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JOURNAL OF THE CORK FOLKLORE PROJECT • IRIS BHÉALOIDEAS CHORCAÍ

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The Archive 22

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Note from the Project Manager

With contributions from twelve authors, focusing on a range of subjects and dimensions of Cork's folklore, *Archive 22* once again underlines the depth and richness of oral heritage that exists in Cork. This edition also draws attention to our Project's increased efforts to share our collected material with the people of Cork city and county. In particular, the development our Outreach Hub is a signal of our commitment to ensure that in so far as possible, the connection between the people of Cork and their folklore is maintained and strengthened. My thanks to all who work so hard on behalf of the Cork Folklore Project to preserve Cork's rich inheritance and to all our supporters and sponsors.

Tomás Mac Conmara

Our front and back covers, designed by Dermot Casey, reflect the marriage of oral tradition with technology, communication and multimedia, which is part of our growing outreach approach, including our online catalog, website, social media, as well as new technology and touchscreen interactives at our Outreach Hub.

Doing Pana
by Billy McCarthy

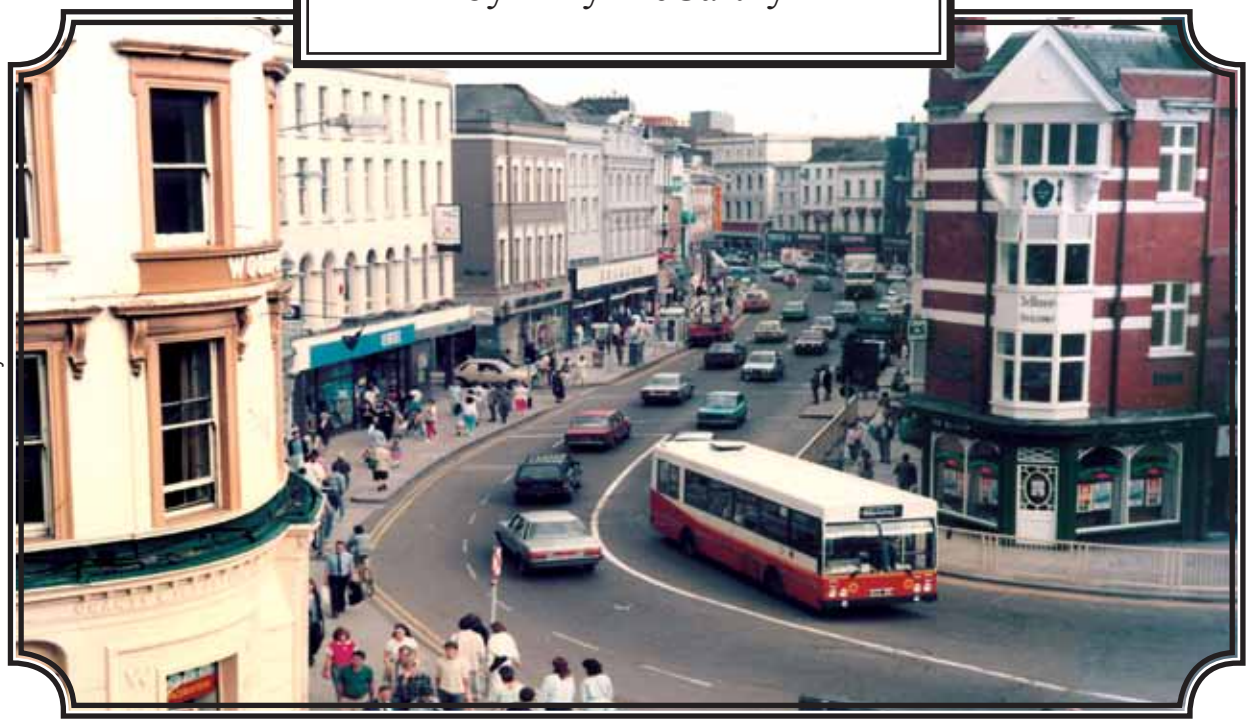


Photo from the Roy Hammond Collection

I remember my first date in Pana by appointment at quarter past seven,
When I stepped off the bus at The Statue it seemed like I'd landed in Heaven.
I slipped her a wink - she responded, with a smile and we strolled hand-in-hand,
Down the length of the street and believe me, I felt like a prince of the land.
Scarce a word between us was uttered; sure it wasn't a time for small talk
We just window-shopped along Pana, on this beautiful night for a walk.
When the length of the street we had covered, as we crossed to the opposite side
With my arm round her waist for protection as the street was so terribly wide.
We continued our promenade northward at a pace so romantically slow,
Sure this was the way we did Pana in those carefree days long ago.
Then a stop at The Old Bridge was standard, for a mug of tea and a bun.
And many a friendship was made here and many a romance begun.
Up one side and down by the other was the custom we knew at the time,
As our parents had done so before us, and for them just like us 'twas sublime.
We were hardly aware of the traffic, or others who passed by the way,
For we only had eyes for each other, and we kept thoughts of others at bay.
Then 'twas great as we passed the Lee corner and the fellas would stand and they'd stare,
I could see they were all green with envy, while me, sure I hadn't a care,
As I knew we were only repeating what others enacted before,
And I couldn't care less so I said to herself "let's go 'round and do Pana once more".
Yes, that was the custom in those days; entertainment being scarce at the time,
And a walk in the moonlight was heaven for us in the peak of our prime.
Though you'd see older folk promenading, her arm linked in his as they strolled,
And you'd think to yourself sure when all's said and done it's not really so bad being old.
Now time is a great educator, so enjoy what you're handed in life,
Yes, the girl that I met at The Statue became my adorable wife.
As we bring up four children together without any bother or fuss,
We hope that they'll follow tradition and continue doing Pana like us.
Well, we still like to stroll out together, around by The Lough is our beat,
And sometimes we'd do The Marina, such a colourful, peaceful retreat.
Then often she'd make a suggestion to visit another terrain,
And we'd take the bus into The Statue, and go back doing Pana again.

From Fleischmann To Townshend-A Musical Journey

by Jack Lyons

Left to right: Unidentified, Pete Townshend, Jack Lyons. Photo courtesy of Jack Lyons

As a child I can never remember my father's finger nails being long. At the dinner table I used to stare at the savagery of his nails, which were almost not there at all. Hacked down to the bone, the finger tips revealed an unnatural pinkish hue. He could scratch nothing in his head or body. He couldn't undo a knot in his shoe laces. He could only use the sheared digits of his left hand to hold down études, scales and drills on his violin. 'First, we practice', he used to say, 'then the grand C*oncerto in C Minor*!' That was the very reason for the savagery.

His claim to fame (and unlike me, his eldest boy, he didn't have too many claims) was that he had studied under Professor Aloys Fleischmann or, as he called him, 'the Cork-based German genius' who was an influential Professor of Music at University College Cork. Each of his four boys in time learned how to spell Fleischmann, putting us at the top of the class. Fleischmann became a revered by-word in our small, pokey, corporation house on a planet called Ballyphehane. B-a-l-l-y-p-h-e-h-a-n-e... there was a magical spell about the place. 'Black-aa' jam stains on the collars of white Holy Communion shirts; oil stains on white ankle socks from learning to ride his lordship's bike by putting the right leg in under the crossbar, the white sock rubbing against the chain. I would lie in bed listening to my mother's Brother knitting machine, the head going back and forth non-stop until one in the morning, as she struggled to keep up with multiple orders for knitted pullovers, crew-necks and half-crew-necks, for the mothers of Ballyphehane.

In the bedroom next door: a *Concerto in C Minor* by my father Seán Lyons, Albert Ketelby's *In A Monastery Garden*, *Meditation* by Jules Massenet. Whether he had drink taken or not he could play brilliantly. In my mind's eye I can see him now, all those years ago, standing by the bedroom window, violin in a vice-lock under his chin, bow sailing across the four miserable strings as smooth as a swan gliding across the Lough. His facial expressions changing from ecstasy to ruin as he emphasised the passages in movement. The music stand would be placed near the bed to allow him to sit on its edge and sometimes, with fountain pen gripped between yellowing teeth, he would adjust notation on the sheet music as fast as you or I might write a letter.

While my mother continued to toil at the knitting machine, the maestro invested in a new Bush tape recorder. This was a monstrous introduction to the family and a rare contraption bought on hire purchase, which allowed the boy actor in me to practice my own take on an Oxford accent. My father already spoke to those he considered lesser mortals with an affected Oxford tone, though, to our knowledge, he had never set foot in that city of dreaming spires.

This was my musical beginning. It was my job (curse at eleven), as the eldest son of an eldest son, to catalogue his recorded pieces with sticky labels bearing dates and categorised in blue Swan fountain pen ink on the face of each shoe box containing the tapes. The tape recorder seemed to be the start of something in me. I was eleven and I could act. I heard voices in my head. I could play nothing, but I dreamed music. Lonnie Donegan, Connie Francis, Elvis - yes, even Fleischmann. The maestro, my father, had a knack for persuading me not to spend the next two hours kicking a tennis ball against a wall. Instead of such a delight, I could fulfil the role of some future 'sound engineer' standing next to the Bush recorder, its wide tape spools the size of saucers, the buttons as big as piano keys, the microphone delicately poised on a pint glass near the machine, long extension lead trailing into the sugar bowl on the dinner table as my father would crush the bones in his hands to heat blood in his fingers for... 'Did you know that a dot after a note increases its value by half?' 'No, dad.' 'Fleischmann taught me that.'

In the summer of 1960, I was 16. London was awaiting the boy genius. I immediately moved in at 22 Kelmscott Gardens, Shepherd's Bush with my aunt and uncle, Carrie and John Sears and, the same age as me, their daughter Janice. Within two weeks I had a job as a junior clerk in the post room of the London Electricity Board on Shepherd's Bush Green. For all that, apart from seeing my father perform solo and in the dance band which provided the music for my grandmother's céilí dances at her country residence, Mill House in Kilcully, I had so far never seen a live band. But this lacuna was finally filled in June 1962 when at 18 I met the Detours - later to become 'the Who'.

The man I immediately cottoned on to was called Pete Townshend. He was six foot tall - something I could never be. He had straight hair - mine was like a wig borrowed from Art Garfunkel. He had a guitar strapped round his neck - even my father's four miserable strings seemed out of reach. This man, I told myself, was perfect. Even his nose: an imposing trowel which flowered from his eyebrows to his lip. To me, just studying it in that deserted Shepherd's Bush dancehall called Boseley's, it seemed like the classical disposition of a face. Indeed, a weapon only its owner knew the secret of; like Rembrandt's beret.

Shortly after, I arrived breathless at his parents' front door in Ealing Common. His mother, Betty, amused to find herself confronted by a strange, uninvited Irish boy, answered, 'Yes, he is in.' ... and... 'Perhaps you'd better come in.' Betty made tea while Pete Townshend disappeared into another room with the packet of guitar strings I had handed him. She was keen to know of my Cork background. Presently, her son Pete returned to the room and said, 'Thank you so much for the strings, Jack, but I play electric guitar!'

Some years later, the rock writer Martin Atkins observed that I became 'the first symbol of what a Who fan was'. He even went so far as to say that I 'came to represent for Townshend exactly what Mods[1] were and how they responded to his songs.' I remember a lot of this period. I remember nights sitting in cars after gigs confessing to Pete my frustrations about my insecurities: my height, my accent, my curly hair (very un-Mod!) which tormented me. My name being Jackie and being laughed at by Londoners telling me it was a girl's name. My complexes, everything about me back then, were magnified quadruple-fold. Unbeknownst to me, Townshend was building a profile from my lyrical jeremiads.

In his autobiography *Who I Am*, Pete Townshend recollects: 'A delegation of fans asked if they could speak to me backstage. They were led by a gangly Irish boy called Jack Lyons, they paraded in and told me they really liked the song. I thanked them, asking what they particularly liked about it. Jack stuttered that he couldn't really explain. I tried to help: the song's about being unable to find the words. "That's it!" Jack shouted; the others all nodded. Without my art school training I doubt that this moment would have touched me the way it did. But it changed my life. I had been set up at college, especially in my last days doing graphics, to look for a patron, to obtain a brief, to find someone to pay for my artistic excesses and experiments. My new patrons stood before me.'

In June 2007 'the Who' returned to Cork to play at the Marquee. They hadn't been here since 1966. Our local newspaper the *Evening Echo* ran a big feature on me. Included in the photos was the one seen here of my father, Seán Lyons, with violin and bow in play. My brother Patrick commented, 'Imagine what the maestro would have said if he found himself in a piece in the *Echo* about 'the Who'?'

Endnotes

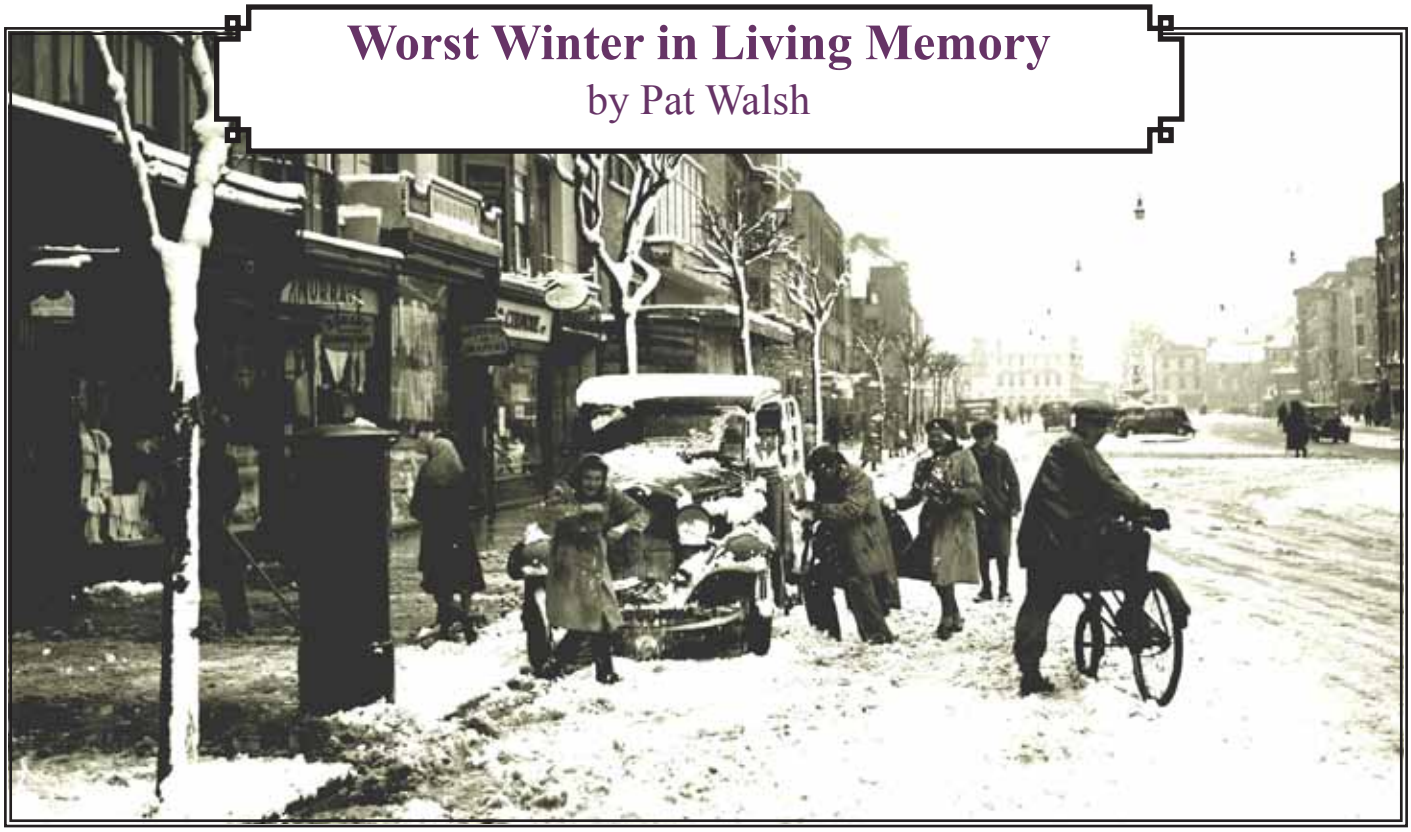
[1] Mod was a slang term for a young person who was part of the Mod subculture. Mods were characterised by smart, stylish appearance and an intense interest in alternative music.

Aloys Fleischmann, composer, professor of music at University College Cork. Photo by Rory Frewen via Wikimedia commons

Jack's father below playing the violin, he studied under Professor Aloys Fleischmann or, as he called him, 'the Cork-based German genius'. Photo courtesy of Jack Lyons

Worst Winter in Living Memory

by Pat Walsh



Cork was covered in white carpets of dry snow, several inches deep after overnight blizzards on March 1947. Photo courtesy of the Evening Echo

A heavy snowfall at the beginning of March 2018 generated much conversation about snowfalls past. It rests with the state's oldest citizens to recall the long harsh winter and spring of 1947, which is generally accepted as the coldest period in living memory. Often referred to as 'White 47', this spell included the longest blizzard since Irish records began. It rained every day in January that year and of the fifty days prior to St. Patrick's Day, it snowed somewhere in Ireland on thirty of them.[1]

The year 1947 began with violent storms in the first weeks of January and February, lashing the south and east coast in particular. Cork city was flooded on a number of occasions and this author's late father remembered small boats on South Terrace during this period. The storm that raged over the opening days of February wrought particular havoc on communications and transport.

For a while, around 4,000 telephones were down across Munster and telephone contact between the country's cities was cut. Consequently, confined to local news, the *Evening Echo* 3rd February 1947 contained just three pages. Travel was seriously disrupted as fallen trees blocked many roads, while on the same day, the *Irish Plane* (Ireland's largest merchant ship) ran aground near Ballycotton.[2]

Meanwhile, a weather front consisting of driving winds and snow had been sweeping westwards across Europe from Siberia since late 1946. People were freezing to death as far south as Rome. As a blizzard hit Britain on the 8th January covering the country in a thick blanket of snow, its effects were immediate. It became extremely difficult to move coal from pit to port and within a few days, coal exports from South Wales were suspended. This was soon extended to a national ban.[3]

Unlike today's developed economies, driven by oil, gas, and nuclear power, coal was still King back in the 1940s, being essential for manufacture of town gas (gas fuel made from imported coal before the introduction of natural gas), electricity generation, and fuel for heating, furnaces, bakeries and rail traction. With Ireland bereft of any quality coal deposits, we were left very exposed to Britain's export policies.[4]

To conserve coal, Córas Iompair Éireann (CIE) drastically reduced rail services on the 20th January with passenger trains running on certain days only.[5] Two days earlier, rationing of bread, flour, tea, sugar and butter was introduced. Some turf was available but a combination of diverting labour from the bogs to the fields to save the 1946 harvests, along with the constant rainfall through January, meant a serious deterioration in what limited stocks were available. At one stage, the Cork Workers Council advised those buying turf to bring a bucket rather than a bag. Particularly hard hit were Cork's off-shore inhabitants with some islanders having to burn fodder and furniture for cooking and heating.

Even those who were fortunate enough to get their hands on enough turf still faced the problem of how to light it. Pat Gunn, who was recorded by the Cork Folklore Project in 2017, paints a picture of the time and its hardships:

'All I can remember is my grandfather, with him trying to light a fire with what at the time looked like very good hard turf but actually turned out to be frozen turf. So when you put the turf into the grate and you lit the sticks with a match, the first thing it did was it melted. More often than not the water coming out of the turf would knock out the flame coming from the newspaper and the sticks. They were terrible times I would have to say.'[6]

In early February 'the Lough was totally frozen over' Pat Gunn recalls and children enjoyed the novelty of 'skating around constantly' on its surface as ground temperatures had by now settled at around zero and below.[7] Some children, however, were threatened with the cold as Tom Desmond remembers in a further interview with the Cork Folklore Project recorded sixty years after 'White 47'; 'I remember my mother saying that "if you don't behave yourself now I'll take you out and I'll roll you in the snow!"'[8]

Early ploughing in East Cork had to be abandoned with the soil being described as, breaking up like flint. On 10th February, the Cork Gas Company gave notice of a cut in supplies during off-peak hours as their coal stocks dwindled. Two weeks later, all passenger trains were suspended.

With the fuel shortage now becoming acute, Cork Corporation set up an emergency committee headed up by businessman William Dwyer to source timber for Cork's freezing poor. In an appeal published in the *Evening Echo* on the 1st March, Lord Mayor Michael Sheehan, targeted residents in the

leafy suburbs of Douglas, Blackrock and Montenotte, where he felt many could easily donate some trees to the appeal.

Unlike the rest of the country, up to late February that year, Cork had just three light falls of snow. Even when, on the night of the 24th February, the country was hit by a blizzard from the south-east which lasted for around fifty hours, making it the longest continuous snowfall since records began, the extreme south got off lightly. The rest of the country was pounded, with huge snowdrifts forming in many places. A County Wicklow hamlet was buried in a fifty-foot drift while many more homes were covered to roof height throughout the country. There were also fatalities as some farmers, trying to get livestock to safety, became trapped and perished. In County Laois, the bodies of a mother and her two children were discovered buried in a drift. With air temperatures rarely rising above zero, much of this snow and subsequent falls stayed on the ground until a thaw came in late March.

Having escaped the worst ravages of the latter storm, Cork's turn came on Tuesday 4th March, when showers of wet snow, which melted as soon as they hit the ground, developed into an overnight blizzard. Leesiders woke the following day to a white carpet of dry snow, several inches deep. City bus services to hillier parts were suspended for much of the day while only 10% of normal milk deliveries reached the city dairies. Worst hit was Minane Bridge where the only two roads giving access to the village were blocked by fifteen foot drifts. Those besieged residents who did not have a stock of flour, had to survive on a diet of potatoes for several days until supplies could get through.

With a partial thaw over Thursday 6th and Friday 7th March, city life began to return to normal and although milk and bread deliveries were delayed, they were available later in the day. After St. Patrick's Day, a rapid thaw set in and the situation was further alleviated when large consignments of American coal arrived in Dublin and Cork. By June, CIE was once again advertising Sunday trains to Youghal and Cobh.

It may never be known how many people died directly and indirectly from this harsh period. In addition to those who were caught out in the blizzards, many hundreds more died from heart failure, stroke, and of course, hyperthermia brought on by the extremes of weather. For the record, and taking the weather experience of 2018 into account, the summer of 1947 turned out to be one of the warmest recorded: proving that history can, and does, repeat itself.

Endnotes

[1] Kearns, Kevin C. *Ireland's Artic Siege: The big freeze of 1947*. Dublin: Gill & MacMillan, 2011.

[2] The Big Snow or Big Freeze of 1947 was well chronicled in both the *Cork Examiner* and *Evening Echo*, from January to March 1947. For more on the period, see Bunbury, Turtle. "The Big Snow of 1947" *Ireland's Own*, no. 5588, 4-9.

[3] Rigney, Peter. *Trains, Coal, and Turf: Transport in Emergency Ireland.* Dublin: Irish Acamedic Press, 2010.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Baker, Michael. *Irish Railways Since 1916.* London: Allan, 1972.

[6] Cork Folklore Project (CFP) Sound Recording (SR) 627, Pat Gunn 2017.

[7] CFP SR 627, Pat Gunn 2017.

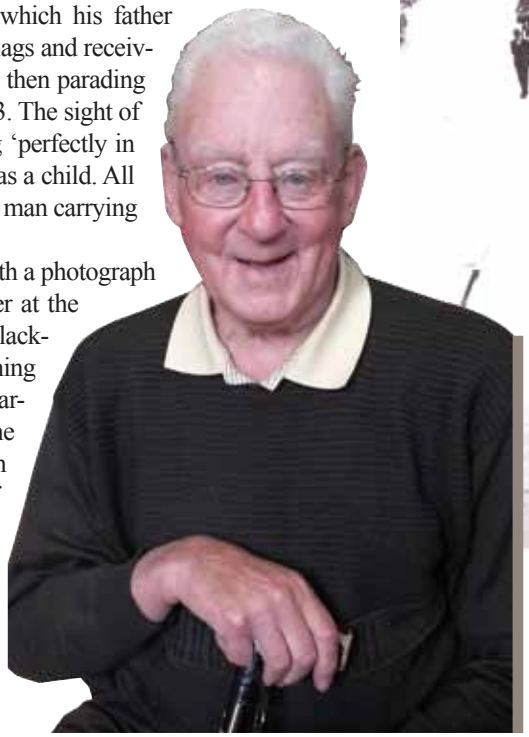
[8] CFP SR 635, Tom Desmond 2017.

'Perfectly in Step' The LDF in Cork City by Kieran Murphy

The Cork Folklore Project had the pleasure of interviewing Cork native Barry Connolly about his education and career from his time in Sullivan's Quay as a boy, to his work in Teagasc with a Phd. But it is his vivid memories of life in Cork during 'The Emergency' or World War II, which struck us most. Much of the details of daily life and the sense of fear and uncertainty experienced by the populace during 'the Emergency' in Cork are sadly all but forgotten now.

In the hopes of sparking memories of the time in others, we chose to share with you one of Barry's own memories. He recalls the Local Defense Force (LDF), of which his father was a member, being presented with flags and receiving a blessing in Collins Barracks and then parading through the city in the summer of 1943. The sight of the 47th and 48th battalions marching 'perfectly in step' made a great impression on him as a child. All the more so because his father was the man carrying the flag.

Barry has kindly provided us with a photograph of the parade from the Cork Examiner at the time which he says was taken from Blackthorn House and shows the LDF marching down St Patrick Street. His father is clearly identifiable carrying the flag. And the three boys walking beside the parade in the right foreground are Barry himself and his friends Dan Mellamphy and Vass Anderson. Barry also directs to our attention to the air raid shelter in the background which surprises everyone who sees it, he says, as there is little knowledge of this part of our history.

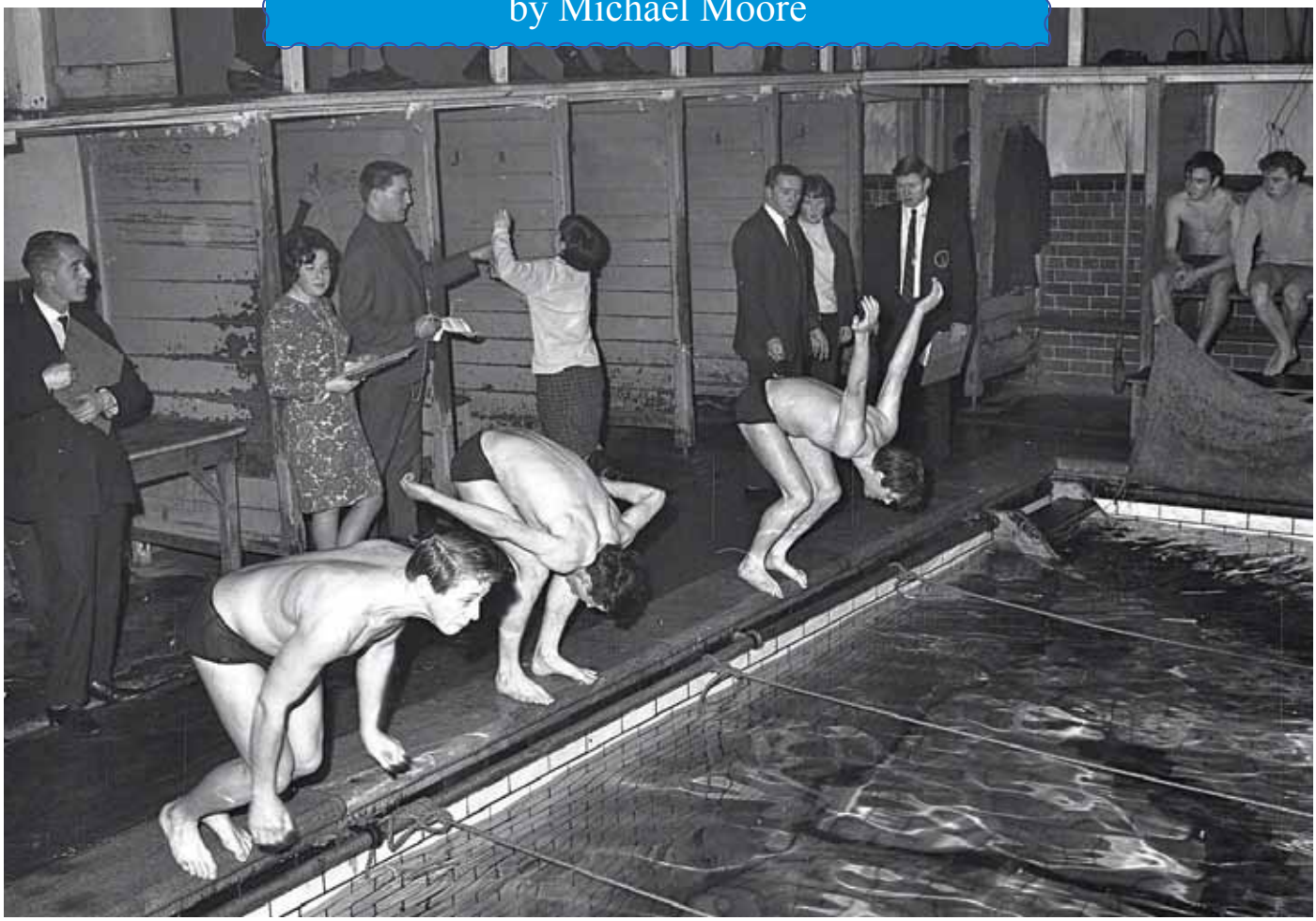


Above: LDF March. Young Barry in right foreground. Photo courtesy of the Cork Examiner

Left: Barry Connolly Today

‘When the River Turns’ Reflections on lives well-lived

by Michael Moore



Tim O’ Brien remembers fondly going to the Eglington Street Swimming Baths. Photo by Kevin Cummins courtesy of **www.cumminssports.ie**

The murals that are sometimes etched into the sand on a beach at low tide are similar to the tracings of the lives that we live. The delicate and beautiful patterns reveal a story rich in complexity and experience. But this experience, like life, is ephemeral in nature. As time passes a life is lived and the slow surge of the tide eventually washes away all trace of the tapestry. The memory of all our lives is something which is held in our consciousness until the future generations claim our places. This is why the recording of stories and lived experience is so vitally important.

The importance of recording our lived heritage is always at the forefront of what the Cork Folklore Project does. As another year passes, we reflect on three people interviewed by the project who are no longer with us. They are Denis Barrett, Dan Jones and Tim O’Brien. All three kindly gave their time to sit down and share some of their experiences with us, and for that we are eternally grateful. It is such a simple and human thing to sit down and chat about stories, memories, truths and myths; but so few are recorded. This article will give a flavour of the three men who shared their stories.

Tim O’Brien was interviewed for the Cork Folklore Project back in 2005 by Frances Quirke. The focus of the interview was Tim’s work as a fireman and the history of the job, but as the chat developed he spoke about his life growing up in Cork city. Tim was born at the back of Watercourse Road just off the Fever Steps. His father worked in the famous Murphy’s Brewery and his mother originally came from West Cork. Tim never realised how rich in history the Blackpool area was until many years later. He said there were still bullet holes in the walls on Great William O’Brien Street from the time of the struggle for independence and the Civil War, between 1919 and 1923. Tim remembered that as a child he and his friends were always afraid of the Fever Hospital, but did not know how to articulate this fear:

‘Behind our houses then there was a thing called the Fever Hospital, and that was just kind of a place that you were afraid of for some reason – we didn’t know why –but it was a Fever Hospital and fever was reckoned to be a bad thing. Of course later on we found out we were talking about Polio, but when we were growing up we had no idea of what we were talking about you know. It was just the Fever Hospital, a place to run away from you know…

When the fever was there right, the people in the area were afraid of it, and that fear communicated itself on down the generations down to us. We were afraid of it too but we never knew what we were afraid of. Of course when we got to ten or twelve we used to climb over the wall and go in and have a look around and get chased out of it like, but we had no idea what we were talking about. It took years before we found out how much history was in the place.’[1]

Tim’s father was the third generation of his family to work in Murphy’s Brewery in Blackpool. Tim remembered how the workers used to live and breathe the job. They would only drink Murphy’s. If any worker drank something else, they would be ostracised by the others. At this time, many pubs were ‘tied

houses' which meant they were owned by a particular brewery, and sold only that brewery's products. If you worked in a brewery but did not like its beer, then it was a case of tough luck! In the Cork Folklore Project recording, Tim remembered the last two Shire horses in the brewery. These were draught horses which used to haul the barrels up and down from the brewery to the pubs. As the horses passed by, women would come out of their homes and sweep up the dung for their gardens. At the same time as Tim was observing the sure footed movements of Irish draught horses, he made his own way on foot to the local baths, a journey enhanced by the ice-cream that almost always was part of the return home:

'Well obviously Eglington Street swimming pool right – we used to go to the baths. That was a bit of an event because we were going into town from Blackpool to the baths. It was probably, for young fellas, about twenty minutes, twenty five minutes' walk. And however long it took us to come down it would take us twice as long to go back because we would go to the Cork Cold Storage for the ice-creams and like I mean to say the ice-cream would take you flippin' half an hour to eat it – it was so big! And you would go home and you'd think that you were the flippin' prince of the world. And the whole thing for maybe three pence to get into the Eglington Street baths, and another three pence going home, that's six pence and transfer that to modern money and you probably have something like two p. right, you wouldn't get a lot for two p. these days!'[2]

Tim was a very active man and his interests ranged from singing in a choir, volunteering with people with disabilities, teaching swimming, to hill walking and hiking. He was also very interested in the Irish language, something he acquired when he transferred to the Irish speaking section of the North Monastery School ('the Mon'). At first, he suffered in school as he was way behind in the language, but when he went down to the Gaeltacht it brought things to life for him:

'I went through St. Vincent's and I went up to 'the Mon' then and I was in the English speaking part of 'the Mon' and they decided to send me over to the Irish part. I didn't know enough Irish so I was getting in trouble morning, noon and night! So my parents decided to send me to the Gaeltacht. And I took to it like a fish to water. It was out in the country – there was mountains in this place so you could go climbing mountains, you could go swimming in rivers, this was absolutely brilliant altogether right. So any excuse would do me to go out there. If it meant learning Irish I was going to learn Irish because I'd get out there and I could do all, have all this fun then, right, whereas if I was in the city you wouldn't really have as much freedom you know.' [3]

Dan Jones was interviewed by Michael Moore for the Cork Folklore Project on two occasions in 2016. Dan, a mason by trade, believed that he was the third oldest mason left in Cork. He retired at seventy-six years of age having started his apprenticeship during the Big Freeze of 1947 (see Pat Walsh's article on page 6) He thought that being a mason was not for him as that winter was so tough, but he got through it and ended up loving his trade. He stated that at least five generations ago, his family were brought over from Wales by the British government to build viaducts for the railways, and they set down roots in Cork.

Dan worked hard all his life. He would follow the work around Ireland and he worked on several sanatoriums built to help combat TB. When masonry work slackened he would go to England and work in places such as Fords in Dagenham. However, his greatest achievement, he felt, was his marriage and family. While he was in Dagenham his wife

Fords in Cork, Dan Jones worked for a time at the Fords Factory in Dagenham England. Photo by Roy Hammond

Denis Barrett also found it profound how much things have changed in Cork during his lifetime. He remembered that traffic in Blackpool was once horses and drays. Drays were carts without sides often used to transport barrels. Horse and Dray photo by Kevin Cummins courtesy of **www.cumminssports.ie**.

stayed behind in Cork. She found a house in Old Market Place, which was ironically the first place he had lived in Cork, when at sixteen he moved up to the city from Bandon. Dan began his first job at twelve years old delivering milk in Bandon. He also delivered newspapers and worked for a wheelwright before starting his trade:

'Actually I was working when I was going to school and people here wouldn't understand this but I used to deliver milk in a small churn, you'd take it around to the houses. This woman who lived just below where I lived had a small little farm, she had about four cattle. She was a widow woman and she used to milk the cows herself. I never milked the cows, I never got around to that part of it, but I used to deliver the milk for her then around the local area, and she used to give me three shillings a week. It would be kind of a bucket with a spout on it and you would have a half pint measure and a pint measure. So like if somebody wanted a half pint measure you'd fill half a pint and if someone wanted a pint measure, you'd give them a pint and then you went around on Saturday and collected the money for her.[4]'

Dan Jones was known as the Nightingale when he was working on building sites because he was always singing. He had a great voice and would sing regularly in pubs. Dan was also an excellent ballroom dancer and won many trophies at competitions. At one time, he used to dance eight times a week, every night and one session on Sunday afternoon for good measure. He played soccer too, but his real passion was for road bowling. Dan considered himself a Junior B grade bowler, but he loved nothing better than to while away a summer evening bowling with his friends. At big scores, as road bowling matches are called, there could be a thousand spectators. Afterwards it was difficult get to the bar in the pub as it was so densely packed. Later, Dan fell away from bowling as he believed that 'the sport has gone out of bowl-playing' as the amount of money involved became too large. Here he recalls a funny road bowling incident:

'Oh yeah I enjoyed it, I loved bowling, I loved it, I lived for it! I lived in Dublin Hill with my grandmother for a while just before I got married and it was grand because the road [for bowling on] was only up the road. We'd go into the Black Man [Pub] coming home at night like. My grandmother, lovely woman, when I'd open the door at night, I'd hear the match, she'd light the match to see what time was it when I coming in! She'd say to me the following morning, "Danny you were very late last night coming in." And I might be after a good few pints that time like!'[5]

Denis Barrett was interviewed by Michael Moore for the Cork Folklore Project in 2017. He was another man born and raised in Blackpool, on Assumption Road. He was very active throughout his life, he sailed regularly, played sports and was an avid cyclist. As a young man he would cycle the length and breadth of Ireland with his friends. Denis recalled how different life was in Blackpool in the 1930s where there was a lot of poverty:

'Blackpool, all the little lanes off of it were small little houses and big families living in them. Actually just below us on Assumption Road was the Assumption Nuns Convent. And those nuns they were a French order but they were midwives and all this kind of thing and they used to go out and attend to all the poor because people having children then couldn't even go to the hospital or anything, they'd have them at home. Those nuns used to do that, so it was a very deprived area at the time.[6]'

Denis Barrett also found it profound how much things have changed in Cork during his lifetime. He remembered that traffic in Blackpool was once horses and drays. Drays were carts without sides often used to transport barrels. Dan recalled the horses and drays going to Penrose Wharf to drop off their loads for the ships. His family was one of the first in Mount Farran, Blackpool, to have a phone in their house

Denis Barrett's family was one of the first in Mount Farran, Blackpool, to have a phone in their house back in the early 1950s. Photos of old phones from the Roy Hammond Collection

back in the early 1950s. Denis also recalled the arduous process that was involved in making a phone call:

'There was a year's waiting list to get a phone at that time. I remember the first phone we got in was an ordinary old fashioned black one with the hand piece on it, but no dialling system or anything. You just picked it up and you got on to the operator you said whatever number you want. So, you gave her the thing and she'd say okay "I'll ring you back" and put the thing down. And you waited, you might be waiting half an hour or more until they came back and put you through switch by switch … And they were sticking these wires into like the old fashioned things you saw. So of course when you got on then to whoever you were talking to the line was bad, sometimes very crackly. Then in the middle of your conversation they'd come back on and say do you want an extension to your call. So you'd have to say "Yeah" or "No" whichever and they'd give you another couple of minutes.[7]'

Denis was born of a generation who built and repaired things as they often did not have the money to replace items, or they simply were not available to purchase. He was known by his family and friends to be crafty with his hands and he reminisced about how as a young man he built two canoes from a guide in *Hobbies Weekly*. He used canvas, strips of timber and linseed oil and crafted two workable canoes. They hung in his kitchen for weeks until ready and then he set off with a friend to canoe down the Blackwater River from Rathmore to Youghal. They would camp by the riverside at night and he savoured the beautiful scenery and wildlife on offer. They also had some fun with an angry bull:

'The first thing was you know when the river turns, it kind of gouges out the bank and there's kind of a steep bank. I remember we came down and there was a little branch of a tree sticking out of this thing and there were about five or six young kingfishers up on the branch and they didn't take any notice of us. They only probably thought we were a log drifting down the river you know. And the father and mother kingfishers were diving in and picking up these tiny little fish and feeding the small things. Of course we had no cameras or anything at the time, it would have been great if we had. Then down further, you know you get one side of the river where it curves around, it's very deep on one side and then it's just gravelly beaches on the other side. We were going down there with cattle drinking in the river and of course we were just cruising past and the next thing a bull saw us and he came charging into the water! We went out into the deeper place and he came out up to his chest in the water, roaring like a bull and of course we paddled away out. And then- I mean talk about blackguarding like- the bull was running along the bank and he couldn't get in because it was deeper down below so he was running. He was only ten feet away from us and we were splashing the water on top of him and he was getting madder and madder and of course we paddled away down and got out of the way![8]'

This is just a snapshot of what these men had to offer in a relaxed environment where conversation ebbs and flows. This is in no way a full representation of their lives or the meaning attached to how each person has lived. It is simply a fragment of recorded memories which may resonate with others. It is a tribute to a life lived less ordinary. We are so thankful to all the people who gave and continue to give their time to be interviewed. To Dan, Denis and Tim, thank you and may you rest in peace, Amen.

Endnotes

[1] Cork Folklore Project (CFP) Sound Recording (SR) 365, Tim O' Brien 2005.
[2] CFP SR 365, Tim O' Brien 2005.
[3] CFP SR 365, Tim O' Brien 2005.
[4] CFP SR 574, Dan Jones 2016.
[5] CFP SR 574, Dan Jones 2016.
[6] CFP SR 604, Denis Barrett 2017.
[7] CFP SR 604, Denis Barrett 2017.
[8] CFP SR 604, Denis Barrett 2017.

Cork Folklore Project Outreach Hub

The Cork Folklore Project has spent over two decades collecting the memories, stories, testimony and folklore of the people of Cork city and county. In that time, we have endeavoured to form meaningful connections between the material we have collected and people of Cork through a range of outreach and dissemination programmes. We do this in the strong view that we hold this valuable material, in trust for the people of Cork. In 2018, our ambitions to share our recorded oral heritage took a significant step forward with the opening of the Cork Folklore Project Outreach Hub. The Hub, based in the North Cathedral Visitor Centre, run by our partners Northside Community Enterprises, opens up a public space, from which we aim to engage the broader public with our collected material. Entering our third decade, our resources have not greatly improved and the ability to match our activities with the increasing appetite and demand for our material continues to be our principal challenge. The nature and breath of our collection, archival and dissemination work is borne out of an intensity of interest among the people of Cork. Without that interest and engagement, we could not be successful. Since opening our Outreach Hub, we have been struck by the levels of enthusiasm for greater access to our recorded audio and broader collection. At our Outreach Hub are a unique Cork Folklore Project Memory Wall, our Cork Memory Map, designed by Dr. Penny Johnson and our new folklore memory games, like Who Wants to Be A Millionaire? (Cork folklore style), designed by Janusz Flakus. These form a technological pathway to the voices of Cork that we have documented since our foundation in 1996. The Hub also forms a platform from which CFP hopes to develop direct engagement with the public. Schools, community groups, as well as the general public, have all filed through our doors to engage in different ways with our archival material. The Outreach Hub represents a new and exciting departure for our organisation. It is our hope that the reason for this development (the increasing appetite for our material among the Cork public and visitors) is matched with an investment from relevant stakeholders. With greater support, we can and will make an enduringly positive impact on the social, cultural, educational and academic quality of life in Cork.

In 2018, we launched *Memories of the Orthopaedic*, a wonderful oral history collaboration with the Cork North Community Work Department of the HSE. The project and publication *The Ministry of Healing*, were launched at our Outreach Hub.


THE CORK
FOLKLORE
PROJECT
RECORDING THE STORIES
OF THE PEOPLE OF CORK


THE CORK
FOLKLORE


THE CORK
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PROJECT
RESEARCH HUB


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PROJECT

Memories and Stories Come to Life!

SCHOOL WORKSHOPS AT THE CORK FOLKLORE OUTREACH HUB

Researchers Mark and Janusz present the old Cork playground games to the class at our new Outreach Hub at North Cathedral Visitor Centre

Tours

Story Telling!

Childrens Games

Students playing old Cork Playground games known as 'Feck' left and below 'Picky' at the Folklore Outreach Hub

Quiz?!

Drama Workshop

'It came out in lines of type' Memories of a Cork Printer

by Mark Cronin

An apprentice linotype operator in 1975 similar to the machines used by the Cork Examiner before computerisation. Photo from Queensland State Archives via Wikimedia Commons

Newspapers in Cork city have a long history that reaches at least the middle part of the eighteenth century. Regular news sheets had only come into being in Ireland in 1685 with the News Letter being produced in Dublin by an established printer Joseph Ray, based in College Green. It is probable that Cork had news sheets of a similar kind but the oldest to survive in any quantity is the Corke Journal printed by Eugene Swiney and first appearing in December 1753.[1]

However, Cork's newspaper story is almost entirely identified with the Irish Examiner known, for most of his history, as the Cork Examiner. Started in 1841 by John Francis Maguire as a pro-Catholic newspaper, 'Da Paper' (as it was locally called) has witnessed and reported on international, national and local events for the last 177 years. It has chronicled the massive changes in politics, economy and society for the Cork area and the region around it and has managed to maintain a dependable temperate judgement in the face of such dizzying change at times.

In the twenty-first century, the newspaper industry itself has and is undergoing changes and faces an existential challenge with the onset of the internet and the proliferation of news sources through that medium. One person who has experienced this evolution and transformation of the industry contributed a series of interviews to the Cork Folklore Project in 2018. Having spent over forty years working as a printer and journalist with the Examiner Group, his testimony offers a critical insight, which is deepened by his family's rich connections to the story of newspapers in Ireland and abroad.

Noel, who hails originally from Togher, has a long tradition of printing in his family that stretches back to his great-grandfather who came from the very historic town of Greenock in Western Scotland. It was there that the earliest daily local newspaper, the Greenock Telegraph, was published in 1857. Given their subsequent documented connection to the newspaper industry, it is reasonable to surmise that the Welch's may have been involved in some way.

That tradition of printing certainly followed the Welch family as they moved to Cork in the early part of the twentieth century. His grandfather, Hamilton Frazer Welch, known as 'Hammy' for short (a very Scottish name) was not only a printer but actually taught it to printing apprentices initially in the School of Art building when it was in Emmett Place but later in what is now the Cork Institute of Technology. Noel's father, also Noel, was a printer in Guy and Co situated at 70 Patrick Street (later Bank of Ireland) but subsequently went on to work for the Cork Examiner on Academy Street. This would prove a pivotal move for Noel Junior. At the age of seventeen, his intentions were to become a police constable for the London Metropolitan Police after becoming enamoured 'with the cut of them' when he observed them at his first soccer match as a child.

Determined to realise this ambition, Noel moved to his uncle's home in Dagenham in Essex to use it as a base to enter the police force in 1972. However, fate intervened when he received a phone call from his father informing him of an opening in the printing works in the Examiner in Cork. Back then relations of those working within the Examiner were looked upon favourably by the Crosbie family who ran the newspaper and Noel decided (with the encouragement of his uncle) to return to Cork to try it for a year. He stayed for forty two years.

In a recording undertaken on the 16th July 2018, Noel vividly remembered his first day of employment on the 28th January 1973:

'I got up very early and I was too early to go into the job … I stood outside Woolworths on Patricks Street [later TSB Bank] … until the time came … I was very nervous starting because I was saying to myself "God they'll get no [Evening] Echo out with me because I haven't a clue what I'm doing and what I'm facing when I go in." But I knew I was going in as an apprentice compositor and I knew I was going to serve a five year term of apprenticeship. And I would have to go to school for that as well. I enjoyed it and I never returned to London.[2]

As Noel was undertaking his printing apprenticeship in the old School of Art on Emmett Place, his grandfather, Hammy Welch, was teaching there at the same time. On the job, he had the help of not only his father, Noel Senior, but his uncle Tony Welch who worked in the Examiner printing works based on the old site in Academy Street. Noel remembered the print works as noisy places full of activity. He was a compositor which entailed arranging the approved

journalists' stories into printable metal imprints using a machine that was originally devised in the late nineteenth century in America, called a linotype machine:

'We had a machine at the time on the printing floor called linotypes, and bars of hot metal was put into the back of them and the metal was melted into the machines. And we had keyboards on it and we typed out the stories from typewritten paper … and it came out in lines of type and that is why the machines were called linotype. So they came out in bars of linotype you see a sentence in one bar and they were all formulated into columns.'[3]

Each story had to be printed out individually to check for errors and eventually all the stories were collated together into a full metal casing called a 'Chase' which was the size of one page, each page had eight columns in total. Noel explained how photographs were inputted during the early 1970s:

'If you had to put a photograph in you had a mount which was a block and cut out a shape for that to go in. And the photograph would be sent up to the engravers to come back in a zinc form, so it was kind of a plate with the photograph but the photograph was reverse. So that when the ink would hit it then it would come out positive, so it was negative and they go onto the plate.'[4]

Reading all the reports in negative was an acquired skill of the compositor. Each 'Chase' page would be cast into a semi-circle to fit onto the printing drum and thus the Evening Echo, which Noel worked on mostly, would be ready to be printed at 1pm in order to get it to 'despatch' and out to the lunch time trade. As a witness to the gradual evolution of printing, Noel was one of the key people involved in the printing of the first colour news photograph on the Evening Echo in the latter part of the 1970s.

In the printing works most people wore overalls or aprons: 'you were constantly dealing with ink. Ink was always on your fingers' recounts Noel, who remembers the ink stained hands of his father at home in Togher. He remembered fondly that 'the only time your hands would be free of ink was when you went on two weeks holidays.' The noise was another unavoidable aspect of the job, as Noel explained:

'The printing machines were all clicking away and people were shouting away at each other "Get this! Have you that? Get that! Get Ready!" and then of course you have the fellas smoking cigars, fellas smoking pipes, fellas smoking cigarettes. Back then it was common place.'[5]

Slowly, however, the inky, smoke filled print rooms with its bubbling noise of men and machines began to change and become more silent. This started with the introduction of the 'web off set' printing machine in the late 1970s which facilitated greater computerisation of the whole process. In fact, computerisation had blurred the lines between the compositor and the sub-editing of journalists stories and Noel was offered work in the editorial room as sub-editor which he took in the mid-1980s.

But computers were rapidly changing the editorial room also: 'I remember working with a typewriter, and the ribbons used get stuck, and we were told "there is new technology coming in now and you will be using a mouse" … We were there saying "A mouse? What's a mouse?" New screens came in then and then suddenly everything became quiet, the whole newsroom became quiet … I suppose before the background noise was the clanking of machines would have probably drowned out a lot of the voices and now you came into rooms where you would be afraid to raise your voice because it was very noticeable. This was the sign of the times. This was the new era of print.'[6]

Noel worked in the newspaper at a time when it was one of the main sources of information and remembers queues of people on a Saturday afternoon waiting for a late edition for the football results from across channel. In the print rooms Noel did not recall the editor shouting the famous words 'Stop the Press' but he did hear 'Hold the Back Page!' in particular for incoming news of Roy Keane's imminent transfer from Cobh Ramblers to Nottingham Forrest in 1990. Reflecting back on his time working in Academy Street, Noel recollects his father's retirement in 1996:

'The reason he retired is kind of he saw all this new technology coming in and the way it was going. He was the old stock, he was the old printer like sitting at keyboards and it wasn't his way … because he saw the old way of printing back to his father's time. And he always said "I got out at the right time" … There was a romance in it like because everybody couldn't do the job, you really had to be trained to do the job. Now you could come straight out of school and anybody who knew anything about computers could sit down and just bang away but it wasn't for him.'[7]

The printing works in Academy Street eventually closed down in 2006 and were moved down to Webprint at Mahon, being fully computerised by then. The Irish Examiner has been printed by the Irish Times in Dublin since 2013. Noel certainly has witnessed all aspects of the newspaper industry, from working in the print room to the editorial section and then as a reporter himself and seeing his own reports being published as a journalist. He enjoyed his forty two years working in what he considered to be an interesting environment and fondly remembered the Crosbie family as 'good employers.' However, he did affirm his view that in leaving Academy Street in November 2006, the Examiner lost its position as being at the heart of Cork city, where it acted almost as an institution of Cork daily life. The move to Lapp's Quay proved temporary and the Irish Examiner has since relocated to Blackpool. Noel never really settled in the new location and once the chance for early retirement presented itself in 2015, he took it. The old ways of printing are now gone and Noel's retirement ends the Welch's family involvement in that craft, a connection reaching back to the western shores of Scotland in the nineteenth century.

Endnotes

[1] Kennedy, Máire. "Early Dublin Newspapers" http://www.askaboutireland.ie/reading-room/history-heritage/pages-in-history/early-dublin-newspapers/ (accessed, 12 September, 2018) 'At the Exchange': the eighteenth century book trade in Cork. For the *Corke Journal* see: https://libguides.ucc.ie/newspapers/corkejournal

[2] CFP SR 659, Noel Welch 2018.

[3] CFP SR 667, Noel Welch 2018.

[4] CFP SR 667, Noel Welch 2018.

[5] CFP SR 667, Noel Welch 2018.

[6] CFP SR 659, Noel Welch 2018.

[7] CFP SR 659, Noel Welch 2018.

Noel Welch with his father Noel Senior who both worked as printers at *The Cork Examiner*

Cork and the Contemporary Folk Song.
A personal reflection on how the geography of music connects the local to the universal

by Mark Wilkins

In the pre-CD, pre-download year of 1985, I received a vinyl record as a Christmas gift. A double-album, released by the eternally tacky and kitsch K-Tel record label, called *Rock Anthems*. It came in a garish red cover with its title emblazoned in bold silver heading across its front. The music on it consisted of what was then hopelessly unfashionable heavy-rock songs from the 1960s and 70s. But to my twelve-year-old ears it came as a welcome rebuke to the anodyne pop that dominated both radio and television in the mid-80s.

The bands featured on it were mostly American or British and they sang about exotic places like 'Sweet Home Alabama' or 'Rocky Mountain Way'. The only Irish group included was Thin Lizzy and their version of 'Whiskey in the Jar'. After Eric Bell's hypnotic guitar intro, Phil Lynott sang the opening lines in his faux transatlantic drawl: 'As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains'. The lyrics grabbed the attention of my adolescent musical brain immediately. 'The Cork and Kerry Mountains did he say?' We had driven through them on our way to rain-soaked Ballyheigue the previous summer in a second-hand Ford Cortina. 'That doesn't sound very rock'n'roll to me! I want to hear songs about a Black Magic Woman who wore Blue Suede Shoes while she climbed a Stairway to Heaven like a Bat Out of Hell!!' I remember wondering if there were similar 'oiky' teenagers in Alabama listening to the same album thinking to themselves how exotic the Cork and Kerry mountains must be to merit a mention in the opening verse of a rock classic.

Some years later I had a similar experience while listening to Steeleye Span's album *Ten Man Mop*. One of the most quintessentially English of bands who, along with Fairport Convention and Pentangle, spearheaded the British folk-rock movement of the late 1960s. Steeleye Span played a curious mix of 'ye olde' medieval folk and psychedelic rock. One of the tracks on the album 'When I Was on Horseback' featured the refrain 'wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork city and met with my downfall on the fourteenth of May'. When sung by Maddy Prior in her otherworldly Lancashire accent; 'Cork city' sounded like some faraway place of the imagination like 'Scarborough Fair' or 'Waterloo Sunset' and seemed a far cry from the place referred to in local ballads like 'The Boys of Fairhill'. The sense of displacement of the song's main character appeared to be heightened owing to it not being sung by a native of the song's locale. In my view, this made it more effective. I subsequently learned that the song, which depicts the funeral procession of a 'young soldier that never done wrong' is a member of the unfortunate rake song[1] family and is echoed in countless variations sung throughout the English-speaking world.

In his 2009 essay, "Sigur Ros's Heima" Australian academic Tony Mitchell makes the following point: 'Music can evoke or recreate places, spaces, localities and occasions as well as providing biographical cartographies and metaphorical orientation guides'. He goes on to caution that 'the quest for an authentic local in music can often be counter-productive, involving nostalgic and wishful forms of reinvention.' Over the years I have found this to be the case with many recordings I have heard

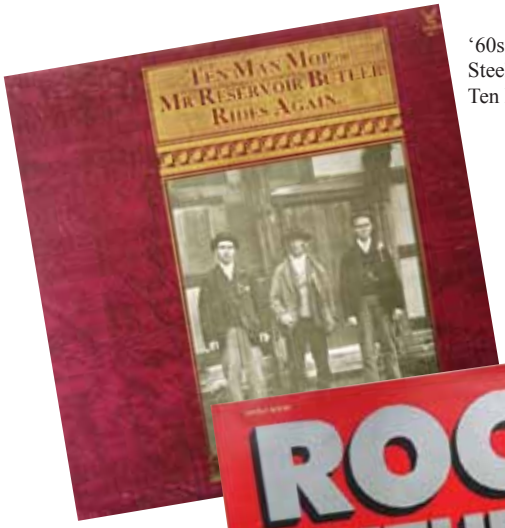
> **"Music? Music is a place and it's as real as Chicago or Indianapolis or the city you live in. It's an absolute place and once you know where that place is you can go there."**
> Philip Glass.

Below: English Folk singer Maddy Prior, lead vocalist of English Folk Rock group Steeleye Span whose song 'When I was on Horseback' mentions Cork City

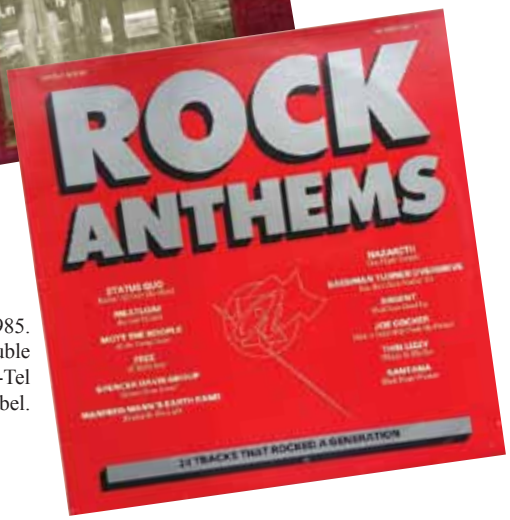
of home-grown folk songs by Cork singers. They seem, to me at least, to share a tendency to over emphasise their 'Corkness' by affecting a generic Cork accent or to over-include a litany of colloquialisms in the lyrics, which runs the risk of losing a wider listenership. For example, a local troubadour singing about his or her native Cork may not necessarily transport the unfamiliar listener in the same way that Maddy Prior transported me. One notable exception is the song 'White's Academy' written and sung by Cork songwriter Cathal Coughlan (former vocalist with Fatima Mansions and Microdisney, recently reformed for a limited number of live performances). The song's haunting melody and evocative lyrics enriched by Coughlan's baritone voice, separate it in my mind from other contemporary songs which make reference to Cork. Perhaps the fact that Coughlan has spent much of his recording career exiled from his native town enables him to inhabit the songs central protagonist, 'a work-shy drunk' who embarks on a fatal romance with 'a serving girl from Charleville' without making it generic or sentimental.

A song's lyrics can connect the listener to a place but how they are sung can transcend the location of a song's narrative into a more global context. This may explain the popularity and longevity of many American blues and folk songs which began life as an expression of the grievances of an oppressed people in the Deep South but due to their interpretation by white English rock bands like the Rolling Stones, Cream and Led Zeppelin (whose members would have little or nothing in common with these songs originators) found a much wider audience and became enshrined in modern popular culture. Similarly, the Cork sung of in 'Whiskey in the Jar', 'When I Was on Horseback' and 'White's Academy' could be anywhere and therefore can be listened and related to by anyone without being familiar with the geographical city of Cork, its history and traditions. And this is ultimately what makes great art universal.

Above: Cathal Coughlan photo courtesy of Caroline van Oosten de Boer via www.flickr.com/people/caroline



'60s British Folk Rock band Steeleye Span's album cover Ten Man Mop.



A Christmas gift in 1985. Rock Anthems double vinyl album on the K-Tel record label.

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White's Academy, Cathal Coughlan, from the album The Sky's Awful Blue, Beneath Music Label, 2002.

Endnotes

[1] Type of song which details the exploits (and often the downfall) of a young man dedicated to 'wine, women and song'

DOWNTOWN

by Geraldine Healy

Roches Stores and Cashes in downtown Patrick Street c1960s. Photo courtesy of Fr Paul O' Donoghue & North Cathedral Visitor Centre

When I was eight years of age, I loved to listen to Petula Clark singing the song 'Downtown' on our little wireless. The year was 1964. It was a very popular song and I learned most of the words by heart. It became my party piece. To this day I love the song and indeed it was one of the first 'pop' songs that I became aware of. For me, 'Downtown' said all that was good about one of my favourite occupations: going shopping in the city with my mother and my youngest sister Mary. The number 8 bus took us in along the Western Road here in Cork city and deposited us outside the old E.S.B. offices, nowadays occupied by Eason's stationery and bookshop. A trip downtown meant a visit to Patrick Street and its environs.

In the 1960s St. Patrick's Street was a great shopping street. It bustled with shoppers and there was always time for a chat. People were said to do 'Pana', so to speak, especially on a Saturday afternoon. This consisted of walking up and down the street, wondering who was out and about for a chat. The author Billy McCarthy has written a lovely poem about the practice of doing 'Pana'. It evokes a different time and a different era and paints a picture in words of the joys and romance of this special street. My mother, Mary and I embarked on our shopping trips with a sense of adventure and purpose.

One of the first shops we visited was the Munster Arcade where my first cousin Breda McCarthy worked. I remember some of the girls who were employed with her. Carmel Ewing, Monica Eaton and Margo Fleming. They fussed over me and my sister as we were their friends' younger cousins. The shop was an old-world emporium. I remember glass topped counters filled with exquisite silk scarves, leather gloves, handbags and nylons. As a child I was fascinated by the payment system. Having paid for an item, one's money flew up an elaborate system of pulleys and wires up to the accounts office and the little container returned with one's change. There were little velvet seats for people to sit on while one waited for the completion of the transaction.

Upstairs, there were beautifully cut and tailored clothes and a collection of brightly coloured hats suitable for any occasion. I loved this shop especially at Christmastime when one year we paid a visit to Santa Claus and received our presents. In addition, a film show entitled 'The Night Before Christmas' added to our enjoyment.

Having dropped into the 'Arcade', we then proceeded up the street to Lipton's grocery store, passing the sculptured elephant above Elvery's sports gear shop. In Lipton's, biscuits such as Kimberley, Mikado and Coconut Creams were sold by the half pound from glass topped tin boxes. At that time in the mid-sixties, supermarkets were not a feature of the shopping scene and small businesses like Lipton's thrived.

We would then go over to the English Market for our fruit and vegetables. At Christmastime turkeys hung over the fountain area. Next-door in Donovan's, a nice piece of ham could be got at a reasonable price.

Sometimes, there followed a trip into Thompson's café on Princes Street for a cup of tea for my mother and a glass of orange for us. I loved the little meringue cakes with cream and chocolate. We passed some time there having a bit of a rest and my mother would have a cigarette.

Before we left town we always paid a visit to SS. Peter and Paul's church off Patrick Street. There in the quietness we would light a candle for the Holy Souls.

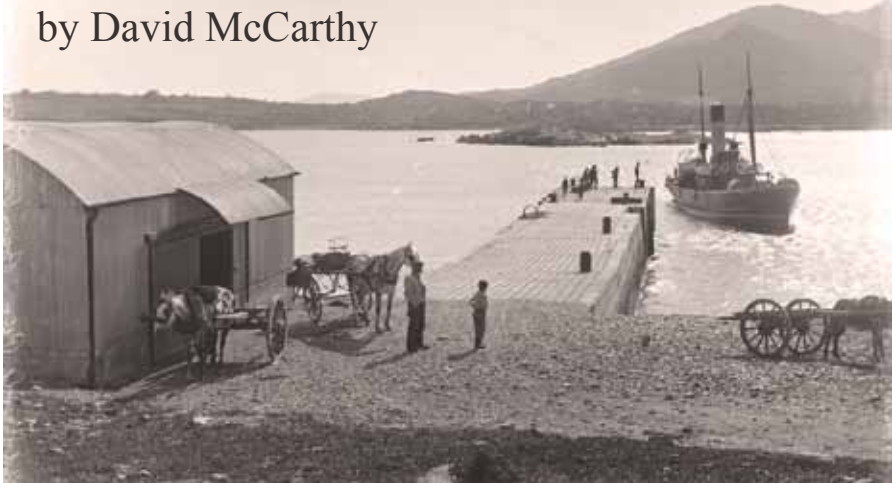
My mother would pray for relatives we had never known who had gone to their rest. Coming out of the church, we would do a little window shopping at Bolgers, assessing the latest styles and sometimes putting a deposit on a garment. But before we left town the trip we loved above all was a visit to the Variety Store in Daunt Square. This was, indeed, an Aladdin's cave of little toys for Mary and me. The shop was upstairs over the present McDonalds outlet. It sold dolls, telephone pillar saving boxes, 'scraps', farm animals, books and games. Some days we got a little toy, but we did not always go up the stairs to this shop on our visits to town. Some days we got a comic such as Judy, Bunty, Schoolfriend or Diana. There often followed a quick visit to the Green Door cake shop for a coffee cake with cherries and American icing. This was a popular meeting place for Corkonians. The Farmhouse in Oliver Plunkett Street was also a great place for a weekend cake.

With our purchases, we then proceeded to the number 8 bus stop outside Roches Stores (now, Debenhams) for the return journey home. This was an open-backed vehicle with a pole at the side where the conductor stood. We would climb upstairs, which was a bit of an adventure as a young child. The busman moved along through the people issuing tickets. A lively bell announced each stop along the way. On the journey, neighbours chatted to one another. A lot of people seemed to know each other. Even strangers chatted in a convivial manner, all eager to get home to put on the dinner. Dinnertime was usually at one o' clock. At that time the fathers mostly came home at lunch time for the mid-day meal. A practice which is no longer prevalent today. Back home my mother would rush around getting the dinner and my father would arrive in his O'Leary's TV rental van at 1.10 punctually for his meal. We would then tell him of our trip to town and given him all our news. Ah memories! It seems like only yesterday but over fifty years have passed. Memories treasured of a happy childhood.

Photographs of Queens Old Castle and above Daunt Square in the 1960's. Courtesy of Fr Paul O' Donoghue & North Cathedral Visitor Centre

‘On to Glengarriff and back’ The Bantry Bay Steamship Company

by David McCarthy



S.S. Princess Beara at Adrigole Pier, Bantry Bay circa 1910. Fergus O Connor Collection courtesy of the National Library Of Ireland Catalogue

In line with the rapid expansion of railways in Britain and Ireland during the latter half of the nineteenth century, the West Cork Railway system was mainly laid out in stages from 1851 to 1893. The line began in Cork city’s Albert Quay and at its peak ran as far west as Bantry with branches also serving Kinsale, Clonakilty and Baltimore. It was not to be spared the large-scale rail service cut backs initiated by Todd Andrews during his leadership of Córas Iompair Éireann (CIE) in the late 1950’s and early 1960’s and the service officially closed on 31st March 1961.

The physical reminders of this once bustling service may still be seen in places today, the most dramatic being the Chetwynd Viaduct which straddles the Cork to Bandon road. What many may be unaware of is that from 1883 to 1946, there existed a unique transport service that was, in effect, an extension of the Cork to Bantry service. This service did not take the form of a railway line and has left few physical traces. When the railway was finally extended to Bantry in 1881, the challenge of further advancing the line was apparent. The rocky terrain of the Beara Peninsula taking in Glengarriff, Adrigole and Castletownbere provided a major engineering obstacle. In a recording with the Cork Folklore Project in February 2018, the author’s father, Teddy McCarthy, who grew up in Glengarriff, explained that due to ‘the nature of the way the ground is, you couldn’t put a track from Bantry back to Castletownbere’.[1]

The most practical solution to the challenge of transporting goods and passengers to and from Bantry and the farther-flung Beara Peninsula became the establishment of a ferry service. As a result, various interested parties came together to form the Bantry Bay Steamship Company in 1883. Its founding director was John W. Payne, from a prominent landowning family with property throughout County Cork, who acted as the agent for their Bantry lands. *SS Countess of Bantry* became the first of several steamship ferry boats to transport passengers and goods on behalf of the company. The Cork and Bandon Railway Company soon became major shareholders and in 1890 the Bantry railway line was extended to the quayside and a new pier built to directly link the trains arriving from Cork with the ferry. Mackerel from the busy fishing port of Castletownbere and copper from the Puxley family’s mines in Allihies all moved along the new waterborne route before being unloaded at Bantry and being dispatched by train to the city. Pigs, cattle and sheep were also transported in this manner. As well as a steady stream of visitors travelling in one direction to visit the popular tourist village of Glengarriff there was a parallel movement of people from the Beara Peninsula using the ferry service to connect with the train which would ultimately take them to Queenstown (now Cobh) and the final voyage to America.

In 1901 *SS Countess of Bantry* was succeeded by *SS Princess Beara*, built by George Brown & Co. of Greenock, Scotland. In 1906 she was joined by the *SS Lady Elsie*. The *Southern Star* informed readers on Saturday 14th April of that year that ‘the Lady Elsie will ply regularly between Bantry and Glengarriff and will no doubt greatly enhance the popularity of these favourite resorts during the tourist season’. In time the company would also add the *SS Betty Balfour* to their fleet. Not long after this the company was in discussions regarding the transportation of mail from Castletownbere. Nearby Bere Island was home to a British naval base and the large amount of mail which it generated led to calls for a speedier and more efficient delivery system than the horse drawn cars which were then being used. However, the bid was unsuccessful as the *Southern Star* on 21 May 1910 reported that ‘it seems that the Bantry Bay Steamship Company has offered to run a special steamer with the mails provided the Postal Authority gave them a yearly subsidy of eight hundred pounds and that offer has been refused’.[2] The writer went on to reveal that the contract for delivery of the mails had been awarded to George Vickery of Bantry who was instrumental in the development of motorised public transport in the region. There was no doubt that motor transportation was now becoming an increasingly viable option even if many were suspicious of this new-fangled technology. An earlier 1907 *Skibbereen Eagle* piece wrote of ‘the playful habits of the motor car, such as running over people and sometimes over pigs and hens’. It also reported the postmaster general for Castletownbere as ‘fearing breakdowns when the motor car started to dance a jig on the road’.[3]

All was not plain sailing with the company in the years running up to the Great War (1914-1918). Town councillors in Castletownbere were critical of the fact that the service did not run on a daily basis, thus resulting in losses for local merchants who were tasked with supplying the fleets. Cattle traders were unhappy with perceived excessive transportation charges. The war years saw a concerted effort to attract wealthy tourists to the region to stave off the knock-on effects on overall travel.

In the years of political turmoil following the 1916 Rising, the wider Bantry Bay and Beara region was subject to numerous raids for arms by the Irish Volunteers (IRA). Many of these raids were conducted in the run up to the official start of the War of Independence with the Soloheadbeg ambush in January 1919. Former IRA Volunteer Eugene Dunne of Adrigole made a statement to the Bureau of Military History in December 1956. In the statement he explained how as a clerk for the Bantry Bay Steamship Company he was stationed on Bere Island. His main duty was to check the goods imported and exported by the company to the island with its large British military presence. In this capacity, he had access to the Royal Engineers’ stores of explosives, detonators and gun cotton.[4] Reporting this to the local Bere Island, Adrigole and Castletownbere Volunteer Companies, it was decided to conduct a clandestine operation to capture the munitions. In the early morning of 5th June 1918, a boatload of local volunteers slipped into the base and removed six heavy boxes of explosives and equipment which were then spirited away to a safe hiding place on the mainland. Eugene Dunne’s Bantry Bay Steamship Company position came into play again when he arranged for further military ordinance to be smuggled from Bere Island to Adrigole on board the steamship *Lady Elsie* later in the same year.

On the night of 17th November 1919, Bantry republicans conducted a daring arms raid in which the *Princess Beara* played a part. The raid was carried out on a British Navy motor launch which was berthed at the pier in Bantry. Local volunteer Seán Cotter, who took part in the action, gave a detailed description to the Bureau of Military History.[5] Thanks to months of covert observation, the local volunteers were armed with the knowledge that the navy officers would leave the vessel for a social call at around 8pm every Sunday night and that the motor launch was usually berthed alongside the *Princess Beara*, adjacent to the pier. A party of ten men took part in the operation including Tim Clifford, a member of the *Princess Beara's* crew. He was already on-board that vessel and with one man remaining on the pier to keep watch the rest of the raiders crossed over the *Princess Beara* and boarded the motor launch. The crew, having failed to post a sentry, were enjoying refreshments below deck and were completely taken by surprise. They offered no resistance as two volunteers trained revolvers on them and the vessel's magazine was emptied of its arms, netting a haul of rifles, revolvers and Verey pistols (flare guns) as well as ammunition. The volunteers hid the arms in the sacristy of Bantry Catholic church with the help of sacristan Mr Keyes, the father of one of the raiders, Ralph Keyes.[6]

As the War of Independence raged on the *Cork Examiner* reported on 29th June, 1920 that an armed trawler had arrived in the inner Bantry Harbour, declaring 'she has her guns trained on the town and is in wireless communications with the military barracks'.[7] The article went on to say that a half dozen armed constables who had earlier been on duty in the town boarded the *Lady Elsie* with the intention of being transported to Castletownbere, but the crew refused to work the steamer. IRA Volunteer Eugene Dunne went on to detail how by the spring of 1921 the British Military authorities ordered the Bantry Bay Steamship Company to cease calling at any piers in Bantry Bay and instead the boats were to operate directly between Castletownbere and Cork.[8] This followed an action by the Adrigole Company of the Volunteers who, acting on information from the *Lady Elsie's* mate, raided the vessel in March 1921, after it arrived in Adrigole and seized the weapons of three British officers on board.

Following the Anglo-Irish Truce (1921), the newly established Free State was confronted with the Civil War (1922-1923) as well as crippling industrial actions such as the national postal strike of 1922. In Cork the harbour strike of September 1921 had already negatively affected the economy in the city. The Bantry Bay Company found its fortunes in decline throughout the 1920's and 1930's. Road developments in the region and the increase in bus services had a knock-on effect for ferry passenger numbers. In 1926 the decision was taken to sell the *Lady Elsie*. It was reported in the *Southern Star* on 5th June that 'owing to the slackness of business she has been laid up idle at harbour for the past two years'.[9] The piece captured the affection among local people for the steamer and her scenic route, lamenting that: 'Her disappearance will occasion regret among the citizens of the town generally, as she often afforded them many enjoyable Sunday evening trips 'round the point and back of Whiddy and on to Glengarriff and back'.[10] Passenger services were phased out by the mid-1930's, with goods transportation continuing between Bantry and Castletownbere. The outbreak of the Second World War (or the Emergency) and resulting coal shortages spelt further hardship. By 1946, CIE were running a fleet of delivery lorries on the road between Bantry and Castletownbere and this was the final blow for the steamship service. It was discontinued for good that year.

In a Cork Folklore Project interview, Teddy McCarthy recalled seeing the *Princess Beara* docked in Bantry in the late 1940's while efforts were made to sell her. Speaking in 2018, he remembered: 'She was tied up in Bantry for years, I remember her there as a young lad'[11]. She was eventually sold to Spanish buyers and ended her days as a fishing vessel. The wooden pier in Bantry

Glengarriff pier Bantry Bay Steamship Company ticket office 1934 and Bantry Station below. Both pictures from Dermot McCarthy railway photograph collection. Courtesy of Cork County Library Local Studies Digital Library.

that was built to accommodate train passengers using the ferry has long since gone. Teddy McCarthy remembered that the remains of some of the timber piers further along the route could still be seen up to the early part of the twenty-first century. In 2018, only one distinctive physical reminder of the company can still be seen in the form of its old ticket office at the pier in Glengarriff. This tin shed railway style building with sliding door, dating from circa 1910, has in recent years been used as a shop selling souvenirs to tourists embarking for Garnish Island on the modern *Harbour Queen* ferry though it is unoccupied at the time of writing. Nowadays, the region can be reached by road from Cork city in less than two hours and the days of West Cork steam travel, whether by ferry or train have become part of local folklore.

Endnotes

[1] Cork Folklore Project (CFP) Sound Recording (SR) 646, Teddy McCarthy 2018.
[2] "Mail Contract", *Southern Star*, 21st May, 1910.
[3] "Mail Contract", *Skibbereen Eagle*, 2nd March, 1907.
[4] Military Archives of Ireland (MAI), Bureau of Military History (BMH), Eugene Dunne, WS 1,537, http://www.bureauofmilitaryhistory.ie/reels/bmh/BMH.WS1537.pdf#page=2 (accessed 12 September, 2018).
[5] MAI, BMH, Seán Cotter, WS, 1,493, http://www.bureauofmilitaryhistory.ie/reels/bmh/BMH.WS1493.pdf#page=1 (accessed 13 September, 2018).
[6] MAI, BMH, Seán Cotter, p. 7.
[7] "Armed Trawler Arrives in Bantry", *Cork Examiner* 29/06/1920.
[8] MAI, BMH, Eugene Dunne, p. 7.
[9] 'SS Lady Elsie To Be Sold By Bantry Bay Steamship Company', *Southern Star*, 6th June, 1926.
[10] CFP SR 646, Teddy McCarthy 2018.
[11] CFP SR 646, Teddy McCarthy 2018.

Blueshirts, the IRA and political conflict in 1930s Cork

by David Ryan

The Irish War of Independence came to an end in 1921 with the Anglo-Irish Truce and the promise of a new Irish Free State. However, this was followed by a brutal and vicious Civil War, which lasted from June 1922 to May 1923. Families and former comrades who had stood together during the War of Independence found themselves on opposing sides. Many of the grudges that had sparked the conflict persisted for many decades. In the aftermath of the Civil War, Ireland was left with two main political factions. Cumann na nGaedhal had supported the Anglo-Irish Treaty, with the hope that it might eventually allow for the creation of a new Irish Republic. Sinn Fein opposed the Treaty and followed an abstentionist policy, refusing to take up their seats in Dáil Éireann. Led by Eamon DeValera, some Sinn Fein TD's broke from the party in 1926 and set up a new political party, Fianna Fail. Fianna Fail reversed the previous policy of abstentionism and eventually took up their seats in the Dáil. In the 1932 general election they defeated Cumann na nGaedhal to become the largest party and were able to form a government. This reversal in fortunes did little to put an end to the bitterness and animosity between the two sides.[1wq]

The continuing animosity between the two sides led to attacks on political meetings. Cumann na nGhaedhal found themselves dealing with disruptions from members of the IRA. The Blueshirts, an organisation founded to protect the interests of ex-Free State soldiers who had upheld the Treaty, had their origins in the Army Comrades Association (ACA). Two of its founding members were Commandant Ned Cronin from Charleville, County Cork, and Colonel Austin Brennan from Meelick, County Clare. The ACA began life on 10 February 1932, the same month that De Valera and Fianna Fail were elected to power.[2] They also took on the role of bodyguards at Cumann na nGhaedhal meetings. Gradually the remit of the group began to expand, and they became a political movement in their own right. The ACA, later became the National Guard, then Young Ireland and finally League of Youth, but were better known by the nickname 'The Blueshirts'.

Monaghan native, Eoin O'Duffy was a veteran of the Free State Army and had served as commissioner for the Gardaí Síochana. O'Duffy fell out with the Fianna Fail government under De Valera and was removed from the position. He soon became leader of the ACA and renamed it the National Guard. Much has been made of O'Duffy's politics and his right-wing views. He was an open admirer of Italian dictator, Benito Mussolini and adopted many elements of Fascism into the ACA, including a straight arm salute.[3] Membership also expanded to include those who had never served with the military. Many of their members came from middle class farming backgrounds and families which had been pro-Treaty. Membership of the new organisation became limited to people who were Irish or whose parents "profess the Christian faith".[4]

Within the Cork Folklore Project archive, there are a number of accounts of Blueshirt activity. In an interview undertaken in 1997 Margaret Farmer recalled witnessing a Blueshirt march on Patrick Street in Cork city as a child and with a child's abandon, joined in:

'We walked down a bit, we didn't know what we were walking for … We just joined them in the parade, we didn't know what they were doing.'[5]

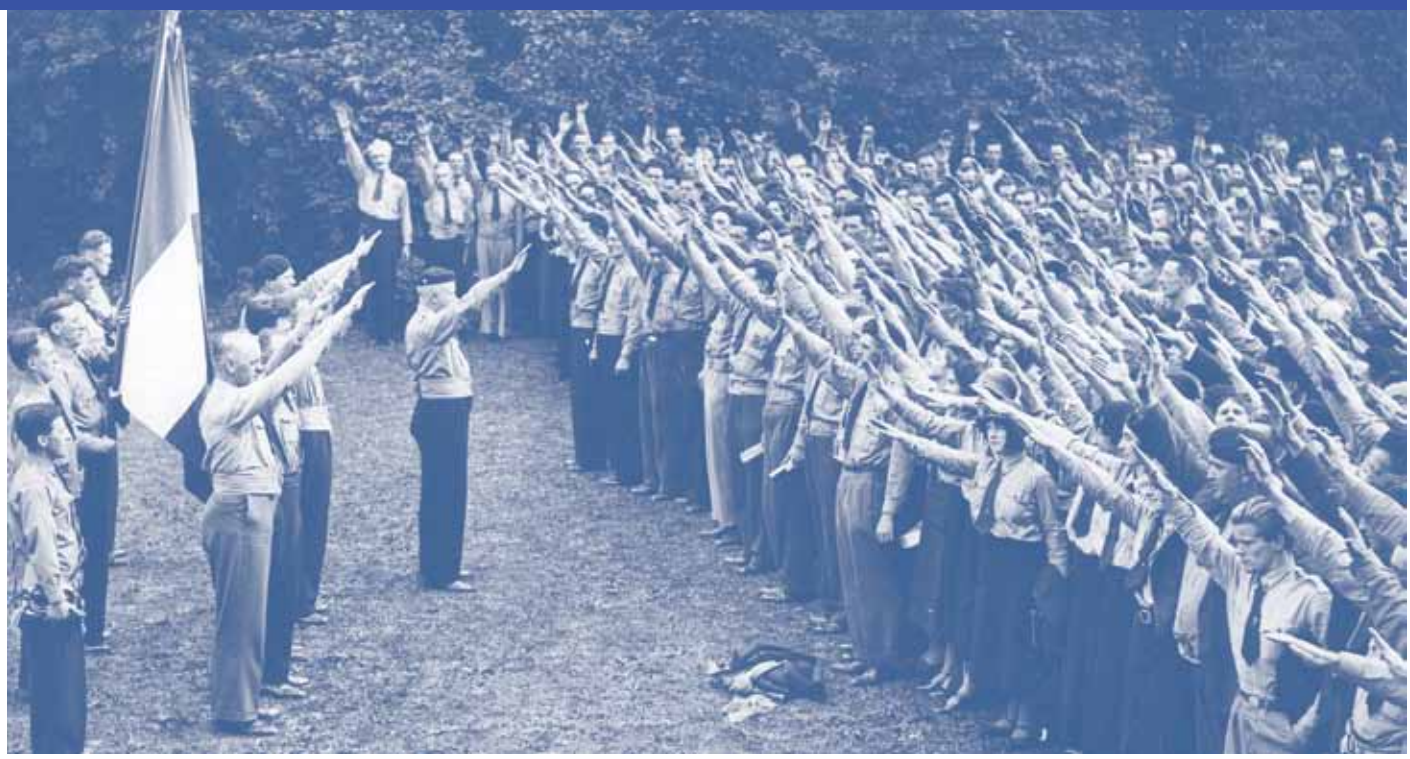
Mary Morgan who was recorded in 2017 remembered an incident in Glan, near Schull where a group of Blueshirts disrupted a platform dance. At the time Mary was a young teenager who had begun to attend dances in different locations most Sunday afternoons. With her sister Nuala, she allowed go to Glan to see the dancing but were strictly instructed not to do any dancing themselves! Despite her young age, Mary was able to easily detect an animosity between different groupings at the social event almost eighty years later, she vividly recalled:

'So they had an agreement this Sunday anyway that there would be no political signs of any description worn like Blueshirt badges or blue shirts or anything. It was a place for dancing and fun and not for politics. And the following Sunday we went again and there was one girl there with a blue shirt sitting down. One girl. She was left sitting down, nobody took her out dancing and after about I don't know how long we were there, I saw them coming. I suppose there was about twenty big men coming with blue shirts and black ties coming down the road on bicycles. They'd all arranged that she'd be there. The next thing they came down anyway. They stood around and one of them picked her up and started dancing with her. And the minute they started dancing the music stopped. They started arguing saying we're supposed to have no politics here. And the next thing they were all beating each other. Nora and myself ran. We ran away mad home. But I remember going up the road and we met one girl. She had no blue shirt on her. She was taking out the bicycle repair out and she said, "I have a wrench here. I'll hit someone with this." She was a Republican. And she went down with her wrench. There was one fella carried away in a stretcher. And that was the end of the platform dances, there was no more dancing.[6]

The latter memories are based on local observations, the primary experiences of what was a national story. Such experiences were commonplace in many parts of Cork. In Kilworth in North Cork, a man by the name of Ignatius Felton was captain of the local Blueshirts. The nearby village of Araglen on the other hand had a long tradition of republican activity. The local IRA unit was led by Liam Leddy, who's relative Cornelius Leddy, had served as part of the North Cork IRA under Liam Lynch during the War of Independence.[7] The Quartermaster and second in command of the unit was Joseph Beary. Other notable members included Patrick Hyland, Maurice Dunne, Patrick Moore, David White, James Lomasney and William Clancy.

Friction between the Blueshirts and IRA lead to frequent clashes and violence, despite instructions from the IRA Army Council not to engage with the Blueshirts. These tensions are illustrated in two documented clashes between members of the Blueshirts from Kilworth and members of the IRA from Araglen which were recorded in Department of Justice files from 1934.[8] The first took place in Kilworth village itself on 18 March, 1934. Several members of the Araglen IRA were returning home from a parade at the Pike, near Fermoy. They stopped off in a pub belonging to John Cotter. According to the associated Garda report, they left the pub at 6.55pm. While passing through the village they encountered some local members of the Blueshirts, led by Ignatius Fenton. After a brief confrontation, the Blueshirts retreated and the IRA men gave chase. The Blueshirts had taken shelter in the house of Ignatius Fenton. The IRA pur-

Eoin O'Duffy addressing a group of Blueshirts
Photo from Narodowe Archiwum Cyfrowe, Poland via Wikimedia commons



sued them but, in the confusion, attacked a neighbouring pub belonging to Thomas Fenton, a distant relative of Ignatius Fenton. The men from Araglen forced open the front door and smashed an inner door with glass panels. A revolver was also fired into the air during the attack. The Araglen men withdrew and headed for home. They were spotted by Garda Sergeant John Meighan and fellow Gardaí William Meehan and Patrick Farren on their way out of the village. But at the time the Gardaí had no knowledge of what had happened. According to the *Cork Examiner* published on 1st of June 1934, a Maurice Dunne, one of the local IRA, was brought up in Fermoy District Court and charged with unlawful assembly relating to the damage of Thomas Fenton's pub. However, the case was dismissed because Thomas Fenton was unwilling to identify those responsible. Gardaí believe the Araglen IRA had offered to pay for the damage in return for his silence.

A second incident took place on the 26st of June 1934 on the date of the local government elections. The polling station for the area was located at the cottage of Mary Moher at Baker's Bridge, Araglen. The local Fine Gael TD, Patrick Daly of Kilworth, was in attendance. Some of the Kilworth Blueshirts were also present to offer their support and act as bodyguards for Mr Daly. The returning officer was a retired officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary (RIC). At about 9pm a company of the local IRA, led by Joseph Beary, came around the corner. No immediate action was taken by the two groups, despite the evident animosity. Not long after the Blueshirts launched into a rendition of *Amhrán na Bhfiann*, the Irish national anthem. Garda Sergeant Michael Gorman, in an attempt to avert conflict, approached John Joyce, vice-captain of the Kilworth Blueshirts, and asked his men to stop singing. The singing then stopped. Another Garda, Detective-Constable James Mookler, approached Joseph Beary and appealed to him to keep the peace. He told Beary that the Blueshirts were being moved away as quickly and quietly as possible and asked him to keep the peace. Beary was less than agreeable, replying 'If any bloody man here wants fight, he is going to get plenty of it.'[9]

Liam Leddy, commander of the Araglen IRA, arrived soon after. He took no immediate action, observing the situation. Gardaí began moving the Blueshirts to their lorry. However, the IRA lost patience and began to advance towards the lorry and polling station. Liam Leddy intervened and helped Gardaí get the returning officer to his car. While this was happening, the Blueshirts and IRA began exchanging insults and throwing stones. A revolver was also fired off by the IRA and there are reports of rifle fire coming from nearby Coolmoohan. Despite this there were no serious injuries on either side and the Blueshirts departed in their lorry. Gardaí decided not to make any arrests among the Blueshirts or IRA because it was felt this would only stir up more unrest in the area. Initially the Gardaí did their best to contain the clashes between the two sides but felt it best to avoid arrests for fear of inciting more violence. Eventually, the Irish government began to grow concerned over the unrest. Various incidents prompted them to take a much harder line. For example, the Blueshirts had planned to hold a parade in Dublin in August 1933. It was to proceed to Glasnevin Cemetery, stopping briefly on Leinster lawn in front of the Irish parliament, where speeches were to be held. The goal of the parade was to commemorate Irish leaders Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins and Kevin O'Higgins. It was feared the parade could lead to a confrontation with the IRA and other left-wing groups.

The government banned the Blueshirts in 1935 and branded them an illegal organisation. A number of Blueshirt leaders were arrested, but there is no reference in newspapers or government documents of the period to Blueshirts from Kilworth being among them.[10] In response to the ban, the organisation merged with Cumann na nGaedheal and the National Centre Party to form a new party, Fine Gael, on the 3rd of September 1933. O'Duffy became its first president, with

W. T. Cosgrave and James Dillon acting as vice-presidents. When Fine Gael won only six out of twenty-three local elections in 1934, O'Duffy lost much of his authority and prestige. Following disagreements with his Fine Gael colleagues, O'Duffy left the party.

In 1934 the Fianna Fail government set up "The Auxiliary Special Branch" of the Garda, formed mainly of veterans of the anti-Treaty IRA. This unit came to be known as the 'Broy Harriers'. The name came from then Garda Commissioner, Colonel Eamon Broy, who oversaw the creation of the unit. Their role was to deal with the perceived threat of the Blueshirts and later on the IRA.

Alf Kennedy's father, Maurice, was a Detective Officer in the unit and in an interview for the project[11], Alf relates some stories of his father's involvement with the Broy Harriers:

'De Valera then sent out an offer, shall we say, to fellas who were fairly steeply involved in the War of Independence, fairly handy gunmen as well was an important part of it. He offered them commission in the army or a position as a Detective Officer. They didn't call them Garda they called them Detective Officers and even as I was saying the statements that he used take for years afterwards like he signed himself Maurice Kennedy D. O. So, he was what they call one of the Broy Harriers. On top of offering him the job they offered him ten years back service, which was very important like, they had the same service as the fella that joined nearly at the start, you know? 'Twas important for pension purposes.

He married then on lieu of having this position and they came to Cork and they were living in St Luke's right across from the protestant church, 2 St Luke's. The pay for a detective at that time was £3.50. The only thing is they got allowances, they got a rent allowance, they got bicycle allowance. They got an allowance for carrying the weapon.

You see when they came in the Blueshirt movement was going strong like and their first task was to knock the Blueshirts and they had to go all over the bloody country after them and arrest a lot of them - there was only one of them killed as far as I know. There was the young fella that charged a lorry into Marshs auctioneer's cattle yard. It was over in Copley Street and the Blueshirts rammed this truck through the gate and the Broy Harriers opened up on them and they killed one young fella. And funnily enough, on board of the lorry was one of the father's cousins, a Maurice Harty. He was wounded in the leg, he wasn't killed but the father went into see him in the Mercy. It was such a completely crazy period like.'[12]

In 1935, the IRA were once again declared an illegal organisation, this time by the Fianna Fáil government.[13] In 1936 several men from Araglen were arrested for IRA membership and brought before a special sitting of the Special Criminal Court. Because IRA membership could not be proven, the only official charge was failing to give account of their movements. They were jailed for three months in Arbour Hill.[14] Over the following years, IRA members from Araglen were arrested on a number of occasions on the same charge. In 1940, the Irish government stepped up their response to IRA activity. This action was taken in the context of the outbreak of World War II (the Emergency) and official Irish Neutrality. With the declaration of war, it was feared that IRA activity could prove a danger to neutrality. The Emergency Powers Act was introduced which led to more arrests, including Cork men Thomas Hyland, Joseph Beary and Liam Leddy, who were interned in Arbour Hill for three months. Once their sentence was up however, they were sent to the Curragh Interment Camp for a period of indefinite detention. The men were offered release on condition that they signed an undertaking to renounce IRA membership and promised to keep the peace. Patrick Moore, David White and Patrick Hyland from Araglen were similarly arrested and sent directly to the Curragh.[15]

With the end of World War II in 1945, the policy of internment was ended and those still interned were gradually released. Of those from Araglen, Thomas Hyland emigrated to Australia. His brother Patrick opened a shop in Araglen. Liam Leddy became involved in the local drama society and teaching Irish. Jack Allen, Maurice Casey and Joseph Beary played football during their time in the Curragh and became involved with the local football team, St Michaels, on their release. According to the Araglen GAA website, Maurice Casey had so impressed fellow inmates from Kerry that they were keen to have him transfer to the Kingdom, but this never happened.[16]

Endnotes

[1] It should be noted that while the IRA had largely supported the rise of Fianna Fáil, as the party took power, many in the republican movement became increasingly alienated. Later in the 1930s, the Fianna Fáil government moved against the IRA, interned members, executing convicted IRA Volunteers and oversaw the death on hunger strike of three republican prisoners, for more see Tomás Mac Conmara, Days of Hunger, *The Clare Volunteers and The Mountjoy Hunger Strike of 1917*, pp. 131-132.

[2] *Old Limerick Journal*, Vol 41, 2005, pages 3-12. (http://www.limerickcity.ie/media/Media,4158,en.pdf).

[3] Whether the Blueshirts themselves could be accurately described as fascists is examined by Mike Cronin in his article "The Blueshirt Movement, 1932-5: Ireland's Fascists?" *Journal of Contemporary History*, Vol. 30, No. 2 (Apr., 1995), pp. 311-332. Cronin concludes that while the organisation included some Fascist traits, they were not Fascists in the German or Italian sense.

[4] According to Cronin, the membership at its peak was a figure of 47,923 in August 1934. See Cronin, Mike "The Socio-Economic Background and Membership of the Blueshirt Movement, 1932-5", *Irish Historical Studies*, Vol. 29, No. 114 (Nov., 1994), pp. 234-249.

[5] CFP 181 Margaret Farmer 1997

[6] CFP 642 Mary Morgan 2017

[7] Military Archives of Ireland (MAI), Bureau of Military History (BMH), Witness Statement 756, Cornelius Leddy.

[8] National Archives of Ireland (NAI), Report of conflict between Blueshirts and IRA at Kilworth, County Cork on 18 March 1934, File | 2008/117/222.

[9] NAI, Disturbance at Araglen, Co. Cork on 26 June 1934 File | JUS/8/27.

[10] *The Kerryman*, 27 October 1934, p. 20.

[11] CFP 573 Alf Kennedy 2016

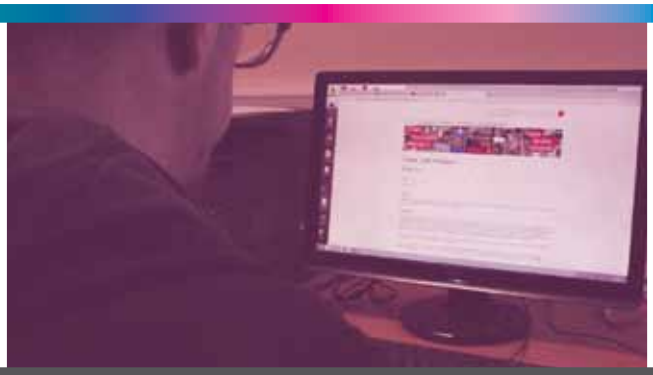
[12] According to the Cork Examiner of August 16, 1934, the man killed in the raid was named as Michael Patrick Lynch from Carrignavar. Eoin O'Duffy delivered a graveside oration at the funeral

[13] The reasons behind this change in attitude toward the IRA and the eventual introduction of internment are explored in detail by Bill Kissane in his article "Defending Democracy? The Legislative Response to Political Extremism in the Irish FreeState, 1922-39", *Irish Historical Studies*, Vol. 34, No. 134 (Nov., 2004), pp. 156-174

[14] NAI, Constitution (Special Powers) Tribunal: Liam Leddy (No 17/1936) File | TSCH/3/S8924.

[15] Patrick Hyland, Barnahown, Araglen, County Cork: interned, File | 2011/25/592.

[16] Araglen GAA Club, http://www.araglengaa.com/contentPage/348652/a_b_o_u_t_u_s, (accessed 06 July 2018).



Sharing Cork's Folklore

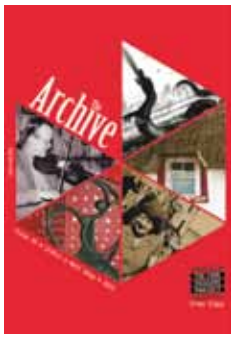
In recent years, the Cork Folklore Project has been striving to present what is now over two decades of material collected by the Project in new and imaginative ways. The collecting of oral history and folklore is a vital means of connecting the present with the past. But, in collecting and storing material of this nature one may overlook, what this practitioner sees as one of the most important facets of the collection process; dissemination. So, it is with great pleasure and excitement that we at the CFP can now unveil the fruits of our labour. The first of which is the Cork Folklore Project's Memory Wall. The Memory Wall, which consists of two interactive touch screens, was partly funded with a Heritage Council grant and is situated in our exhibition space at our outreach hub in the North Cathedral Visitor Centre. Visitors can access excerpts of 50 interviews on topics and subjects such as Childhood, Spirituality, Occupations, Social Change, Sport and Entertainment. The Memory wall, similar to our Memory Map, will give those interested a flavour of what our sound archive contains. To dig deeper into the archive one will have to wait. But not for too long, as we are delighted to announce the imminent arrival of our online archival catalogue. Again, this is being made possible with the help of Heritage Council funding. Through the online catalogue, one will be able to access the archival catalogue entries for 10 of our collections. This amounts to over 100 interviews and will be added to a consistent basis going forward till our goal of having all interview entries available online is reached.

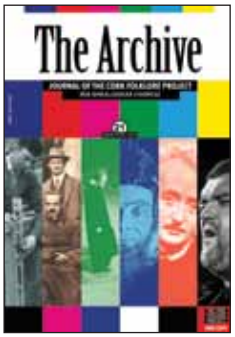
To keep up with the progress of the online catalogue, other CFP updates and to visit our Memory Map go to our newly revamped website

www.corkfolklore.org

Jamie Furey, Digital Archivist

Download Back Issues of The Archive on our website
www.corkfolklore.org/our-journal





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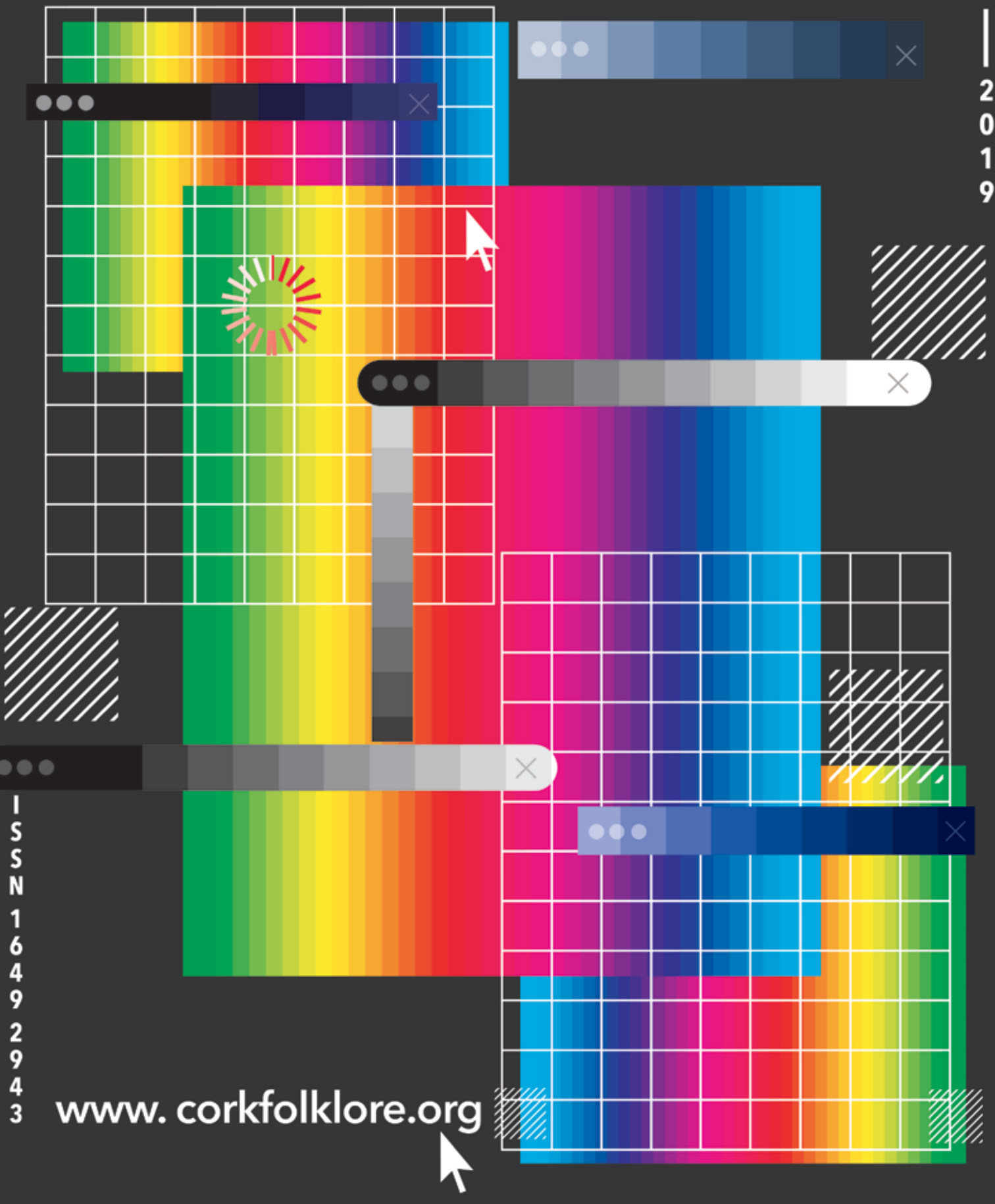

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