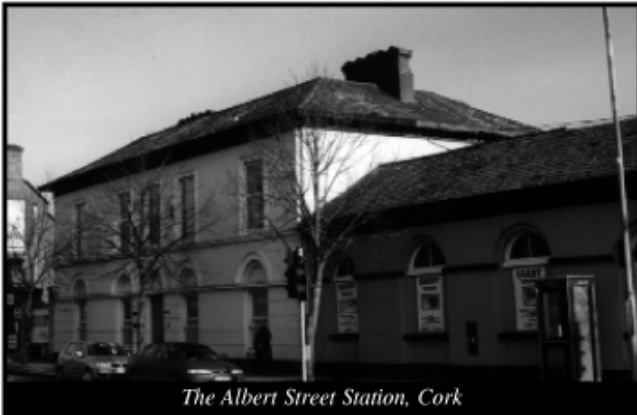
There is only myself and my ex-business partner, who is on the other side of Sunbeam, operating as well. In the beginning I followed in my father’s footsteps to Marina Textiles, a Dublin concern, the directors of it were all Dublin people. At that time going back to the ‘60s, it was a kind of family job anyway. I mean, you brought your sister and your brother in. You had at least thirty to forty brothers and sisters out of the workforce of 500, a real family. If one got in, they kind of brought the rest of the family then, you know.”



Willie Dwyer, Sunbeam pool, Millfield.
Photos courtesy Blackpool Historical Society

WALKING THE LINE

by Stephen Hunter



The Albert Street Station, Cork

From Cork City to Monkstown and beyond, the route of the former railway line unfolds like a well-told tale ...

The Cork Blackrock and Passage Railway opened in June, 1850, being extended to Monkstown and Crosshaven by 1904. Non-stop trains could make the six and a quarter mile trip from the city to Passage West in 12 minutes. Steamers on Cork Harbour operated in conjunction with the trains, connecting to places like Patrick's Bridge in the city, Queenstown (Cobh), Glenbrook and Aghada. After 1862 the Cork to Cobh train (an offshoot of the Youghal Railway), made inroads into the business of the CBPR and its associated harbour steamers, while the 1890s saw the beginning of competition from trams to Blackrock. The shipping component was a burden on the company's profitable rail line and a decision to convert from 5ft. 3in. width lines to the 3ft. narrow gauge in 1904 was misguided. In 1925 all railways in the fledgling Free State were amalgamated into the Great Southern Railways, but damage done to the network during the Civil War of 1922-23, lack of investment and the growth of motorised road transport meant an uphill struggle.

The last CBPR train ran in September 1932. In the 1970s Cork Corporation and the County Council began developing the long-neglected trackway into a walking and cycling facility which now offers tranquillity and space in the urban area, unfolding like a well-told tale, as the best journeys often do. It also acts as a valuable green corridor for wildlife such as foxes and rabbits and links a series of historical treasures. This article suggests detours from the main pathway, with various facilities mentioned. Old-style distance measurements rather than metrics have been used; these are only approximate.

The CBPR's first terminus was City Park or Victoria Station, on Victoria (now Kennedy) Quay on the Lee's south bank. By 1891 its buildings had been incorporated into the Marina flour mills, which were demolished in 1986. In 1873 a new terminus had opened at Albert St, and one and a half miles of the line was re-routed inland near Cork Race Course. The station buildings were designed by Cork architect Sir John Benson (1812-74) and are now business premises. Walking east along Albert Rd we pass Hibernian Buildings, an area colloquially known as "Jewtown". Between the 1880s and the 1920s these 19th century brick terraces hosted a Lithuanian-Jewish community. Victoria Rd leads onto Kennedy Park, which recalls U.S.

President J.F. Kennedy's Cork visit of June 28, 1963. Level ground extending for over a mile to the east is part of a large area reclaimed from the Monerea Marshes during the 19th century.

To the right rises the edge of the pre-reclamation shoreline, a low tree-clad escarpment topped by Blackrock Rd, once named Military Rd. Monahan Rd, at the foot of this ridge, is a more pleasant walk for the next half mile than the exact rail route. It was named for John Monahan, a City Manager, although local residents frequently called it "The Boggy Road". The industrial landscape has been softened by trees, including horse chestnuts, a species brought to these islands from the Balkans in the 16th century. These have provided nuts for the game of "conkers", usually held to have derived from "conqueror". In England this was often known as "oblionker", and in Cork "chessies". It may have evolved from an earlier "game", where snail shells were attached to strings, with the name arising from a resemblance to a type of sea-shell or "conch".

19th century finds of low-grade amethysts in nearby limestone quarries gave rise to the myth of diamond mining in this area. A 25ft limestone column, "The Diamond Monument", sits atop Diamond Hill. Folklore has it that a man sailing up the Lee saw something glinting on the height. On reaching the spot he found a magnificent diamond, the column being erected later. It is in fact the McCarthy Monument, designed by W.B. Atkins and built in 1871 in memory of Alexander McCarthy, a local landowner and Liberal MP who believed himself to be descended from the Cashel Eoghanaacts, progenitors of the illustrious McCarthy clan. Small bronze plaques high up the shaft represent early Kings of Munster. The scholar C.J.F. MacCarthy spoke of landing places for boats around here, including King's Quay, a 17th century one near Monahan Rd.



The Atlantic Pond in winter



Lindville House

Leaving Monahan Rd, the trackway runs for 500 yards, with the Munster Agricultural Showgrounds and Pairc uí Chaoimh, (a stadium hallowed in Gaelic sporting lore) to the right, until we arrive at the Atlantic Pond. This is a lake with a wooded islet at its centre, separated from the Lee by the high embankment of the Marina Walk, which developed out of the New Wall, a seawall begun in the late 18th century. This idyllic spot is a favourite for family outings and shelters a variety of aquatic birds, including swans, geese, ducks, moorhens, and herons. The late Noel Morrish had great knowledge of the area and believed that two bollards above the river here marked the position of the Gunpowder Quay, where explosive from the Ballincollig powder mills was loaded onto ships. Horses brought wagon loads of the dangerous cargo down Barrington's Ave from Military Rd, their iron-shod hooves covered in cloth to prevent sparks being struck. Back-tracking west along the Marina, we come to a Crimean War-era cannon, the "twenty-five to one gun". Between 1876 and the 1920s this was fired every day when "one o' clock" was telegraphed from Greenwich Royal Observatory. Cork's longitude west of London meant that the gun was actually fired at twenty-five minutes to one. The Marina is a fine walk in its own right; lined with stately elm trees, in late February it is made glorious by the gold of thousands of daffodils. Three-quarters of a mile down-river we come to a small harbour and the **Pier Head Inn** (021-4358401). Another half-mile along Castle Rd stands Blackrock Castle, where the Lee enters the harbour.

Ballintemple village on Blackrock Rd is a few minutes walk from Atlantic Pond, with two pubs, **The Venue** (4291690) and **The Temple Inn** (4293929). The Lindville Hospital site is now covered with housing, although Lindville House remains. Three sisters - Linda, Mary and Jane - are said to have each inherited a property in the locality. Lindville looks like a Victorian neo-Gothic exercise, but may have roots in the 18th century, while Maryville Court has a late-Georgian appearance. Janeville, on the southern side of Blackrock Rd, was demolished around 1970. Traces of its gate lodge can still be seen in a boundary wall. We return to the pond via Ardfoy Ave, where a plaque commemorating Maurice (alias John) Griffith of Ballintemple has been placed to one side of the curved entrance wall. He was hung in October, 1798, for trying to persuade soldiers of the Westmeath Militia to join the United Irishmen. An ornate little building to the other side was a originally a gate lodge to Ardfoy House (earlier spelling), which was known as Clifton when erected on a 25 acre demesne in the 1770s, and which became part of Our Lady of Apostles Convent in 1912.

The path restarts at Atlantic Pond's eastern end, lightly screened on either side by a variety of vegetation, with the Marina and the river to the north and the ground to the south-west dropping away to low-lying former marshlands. Near the new Main Drainage pumping station we come to Barrington's Folly, a ruined summer house also known as the Marina Folly and "The Castle". This was erected in about 1780 at the riverside margin of the grounds of Prospect (now Lis Na Lee), home of the silversmith Carden Terry (1742-1821). Around the turn of the 19th century the Folly housed meetings of the "Ballintemple Corporation", a satirical group who lampooned the Establishment of the day. After a quarter of a mile the walk heads inland via a deep cutting. A brief detour to the left leads to a grassy area, where the ruinous Dundanion Castle rises from the cliff top above a slipway, allegedly the spot from which the Quaker leader William Penn sailed for America in 1682. The three storey stone tower house was built circa 1550 by the Galwey family and is the city's second-oldest building. The site is an ancient one: *Dun Dangeon*, "The Strongly Fortified Place", was probably established by ancestors of the O'Mahonys in the 8th century. The property contains Dundanion House, built for the architect Sir Thomas Deane (1792-1871) in 1832. Deane was a prominent backer of the CBPR and his wife cut its first sod at a ceremony here in June 1847. He apparently felt that the reclamation of the land beneath the castle brought "the polluting multitude" (to borrow the poet Shelley's phrase), uncomfortably close to his home.



Maryville Court

Rejoining the trail, we pass under the handsome Dundanion Bridge, built in 1848. Under another bridge, and steps lead up to Blackrock village, which has pubs, a post office, St Michael's Catholic church and an aura of earlier times. Double railway tracks gave way to a single line here and a little red brick and limestone ticket office survives. The cutting takes a straight line through Blackrock and Ballinure, passing under Skehard Rd after half a mile; a similar distance and the stately 18th century Bessborough House and its grounds appear to the right. This was part of the large estate of the Pike family; Quaker business people who sold the property to the Catholic Church in the 1920s. Its western side is adjoined by the **Cork Heritage Park** (4358854), an interpretative centre with a cafe and spacious grounds.

To the left of the trail stands an old walled garden, which local people remember as "Molly's Orchard". This evocative relic is

soon to be levelled. At the edge of the Douglas River estuary, we have the option of turning left onto a broad walkway that skirts the edge of the Mahon Peninsula for over two miles back to Blackrock Castle. The river forms the boundary between City and County jurisdictions and is crossed by the Rochestown Viaduct, an iron railway bridge bombed in August 1922 by Anti-Treaty Republicans seeking to delay the advance on Cork of Free State forces. These latter landed at Passage and some sharp fighting with about twenty fatalities resulted near Monastery Rd, Rochestown. To the left of the trail we encounter the former Rochestown Station, now converted to a private house. To the right, the new Ronayne's Court apartment complex takes its name from a many-gabled house built around 1624 and demolished in 1969. A world-famous children's rhyme originated here:

*I had a little nut tree, and nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg, and a golden pear
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me
All for the sake of my little nut tree...*



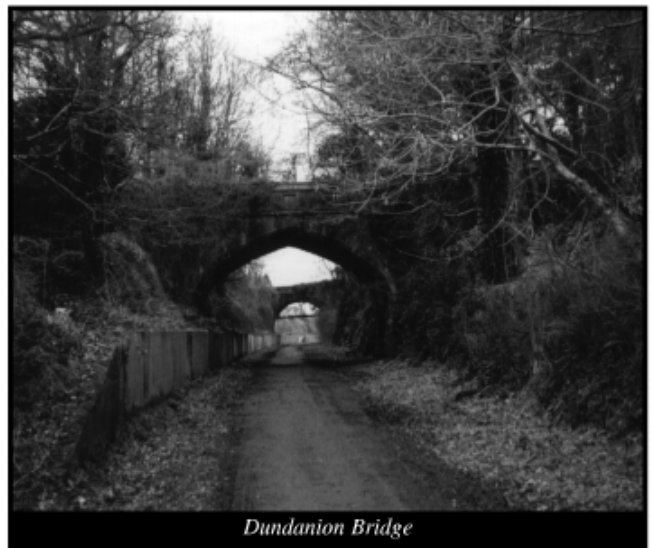
Dundanion Castle, built circa 1550

The Ronaynes were wine merchants with Spanish trading links who supplied Cork with numerous Mayors. Legend has it that a Spanish princess visited the property, but the rhyme possibly echoes the unsuccessful 1623 attempt of the future King Charles I to woo the Spanish Infanta, when Morris Ronayne may have acted as an intermediary. The garden did possess some old fig trees within living memory; the walnut tree is thought to have belonged to an even earlier house. Later stories concern Philip Ronayne (d.1775), a famous mathematician said to have been abducted as a child by a giant named Mahon and forced to work as a blacksmith's apprentice in a cave near the Giant's Stairs at Monkstown. After seven years Philip was rescued from his captivity. He was a skilled metal worker and it may be that the story is an allegory for the long training that he undertook in those crafts. He is remembered in Philip Ronayne's Island, Upper Lake, Killarney, his favourite fishing place. The Ronaynes were long connected to the Sarsfields of Doughcloyne and when Thomas Ronayne died in 1798, the estate passed to his sister, Mrs Sarsfield. A study in Ronayne's Court was constructed from old ships' timbers, while an upstairs sitting room had the reputation of being haunted. A mantlepiece from this room was installed in the foyer of Blackrock Castle. The last resident was Colonel John Lucy

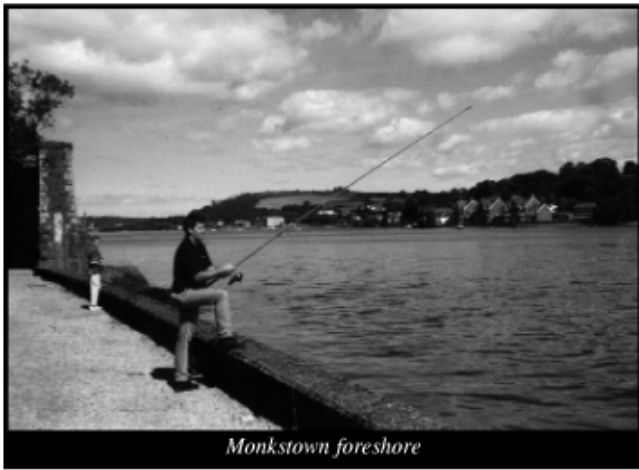
(d.1962), who fought in both World Wars and penned a book, *There's A Devil In The Drum*, (Faber, 1938).

The junction of the trail and Rochestown Rd provides a natural pause, with access to bus services, parking, **Rochestown Inn** (4364253) and the **Cinnamon Cottage** (4894922), which offers fine baking and confectionery. A pair of old gate piers at a modern entrance on Rochestown Rd originally belonged to the imposing Havisham House, a short distance up the hill to the west. Formerly the Norwood Court Hotel and Alto Villa ("High House"), its core dates from about 1740 and is currently being refurbished into apartments. Tradition asserts that during his 1858 Cork visit, Charles Dickens visited the Anglo-Irish writer Standish Hayes O' Grady here. The great novelist may have derived the abandoned wedding feast idea for *Great Expectations* from a neighbouring mansion, the 24 room Montfieldstown House. This was left abandoned for many years during the 19th century, supposedly after a young lady of the house took her own life at her wedding feast. Rescued around the onset of the 20th century, it enjoyed a new flowering, boasting an impressive library in its cellar, before being demolished in the mid-1970s. An interesting subsidiary walk from here is to follow Rochestown Rd west for about three-quarters of a mile, then turn left and ascend the slope through verdant streets until connecting with Maryborough Hill. **Maryborough House** (4365555, www.maryborough.com) is an internationally recognised hotel and leisure centre, set in wooded grounds and centred on a magnificent early-Georgian house. This is a relaxing place, with an ambience that succeeds in being classy and egalitarian at the same time.

Returning to our primary route, we take the footpath along Rochestown Rd for several hundred yards, then follow a causeway, with the broad waters of Lough Mahon to our left. To the west lies an atmospheric jumble of hedgerows, ponds, marshes, trees and occasional houses. At low tide curlews, oyster catchers, redshanks and plovers feed on the mud flats. Delicious blackberries are abundant in early autumn. In Irish the shrub is called *dris*, meaning "thorny bush", while the berries are *sméara*, (denoting something red), until they become dark red and ripe, *sméara dubha*. There was a superstition that they should not be picked after mid-October, and certainly no later than Halloween, October 31. An underlying belief was that after those times they would be ruined by some hostile supernatural force. It was once common for family groups to



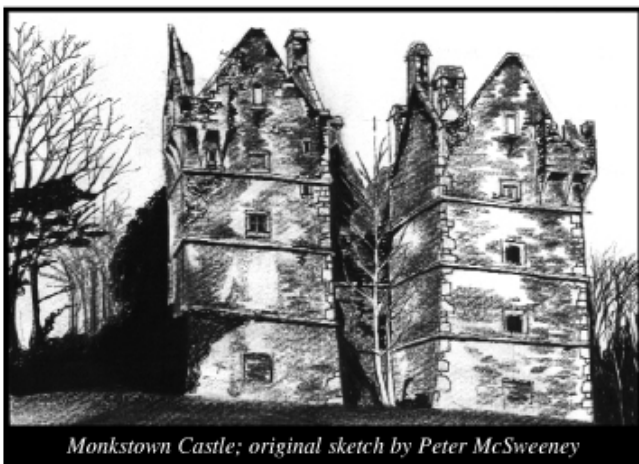
Dundanion Bridge



Monkstown foreshore

collect them, but this happens little these days. Only those growing well above the ground should be picked, given the dangers of Weil's Disease, which is spread by rats. Check with the relevant council that they have not been sprayed with insecticide. From here to Monkstown is a superb waterside promenade, which space allows us to deal with only briefly. After two miles we reach Passage West, the salt tang of the seawater pervasive. The view is enlivened by the passage of ships on the harbour and by Cobh trains on the opposite shore. A propeller shaft from the ship *Sirius* is displayed in the town centre. It made the first steam crossing of the Atlantic from here in 1838, under the command of local man Richard Roberts, now buried in the town's Church of Ireland cemetery. There are picnic spots, pubs, shops and a small public library. A tunnel conveyed the line to Glenbrook, where **Hourihanes' Bar & Bistro** (4863737) offers an hospitable welcome and a vehicle ferry plies to Carrigaloe across the harbour.

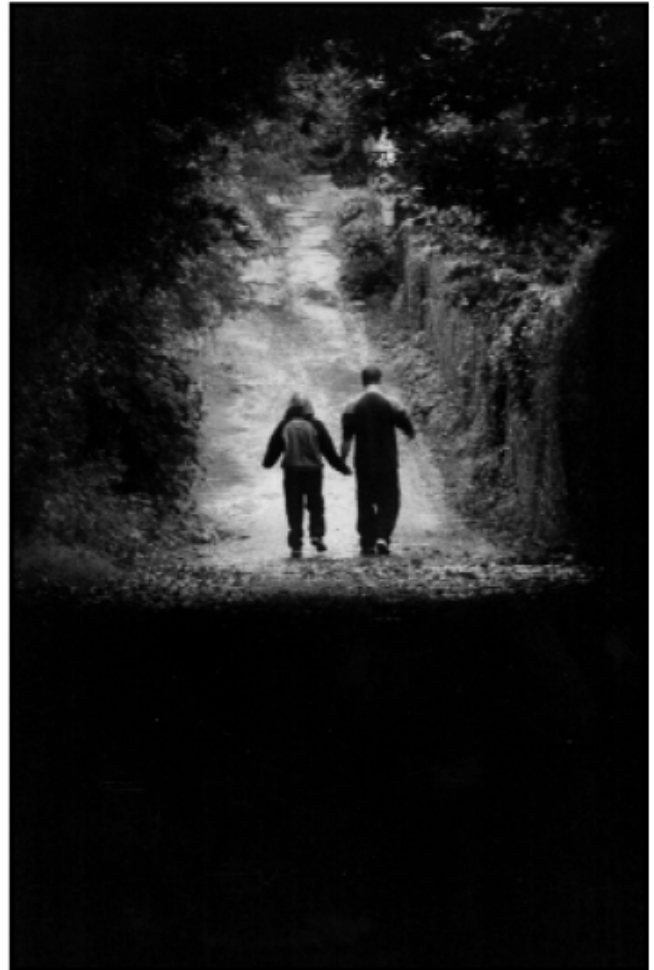
Another three quarters of a mile and we enter Monkstown, where anglers on the seawall fish for whiting. The food at **The Bosun Bar** (4842172) is well-regarded and **The Ensign Bar** (4841057) has a homely atmosphere, enhanced by the presence of a snooker table and an open wood fire. Turn right onto Glen Rd, past **The Monkstown Inn** (4841541) for Monkstown Castle, a four-storey fortified house 10 minutes up the hill. Some maintain this was erected by the Archdekin family in 1636, but folklore has it that Anastasia Goold built it, forcing workmen to buy food and goods from her, so that after deductions the whole thing cost her the grand sum of a groat (about four old pence)! The abandoned castle was a British Army barracks in the 19th century, then the Monkstown Golf Club (1908-71). It is a striking building, and with its commanding views would make a brilliant tourist facility.



Monkstown Castle; original sketch by Peter McSweeney

My hope is that this trail will become part of a major heritage route and a significant visitor drawcard, especially in the expanding domestic tourism market. There is a need for picnic tables, more seating, information boards, toilet facilities and rubbish bins. A piece of railway sculpture somewhere would be a nice touch.

Cork is a safe city by world standards, but as anywhere, common sense suggests that the more remote parts of this path should not be travelled alone. We live in a world increasingly conditioned by technology, which, for all its undoubted benefits, has its alienating side. Walking is one of the most basic of human activities, something that can replenish us on physical and psychological levels and help us to interact with our environment, to get to know it and read its different seasons.

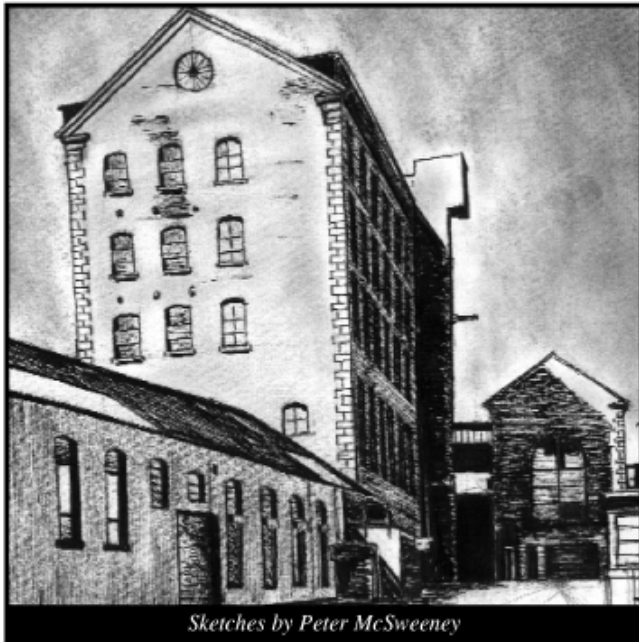


Most Irish people now live in suburbs, rather than city centres or the countryside, and the suburb should be celebrated in its own right, for at its best it contains much that is worthwhile. Perhaps we don't always realise the full value and potential of what lies near our doorsteps. Ultimately, the opportunity is there for the whole riverside littoral from Ballintemple to Monkstown and beyond, and inland to Douglas, to evolve as a park-like continuum of leafy suburbs linked by imaginative walkways, improved public transport, easy parking, good shopping, quality leisure facilities and fine food and drink. It would be a challenge for government and local bodies, community groups, schools and business interests, to co-operate in developing something that would add an important dimension to this city's 2005 tenure as the European City of Culture.

A FOLKLORE MISCELLANY

The Archive would be delighted to hear from readers on the subjects below and to receive short contributions on any other matters of folkloric interest - your thoughts, memories, theories or photographs etc would be most welcome.

Northside Notes



Sketches by Peter McSweeney

When the Goddess stirs; high water and wet feet

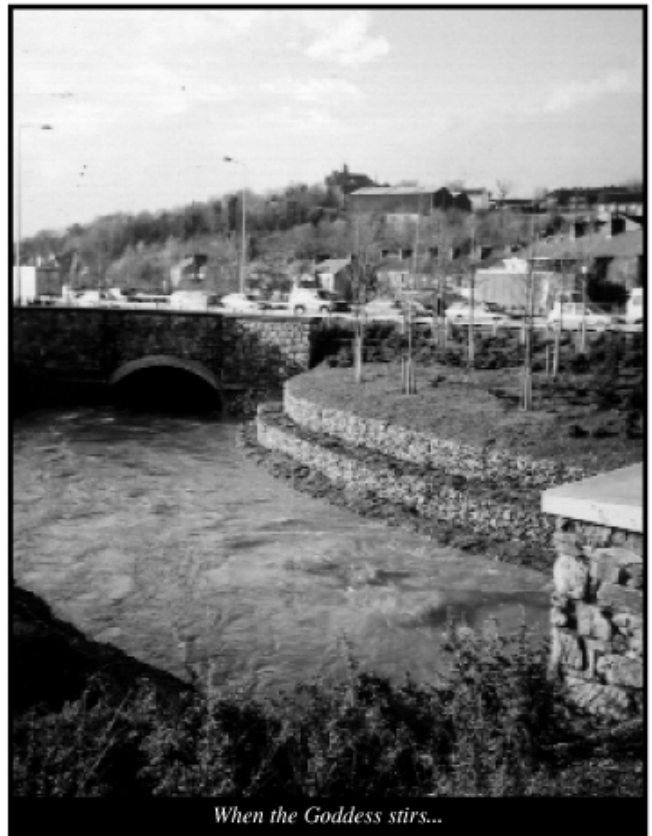
Flooding has been a problem in the Blackpool Valley ever since significant numbers of people began living on "reclaimed" marshland there, probably in the mid-18th century. An early document declares "Lady's Well Bridge was broke and



The Bride in "normal" times

spoiled", of one inundation, while the disastrous Christmas Eve flood of 1895 claimed three lives, including that of a Traveller woman near Spring Lane and a flax hackler from Belfast. A major drenching in 1951 has entered local lore.

Some of the worst recent flooding occurred in Great William O' Brien St - interestingly, thought to be the site of the original "Linn dubh", the "Dark Pool", from which the district takes its name. The Valley of the Ballycannon Bride is extremely narrow here and the river channel was unable to cope with the flow. High tides and strong on-shore winds made things worse,



When the Goddess stirs...

slowing the stream's exit into the River Lee. River names are generally the most ancient words on the landscape. The Bride is named for Brigit, a Celtic Goddess of many things, including healing and animal husbandry, who was Christianised into Brigid, Ireland's second patron saint. Beyond that, she could be seen as a major personification of female cosmic force, energy that is basically nurturing and benign, but which can also wield frightening destructive power. One of three Bride rivers in Co Cork, our stream rises at Kerry Pike and flows to the Lee at Camden Quay via Kileens and Blackpool, being joined along its course by two main tributaries, the Glen and the Glenamought. The expensive 1998 re-modelling of the Bride has failed to solve the flooding problem.

White Christmases now a rarity

Although substantial snowfalls are now rare in Cork City, the great freeze-up of 1946-47 is still recalled. Noel Deasy, director of Cork's Peugeot car dealership, has childhood memories of



Christmas 2000 Photo C.P. Hudson

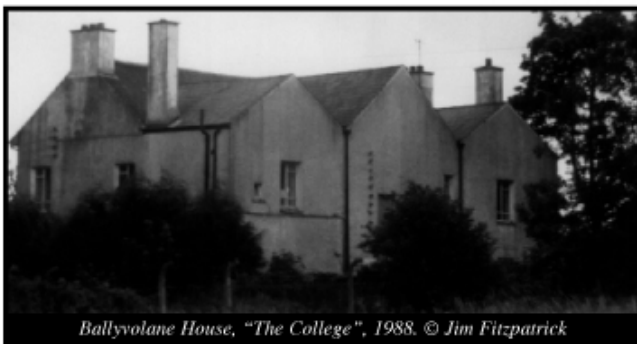
his family being virtually “snowed-in” back then for several days at their apartment in Tivoli House. More recently, there were snowfalls in February 1995 and heavier ones after Christmas 2000, when these lads on the Northside’s Old Youghal Rd revelled in the conditions. This last snowy period is also depicted in one of the Northside Folklore Project’s series of newly-published postcards.

Will the real Ballyvolane House please stand up?

The English Parliamentary leader, Oliver Cromwell, is reputed to have spent the Christmas of 1649 at the Northside’s Ballyvolane House. There is no historical proof for this and there is a debate as to which one of several residences this house was. Research indicates that the building in question was a rambling three-storey structure known as The College or Ellis House, which stood in the neighbourhood of the present Chapel Gate housing development. It appears to have dated back to 1641, and it may well have occupied the site of an older, semi-fortified pile. The house belonged to Stephen Coppinger, head of an influential Catholic family that had its roots among Danish settlers of pre-Anglo-Norman times, and which may have been established in the area since then.

The story goes that after his arrival in Cork in December 1649, Cromwell met with prominent Catholics, including Stephen Coppinger, at the King’s Old Castle (site of today’s Argos Store, Grand Parade), to inform them of his intention to redistribute their land to his followers. Recognising Stephen as someone who had helped him financially many years previously in Holland, Cromwell assured him that he would not forfeit his lands. The Lord Protector is said to have stayed at Ballyvolane as the Irishman’s guest, and it is true that although Catholics all around lost their holdings, the Coppingers retained theirs. In living memory people called a small room on the first floor “Cromwell’s Room”.

Stephen’s grandson Edward fought against the Williamites at the 1690 Bottle Hill skirmish and the Coppingers lost ownership of the property in 1701, soon regaining it through



Ballyvolane House, “The College”, 1988. © Jim Fitzpatrick

marriage. Arthur O’Neill, a celebrated blind harper from Tyrone, visited in 1750 and noted that he was regally welcomed “by a gentleman of great rank and consequence named Coppinger”. The property became a boarding school in the early 19th century. Part of the building was demolished around 1850, after which the Ellis family moved in, acquiring the estate from Mrs O’Connell, a Coppinger relative. Tradition held that a tunnel ran about 400 yards from the house to “The Monks’ Graveyard”, a haunted spot in Valebrook. A tributary of the Glen River flowed through the demesne, giving rise to the name Bathing House Field for one area. Glen hurling stalwart Tadhg O’Leary knew this stream as Ryan’s River, and recalls Ned Ellis using a water-wheel to generate electricity from it during the 1960s. The house was connected to White’s Cross Rd by a long avenue of elm trees. This lane was known as “Ellis’s Lodge” and its remnant adjoins the Leeds Football Club pitch.

Maps often show the handsome 19th century edifice which is now part of the Glen Hurling complex to be Ballyvolane House. Some older residents insist it was a large pink-washed house, home of the Daunt family, which stood near the present Dunnes

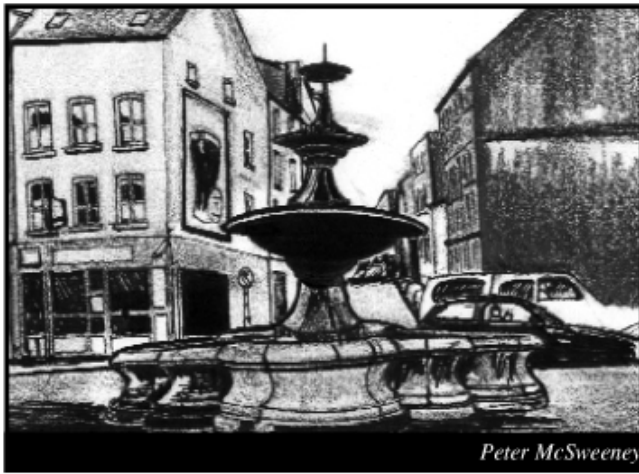


A family stronghold: Coppinger’s Court, Glandore, West Cork.

Shopping Centre. In a different take on the Cromwell story, William Daunt, a Cromwellian soldier, essentially fills the role of Coppinger, being granted lands by his leader. Perhaps this is the Ballyvolane House described by Mark Bence-Jones in *Irish Country Houses* (Constable, 1978) as “a handsome three-storey gable-ended early Georgian house... home of Marianne Coppinger, first wife of the Prince Regent’s crony, (‘The Jockey’), 11th Duke of Norfolk. Recently demolished”. The College pre-dated the Georgian period and was burned down around 1990, so it hardly fits the bill. These houses should not be confused with **Ballyvolane House** at Castlelyons, Co Cork, now a quality guest house. (025-36349, www.ballyvolanehouse.ie). Intriguingly, this site also has Coppinger connections.

The usual derivation for Ballyvolane is “The Townland of O’Mullane”, but Irish scholar Tadhg O Dúshláine suggests an interesting alternative: “Baile folláin” - “Place of the Healthy”. Linguistics specialists might regard this as being something of a long shot, but it could be an idea worth entertaining: Given the existence of “leper” colonies in the eastern part of the Northside during Medieval times and the frequency of place-names referring to poverty - “Baile na mought” - “Place of the Poor”, etc - it is possible that well-administered Coppinger estates gained a reputation for relative prosperity and good health.

Thanks to Jim Fitzpatrick of the Blackpool Historical Society for his help and permission to use his 1988 photo of Ballyvolane House, The College. Thanks also to Mary Kenneally and J. Mullane of the Mayfield Historical Society. - Editor



The Middle Parish

Sports Day at Saint Al's, May 1951

This interesting photograph of sports day at Saint Aloysius School comes from the archives of *The Irish Examiner* and was taken on May 11, 1951. Sheila Chambers (né Twomey), aged three at the time, is seated by the pole on her grand-mother's (Hannah O' Donoghue) knee. To her left sits her twin sister Joan and mother Joan Snr, while younger brother Dermot leans against the rope. The family have no memory of attending the event - the children were not pupils of the school, but had gone to see their cousin Eileen Burke, who was. Eileen's family owned a public house on the Middle Parish, at Kyle St, which connects with historic North Main St. The pub was then trading as The Market Bar and is now known as Burke's.

There was some debate as to where exactly the sports ground in the photo was situated, with some people that we showed it to thinking that it might have been in the part of St Aloysius School that lies across a narrow backwater of the River Lee from the rest of the establishment, which would literally place it on the Southside. Ann Trinder, a secretary at the school, was able to inform us that the photo was taken on the small Bishop's Island or Bishop's Marsh, near Jury's Hotel, one of the last remaining ancient islands of the Great Marsh of Cork. That could have opened another debate about where precisely to place this item: After some discussion we decided that an island identity is a Middle Parish identity, so this seemed the right place for it.



The changing face of Pana

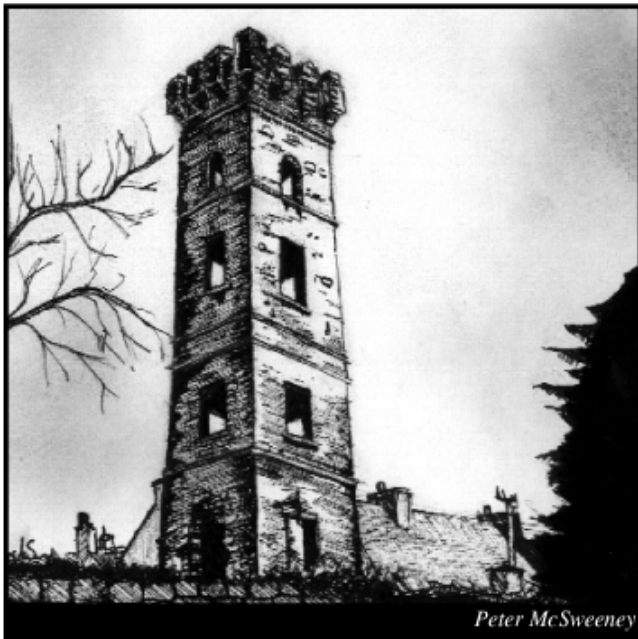
Cork's most celebrated thoroughfare, Patrick Street or "The Pana" is currently undergoing major changes as part of the City Council's regeneration of the inner-city. The proposal to relocate John Foley's bronze statue of the Temperance campaigner Father Theobald Mathew, which was erected in 1864, occasioned some heated public debate. "The Statue" is now staying put, as is Mangan's Clock. Along with the Fireman's Rest, these items formed part of a triad of popular meeting places at Pana's northern end.

Seen here being dismantled in August 2002, "The Rest", (also known as "The Busman's Hut"), is often associated in the public mind with Cork's tram service. However, Pat Poland, an authority on the history of Cork City fire services and himself a former fireman, has established that it was built to provide shelter for a fireman, detailed to man a "wheeled escape". This was one of a number of heavy rescue ladders strategically sited around the city. A fireman was expected to be on duty in the hut at all times. The structure was erected on the Grand Parade near its junction with Washington St in 1891, then shifted to Emmet Place by 1894. It was moved to its familiar position on Pana in 1904, replacing a smaller Tramway Inspector's hut, which had occupied the site since 1898. Cork's first ladder-equipped fire-engine arrived in 1930 and the building was taken over by the city's bus service in 1931. The much-loved piece of street



furniture has gone into storage for the time being; the Council has indicated that it hopes to restore it for some appropriate use, probably in the area of tourism. The evolution of fire fighting has all sorts of historical ramifications, being bound up with the development of the insurance industry during the 18th century. Pat Poland's book in preparation promises to be the definitive work on the subject in Cork.

Mangan's Clock completes the trilogy. This ornate two-faced Victorian timepiece has stood in the locality since 1871 and was originally powered by a system of weights that ran under the pavement and up the iron clock pillar from a nearby building in what is now the Merchants Quay complex. It brings to mind the work of James Mangan, founder of the distinguished Cork clock-making firm responsible for the "Four-Faced-Liar", the huge clock faces that were installed in the tower of St Ann's Shandon in 1847.

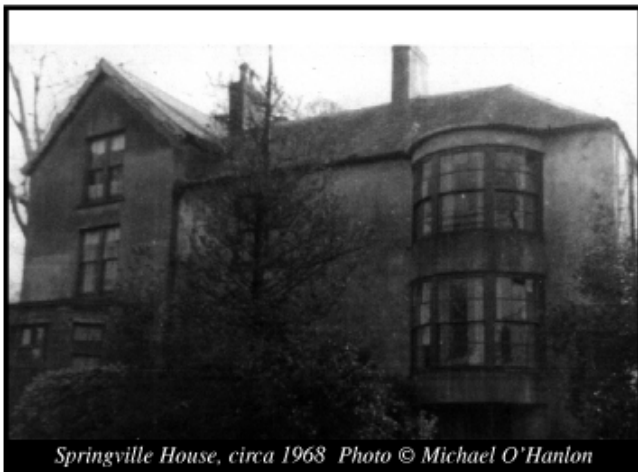


South of the River

Springville House - A link to Crusader Monks?

This rare 1960s photograph of Springville House was taken by Michael O' Hanlon, Editor of *The Douglas Weekly*. The 23 room Ballintemple mansion, which probably dated from the early 19th century, stood on one acre grounds near Ashton School, at the corner of Blackrock Rd and Saint John's Lane. Michael says, "My grandparents bought Springville from the Shanahan family around 1930. There was a local tradition that the site had once been a hospice of the Knights Hospitallers of Saint John, an order of Crusader monks who are known to have had a foundation in Douglas St. There were some arches in the cellar that seemed a lot older than the house". Located near what would 200 years ago have been the marshy edge of the River Lee, the house was named from a freshwater spring still evident in recent years and was entered from St John's Lane, where it had a two-storey gate lodge that was occupied by the Cooney family. This access way is alternately called Bull's lane, recalling Bull's Asylum or Citta Della, a late-18th century Protestant mental hospital, the shell of which can be seen at the end of the lane.

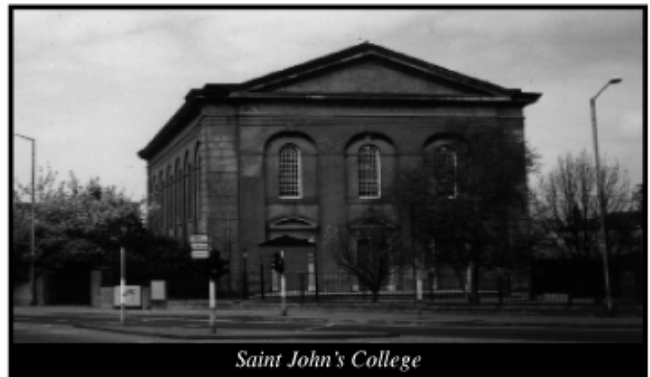
Michael has some intriguing childhood memories of Springville. His father unearthed an old sword in the garden and a holy water font was found in the cellar. One day two elderly



Springville House, circa 1968 Photo © Michael O'Hanlon

sisters named Grey arrived from the Channel Islands. They had a family connection to the property and were able to point to the name "Grey" carved into an upper-storey bow window. On another occasion some impulse caused Michael to put his hand up the chimney above a fireplace. He retrieved a 19th century envelope, which contained a piece of paper covered with lettering super-imposed over earlier writing, making the whole thing unintelligible. What it meant and why someone went to the trouble of hiding it are interesting questions.

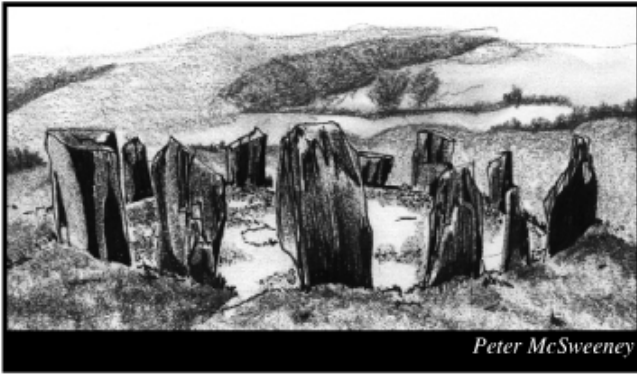
There were traditions that a secret tunnel ran to Springville from what was then the Church of Ireland boarding school, La Rochelle House, about two hundred yards away on Old Blackrock Rd. This story may not be as far-fetched as it sounds. Rochelle and Navarre, another property nearby, have probable 18th century Huguenot origins. An early owner of Springville is said to have had a French name. Huguenot settlers in the area, haunted by memories of sectarian strife, could have dug an escape route to the river. Or perhaps the tale embodies recollections of an ice house, or even a souterrain in the locality - one such relic was found not far away under Blackrock Rd about a century ago. Springville was never professionally excavated, so its secrets will probably remain unlocked. There is strangely little local memory of it now, although Flor Hurley (coincidentally a respected archaeologist today) grew up opposite on Blackrock Rd and can recall the surrounding big trees being felled and burnt prior to the demolition of the house in about 1968. The name Springville lives on in Petit's office premises on the same site. - *Thanks to Michael O'Hanlon, Douglas Weekly.*



Saint John's College

Experiences of a caretaker

I once worked as a relieving caretaker at Saint John's College of Further Education, Sawmill St. I had a few funny experiences covering the holiday season. One Monday morning my colleague and I were opening up the old Church of Ireland church building, which has been converted into several floors of classrooms. We put the key into the key hole and the whole of the old-fashioned main lock collapsed down inside the front door, leaving us in a right predicament. Over 200 Spanish students were due to arrive, some for their first day. We went around to the back fire escape and proceeded to tear through the building, with one of us opening the doors while the other ran forward in a race to beat the 30 second countdown on the alarm. We just made it, and succeeded in opening the door from the inside before they arrived. Another morning all hell broke loose in a veterinary class, when a guinea pig made a break for freedom, with a cat hot on his tail and about a dozen students in the chase to save the poor fellow. It was like an episode of Tom and Jerry, but the guinea pig had the luck of the devil and was retrieved unharmed after a quick pursuit. - *Ger McAllen*



Peter McSweeney

Out in the County

The good doctor and the missing monument

The Lord Mayor of Cork, Cllr John Kelleher, recently brought the Ballinadee History Group and the Northside Folklore Project together, initiating a fruitful collaboration between county and city. We are assisting the group, from outside Bandon, West Cork, in the search for a stone monument that vanished from the grounds of the former Cork Fever Hospital, perhaps around 1963. This large cenotaph honoured the work of Dr John Milner Barry, who was born in Ballinadee townland in 1768, and grew up in a now ruinous house, at Kilgobbin Cross, two miles from Ballinadee village. He was educated in Bandon, going on to graduate in medicine from Edinburgh University in 1792. Between its opening in 1802 and closure in the early 1960s, the hospital that he founded on the Northside's Richmond Hill saved the lives of thousands from the ravages of epidemics like typhus and cholera.

The History Group's Philip McCarthy says: "Milner Barry made enlightened innovations in the fight against infectious diseases, such as isolating fever patients and providing them with clean conditions, ventilation and fresh food. He was one of the first people in Ireland to inoculate against smallpox and he campaigned against the window tax, which was causing



Boyhood home, Kilgobbin Cross, West Cork.

people to block out light and fresh air." At a time of considerable religious intolerance, the Protestant Barry opposed all forms of sectarianism and co-operated with Catholic clergy in the city. He was also an early advocate of women's rights. The memory of this courageous man, who passed away at his Patrick's Hill home in 1822 and is buried at Ballinaltig, Rathcormac, has been strangely neglected in his native county. The History Group plans to unveil a plaque to the good doctor in Ballinadee in June 2003. They would also like to locate the missing Cork memorial, which may prove difficult after this length of time. Says Philip McCarthy: "We would love to see the monument re-erected down here or in Cork City. Anyone with information can contact us through the Northside Folklore Project."



Fota House

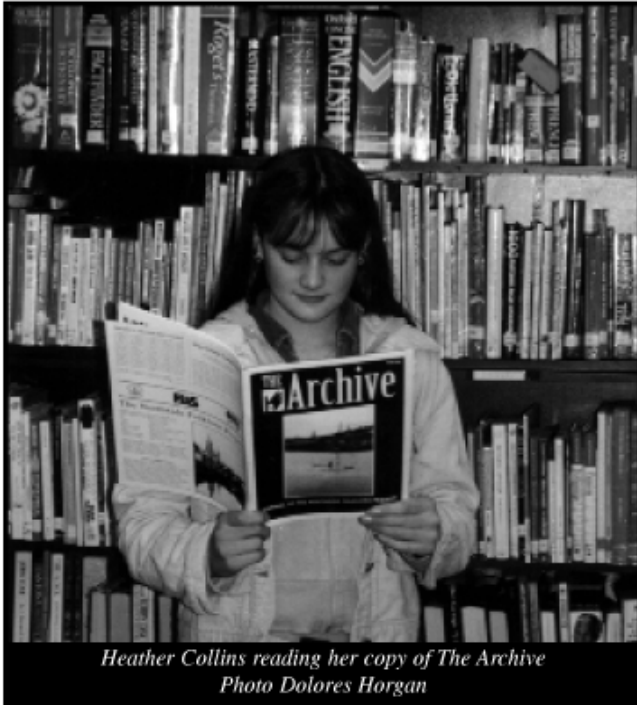
Warm earth and space for dreaming

Fota House (021-4815543, www.fotahouse.com e mail: info@fotahouse.com) on Fota Island north-east of Cork City, has recently re-opened, and is now the joint responsibility of Fota Trust Co and the Office of Public Works, with the grounds and arboretum cared for by Dúchas. This wonderful property is easily accessed by road; an adventurous alternative is to catch the Cobh train from Cork and alight at Fota Station. A 30 minute rural walk leads to the house, with the option of visiting the internationally acclaimed **Fota Wildlife Park** (4812678, www.fotawildlife.ie) on the way. Fota House has its roots in a mid-18th century hunting lodge of the Smith-Barry family, whose links to the area went back to the 12th century Anglo-Normans. The great 1820s remodelling work of the architects Sir Richard Morrison (1767-1849) and his son William Vitruvius Morrison (1794-1838) saw the complex extended and beautified in a striking neo-Classical style.

Fota enjoyed a renaissance in the 1980s, when it opened to the public, with Richard Wood's superb collection of 18th and 19th century landscape art on show. An ambitious refurbishment began in 1999 and the ground floor and basement areas have re-opened. A touch-screen audio-visual tour of the mansion brings to life the history and folklore of the 115 acre demesne and includes fascinating interview footage of former estate employees. "Fota" translates as "warm earth", suggestive of the area's relatively mild micro-climate, which enables exotic trees and shrubs to flourish. The beautifully tended grounds are an Arcadia of intermingling lawns, woodlands, water and old walls, with an orangery and a thousand interesting corners that invite exploration. A diversity of wildlife includes foxes, hares, red squirrels, badgers and numerous bird species.

Letters to the Editor

The Archive welcomes correspondence. You may wish to share a memory, comment on something in the journal, or answer a question raised by another reader. Letters should be short and may be edited.



Heather Collins reading her copy of *The Archive*
Photo Dolores Horgan

Once again, students around the city are preparing to enter *The Discover Cork Schools' History Project* (formerly the *Lord Mayor's Schools' History Project*). Heather Collins, a First Year student at Saint Angela's College, Patrick's Hill, based her project on the textile industry in Blackpool and William Dwyer, founder of the Sunbeam Hosiery Mills. One of the sources she used for her material was the Northside Folklore Project's Archive and I was glad to be of assistance to her. Included in her final presentation was a model of the Sunbeam. The judges were very impressed with Heather's project and awarded her a trophy and €25.00. - Dolores Horgan

I was delighted to obtain a copy recently of Issue 6 of *The Archive*. This is the first time I've read the publication and it is very well put together. I particularly liked the article about Meitheal Mara; it's great to see them keeping the old boat building traditions alive. I find the stories about ships and seafaring very interesting, a lot of the male members of my late mother's family being seamen. She had two brothers, John and Jim Power, who were lost at sea on the *S.S. Ardmore* in November 1940.

There is a fascinating story to be told about the *Ardmore* in that the wreck of the ship wasn't located until 1998. She had been lost with all hands; at the time of her sinking only three of the bodies of her 24 man crew were found. The wreck was located off the Saltee Islands, about five miles offshore from Kilmore Quay, Co Wexford. The discovery led to a memorial Mass in Cork's North Cathedral, so that the relatives of the crew could finally put them to rest. It also led to an amazing memorial garden being built in Kilmore Quay itself, the centrepiece being a ship built from stone, about 25 ft. long and 7ft. high.

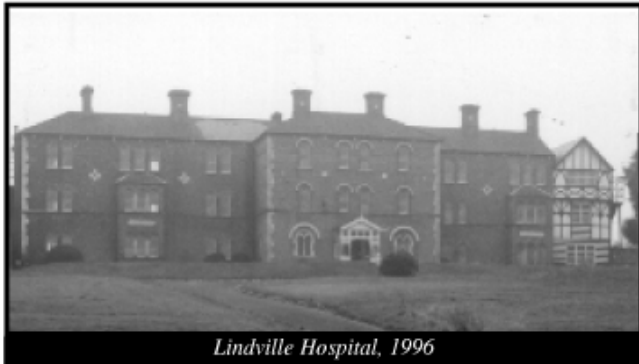
The relatives also commissioned a bronze plaque to commemorate the *Ardmore*, which was erected on the Penrose Quay side of the Michael Collins Bridge, the docking point of the ship. A lot of the crew lived on the Northside of the city at that time, including my two uncles, who were living in Upper John St and Lloyd's Lane. Both of them were reared, coincidentally, on Crosses Green, where the Dean's Hall apartment complex is today. Indeed, the last living widow of the men who were lost is Christine, who now lives in Birmingham with her son and his family. It would be great to see the story of the *Ardmore* researched and published in *The Archive*. Looking at the cover of Issue 6, the building with the pillars on the right of the photo is the former offices of the City of Cork Steam Packet Company, to which the *Ardmore* belonged when she was lost. Keep up the good work.
Ronnie Herlihy
South Parish Historical Society
Cork



S.S. Ardmore Photo Courtesy Peter Mulvany

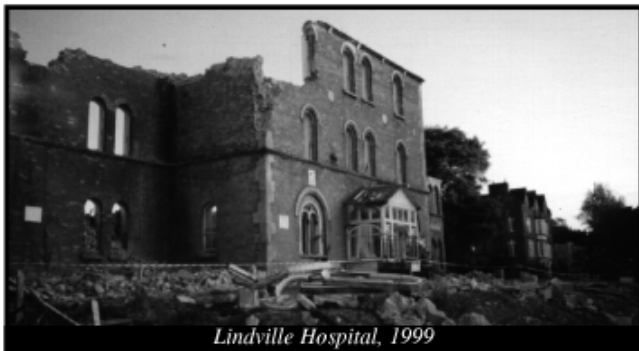
Requests For Information

Archive 6 featured an appeal for information about the former Lindville Private Psychiatric Hospital at Ballintemple (demolished 1999), from Barbara Martin, who lives in Western Australia. Barbara's grandmother and grand-aunt were both matrons there.



Lindville Hospital, 1996

The handsome red-brick, mock-Tudor style asylum was opened in 1855 by Dr Carey Osborne. The architect was William B. Atkins (designer of another landmark Victorian asylum, Our Lady's Hospital at Lee Rd, Shanakiel, on the city's north-western outskirts). It stood between Blackrock Rd and what is now Monahan Rd, on land that sloped down to the marshy southern edge of the River Lee. Access from Blackrock Rd was via a fine avenue of beech and lime trees, which is still largely intact. One 19th century patient was a sea captain who is said to have made a model of his sailing ship entirely out of chicken bones. Dr Osborne initially housed his patients in his own home, the striking Lindville House, which stands a little to the east of the hospital site and has recently been listed for protection by Cork City Council. - Editor (See also *Walking The Line*, page 17)



Lindville Hospital, 1999

Natasha Lynch writes from New Zealand seeking information about a story contained in an old painting:

I am trying to trace the folk tale behind an old painting that I think may have been brought to New Zealand from Ireland by a distant relative. The painting has been stored in my father's garage for 30 years and depicts the story of a man who was riding home from the pub one night on his horse. He was stopped by a female demon who pulled the tail off his horse in an attempt to stop him leaving. Next day the man had to explain to his wife what had happened to his horse. Following the woman demon is a large plume of smoke rising out of a house chimney in the distance. Within the smoke are many smaller demons with glowing eyes. Last year I was in Japan and saw a television documentary about Irish stories. This was on it and

reminded me of my painting. Back in New Zealand, I re-inspected the painting and found on the back of the frame, written lightly in pencil, a title and the name of the painter. Unfortunately, I am able to read only some of the letters. The painter's name looks like G. Scoff or Scott, or it could be G.S. Hoff. The title is something like "Ian 'o' Hou...it's Hallucination". There is also a price of ten pounds and ten shillings.

I don't have very much information about my grandparents or great-grandparents, my grandmother burnt all the family's photographs and letters before she died, when I was a child. My family name is Lynch; however, my grandmother's maiden name was McClaren, so it is possible that the painting came from Scotland where her family came from. The rider in the picture is wearing a red hat, like some sort of beret or Scottish hat. I will attempt to decipher more of the title with a magnifying glass when next I go to my parents' house. I will try to send a photograph of the painting to you. I would be most grateful if you or any of your readers could help with any information on this subject.

e mail: natashaalynch@hotmail.com

Natasha Lynch, Auckland, New Zealand.

Folklore Project Postcards

...a woven cane figure of a "shawlie" at a holy well; fishing boats sheltering in the Port of Cork during a rare snowfall; the ruins of Water's Mill, Poulraddy Harbour, contrasted with the tower of St. Ann's Shandon and North Cathedral; a "Beamish House" classic pub sign; a cat perched on a stone wall at Barryscourt Castle, with views of lush surrounding countryside; an antique chair in a sunlit garden. These are the images that the Northside Folklore Project have chosen to feature on a set of six beautiful postcards in our latest fundraising project. Available in sets or individually from our offices in the Northside Community Enterprises building, Sunbeam Industrial Park, Blackpool. For 70c each or €3.50 per set (one card free) you can make a valuable contribution to our ongoing work, documenting and preserving the traditions and stories of the people of Cork. Help spread the word about the Folklore Project, and remember, "a picture is worth a thousand words".

Our cards are also available from The Living Tradition, Mac Curtain St or the UCC Downtown Centre, in the Grafton Mall, Grand Parade, with hopefully more outlets to come. For those of you outside of Cork, orders can be placed through the UCC Downtown Centre website: <http://downtown.ucc.ie>



BOOK REVIEWS

THEIR BONES ARE SCATTERED:

A History of the Old Head of Kinsale and Surrounding Area

Raymond White, Kilmore Enterprises, €20.00

This finely-produced book provides a wide-ranging history of the celebrated Old Head of Kinsale and surrounding districts, from pre-history down to the present. Raymond White is a man of many talents - among other things an experienced underwater diver and respected restorer of old buildings - his deep knowledge of his native area is apparent on every page. Particularly valuable for its insights into maritime history, the text is well complemented by an excellent selection of photos and maps. - *Stephen Hunter*

KEANE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

with Eamon Dunphy, Penguin.

€25.00

Undoubtedly, the abiding feature of this book is its frankness. Written in layman's terms, it offers a perceptive insight into the life of one of Cork's own folk heroes, and Ireland's most talked about sports personality. This book comes highly recommended, and is definitely a "must read" for fans of Roy Keane and connoisseurs of professional football.

John Mehegan

THE LANEWAYS OF MEDIEVAL CORK

Gina Johnson, Cork City Council,

€15.00

An excellent study which grew out of Cork City Council's Major Initiative, the book focuses on the history of the laneways of the old walled city of Cork. Of approximately 75 lanes, seven still exist as public access ways and the locations of many others can be identified from the attractive plaques which the City Council has placed in the pavements on North Main St and elsewhere. Archaeologist Gina Johnson's meticulously researched volume illuminates the history of this area.

It is also a treasure-trove of broader folkloric and historical material which will delight and inform all who value their city's heritage.

Stephen Hunter

IS THAT YOU BOY?

Noel Magnier, Springfield Press.

€8.80

The art of storytelling is put to good use in this compilation of short stories recounting boyhood escapades. This will appeal to young and old alike and is interspersed with photographs which bring to life people and places of a bygone era.

Dolores Horgan

ORAL HISTORY,

Oral History, Subscription Dept,

PO Box 464, Beckhampsted,

Herts HP4 2UR, UK.

Tel: 01442879097

E-mail: subs@webscribe.co.uk



This biannual publication is an invaluable source in the promotion of "public history", containing a series of articles and reviews, spanning a wide range of disciplines, based on interviews in the field. It encapsulates a myriad of issues relating to a diverse range of cultural and ethnic groupings, and in doing so continues to provide a significant contribution in broadening the base of historical understanding.

John Mehegan.

THE HOLY WELL TRADITION:

The Pattern Of St Declan, Ardmore, Co. Waterford, 1800-2000

Stiofán Ó Cadhla, Four Courts Press,

€12.95

UCC folklorist Dr Stiofán Ó Cadhla has produced a gem of a book that is simultaneously entertaining and thought-provoking. His masterly analysis of the historical and social significance of the annual pilgrimage or pattern of Saint Declan at Ardmore (July 24), illustrates the sometimes fraught relationship between popular religion and the "official" beliefs of the institutional Catholic Church. The Ardmore site was for centuries a major focus for both ardent spirituality and riotous secular pursuits, a phenomenon well summed-up by a comment of a great early 19th century Cork folklorist, T. Crofton Croker: "Bloody knees from praying, bloody heads from fighting".

Stephen Hunter

SOUTHWORD,

Issue 3, New Series, Autumn 2002,

Editor: Patrick Galvin,

€8.00

The Munster Literature Centre's journal continues the high standards set in previous issues. This absorbing mix of poetry, prose and graphics is a testament to the dedication of a group of people determined to give Munster its authentic voice. In an interesting editorial, famed Cork writer Paddy Galvin talks of the difficulties facing the creative artist in a society where style and spin are increasingly valued above substance or originality. Southword welcomes submissions of new poetry, prose, photography and artwork. The Centre hosts literary workshops at 11a.m. most Thursdays, all welcome.

Munster Literature Centre

26 Sullivan's Quay, Cork.

Tel/Fax: 0053 21-4312955

E-mail: munsterlit@eircom.net

Website: www.munsterlit.ie

PROJECT MANAGER'S NOTE

This issue of *The Archive* offers something for everyone - a wide range of topics, two articles in Irish and contributions from Folklore Project researchers, as well as members of the wider Cork community, including Cork's Lord Mayor. We also feature some wonderful sketches from our own Peter McSweeney.

It has been a busy and productive year at NFP. We have completed the HEA funded, UCC based, Documents of Ireland project; transcription of our entire collection of sound recordings; and two new videos. Huge strides have been made in the digitising of our entire Archive and we have developed a set of 6 beautiful colour postcards of Cork images (see the feature on page 26 for details). Funding remains a primary challenge in 2003, but the NFP staff are looking towards 2005 and helping make sure that the "culture" in the European City of Culture includes the perspective of all the peoples of Cork.

Remember, if you missed any issues of *The Archive*, you can read them on our website, so spread the word and check out: <http://www.ucc.ie/research/nfp>.

Mary O'Driscoll

THE URBAN LANDSCAPE

Madden's Buildings, Blackpool

Kevin Holland's fine sculpture, *The Bullock and Drover*, was executed in patinated bronze and placed on a gable-end at Madden's Buildings, Watercourse Road, in 1993. It commemorates the days when cattle were driven from the countryside through Blackpool streets to nearby markets. Cork Corporation erected the buildings on the site of a former milk market in 1886, the land having once been owned by the Brocklesbys, a prominent Quaker family. The red brick terraced complex consists of 76 dwellings, which line two streets stretching through to Great William O'Brien Street. The buildings preserve the name of P.J. Madden, Mayor of Cork (1885-86), and represent one of the earliest provisions of public housing in Ireland.



The Northside Folklore Project

NORTHSIDE COMMUNITY ENTERPRISES LTD,
Sunbeam Industrial Park, Mallow Rd, Cork, Ireland
Tel: +353 21 4307282
Fax: +353 21 4303664
e-mail: nfp@indigo.ie
Website: <http://www.ucc.ie/research/nfp>
Research Director: Marie-Annick Desplanques
Project Manager: Mary O'Driscoll
Editor: Stephen Hunter
Original Artwork: Peter McSweeney
Layout: Maureen O' Keeffe
Printing: AC Print • jcomic@indigo.ie

The Northside Folklore Project is a FÁS funded joint initiative of Northside Community Enterprises Ltd & Folklore and Ethnology, UCC. Material in *The Archive* (including photographs) remains Copyright of the Project, unless otherwise indicated. Individual opinions expressed in journal articles are not necessarily those of the Project.

Acknowledgements

The Northside Folklore Project would like to thank:

Management & staff NCE Ltd; FÁS; Higher Educational Authority; Father John O'Donovan; Dr Marie-Annick Desplanques; Gearóid Ó Cruailaioch; Dr Cliona O'Carroll and UCC Department of Folklore & Ethnology; Dr Colin Rynne; Staff of City and County Libraries; Niall Moore; Irish Examiner; Inside Cork; Richard T. Cooke; C.P. Hudson; Jim Morrish; North Monastery Primary School; Sybil Fuller; Pat Poland; Colman O'Mahony; Tadgh O' Leary; Blackpool & Mayfield Historical Societies; Noel Deasy Cars Ltd; Denis MacSweeney Photo; Cathedral Credit Union Ltd; Katharine Howard Foundation.

