

THE



Archive

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JOURNAL OF THE NORTHSIDE FOLKLORE PROJECT

Issue 8

Uimhir A hOcht

THE Archive

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Cover: "Black Thursday" - Sunbeam fire, 25/09/2003

Photo by Stephen Hunter

Photograph & A Story

The original purpose of this limestone memorial in Millfield, on Cork's Northside, is clothed in mystery. It was set into a boundary wall between the footpath on the Old Mallow Rd (Red Forge Rd), and the Commons Field, or former Electricity Supply Board Pole Field. Strongly linked in the local mind to a tragedy, interpretations of what it recalled vary, which is an interesting

example of the way folklore can evolve. It has been claimed that it commemorated a young man who lost his life during the construction of the nearby railway line (which could place its provenance as far back as the late 1840s); that it honoured someone killed



during the Troubles of the 1918-21 period; or that it was erected many years ago by the comrades of a soldier at Collins Barracks who had taken his own life. Another interpretation is that it referred to the victim of a road accident. One tradition suggests that "the Millfield Stone" was taken already carved from an established site, perhaps that of a holy well. Its simplicity and anonymity gave it an added gravitas, and it was a poignant reminder among the hurly-burly of passing traffic both of the loss of a loved one and the fragility of life in general. The wall containing the Millfield Stone was demolished recently and the stone seems to have disappeared.

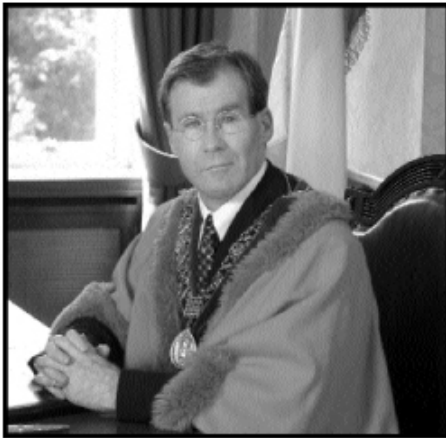
THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT

We would like to thank all of you who have made donations to the Northside Folklore Project and The Archive over the last year. Every contribution, no matter how small, is a big help and truly appreciated. We would particularly like to thank Denis MacSweeney Photo, Marlboro St; Noel Deasy Cars Ltd, Commons Rd; O'Riordan's SPAR Store, Old Mallow Rd and The Evening Echo, for their ongoing support and belief in our work. For this issue of The Archive our primary thanks for funding go to the Higher Education Authority. We are grateful for monies available from the HEA for not only the printing of Issue 8, but for recording equipment and materials that will be used in our Cork 2005 project, Cultures of Cork. Another good way to contribute to the project is through buying our postcards, available from the project or at the UCC Downtown Centre, The Living Tradition, The Quay Co-op, The Cork Vision Centre and other outlets.

A LORD MAYOR'S VISION

by Cllr Colm Burke

As the Northside Folklore Project gears up to participate in Cork's European Capital of Culture 2005 through an ambitious multi-cultural project, the city's Lord Mayor outlines his vision for that landmark year...



Next January 1, Cork adopts its mantle of European Capital of Culture for 2005. This is a prestigious accolade for Cork, as many cities competed for this designation. However, following the excellent campaign bid by Cork City Council, the adjudicating committee awarded the honour to Cork on May 28, 2002. The designation recognises a city's existing cultural excellence, but it is also designed to encourage cities to develop and innovate through participation in the cultural arena. It offers opportunities for social inclusion, business, education and regeneration at every level; it puts culture at the heart of city life and seeks inspiration to drive it forward.

For historical and cultural reasons, Cork has been slow to maximise its potential as an urban tourist location. It has typically seen itself as a merchant city, with an emphasis on commerce rather than tourism. I am convinced that the time is ripe for changing that image and maximising Cork's potential as a tourist destination in itself and not as a stop-off point en route to other destinations.

The argument sometimes put forward for by-passing our city is that it doesn't have a "must-see" attraction. Our city offers music, theatre, fine art, markets, historical landmarks, landscape and a warmth of welcome to rival any of the established tourist magnets. Tremendous strides are being taken in preparing Cork's infrastructure for 2005. Saint Patrick's Street will be completed by next July. Shandon's historical landscape is undergoing a much-needed facelift. Blackrock Castle will be restored to its former glory by the end of the summer. And thanks to the Cork Drainage Scheme, our beautiful River Lee will soon return to a condition where it will become an asset rather than a detraction for the city.

The profile of tourists visiting our shores is also changing. Our closest tourism market is Europe and in today's demanding world, the fastest-growing area in European tourism is city breaks.

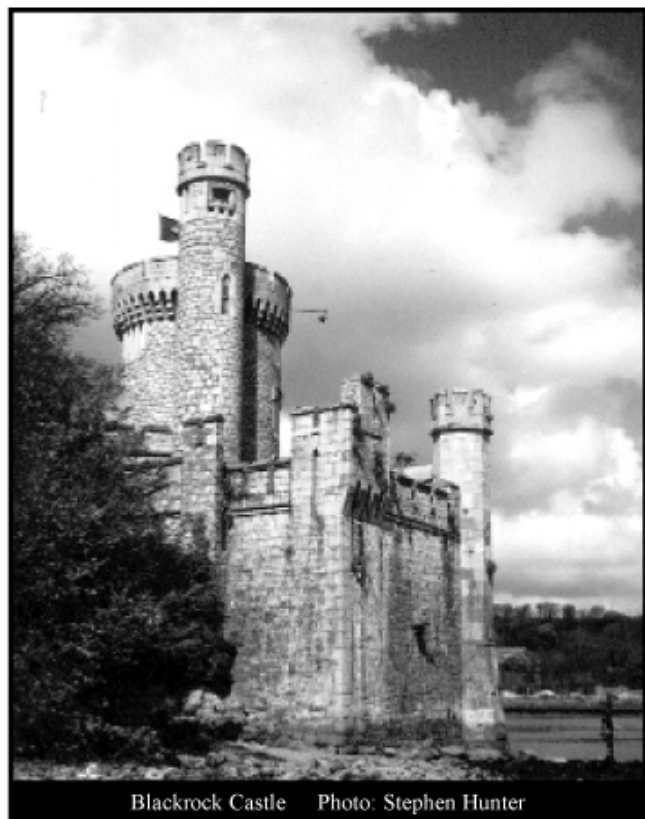
Being European Capital of Culture for 2005 presents us with a unique opportunity to confirm Cork as one of Europe's primary urban tourism destinations. If we create such a reputation, it has the potential to extend long beyond 2005. But 2005 is our stage, 2005 is our showcase, 2005 is our moment in the spotlight. The 2005 team is doing excellent work. But it cannot deliver the true potential of 2005 without the support and encouragement

of the people of Cork. We must look to 2005 not as an entity in itself, but as a springboard to opening up a new and vibrant market for our city and region. We have only to look to the Glasgow experience to see the potential which our Year of Culture offers us. Once a tourism blackspot, Glasgow is now the third most visited city in the United Kingdom. There is no reason why Cork cannot emulate, or indeed, surpass that achievement.

Cork 2005 is currently negotiating with approximately 80 groups and individuals with a view to putting together our programme of activities for 2005, which will see thousands of projects and events taking place in Cork over the course of the year. These will range from small, intimate events to large-scale gigs for thousands of people. Major international works will come to Cork in 2005. The highlights of the European Capital of Culture programme for 2005 will be unveiled in February and the full programme calendar will be published in April of this year. In October, Cork 2005 will be launched in Europe.

Cork 2005 will be the broadest sustained programme of cultural activity ever undertaken in Ireland and will feature the following main strands of activity. Music, Sport, Architecture, Visual Art and Exhibitions, Cuisine, Theatre, Performance and Dance, Film, Literature, Childhood and Youth.

I am confident that the programme will appeal to a huge number and variety of audiences, and there will be a wide variety of sponsorship opportunities. Much work remains to be done, but the prospect of what can be achieved for Cork over the next two years should fill every Corkonian's heart with anticipation and excitement.



Blackrock Castle Photo: Stephen Hunter

FAREWELL TO SUNBEAM

by Stephen Hunter

Sunbeam burned on Black Thursday, September 25, 2003, and the sky over Cork's Northside turned dark...



The Sunbeam fire at the Millfield Industrial Estate, near Blackpool on Cork's Northside, started in the Reffond textile plant at around 1.30 p.m, Thursday, September 25. Fanned by a strong wind, it spread quickly, destroying Reffond (with the loss of 120 jobs), and other premises, including Northside Community Enterprises Ltd's Little Hands Creche, woodworking rooms, NCE's gymnasium and the Cork Academy of Music. The saddest loss of all was the magnificent five-floor red brick mill building, designed by the Belfast architects Boyd & Platt and built in 1864-66 for the Cork Spinning & Weaving Co. During the 19th century, the Red Mill was one of the country's most important flax-spinning mills, while from the 1930s until its final closure in 1990, it was

famous as part of Sunbeam Wolsey Hosiery Ltd, an iconic Northside employer. Hardly utilised in recent years, there were high hopes that after appropriate refurbishment, this landmark would become the showpiece for a major redevelopment of the area. What remained were piles of rubble and the exterior of the fine engine house, which is now being demolished.

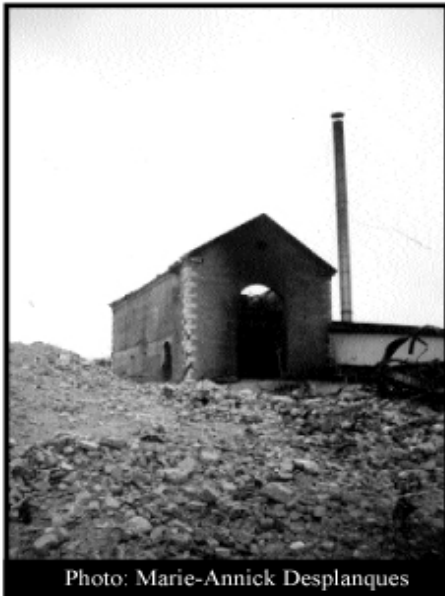


Photo: Marie-Annick Desplanques

It is often a measure of an event's impact that we can remember exactly where we were when we first became aware of it, J.F. Kennedy's assassination being a famous example. I asked several people to recollect the moment when they became aware that Sunbeam was on fire, and for their thoughts on "Black Thursday". There was a general feeling of shock and sorrow, alleviated only by a sense of relief that there were no fatalities or injuries. Blackpool resident John Connolly says: "I was in Dunne's Patrick St supermarket when somebody said to me, 'Sunbeam is burning down'. I said: 'How in the name of God can a place like that catch fire and burn down in the middle of the day?' I worked on the silk floor there around 1950 in the building that later housed Reffond. The grounds were grand, with lovely gardens and a swimming pool. So much history has gone up in smoke, it's an absolute tragedy."

Ursula Hegarty, Manager of Little Hands Childcare Centre (based in the former Sunbeam canteen), was about to go to lunch at 1.50 when some staff came in from the play area and said that there was black smoke rising nearby. "I asked them to bring in the children at once. I met NCE's John O'Leary in the corridor and he said we needed to evacuate. I grabbed the child records and we assembled outside Millfield House - we thought



we'd only be there for about 30 minutes. Then the Fire Chief said we wouldn't be going back for quite a while - we contacted all the parents, who collected their children. By 3.15, the smoke was very bad and at 4.30 there was a loud explosion at the back of our building. Amazingly, most of it survived, although it isn't habitable anymore. The damage was awful; we lost storage space, art materials, locker rooms, changing facilities. Deputy Noel O'Flynn came down the next day and kindly offered us the use of his premises at North Point Park, but that was too far away. Within two and a half weeks we were up and running again in the pre-fabs. I was greatly relieved that no-one was hurt, especially the children. The destruction of the Red Mill is a huge blow to the area."

Noel Deasy, director of Cork's Peugeot dealership was at his Commons Rd workshop adjoining the Sunbeam estate: "Somebody pushed the door open at around 2.15 p.m. I put my hand against the outside wall and it felt very hot, so I went



around and evacuated our cars and staff. Things were bad enough, but if the wind had changed direction and the fire had jumped across the River Bride into Dulux Paints, we would have had an absolute catastrophe. It must have been the biggest fire in Cork since the Opera House - the smell permeated everything; our clothes, hair and pores. The old mill was symbolic of industry in the area and of the spirit of so many people who worked there, especially when there wasn't much other major economic activity on the Northside. Whatever is built on the site in the future should contain some architectural reference to it and recognise those people and their contribution."

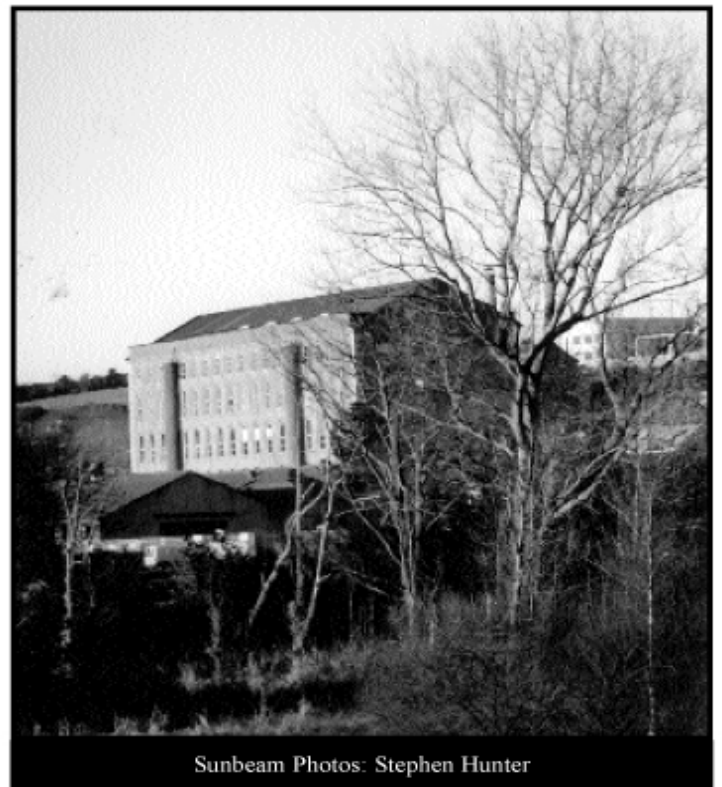
Breda St Leger (née Newman) was working in NCE's restaurant on Sept 25. In the late 1960s she was employed in Sunbeam's "half-hose" department, towards the Commons Rd side of the complex: "I was a 'linker', putting the toe-piece into socks. It was piece-work and quite demanding. They were a happy bunch and I still have good friends that I made there. On the day of the fire a FÁS apprentice came into the restaurant at 2 p.m. saying, 'There's a fire over there'. I went to the window and could see the white smoke billowing up. I said, 'It'll be out in a minute', but within ten minutes I had to shift my car, which shows you how quickly it got out of control. The burning of the Red Mill was terrible, like the loss of a dear old friend, it had always seemed so strong and permanent. I would like to see a Sunbeam exhibition housed somewhere, maybe in an industrial museum. I have a friend who has her original Sunbeam overall, which she treasures. There must be lots of memorabilia that people could donate."

A Millfield resident who was driving along Old Mallow Rd at 2.10 was talking to Cork City Councillor Catherine Clancy on his mobile phone when he noticed the smoke. She was on the scene by 2.30 and recalls: "I got talking to a man who was quite concerned because his wife worked at Little Hands and he hadn't been able to contact her mobile. We were relieved to find her sitting on the low wall near the Old Mallow Rd entrance. The overall atmosphere seemed to be one of shocked silence. I

left about 4.30 and one lady said to me, 'It really feels like the end of an era.' That is true - but along with the obvious concerns about jobs and sorrow at the loss of the Red Mill, we do have to try to look to the future. I hope that whatever goes up on the site will be as distinctive and well-constructed as the mill was, something that people can be really proud of. I have a motion with Cork City Council to have the nearby Millfield Cottages, 'the Village' as they call it, declared a structure of special interest. They are purpose-built 19th century workers' housing dating from 1836, with close links to the mill site. Securing them would mean that an important element of the heritage that Sunbeam represented would be saved."

Despite damage to the northern end of NCE's building, our Northside Folklore Project offices, along with their precious archives, were unscathed. We owe their continued existence to the valiant efforts of the City and County Fire Services, who were severely hampered in the early stages of the fire by a lack of water pressure on one side of the estate. An Garda Síochána were also efficient and helpful. I was half-a-mile away on the Commons Rd when I saw a tall column of black smoke to the east at 2.10. Unable to gain office access, I bought two Kodak disposable cameras at O'Riordan's SPAR and took these snaps with them. Several vacant historic structures in Cork have fallen victim to fire in the last couple of years - Knocknauus House, Pope's Rd; a fine 19th century house on Lwr Glanmire Rd that once housed a radio school; the former GAA Glen Hall in Blackpool and the Good Shepherd's Convent at Sunday's Well - perhaps this latest disaster will be the catalyst for a more proactive attitude towards protecting others.

And what of the Foxy Lady? The spectre of that unfortunate auburn-tressed girl, hideously scalped by a machine, was said to walk in some parts of the Red Mill. There is good reason to believe that the great brick edifice hosted some form of paranormal presence. Is her spirit gone now, purged as it were by the inferno? Or will it manifest itself again, perhaps in some hi-tech tower of glittering steel and glass? Only time will tell.



Sunbeam Photos: Stephen Hunter

BRIDE REVISITED

by Colin MacHale

Trespassing carelessly across the countryside...sinking knee-deep into well-hidden mud-holes...staring innocently into the face of furious accusation...random and blatant profanity...

-All the things you normally associate with the making of a short documentary film. I had just completed a crash course in video production with my new best friend, the Canon XM digital camcorder, while working for the Folklore Project, so when another project member, Peter McSweeney, proposed a short film based on the River Bride (being the Ballycannon Bride that flows through the Sunbeam estate, down through Blackpool), I jumped at the opportunity. A week later we emerged from the Project, equipment in hand to begin our first day of filming. We didn't have far to go because directly before our eyes, in the Sunbeam orchard and former ESB Polefield, the Bride and its environs were beginning to undergo some major landscape changes, compliments of a large, yellow JCB and its rather irate driver, once he discovered he was being filmed.

The Polefield was fast becoming the centre of a controversy regarding planning permission for an hotel and amenity park, which was going to replace "the last remaining marshland in this area of the Northside" (says Tom Roche), and the local populace and environmentalists were up in arms about it. But in the end, weeks later, greenery gave way to mud, protestors to police and small diggers to great big ones as the flora and fauna of the Polefield were gradually bulldozed out of existence.

Peter and myself had the general idea that we would follow and film the Bride's path from its source in Ballycannon to its conclusion at the River Lee. We set out with Frances, our designated driver, to Kerrypike, a village in the townland of Ballycannon, where the origin of the river was purported to be. Finding it though, by traipsing through countless fields of crops under the baleful eye of grazing cattle, proved to be in vain. It wasn't until we bumped into Frank O'Brien, while filming outside his front gate, that we finally discovered its location. It happened to be on his land and he had no qualms about showing us to it, and was happy to be included in the video. To be honest, calling it a river at this stage was reaching a bit, but hey, we all have to start somewhere.

Over the next few weeks, we made several trips into this area as we built up a bridge-by-bridge account of the stream's journey towards the city, interspersed with a few off-road excursions into the surrounding countryside. Peter had the role of both narrator and spokesperson thrust into his somewhat unwilling hands, but as time went by, he became rather adept at facing up to both the lens and the public. I'm not quite sure how many times I witnessed bleary-eyed individuals in dressing

gowns, answering their door in the morning to find a fanatical folklorist, grinning from ear to ear, asking where the "Watery Bridge" was. At times we had to admit that we were hopelessly unprepared for wandering through picturesque fields of manure and the treacherous waterlogged lands that lined the banks of the Bride. Wellies would have been a good idea, we thought in perfect hindsight. And there were instances where we might have begun to question our motives, when a concerned neighbour, thinking we were scouting out the area around Wyse's Bridge as a potential thieving ground, was going to call the gardai, until we finally persuaded him that criminals don't normally do this with leads, microphones and a digital camcorder. But our enthusiasm was never in doubt for the job in hand, as we progressed from countryside into the more familiar sights and sounds of the city.



Photo: Martin O'Mahony

As we made our way steadily down into Blackpool, we began to notice the subtle differences between filming here and say, Killeens just a few miles out the road. It's amazing how many people prefer to focus on the exciting prospect of watching two blokes on the side of the road, trying desperately to block out the unrelenting screams from passing traffic, than to actually focus on the driving of their car. We also had to contend with Blackpool's recent affinity with massive roadworks, that was bringing noise pollution to new levels. It was a continuing saga of attempting to record in between the random bursts of street-drilling, which almost seemed deliberate, especially after they noticed our little report on the flooding of Blackpool in

November 2002. As they pointed out, they were rectifying the problem. As we pointed out, "Again?" We shot our last piece of footage, elevated 200 feet above the Lee in a wind-blasted car-park, where the phrase "So, this is it..." became immortalised. Except, of course it wasn't.

The editing process though, was pain-free in comparison, sitting comfortably inside a centrally-heated room up in University College Cork, armed with a mouse instead of a camera and faced with a computer screen that didn't ask "So what ya doin' like?" Still plenty of swearing on our part, so some things, I guess, never change. There are too many people to thank really, for giving us the opportunity to make this film but Stephen, our walking library of everything in Cork, and the how and why of its getting there, was an invaluable source of information, which, if all of it were used, the computer up in UCC would still be rendering footage long after we're dead and buried. To Marie-Annick for the provision of equipment and getting the computer fixed again and again. And to Mary, who hired me in the first place, and has promised us a helicopter next time. Cheers, and that's a wrap.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL

by Stephen Hunter

The most famous of Cork City's old hotels exudes an air of quiet, cosmopolitan self assurance...

The grand Imperial Hotel (021-4274040 e-mail: sales@imperialhotelcork.ie, Website: www.imperialhotelcork.ie has been a feature of Cork life for so long that it's hard to imagine the city without it. Famous Cork architect Sir Thomas Deane (1792-1871) designed the core of the South Mall establishment at the outset of his career, and this opened in 1813 as The Commercial Rooms, a place "where merchants could meet and discuss business matters and arrange contracts". The Imperial Clarence, a Deane-designed hotel and tavern next door on Pembroke St, was completed in 1819. Overall, the four-storey pile is an impressive sight, strongly influenced by Classical design concepts, and while the windows of South's Bar, La Fayette's Restaurant and many of the rooms offer absorbing views on to the streets, the Imperial is essentially defined by interior ambience. Its atmosphere is an inner-city one, with Patrick's St, Cork's main shopping thoroughfare, a couple of minutes walk away. Gillian O' Callaghan, the Hotel's Marketing Consultant says: "The hotel is a hub of activity on the Mall, surrounded by offices. A wide variety of people come here and it's a favourite place to congregate for working lunches and leisurely morning coffee."

There is a feeling here of a time before the motor car defined the parameters of urban life, of guests arriving and leaving by horse-drawn omnibus or electric tram, connecting with boats on the quays or with the six railway stations that once linked the city to its hinterlands and the outside world. More distantly, the hotel retains a suggestion of the river's proximity and of water-borne commerce: The South Mall was an open waterway into the 1790s; and the South Channel of the River Lee flows nearby, while occasionally the superstructure of a ship at the end of the Mall can still be glimpsed from the footpath outside the building. Nowadays, there is ample (if unobtrusive) car parking on offer and the flags of the Irish Republic and the European Union flutter over the entrance. A top-hatted footman greets visitors on the entrance steps, setting a tone of easy formality that doesn't take itself too seriously. Inside, Corkonians continue to mingle with visitors from all over the globe, as they did when Sir Walter Scott and the novelist Maria Edgeworth called in 1825, or when Dickens, the composer Franz List and other celebrated figures stayed later on in the 19th century. Another great writer, William Makepeace Thackeray, famously met the temperance campaigner Father Theobald Mathew here in 1843 and professed himself highly impressed by the sincerity of that gentle Corkman. Michael Collins, a key founder of the modern Irish state, spent his last night on earth within these walls in 1922, en route to his untimely end at Béal na mBláth, West Cork.

Some fine 19th century paintings adorn the entrance hall and a magnificent staircase leads upstairs to guest and conference rooms. The hotel has undergone alteration and restoration down the years, a process that has generally respected the building's heritage, with the 19th century contours substantially intact. This feeling of opulent yesteryears sits happily alongside modern innovations. Gillian O' Callaghan describes some of



The Imperial Hotel Photo: C.P. Hudson

the facilities: "Our smaller conference rooms are ideal venues for interviews, trade meetings and training courses. We also have the Clarence ballroom, which caters for up to 350 people banquet-style and is equipped with the latest technology, including the fastest Broadband Internet connections that are currently available." South's Bar, which looks onto the South Mall, is a product of the last refurbishment. It conveys an impression of mezzanines, plush booths and varnished wood, that fits successfully into the wider ensemble and is a comfortable refuge from the street - so comfortable that visitors may have difficulty tearing themselves away, having once settled down there. On week-ends, rooms off the reception area often host events that invite browsing from guests and passers-by alike - art exhibitions, and monthly fairs where the Coin Collectors group offer rare currency and other memorabilia. The hotel has also presented top musical acts, under the auspices of the Guinness Jazz Festival, including Ireland's blues harmonica maestro Don Baker. Gillian O' Callaghan continues: "Recently we have been promoting Friday evenings in South's for after work-time, with the Roaring Forties band playing from 5pm to 7pm. It is also proving popular with evening shoppers; we offer finger-food and mulled wine to ensure that our customers have a good time."

Looking to the future, Managing Director John Flynn and General Manager Declan Moriarty will oversee new developments that will add 32 bedrooms and a state of the art conference and business centre to the hotel. Says Gillian: "We are really looking forward to the refurbishment, which should be finished by the end of 2004 in order to coincide with Cork City becoming the European Capital of Culture in 2005. It means exciting times for the hotel and will mark the dawn of a new era."

CORK'S GRAND OLD CINEMAS BROUGHT TO LIFE

John McSweeney's recent book *The Golden Age of Cork's Cinemas* has brought the memories flooding back...

During the 1920s-'80s glory years of cinema, urban Cork supported a dozen picture houses, many housed in handsome modernist buildings. The Middle Parish, or inner city, hosted the majority - the Ritz, the Capitol, the Assembly Rooms, the Imperial, the Pavilion, the Savoy and the Lee. The Northside had five - Saint Mary's Hall, the Lido, the Palace, the Coliseum and the Cameo, while somewhat strangely, the Southside had none. Below are some recollections of Northside Folklore Project staff and friends. -Editor

The Cameo: We used to live just five minutes from the Cameo, which was the first cinema I ever went to. It was opened as the Bellevue cinema in 1920 by the well known Michael Prendergast. In the mid 1920s it became a dance hall, especially popular with the lads in Collin's Barracks across the way. In 1964 it was turned once again into a cinema called the Cameo. My mother used to take all six of us to the Sunday matinée. The first film I can remember seeing was Disney's *The Fox and the Hound*. Years later my brothers got roped into taking me. We saw the first ever music video on the Cameo screen. I thought my brothers took me to see a horror movie; it was actually the full version of Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. After *Thriller* came *Jaws*. The Cameo was a small theatre and the downstairs seats were all in flat rows, so they were all level. Any time a music video came on before or after the movie, we were allowed to get up and dance. It wasn't as fashionable as other cinemas but there was always a great atmosphere. Sadly, in 1990 it closed and where the once-beautiful building stood, there is now a block of apartments. - Maureen O' Keeffe

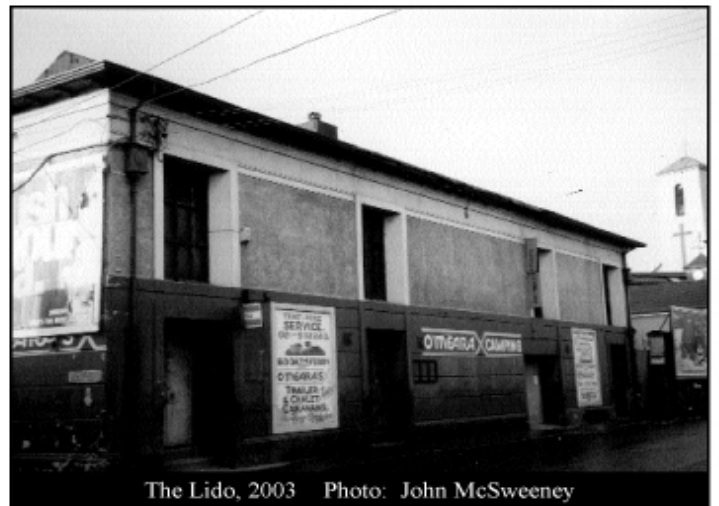
The Palace: The Palace cinema, or as it is known today, the Everyman Theatre, has its home on MacCurtain St, in the heart of Cork City. The late 1950s saw the beginning of my career as an usherette and I joined company with many rare and wonderful characters, many of them remaining friends to this day. The manager at the time was Dermot Breen, known to all as "Der", who made innovations there, introducing live shows



Photo: C.P. Hudson

and film festivals, which brought many stars of the day to Cork. The Palace was a hive of activity and the hub of Cork's theatre world. It was in the back bar there that I met my future husband Eddie, and many romances blossomed under the roof of the majestic building. The auditorium of the grand house was a space of opulence and wonderment for all those who enjoyed the flavour of film and theatre of the time.

Before the refurbishment of 1959, the upstairs was known to all as "the Gods", and featured long wooden seats where space could be had for a bargain price of one shilling. The private boxes on the stage, where the well-to-do of Cork held court, were a far cry from the prices charged in the Gods. These boxes went for one pound, at the time, a king's ransom. That was the beauty of theatre and cinema in that era. People from all levels of society met under the same roof and enjoyed whatever the palace had to offer, which was always the highest in entertainment. Cinemas back then were focal points of city life. So many have since closed, like the Pavilion on Patrick St, where my own mother Eileen worked for years in the 1930s. Times have changed, but my recollections of cinemas in Cork and of the wonderful five years when I had the privilege of working in the Palace will always be some of my most treasured memories. - Anne Murphy (née McGrath)



The Lido, 2003 Photo: John McSweeney

The Lido: I grew up in Wolfe Tone St in the 1940s, and started going to the Lido, on Watercourse Rd, Blackpool, when I was about ten. I think they charged tuppence for the front stalls - they were very basic, and consisted of long wooden forms - and four pence for the back, which were a bit better; individual padded seats. To get the admission money we would take empty jam jars to White's, a corner store in Blarney St about 50 yards above the Rock steps. They gave one half-penny for a one pound jar, a penny for a two pound one. This was typical of the ways poor people raised money back then; we also used to sell rags, bones and scrap metal at Maggie Fenner's, near the present Dunne's North Main St. I can remember a married couple who used to take blackberries in a galvanised bucket and sell them at Ogilvie & Moore's on Parnell Place during August and September.

Once inside the Lido, a new world opened up to us. A lot of shows would seem very unsophisticated nowadays - Flash Gordon, Superman and lots of cowboy movies - but we were enthralled by it all. The sessions were 7 to 9 pm and 9 to 11 pm on week nights, with a 3 o'clock matinée on Saturdays. I don't think there was ever a kiosk, but I do remember a girl who came around with a tray of sweets and things. It could get pretty boisterous at times. One fellow threw the back of a seat through the screen and I was barred for a time myself for blackguarding, although I probably wasn't doing very much. - John Connolly

Most large country towns also had their local cinema, with Fermoy boasting two, the Palace and the Royal...

From my early childhood the cinema played a large part in my life. My father was the projectionist at the Palace Cinema in Fermoy, so we used to get in there for free. It was unusual because it had a ballroom attached where dances were held. On a Wednesday night, I would accompany an elderly cousin of my father's. She was very bad on her feet, so we would have to leave a good hour before it started and we wouldn't get home until past midnight. She hated the Three Stooges and if you got a bit too excited when they came on, she would hook you around the neck with her stick. I remember one man in particular called Danger Flynn, who loved cowboy films. He would go around telling everyone, "There is a great film on tonight, picking 'em off the rocks". My cousins came home from England every year for the summer holidays and would go to the pictures with us; we would all get



Cork Film Festival 1956

Courtesy Irish Examiner, Ref 934h

in free. It was the highlight of their holiday and they still talk about it.

My father died suddenly and very young, but that didn't break our connection with the Palace, because my mother got the job of doing the posters that advertised the films. She would hand-print them and send me down to Fox's Printers to ask for near-empty tins of black ink. I would collect six pence worth of turpentine, which was used to thin the ink. At certain times they would hold a big dance and my mother would also do the poster for that, which would earn seven shillings and six pence. This money helped a lot because we didn't have much after my father died. After I started working my mother and I would hitch-hike to Cork and we would go to see three films in one day; we would have it timed to perfection. Now I go with my daughter and son, so I guess it's in the blood. The cinema has endured down through the years and it's still magic. - Frances Quirke

CORK'S GREAT LADY OF FILM

by Martin O'Mahony

Helen Prout's enthusiasm has inspired a generation of students of film and video-making...

Way back in 1978, when film making was a hugely expensive, and some would say, elitist profession, a very dedicated lady emerged who began to break down the barriers that stood between the ordinary person and the chance of making a film. That lady is Helen Prout, who lives at Nash's Boreen, Fairhill, on Cork's Northside. Helen has a long connection with the world of film, her family having once owned a cinema in Millstreet, Co Cork and no matter where she went she would nearly always carry a camera. This interest was passed on to her children (she had thirteen) as they grew up, and most of them are still avid camera users.

Having such a large family helped Helen to realise just how prohibitively expensive it was at the time for working-class children to become involved in film-making. With the few contacts she had among other amateur film enthusiasts, she established The Youth Video and Film Group, at first concentrating on the Northside of Cork City. That was almost twenty-five years ago, and this group still exists today, but it now covers all the city and county. The aim of the group is to generate an interest in film and video making among the youth of Cork, and to make facilities (such as cameras) and training available through youth and community groups and schools. A special interest is taken in the disabled children and young adults in our society. Disadvantaged children and members of the Travelling community are strongly encouraged to take part, and are given every possible assistance. The film-making workshops are still going today and of course there is the annual



festival. This festival offers junior film and video makers a chance to show off their skills. Not only is film catered for, but artists from three years of age upwards can enter in the painting, colouring, arts and crafts, and still photography sections. It is an international festival, and attracts entries from all over Europe.

In the earlier years, the annual festival began with a parade through the streets of Cork City. The City Hall was then the venue for the awards night. Many thousands of children used to take part, but it seems that today, with the advent of television, playstation and the likes, it's becoming harder to get the same number of children interested. Still, the festival takes place in May of each year, and the group is planning its 25th festival to coincide with the Cork Capital of Culture Year in 2005. It is hoped that some of the entrants from the festival's early years will turn up on the Awards night and renew old friendships and perhaps see themselves on video or in photographs taken all those years ago. Helen has video recordings of every year of the festival since it began.

The group is totally a voluntary one headed by Helen with the assistance of Michael O'Mahony, Principal of Regina Mundi College, Con Prout and Martin O'Mahony. Just two years ago an all-Irish section was added to the festival and this section is looked after by Cian O'Shea and Con MacParlan. The only funding received each year has been from Cork City Council. Helen has on most years had to put her hand in her own pocket in order to keep the ship afloat. Such is her interest and dedication. Without her, perhaps the children of Cork City would not have the opportunity to express their undoubted many talents.

EDUCATION IN 19TH CENTURY CORK

by Helen (O'Shea) Prout

In the 19th century, education was a privilege rather than a right...

In the year 1811, Cork City had a population of more than 100,000. The vast majority of the people were Catholic, but the provision for the education of Catholic children was completely inadequate, and the poorer classes were sunk in ignorance and misery. At this time there lived in the city by the Lee an educated class, mostly Protestants, but also respected Catholics who attended the Cork Library Society Rooms on the South Mall, which were stocked with thousands of carefully selected books and periodicals. The annual subscription was one guinea and admission fee was half a guinea. Writing of his visit to Cork in 1842, the novelist Thackeray said, "The Cork citizens are the most book-loving people I ever met". Many literary men of reputation went to England and other countries, among them "Father Prout" (Francis O' Mahony) author of *The Bells of Shandon* and *The Reliques of Father Prout*.

Private schools for boys whose parents were able to pay for the education of their children were numerous in the city; they were conducted by non-Catholics, many of whom were scholarly men. As well as Protestants many children of middle-class Catholics attended these schools. The Bishop of Charlestown, USA, John England, had been a pupil in one of those schools; he was so insulted by his master and school-mates that he was obliged to leave. The distinguished Corkman, business man, Nationalist and poet Denny Lane, author of the song *Carrigdhoun*, wrote in 1885 of events that had happened more than sixty years previously: "Before I left school I had knowledge of the literature that was then appreciated in provincial circles, which I didn't see in any other city. The love of literature, I found in the middle-class of society, for there were no upper class in Cork, no peers, and no baronets". Out of twenty fellowships in Trinity College, twelve were held by Cork men; no Catholics could hold them then.

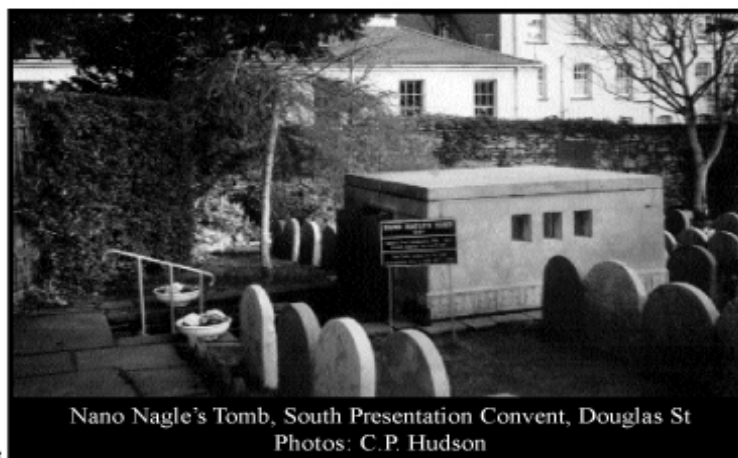
Few opportunities were available for the children of the greater mass of people. Poor parents were obliged to send their children to some so-called school in an alley or laneway in which, for a few pence a week, a man or woman possessing no educational qualifications taught reading, writing, and making up accounts. The pupils learned their lessons generally in a single room amidst squalid surroundings. Each child brought each morning whatever reading book he or she could get. There were often as many reading books as children.

The relatively few poor Protestant children were cared for in the several charity schools founded by pious Protestants, such as Saint Stephen's on the Southside, also known as the "Blue Coat Hospital", in which forty boys received food, clothes, and schooling and were appointed to trades or sea service when they became of age, with a fee of £5 for two suits of clothes. The "Green Coat Hospital" on Shandon catered for thirty boys and ten girls, "Charity shod" for the education of fifteen poor Protestant boys, Peter Street Charity School for ten poor boys, Pomeroy's School for ten children and Deane's Charity School for twenty boys and twenty girls. The Protestant Free School was established in 1808 to train 300 children of both sexes in "the fear of God and principles of the Established Church".



Poor Catholic girls enjoyed the invaluable services of the Ursuline and Presentation nuns. The Ursulines taught 200 poor girls in their Douglas St school. They also had a boarding school for middle-class and wealthy Catholics. The Presentation nuns had a school for 300 girls in Douglas St and a second one in Philpott's Lane

on the Northside, which was attended by 100 children. Private schools for boys were inadequate for a Catholic population of over 80,000. In 1802 Edmond Ignatius Rice, an educationalist, enthusiast and practical worker appeared in Waterford. In 1809 the Bishop of Cork, Dr Moylan visited him to examine his work there. Acting on the advice of Brother Rice, Jerome O'Connor was appointed first Superior of the community of "Gentlemen of the Monastery" (the term Christian Brothers was as yet unknown) and so in 1811 he took possession of the old school building in Chapel Lane near the North Cathedral; only seventeen boys attended the dismal school room.



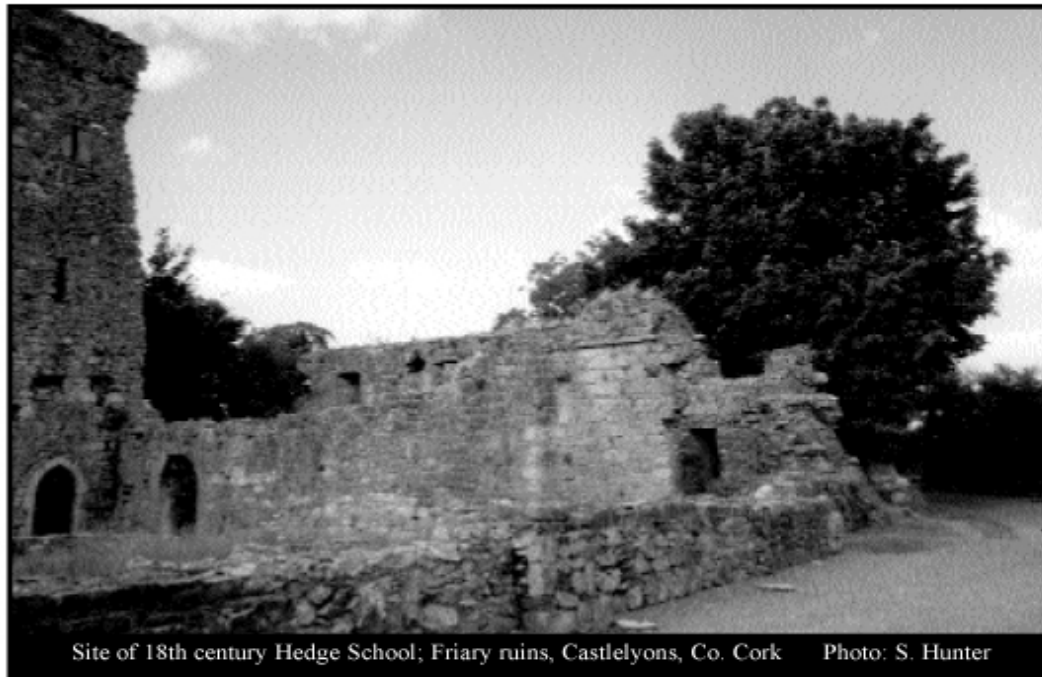
Nano Nagle's Tomb, South Presentation Convent, Douglas St
Photos: C.P. Hudson

Compulsory attendance did not come into operation until 1926. All that was required to keep on the right side of the law even after the Education Act of 1892 was to attend 150 days in the full year. The acceptable excuses listed for absence included fishing, harvesting, and sickness. Children could hardly have liked the treatment meted out when they did show up. The bright, well-equipped

class-rooms of today's schools are worlds away from the miserable conditions endured by thousands in the 1800s. Essential maintenance work was often neglected, despite the cold and damp that teachers and pupils were forced to endure daily. Stoves and open fires were the usual methods of heating, and in many schools each child was expected to bring in daily a sod of turf or a bundle of sticks for the fire.

Different groups were often taught cramped together. The teacher's salary was determined by the progress of the pupils, who were subjected to a boring mechanical routine based on rote-learning, often by chant. Corporal punishment was the only way many teachers could control their large, often unruly classes, and they used their canes lavishly. Beatings were a part of life in many Irish families and they were automatically accepted in schools. Far-reaching changes were introduced around 1890: The system of payment by results was abolished, and this was the era of the first child-centred curriculum, a wide and varied programme encapsulating elementary science, local history, nature study and art, with more emphasis on the child's enjoyment.

Conditions improved, particularly after a major flare up between the school managers (priests) and the commissioners in the Department of Education. The commissioners accused the managers of not fulfilling their responsibilities; the Church reacted angrily, but the complaint had its effect and conditions improved.



Site of 18th century Hedge School; Friary ruins, Castlelyons, Co. Cork Photo: S. Hunter

Tá tigh scoile beag theas i nDrom Caor agam,
Láimh le loch aerach an ghrinn,
Bíonn scoláirí na háite go léir ann,
'S ó gach baile ón dtaobh eile de 'n tír,
Nuair a thagann an bháisteach ón spéir chugainn
Crádhann agus céasann mo chroí,
Is do thánas ag casamh mo ghaolta,
D'iarraidh ádhbhairín éigin den tuí.

Trans: I have a little schoolhouse near Drom Caor,
Beside a sparkling lake,
The scholars come both from that place and from the
surrounding countryside as well,
When the rain falls, it persecutes me near to heart-break,
And I must go among my friends begging a little straw to thatch
the roof.

This verse by Tomás Rua Ó Súilleabháin describes his schoolhouse. Tomás was a hedge-schoolmaster, one of the last of the men who provided a truly national and non-sectarian education. The wandering schoolmasters gave their pupils a Classical education, in wretched hovels built against the side of ditches. In the first decades of the 19th century, the hedge schools outnumbered all other schools, and they continued to be so profoundly national that in 1831 the government introduced a state system of education.

John Kohl visited one of the last of the old hedge schools during his stay in Ireland and wrote: "An Irish Hedge school, which I visited, one of the pure old national style...it was in truth a touching sight. The school-house was a mud hovel, covered with green sods, without windows or other comforts. The little pupils, wrapped up as well as their rags would cover them, sat beside the low open door towards which they were all holding their books in order to obtain a little of the scanty light it admitted. Some of the younger ones were sitting or lying on the floor. Behind these, others were seated on a couple of benches formed of loose boards, and behind these again stood taller children, also holding their books towards the light

between the heads of the front rank. The master was seated in the midst of the crowd. In a sketch book of Ireland this would be an essential picture, and I regret that I had not a daguerreotype with me to perpetuate the scene.

Outside lay as many pieces of

turf as there were scholars within, for each had brought a piece with him as a fee or gratuity for the school master. The latter, as I entered the narrow door, rose from the barrel and saluted me in a friendly manner, 'Indeed I am sorry your honour, that I am not able to offer you a chair'. He was teaching the children the English alphabet and they all appeared very cheerful, smart and bright-eyed over their study. When their poverty, their food, and clothing are considered, this may seem surprising, but it is the case with all Irish children, and especially those in the open country. The school-house stood close by the roadside, but many children resided several miles off, and even the school master did not live near it. At a certain hour they all meet here, and when the day's task is over they scamper off home whilst the school master fastens the door as best he can, puts his turf fees into his bag, and trudges off to his remote cottage across the bog."

Many distinguished 19th century academics received their first education in hedge schools, among them James Thomson, later Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow University, and James McCullagh, who was appointed Professor of Mathematics at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1836. Some of the hedge school masters lived on to teach in the national schools, and many of those who did, refused to be confined to the syllabus approved by the Board of Education.

EXCERPTS FROM THE SOUND ARCHIVE

by Dolores Horgan

The following are sound recording excerpts from our multi-media archive, which also includes photography and videos. The taped interviews are with people living in the Shandon area.

Excerpt 1: Michael Murphy, talking of his early years on Shandon.

“Born in Francis Street up near Shandon, I had six brothers and five sisters. I am counting in two who died, one at twelve months and the other at eighteen months. I don’t know what happened to them as it was before my time and it was never discussed. At that time, there was a high rate of scarlet fever and TB. A few of the babies were born at home, I don’t remember anything about it, because you were kept away from it. I went to school at Saint

Mary’s National, affectionately known as Father Hurley’s, on Eason’s Hill, which is a community centre now. I loved school and I enjoyed it. At an early age I joined the altar boys in the North Infirmary, which meant I was in school a half-hour early before the class every morning. Mass in the hospital was at 7 o’clock, then we would tour the wards with the priests, followed by our breakfast. The priest would go visiting the wards and we would go around with him to pass away the time as it was too early to go to school during the winter. It depended on the priest, 7 or 7.30 Mass, and you were always out of the hospital by 8 or 8.30. School was up around the corner and we played ball games in the yard.”

Excerpt 2: Nancy Cahalane talking about her time working in the family’s famous sweet factory beside Shandon.

“It is a family business, my grandfather started it off in the ’20s. My father got it from him and now my brother has it, but we all work in it from time to time. My grandfather’s name was Dan Linehan, my father’s name was Jim Linehan and my brother is Dan Linehan Junior. He is running the sweet factory at the moment with his son, my daughter and a few more, but it is all family run. As each one of us came to an age before we got our own jobs, we all did our own time at the factory while waiting for another job. Just for my brother, he stayed there. We used to make toffees when my father was alive, but we don’t now. We make all hard-boiled sweets and cream pies. Just hard-boiled sweets made from butter nuggets, mixtures, cough drops and souvenir rock. We are making that now for the summer for Castletownbere, Killarney and those places.”

Excerpt 3: Jerome O’Callaghan, Dominick St, Shandon

“Father O’ Flynn (of the Loft Shakespearean Theatre Co) and all the priests, there are good stories told of them. In the Cathedral above, in the sacristy there are about a dozen priests. So much so, that when the priests went out in the morning, it was ‘harum-scarum’, you might get the wrong coat. So there were two Father O’ Mahonys there and one of them went out for a walk, he was going down Shandon St when he met this old lady and she said, ‘Father, have you got any couple of bob, there is eight of us in the family and he is not sending on any money.’ (He was working in England). The priest said, ‘I am very sorry ma’am’, so she said, ‘Put your hand in your pocket, you might find something’. So he did, and picked out a half-crown and gave it to the old lady then. He went back to the presbytery for dinner or lunch and he was telling them about the

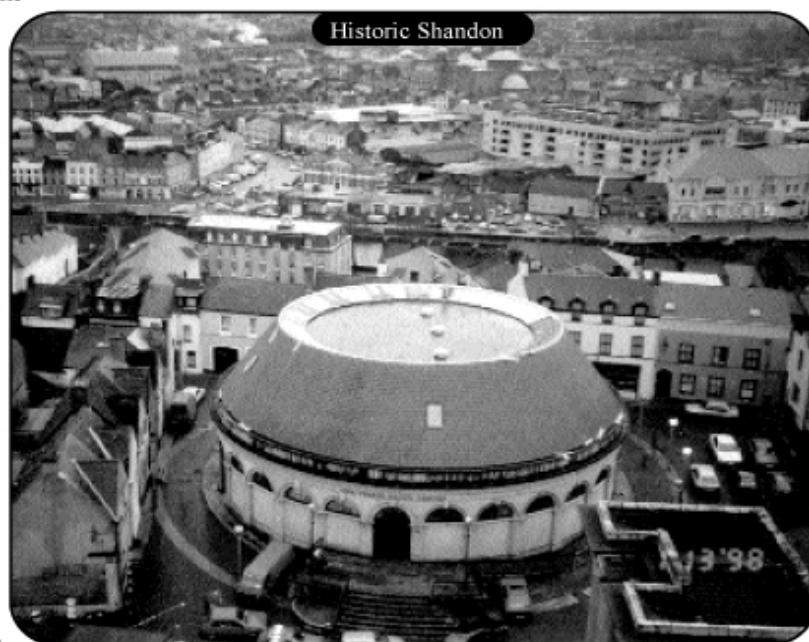
great faith they had in Cork. So he told them what happened during the day and one of the other priests said to him, ‘Now I know who took my trousers this morning’. That could be a yarn now.”

Excerpt 4 - Jenny Healy, Eason’s Hill, Shandon, talking about the Eucharistic Procession.

“This is Jenny Healy, my own name is Jenny Hennessy and I lived on Eason’s Hill with my mother. I used to stay with my sister, the light of heaven to her, on Eason’s Hill, then we used to come up to the top of Eason’s Hill with my mother, the light of heaven to her too.

We used to sit and bring up chairs and sit at the top of Eason’s Hill and watch the Procession. It would start at 2.30 and afterwards we would go down to my mother’s for a cup of tea. Then my mother would say, ‘Well now girls, ye have a cup of tea now, and ye are going home, because I am going up to Benediction’. She used to always go up to the North Chapel for Benediction, ‘The Blessed Sacrament’.

One Sunday we were at the Procession, all at the top of the hill, and we noticed a lady and her husband coming up the hill. It was a small little house my mother had, with a half-door. She always put up a statue of the Child of Prague my mother had, a night-light and a couple of flowers around it. On that Sunday the man came up and said. ‘Who owns the house down on the hill, the small house?’ He said, ‘The window is on fire.’ So with that we all ran away down, my mother got there first to put out the night-light. It was the curtain caught the night-light and I said, ‘We were all going mad (upset) over my mother that night’. But she was alright. She used to always go to Eason’s Hill to see the Procession, but since my mother died, I never went near Eason’s Hill to see the Procession.”



THE ARCADIA

by Maureen O'Keefe and Frances Quirke

This famous Lower Road landmark is now just a memory, but lives on in the hearts of Leesiders...

The Arcadia, more fondly known as "the Arc", was a famous Northside Cork dance hall on Lower Glanmire Road. Many people went in single, met their true love there and went on to marry. Michael Prendergast opened it in 1924, first as a roller-skating rink, which wasn't very successful. That option was tried twice more, the last time in the 1970s. It had several owners over 79 years; first Michael Prendergast, who died in 1937, then his son Michael Junior, who died at the great age of 93 on Valentine's Day, 1984. His son Peter also ran the Arc for many years, coming up with the idea of the Blue Room, where it cost two shillings to get in and hear jazz musicians play on Sunday nights. The Prendergasts owned the Arcadia for 61 years before selling it in 1985 to CIE, who used it as a social club. The Arcadia became the first temple of sound in Cork and hosted many great acts, like Molly O' Shea's band in the 1930s or later on Pat Crowley.

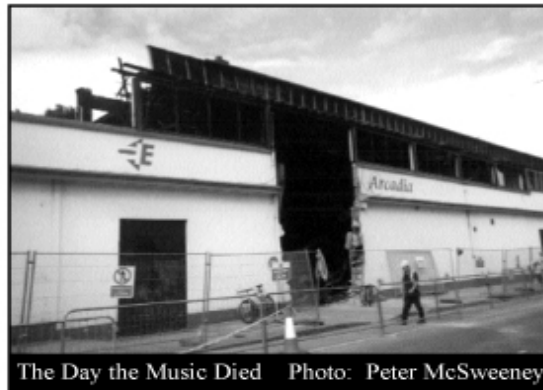
Evening Echo journalist Vincent Power captures the atmosphere of the Arc's 1950's and '60's glory days in his book, *Send 'Em Home Sweatin'*. Peter Prendergast frequently had a thousand tickets sold before the box office opened on a Saturday night. Dancers got lifts from all parts of the county to the Arc: "On Sunday evenings in the early '60s queues formed from 8.30 p.m. outside the doors of ballrooms all over Ireland, where the air smelled of Old Spice aftershave and Sweet Afton cigarettes... Crowds who have waited patiently for two hours on the street descend on the box office... The Clippers (The Clipper Carlton Showband) are in town and no one wants to miss them. By 9 p.m. Peter is at the mike to make the formal introduction: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the stars of our show tonight, the wonderful Clipper Carlton!' Down by the Riverside is the band's signature tune, a favourite in Cork. The Clippers are an antidote to the rather staid orchestras that dominate the dance hall circuit. They are unlike any other band in the country..."

In the early '50s the Dixies came on the scene playing jazz in Shandon's Francis Hall on a Saturday Night. They would pack the place out. Word got around about the Dixie Landers, as they were called then, and instead of trying to compete with them at the Arcadia, Peter decided to book them as a relief band who would come on before headline bands like the Clippers. It was in the Arc in 1958 that the Dixies learned their trade. They would listen to the other bands' performances and take some tips from them. They would practice the bands' songs and sing them louder and better the next Saturday night. Dixies' founder Seán Lucey told us that's what it was all about, copying other bands and making it their own. Soon they had a bigger audience than the headline bands.

We asked Seán how they came to go professional and Seán replied that he was talking to Brendan Bowyer of the Royal

Showband, who said "You should go pro, the money is great, I have £10,000 saved already!" Seán says: "Hearing that story, and with Peter's persuasion, we decided to give it a shot. The only one who didn't want to was our lead singer, so we auditioned for a new vocalist, that's how Brendan O'Brien came to join as singer and rhythm guitarist in 1961." Peter Prendergast put 100% effort into the band, coming up with unique ways to advertise them, just as he had with the Clippers in the '50s. When the Dixies arrived back in Cork at about 6 in the morning after a gig, it was not unusual to see the light on in the Arc, where Peter would be working away on new ideas to promote them. In October '63 they became the first showband to make personal appearances in Paris and Rome. Peter knew that nobody would believe that they had performed in these places, so he took postcards of scenes such as the Eiffel Tower and St Peter's Square and superimposed the band's picture on the cards. He posted the cards to DJs and columnists back home. The postmarks confirmed it was not fiction.

The Arc opened six nights a week; admission ranged from one shilling and threepence to ten shillings on a special night such as the Muskerry Ball. The most famous events were the Cork Farmers' Union dance, the Saint Stephen's Night party, and of course the New Year's Eve dance, where there were streamers, hats and presents hanging from the ceiling. In the '40s and '50s you had the lads with their bicycles. On a busy night, the bicycle park inside the lower door was usually packed. "Would you like a crossbar home?" was a popular pick up line, which was usually answered with acceptance or a snort of refusal. If he were a gentleman he would lay his coat on the crossbar for the lady to sit on. Dancing styles ranged from the foxtrot and quickstep to the Charleston, rumba, tango and jive. In the early '70s



The Four Tops and Rory Gallagher played there, as did U2 later. It was a huge status symbol for aspiring acts to appear there - if you could make it in Cork, you could make it anywhere.

Many people went to visit the old place while it was being demolished, some even taking bricks for souvenirs. Members of various show bands also went. We asked Seán Lucey and Brendan O'Brien how they felt about the place being demolished. Their reply was, "Very sad to see the place go, but it hasn't been the same since the mid '80s, it had its time". Peter Prendergast had asked Seán and Brendan to buy the Arcadia in 1982. When asked if it would have made a difference had they had more insight into the building's destiny, they replied, "No, it would have cost too much to insure. By the '80s showbands were gone, discos and pubs were the 'in' thing. It would have never taken off second time around".

It seems like every Cork person went to the Arc at one stage or another, from the 1920s, right through to the '90s, and all have fond memories of it. Today the great dance hall is just rubble, the site soon to be a forty-eight unit block of student apartments with an underground car park.

the crown at that time to establish proper administrative structures throughout the realm, hence the reliance on the application of the model used in Late Anglo-Saxon England. In fact the only lands under the direct control of the sovereign were the coastal towns and areas immediately adjacent, and any Church lands that fell within the area of conquest. The retention of Church lands meant that the sovereign retained control in the appointment of bishops and this also helped to underline the inferior status of private jurisdiction in relation to those ruled directly by the Crown. But it was to be with Henry's son and successor to the throne that the beginnings of the modern county system came to fruition. Under King John, the territorial expansion of the colony continued, but land grants were divided into smaller shares, among a greater number of holders, as the King sought to restrict the power of the newly landed Anglo-Norman nobility. Also a central administration was established and sheriffs and county courts were formed. What developed was a dual system of control in Anglo-Norman Ireland; newly formed counties under the direct control of the Crown in tandem with liberties under the control of the lords. In the county proper as in England, the sheriff was the principal officer of the Crown, in the liberty his counterpart appointed by the local magnate, was known as "the seneschal of the liberty". In addition, when the Crown appointed sheriffs to the liberty, their authority only extended to the lands of the Church, and they were known as "Sheriffs of the County of the Cross". All sheriffs swore allegiance to the Crown, while the seneschal also gave allegiance to his lord within the liberty. Of course, outside of all these developments stood Gaelic Ireland, which remained under the control of its chieftains.

The actual creation of counties fell into two distinct phases. The first, which ran from the 12th century to the early part of the 14th century, saw not only the creation of counties, but a diminution of the role of liberties. So that by the end of the period, Crown administration had grown at the expense of both Gaelic Ireland, and the provincial barons. By 1307, there were twelve counties - Louth, Meath, Roscommon, Connacht, Dublin, Kildare, Waterford, Cork, Tipperary, Limerick, Kerry, Carlow and four liberties - Kilkenny, Wexford, Trim and Ulster. Despite these developments, the effectiveness of royal administration within the area under conquest was far from uniform. It was at its most competent in the east and south, but had a more tenuous hold in other shired areas. From the early 14th century through to 1534, no advances took place in relation to county creation; in fact it could be said that the conquest was only half complete. The Normans had not arrived in sufficient numbers to fulfil the mission, and the Kings of England were pre-occupied with a series of wars both within and without their own borders. As a consequence over the course of the 15th century, the area of the

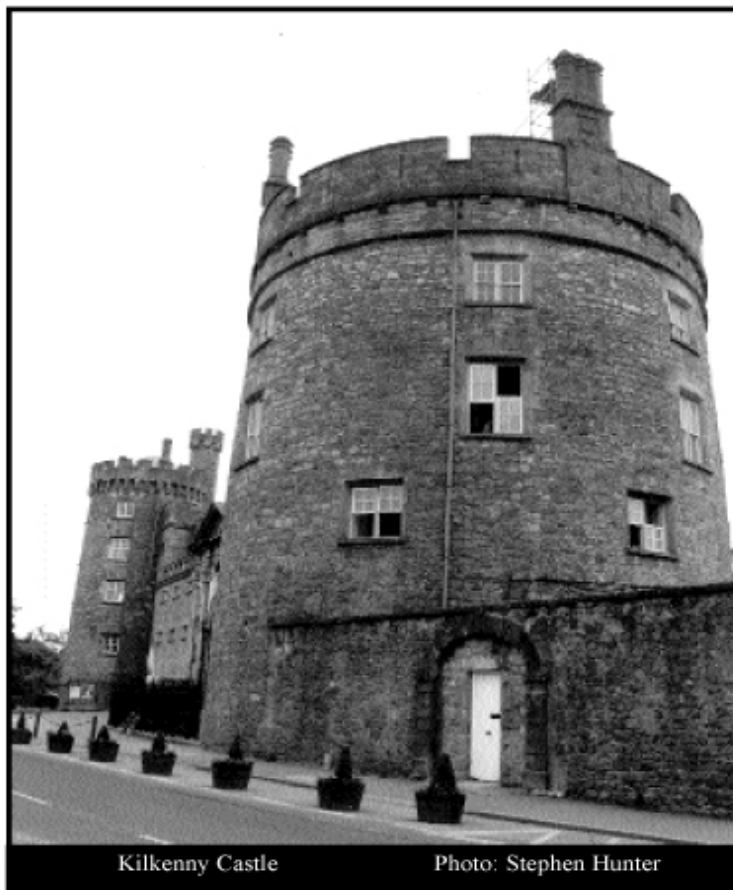
colony was severely eroded in the face of advances by the Gaelic Irish. By this time only the Pale which consisted of Louth, Meath, Dublin and Kildare, along with the towns, could be considered as loyal to the Crown. Outside of these areas were a patchwork of lordships and chieftainries, with varying degrees of loyalty to the sovereign.

But all this was to change during the reign of Henry VIII, this shift in policy occurred as a result of England's deepening involvement in European political and religious affairs. Henry, fearing that his foreign enemies might use Ireland as a base for operations against him, digressed from previous policy and adopted a more proactive approach, viewing the pacification of Ireland as having a direct link to the security of England. He decided to abandon the policy of keeping the Anglo-Irish and the Gaelic Irish apart, the pursuit of which meant diluting the power of the Anglo-Irish, and at the same time coming to an

accommodation with the Gaelic Irish. The first aspect of this was attended to when he executed the most powerful of the Anglo-Irish lords, the Earl of Kildare, Garret Óg Fitzgerald, whom he viewed as disloyal to the Crown, and confiscated his lands. With the Gaelic Irish he pursued a policy of persuasion, offering full pardons and titles to those who surrendered and accepted his lordship over the land, he would then regrant them their estates; upwards of forty Gaelic rulers accepted the offer of surrender and regrant.

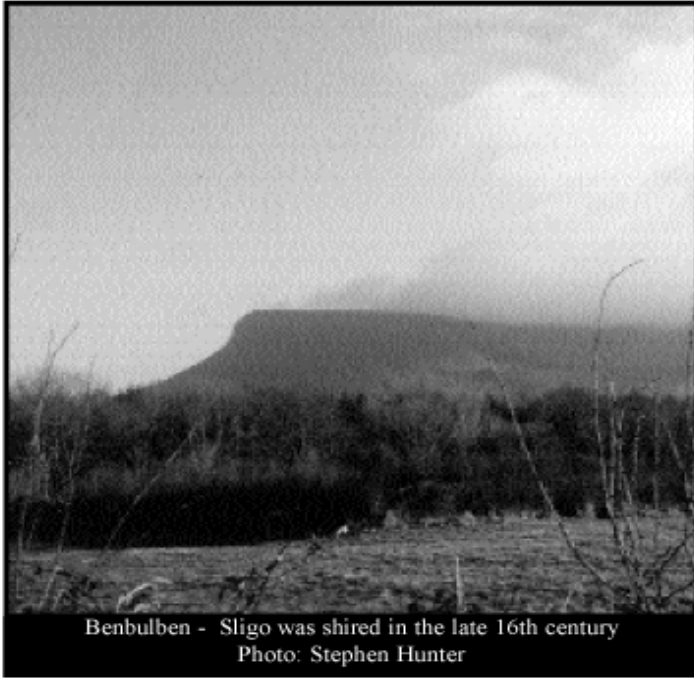
The relative peace which ensued paved the way for the second phase of county creation. Henry, who was declared King of Ireland in 1541, made but a singular contribution to the shiring of Ireland, by dividing Meath into the counties of Meath and Westmeath in 1542. But what is interesting to note at this point in time is that despite the

diminution of control that had occurred, the concept of those counties and liberties created during the reign of King John three hundred years earlier remained in the mindset of the English Crown. By dividing Meath, Henry was seen as adding to a system that was already in existence. The pace of county creation was set to increase under succeeding Tudor monarchs, with a view to strengthening the control of the centre, but ominously this also included a more aggressive stance in relation to the Gaelic Irish, with subjugation being pursued as a means of achieving pacification. As well as this the gradual re-absorption of liberties took place, thwarting the power of any recalcitrant elements that might exist within the Anglo-Irish community. Under Edward VI the lands of the O'Moores and the O'Connors were attacked and the suppression of those Gaelic territories via plantation led to the creation of King's County (Offaly) and Queen's County (Laois) by 1557 during the rule of Mary.



Kilkenny Castle

Photo: Stephen Hunter



Benbulbin - Sligo was shired in the late 16th century
Photo: Stephen Hunter

But it was to be during the long reign of her successor Elizabeth I that the bulk of the shiring process took place. In 1569 an act was passed which provided of "for the turning of counties that be not yet shire ground into shire ground", so that "her majesty's laws may have free course throughout this realm of Ireland". In pursuit of this aim, Elizabeth established the Presidencies of Munster and Connacht in 1570; this not only facilitated shiring, but also brought a more concentrated element of government into the south and west. Almost immediately Galway, Mayo, Sligo and a reconstituted Roscommon were created as counties, along with Clare or Thomond. By 1583 Cavan and Leitrim followed; all of these counties at this time were of course part of Connacht. The shiring of the province had proceeded with little difficulty, as the landlords had agreed to make a settlement which confirmed them in their estates. The situation in Munster proved more difficult; the province at this time consisted of eight counties, five shires - Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Kerry and Tipperary,

and three lordships - Desmond, Ormond and a fluctuating Clare, which had already been shired as part of Connacht, and oscillated between that province and Munster before finally settling in the latter. Desmond was the southern portion of modern Kerry and Ormond was Tipperary less the County of the Cross of Tipperary. Some of the Munster lords resisted efforts to curtail their authority and also fought in defence of their religion as the struggle between Catholic and Protestant was ongoing. This was especially the case with the Earl of Desmond and led to two rebellions before his final defeat in 1583. With these lands now forfeit to the Crown, Desmond was eventually amalgamated with Kerry in 1606.

Ulster proved to be the last outstanding exception in the record of Tudor successes in Ireland. Louth and the county of Ulster (which comprised of the eastern portion of the present day province), were part of the earlier phase of shiring. With the division of Ulster in 1570, Antrim and Down were created, soon to be followed by Armagh. This left the greatest stronghold of the Gaelic lordship, the country of the O' Neills and the O'Donnells. The mid-to-late 1580s saw the shiring of Ulster with Donegal, Fermanagh and Monaghan coming under Crown law, but an uneasy co-existence ensued. Hugh O'Neill, whose lands encompassed modern day Tyrone and Derry was forced to go to London in 1590 to answer allegations of disloyalty, only being able to return home after promising to allow his territory to be divided into counties. This led to the creation of Tyrone in 1591. Derry was part of this county until 1613, when it became a county in its own right. By the late 1590s, the signs were ominous, as the O'Neills and the O'Donnells strived to reassert their authority, but with the ultimate defeat of the Gaelic forces at the Battle of Kinsale in 1601, the entire island was left at the disposal of the Crown; the shiring of Ulster could now be completed unhindered. Thereafter, all that remained was the re-absorption of those liberties that remained outside central control, especially in the east where Wicklow became a county in 1606, and the drawing up of the provincial boundaries. The last act in the process took place in 1715, when the liberty of Ormond was amalgamated with the County of the Cross of Tipperary to form Tipperary. At this point the system so many of us readily identify with today had reached its completion.

CULTURES OF CORK

The Northside Folklore Project is extremely pleased to announce our partnership with Cork 2005 in an ambitious ethnographic fieldwork project, Cultures of Cork, to begin in March 2004. We will be conducting a series of oral history interviews with the diverse new communities now living in Cork, as well as the broad spectrum of Cork City natives, to result in a series of radio programs. We will be presenting the reality of Cork as a multi-cultural city through the vehicle of folklore - the people's culture.

Our permanent archive already houses substantial materials collected over our eight year history and the interviews for this project will add a significant body of material, creating a multi-ethnic dimension to our archive and further developing our position as a valuable resource in regard to Cork identity and everyday culture.

The Northside Folklore Project and our sponsors, UCC Department of Folklore and Ethnology, Northside Community Enterprises and FÁS, are very excited about this chance for our community-based organisation to highlight the interface between the global and the local, embracing the resulting creativity and cultural renewal - a celebration of a new Cork.

YE QUEENŌS CASTELL

ITS DISCOVERY AND EXCAVATION

BY CATRYN POWER

A distinguished archaeologist digs beneath the surface of Cork streets to rediscover the medieval city...

In medieval times the city of Cork was protected by a battlement curtain wall known as the City Walls; this fortification extended from the North Gate to the South Gate, and from the west marsh to the east marsh. Important entrances through the City Walls were present on each side of these walls. One or two castles stood at each of these entrances. Maritime trade was a significant contributor to the economic prosperity of Cork City; its port is known from 1207. In the 13th and 14th centuries Cork was the major port of south-west Ireland. On the east of Cork City, at the mouth of the channel stood a water gate, which was a strategic shipping entrance. The Pacata Hibernia map of Cork City, dated to c.1585-1600, depicts a portcullis-like feature here, with a drawbridge leading across to the island opposite. It also shows the internal harbour in the heart of the city, where ships berthed in the area to the south of Castle Street (the location of this port was identified on Castle Street in 1996). The gate here was defended by the Queen's Castle to the north, and within the City Walls, to the south, by the King's Castle.

Information on Queen's Old Castle is scant; even its exact location was unidentified until 1996. The Pacata Hibernia map shows that the Queen's Castle stood at the north side of the channel which today is immediately south of Castle Street and north of St Augustine St. This map depicted the Castle as a large structure, with a tall conical roof called "Ye Queen's Castell"; it was the central of three conjoined towers. Hardiman's map of c. 1601 displays the tower on the north side of the channel and it is larger than any of the other mural (on the City Wall) towers; it also has a conical roof. On its eastern side a barbican, or gate is evident and the outwork extends into the channel on the south. The 1610 map by Speed depicts the castle on the north side of the channel, while on the south bank an outwork stretches into the channel.

Within the walls and to the south of the Queen's Castle stood another castle called King's Castle, probably the principal castle in Cork during the medieval period. This castle controlled the port. The King's Castle probably occupied the south-east angle of the city's fortifications (close to the modern "Queen's Old Castle"). The King's Castle stood between Castle Street and the Grand Parade. On the Pacata Hibernia map the King's Castle is shown as three conjoined towers with two conjoined gable buildings behind; a flag flies on top. This castle was mentioned as early as 1206, in the Annals of Inisfallen, and was called the Castle of Cork. It was later referred to in the same annals (1230) as the "cloch Corcaigi" or stone castle of Corcach. By 1537 it was probably not strategically functional because the citizens of Cork were given its custody in the charter of Henry VIII. By 1608 it was

referred to as an "olde broken and ruinous castle". By 1612 the Corporation had pulled down the King's Castle and built the "new court" (house) on the same lands. It is not known when the Queen's Castle was demolished.

Castles were built primarily for defence but also to demonstrate the power of the owner, whether it was a king or lord. The location of the Queen's Castle functioned as a strategic structure only as long as the King's Castle and it too may have fallen into ruin in the 16th century. One reference of 1595 may refer to the ruined state of either the King's Castle or Queen's Castle in the late 16th to early 17th centuries: George Sherlock was given a grant of land containing "an old ruined castle in the city of Cork, on the south part, in a place called the key of Cork, near the wall of the city, parcell of the queen's ancient inheritance" (16 Rep. Deputy Keeper Public Records Ireland, 274: No. 5950).

The archaeological excavations in the summer of 1996 (in conjunction with the Cork Main Drainage Scheme) revealed that little of the Queen's Castle remains. Parts of the base of the



Photo: Peter McSweeney

Queen's Castle were uncovered under the surface of Castle Street. These remains were extensively disturbed by service trenches. A sewer pipe lay against its north side. The height of the exposed foundations was about 1.4m. The external face of this wall is regularly coursed with dressed limestone blocks and it was bonded with a mortar of cream colour. The City Walls were also constructed of limestone, though sandstone was also used in its facings. Limestone is a better building material and hence its

predominant use in the Queen's Castle and City Walls which have been exposed. There was also some evidence to indicate the presence of the embrasure (splayed recess) of a doorway and also a possible step of a mural staircase.

It was not possible to determine the complete shape of the Castle, although it was semi-circular (D-shaped) and probably flanked the City Wall, which abutted it to the south. The maps showing the Queen's Castle suggest that it was circular. However, towers are often depicted schematically by cartographers, so their true shape is uncertain. The Queen's Castle was 10m in width externally and 4.5m in internal width; its walls were 2.8m in thickness. The D-shaped plan had been a development in castle construction by the thirteenth century; it was considered stronger strategically because it protected a smaller amount of space and it was also an improvement on the square or rectangular form, which was weak at the corners, and could easily be demolished when attacked. It also enabled the defenders to see and command the expanse between them by flanking fire. The base of the Queen's Castle had a batter, which reinforced the stability of the wall; a second advantage to this type of construction was that when stones were thrown from the castle they bounced towards the attacker.



Grand Parade Excavation

Photo: Catryn Power

Uncut limestones which had been laid down in an irregular fashion, were probably part of the foundations for the City Walls and the Queen's Castle. Some yellow clay containing small pebbles and grit lay on top of these stones; this acted as a watertight sealant against the ever present flooding. The foundations of the walls were laid on estuarine (tidal part of the river) mud. The exact date of the Queen's Castle could not be ascertained, though it may in fact be 13th century.

The tower of the castle would have risen higher than the curtain walls providing a view of the wall-tops. The City Walls would have been 5m - 6m in height originally; it would also have had embrasures, crenellations, archery loops, a drawbridge, and possibly mural (within the walls) passages or chambers. On top of the castle wall there was probably a wall-walk or allure. In this tower the main entrance was probably on the first floor level, another defensive mechanism. A stairway, sometimes mural, lead to its doorway. Above this floor other rooms such

as the main apartment and the sleeping quarters were located (depending on the use of the Queen's Castle; the King's Castle had been used as a jail). The interior of the castles were plastered and whitened to make the rooms lighter. Inside the castle there were fittings and furniture including chairs, stools, saddles, etc. The walls of some towers were as thick as possible for defence, some greater than 3m in thickness, also providing ample room for the passages and chambers within. A good example of another medieval defensive tower is that of Reginald's Tower, Waterford, which is circular in plan and about 13m in width externally. Isolde's Tower on Lower Exchange Street, Dublin was 12m in diameter.

Nearly 6m to the west of the City Walls, at Castle St were two adjoining parallel walls; these may represent the earliest defences enclosing the city. These two walls may have been built at an earlier date than the castle; the castle was subsequently added as a further defensive measure. Following the excavation of the remains of the Castle and the insertion of the modern sewer pipe and other modern services the Queen's Castle and City Walls were covered in sandbags and these were subsequently covered by gravel.

Catryn Power is an archaeologist with Cork County Council.

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GOTH CULTURE IN IRELAND

by Jenny Butler

While the original Goths were fierce Germanic warriors who sacked ancient Rome, today's variety are an altogether more peaceful group...

Contemporary usage of the term "Goth" points to a subculture that amalgamates different trends and styles and draws from various cultural influences. In the early 1980s, a new movement formed as an offshoot of the punk scene of the 1970s. In the late 1980s, Gothic fashions arrived, characterised by black clothing with white make-up. The dress code of this movement typically includes black, flowing garments of velvet and lace and items of clothing based on period costume, especially that of Medieval and Victorian times. Goths tend to be dressed in black leather, silver jewellery, fishnet and black boots (popular brand names include New Rocks and Doc Martins). Long, usually dyed, black hair, dark eye make-up (with elaborate designs in eyeliner), dark lipstick and nail-varnish customarily complete the image. As with any cultural trend, Goth culture has changed through time and incorporated new influences. An example of this being the new styles of dress, drawing on the usual black clothing and make-up but also including luminous or florescent clothing or Day-Glo jewellery (some have labelled this "Cybergoth").



"Gothic" is most commonly used today to denote a style of music. Strangely, Gothic music is one of the hardest musical genres to define and even Goths may not agree as to what bands can be classified as Gothic. Bands that originated in the '80s like The Cure and Siouxsie and the Banshees are classified as Goth and both bands' lead singers (Siouxsie Sioux and Robert Smith respectively) were influential on Gothic style in terms of clothes, make-up and hairstyles. Other bands that have been classified as Goth are Bauhaus, The Cult, Sisters of Mercy and Christian Death. Gothic music typically has apocalyptic or mystical lyrics like My Dying Bride, Mortiis and Paradise Lost. Many Goths also like Black Metal and Industrial music, so boundaries are blurred when it comes to categorising Gothic music. The word "Goth" also refers to a literary genre that includes stories with a mysterious theme and characteristically gloomy or sinister atmosphere.

Many Gothic tales, include dark romanticism and supernatural and fantasy element Writers such as Lord Byron, Edgar Allen Poe, Sheridan Le Fanu, Bram Stoker, and Mary Shelley fit into the Gothic horror classification. Contemporary authors who have been placed in this genre include Poppy Z. Brite, Caitlin R. Kiernan and Anne Rice.

The term "Gothic" also denotes an architectural style characterised by tall stone buildings with pointed arches. This style of architecture was prevalent in Western Europe between the 12th and 16th centuries and later revived in the 18th and 19th centuries. Gothic churches and ruins are common features of Gothic novels. This architecture also has an allure for members of contemporary Goth culture. Many Goths are enamoured of religious iconography and symbolism and are fascinated with Medieval churches, ruins and graveyards.

Films and comics have spurred on the trends and styles of Goth culture. One example is the film *The Crow* (adaptation of original comic characters created by James O'Barr). Some Goths still do their make-up in the same way as Eric Draven (played by Brandon Lee). The *Sandman* comic series, created by Neil Gaiman, has also had a big impact on Goth culture. The characters "Death" and "Dream" in this comic (drawn by the artist Mike Dringenberg) have become Goth icons. The Gothic look existed before *The Sandman* series of comics, Goths were attracted to the artwork and incorporated the images back into Goth culture; examples being the wearing of an ank (Egyptian symbol of eternal life) that the Death character wears as a necklace, and "Eye of Horus" eye make-up.



The most famous places for Goth culture are London (home to the famous Slimelight Club), New Orleans and San Francisco (known for the Goth clubs The Crypt and The Death Guild), Paris and many of Germany's bigger cities. In Ireland, there is not a big Goth club scene or many Goth activities. There is, however, a sizeable Goth population. Shops catering for Gothic clothing,

jewellery, incense, make-up and other items have sprung up. These include such shops as Purple Haze in Crown Alley, Temple Bar, Dublin; The Edge on Milk Market St, Limerick; Ankhagram on Castle St, Cork (which closed down recently) and Moonshine in Paul St Shopping Centre. Nightclubs tend to have Alternative/Goth/Metal nights rather than opening as specific Goth clubs. Some venues which attract Goths include Dominion in Dublin and Freakscene, now held in Club 1 on Wednesday nights in Cork. Other Goth hangouts include pubs like The Wolfhound on Barrack St, Cork, which has GothX on Wednesdays (a DJ playing Gothic music) and Fred Zeppelin's pub, Cork, which plays Heavy Metal/Hard Rock/Alternative music and the Metal bar Bacchus (formerly Fibber McGees) on Parnell St, Dublin. Goth culture in Ireland cannot be judged by the club scene here, since there are no specific "Goth clubs" and many Goths may not be part of the club scene, but may instead prefer to subscribe to the Goth look outside of any Goth community.

In the popular media, Gothic culture is usually presented as something disturbing or adverse to mainstream society. One stereotype is that of the waif-like, almost ethereal, terminally depressed and suicidal Goth! One ramification of events such as the Columbine High School massacre in America in 1999, is that the general public have reacted in a negative way to young people wearing black trench coats and dark clothing in general. For many people, a pallid individual donning black clothing may signify something scary or be reminiscent of tabloid accounts of black-clad youths worshipping the devil and sacrificing cats. Goths, on the contrary, are something quite different. Goth could be described as being a philosophy or outlook on life. The Goth movement is not malevolent or subversive; Goths are generally people who embrace the macabre and the melancholy in order to find aesthetic value in darkness and the mysterious. All that is morbidly beautiful and melancholy resonates with Goth sensibilities. Goth is a catchall term for this subculture and oftentimes there is a crossover between the Goth scene and other areas of interest such as Paganism and various areas of the occult/supernatural.

Goths tend to be introspective and meditative, sensitive individuals who have chosen Gothic identity as a form of expression. I asked individuals on an Irish Goth mailing list why they choose to dress like a Goth and what being a Goth means to them. One person stated: "I think the reason I got into the scene here in Dublin originally was because they shared so many of the same interests I was into. I had felt as a young person very isolated in comparison to the stereotypical teenager of the time and when I discovered Goth I realised I was not alone. I had always loved wearing black and the whole romantic style of the '80s was really my thing. I also realised that I was not overly fond of pop music of the '90s. I enjoy gothic artists and horror and Halloween are favourites of mine too. Being a Goth, to me, means being accepted for who and what I am, while still being an individual in society" - Natasha. Another Goth stated, more satirically: "I wear black because it's easier to choose in the morning. - I wonder what colour I'll wear today? How about black?... I guess I enjoy feeling as if I'm individual - part of a whole group of individuals. We express our individuality by dressing very similarly. This season, I'll be wearing - black" - Kae.

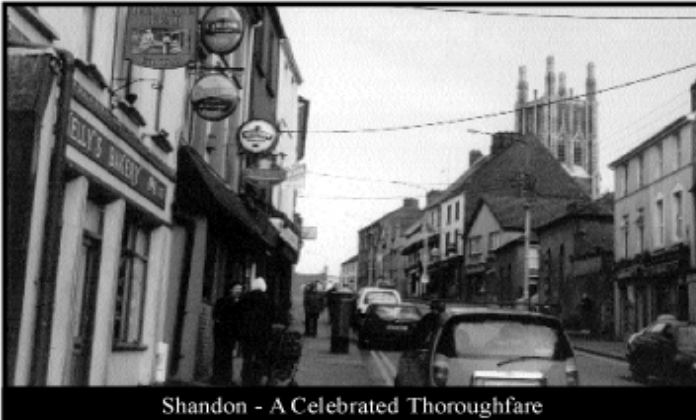


Photos courtesy Jenny Butler

Although the Irish Goth scene may be different from that of other countries, there is evidently a lively (if a movement embracing death-like imagery and darkness could be described as lively!) and creative Goth subculture existing in Ireland.

BARRACKA AGUS SHANDONA

le Gearóid Ó Cruallaíoch



Shandon - A Celebrated Thoroughfare

Rugadh agus tógadh mise lámh le barr Bhóthar na Bandan agus is é an chéad eolas a fuair ar an dTaobh ó Thuaidh (the Northside) ná an tuairisc a bhíodh ag m'athair ar an dúthaigh sin ag éirí as a chuid oibre mar Dead-man ag bailiú pingíní go seachtainiúil ó daoine a raibh árachas saoil tógtha amach acu i gcóinnibh an bháis! Na daoine seo ar a mbíodh a thriall, bhí cónaí orthu uair amháin thíos fé'n gcathair ach gur bhogadar suas go dtí na tithe nua san Red City - mar a thugaimís an uair sin ar Gharrán na mBráthar. Bhíodh sé seo agus na bruachbhailte eile ó thuaidh ag glioscarnaigh anuas orainn fé'n gcuid tileanna dearga is mé ag súgradh le leanaí eile tar éis scoile ar an bplásóig ghlas an bharr Gillabbey Rock go dturaimís fein 'Ceans' uirthi ach gur Gort Uí Cháintidhe (Canty) a bhí ann ó cheart. Tá radharc rishoiléir ar Bakers Road ó Cheans agus samhlaí dom go bhféadfainn m'athair 'fheiscint ag siúl an ghéarchnoic sin agus a rothar á shá aige roimís suas.

Fuair eolas amach in dhiaidh sin i bhfad, go raibh taithí eile chomh maith le taithí an bhailitheora árachais ag m'athair ar an dTaobh ó Thuaidh. Is amhlaidh a bhí sé ag obair ar feadh tamaill sa teach gill de chuid mhuintir Jones ag bun Sráid an tSeandúna, le linn dó bheith ina óigfhear agus tugann san go dtí an t-ábhar mé atá luaite sa teideal thuas: Sráid na Bearaice agus Sráid an tSeandúna mar a bheadh cúpla ceachtar acu ina iomhá den gceann eile. Go Scoil Neasáin agus go dtí Port Uí Shuilleabháin a chuas féin ar scoil, lámh leis an nGeata Theas mar a raibh teach gill eile ag muintir Jones, agus d'fhag san gur thugas blianta áirithe dem shaol ag siúl síos suas Sráid na Bearaice agus Bóthar na Bandan gach lá den tseachtain. (Théimís isteach le haghaidh clubanna agus spoirt ag an deireadh seachtaine). Blianta ina dhiaidh gan amhras isea a chuireas eolas as Shráid an tSeandúna i gceart nuair a thosnaíos ar bheith im chónaí lastuaidh den Laoi mé fhéin. D'ainneoin a bhfuil d'athruithe dultha fé'n dá shráid le leath-chéad bliain anuas ritheann sé liom, áfach, gur cúpla i gconai iad ar a bhfuil croí na cathrach le cloisint agus anam na cathrach le blaiseadh. Luaim anseo roinnt bheag gné den tréithiúlacht san ag siúl go ndéanfadh daoine eile a thuilleadh den mhacnamh agus den chomparáid seo.

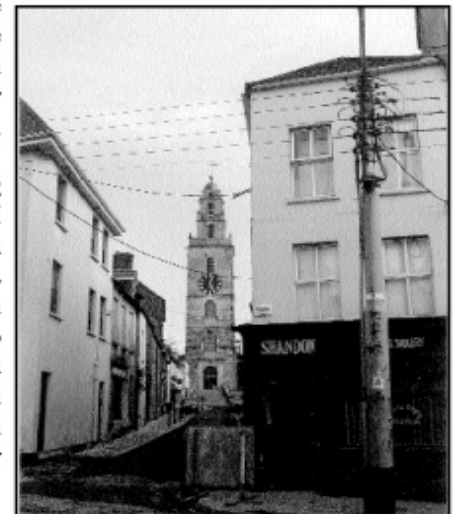
An dá shráid acu ag rith le fánaidh síos go dtí Abhainn na Laoi ó sheanpharóistí atá ag freagairt dá chéile ar imeall thuaidh is ar imeall theas den gcathair. Dhá shéipéal Caitliceach mar shiombail don dá dúthaigh - the North Chapel ó thuaidh (cé gur ard-eaglais atá ann ó cheart) agus the Lough Chapel ó dheas (cé gur dhá ainm eile a bhí air go hoifigiúil mar atá St Finbarr's

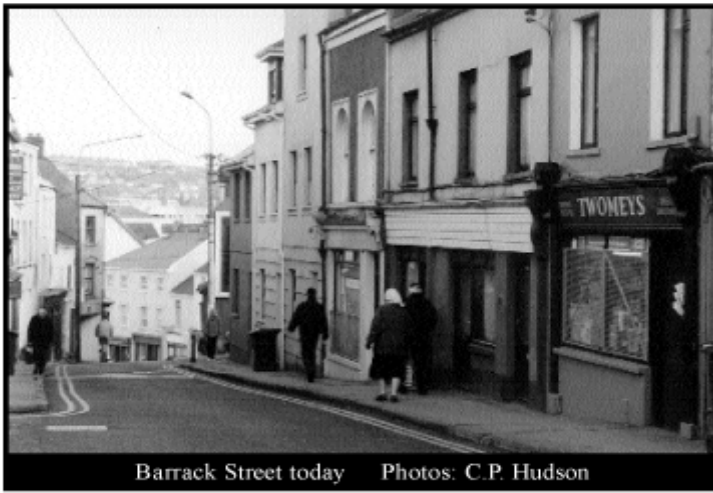
West* agus Church of the Immaculate Conception). Dhá shéipéal eile, séipéil Phrotestantacha, mar chomhshimbail leis an bpéire Caitliceach: Shandon (St Anne's) agus St Fin Barre's (an ard-eaglais) agus an féiniúlacht Corcaíoch a iompar acu go léir.

Bhíodh feiniúlachtaí logánta na cathrach (Northside/Southside) á n-iompar síos agus suas Sráid an tSeandúna agus Sráid na Bearaice go rialta ag daoine. Ar ócáid amháin bhíodh an dá leathphobal ag gluaiseacht síos isteach go lár na cathrach ar an dá shean-bhealach chun féachaint ar an bParáid Mhór Lá 'le Pádraig. Teaghlaigh iomlána ar a lá saoire Earraigh agus fústar fúthu chun suíomh maith a aimsiú óna bhféadfadh a gcuid leanaí iontaisí na Paráide d'fheiscint. An triall mall abhaile ina dhiaidh sin, i gcoinne an aird, soláistí breátha ina lámha ag na leanaí agus caidreamh neamhghnáth na saoirse agus na sástachta eatorra mar theaghlaigh i measc a gcomhshuintire Éireannach agus Corcaíoch.

Ar ócáid eile, go minic, i ndiaidh Chraobh-chluiche Iománaíochta na Contae, bheadh na sluaite - agus gan an bainneann in easnamh orthu - ag triall abhaile an dá bhealach suas. Lúcháir agus mórtas ar shlua amháin acu, diomá agus seanbhlás ar an slua eile - de reir mar is ag Cumann Barra Naofa ('Barrs) nó Fánaithe an Ghleanna (Glen) a bheadh an bua agus an chraobh bainte. Tinte cnámh ag feitheamh leo thar barr cnoic más acu a bhí an bua - sa Linn Dubh nó ag Phair's Cros agus buzz iontach féin dá sheansráid a mhairfeadh go déanach isteach san oíche.

Toisc na siopaí beaga agus na tithe tabhairne go léir a bhí fan na sráide i gcás Sráid an tSeandúna agus Sráid na Bearaice araon, bhíodh buzz diamhair seachtainiúil iontu tráthnóintí Aoine agus Sathairn nuair a bhíodh siopadóireacht fé lán tseoil ag teaghlaigh toisc pá na seachtaine bheith faighte agus é anois á chaitheamh chun billí a íoc, grosaeirí a cheannach agus chun na fir a ligint isteach sna tabhairní chun caidrimh óil lena gcairde. Is cuimhin liom agus tuairim is sé nó seacht de bhliantaibh d'aois agam gur tugadh síos mé Bóthar na Bandan agus Sráid na Bearaice go bun, chomh fada leis an mGeata Theas, tráthnóna dubh geimhridh nuair a bhí an Nollaig ag teannadh agus nuair a bhí beocht agus fústar neamhghnáth féin áit. Ba thuras diamhair i gceart dom é: mo dhá shúil ar leathadh im' cheann lena raibh le feiscint agus le cloisint. Greim daingean agam ar lámh na seanmhná, fé'n a seál, a bhí am' thionlacan. Í ag míniú dom cad a bhí le ceannach sna siopaí éagsúla agus cérbh iad a thaitigh na tithe tabhairne go raibh idir ghlór ard agus bholadh chumhra astu amach na dóirsí a bhí ar leathadh.





Barrack Street today Photos: C.P. Hudson

Chasamar thíos ag cúinne Cove St. mar a bhínn ag triall ar an scoil le solas an lae, agus thángamar suas thar nais abhaile. Mhíng an tseanbhean dom nár choir dúinn ró-mhoill a dhéanamh mar go raibh seans go mbeadh iompar garbh i gceist ar an sráid níos déanaí nuair a bheadh a ndóthain ólta ag comluadaor na dtabhairní. Thuigear uaithi go mbíodh sé de nós ag gach tigh tabhairne, mar a bheadh, curadh (champion) na hoíche a bheith ann. “The Best Man” an téarma a bhí aici da leithéid agus tuigeadh dom gur le bagairt agus fiú le troid a d’aimseofaí é. Ach é a bheith aimsithe i gcás aon tigh tabhairne fé leith bhí sé i gceist go raghadh na best men i gcomórtas lena chéile amuigh ar bholg na sráide chun teacht ar an sárghaiscíoch ar fad, laoch Bharracka nó Shandona don oíche sin!

Ní thuigim i gceart fós ciocu ag insint na firinne nó ag cur cluanaireacht orm a bhí sí. Seans gur ag déanamh athinsint ar sheanchas a chuala sí le linn a hóige féin a bhí sí. Thuigear ar cuma ar bith, gurb é ba chiallmaire dhúinn teacht Sráid na Bearaice slán abhaile ón gcogadh! Agus go mbeadh cogadh eile da shórt ar siúl mar an gcéanna trasna na cathrach ar Shráid

an tSeandúna! Cuimhnim ar thaibhsí an laochra so agus a seanchaí aon uair go ndéinim ceachtar den da shráid a thaisteal innin tar éis tuitim na hoíche.

*Chun a bheith cruinn ní mhiste a rá anseo gur “chapel-of-ease” don South Chapel ‘ceart’ - St. Finbarr’s South ar Dunbar St. - ab ea an Lough Chapel i dtosach. Is ar an Lough Chapel (agus ar St. Fin Barr’s) áfach is fusa a bhíonn radharc ag pobal an Taobh ó Thuaidh nuair a fhéachann siad ó dheas trasna na cathrach.

Summary: “Barracka and Shandona”

The author remembers growing up on the Southside (Bandon Rd and the Lough) and hearing accounts of the Northside and its people from his father who travelled Northside communities as an insurance collector (“dead-man”) having previously worked at the North Gate Bridge. Memories are of Southside and Northside people flowing up and down the paired thoroughfares of Barrack St and Shandon St on special occasions like Saint Patrick’s Day and the hurling County Final when ‘Barrs and Glen were arch rivals. The Northside and Southside identities that are locked into these streets are caught in the set of names for the churches and chapels of both Protestant and Catholic traditions that overlook the streets in question and face each other across the river.

The author remembers a night-time trip, just before Christmas, many years ago, down along Barrack St, to the South Gate Bridge, with all the magic of the Friday night shops and pubs unfolding before his eyes. He knows that the same magic existed for small boys on Shandon St and wonders if what he was told at the time of the challenges to find “the best man” in each pub - and then in the whole street - was really true. The hope is expressed that others will share memories of the two, old, matching streets. - Gearóid Ó Cruaí, Department of Folklore and Ethnology, University College Cork

Retracing Our Steps

by Dolores Horgan

The spirit of the Franciscan friars is recalled by street names in the Shandon area...

How often as we go about our daily lives do we realise the significance of the street names in our locality? We speak of them affectionately, yet we do not know their stories. All that remains of the rich monastic history of the North Mall is a cluster of little streets, named Abbot’s Lane, North Abbey Street, Mans Lane, Abbey Square and also the local pub called “The Franciscan Well Bar”. They brew a selection of their own beers and hold an annual beer festival, continuing the time-honoured tradition of brewing in abbeys. In medieval times, the area known as Shandon was outside the boundary of the walled city and the North Gate Bridge was the means of entry and exit.



Photo: Myra Kavanagh

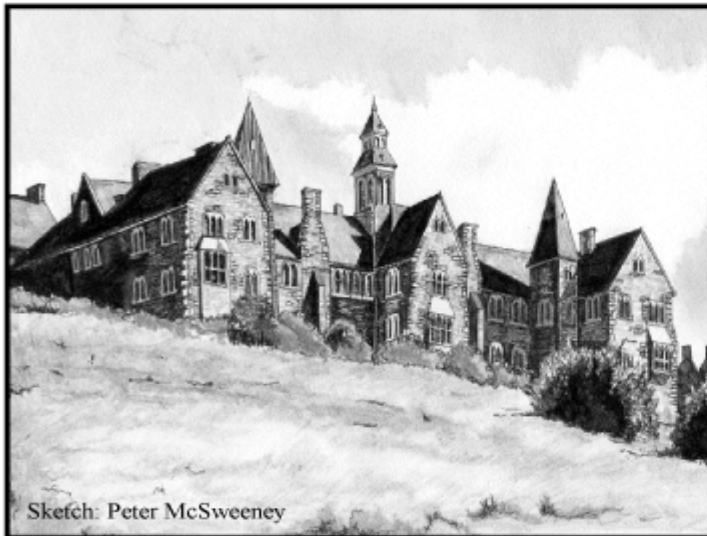
and 1240. Lord Philip Prendergast donated a grant of land, fishery and a well to the Franciscans. They erected a mill house and salmon weir on the North Channel of the Lee. For centuries the friars placed baskets (clevenes) in the river to catch salmon, which was a good source of income for the church. Generations of local people came to the well to avail of its healing properties, especially for eye ailments.

In later years Mr Wyse, the distiller, closed the well because people were caught taking whiskey from his distillery, instead of the healing water. He placed a stone there to identify the location of the well. Legend has it that from here there is a subterranean passage leading up to Gurrabraher (the brothers’ groves) but the solid wall is an impassable barrier. There is a massive wall at an angle, which if removed from the rock, might verify the legend. And so it remains to this day.

Tradition has it that the Friars arrived in Cork from Compostella (north-western Spain) sometime between 1229

A FOLKLORE MISCELLANY

Readers are invited to contribute short pieces of folklore interest (no more than 350 words) to the miscellany. Photographs and other graphics are also most welcome.



Sketch: Peter McSweeney

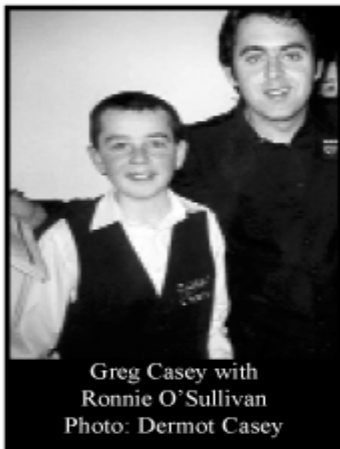
Northside Notes

Northside lad excels at snooker table

Aged just 13, Gurrabraher's Greg Casey is making a big impact in his chosen sport of snooker, where he has competed against top adult players. Currently All-Ireland Under-14 Snooker Champion, he was also a member of the National Under-14 team in 2002-03. Greg won three straight matches in a tournament staged in Cork City last year, which featured a match between 2001 World Snooker Champion Ronnie O'Sullivan and Dubliner Ken Doherty, World Champion in 1997. Greg's victories earned him the right to compete against Londoner Ronnie as part of the build-up to the big contest. The former World Champ played for a century-break, which means

winning 100 points from an uninterrupted passage of play. He achieved 90, when an error gave Greg his chance. His break of 54 was the highest scored by any youngster at the tournament. Greg says: "Playing against Ronnie was like a dream come true; he's actually my all-time favourite player. At the end of the match he shook my hand and said, 'Very impressive stuff'."

Greg's family are excited by his prospects. Like his local club, The Crucible, and his teachers at



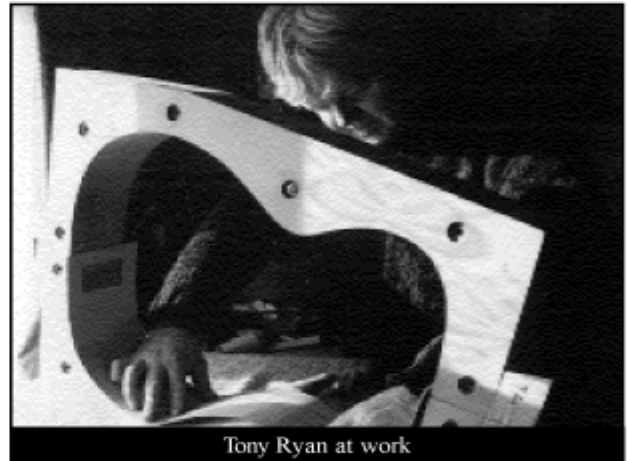
Greg Casey with Ronnie O'Sullivan
Photo: Dermot Casey

the North Monastery School, they do everything to encourage his remarkable talent. Finding sponsorship is a constant challenge as transport, equipment and uniforms are all expensive.

Snooker is played with 22 balls by two (sometimes four) players on a standard English billiards table. It was invented in 1875 by officers of the British Army's Devonshire Regiment serving in India, who developed it from Black Pool. The game was named by one of the officers, Neville Chamberlain. - Editor

Tony Ryan, a Northside instrument maker

To recount just one tale from the vast body of folklore attaching to musical instruments: Blues-master B.B. King was playing in a rough joint when a fight broke out, followed by a fire. B.B. ran back inside and retrieved his red Gibson guitar; seconds later the building collapsed. He discovered that the fight was over a girl called Lucille, so he named his guitar Lucille to remind himself, "never do anything that stupid again". Closer to home, Rory Gallagher's battered Fender Stratocaster achieved iconic status, so it seems fitting that The Guitar Shop, 20 MacCurtain St (021-4503553) is near a plaque honouring Rory's memory. I interviewed proprietor Tony Ryan, a respected guitarist and skilled creator of hand-crafted acoustic guitars, bouzoukis and mandolins.



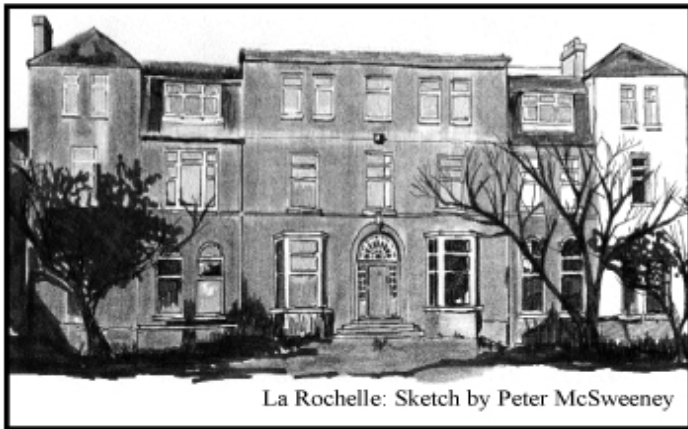
Tony Ryan at work

S.H: "Tony, I know of you through The Guitar Shop, but how long are you making guitars?"

T.R: "Since about 1992. It started with me repairing instruments for the shop, which involved rebuilding them at times. Then I began creating my own instruments. I have made mainly steel string guitars, mandolins and bouzoukis. I am currently building a classic nylon string guitar, based on a design by the German maker Herman Hauser and incorporating some of my own ideas."

S.H: "Could you tell me about the types of wood used in your craft?"

T.R: "Spruce and cedar are widely used for the top of an instrument, with mahogany, maple and the less plentiful rosewood used for the back and sides. The same types of wood are employed for the neck. A specialist firm in the U.K supplies my wood. I get custom orders, where the customer can decide what combination of woods they want in the design. Sometimes, my instruments are sold through The Guitar Shop, with some of them ending up far from Cork City, their place of origin. It takes me about 100 hours to make a guitar, less for a mandolin, so it's a labour of love."

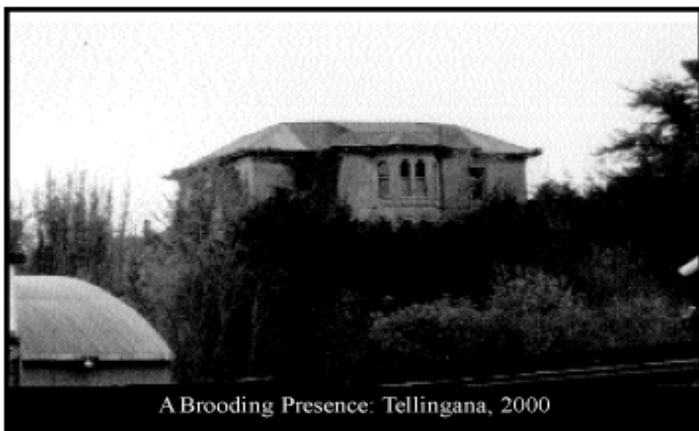


South of the River

Tellingana - a haunted spot?

This atmospheric Regency-style mansion occupied a cliff-top site opposite the African Mission Fathers on Blackrock Rd, Ballintemple, and was for long a landmark for people travelling along Monahan Rd. With a reputation for being haunted, it was often known as “the Spook” and “the Mystery House”. Tellingana (several spellings) was constructed sometime between 1804 and 1840, possibly in the imprint of an 18th century building, with the second floor being added in the 1880s. In its early days it probably had some form of water access to its lower gardens, which lay at the foot of the cliffs, abutting marshes that fringed the southern edge of the River Lee. There may have been a stairway up the cliff-side. From the mid-19th century until 1969, it was home to the Newsoms, a Quaker family prominent in the grocery wholesale business, who were once Ireland’s biggest sugar importers. Tivoli resident Noel Deasy recalls that his uncle, Pat McSweeney, was for years chauffeur to Charles Newsom, who lived at Parkville, Montenotte: “Charles had a Rover and a Triumph Standard. His brother Fred lived at Tellingana and owned a Jaguar. Both brothers were educated at the Society of Friends school in Waterford. The family had a shop on Patrick’s St, which later became a Woolworths store and now houses the Irish Permanent - TSB.”

The house became increasingly derelict after the Newsom estate was sold in 1970. Tommy Barker, Property Editor at The Irish Examiner, remembers exploring the overgrown property in the early 1970s: “I was aged about ten, and even then I was struck by the austere beauty of the place. It was boarded up and we tried to get into the basement. It didn’t feel haunted exactly, but I did have a feeling that we shouldn’t be there, or that being there could be dangerous.” A credible witness says that while

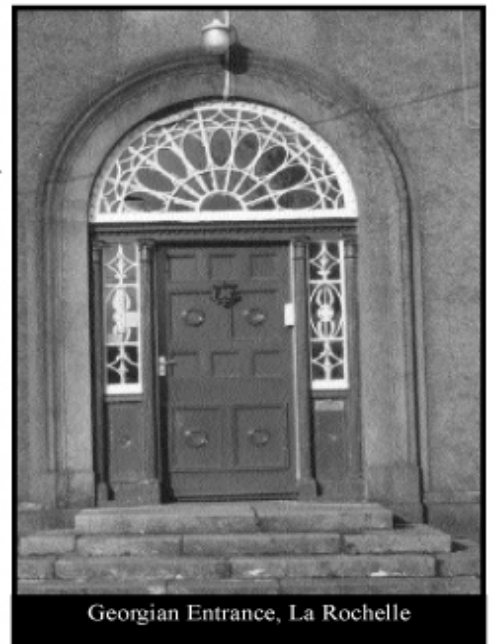


walking along Monahan Rd one afternoon, she looked up at the house and saw it somehow restored from dereliction, with a person looking down from one of the arched Italianate windows. This impression lasted only an instant, but it follows a pattern so familiar with regard to old buildings that it cannot be dismissed out of hand (see “Riverstown House,” p.10, Archive 3). Tellingana was demolished in 2001. Looking south from the Bottle Bank on Monahan Rd, an impressive stand of mature trees on the ridge marks the approximate position of the house. A fine old gate lodge survives at the Blackrock Rd entrance, with the romantic ruin of a garden folly building nearby.

La Rochelle adieu

The former La Rochelle House School on Old Blackrock Rd was demolished in September 2003 to make way for a residential development. The Georgian core of the complex dated to around 1780, with additions being made through the 19th and 20th centuries. It is possible that Huguenot settlers had an establishment here at some earlier date. A family called the Stevellys (who owned adjacent Clontymon) had an early freehold.

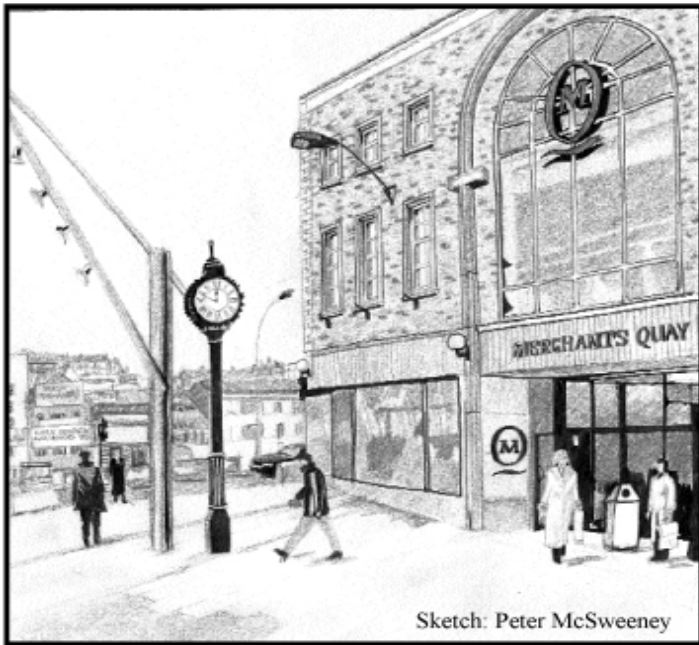
The property has a long connection with the Church of Ireland, becoming a Girls’ Seminary in the mid 19th century and a Comprehensive School Boarding Hostel in the 1960s, before closing in 1999. Neighbouring historic properties were linked to Rochelle and the church - Floraville (Boreenamanna Rd) and Glencairn



(Old Blackrock Rd) were both C.o.I. rectories at different times, while Navarre housed teachers and Braemar was an infants’ school, becoming the precursor of the modern non-denominational Rockboro School. Rochelle’s rich folklore includes stories about an ancient mulberry tree that was possibly planted by Huguenot founders. (See also, “Springville House”, p 23, Archive 7).

An old watercolour of Rochelle by Violet Sweetman, which she gave to Winnifred Jackson in 1922, now graces a corridor at Ashton School on Blackrock Rd. This painting travelled all the way to Malaya, being abandoned in the face of the Japanese advance of 1942. It was retrieved from a house in Kuala Lumpur in 1947. Beauford’s Map of 1801 shows La Rochelle to be one of the very few buildings in an area that was mostly farmland.

Editor’s note - To state a personal opinion, I find it sad that an imposing structure that was for so long at the very heart of a suburb has disappeared in this way. If nothing else, the Georgian house could have been saved and converted into apartments, enhancing the modern development. As a country, we market ourselves on our heritage, and yet we continue to erase it.



The Middle Parish

A sure-fire cure for corns

The alert observer can still make out this 19th century advertisement for Mayne's Corn Silk, high on the southern wall of Mayne's Pharmacy, Pembroke St. It is thought to date from about 1880 and is composed of a mosaic of fitted enamelled stones. The Corn Silk was used to remove corns, those painful growths of hard skin that sometimes occur on people's feet, usually as a consequence of wearing over-tight footwear. Mayne's were an English firm and the remedy was once widely marketed; in fact its main active ingredient, salicylic acid, is still used in corn treatments today.

In his excellent little volume *Irish Country Cures* (Sterling, 1994), Patrick Logan describes some traditional cures for corns: "An ivy leaf tied around a soft corn is said to cure it - if the treatment can be continued for long enough. A more elaborate treatment is to soak the feet in a strong solution of washing soda...If these methods are not successful, a handful of



Photo: C. P. Hudson

ivy leaves should be put to steep in a pint of vinegar in a tightly corked bottle for forty-eight hours. The liquid is then poured off and kept tightly corked. It is applied carefully to each corn, taking care that the preparation does not get on the skin - it is very painful...The most usual method was to bathe the corn in hot water and pare it with a razor. The corn was then touched with a drop of carbolic acid."

Mayne's could be described as a small "traditional" pharmacy, and the site has long been associated with the pharmacological trade. An apothecary's shop existed here as far back as 1826. Immediately to the south of this stood a coaching depot, with services that before the arrival of the railways in the city served large areas of West Cork, including Bandon. Its proximity to the Imperial Hotel would obviously have been part of the reason for its location. The sign itself is a most interesting urban streetscape feature, which has been discussed on television programmes. - Editor



Buttevant, 2003 Photo: Stephen Hunter

Out in the County

Cahirnee still the Great Fair of Munster

On July 12 each year Main St in the town of Buttevant, North Cork, becomes a giant horse fair. From all over these islands and continental Europe, thousands of people interested in buying, selling or just looking at horses and donkeys converge on the area, along with stall-holders and fortune-tellers. The annual event unfolds organically, with a minimum of organisation, as it has done for at least 700 years. "Aonach Mór na Mhumhan", - the Great Fair of Munster, as it was originally called, still strikes a deep emotional resonance. Some say that its origins lie in ancient, even pre-Celtic times. The town is packed by midday and the streets resound to the sounds of horses' hooves, while the local rural community, alongside Travelling families and overseas visitors, soak up the atmosphere.

John O' Connell is a local businessman and folklorist with a great knowledge of the area who has attended 58 fairs in all. He says that the name Cahirnee stems from the townland that lies one and a half miles south-east of Buttevant. "Mee was magician to a King of Munster and cahir refers to ring forts nearby." He believes that it was originally a summer solstice festival, and that its date has been moved from June 21 to July 12 (or the nearest adjacent Monday should the 12th fall on a weekend) due to calendar changes down the centuries.

He continues: "During the 18th and 19th centuries, horses were bought here for the great armies of Europe. A horse called Marengo was acquired for Napoleon, while the Duke of Wellington is reputed to have got his horse Copenhagen from here. In the 1950s and '60s the fair would attract amazing characters like the town crier Jimmy Hanley, who would ring a bell while reciting rhyming couplets. There was Paddy Carroll, from Liscarroll, a mountain of a man, who would tie one arm behind his back and challenge any man to fight him while he was one-armed." Despite social and economic changes, John sees no fall-off in the fair's popularity - "If anything it seems to be getting more popular. One of its great attractions is that people don't have to pay fees to enter their animals."

To tour the area with John is to have doors opened into a world redolent of folkloric motifs and half-forgotten tales. He talks of the great Battle of Knocknanuss, which took place during the Civil Wars in November 1647, not far from Kanturk. It is Munster's bloodiest recorded affray. (see "The Bravest Hand in Ireland", Archive 5). "There are traditions handed down about the battle in this area, which to my knowledge have not been recorded anywhere. I was a child in the 1950s when there was an auction of goods that had belonged to a recently deceased Welsh gentleman named Jones. He had been a pharmacist in Doneraile, where he had arrived rather mysteriously. Little was known about his background, but he was highly intelligent and more skilled in medical matters than most doctors. He compiled some of his own herbal remedies and collected folklore and artifacts from all over the area."

John remembers seeing a mailed jacket at the auction which may have belonged to the near-legendary war leader of the MacDonald clan, the redoubtable Scottish Highland warrior Alasdair MacColla Ciotach MacDonald or "Colkitto" (better known in Munster as Sir Alexander MacDonnell or McEllestrim). He was deputy leader of the Gaelic/Royalist army at Knocknanuss and died there under disputed circumstances - "This jacket belonged to a huge fighter, which Alasdair is known to have been. I would estimate it to have fitted a man who stood at least 6ft 8in, with a build to match. There was a rent under the armpit to the back of it consistent with a thrust from a sword or pike, which is one of the ways in which he is said to have died. No one seems to know what became of it, but I believe that it belonged to none other than the mighty Alasdair MacColla."

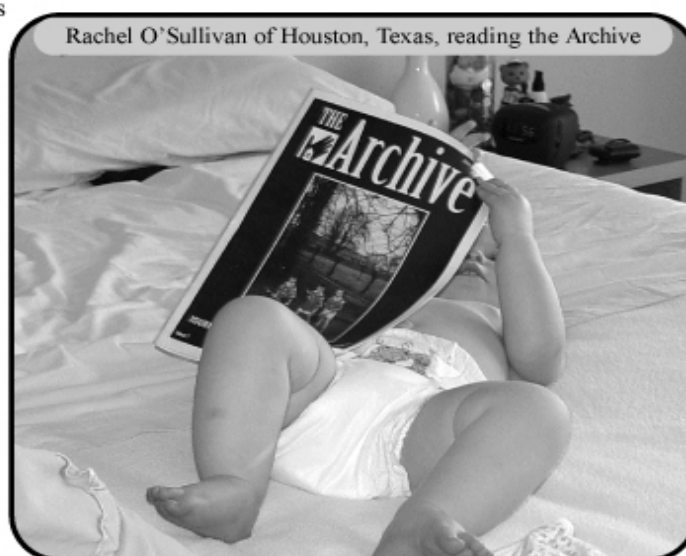


Letters to the Editor

The Archive welcomes correspondence. Letters should be short and may be edited.

A friend sent us back copies of The Archive. It is an excellent advertisement for your city, which we hope to visit soon. We were very taken with the editor's article on Alasdair MacDonalld (MacColla) or "Colkitto" in Archive 5. My husband grew up in the Isle of Lewis, one of Scotland's beautiful Outer Hebrides, where the Gaelic language survives. The piece highlights brilliantly some of the rich oral traditions that exist in the Scottish Highlands and Isles, as well as exploring the common Gaelic identities of Ireland and the Highlands. It is worth noting that there was an attempt to impose a plantation of English-speaking outsiders onto the Gaelic society of the Western Isles at the same period as the Plantation of Ulster was taking place. The King was the same (James VI of Scotland, later James I of Great Britain), as were the attitudes displayed towards the natives. In 1598 James gave permission for groups of Lowland Scots settlers, the so-called "Fife Adventurers", to establish themselves by force in the Isles: "To plant policy and civilisation in the hitherto most

barbarous Isle of Lewis... and to develop the extraordinarily rich resources of the same for the public good and the King's profits." The Adventurers were instructed to teach the islanders "Religion and humanity" by deporting or exterminating them!

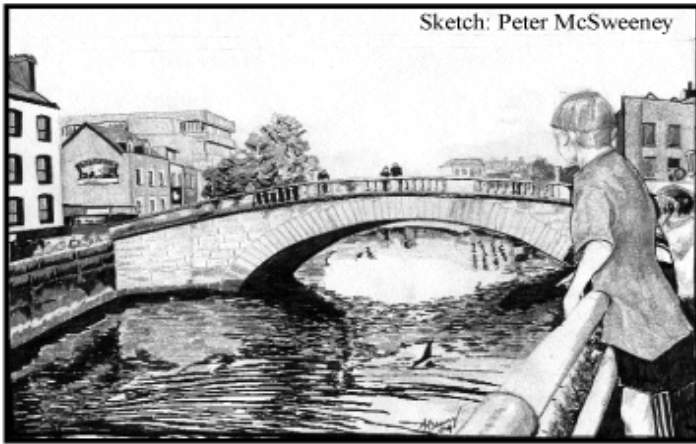


Rachel O'Sullivan of Houston, Texas, reading the Archive

Lewis and many other parts of Gaelic Scotland have suffered a sad history of eviction and emigration down the years. It is heartening to see a group like the Northside Folklore Project celebrating aspects of our shared Celtic and Gaelic culture and presenting it to the wider world via their journal and website. Long may it continue.
Fiona Morrison
Aberdeen
Scotland.

Congratulations on a brilliant magazine. The Archive has evolved into something which all Cork people can be proud of. Issue

six contained an interesting piece about the visit of three orcas to Cork Harbour in June 2001. You say that the orca is the only member of the whale family that is known to prey on other marine mammals, but I have heard reports of bottle-nosed dolphins off the coast of Scotland attacking harbour porpoises. This seems like very "undolphin-like" behaviour. Can you



Sketch: Peter McSweeney

throw any light on it? I would also like some general information on dolphins and porpoises, and how they differ, and on these animals in folklore. I read a report in The Evening Echo about a Risso's dolphin that swam up the Lee during the summer of 2002. Can you tell me something about this species?

Tom Healy, Saint Lukes, Cork

On 25/10/2002, NETWORK 2 highlighted recent Scottish research describing occasional attacks by young adult male bottle-nosed dolphins on harbour porpoises and juvenile bottle-noses. This instance of aggressive male group behaviour, has possibly been influenced by human disturbances to the marine environment. Like all animals, dolphins respond to environmental pressures and the shifting dynamics of social behaviour. They seem to enjoy the company of other mammals, be they humans or four-legged animals. In the late 1980s, a dolphin in the Port River, Adelaide, South Australia, got into the habit of swimming alongside a dog and a horse when they were exercised there daily. Any "anti-social" dolphin behaviour pales beside the dismal record of our own species.

Dolphins are relatively small, fish-eating whales of the Delphinidae family, which comprises some fifty species. The most numerous are the common dolphin, (*Delphinus delphis*), which grows to about 2.5 metres, and the larger bottle-nosed dolphin, (*Tursiops truncatus*), which can attain 4 metres. Both of these live in coastal waters. Porpoises are closely related and are members of the family Phocoenidae (seven species), in which the beak is largely missing. Their name derives from the French "porcpoisson", or "fish-pig".

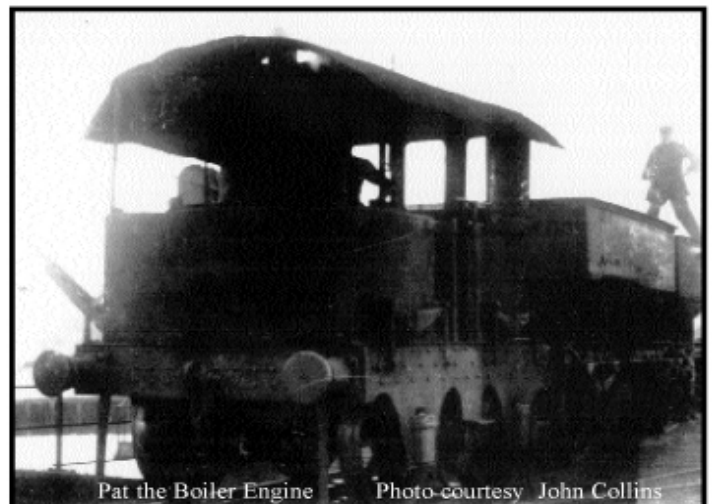
Dolphins and porpoises feature widely in mythology and folklore. The ancient Greeks and Romans had great affection for them and friendships between dolphins and humans (especially children) are attested in the writings of such as Herodotus, Aristotle and Pliny. Coins show Taras, son of Poseidon, Greek God of the Ocean, riding on a dolphin which had rescued him from drowning. An ancient coin of Hellenistic origin in the Hunt Museum, Limerick, carries the representation of dolphins on it. It is said traditionally to be one of the 30 pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed Jesus Christ. A story of the New Zealand Maori connects to the swimming habits of dolphins and porpoises: A man named Ruru misused a curse and the power unleashed killed a porpoise, which was washed up on shore. The tohunga or tribal priest was incensed by Ruru's impious behaviour and ordered him into the body of the porpoise, decreeing that thereafter he must stay always on that stretch of coast and that he must swim out to greet every canoe that passed.

Risso's dolphin (*Grampus griseus*) is a beakless species usually occurring in sub-tropical and temperate waters. The one which swam up the South Channel of the River Lee on 17/7/2002 was initially thought to be disorientated or unwell. It had passed South Gate Bridge when concerns about it becoming stranded by the outgoing tide caused a wildlife expert in a kayak to coax it downstream. Last seen off the Marina, it was swimming well and apparently none the worse for the experience. A celebrated Risso was Pelorus Jack, who from 1888 until 1912 regularly swam alongside steamers plying between New Zealand's two main islands, joining them near the mouth of Pelorus Sound, off the Nelson coast of the South Island. He (possibly she) appeared to prefer accompanying fast ships, and became a major visitor attraction, being seen by the writer Mark Twain. Jack was given legal protection in 1904 by an Order in Council issued by N.Z.'s Governor General after a rifle shot had been fired at him from a ship, allegedly the S.S. Penguin. The much-loved animal was last seen around April 1912, and may have died peacefully in old age. The Penguin sank in February 1909, with the loss of seventy-five lives.

I have childhood memories (like many Cork people no doubt) of the "chocolate train" bringing chocolate crumb from Rathmore in Co. Kerry to ships at Horgans Quay adjacent to the railway yards. I can remember the odd sack of chocolate crumb dropping to the ground, to be swooped on by us children - it was a rare bit of luxury in those days. I also have a recollection of a small steam engine of some sort crossing the roadway via a kind of gantry or overhead bridge. Do you or any of your readers know what this was, and if it was in any way connected with the chocolate trains?

Pat Murphy, Old Youghal Rd, Cork

Former CIE train driver John Collins says: "I remember the 'chocolate trains' well, but the engine Pat Murphy describes was not connected to them. It was actually a small narrow gauge vertical boiler engine affectionately known as 'Pat', which was used to move Welsh coal unloaded from Kelly's coal boats at Hogan's Quay, then across the road via a gantry to coal banks in the Lower Glanmire Rd depôt. 'Pat' had been assembled at the Inchicore workshops in 1884 and was in service up until the end of steam in 1963. Leo Delaney and a chap called Lenihan were among the men who operated the engine."



Pat the Boiler Engine

Photo-courtesy John Collins

BOOK REVIEWS

The Book of the Cailleach: Stories of the Wise Woman Healer - Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch, Cork University Press, £ 40.

Understanding folkloric representations of the female aspect of Celtic divinity has been central to Professor Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch's career. In this beautiful book, the head of Bealoideas/Department of Folklore and Ethnology at UCC invites us to meditate on stories of the wise woman. These include tales of fairy abductions, the banshee and the Cailleach Beara, the "old woman" of the Beara Peninsular. The material is derived from vernacular, rather than church or literary sources, and reflects profound realities of human experience. Erudite and accessible. - Stephen Hunter

The Golden Age of Cork Cinemas - John McSweeney, Rose Arch Publications, £ 10.

The essence of this publication lies in its ability to conjure up nostalgic images from a bygone era. The writer paints a vivid picture of events, people and places from a golden age of cinemas, reawakening long-forgotten memories. The book traverses international and local dimensions, and via its anecdotes provides the reader with an invaluable insight into the folklore and social history of Cork. - John Mehegan

Lisping Past the Parish Magazine - Eugene Dennis, Klobe Ltd, 9 Nth Main St, Cork, £ 5.

Corkman Eugene Dennis is a natural story-teller whose second collection of verse more than lives up to the promise of his first. His take on life in the modern Republic will have readers nodding in recognition at the scenes he describes. Refreshingly free of the wilful obscurity of much contemporary poetry, the uncluttered language is shot through with irony. A thought-provoking foreword by poet Louis de Paor enhances a memorable little volume. - Stephen Hunter

Past and Present: The Secret Trail, Glanmire and Surrounds - Lola Lewis, Lewis Heritage Trails, £ 7

The first in a series of 20 planned guides to a region encompassing 30 townlands north-east of Cork City, this brilliant fold-out map and brochure describes a route that starts and ends at historic Riverstown House (021-4821205). The path partially follows the Butlerstown and Glashaboy rivers, with their diverse wildlife. A folkloric treasury linking woodlands, meadows, old villages and new suburbs, pubs and hotels, big houses, bridges, watermills, standing stones, holy wells, Mass rock sites from Penal times, fairy glades and stories from GAA lore. - Stephen Hunter



The Old English Market

Discover Cork - Kieran McCarthy, City Guild Series, O'Brien Press, £ 12.95

I have from time to time read various articles relating to Cork, my native city, but I have never come across anything as comprehensive as Kieran McCarthy's *Discover Cork*. It answers all the questions from the time of St Finbarre to present day and goes somewhat beyond to 2005 - the year when Cork becomes European Capital of Culture. It is a first-rate guide to locations of historical interest, and gives an excellent account of such places as churches, bridges, the Butter Market, the Old English Market etc. While I would humbly take issue with the author on a few minor points, all in all, this is a great read and good value at any price. - Billy McCarthy

Cork's Own Blackpool - Blackpool Historical Society, £ 10

A wonderful compilation of photographs covering a wide time span, from the 19th century to recent events like the infamous "Black Thursday" Sunbeam fire of September 2003. Snippets of informative text provide historical context. Community-based groups like the Blackpool Historical Society perform a vital role in the preservation of culture and tradition and urgently need new members to facilitate this work. Contact: Blackpool Community Centre, Great William O' Brien St, Tel: 021-4501787 - Stephen Hunter

Béascna - Issue 2, 2003, Journal of Folklore and Ethnology, UCC. Editors: Jenny Butler, Aiveen Cleary, Valérie Liégeois, Seán Ó Duinnshléibhe £ 12.50 (including postage), contact e-mail: beascna@yahoo.co.uk

This second issue of the folklore journal from UCC students is a professional 160 page volume including articles, book reviews and a number of interesting photographs. A variety of topics include the experiences of German immigrants living in England, the Neo-Pagan worldview, women in traditional Irish music, Eritrean land reform and children's kissing games. There are several pieces in Irish and the editors wish to include more Irish material in future editions. This is an academic publication with thorough notes and references for each article, but it is mostly accessible and makes for absorbing reading. - Mary O'Driscoll

Cork in Old Photographs - Tim Cadogan, Gill & Macmillan, £ 14.95

Tim Cadogan, a librarian at Cork County Library (021-4546499), has compiled a valuable photographic record of the changing face of Cork City from the 1860s onwards, focussing on the 1900-'40 era. Famous images mingle with previously unpublished gems. Sources include the archives of Cork City Library (4277110), The Irish Examiner, Cork firm Guys and private photographers. Lucid and well-researched text illuminates a memorable package. - Stephen Hunter

THE URBAN LANDSCAPE

Susie's Field, Blackpool

Future generations will probably be surprised that in 2002 such a scene could still be photographed less than a mile from Patrick's Bridge. Susie's Field is an elevated area between Assumption Rd and Pope's Rd on the eastern slopes of the Blackpool Valley. Locals remember Susie as a member of a family who once owned the field and her name is linked to several features, including Susie's Well. Susie's Pond seems to have been a shallow pool that was fed by a stream on or near the field. The same name was sometimes applied to a River Bride swimming place near the Commons Rd, also known as Lucey's Pond. Outside the field's south-western margin lie the remains of a well, from which people are said to have refreshed themselves while climbing the hill to beg alms at Cork Barracks during the Great Famine of the 1840s.



The Northside Folklore Project

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PROJECT MANAGER'S NOTE

We hope you enjoy this eighth edition of The Archive, featuring a wide range of articles and contributions. We would like to thank these friends of the Project for their donated material - Gearóid Ó Cruaíoch, of the UCC Department of Folklore and Ethnology, Catryn Power, archaeologist with Cork County Council, Jenny Butler, Helen Prout, Martin O'Mahony, Maureen O'Keefe, Billy McCarthy, Anne Murphy, John Collins, John Connolly, C.P. Hudson and Lord Mayor Colm Burke. We are also delighted to include more of Peter McSweeney's wonderful sketches.

In 2004, we are looking forward to our partnership with Cork 2005 in an exciting new fieldwork project, exploring the developing multi-cultural nature of Cork City. The Cultures of Cork project will result in a series of radio programs, as well as adding a significant body of material to the Northside Folklore Project's permanent archive collection. We hope to show the cultural renewal generated by the interface between the global and the local - the enriched reality of Cork in 2005.

As ever, don't forget - write, phone or e-mail us, check out our website - we are a community resource!

Mary O'Driscoll