

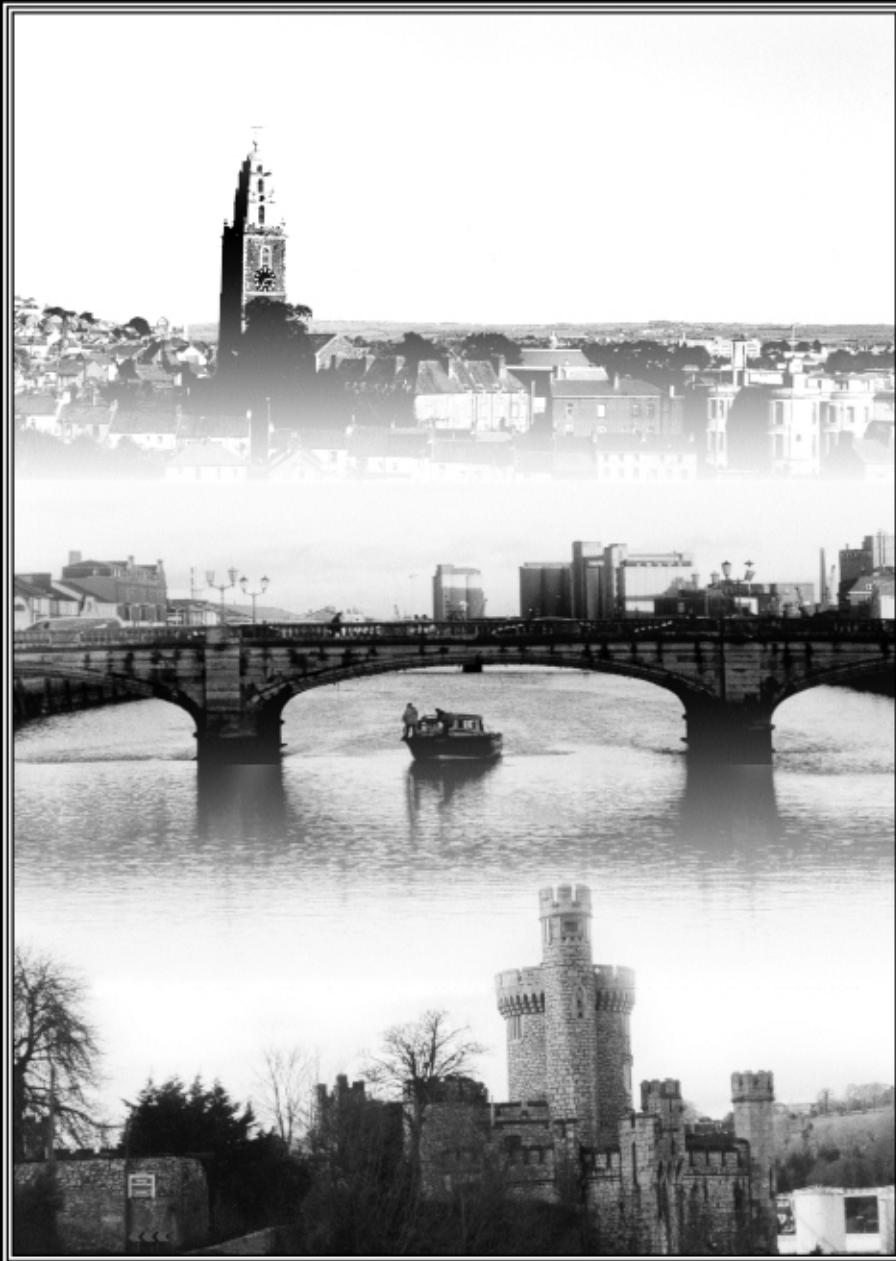
THE



Archive

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JOURNAL OF THE NORTHSIDE FOLKLORE PROJECT

Issue 9

Uimhir A Naoi

THE Archive

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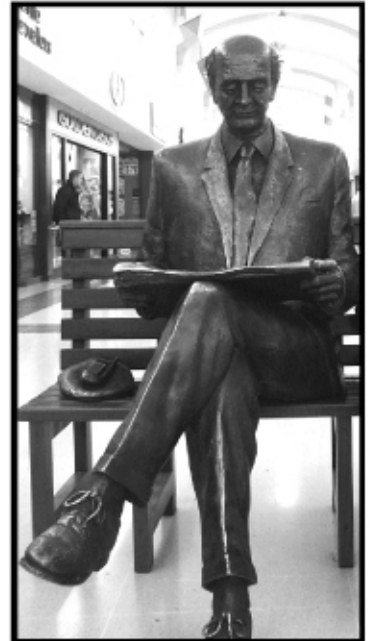
Photograph & A STORY

Jack Lynch

A Man for all Seasons

JACK Lynch (The 'Real Taoiseach') would have been so proud to see his native Cork city designated as European Capital of Culture for 2005. Jack was born on the 15th of August 1917, a stone's throw from Blackpool, in the shadows of the famous Shandon Steeple. He was educated in St Vincent's

Convent School and the 'Mon' - the North Monastery CBS. In hurling and football terms, he won six Senior All-Ireland medals with his county (Cork, 1941 - 1946). His Gaelic football medal was won in 1945. Eventually joining Fianna Fáil, he was



elected TD in 1948. By 1951, he was given the position of parliamentary secretary (nowadays called junior minister). He served in three ministerial portfolios: Education, Industry & Commerce and Finance. Succeeding Seán Lemass, as leader and Taoiseach, Jack Lynch went on to become one of the most popular politicians of his time. The respected West Cork sculptor, James McCarthy, was awarded the commission by Blackpool Development Directors, to design a sculpture of Jack Lynch. It was unveiled in July 2002, and now stands in Blackpool Shopping Centre, Cork.

RESEARCH DIRECTOR'S NOTE

It's been ten years since the initial idea of setting up the Northside Folklore Project grew from within the walls of the folklore room at UCC. It was a small room and we were a small group of academics. Our weekly research meetings in 1995 were spent debating and exploring notions of folklore, traditional and popular culture in Cork city: what and where is it, who makes it and lives it? In true academic fashion, we also pondered our responsibilities in the collecting, archiving and representing of all of these. It was quite clear that Cork people themselves had the expertise, the knowledge, the stories, the songs, the recipes and the memories to create a new community resource from this material. This has been the aim of the Project: to get the people in the city to gather and represent expressions of the variety and diversity of their views, their experiences and notions of folk, traditional and popular culture. Our archive, real and virtual (www.ucc.ie/research/nfp) is located in the "Sunbeam" and now has thousands of photographs, hundreds of hours of recorded voices and videos. And we're still wondering: Which came first? The folklore or the folklorist?

Marie-Annick Desplanques, Research Director

We would like to thank **UCC Dept of Folklore and Ethnology, St Joseph's Credit Union** and **The Community Investment Group of EBS, Shandon St**, for their financial support.

LAETHA SCOILE, LAETHA SONA

BY BILLY MCCARTHY

ISN'T it strange how, as we move towards our twilight years, we can recall so many little things that affected us in early life. How many times have I asked myself the question, "Why was I sent to St Marie's of the Isle convent school when the South Presentation Convent was just around the corner from where we lived on Quaker Road?" The journey to and from school was bad enough when one considers that we had to walk, regardless of weather, but it always seemed to me that my pals who attended the South Pres had more days off and half days than I had. However, I discovered later in life that my mother had some very logical historic reasons for placing us in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy. Again, as there was no boys' Primary school at St Marie's, I believe most boys moved to either Sullivan's Quay or South Monastery, whereas I was enrolled in Christ King, Turner's Cross.

Before this major move was made of course, we received our First Holy Communion, and who better to prepare us for this great event of our young lives, than the good Sisters themselves. Much as we looked forward to our big day, I couldn't understand the cruelty of being brought in on Saturday morning to learn our prayers and hymns, but such practice only toughened me up for an incident that occurred a week or so after my First Communion day. It was the day of the school May procession, when the statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried around the convent garden, and all the current year's First Communicants would be given the privilege, of taking part in the big occasion.

Now my mother, God be good to her, was always a stickler for perfection, and there was no boy in that group on that day going to outshine her pride and joy. So, the breakfast over and four older siblings packed off to school, she turned her attention to preparing me for the day ahead. Scrubbed from top to bottom, I was carefully decked out in my lovely white First Communion clothes and then a final cuddle, before I was taken by the hand and marched proudly down Evergreen Street, on to Barrack Street and along French's Quay, to the school on Sharman Crawford Street, where my mother left me at the school gate. Feeling cock-o-the-walk in my finery, I turned the door handle and entered the classroom, and all of a sudden I felt very much alone. My mother was headed back home and I stood in front of the class with thirty pairs of eyes staring at me - how was a mere seven-year-old to understand, that it was twenty minutes past nine and the rest of the class had already recited the morning prayers and were well into the first lesson of the day?

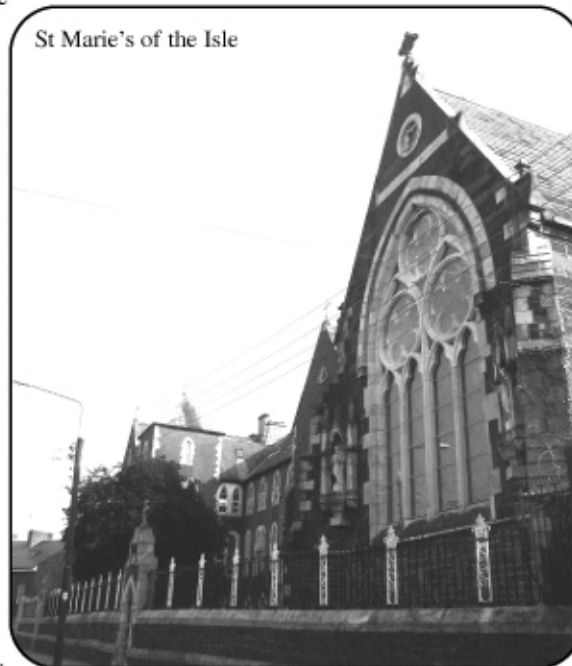
Our teacher (let's call her Sister Mary Teresa), was sitting at her desk by the blackboard. In her quiet Nun's voice, she asked me where I thought I was going at this time of day. I don't know what reply I made, but children being so innocently honest, I'm sure that I mumbled something about my mother having to get

my brothers and sisters out to school, before she got me ready. But this rubbish didn't wash with Sister Mary Teresa. She ordered me to stand in the corner of the room, until she saw fit to allow me to sit down. I cannot recall how long I endured this humiliation, but believe me, even as a seven-year-old, I felt much smaller than I really was. If I thought this punishment was cruel, I couldn't possibly have been prepared for what was to follow. When at long last Sister Mary Teresa allowed me to go to my desk and it seemed that my punishment was at an end, my tormenter pulled the cruellest stroke of all. The harshest words that I am sure I have ever heard uttered were: "And don't you dream of walking in the procession today." Imagine, this to a seven-year-old! But you know, I can't recall feeling any resentment at the time - I guess resentment is a luxury exclusive to adults and an unknown quantity to a child.

So, when the time for the procession came and my sister Kitty collected me, I had to tell her the news. She still brought me to the hallowed garden, but obediently stood with me at the side of the pathway to watch the proceedings. As the group carrying the statue passed, the school principal - or as we called her, "The Head Nun" - stopped and first admired my "beautiful First Communion clothes" and then asked why I wasn't walking in the procession. I informed her in my childish innocence, that as I was late for school, Sister Mary Teresa said that I could not take part. To my delight, she said in a shocked tone of voice, "Nonsense! Of course you must take part, Our Lady must see your lovely new clothes." And so it was. I imagined I was by far the proudest participant in the May procession that day. However, on returning to my classroom after lunch, Sister demanded to know why I walked in the

procession against her instructions, and when I explained that Sister Joseph said that I should do so, she told me that I was a very disobedient boy and assuredly, Our Lady wasn't one bit pleased with me.

Fifty-five years have gone by, since that memorable day in 1948; my mother passed on to her eternal reward thirteen years later at the age of fifty two, probably carrying a little of the hurt to her grave. Quite recently, I met and was introduced to Sister Mary Teresa (yes, the same). She expressed delight, when I informed her that she taught me in First Communion class and how I still had memories of those days. Perhaps she may come across a copy of my story and maybe, just maybe, it will trigger off the memory of a day long ago when a small boy, dressed all in white, arrived twenty minutes late for school, at the start of a day that would remain in his memory for the rest of his life. If such should happen, I hope it will bring a smile to her face. My sincere wish is, that Sister Mary Teresa would get as much enjoyment in reading it, as I have got from the telling.



HISTORIC STRUCTURES OF TIVOLI

BY STEPHEN HUNTER



Mardyke House

THE suburb of Tivoli, occupies a favourite site on the slopes of an escarpment, that climbs from the north bank of the River Lee up to the ridge of Middle Glanmire Rd. Montenotte lies to the west and north, Lota to the east, but in Medieval times this district would have straddled the townlands of Ballinamought East and Lotabeg. From the 17th century onwards, the "Grand Tour" of Continental Europe, taking in many of the sites of Classical antiquity, became an institution among the moneyed and leisured classes in these islands. This tradition developed out of the growth of interest in learning and foreign cultures that took place in Britain during Elizabethan times, and ultimately can be traced back to the Renaissance. James Morrison, was a scion of one of Cork's great merchant families in the mid-18th century, as well as being a Lieutenant Colonel in a volunteer regiment, known as the True Blues, and Mayor of the city in 1784. He named his home after Tivoli in central Italy, a town set among wooded hillsides, which was a resort in Roman times and contains the ruins of the Emperor Hadrian's villa. The name was applied to the area surrounding the house and its demesne. There is also an amusement park called Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, Denmark, a Tivoli sports complex in the Slovenian capital of Ljubljana, and a somewhat notorious suburb of Kingston, Jamaica, all of the same name.

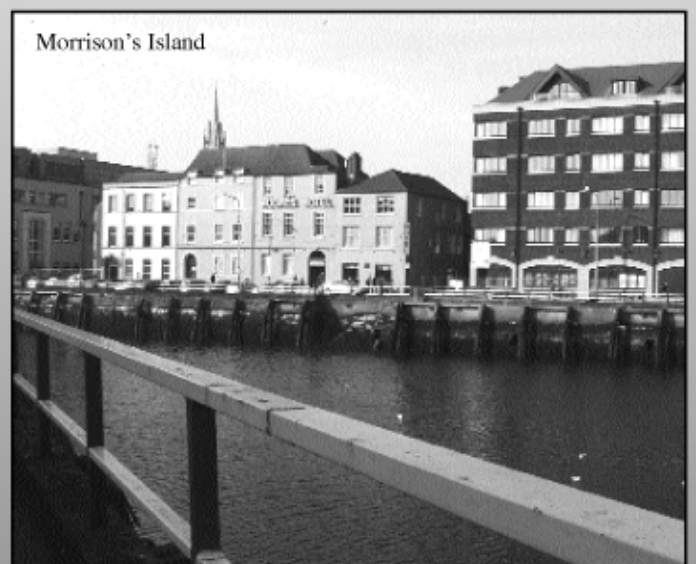
Big houses of Cork's "merchant princes" and gentry were built in this district from about 1750 onwards, although there may well have been earlier buildings of which we know nothing. Considerable numbers of poorer people found employment servicing the houses and their grounds. Some lived on the properties, both within staff quarters attached to the main houses, and in detached buildings such as lodges. Much of the laundry work for the affluent establishments in Tivoli and Montenotte was performed by families living in cottages, in places like Saucepan Row in Lower Mayfield. A short story by the famous Cork writer Frank O'Connor, describes his mother working as a cleaner in one of the big houses of the area. Some historic homes have been demolished and the old demesnes have contracted or disappeared, as they have been sold off for housing or commercial development.

Tivoli had a railway station at one time, while a tram line connected the area to the city from the 1890s until 1931. Its terminus was called the "Ferry Stop", as a variety of ferries plied their way across the River Lee from this point to the

locality of Pairc Uf Chaoimh. Two men were drowned in a mishap in 1909; thereafter any ferries were unofficial. There were market gardens in the area well into the 1970s. 19th century prints, show Lower Glanmire Rd to be an attractive riverside promenade, but its aspect was marred by major reclamation and construction work, during the 1960s and '70s. Still, the area retains echoes of its old grandeur, and repays exploration. Silversprings Moran Hotel is a good destination or base for the walker. I am applying a fairly narrow interpretation to what is considered Tivoli, excluding for instance the famous Woodhill House, which I would consider to be in Montenotte, or Lotabeg, already touched on in my article "Six Mansions of Lota", Archive 3.

Tivoli House was built sometime in the latter half of the 18th century, in the then-fashionable Palladian manner. Its design was probably influenced by Davis Ducart, an influential architect of Sardinian origin, who designed Kilshannig House, Lota House and Mayoralty House, Grenville Place. It was one of Cork's grand homes, with an imposing two-storey, bow-fronted centre block connected to wings by open arcades. The elaborate gardens contained romantic folly buildings, including a reproduction of the Temple of Vesta and a Gothic temple. The inspiration of the ideas of the celebrated English garden designer and architect, Lancelot "Capability" Brown (1715-83) is apparent in the layout. His famous gardens, such as those at Blenheim Palace, represented a move away from the strict formality of Continental styles and the adoption of subtly stylised imitations of nature. He gained his nickname from his habit of constantly telling people that their land had "capabilities" for being landscaped in this way. Tivoli's demesne is clearly visible in a contemporary painting by Nathaniel Grogan which was long forgotten, then rediscovered in the 1970s, and now hangs in Dublin's National Gallery.

James Morrison gave his name to a reclaimed area, Morrison's Island, adjoining the South Channel of the Lee near the present Trinity Footbridge, and to Morrison's Quay. He died in 1794 at Mardyke House, another of his fashionable homes, near Fitzgerald Park. His grandson James Morgan acquired Tivoli House from his cousin in the early 19th century.



Morrison's Island

IN 1816, he married Maria Poole of Mayfield House, in Bandon, West Cork. The Pooles also owned another Mayfield House (demolished in the 1970s), in what has become the modern suburb of Mayfield. Around 1820, the Morgans are thought to have gone to live there for a time, after Tivoli House was badly damaged by a fire, which was caused by the children playing with fireworks that had been found by the eldest son, Harry. Tivoli House was soon reconstructed, and in the early 20th century was the home of Mr A. St. John Murphy.

During the 1920s, it became increasingly difficult to maintain as a family home, and was divided into five large apartments. Well-known Northside businessman Noel Deasy, has fond memories of his childhood in one of these, during the 1940s and '50s. He recalls the family being virtually snowbound into the building, during the great freeze-up of 1946. What were left of the grounds were rather shabby and neglected, but still graced by a fountain and a tennis court, as well as remnants of a gate lodge, which was fully 500 yards from the big house. Tivoli House was unfortunately demolished, around the early 1970s.

The well-known historian and folklorist Seán Beecher, writes in "The Story of Cork" (Mercier, 1970): "Tivoli House, reputedly the sometime house of Walter Raleigh, is situated off Lovers' Walk (formerly the Lepers' Road). Raleigh is reputed to have smoked the first pipeful of tobacco in the Old World in this house, but this has been contested by Youghal. An illustration in "The Graphic" of a century ago illustrates that a reputed set of Raleigh's pipes were then in existence." Walter Raleigh was in Ireland during the late 16th century. Obviously, such a house does not fit into the time-frame of the Georgian Tivoli House. I have been unable to discover records of an earlier house, nor of a stand of cypress pines that Raleigh allegedly planted in the area, but this is not to say that they did not exist.

Fort William House - THIS attractive 18th century building, now sits a little incongruously on the hillside above the 1960s' Silversprings Moran Hotel, rather overshadowed by the modern structure. The name would appear to replicate the title of one of a number of forts that the British Army built in the Scottish Highlands during the 18th century, in order to coerce the local Highland clans - the Scottish locality is known in Gaelic as Kilcummin. At one time the house was the seat of the Greene family, owners of Greene's Flour Mills, on the city's Southside. Anne O'Regan lived in Fort William in the 1930s and '40s. She has memories of Balls and other social gatherings, in the historic property. Oranges grown in the house's fine conservatory (since demolished), were given to a children's hospital. These fruit would have been regarded as very much a luxury in Cork during the World War II Emergency.

Belvedere Lodge



Belvedere Lodge - NOW a well-appointed guest house, this 19th century edifice is one of the smaller historic structures of the area. A red-brick, folly-like construction near its entrance way has a neo-Gothic appearance. Its origins are clothed in mystery; it has been said that it was built during the 17th century, as part of an entrance way for a semi-fortified house that at one time allegedly existed on what is now a wooded area up the hill in the direction of Ennismore, the Dominican retreat house. A 19th century map indicates "towers; in ruins" in this locality. An adjacent street is known as Castle Ave, and although this is popularly thought to refer to the view of Blackrock Castle across the river, some older residents insist that the name actually reflects the presence of these structures. Another opinion is that the folly's building style is evidence of an 18th century Georgian provenance. The type of bricks used and the building style would seem to argue against it being very old. Present owner Tim McGrath, thinks that the ruin probably dates from the 1830s, roughly contemporary with the house. It seems that a part of the building could now lie submerged beneath modern streetscape, prompting suggestions that it was right near the old pre-reclamation shoreline, with steps that went down a level to the riverside.

Another interesting old building is **Trafalgar House** (not to be confused with a better-known Trafalgar House up the hill in Montenotte, which was converted into the Country Club Hotel). Long-time Tivoli residents Francis P. Daly and Alison Walsh, have mentioned that this building once possessed a superb mosaic fireplace surround, which depicted scenes from the famous naval battle. The story is that the house was built by a Royal Navy medical officer, present at that epochal struggle.

Attempting to research the history and folklore of Cork's historic structures, one is immediately struck by a severe lack of primary source material meaning first-hand original information about the subject, such as building records, deeds, contemporary accounts, etc. In 1988, the Mayfield 800 Project group produced an excellent publication, "Changing Images", as part of the celebrations that marked the 800th anniversary of the granting of a Charter to Cork City by the English monarch, King John. This book has suggested lines of research into social history and folklore and I am greatly indebted to the Mayfield group for bringing so many strands together, in a coherent form. It was their work that did much to excite my interest in the topic to begin with and it has been a rewarding experience.

Fort William House



THE TURKISH SECRET SERVICE

BY LEE CASSIDY

THE iconic status of Cork 2005 has catapulted the city into a sort of historical, cultural and architectural spring cleaning. It has created a new awareness amongst the people of Cork and has added an insight into the inter-cultural richness that exists within the city's fabric, an identity that has become interwoven into the everyday cultural life and professional faces of Cork city. Over the recent years, a new multi-cultural services sector has been etched into the city's face and provides both residents and visitors with a new and different slice of Cork life. Cork people can now dabble in the Russian delicacies of North Main Street, or the Afro-Caribbean spices of Shandon.

Today, Cork mirrors any cityscape within Europe; an eclectic mix that characterises the fusion of time-friendly consumerism, with the antiquity of long-lived trades. One need only walk down Patrick's Street, to get a sense of the new in the old and the old in the new. From the brightness and convenience of Merchant's Quay, with its pale skin lights, to the specialised old-world exoticism that belongs to the "always twilight" of the English Market, Cork as a city, holds many secrets. Unsuspecting pedestrians may well find that they have unbeknownst to themselves, wandered into one of the city's meandering arcades; their imperial lure, toying with any "Alice in Wonderland" like curiosity. It is here in these arcades that you can find an ancient but very specialised trade, that has only recently arrived to Cork as a cultural service - the "Turkish Secret Service!" These barbers deserve more than a mention for their addition to the cultural life of Cork. They have brought a bit of Turkish culture to Ireland and in doing so, have dramatically altered a society dominated by the concept of "unisex".

In Turkey, a barbershop is a way of life, not a service. It is an exclusive social outlet for the Turkish male, the equivalent of the pub in stature for his Irish counterpart. A place where men congregate amongst themselves, to talk about politics or sport, whilst drinking çay (Black Sea tea), Turkey's social lubricant. It is seen as an art form - the cordial grooming of a man by a man! Not unlike the intimate privacy belonging to ladies' leg waxing. In Turkey, the same principle applies. Grooming happens away from the view of the opposite sex, which all adds to the element of surprise and privacy. A Turkish shave is a ritual; it is about perfectionism and grooming; it is according to Musa Gunes, a Turkish barber living in Cork, "When a man can take time out of his life to escape into a casual, chatty, highly professional environment and have a real haircut with a real scissors."

Most Turkish men have a moustache. The moustache is an important part of the Turkish male identity and can be traced back to the Ottoman Empire, when it embodied a man's imperial identity and masculinity. It should follow then, that a country with such a fastidious and exacting attitude to facial hair, should be excellent at shaving. Having lived there myself for three and a half years, I recognized that exclusivity is probably the most important part of the Turkish barber culture - Admission to men only! It is a sector dominated by men for men, in a society where unisex salons are virtually non-existent. It is about luxuriating into a world of service; even the thick creamy foam used on the face is a luxuriant mix, that feels very different in smell and texture from the can-based foam one

finds in shops. The musky fresh smell of hot towel evaporation immediately hits you when you walk into a Turkish barbers and the smell of cleanliness conjures up an image of professionalism, that is both hygienic and precise. With a swish of a brush, the barber reveals the cut-throat razor and with the flick of an expert wrist, all offending stubble is removed, and a tiny scissors removes any protruding nostril hair. A man leaves feeling refreshed and relaxed; it is according to customer, John Mehegan, "a positive experience that we haven't experienced here in Cork before."

In Ireland, there exists a myriad of beauticians and beauty salons for women only. The world of self-care has always been dominated by female needs and the general attitude towards men was nonchalant. It was presumed that men didn't have any needs in the

self-care department. Irish men have had to put up with the unisex concept for years, and over time have sacrificed their rights to the "male members' only club". The arrival of Turkish barbers has dramatically altered this sector of the Irish market, providing a service that is exclusive to men and highly proficient. Turkey has brought a bit of itself here to Ireland and for a mere 20 Euro, you can feel like the Sultan of Cork after a 30 minute Turkish shave.

In a world of consumerism, this type of service and cultural authenticity is rare. Cross-cultural services have achieved newly accredited value within Cork. This Turkish-Irish service adds a diversity to the services market that has emerged in Ireland, which will inevitably create a new awareness within the minds of Cork people; an awareness that is inclusive of difference and open to change and therefore, the betterment of Cork as a city. People are obliged to look at themselves and to take an "as the crow flies" view into the cultural spheres and tiers that exist within the City's parameters, into both the new and the old, the familiar and the unfamiliar.



SAINT OF THE CITY

BY DOLORES HORGAN

MUCH has been written about Finbarr, the man who in 606 A.D. founded a monastic settlement at the mouth of the River Lee, Corcach Mór na Mumhan (The Great Marsh of Munster). This was to become the see and city of Cork. In "The Lives of the Saints", of which there are two versions, Latin and Irish, Finbarr is said to have been the son of a royal lady and master smith, Amergin. He was baptised Lochan and it was the monks who educated him at Kilmacahill in Kilkenny who changed his name to Fionnbarr, because of his fair hair.

Stories are told of Finbarr's many journeys. With his parents' permission he went to Co. Laois with a group of Anchorites (hermits), but Canice, who was in charge there, asked him to leave, as that place had been destined for himself. Legend has it that he went to Rome on pilgrimage with one of his preceptors, and on the way back, he passed through Wales, where he visited St David in Pembrokeshire. Finbarr had no means of getting back to Ireland, so David lent him a horse for the crossing. In the channel he sighted and signalled St Brendan, the Navigator, who was voyaging eastward. He went again to Rome with St David and others where Pope Gregory would have made him a bishop, but was deterred by a vision in which he learnt that Heaven had reserved this prerogative for itself.

Finbarr also preached in Scotland, at Kintyre, on the island of Barra, the Western Isle, which is named after him. It is said that when he returned to Ireland, our Lord brought a miraculous flow of oil from the ground, caught him up into heaven and there consecrated him bishop, anointing him with oil, which flowed around the feet of the onlookers.

Finbarr is also associated with miraculous cures, meeting with King Fachtna (The Angry), who brought with him a blind son and a mute daughter. Finbarr blessed them both and they were immediately healed. Later, he met the king again, and while they were talking they heard a wail. The king interpreted this to mean his infirm wife had just died. Finbarr blessed her with some water and told Fachtna to wash his dead wife in it. She returned to life and in gratitude the king offered the Saint a tract of land.

There is a story written in "The Lives of the Saints", of St Laserian visiting St Finbarr, and as the two monks, sitting under a hazel bush, talked of things of God, Laserian asked for proof of God's presence. Whereupon, Finbarr prayed and the spring catkins on the bush above them fell off, nuts formed, grew and ripened. Finbarr gathered them in handfuls and poured them into Laserian's lap.

Finbarr's connection with the River Lee is significant. His first settlement was where the river rises as a turbulent stream

rushing from the beautiful lake of Gougane Barra. This little island is connected to the mainland by a causeway. Here, the remains of the settlement, together with an attractive, romanesque oratory, original cells and the lintel of Finbarr's church, still stand. It is a place of annual pilgrimage in honour of the Saint, especially on Gougane Sunday, the first Sunday after Finbarr's Feast Day, September 25th. Hundreds of people assemble to walk to the island in procession, where the Rosary is recited, a sermon is preached and Benediction given. This is followed by the traditional rounds of the Stations of the Cross.

Finbarr established his monastery on low marshy ground, where the angel of God had indicated, on the south bank of the River Lee, southwest of the present city of Cork. Finbarr's monastery grew in significance and became head of an important confederation of South Munster monastic churches. The monasteries developed schools, which became important centres of learning, and attracted the foremost scholars of their day. In their desire to worship God, they sought seclusion from the world and established smaller monasteries (hermitages), in

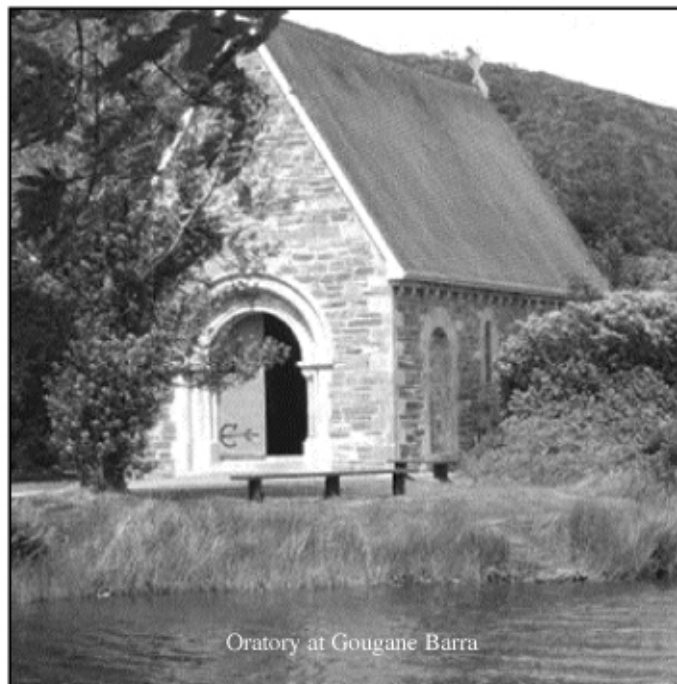
remote places such as the islands off the west coast of Ireland. To spread the word of God, other monks left Ireland for Britain and continental Europe, to found monasteries.

Finbarr also went to visit Fiamha the Hermit of Desertmore, the setting for the twelfth century VisioTungdali, an Irish contribution to the medieval vision - literature, which was translated into six European languages. Finbarr's "Book of Gospels" which was afterwards enshrined in gems and gold, has disappeared, centuries past.

It is said that Finbarr died at Cloyne, on September 25th, 623 A.D. We are told that the sun did not set for the following 12 days.

Cill na Cluaine is the place of St Finbarr's death, an important site in Finbarrian tradition. It is now an embanked area in the townland of Ballineedig, some few miles westward of Ovens Bridge on the Cork-Macroom Road, within which is the outline of a rectangular structure. The state has now placed a preservation order on this monastic site.

Today, people pay tribute to St Finbarr's legacy in a variety of ways. There is a nine lesson special office recited in St Finbarr's Cathedral on his feast day. Parents choose the name Finbarr for their sons, which remains popular today. Streets nearby St Finbarr's Cathedral bear his name such as Bishop St and St Finbarr's Rd. Other examples include; St Finbarr's Chapel (Honan Chapel), St Finbarr's cemetery, St Finbarr's Hospital - a former workhouse, St Finbarr's GAA club and St Finbarr's Training Centre for Travellers. He is also the Patron Saint of UCC.



Oratory at Gougane Barra

ANGELS

BY SEAN CLAFFEY

ANGELS and the mere mention of the word, conjures up images of winged, happy beings, that fly about the heavens and the earth. Never before has there been such interest in things pertaining to - Angels. Dozens of books have been published dealing with everything from guidance in daily life, to talking to the dead, through psychic healers. Even the sale of angel figurines and other angel products is brisk.

Belief in angels however, is nothing new. Religions, ancient and modern, accept the concept of angels. These winged spirits are part of the mystery of most cultures.

The Greeks referred to them as Horae; in Persia they were Fereshta. In China, slanted roofs were designed in a way, that helped to dispel the occupation of demons, who might enter the building. The great Socrates, referred to a good demon (daemon) that took care of him. Angels figure often in Babylonian literature, picturing them as winged spirits. The Christian Bible, also mentions angels nearly 300 times.

The Latin word for angels is angelus; in Greek it is aggelos (from the hebrew word meaning 'one going' or 'one sent' - a messenger). Angels are inextricably linked with the New Testament; they announced the birth of Christ; they told the shepherds where to find the infant Jesus; an angel turned up at the tomb of Jesus, to announce His resurrection from the dead (from the gospels of Luke and Mark). However, it is as messengers that they most often figure in the Bible, where they

appear in the role of God's messengers to all mankind. In Jewish and Christian literature, the four main Archangels are: Michael, Gabriel, Raphael and Uriel. Michael binds evil, evil entities and protects against attack or harm. Gabriel gives clarity, purity, order and discipline to people, bringing joy and grace. Raphael helps travellers, healers, bringing abundance health and healing, standing for vision and truth. Uriel serves peace, bringing serenity, helping people to achieve freedom by releasing fears and the letting go of desires.

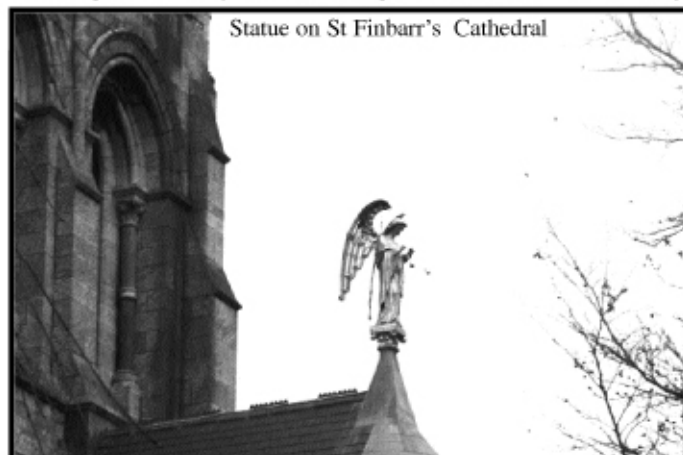
The history we find, implies that each individual has a Guardian Angel. Within the Catholic religion, this belief is not an article of faith, but it is referred to as "the mind of the Church". John Milton's poem, "Paradise Lost", superbly illustrates the conflict between good and evil. There is also a distinction between good and bad angels, in the Christian Bible. However, there is no sign of conflict between the two (the conflict is rather between the Kingdom of God on the one hand, and the Kingdom of the Evil One on the other - this conflict appears to be waged on earth). Many Christians recite a prayer to their Guardian Angel, so there is still a strong belief in them in our world.

Belief in angels, has become embedded in the folk consciousness of the Irish people. In Cork city, for example, there is a fanciful notion, that when the statue of an angel in St Finbarr's Cathedral blows its trumpet, the end of the world is nigh. Such notions demonstrate the impact belief in angels has had, on the psyche of people in Ireland and the world.

The question raised is this - Why do so many people have an interest in angels and spirituality? This writer doesn't have the answer, suffice as to say that terrorism, war and disease have been the hallmarks at the start of the new Millennium. Faith in God and superstition, were thought to be on the way out. However, there is an ongoing scramble for meaning and security; prompting a resurgence in religious belief.

Some people believe that there is a presence out there, guiding and protecting them, making them secure and beloved. Angels have played their part in the history of mankind. The efficacy of angels will no doubt continue for the foreseeable future.

For sources see Pg 26



Statue on St Finbarr's Cathedral

A SUNBEAM FILM

The Northside Folklore Project was delighted to have been involved with the making of **Sunbeam**, a film about the former Sunbeam Factory in Blackpool. This is the first of 12 short films that have been produced for Cork 2005 by **Frameworks Films**, in collaboration with various community and voluntary groups. Film-makers Eddie Noonan and Emma Howell from Frameworks were assisted by Northside Folklore Project researchers, John Mehegan and Dolores Horgan, on the development of the film.

Sunbeam Wolsey Hosiery Ltd operated out of the former flax mill on the Mallow Rd from 1932 until its prolonged closure in the 1990s. Based around the dramatic fire, in September 2003, which finally saw the Northside landmark burn to the ground, the film captures the spirit of Sunbeam and explores the impact of the fire on a group of former workers. It also includes previously unseen footage of the fire and some rare cine footage of the Northside in the 1970s.

Sunbeam will be broadcast in November 2005 during the pilot week of Cork Community Television, another Cork 2005 project undertaken by the ambitious Frameworks Films. For information on screenings contact Frameworks at info@frameworksfilms.com or (021) 432-2454

AN GHAELIGE I dTUAISCEART NA CATHRACH

LE PADRAIGH Ó CUANACHÁIN

Ní minic a thuigtear anois go raibh an Ghaeilge beo i dTuaisceart na Cathrach thuas go dtí aimsir an Ghorta Mhóir 1845-1848.

GAN amhras, b'é an ghorta sin agus an fiabhras a tháinig leis ba chúis le bás na mílte duine sa cheantar sin- daoine bochta-go raibh an Ghaeilge go líofa acu. Ach fiú i ndiaidh an ghorta, do lean an Ghaeilge mar teanga beo i measc go leor daoine bochta agus tá an fianise sin le fáil san leabhar a scríobh Sean Beecher "An Ghaeilge in Cork City". B'fhiú an leabhar sin a léamh chun léargas a fháil ar chúrsaí fé mar a bhí sa 19ú Céad. Gan amhras, do tháinig meath tubaisteach ar an dteanga ar a lán fáthanna ach b'fheidir gurb é an príomh fáth ná gur scriosadh féin-mheas na ndaoine mar thoradh ar an slad a dhein an ghorta.

Tá go leor ainmneacha i nGaeilge i dTuaisceart na Cathrach a bhí in úsáid go coitianta i measc seandaoine na háite suas go dtí tamall gearr ó shin. Ina measc, bhí "Crosaire na Spailpíní" i lár Sráid an tSeandúna, "Gabhal an Spora" ag bun Sráid an tSeandúna, "Cnoc na mBacach" an sean ainm a bhí ar Chnoc Bhaile Átha Cliath, "Droichidín Briste", in aice le Lána Hannon, "Bóithrín Dearg" i Ráth Préacháin, "Margadh an Aitinn" in aice le Lána Baileys agus mórán eile.

Do tháinig athbheochaint nua sa bhliain 1893 nuair a bhunaíodh Conradh na Gaeilge i mBaile Átha Cliath. Bhí Corcaigh go mór chun tosaigh san athbheochaint nua agus gan amhras, bhí tuaisceart na Cathrach mar chuid tábhachtach den iarracht nua. Bhí craobh de Chonradh na Gaeilge sa Linn Dubh agus bhí fear a thuill clú agus cáil ina dhiaidh sin mar ceann dos na ceannairí air. B'in é Tomás Mac Curtáin a bhí gníofach ag Cogadh na Saoirse agus a dúnmharaíodh ina thigh féin san áit ina bhfuil Centra anois ag Droichead na Linne Duibhe nuair a bhí sé ina Árdmhéara ar Cathair Chorcaí.

Ba é Conradh na Gaeilge sa Linn Dubh a spreag go leor daoine, ní h-amháin chun suim a chur i gcúrsaí an Teanga Náisiúnta, ach freisin i gluaiseacht na saoirse. ndiaidh bunú an stáit seo, cuireadh an Ghaeilge á múineadh i ngach aon scoil sa tír agus gan amhras, i ngach aon scoil i dTuaisceart na Cathrach freisin. Ar ndóigh, ceantar reasúnta bheag a bhí ann ag an am mar ní raibh Gearán na mBráthar nó Fearann Rí tógtha ag an am ach bhí scoileanna a dhein neart oibre chun an Ghaeilge a thabhairt dos na páistí mar teanga bheo – an Mhainistir Thuaidh, Clochar Naoimh Uinsinn, Clochar na Toirbhirte agus Scoil na mBráthar i Sráid na mBlárna.

Bhí dearcadh náisiúnta ag an Mhainistir Thuaidh sar a bhunaíodh an Stáit seo agus bhí Tomás Mac Curtáin féin agus Traolach mac Suibhne ag freastal ar an scoil sin. Is dfol spéise é freisin go raibh an iar-Thaoiseach Seán Ó Loinsigh, mar scoiláire ann agus sa rang céanna, bhí Seán Ó Riordáin, an file, a bhí ag obair ar feadh a shaoil le Bárdas Chorcaí mar Chléireach agus ag scríobh a lán dánta cáiliúla cosúil le "Cúl an Tí".

San am atá ann fé láthair, is beag seans go bhfaidheadh an Ghaeilge bás i dTuaisceart na Cathrach. Tá Gaelscoileanna (scoileanna ina múintear gach ábhar i nGaeilge) i nGort Álainn agus Gaelscoil Peig Sayers a bhí tráth i gClub na bPíarsach ach



Seán Ó Riordáin

atá anois lonnaithe go sealadach sa Mhainistir Thuaidh. Tá Gael Choláiste sa Mhainistir Thuaidh freisin, (Meanscoil ina múintear gach ábhar trí Gaeilge) agus go bhfuil freastal 250 dalta ann i láthair na huair faoi stiúir an Príomhoide Dóimhnall Ó Gráda, fear a bhain clú agus cáil amach mar Bhainisteoir ar Foireann Iomána Chontae Chorcaí. Agus cé go bhfuil sé beagáinín lastuaidh uainn ó tá Gaelscoil nua, Gaelscoil Mhuscraí bunaithe anois do ceannair na Blárna. Gan amhras, 's í an Ghaeilge an teanga is ársa i measc teangacha na hEorpa atá fós beo, agus dá bhrí sin, ní amháin go mbaineann sí leis an tír seo, ach freisin baineann sí le hOidhreacht na hEorpa ar fad. Go maire sí slán!

Summary

THE Irish language was commonly spoken among the poorer people, not just up to the time of the famine, but for many decades afterwards. Because so many of those who died during the famine were of the poorer classes (estimated at over one million) and associated with the poor house and the paupers grave: the speedy decline of the Irish language, began around that time. Fortunately, the establishment of the Gaelic league in 1893 led to a new revival. A branch of the Gaelic league was set up in the Blackpool area of Cork city. One of its most prominent members was Tomás MacCurtáin who subsequently became Lord Mayor of Cork, and was assassinated by British agents in his own home in 1920. Following the establishment of the Irish state in 1921, Irish was taught in the local schools on the north side of the city: St Vincent's Convent and the North Monastery succeeded in educating many thousands of Irish speakers. Seán Ó Riordáin (probably one of the greatest modern Irish language poets) was a pupil of the North Monastery and the former Taoiseach Jack Lynch, was in his class. Today, the position of the Irish language is much brighter. TG4 and Radio na Gaeltachta, plus the foundation of Gaelscoileanna (all Irish schools) have brought about a situation, whereby the future of the Irish language is secure, not only in Cork city, but all over Ireland.

SIR HENRY'S

BY COLIN MACHALE

It was a tragedy to behold. Almost a year after it had closed its doors to the public in July 2003, we witnessed the final destruction of Sir Henry's nightclub. It was the people's choice as the haven for milestone music, superstar DJs, legendary bands and copious amounts of alcohol and substance abuse. As we lingered opposite the monumental wreckage, visions of the past started flooding back. The 'God, remember the time that....' and the 'Man, that night we...' conversation occupied the rest of the night. From Phil Lynott to Nirvana to Carl Cox. From Freakscene to Sweat, Henry's provided a discernible atmosphere over the years that you could wrap yourself up in and leave the outside world behind. Here are a few souls that did....



I suppose my era going to it was from the time it opened, sometime in the mid-seventies. Basically we were just going in this dark arched hallway and up a staircase, turning to the left. In front of you, you had a bar and on the right you had a seating area and there was a kind of a three or four piece band doing its stuff with a kind of creaking floor atmosphere there. The décor seemed to be a mixture of red and black, heavy with smoke and flat pints. In the jacks there was a special type of door which didn't run to the floor, graffiti on the backs. Well on one it was kind of straight forward enough. It said 'Beware of Limbo Dancers'. That was an ever permanent threat you had to put up with. Another one then, I suppose was 'When all you s**thouse poets die, they will erect in the sky, a fitting tribute to your wit, a monument of solid s**t'.

I can remember going up the stairs, very dark, because every place was painted black and seeing the bar on the left hand side and this big motorbike, a Yamaha as far as I can remember. People were using South Main St and it became the focus of attention rather than Grand Parade for Shandra's. It was a new scene having had the disco but now they were playing rock music and I think it was open in the afternoons. I'm not sure if they reverted back to just a band in the background or it might have been piped music, pumped into loudspeakers placed all around the bar.



I started going there in about 1983. First time I walked in, there was a load of bikers, sitting around on wicker chairs smoking gear, and I thought 'Cool'. And so that's where I stayed for the next twenty years.

The Village (part of Henry's) rocked, it actually had a fireplace in the nightclub, how suave is that like! but it was also home to some of the dodgiest people, like Nick 'The Head'.

There was a Crawford party and these two guys found a certain spot on the dance floor, that if you jumped on it, it would make the records skip and so they were bouncing on the same spot all night. The bouncers were pissed off enough at that stage but when one of them leaned over the bar and started helping himself to drink, well that's when they got kicked out. One was kind of a tall, thin guy, so after he got thrown out, he borrowed a long overcoat off somebody, crouched down under it and stuffed bog roll into his cheeks to make himself look like a short, fat bastard and he got back in. Sure enough, he was back on the same spot jumping away. He got kicked out again straight away. Still though, class.

I remember the curry and rice, you'd eat it even though it was shite, just rice with curry sauce, no meat or anything, just some thin, watery, curry gravy poured over, but you'd be starving and eat it anyway.



The first time, I'd say was on a Wednesday night at Freakscene, hanging out with some hoo-haws as I call them. The music was alternative stuff like the Pixies, Stone Roses, still a kind of respectable place. The best night I had there has got to be Carl Cox, I suppose. It was eventful, definitely remember that. Had to make it there first, from Tralee to Cork, thumbing on the road waiting for two hours. Had a ticket, like. I remember throwing the sign on the road and stamping on it, my brother was just down the road laughing at me. Ten minutes later, I got a lift. The family in the car were playing this religious music all the way to Cork. Eventually, we made the concert. The music in Henry's was a bit different, like hardcore underground - evil. Totally evil.

In nineteen dickety-dits in a totally sober state of mind with no mind-altering substances whatsoever, I went in selling my boyscout cookies. But really I was a hundred kinds of f****d up. Sixteen, seventeen thereabouts. My friend and I had a competition at the time to see who could take the most acid without going insane. We both lost.

You'd never go to Henry's wearing light-coloured clothes. I fell over about ten times dancing to the Sex Pistols and when I got home well... I mean if your hand touched the floor, it would come up black. And the girls' toilets, you'd flush them and they'd flood into each other. You had to queue up and there was this lady about fifty that lived in the toilets, who used to tell you when it was your turn. It was her whole life and all night it was just girls going up to her telling her their tales of woe and she'd just sit on her stool smiling away listening to the same old shite every day of the week.



Right, first time I was there was about eight nine years ago, for the Cork Jazz. Me and a bunch of lads headed up. One of the things I noticed that night was the floor. It was a gym floor, so the more people got on it, the more bounce off it and the bass going through you. It was amazing and I was demented. I was trying to convey to one of my mates how messed up the place was and he was going 'Ah, it can't be that bad.' We got there,

not many people at all, and we were on the floor dancing and this guy came out and got down to his boxer shorts and just poured a bottle of cider all over himself, then got down on the floor and did about twenty push-ups. Another guy then was up on the stage dancing away totally starkers, with people walking past slapping his lad. That was pretty bizarre.

I spiked myself, later I took advantage of myself, and later on again I threw myself out. I only had myself to blame.

...It is now 2005 and Cork as European Capital of Culture has left some important aspects behind. The end of Henry's marked the end of an entire DJ era and the reconstruction of its network around the city, attempted by Radio Friendly and scratch nights at the Rhino rooms. When these ended, DJs became legends of the dance hall. Some maverick DJs of alternative music have come to represent the pulsating heart of piracy on Freak FM (105.2 FM). The institution that was Sir Henry's is gone but not forgotten. What's the replacement?.... More unaffordable luxury apartments. Henry is turning in his grave.

AN AFRICAN TALE

BY VINCENT EKE

The following is an excerpt from a children's story book, written by Nigerian-born Vincent Eke, soon to be published. The story and the various characters depict the folk-tales that he as a child used to listen to from family and friends, both at home and in school. "I feel I should share them with today's children, as these exciting stories partly inspired and challenged me to be myself, while looking for the good in every person or situation. I believe there are some life lessons which are still relevant today to be learned by children, and one powerful way to teach our kids some of these lessons is through stories that stimulate their mind and thought."



ONCE upon a time, Man and Animals lived together in harmony, near the Kanji Forest. The Animal Kingdom thrived successfully and everyone was very happy. One day, the Animals discovered that they were running out of food in the Kanji Forest. So, the King of the Animal Kingdom, Lima the Lion, called a meeting of all the animals, to find a solution to their problem. Lima asked Zuli

the Elephant, to climb to the top of the highest point in the forest, Mt Kanji, and announce that all the animals were to meet at the Square, under the Great Iroko Tree, by sundown the next day. The next day at sundown all the animals were gathered at the Square, under the Great Iroko Tree. Present at the Square were Zingi the White Head Eagle, Manki the Monkey, Tobi the Turtle, Padi the Leopard, Jeri the Giraffe, Coki the Crocodile and other animals, from all over the length and breadth of the forest. Lima climbed up the Great Iroko Tree, on to the big overhanging branch.

"My Fellow Animals!" said Lima the Lion, in his rumbling voice, "You will have noticed that famine is creeping up on our land. We have little food left in our forest for everyone and our young ones are beginning to die from starvation." Lima paused and looked around, to assure himself that everyone was listening. "The Council of Elders has decided to seek

suggestions from you all on what to do to solve our problem of food shortage, until this famine wears off", concluded Lima.

In the middle of the crowd was Tobi the Turtle, and flapping his wings next to Tobi, was Zingi the white head Eagle.

"Yesss! Zingi, I see you want to say something. What is it you want to say?" asked Lima.

"In my quest for food for my family, two days ago I happened to fly past the land of the humans and I noticed that they don't look hungry", said Zingi, tucking in his wing. "They are growing fat and I even heard the town crier announce that their King has ordered everyone to bring some of their excess food to the Palace barn, for storage."

"From what Zingi has seen and said, I suggest that the head of each family go to the land of the humans, and get some of that food for ourselves and family," said Manki, the wise Monkey.

"All those in favour of going to the land of the humans to bring food, indicate your consent", declared Lima. Every animal in the Square, voiced their support and indicated their consent, by either raising their front paws or nodding their heads.

"Now, anyone who finds food, must bring it back to this Square.

We will store some of the food in the Great Iroko Tree and the rest will

be shared among every family. Anyone who disobeys or hides any food, will be banished from this forest", decreed Lima the Lion.

"That makes sense to me. I'm in support of that, what about you Tobi?" murmured Padi to Tobi.

"Sure, I'm okay with that", Tobi replied with a wave of his hand.

"All those in support, nod your head", Lima added. Everyone nodded in consent.

At dawn the next day, some of the animals set out for the land of the humans to find food.

Vincent Eke has lived in Cork for three years and is currently studying in UCC. Sketches by Fiona Ryan.



◉ The Transport Revolution ◉

AN URBAN PERSPECTIVE: PART 1 — BY JOHN MEHEGAN

AS Cork takes its place as European Capital of Culture 2005, the city with its newly refurbished people-friendly boulevards, has lost none of its oft times referred to, continental ambience. In fact, it could be said that this particular facet of the city's streetscape, has been enhanced. Yet, a feature of present day Cork which is at variance with many cities of not dissimilar size on mainland Europe, lies in the area of public transport, specifically in relation to the use of the tram, or to be more precise its descendant the Light Rail Vehicle, a mode of transport which is viewed by many, as being part of the urban solution to the all too familiar problem of traffic congestion. Of course, the very mention of trams, conjures up feelings of nostalgia, bringing to life images of a bygone age. Cork, albeit briefly, once echoed to the sound of what was then a revolutionary form of public transportation, in the expanding cities of the 19th and early 20th centuries. The story of Cork Trams is in itself interesting, but set in its historical context, it can be viewed as being part of an international development which facilitated human movement within cities, on a scale not previously experienced. This international dimension is of further importance insofar as the evolution of the tram itself was also reflected in events here in Cork, which in the first instance, involved the use of horse traction, to be succeeded after an interval of over two decades by an electric system. For the purposes of this particular article, we will look at the first of these developments - the horse tramway system.

Origins

TO begin our story it has to be said, that as with many other inventions, what transpired over time far outstripped the original intention. This is certainly the case in relation to trams, whose origins can be traced to the mining industry of 16th century Europe. Here the need to transport heavy goods by cart from one location to another, led to the laying down of timber beams, thereby offering an easier route on which the timber-wheeled carts could be propelled. But the use of timber had its limitations, with both tracks and wheels tending to wear rapidly. As a consequence, from the early 18th century, iron was used in both the making of tracks (which were mounted on wood) and wheels, thereby minimising wear. Yet in saying this, these advancements were to have no immediate impact on the transportation of people. In this respect, it was the Industrial Revolution which began in the latter half of the 18th century, that acted as a catalyst for change.

Though usually tending to come in the wake of the railways, the development of the tram was also part of this modernisation process. Early forays into the field of urban transportation came by way of the horse-drawn omnibus, which was developed in France in 1826, and subsequently spread to many cities around

the world. Typically, it involved the use of a large horse-drawn coach with iron wheels, operating on set routes at fixed times. But this system had its drawbacks, not least the fact that with its iron wheels, journeys were both noisy and bumpy, along streets where paving comprised of either dirt or cobblestone. In addition to the resultant passenger discomfort, there was also the safety factor in that these omnibuses lacked brakes. To stop, one simply pulled up the horses. Not surprisingly, given its inherent shortcomings, it was inevitable that the omnibus would be overtaken by a more efficient form of transportation.

Horse Trams: International Developments

THE transition was not long coming, with the first tram system in the modern sense being developed in the United States in 1832, with the opening of the New York and Harlem Railroad. Though only a single line, the benefits of the new system were obvious; iron wheels on iron tracks, meant a smoother, faster and quieter journey. Also, it

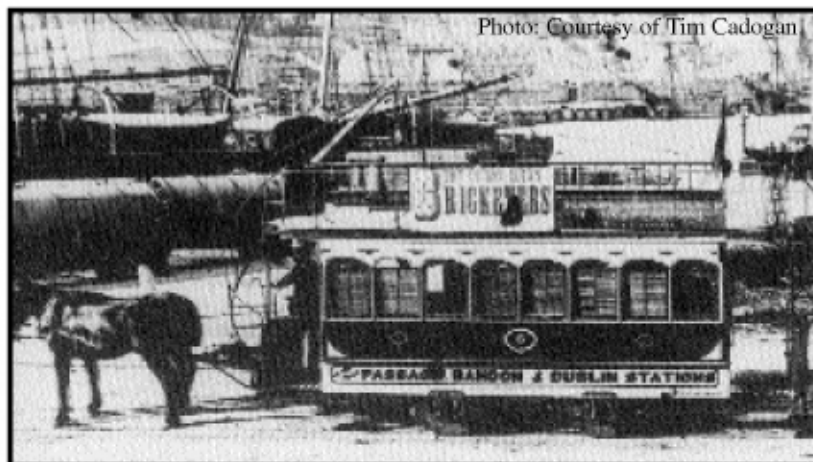


Photo: Courtesy of Tim Cadogan

was now possible to carry many more passengers, because of the reduced rolling resistance of iron wheels on iron rails, as opposed to similar wheels on cobblestone or dirt paving. Crucially, these trams also had brakes. Yet strangely, there was no immediate rush to imitate this initial example. The first moves towards establishing a tramway system as distinct from an

isolated line, did not take place until 1851, with New York once again providing the field of operation. This heralded an upsurge in the development of tramway systems throughout the industrialised world.

In terms of Europe, the first permanent street tramway was laid in Paris in 1853, and had a direct connection with the New York and Harlem Railroad, in that its promoter, Alphonse Loubat, had worked with that company. Within a short number of years Britain too had its first horse tramway, with the installation of a line at Birkenhead in 1860. Again the American connection was maintained, as its promoter was one George Francis Train, who that very same year carried out a detailed survey of the streets of Cork, with a view to operating a similar system. But the real stimulus for the widespread adoption of horse tramways in the United Kingdom came via the Tramways Act of 1870, which provided a legal framework for the building of new lines. Prior to this, it had been necessary to receive permission from the local authority or alternatively, to obtain a special Act of Parliament. Ireland, which was united with Britain under the Act of Union, came within the ambit of these developments, and the effect was soon evident with the country's first urban tramway opening in Dublin in 1872, a year which also saw the commencement of services in Belfast and Cork. Over the course of the century, further projects came on stream in Galway (1879) and Derry (1897).

Horse Trams: Cork

WITH regard to Cork, the case for the construction of a horse tramway system in the city, was primarily based on providing a service which facilitated passenger and freight interchange between the city's four railway termini, two of which were located North of the River Lee at Alfred St (G.S.W.R.) and Summerhill (C.Y.R.), and two South of the Lee at Abbey Quay (C.B.R.) and Victoria Quay (now Kennedy Quay), (C.B.P.R.), while at the same time providing a limited public transport service in the city centre. In keeping with the political configuration of the times, the whole operation had a distinctly British flavour. The Cork Tramway Co. Ltd, for example, had its headquarters in London, with directors from both England and Northern Ireland, several of whom were already associated with local railways. While both the companies that laid the tracks (Messrs Harris & Nelson), and built the trams (Starbuck & Co.) were British operations, in addition the manager of the system, Mr James Clifton Robinson, was a native of Birkenhead. The actual construction of the system commenced in 1871, and took over a year to complete, at a cost of £10,000. Covering an area of just under 2 miles, and operating on a standard Irish gauge line of 5ft 3ins, the route taken roughly followed the pattern of a letter 'C', with a terminus located at each end of the system (see map). The opening took place on September 12th, 1872, with a fleet of six trams operating, four of which had a capacity for 30 persons, and two with a 38 person capacity. All were painted blue and white, with each tram being pulled by two horses per shift. A contemporary account by the Examiner gives a flavour of the grand opening, an event which saw the city suitably decorated and a crowd fraught with anticipation.

"The starting of the cars (from outside the Imperial Hotel), was a scene of great interest to the crowds that had congregated. They all went off very smoothly and glided up the South Mall with a very pleasant motion, and quite as quickly as a cab. They turned the corner of the Parade without difficulty, but at the point where a double siding runs around the Berwick Fountain, the second carriage ran off the line. Beyond a slight delay however, the passengers did not suffer any inconvenience, a moment or two suffering to set the wheels on the track again."

It would seem this initial hiccup was a portent of what was to come, for despite the euphoria of the occasion, this was destined to be an ill-starred venture.

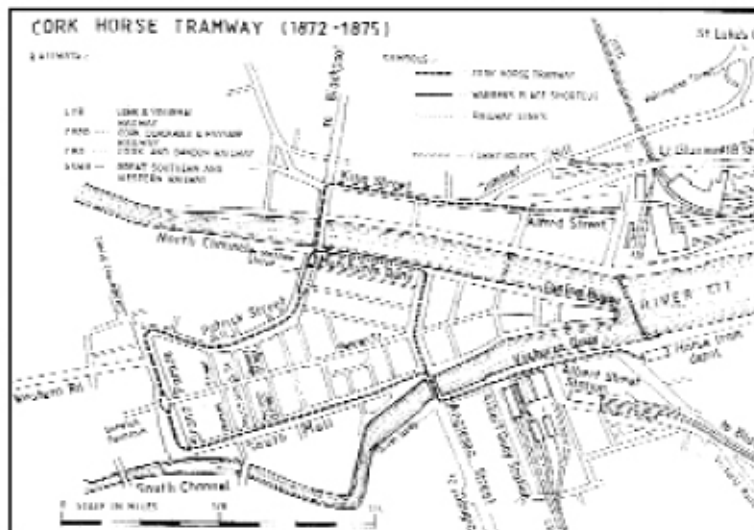
Several factors were instrumental in bringing this about, not least the fact that from the beginning, members of the Corporation viewed the attitude of some of the company's directors as condescending. In a practical sense this manifested itself prior to the opening, with the Corporation publicly announcing its opposition to the company's proposed extension to the system, which involved an enhanced service along some of the quays, including a physical link-up with the C.B.P.R. and G.S.W.R. systems, as well as services to the northern suburbs of Blackpool and Sundays Well. As a result, the limited system that came into operation not only failed to respond to the

growth of suburbia, but also via its circuitous route around the city centre, failed to address the needs of the local population and rail interchange passengers, who could take shorter cross-city routes by hackney cab for a lower fare. In addition, the protrusion of tram tracks from the road surface, proved to be a further source of annoyance. Inevitably, given the combination of these elements and the resultant heavy losses incurred by the company, the days of the horse tram in Cork were soon numbered. By early 1875, the fledgling system was sold for £510 to a local businessman, but his efforts to revive the ailing enterprise proved fruitless. At a meeting of the Corporation held on October 22nd 1875, the fate of the tramway was sealed, with a majority of councillors voting against its retention. By way of contrast, a minority of far-sighted individuals viewed its demise with alarm and a visiting former Mayor of Newark, New Jersey, gave expression to these sentiments in saying: "Is it possible that your city is going to advance backwards?" Thereafter, the six tramcars were sold to the Dublin Tramway Co. and early in 1876, the tram lines were removed and the roads restored to their former condition.

Conclusion

THE fate of the Cork horse tramway was not mirrored by events elsewhere in the country. Its counterparts in Dublin and Belfast were both successful ventures, and continued to give unbroken service to the public until the end of the 19th century, as did Ireland's other urban horse tram networks in Galway and Derry, both of whom remained operational until 1919. In retrospect it would seem that a combination of behind the scenes machinations and faulty systems design contributed to the untimely demise of the Cork tramway. Meanwhile internationally the quest for a more efficient form of public

transport continued, the reality was that while horse trams provided a superior service to the omnibus, there were intrinsic drawbacks. Firstly, the very act of hauling a tram was hard work, which meant that the average working life of a horse was just four years. Additionally, the stabling of the horses contained an inherent danger, in that the close packed stalls and communal feeding arrangements, meant that any disease amongst the equine population, could easily escalate into an epidemic. So for reasons of cost and efficiency, it became necessary to search for alternative forms of passenger transit. In the short term, this led to experimentation with mechanical traction, by way of the steam tram, and some such services did operate in parts of Europe and the United States. However, this form of transport was both noisy and dirty, making it totally incompatible with an urban environment. In truth, what urban transport promoters were looking for was a system which would reduce operating costs, yet at the same time lead to increased revenue, through higher speeds and greater passenger capacity, a by-product of which would be its environmental compatibility. It is the pursuit and attainment of this goal, and its impact both at an international and local level, which will form the basis of our next article, as the urban transport revolution enters its second phase.



SOUND EXCERPTS

BY NOEL O'SHAUGHNESSY

The Northside Folklore Project had an exciting 2004, carrying out over 40 field interviews and creating a series of six radio programmes, entitled "How's it goin', boy?", as our contribution to Cork 2005, Capital of Culture. Here are some excerpts from these interviews, representing the voices of the Cork born and bred, the Cork natives who emigrated and returned, and those who have come to Cork from far and near and made it their home. We hope these pieces illustrate the fascinating mix of experiences and views collected over the course of this project and the new reality of Cork as a multi-cultural city. Listen for more of these excerpts, with a broad mixture of accents, memories and anecdotes, to be broadcast throughout 2005 on UCC Campus Radio (97.4FM) and other stations to be announced.

Excerpt 1: (Childhood memories)

Noreen Hanover (Irish), describing a visit to go "up the Baths in the summertime"- Lee Fields, and the two Angels on St Finbarr's Cathedral:

We didn't have swimming suits, let me tell you, it would be our old underwear; that's what all the girls used to have like! It was only our old nicks we used to have; navy ones, navy nicks. It was a long walk from Barrack Street to the baths. It seemed like miles; but it is miles, when I look back at it. Coming back then, we used to always take short cuts; cross College Road, down Magazine Road, down onto Gilabbey Street and where St Finbarr's Cathedral is - the back road to that... along there we'd come out onto the top of Barrack Street along onto Fort Street. There's two Angels in the structure of the church, and we'd make a run from one end of Fort Street to the other, because the story was; that at the end of the world, those two angels would blow their trumpets, and we used to be petrified that they would blow the trumpets just as we were passing, so you'd make a run across it and even when you got across it, even if they blew the trumpets, at least you didn't care - because you were nearer home, because Fort Street was very near our home, and you would still do it the next time, just to get a short cut home.

Excerpt 2: (Funny misunderstandings)

Marcus Bale (Argentinian), relating his story of a taxi trip while on holiday in Kerry:

When I arrived here I already had a very good level of English, but I had never heard an Irish person speak before. I had many misunderstandings and things like that. One funny situation, something that occurred was: My sister and my brother -in-law came to stay, and we were staying in a B&B in the Gap of Dunloe. We were doing a trip, so we took a cab to travel from one place to another. Obviously we told this person where we were going and then, as we were starting to go, he tried to start a conversation with us. Now the accent of this person was completely... I couldn't understand a word that he was saying at

all, at all. My sister and my brother-in-law, they speak English very well as well; obviously for them this was like Chinese or Japanese, this was something completely impossible to understand, but, the thing was; that since I had been here for a couple of months then, I tried to kind of 'cop on' and I remember having this bizarre conversation, where I wouldn't understand what he was answering me, and he probably was wondering what on earth I was saying - because eh, it didn't make any sense, right! But I just tried to keep it up, because I didn't want my sister and my brother-in-law to think that I didn't have a clue of what was going on - and for maybe twenty five minutes, I kept talking with this man and I realised that 70 percent of what I was saying and he was saying, didn't make any sense, you know... but for my sister and brother-in-law's eyes ...they were very impressed, I have to say.... I'd say when they were going back home after, they would tell my mum that I knew how to move and I would feel that would be a good thing.



NFP Staff 2005
Photo: Ronan Nash

Excerpt 3: (English Market-Cork)

Isabelle Sheridan (French), talking about the joy of having a stall in the English Market:

I am happy now that the name 'On the Pig's Back' made it for me. I had a customer who was

coming from Rome and had been living in Rome for half the year - he said: 'Isabelle, you wouldn't believe what happened, I was in Rome city at a terrace cafe and what did I see passing by? somebody with an 'On the Pigs' Back' bag - I felt like I was at home. Isabelle adds: It was the best compliment I could get, it is nice to feel at home, because you see a bag from the English Market in Rome. That's the Market. It's a very central part of the city and it's lovely now to see it moving up. In Dublin, they tried to revive some of their markets that they had before as well, but nothing comes up to this one because of the mixing of the old and the new.

Excerpt 4: (A view of Cork)

Rob Stafford (Australian) expressing his impressions:

I thought Cork was quite relaxed really - a bit more like a village than a city and I much prefer it to Dublin, because it is a small town really. I don't think of it as a city - and I find it is very friendly because of that. I much prefer it to Galway, because Galway is sort of touristy and here... it's not like that. If they moved Cork up the west coast it would be much better. The things that I like about Cork city: I like the Cork School of Music, I think it's great - the fact that you have a small town with brilliant classical music as well as traditional music and then, you know, there's a lot... there's all different types of music here, a very high standard for such a small place, that's what I find quite unusual about Cork, particularly the School of Music: to have such a high standard of 'music school' in such a small town...

Excerpt 5: (Cultural differences)

Avremi Rot (Israeli) about the changing culture of Cork:

For me the thing I would talk about most of the time is the people here. Cork is a really great experience for me and is an unforgettable place. Things are changing here very fast, for good as well as bad also - but mostly for good. It's becoming multi-cultural. The changing buildings... there is always the tendency to think of things of the past, by being nostalgic about things that are passing. At the same time, the new building of the present is one day going to be the past of the future; so we have to live in the present and enjoy all of this now...

Excerpt 6: (Friendly definitions)

Vitaliy Mahknanov (Ukrainian) explaining his definition of friends:

In Ireland you call everybody friend, but in our country it's more sacramental - it's deep meaning; you don't call everybody friend. In our country you have a different relation. At the top you have a friend, below the friend you have 'mate or colleague'. After them would be a person you know; some fellow in your neighbourhood living nearby, or your classmate from a long time ago or whatever, and this helps to build up your relations with people. If you just try to see it from perspective of philosophy; Aristotle if I'm not mistaken, and he said: 'Who is a friend - it's a second me like mirror reflections, only one or two people could be thinking the same way' - and his word was proved by another Iranian poet, about the 12th century. He said: 'If you have one friend you are a happy person. If you have two friends, everybody is jealous of you. If you have three or more friends, then you're a sad person.' An explanation would be: a human being has only two arms. If somebody is going by the bridge, if somebody, your friends, suddenly become... sink! you can save only two... give two of your hands and lift them up. If there are more than two of your friends, you have to make a choice: who can you have saved? That's a big decision that has to be done. In our culture the word 'friend' has a more deep meaning and we don't call everybody friends. Vitaliy utters a well known Cork phrase: 'How's it goin' boy?'

Excerpt 7: (A Wedding)

Andy Hawkins (Irish) remembering his emotional reaction at his sisters wedding:

I was going mad when my sister got married, because when they were getting married off, I knew that they were leaving the house and she was the last before my brother to get married and I remember at the time, we were up in the church in Farranree with all the guests and all I was concerned about at the time was not the wedding or the function or anything, but the fact that from that day on, she would not be living in the house with us, and I used to get sort of sad about that... I remembered when my other brother got married, I used to think - will I ever see my brother again? but of course, this is things through a child's eye. Then my sister and my mother reassured me, that we are only up the road... of course, I didn't realise that at the time. I

thought once they got married...that's it - I won't be seeing these people for ages; my sister and my brother, but that turned out to be a very happy occasion for me after all...

Excerpt 8: (Settled Travellers' perspective on Cork)

Brigid Carmody (Irish) reflects on her years growing up in Cork:

Message for the people of Cork:

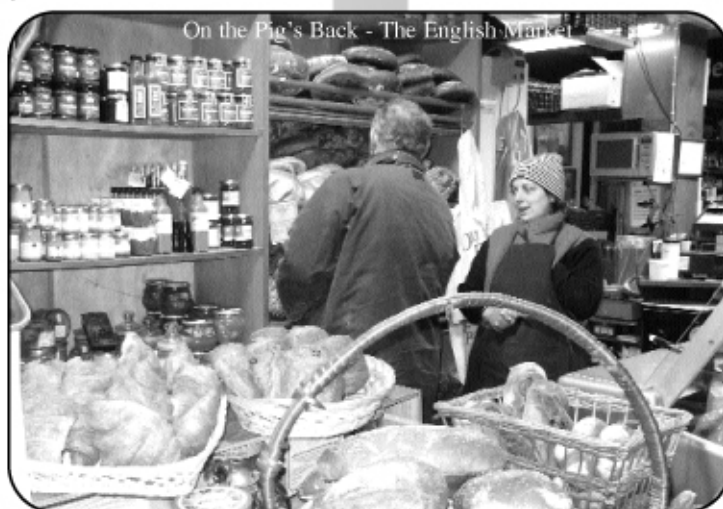
I think you should treat people the way you would want to be treated. Discrimination wise, I think refugees and travellers get a really rough time... not just Cork, but all over Ireland, and I think travellers have been in Ireland since the very beginning. They are Irish, they are Corkonians and they should be treated the same.

What hopes did she have for her children:

'Em, that being a traveller would never affect their life in what they wanted to be, regardless of what it is... just because they are a traveller they don't get what they want in life, and that their culture is never taken away from them. If it's in a traveller's culture to travel - then they should be travelling, or if it's in a traveller's culture to go to fairs or whatever it may be, if that's what they want, they should be left do that, it's part of their culture.

Landmark in Cork:

I like the fountain. That's always been there. I remember going out as a teenager - that's where we'd meet up, we'd all meet at the fountain and we'd all head off to the discos and bars.



Excerpt 9: (Meandering through Cork)

Stefan Wulff (German) on a walkabout:

My Cork? Well I suppose we would start inner city - Patrick's Bridge - having looked at the Lee; might go on from there, stay on the North side of Lee, up Sunday's Well, which I find very appealing, because you have wonderful overviews of Cork. I suppose we would go along to the Mardyke, across the Shaky Bridge. Em, might have a stroll through Fitzgeralds Park, which is a great area for, I suppose, to getting to meet Cork people and see what they are doing. There is a properly developed playground, and so many people make use of that, and it's just great to see what's happening - the interaction. You have people from all walks of life, and you have the international flavour, by virtue of students being around from UCC, depending on the time of the year, certainly during the summer.

For making this project, and these new capabilities possible, we would like to thank Cork 2005 for their generous financial assistance and their enthusiastic support. It has been a meaningful, educational and fun experience and one that won't end on December 31st, 2005. We look forward to the continued development of this new expertise, and to producing more radio programmes - a logical, accessible and entirely appropriate use for our extensive and growing oral history field recordings. This opens up yet another way of giving back to the community - building awareness, appreciation and understanding for the invaluable cultural resources present in the everyday citizens of our lovely Cork.

The Loss of The S.S. Ardmore

BY ROGER HERLIHY

The S.S. Ardmore III was lost on Monday, November 11, 1940. A night forever etched in the memories of many Cork families, due to the loss of all her crew, and the mystery that surrounded her whereabouts, a mystery that would not be solved, for almost six decades. This is her story...

SHE was the third ship to hold the name, Ardmore, belonging to the City of Cork Steam Packet Company, whose office building can still be seen today on Penrose Quay, with its distinctive columns and St George and the Dragon, mounted on top. The first Ardmore, built in 1909, had been lost on November 13th, 1917, sunk by a German torpedo, off the Wexford coast, with the loss of 19 of her 27 crew. The second Ardmore was built in 1920, for the C.C.S.P.C., but in 1923 she went to the B. and I. in Dublin, who renamed it the "Lady Longford". She spent the rest of her life both with the B. and I. and with the Burns and Laird Co. in Scotland, as the "Lairdshill", until she was finally broken up at the Hammond Lane Foundry, Dublin, in 1957.

To replace the second Ardmore in 1923, the Lady Killiney, a Tedcastle ship, came to Cork, and was renamed, becoming the third S.S. Ardmore. She was built around 1918, in the Caledon

Yards of Dundee, Scotland, by the Ardrossan Shipbuilding Co. and would have been able to accommodate up to 50 passengers at one time. But this area was later taken over, for the purpose of allowing more cargo on board. She traded mainly between Cork and Liverpool, primarily as a cattle ship, until 1939, when she began trading on the Cork to Fishguard route. On the day of her final voyage, the weather had been particularly bad, with severe southerly gales blowing, and many ships had remained in port, as a consequence. Nevertheless, the ship's Captain, Thomas Ford, made the decision to sail, and so she left her dock at Penrose Quay, at 8 p.m. that evening, with her crew of 24 men and a cargo of around 1000 cattle, pigs and some agricultural produce.

Her last reported sightings, were off Ballycotton, at 22:20 hrs, and just over 30 minutes later, she passed Knockadoon Head. She was due into Fishguard the following morning, but never arrived. In the days following her disappearance, air and sea searches along her route, could find no trace of her crew, or any piece of wreckage from the ship. But over the following couple of weeks, some wreckage and some cattle were washed ashore, both on the Pembrokeshire coast and on the Saltee Islands, off Co. Wexford. One of her lifeboats was found on the Welsh coast, on November 26th and then in December, the bodies of Captain Thomas Ford, Able Seaman Frank O'Shea and Michael Raymond, a cattleman, were found along the Pembrokeshire coastline. None of the bodies of the rest of the crew were ever found, and mystery surrounded the whereabouts of the wreck, or what catastrophe had befallen the ship that she was unable to

get off a mayday call, before she was lost. In the days immediately after her disappearance, there was a constant stream of relatives of the lost crewmen, calling to the company's offices, to find out if there was any news of the ship.

An article which appeared in the Irish Independent on November 15, 1940, gives us a sense of the grief felt by the families, and the general feeling of melancholy, that surrounded the city at the time. It began with the following paragraph: "Another day has passed, without lifting the veil of mystery surrounding the fate of the Cork Steam Packet Company's Ardmore (473 tons), of which nothing has been heard since Monday night, when the vessel left Cork, for Fishguard. Throughout the day, the offices of the company at 10 Penrose Quay, had been visited by streams of relatives of the crew, and

by persons who had either goods or livestock consigned on the ship."

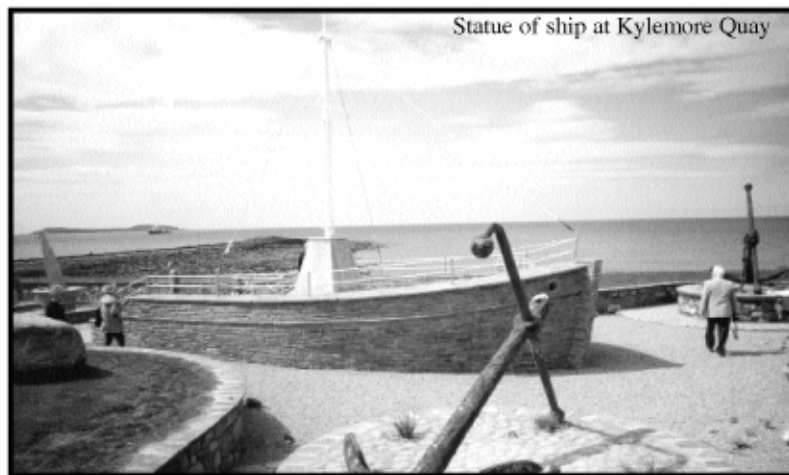
The same day, the Cork Examiner carried a detailed article on her disappearance, in which a Mr Jeremiah Hurley T.D. was quoted as saying:

"They were men who did their duty fearlessly, and had faced the terrors of the deep in order to earn a livelihood

for their families. We are all anxiously awaiting news, in the hope that our worst fears will not be realised."

Unfortunately, as the days went by, and no news was forthcoming, all hope was lost for the safe return of the crew. Some time later, while walking along a strand, a few miles from Wexford Harbour, a postman found a bottle that contained a few badly scrawled messages on pieces of Gold Flake and Woodbine cigarette boxes, one of which said: "Goodbye to all at home. From M. Ford. Send help quick, ship sinking fast. Ardmore, Cork."

Although it was generally accepted at the time that she had struck a mine, the mystery of her fate or her whereabouts would not be solved for another 58 years. It wasn't until 1998 that the wreck of the S.S. Ardmore was finally identified, lying in around 83 feet of water, with her mid-ship blown out, a few miles south of the Saltee Islands and just under six miles from the harbour at Kilmore Quay, Co. Wexford. She had indeed struck a mine, most probably a magnetic mine, as a few months previously on August 8th, a German plane was spotted, laying magnetic mines in the general area. It had been divers from Kilmore Quay, who had originally discovered the wreck and following a lot of research by Dubliner Peter Mulvany, in conjunction with Eugene Kehoe (one of the divers), she was formally identified. Coincidentally, her wreck lies not too far from the wreck of the first S.S. Ardmore, which was lost 23 years before, almost to the day. Both were lost during wartime, as a result of German aggression, one struck by a torpedo, the

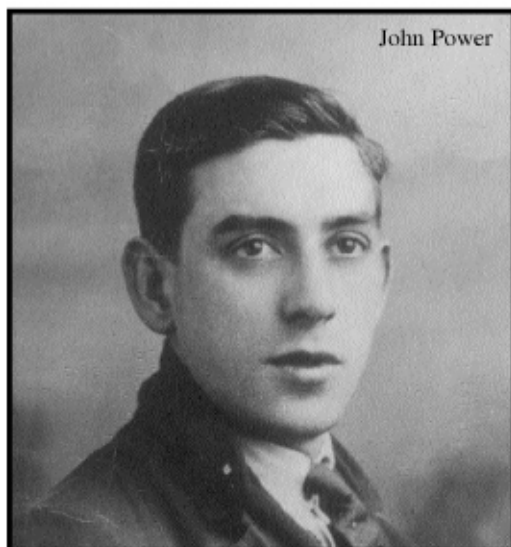


Statue of ship at Kylemore Quay

ON April 25th 1998, a special mass of remembrance was held in the North Cathedral to honour the crew of the S.S. Ardmore, and to allow the remaining relatives to bring some closure to the tragedy that had befallen their families, all those years before. It was also an opportunity to at last be able to lay their men to rest. There was a real feeling in the North Cathedral at the time that, while she may have left Cork on that fateful day in November 1940, she was now finally coming home. After the mass, at a reception held in the Shandon Court Hotel, the then Minister of State at the Dept of the Marine, Hugh Byrne, presented family members of each of the crew, with medals of valour and certificates. This was done in honour of the supreme sacrifice made by the crew of the S.S. Ardmore. Shortly afterwards, the relatives had a bronze memorial plaque commissioned and placed on the Penrose Quay side of the Michael Collins Bridge, the spot where the S.S. Ardmore would dock and where she had left from, on that windy November evening, 58 years previously.

The following June, the people of Kilmore Quay, invited the families to go down to their village, to celebrate a mass with them, which many of the relatives did. They also organised to have the relatives brought out to the site of the wreck, for a wreath laying ceremony, and it was a very moving experience for us all, myself included, to be out there, knowing that we were above the very spot of the final resting place of the S.S. Ardmore, our grandfathers, fathers, brothers and uncles' final resting place. I know that the relatives will be forever grateful to the people of Kilmore Quay, for what they did for them on that day and indeed subsequently. I say that because the Ardmore became the inspiration for a group of people in Kilmore Quay, to have a memorial garden set up in their village, the focal point of which is a large ship, made from stone, emerging from the ground and about seven feet high at the bow. In the centre of the ship is a mast and at its base is a four-sided stone memorial plaque. Each side has dedications to different tragedies that took place at sea in the general area, including the loss of the S.S. Ardmore and the Tuskar Rock Air Disaster. It was officially opened on June 17th, 2001.

I grew up knowing the story of the S.S. Ardmore and hearing of the effects it had on my grandparents, as two of those lost on the



John Power

night were the brothers James and John Power, both uncles of mine.

They were originally from Crosses Green, but were living in the Blackpool area and married with young children at the time. My mother, their

sister, was a young girl of 16, when they were lost at sea and she remembered quite clearly how devastated her parents were to lose not just one, but two of their sons, at the same time. In fact, in the days and weeks following the tragedy, my grandfather, who had been a sailor himself, travelled down to

Wexford, on a number of occasions whenever there was news of any wreckage being found in the vicinity. That feeling of devastation would have been replicated in many homes throughout the city and elsewhere, with parents, wives and families of the crew, trying to come to terms with the sudden loss of their loved ones. Not knowing what happened to the ship must have made it all the harder and, except in the cases of three of the crew, the families were never able to give their menfolk a proper burial.

As I said earlier, it was to be 58 years before the mystery of the S.S. Ardmore was solved, and



James Power

by that stage, many of the relatives of the crew had themselves passed away, never knowing what had happened. Indeed only one of the widows of the crewmen lived to see the discovery of the final resting place of the ship; she was Christina Power, who was married to my uncle, John Power. She was left with an eight-month old baby at the time the ship was lost and today she lives in Birmingham, near her son, Roger and his family. One of my uncle James' sons, also called James, would not be born until four months after his father was lost at sea, yet while growing up he remembers the mark it left on his mother, Madge, and any time he was introduced to somebody as a young boy, his name was always followed by the remark that "his father was lost on the Ardmore". He went to sea himself afterwards as a radio-man, spending from 1959 until 1973 working on different ships, although his mother did all she could to dissuade him from going to sea, even getting her neighbours to try and talk him out of it. Such was the effect of the loss of the S.S. Ardmore and her crew.

The Crew.

The 24 man crew were mainly from Cork, but there were also some English crewmen, a Waterford man, a few Dublin men and even a Norwegian, although he was living in Passage West at the time. The following are the names of the crew of the S.S. Ardmore, on the night of her sinking:

- Frank Barry** - Passage West, Cork; **Edward Bruland** - Passage West, Cork; **John Cronin** - Spring Lane, Cork;
- Bartholomew Desmond** - Custom House St, Cork; **Joseph Dalgarno** - Dublin; **John Fennel** - Gurrabraher, Cork;
- Patrick Flynn** - Assumption Rd, Cork; **Michael Ford** - Brown St, Cork; **Thomas Ford (Capt)** - Liverpool;
- Frank O'Shea** - Lr Oliver Plunkett St, Cork; **James Power** - Blackpool, Cork; **John Power** - Blackpool, Cork;
- Edwin Hare** - Dublin; **A. Johnson** - Liverpool;
- John Kelleher** - Fairhill, Cork; **John Lane** - Pophams Rd, Cork; **John McGlynn** - Dublin; **Sidney McNally** - Liverpool;
- Patrick O'Donovan** - Henry Street, Cork; **Terry O'Leary** - Douglas Rd, Cork; **John O'Regan** - Fort St, Cork;
- Michael Raymond** - Farranferris Ave, Cork; **Patrick Ryan** - Waterford; **Edward Speed** - Liverpool.

The following is a poem written by James Power, in memory of his grandfather, the late James Power.

Gentleman Jim

*"Your Granda's gone", she said to me, I didn't understand.
"His ship was sunk way out at sea". I held my Nana's hand.
They left Cork on a stormy night, they sailed away and then,
They hit a mine, and we have never seen Granda again.*

*"He looked just like your Dad you know", her eyes began to fill.
"A handsome sight in uniform, oh I remember still".
My Nana told this story so it's mine forever more,
The story of my Granda and the once good ship Ardmore.*

*He sailed away on Monday, his ship was Fishguard bound.
He couldn't know his feet would never more meet solid ground.
Into a stormy sea they sailed, a twenty-four man crew,
The wind blew gales, but they just simply did what sailors do.*

*For each man has a job to do, a task he must perform,
And must do this regardless of the blowing of a storm.
But no one could have known the fate that night would hold in store,
For my paternal Granda and the once good ship Ardmore.*



*A mine struck her mid-ship, its force broke her in three,
And she was quickly swallowed by the ever hungry sea.
She was lost in nineteen-forty, on a bad November night,
Three miles off the Saltees, fifty-eight years out of sight.*

*But she was found in ninety-eight, lying thirty metres down,
A broken thing that once had seen her twenty-four men drown.
So now when at the seaside, I stand upon the shore,
And spare a thought for Granda, and the once good ship Ardmore.*

A LORD MAYOR'S LIFE

BY CLLR SEÁN MARTIN

I WAS born in 1958 and lived in O'Connell Avenue, Turner's Cross. One of my earliest memories is going on the train to Bandon on the old West-Cork line.

I spent my first two years in Turner's Cross Girls' School under Ms Neville and a Sister Patrick (a legend as they would say today). I then spent three years in Turner's Cross Boys' School (Mr O'Shea, Brother Charles and Mr Nolan) and my final two years in the South Monastery, Douglas Street under Brothers Basil and Bernard. It was an extremely happy time and I went from there to Coláiste Chríost Rí.



Football and hurling were strong in the schools and most afternoons were spent on the school playing pitches. We also had two handball alleys at Coláiste Chríost Rí. Our growing

up coincided with the rise of Nemo Rangers and there was a great friendly rivalry between ourselves and school mates who played with St Finbarr's and Blackrock. I was fortunate to have been involved with the club throughout the 70s and 80s. You make great friendships through sport and you also see at firsthand, the voluntary commitment of the coaches and managers of the various teams. Soccer was also very strong in the area with Crofton, Casement, Greenmount and Tramore excelling in their respective competitions.

We were also fortunate to have had the natural facility of the bogs and woods in Vernamount (before the landfill site). Many happy days were spent fishing, picking plums, crab apples, blackberries, chestnuts and looking for tadpoles. There appeared to be a season for everything - a natural play area for the youth of Douglas, Turner's Cross, Ballyphehane and Greenmount areas.

I met my wife Ann at the Céilí in Coláiste Chríost Rí. They were run by Mairtín Fahy, Kevin Cummins, Dick Langford, Jim Cremin and Brother Bide. We also had a film club run by the late Paddy Scannell, and Kevin Cummins gave instructions on photography.

My interest in politics came at two different levels. My father Paddy, would have been a close friend of Jack Lynch and would have been involved in his election campaign. On my mother's side, my grandfather Mick Corbet, was old I.R.A. from Ballydangan in Mitchelstown and my grandmother was Peig Ahern from Lisgoold, an old Cumann na mBan woman. It was a natural and historical progression to Fianna Fáil, with both parents and grandparents having a strong social conscience.

My six months as Lord Mayor have been hectic and very stimulating, and one has to be encouraged by the huge amount of voluntary and community work being carried out, by many groups and individuals at local level.

Cork, in particular, has become host to an ever increasing number of High Tech Information Technology businesses. With its favourable corporate climate and highly educated graduate pool, Cork provides an ideal environment, in which industry can develop and grow. We can look forward with confidence to 2005, with Cork as European Capital of Culture.

SKATERS IN CORK

BY JENNY BUTLER



Airborne

ON walking past the Opera House, a skateboarder may whizz by, drawing your attention to the skaters grouped at the railings. This is the main area for skating in Cork, a meeting point for skaters and an area for people to hang out with friends. Many sit along the ground by the railings of the Crawford Art Gallery as they find it entertaining to watch the skaters; as one of the girls commented: "They do mad things."

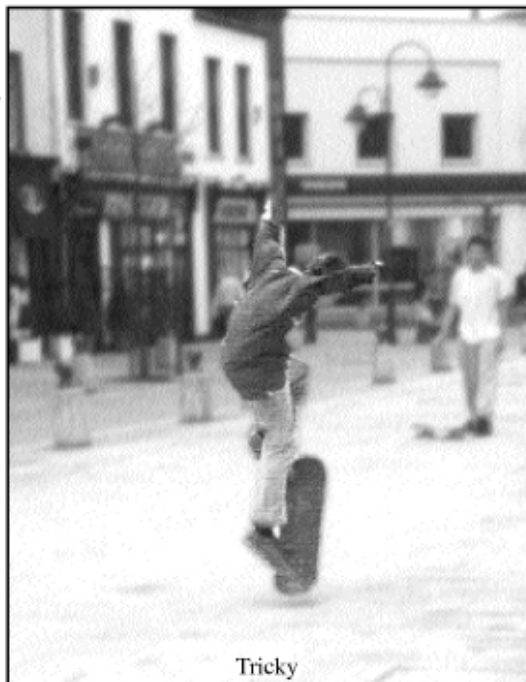
Members of this skater group include the nicknamed Steve-O, Beanie, a sixteen-year-old who has been skating since he was ten, and PK (Piku) whose presence as a skater for eleven years reveals that skating has been happening here for over a decade. The age-group varies and as maintained by one skater, "you'd actually see some five-year-olds in here." There are younger people learning to skate and regulars as old as twenty-five. It seems a predominantly male pastime and I was informed that only two females take part in skating outside the Opera House. The reason that the male skaters give for absence of female skaters is, that girls are afraid to get hurt. While there is a noticeable lack of skater girls, the male skaters assert that they would have no problem if their girlfriends started to skate, or if girls wanted to learn how to skate.

There are some posers on the scene – as Beanie defined – "somebody who walks in, sits down here and never ever, ever skates...Loads of people wear skate clothes, but a load of them don't skate. They're just posers!" Also to be seen here are "moshers" who, according to the skaters, do drugs and litter the area. The skaters feel that the moshers give them a bad name because people tend to lump the young people who hang around the Opera House into one group, and assume they are all the same. The skaters seem to be quite concerned about the fact that they are getting a bad name and emphasise that they do not do drugs and only go there to skate. "Paul Street used to be their

(the moshers) domain and then Paul Street got like ripped up, so they started coming over here and now Paul Street is perfect again ... but there's no benches anymore so they just stay here and annoy us and do yokes (ecstasy), deal drugs." The term moshers would usually refer to someone who listens to metal music, but the skaters seem to be referring to the particular group that congregate at the corner of the Crawford Art Gallery. The distinction in this case is not based on musical taste, but is rather a lifestyle choice: "It's not about the music...it's what you do. I mean, you can have a skater that listens to Slipknot (a nu-metal band) and he's as much respected as any other skater, but it's the way they just act (the moshers), they just hang around the bottom and give us bad names." One skater said, "We don't put halos over our heads and skate around", but they nevertheless do not wish to be confused with other groups, who may be involved in activities that cause them to be disliked by the general public.

Skaters spend much of their time outside the Opera House, such as PK, who hangs out there every day until 3 p.m. when he has to go to work. Others skate there after school and at the weekend, Saturday being the favoured day. Night-time is good for skating because "there is no-one around... It's nice and quiet and you can just skate away." Early morning is also considered good, as they are able to skate without so many pedestrians crossing their skate path. More important is the weather and "any day that's dry is a good day." Other places they go to skate include; suburban areas, housing estates, the South Mall and St Mary's Church. "The best place to skate is UCC but we are not allowed." Since their entry is barred by campus security, some of them get up very early to attempt to get into UCC campus for 6 a.m. One skater with his arm in a sling said, "they think that we are going to hurt ourselves and sue them but that won't happen. Look at me like, I f****d up last night and I'm not goin' suing nobody."

THE skaters feel that the security guards at the Opera House dislike them and they are not allowed to skate outside the Opera House at certain times. They often threaten to call the police to remove the skaters and actually did so once or twice. One skater commented "It wasn't the nicest way of telling us to go away." On the other hand, as another skater stated, the people in Luigi Malone's like them as the customers like to sit outside the restaurant and watch the skating. The skaters are also aware that passers-by are at times irritated by the fact that the path is taken up with the skateboarders but add that, "We don't skate here just because we want to – it's just because we have nowhere else to go." Another hazard of skating outdoors, the skaters claim, is that while they are engrossed in skating, groups of "pikies" steal their bags and other belongings. They have had money, mobile phones and cigarettes stolen while their bags were left unattended. The skaters describe how they made a "grind box" for their own use and chained it up outside the Opera House, only for the corporation to remove it. It was a specially designed six-foot long ramp to skate on and had an edge on which to grind the board against: "we paid for wood and angle iron and they take it away!" They bemoan the fact that they no longer have an indoor skate-park and must skate out on the streets in the rain.



Tricky

The skate-park that was once on Penrose Quay, "Woodworks", was described by one skater as "a second home to most of us." Another added, "it was good because it was built for skating and we didn't have to, like, adapt any of the environment. It was safe to skate. It was warm. Everyone was there. You could just come and there was a great atmosphere." It cost eight Euro to skate for three hours and even without the money to skate, people could still go inside and sit on one of the couches and watch skate videos and chat to their friends. A skate video is a collection of skate tricks, put together with a soundtrack. Skate videos are inspirational and give ideas for tricks to do – "they just make you want to go out and skate, just influence what you want to do" (Toby). Even in the smaller towns around Cork, there are groups of skaters facing the same problem of having nowhere suitable to skate in their locality. In Midleton, a petition was set up in 2004 to request a skate-park and although this produced many signatures, it was ultimately unsuccessful. Youngsters travel from various parts of Cork into the city centre with their skateboards and the area around the Opera House remains the main scene for skaters. Woodworks shut down for insurance reasons and one skater said somewhat sulkily, "the council like, didn't help or stop it from being shut down, yet they won't give us a new skate-park or anything." Another said, "you can't skate when it's wet. It wrecks up your board." and emphasising the point, "Of course we want a skate-park!"



Ready for Boarding

Photos: Jenny Butler

One skater can recognise another due to the fact that they carry a skateboard on their person and can also be recognised by the clothes they wear: "If you see somebody with ripped shoes, they skate." Doing tricks on a skateboard wears away the front of the runners and they start to look threadbare. Skateboards can be of different quality, of various shapes and different widths and densities; the kind of board a skater has can affect their skating. Some skaters put stickers with pictures or symbols on their boards, such as Piku's sticker of a heartogram (the symbol of the Finnish "Love-Metal" band HIM). However, stickers can make it harder to slide on the board, therefore restricting the tricks that can be done.

One skater exclaimed that he skates for "the extremeness of it." It is not a competitive pursuit and is not about judging how a person skates. Newcomers learn tricks and with time learn more complicated moves and one skater avowed, "There's no best trick." There are numerous tricks to learn, such as a "treble" (360 flip) and "the 900", which is considered difficult. Skaters get bruised and cut, and doing tricks carries the risk of "slams", which are really hard falls when an individual smacks onto the ground: "You can't expect to just roll around here all day and not fall over like. You just take that as one of the consequences." Skating is not about

showing off and then getting embarrassed if you fall, but the object is more to learn and perfect the different kinds of tricks: "If you are trying a trick and you slam really hard, it gets you really pissed off, and it makes you want to do that trick even more." They are not concerned with the audience observing them but with the self-gratification that comes with perfecting a trick. People can make up their own tricks and try them out: "You'd be in school all week thinking about one trick to do... and if you get that trick at the weekend, you're just happy for the rest of the week." Another skater added that, "No matter how good a trick you can do, there's always something harder you can do. You can just turn it more or go further." The skaters seem open to new people coming along and skating and say, "it's fun for everybody." On request, they teach new people the different kinds of moves, as tricks are usually learned by imitation – "You see them done and you ask people how to do them and you try them."

The view the skaters have of Cork seems influenced by the fact that much of their activity revolves around skating. The lack of an indoor skate-park in a city where it rains frequently colours their perception of their environment. This view is reflected in one skater's comment about Cork: "It's grand like, to live in, if you're not a skateboarder." With no skate-park and amenities, the skaters have made the space outside the Opera House their own. As we walk past this area in the heart of the city, we can witness the activities of an energetic subculture.

A FOLKLORE MISCELLANY



Northside Notes

From Africa to Cork - The Inter-Cultural Gala night at the Afro Bar, Blackpool.

It was by pure chance that I found out about the Inter-Cultural Group. I was out in a pub with some friends and during the evening we were joined by some people from Africa. They were Nigerians. As the conversation progressed, I overheard someone ask, "How did the photos turn out?" My curiosity got the better of me and I asked what kind of photos they were talking about. I was duly informed that the subject was the "African Gala Night." This referred to a night for African and Irish people to come together and enjoy an evening of African culture, which would include: music, dance, food and the wearing of traditional African costume.

This information got me excited, because I too loved that kind of music. I enquired if they were about to hold any such night in the near future and if I might attend. I was told to my delight that everyone would be welcome to join them at their next get-together. That was my opportunity to tell them about my connection with the Northside Folklore Project (where I work), and how they might be interested in the Cork-based African group.

During the next few weeks, I was put in contact with one of the group members and we arranged to meet in the city. I went along, armed with a copy of our annual magazine, "*The Archive*". This journal of folklore, in word and pictures, explained to him why we would be interested in his group, especially as we were preparing a special edition for the 2005 European City of Culture Project. He confirmed that the NFP would be welcome to attend one of their meetings.

Subsequently, a meeting was arranged between Mary, Project Manager, Clfona, Project co-ordinator and the representative of the Inter-Cultural group, Emeka. The meeting turned out to be a very positive and fruitful one, for all concerned.

This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship between the two cultural groups, culminating with an invitation to the next African Gala night which was to take place at the Afro Bar near Blackpool Bridge in Cork, on Saturday 18th September 2004.

Our team got together and loaded up with our state-of-the-art equipment: camcorder, digital camera and mini-disc recorder. The Inter-Cultural group had kindly allowed us to record the event proceedings, for archival purposes. The NFP staff were really excited at the prospect of attending the Gala night. We were warmly welcomed by everyone involved in the African group. Handing over our invitations, we were each given a gift to mark the occasion. This gesture was genuinely appreciated by all the staff of the Folklore Project.

There was a great buzz about the Afro Bar, as the place began to fill up with people. The sound and rhythm of African music resounded throughout the room. One could easily imagine that they were in a faraway place. African Guinness was flown in for the occasion and John, one of my work colleagues, decided to sample a pint of the special brew. It seemed to go down very well! Midway through the evening we were treated to some food. This was no ordinary food, but was made up of a selection of African and Caribbean dishes, consumed with great delight by all. Then came the music, that brought everyone out onto the dance floor.

It was delightful to see people from different cultures mixing and enjoying themselves. Emeka, one of the leaders of the Inter-Cultural group, commented, "The aim of our group is to reach out to the community around us, in the hope that it may change any bias that may exist."

For my part, I feel that nights out in Cork will never be the same again. I believe that in reaching out, the African group in Blackpool will in turn receive a very positive response that will prove to be of great benefit to themselves and the people of the city of Cork. - *Frances Quirke*

South of the River

The Marina Cannon

This Crimean War-era cannon may have been placed in its present position at the Marina, on the River Lee's south bank, during the 1930s. It is established in the city's folklore as the "Twenty Five to One Gun", which between January 1876 and May 1916, fired a three pound charge daily at one o'clock, Greenwich Mean Time. This enabled Cork time pieces to be adjusted in accordance with the international standard set at Greenwich Royal Observatory, London. The cannon's nickname derives from the fact that Cork's longitude, five degrees west of London, means that the city is 25 minutes and 22 seconds "behind" Greenwich time. However, this is not in fact the original signal gun, which was located further west, on what is now Kennedy Quay. I have to put my hand up here, and admit that I repeated the incorrect story about the Marina Gun, as if it were fact, in "Walking the Line", an article in Archive 7.

The Middle Parish

To Tell It in Song and Story

On the bright, crisp Saturday of March 5th 2005, Cork's middle parish came to life in song. "A Walking Tour of Cork Songs", was presented by William Hammond of the Cork Singers' Club as part of their annual "To Tell it in Song and Story" weekend (sponsored by Beamish). That afternoon, the streets of Cork city were animated by an invasion of songs and stories expressing the folk traditions, customs, history and emotions of a Corkonian community very much alive and kicking.

It was a diverse group of song enthusiasts who met in the warm heart of An Spailpín Fánach (the wandering labourer) appropriately named, as it is itself the title of a traditional Irish song. After a little liquid lubrication for the larynx of our wandering labourers, the Lee had already burst her banks into song, as the heartfelt nostalgia of Irish emigration filled the room with the "Banks of the Lee":

"How little was our notion, as we parted o'er the ocean,
that we were for and ever parting on the banks of the Lee."

I am Irish, but little was my notion of the power of Irish traditional song and the waves of emotion that would wash over me throughout our tour.

The informal nature of our expedition, verging on the rebellious was enhanced by our tour guide, William Hammond, when he said, "the rules are, there are no rules!" When he burst into song with the "Goat Broke Loose" at the Berwick fountain on Grand Parade, I felt the frenzy of that mad goat on the rampage. We were transported back to an era of market stalls, when animal smells filled the streets and Sunday's Well was part of the Cork countryside.

Following our map of Cork songs, I experienced the deep sadness of Rory Gallagher's "Goin' to My Hometown", sung unaccompanied in the style of a field holler in the newly dedicated Rory Gallagher music room in the Cork City Library. An appropriate Irish song, that translated as a lament for lost books, was followed by the mellifluous air of "Sweet Iniscarra", a tale of Cork emigration and the fighting Irish spirit that "braved every storm, by land or by sea".



This original "Twenty Five to One Gun" was activated via an electrical current transmitted from the Harbour Commissioner's Office on Lapp's Quay, which received the precise solar time from Greenwich. Mystery surrounds the fate of the Time Gun, which disappeared sometime after ceasing operation in 1916. In 1986, Greenwich Mean Time was replaced by Universal Co-ordinated Time (UCT), which is accurate to one millionth of a second per day, but the world's time zones are still calculated from the Greenwich Meridian. - *Stephen Hunter*

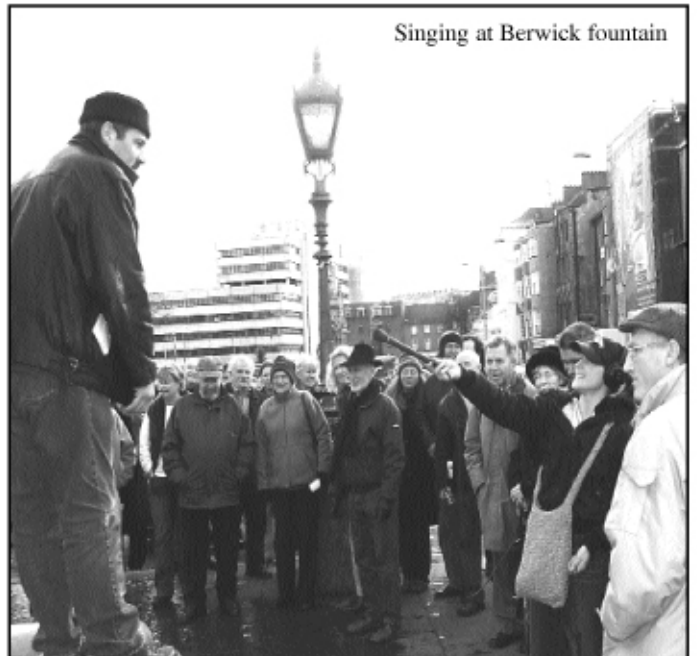
Have a drink on me

The Blackrock and Mahon Historical Society was launched at the Mahon Community Centre in April 2004. A leading member of the new organisation is Paddy O'Driscoll, a wonderful man with many a tale to tell. Paddy has lived in the Mahon area since the 1920s, with family roots there that go back generations. He can remember when most of its settlement consisted of a few fishing cottages on the foreshore, some labourers' dwellings, farms and a number of more or less isolated big houses, such as Ringmahon House and Ballinure House. Also present at the launch was Cork City Cllr Deirdre Clune, daughter of the former Irish Foreign Minister, Peter Barry. The family name is synonymous with tea - Barry's Teas are a famous Cork firm. Paddy told this story of her father, much to Deirdre's amusement.

"Some years ago, I was calling bingo at the Rochestown Park Hotel and Peter Barry was attending a function marking his retirement from politics in an adjacent conference room. A man with a certain fondness for liquor asked me for the price of a drink. 'I'm sorry', I said, 'I don't carry cash on me at night, it's just too dangerous these days. Sure, Peter Barry is through there now; he's a good man, I'd say that he'll probably see you right.' So he went and approached him. Peter was preoccupied talking to someone, but as he walked off he folded something and placed it in yer man's jacket pocket saying, 'Look, here's a drink for you.'

The fellow went into the bar and asked for a pint and a large brandy. The bar manager said quietly to the barman, 'Give him a pint on the house, but he can pay for the brandy.' The barman said, 'here's your pint, but you can pay up front for the brandy, please.' The man smiled, 'Oh, that's no problem, Peter Barry gave me money for a drink.' He confidently put his hand into his jacket pocket and pulled out - a tea bag."

Singing at Berwick fountain



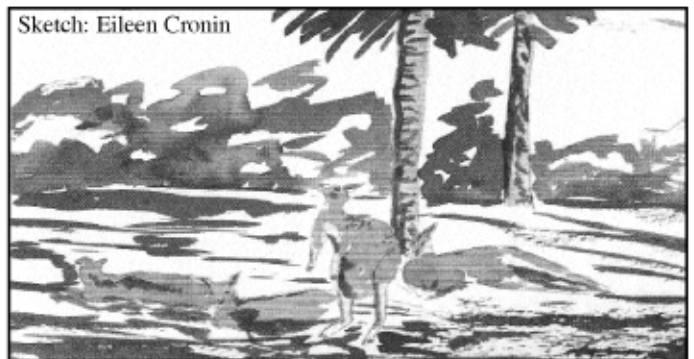
Out in the County

A Memory of Fota

On a brilliant summer-like day in autumn, it's good to be reminded of Fota - not by chance named "the warm soil" (Fod te). How nice to wheel along the avenue and be swept along by stately trees and shrubs, before turning a corner and coming, as though by surprise, upon a splendid eighteenth century mansion nestling in all its verdurous glory. Lawns sweep immaculately before and behind Fota House, noted for its rich setting in a world-famous arboretum.

Fota estate can also boast of a Wildlife Park and Golf Course, attracting innumerable visitors to this magic island each year. I live just across the road from Fota and I have enjoyed its presence ever since I was a child. Fota House was built in 1720 as a hunting lodge for the Smith-Barry family and was extended in the 1820s as a residence. Mrs Dorothy Bell, who died in 1975, was the last person in the Smith-Barry line to live in Fota House. She was the daughter of Arthur Hugh Smith-Barry, who in the 1880s and 1890s became nationally known as "advocate for the landlords" in the land wars. He served as Member of Parliament (MP) for twenty-one years.

Dorothy married Major Bell and they had three daughters - Susan, Evelyn and Rosemary. Recently, Patricia Butler (a housekeeper in Fota for 35 years) and I visited Rosemary Villiers at her home in Stroud in Gloucestershire. It was a journey back in time as Rosemary remembered "the great fun"

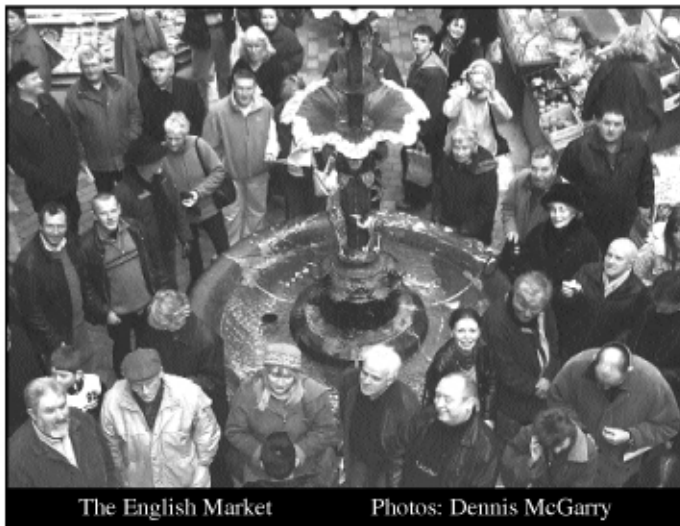


that she had growing up in Fota. Patty was nanny to Rosemary's children so both ladies had many fond memories to share.

Mrs Bell was a devoted gardener who ensured that extensive records were kept of shrubs and trees in the garden. These records have proven to be an invaluable foundation for the ongoing growth and prosperity of Fota garden, as we know it today. Entry to Fota garden is free, save for a small parking fee.

Patricia Butler remembers Fota when it was privately owned. The majority of people who worked on the estate, came from the nearby localities of Belvelly and Carrigtwohill. Many indoor and outdoor staff lived and worked on the estate. The work was enjoyable and there was always plenty to do, so much so that "we came down the stairs reluctantly in the morning but flew up at night." It was a very close-knit community where Protestants and Catholics laid down their differences and shared much laughter as well as work.

In 1997, Eileen Cronin published a book entitled "A Sprinkling of Fota". Her second publication, recently released and entitled "Treasured Times - A memory of Fota House 1947-1975", is based on the memories of Patricia Butler, illustrated with photographs and sketches, and is available in Fota House.



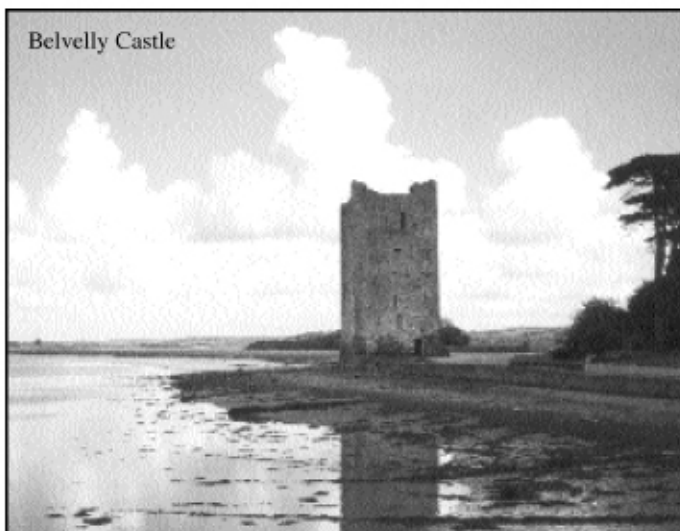
The English Market

Photos: Dennis McGarry

Exaltation came, over the sound of clanking coffee cups in the English Market, as Mick Barry's heroic bowling exploits were sung out at top volume, to the amazement of the many Saturday afternoon shoppers. On entering the English Market our guide advised us to buy some energy sustaining bananas from stall holders to keep them sweet, or perhaps a grape! Transported from the English Market through Colombia's wild forests, to "Salonika" and then back to the Coal Quay for an "18 pence durty auld chemise". Seeing a new glint in the eye of those gathered around, I was hooked on Corkonian humour and its light-hearted tomfoolery.

Onward ye Irish fiends to the Mutton Lane Inn, where we experienced the goltraí (the sad), the geantraí (laughter-provoking music) and the suantraí (the lullaby - that took on the form of a pint) and some typical Cork humour in the story of the Cork man, who had met with an Irish-American woman of orange hair in Ireland, looking for her proverbial roots, boy. After "The Boys of Fair Hill", we moved on to Princes Street, for a version of John Spillane's song about the street itself. By then we had surely lost a few to pub and pint, but this was offset by new recruits acquired as we strolled. Lots more singers and lots more songs along the way, as we moved in a Red Abbey direction via South Mall and the Parliament bridge. An Eastern European tourist, camera in hand, availed of this opportune moment and caught all the Corkonian characters who had come out of the city's woodwork on such a day - the day the goat broke loose on Grand Parade. - Lee Cassidy

The Cork Singers' Club meets every Sunday evening at 9:30pm, in An Spailín Fánach. There is a featured singer, followed by the opportunity for one and all to contribute a song or story. For more information: Jim Walsh (087) 275-9311



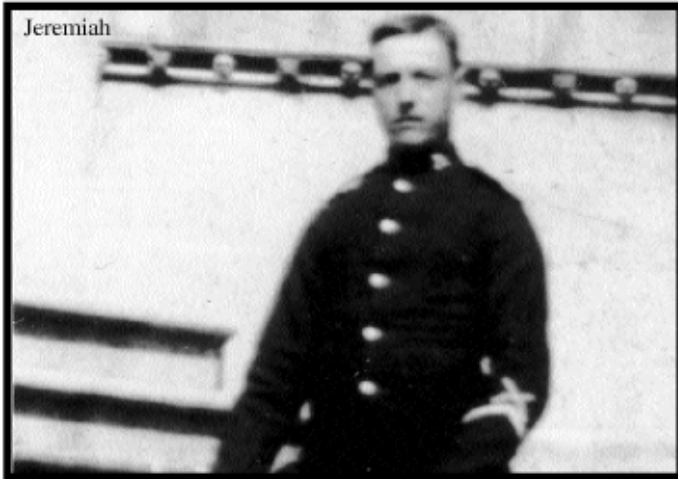
Belvelly Castle

WAKING JEREMIAH

BY NOEL O'SHAUGHNESSY

MY sixtieth birthday was approaching (near Christmas) 2003. The family had conspired to surprise me with the present that would realise my dream. The announcement took place at my youngest daughter's twenty-first birthday party, earlier in August 2003. My eldest son had said, "We are sending yourself and mammy to see the place where your uncle Jeremiah died in the First World War! Before you get too excited", he had added, "the rest of us are coming with you..."

My reason for going there? Uncle Jeremiah O'Shaughnessy; Lance Corporal, 1st Leinster Regiment - "Soldier of the Great War missing in action" - February 1915. He had lived at 106, Shandon Street, until he joined the British Army, spending three years in India (1911-1914). His regiment (1st Leinsters) was transported to Europe in October 1914, for the battles that lay ahead (Britain had entered the war on 4th August 1914). In the intervening eighty-eight years, no relatives had gone to visit the country where he had spent his last days. My late father,



Tim, had in his possession, a war diary belonging to his brother Jeremiah (The diary is now in the possession of the author).

"D-Day" arrived on Friday 12th December. Accompanied by my wife Irene, my children and grandchildren, daughter-in-law, son-in-law and two of my daughters' boyfriends (the whole entourage amounted to seventeen persons!) on a mission to retrace the footsteps of a young Corkman who died at age 25, far from his home and family. Our own family group merged in Shannon Airport, ready for the short trip to Charleroi Airport, in Belgium. On arrival, transport was collected and we duly travelled onward to Ypres in Belgium. We reached our destination by 6.30pm that same evening.

On October 11th, 1914, in Fyzabad, India, a different type of travel arrangement was getting underway, as Lance Corporal Jeremiah O'Shaughnessy made this entry in his diary: "embarked the troopship S.S. Caledonia and arrived in Bombay 14th Oct. Joining an armada of 62 Liners escorted by H.M.S. Minerva and H.M.S. Duke of Edinburgh. On the 18th Oct, a further 10 vessels full of troops joined our convoy, making it the largest convoy that ever left India or any other country - all troops."

During the rest of October and into early November, he was shipped through the ports of Aden where provisions were taken aboard, through the Suez canal to Port Said to refuel (coaled) and on to Gibraltar. He wrote: "Sunday 8th Nov, arrived in Gibraltar. Did two route marches to South BR Hill and Scud Hill. Left Gibraltar on November 12th."

By this time 61 vessels had sailed on to Marseilles, leaving the remaining seven: Caledonia, Satarnia, Neuralia, Dunesa, Avon, Ionion, and Clann MacDonald. Having endured a very rough crossing through the Bay of Biscay, Jeremiah's ship arrived at Plymouth on 15th November. Disembarking on Tuesday 17th, they marched through the streets of Reyham, Devonport, Stonehouse, Plymouth, London and South Western Plymouth - "Where the Leinster Regiment were a peoples' favourite".

"We were given biscuits, fruit, newspapers, etc", he relates. "Thousands of people lined the footpath in Plymouth to welcome the troops from India, as we marched from the docking area through the cobble-stoned streets".

His regiment was then moved to Winchester. For the record, he mentions the 19th November 1914, and the increasing amounts of troops arriving, including: 1st Royal Irish, Irish Fusiliers, Royal Scots, Camerons, Argyle South Highlanders, Glosters, Rifle Brigade Canadians, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, Artillery-62nd Battery and others, Territorials and Lord Kitchener's Army etc. Also on the 19th November 1914, he informs us that, "Lord Roberts is buried in St Paul's today. There is a massive movement of troops being transported to and from Plymouth station. The men are issued with 3 blankets per man; made of cloth, owing to immense demand."

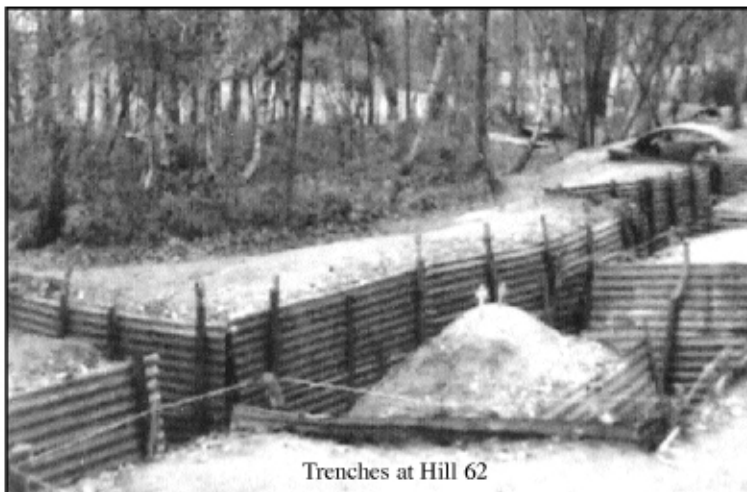
After his arrival on British soil, he was given seven days leave to return to Cork city. Jeremiah was happy to be back in Cork, and looked forward to picking up the pieces of his past life, around his beloved Shandon Street. He went for a nostalgic stroll across St Patrick's Bridge with his father, through Patrick's Street and the city centre, where he bumped into some old friends. From his diary: "I met Mary Coleman and we arranged to go to the pictures where we had a very pleasant evening." He met up with his brother Tim and called to his mother's house. The week at home flew by, although he arrives back to his English base a day late and was, "put peeling potatoes - the punishment was well worth it."

13th December 2003 in Ypres (internationally recognised as a First World War museum town).

Our family group visited Flanders Field Museum. This museum houses many audio/visual records of the events leading to the first battle of Ypres. The horrors of war, and the sights and sounds that we confronted brought home to us the waste of so many young men's lives, who gave their all for "the freedom of small nations". The Menin Gate (near the town centre) has fifty-four thousand of those "missing in action" listed on commemorative panels. On panel forty-four, we found the name and rank of Lance Corporal Jeremiah O'Shaughnessy, 1st Leinster Regiment. It was an emotional moment for me, his nephew, to be there with my family.

The town square was bedecked with illuminated Christmas trees and a Nativity crib. Our grandchildren enjoyed the traditional confectionery, from the Belgian chocolate shop. A huge ice-skating rink dominated the town centre. The older children enjoyed a half hour of unmitigated frolics, mixed with some tumbles and tearful moments.

This day would prove to be the most memorable one for me. At the Menin Gate (War Memorial), the rain fell incessantly. We gathered, all seventeen of us, under the arch of the bridge. A Platoon of soldiers, drawn from the Belgian Army, stand to attention, each dressed in the uniform of the British soldiers of the 1st World War. With bayonet-fixed rifles at their shoulder, the trumpets of the local Fire-brigade, also dressed in full uniform, pay tribute to the missing by playing the "Last Post". Many relatives of lost soldiers are present. They come, like us, from all over Europe to pay homage to their loved ones. We had carried a wreath with us from Ireland. It is my turn to walk across the cobble-stoned courtyard and place the wreath at the base of the commemorative panels.



Trenches at Hill 62

Lance Corporal Jeremiah O'Shaughnessy is finally laid to rest, after a span of eighty-eight years. It was an experience that I shall never forget, captured forever on camera and video tape.

December, 1914, in Ypres, the weather had deteriorated dramatically. Jeremiah wrote about the incessant rain and the severe cold that faced them. Moving closer to the front line they were immediately put digging trenches. They were billeted for a time in the little village of Dikkebus (sometimes spelt Dickebusch), where he found himself having to sleep across two chairs in a local public house! He continues: "During the close of 1914 the sound of the heavy guns was distinctly terrific. 31st December - first again for digging trenches today. We were issued with rum. We needed it too. 1st Jan 1915, New Years day - Today we marched over twelve miles with our greatcoats and pack, to be inspected by Field Marshall Sir John French. 2nd Jan 1915 - Today I was inoculated and was given the rest of the day off from trench digging." (Jeremiah wasn't to know that he had a little over a month left to live).

It is the third day of our trip (Sunday 14th December 2003).

Through the good offices of The Bishop of Cloyne, Dr John McGee, and a priest from Brussels, a Mass was arranged in Dikkebus, about three miles from Ypres. The irony of the situation was that, Uncle Jeremiah had spent his last day in Dikkebus in the ruins of the Church of John The Baptist, before being sent to the front trenches. Fate had conspired to place his blood relations in the area where he had been. A local man

(Belgian) made his acquaintance with us after the Mass. Philip Vanhoutte (Project Engineer), whose two sons had served as altar boys at the Mass, was intrigued at the idea of a large family group coming all the way from Ireland to Ypres, even though there was no resting place to see. He insisted on taking us on a visit to nearby British war cemeteries. We discovered the grave of a 1st Leinster Regiment soldier who had died in the trenches, on the same date as Jeremiah (Sunday 7th February 1915). The last entry in Lance-Corporal Jeremiah O'Shaughnessy's diary read: "Sat. 6th Feb. 1915 - Tomorrow I go to the firing trenches" (Front line).

Someone else had written: "Sunday 7th February - KILLED". This happened around the area of St Aloi, about 4 miles from Dikkebus. The cemeteries' brilliant white headstones stand in symmetrical military formation, in beautifully manicured surroundings. The headstones of unknown soldiers bear the glowing legend: "SOLDIER OF THE GREAT WAR - KNOWN ONLY TO GOD". One such headstone was placed next to the named 1st Leinster Regiment soldier already mentioned. Could this

have been the grave of my long lamented uncle? We then drove on to Sanctuary Wood, or Hill 62, as it is better known.

Here we saw real trench emplacements that were preserved in their original setting. Massive shell-holes half filled with water after a recent downpour, dotted the landscape. In turn, we walked through the maze of cold exposed trenches, unaware of how the men of long ago had endured the freezing winters of 1914-1915 (at times for up to 12 hours, in atrocious conditions). Although I write of one Irishman who fought and died in those

trenches, it is estimated that up to 70,000 Irishmen who served in the British Army, died during the four-year war, between 1914 and 1918 in Flanders Field.

EPILOGUE:

We returned to Cork via Shannon. One particular regret that I had for some time, was that I had never seen a photograph of my late uncle Jeremiah. After Christmas, I had a visit from my brother Michael. He related to me a most unusual story. A man by the name of O'Rourke (Farranree), had called to his home and given him some documents found in the attic of his house, with the name O'Shaughnessy on some. He knew of



The Menin Gate

an O'Shaughnessy from Farranferris Ave. Michael placed the documents before me, some photographs among them. There, facing us, was a photo of a young man dressed in full military uniform, standing on the steps of an Indian mosque. On the back of the photo was written: "J.J. O'Shaughnessy - Lance Corporal, 1st Leinster Regiment". The author opines: "Perhaps Uncle Jeremiah had decided to have his final say after all, on how the extraordinary story of his short life was to end."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



CURRENTLY, I am researching the story of fires, firefighting and firefighters in Cork city over the centuries, and I wonder whether some of your readers may be able to help me. During the greater part of the nineteenth century, private fire brigades known as "Fire Engine Establishments", were maintained by a number of insurance companies. Because working the manual fire pumps was such a labour-intensive (and apparently back-breaking) business, 20 men at a time were required for even the smaller pumps, with 20 standing by as reliefs - frequently, passers-by were recruited on the spot for this work. These volunteers were issued with small metal discs (like a coin) known as tickets. The ticket entitled the bearer to some remuneration for his services on production at the office of the issuing insurance company, the ticket being engraved with the name of the company. Later, Cork Corporation issued similar discs to volunteers recruited on the fireground. I am hoping that someone may possess an example of such a disc, possibly without knowing what it actually is (All I require is a photograph of one which I can take with a digital camera).

The second part of my query concerns the period of the National Emergency (1939-'45), when the Auxiliary Fire Service was established as a back up to the regular fire brigade in time of war. In Cork city, AFS sub-stations were opened at Victoria Rd, Glasheen Rd, Turner's Cross, St Luke's, Gurrabraher, Wolfe Tone Street and Lr Glanmire Rd. While a number of "official" photographs of the era are available, what I seek are photos with a more personal touch showing the personnel (men and women), appliances, and particularly, stations of the time. Such privately taken snaps, no matter how amateurish they might seem to the owner, are of great importance. They would be required on loan for only a day or two. Finally, I would like very much to speak with any members who served with Cork City AFS units during the

Bibliography: Saint of the City (Pg 7)

The Lives of the Saints: Butler, Alban Rev: Burns, Oates Washburne. London (1930)

History of the Diocese of Cork From the Earliest Times to the Reformation: Bolster, Evelyn: Irish University Press. Shannon (1972)

Early Irish Saints: Ó Riordáin, John J: Columba Press. Dublin (2001)

Angels (Pg 8) Sources

<http://homepages.which.net/~michael.millett/index-page20.html>

Emergency, as their experiences during this important (and sadly, largely undocumented) part of our recent social history deserves to be recorded.

Yours sincerely,
Patrick B. Poland

SALUTATIONS! My name is Marthe Mainerich and I am a graduate student in socio-cultural anthropology. I came across your website while searching for places to do fieldwork that would entail oral history/folklore. I am very intrigued by your project since I am hoping to live and work in Cork. I am curious about your policies regarding visiting researchers/volunteer ethnographers. I look forward to communicating with you in the near future and hope to be able to work with your project in some capacity.

Thank you and have a great day,
Marthe Mainerich

One of the Northside Folklore Project's primary purposes is to serve as a community resource, so yes, researchers and visitors are always welcome. We do ask you to ring and make an appointment (021) 430-7282. The more information you can give us about your research topic, the better prepared we can be for your visit. We are open Monday through Friday, 9am-5pm. School and other group tours can also be arranged.

MY name is Carlos Macia. I work like a social investigator in University of Santiago in Spain and now I am doing my doctoral thesis between University College Cork and my university in Spain. My doctoral thesis is about new technologies and the information society and I am doing an international comparison between Galicia (a Spanish region) and South West Region in Ireland. Now I am in Cork for one week and I would really like contact with you, because I think your project is very important and I would like to know more about it, because this way I could improve new technologies in my country. I work also in a project in my university and we are trying to introduce new technologies in a small town called Brion. Our page is www.infobrion.com and is written in Galician. I would like to visit you before I come back to Spain, so it is really nice if I can get an appointment with you.

Thank you for everything,
Carlos Macia

Carlos did come to visit us and we continue to keep in touch with his organisation. Check out the Brion website address above to see pictures of the Northside Folklore Project and staff and an article about us in Galician!

Bibliography: Transport Revolution (Pg12-13)

Through The Cities: Barry, M: Frankfort Press, Dublin (1991)

History of Tramways: Buckley, R.J: David & Charles. London (1975)

Transport in Ireland 1880-1910: Flanagan, P: Transport Research Associates, Dublin (1969)

Irish Trams: Kilroy, J: Colourpoint Press, Dublin (1996)

Tram Tracks Through Cork: McGrath, W: Tower Books, Cork (1981)

Opening of the Cork Tramways: Cork Examiner (September 13th, 1872)

BOOK REVIEWS

An Eye for Cork: Gerard Kennedy, The Collin's Press. Price: Euro 12.50.

THE abiding feature of this publication is that via his ingenious use of light, the photographer manages to portray a city in reflective mood. More particularly, these images reveal the distinctive character of the city, its continental ambience, its maritime air, its sense of history, mystery and religion, the urban side-by-side with the rural, yet all the time containing an undertone of serenity. By way of a clever combination of imagery and mood, the viewer is presented with an alternative perspective on the city. Having a deeper meaning than is immediately apparent, this book is a welcome addition to the photographic history of Cork.

- John Mehegan

The Penguin Illustrated History of Britain and Ireland From Earliest Times to the Present Day: Editors - Robert Bartlett, Joanna Burke, Asa Briggs, Barry Cunliffe, John Morill, Penguin Group. Price: Euro 27.00.

THIS magnificent reference work provides the reader with a comprehensive overview of the main archaeological and historical themes relative to Britain and Ireland over the past half billion years. Amply illustrated, and containing a wide range of self-contained articles written by experts in the field, this volume succeeds admirably in bringing the diverse and fascinating story of these islands to life. This book represents excellent value for money, and comes highly recommended.

- John Mehegan

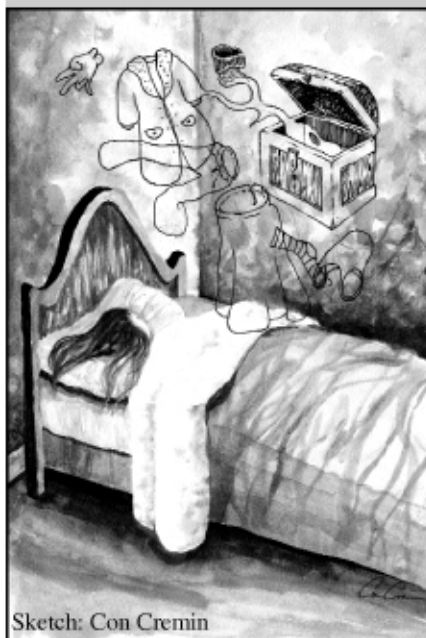
When the bells go down: Judy Kravis & Peter Morgan, Road Books. Price: Euro 12.70.

THE story of life in Cork fire brigade stations, spanning nearly half a century, is told by a number of past and present firemen, in a most evocative manner. Following 9/11 in New York, the public perception is that of looking upon all firemen as super-heroes! We learn that for many of our firemen, there is never a sense of off-duty. It is about a bunch of lads whose work the public often

take for granted: "Station life is exactly like family life. You spend more time with these fellas than you do with your own family." From chimney fires to the tragic Buttevant train disaster to RTA's (Road Traffic Accidents) firemen of Cork, when called upon, have risen to the occasion with great humanity and courage. This excellent publication, including some wonderful colour photographs, is a must read for any aspiring firemen out there.

- Noel O' Shaughnessy

Waiting for my Clothes: Leanne O'Sullivan, Blood Axe Publications, Price: Euro 12.00.



Sketch: Con Cremin

THE West Cork poet Leanne O'Sullivan was born in Cork in 1983 and presently studies English at University College Cork. Awards have already come this poet's way, such as: The Seacat, Davoren Hanna and RTE's Rattlebag Poetry Slam, and not surprisingly! This new poetic genius in her first publication "Waiting for my Clothes", brings readers through the chronological emotional landscapes of self-realisation and liberation from an eating disorder (bulimia) and its associated psychological traumas. We are given a "through the looking glass" view of bulimia and how low self image is an act of self-alienation. What makes Leanne O'Sullivan (21) so unique is her depiction of the human spirit. Through her poetry, we see that the soul is ageless and childlike. She

shows that the act of finding one's clothes is simply growing into oneself through acceptance and love: "My eyes opening in confidence love, my spirit waking to it". Leanne O'Sullivan brings her readers into a lexical connection with the emotional memories stored in the very cells of our being: "but memories have a strange lexicon the aftertaste of emotion."

- Lee Cassidy

Reflections of Cork: An Insight into Cork life by Cork people: Paul Daly, Photographer: Richard Mills, The Evening Echo. Price: Euro 19.00.

AS a contributor to the Evening Echo, Paul Daly was short listed for Regional Sports Journalist of the Year, in the 2004 National Media Awards. In this publication, one hundred people talk about their contribution to the economy of Cork and share their aspirations for the future. Award-winning photographer, Richard Mills has thirty-five years experience working for the Evening Echo. He is regarded as one of Ireland's top wildlife photographers. The use of portraits allows the reader greater intimacy with the contributors and scenic areas in Cork. The people you meet in the pages of this book via their work-story makes for a very enjoyable read. A book worth recommending to family and friends.

- Dolores Horgan

Passing Through: Declan Hassett, Mercier Press. Price: Euro 15.95.

THIS publication is the third in a three-part memoir which includes "All Our Yesterdays" and "The Way We Were". Declan Hassett is an award-winning journalist born in the Cork city suburb of Blackrock in 1939. A former editor of the Evening Echo, he retired as arts editor of the Irish Examiner in 2002. In "Passing Through", the author tells it as it is; a comfortable life in a close knit family, privileged to meet so many famous people via his work as a journalist and share these experiences with us. The photographs enhance the stories and add a touch of nostalgia. A natural storyteller, Declan includes six of his short stories making the book an excellent read.

- Dolores Horgan

• THE URBAN LANDSCAPE •

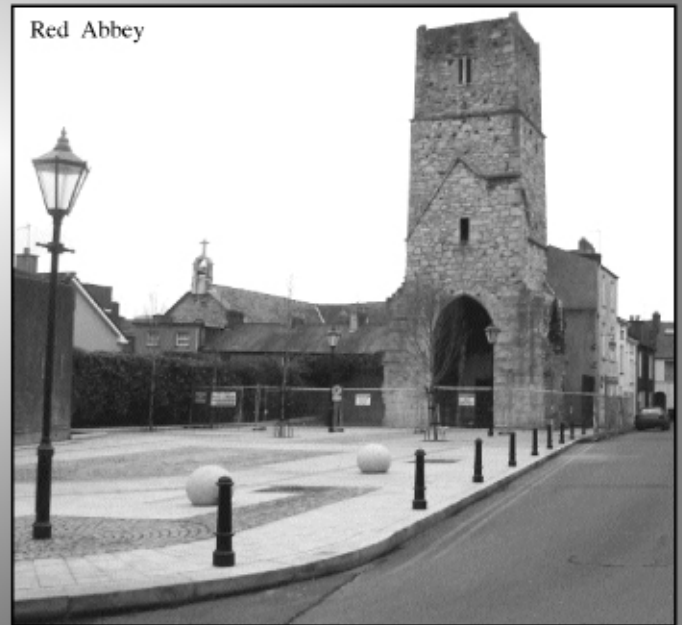
RED ABBEY is Cork City's oldest architectural piece and its only listed national monument. It was founded by one of the De Courcey family in the late 13th century and the site on which it is built was the Friary of the Augustinian Eremites. The remaining tower (64ft high) is limestone, but other portions of the building were built using local red sandstone, giving the structure its name.

Once the grounds extended from the river to Friar's Walk comprising of a church, graveyard and gardens. After the expelling of priests and friars from Cork by the Governor in 1644, Red Abbey became the home of the Protestant Dean of Cork, Richard Boyle. During the siege of Cork in Sept. 1690, the Duke of Marlborough commanded fighting from Red Abbey, when the friary was utilised as a barracks with the tower as an observation post. In 1717, a Huguenot family started a sugar refinery from here calling it the Red Abbey Sugar House which burned down in December 1799.

In May 1977, a small-scale excavation was undertaken to the west of the tower. Ten skeletons were recorded, shards of Medieval French pottery, English 17th and 18th century pottery, and 300 pieces of leadshot used during the 1690 siege. Other discoveries have also proved interesting - a covered well now in a garage to the north, and an underground passage in Cove St which led to Red Abbey. It was built with 9ft high brick

arches and it is thought smugglers may have used the tunnel, which might originally have housed mortuary vaults.

Red Abbey is currently being renovated, with a more aesthetically pleasing approach to the grounds, directly in front of the tower, that compliments this fine structure.



The Northside Folklore Project

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With the publication of Issue #9 of *The Archive*, we must acknowledge the end of an era, as our long time editor, **Stephen Hunter**, has moved on to other endeavours. It was under Stephen's careful direction that *The Archive* grew from 1000 copies of the 12 page Issue #1 in January, 1998, to the beautiful and professional looking 3500 copies of the 28 page #8. His personal passion for the preservation and appreciation of the built and cultural heritage of Cork is phenomenal, his knowledge well known and respected. We were lucky to have Stephen on board for so long at the Northside Folklore Project and he is missed.