

Cumann STAIRE
bhéal átha'n Ghaorthaidh

Ballingeary Historical Society

JOURNAL 2010



The Stepping Stones, Ballingeary 1924

INCLUDED INSIDE:

Ballingeary Photo Gallery from 1924

From Carrignadoura to Melbourne

AnTabhairne - Seirse Seartan

Carlow Men in Ballyvourney Ambush!

Inchigeela Colour Photo Gallery

The Rabbit and the War by Hugh Twomey

Uibh Laoire Priests - 1888 – 2010

Butterflies Of the Upper Lee Basin

€10

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Cúmhúir 13

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Míle Buiochas dos na daoine seo a leanas a thug cabhair chun an Iris seo a ullmhú; Conchúr Ó Murchú, Joan Twomey O'Sullivan, Joan Healy, Jerry Lehane, Fr. Bernard Cotter, Martina McCarthy, Niamh O'Sullivan, Finbarr Lucey, Neil Hurley, Maura Hurley and all our contributors. Visit our new website at www.ballingearyhs.com

Seán Ó Súilleabháin, Eagarthóir.



Sean Corkery driving the milk cart - returning from feeding the calves milk with Rowena and Angie Higgs and Bessie the donkey.

More photos from Ballingeary and Inchigeela on pages 35, 51 and 62.

From Carrignadoura to Melbourne by Donal O'Sullivan

In Ballingearry churchyard there is a statue of St Finbarr on which is written as Gaeilge "St Finbarr pray for the exiles of Iveleary"

I have been an exile of Iveleary for three and fifty years. I was born & reared in Ballingearry fadó fadó. My parents were Helen Cronin [Nell Donnacha] and John O'Sullivan [the carpenter]. My first memory of anything important was my first day at school.

The teachers were Miss McSweeney and Pádraig Ó Suibhne. The job of keeping an eye on me was given to Sean Murphy, Currahy. By 10 o'clock I decided I had learned enough and planned my escape. Unfortunately, I only got as far as Tigh na Croise where I was apprehended by the priest and frogmarched back to Stalag. I am enclosing a photo of that establishment.



Stalag and Inmates. Ballingearry Boys National School

Early Years

During the Second World War my father worked in England and my mother, my brother Sean and I lived in Rathagaskig. It was fairly isolated, not many people passed that way. Some of the people who came scoraichting were Dan Sean [Kelleher] and Tadhg Hugh whom you have mentioned often in your magazine. He kept us entertained with his recitations. Another person who became persona non grata was Tom Taylor. After about nine or ten visits Nell "showed him the door" saying her husband had to go to England to work & that maybe he too should try working for a living.

It was 4 miles to get to school around the road, cosnochta, but only 3 miles if one was to go across the bog and join up with the Kellehers, Aharas for the rest of the way.



Sheila Cronin, Bridget O Mahoney, Donal O Sullivan, Helen O Mahoney

Between the village and Béal a'Ghleanna there was a bit of history. At Seana Bhaile there was the story of the man who carried his wife's body on his back to Ballyvourney cemetery during the Famine. On the parapet of the bridge over Sruthan a'mhuilleán written in beautiful copper plate was "Up DeValera, Up the Republic 1922" About 200 yards further on was the "Iapa gé", a sapper's mark carved on the rock to mark an Ordinance Survey height. 100 yards further up was a rock in the fence with a holy water font cut in it, which is said to have come from Teampeallain Eachros. Then a bit further on was Poll a'Circe, where Donal Cam's mare broke a leg and had to be shot. Finally the Mouth of the Glen where the first blow for freedom was struck. So in those three miles there is a lot more history than most places can lay claim to



Ann Creedon, Bridget O Mahoney, Joan Corkery, Helen O'Mahoney and my brother Pat O Sullivan

Moving to Civilisation!

Around 1946 we moved to Carrignadoura which was more civilised. There were children in Gurteenakilla, Carrignadoura and Cahir with whom to get into mischief. We used to go ferreting and trapping rabbits which we sold for a shilling a pair at the market on Fridays. Fishing, if you could call it that was another pastime. The method was to get a large Hessian bag, place a few stones in the bottom, a hazel rod to keep the mouth of the bag open and chase the fish into the bag. Not very sporting but very effective. Another method was to dip a sack full of bannicín na n-ean into the river. That was even less sporting. Ach mo léir, all good things come to an end and I was sent to secondary school in C F C Rochestown, destined for the priesthood, I think.

Ní raibh an glaoch agam as they say and I left there in 1954. For a while I worked with my father and I did a stint working for Matty Twomey on the County Council. The work was hard. One of the tasks I was

given was breaking rocks with a sledge-hammer, not unlike the early convicts in Australia.

It was around this time that I joined An Búion Piobairí when those immortal words were uttered, "What Mrs. Manning hath put together; let no man tear asunder". Another funny "incident" (we thought so at the time), was a big "Do" held in An Ceárd Scoil from which us lesser mortals were barred. However, somebody forgot to close the windows, so when it was time to partake of the meal, most of the food had vanished. It would appear that some person or persons unknown had procured a long stick to which had been securely fastened a dinner-fork and the contents of the plates removed and consumed with gusto.

Not only was there a dance held in the Coláiste and "Spatters" but there was a lesser known dance held in the piggery in Carrignadoura. It was more of an Academy where young ladies were taught to trip the light fantastic.

I am enclosing some photos of some of the young ladies. It was taken one Sunday afternoon when the Maestro of the Academy was at home on holidays. They are the photo, Sheila Cronin, Bridget O'Mahoney, the Maestro, Helen O'Mahoney, and Anne Creedon, Bridget O'Mahoney, Joan Corkery, Helen O'Mahoney, and Pat O'Sullivan [R I P]. Two young ladies not in the photos are Eileen & Joan McCarthy.



Dancing at Kilmore Platform in 1950s From left, Patie Healy; Eileen Hurley; Donnacha Hurley; Sean Lucey seated left; Richie Dick Cotter seated right; Eileen Lucey Corkery; Jerome the Bus O Leary Ceimínis; Shiela Lucey Moore, Kilmore

Off Downunder

Jobs were scarce in the Fifties, so I did what a good many others from Iveleary did, I emigrated. I got a job with Vauxhall Motors in Luton. After 6 years I transferred to General Motors Holden just outside Melbourne in Victoria, Australia. At that time Australia was crying out for skilled migrants,

as a result I've had many different jobs here. I might be 12,000 miles from Ireland, but we have a large Irish community here. Without sounding egotistical I have, since coming here, been instrumental in forming a Gaelic speaking radio program "Glór na nGael", a Gaelic language group "Cumann Gaeilge na h-Australia". We started with six people, now we have around 80 members and a third Irish pipe band, The Gaelic Park Pipers.

I still keep in touch with the "goings on" in Ireland through the "Southern Star", my sister in Glengarriff, back packers from Ballingearry of which we've had many too numerous to mention and of course your excellent magazine.

I would like to conclude with a poem I learned many long years ago when Pádraig O Suibhne was my teacher.

Beir beannacht óm chroí go tír na hÉireann,
bánchnoic Éireann Ó,
Chun a maireann de shíolrach Ír is Éibhir
ar bhánchnoic Éireann Ó;
An áit úd 'nar aoibhinn binnghuth éan
Mar shámhchruit chaoín ag caoineadh Gael,
Mo chás a bheith míle míle i gcéin
ó bánchnoic Éireann Ó.



Donal O Sullivan playing the pipes in Melbourne cemetery at the grave of Sean McSweeney, Terence McSweeney's father on Easter Sunday 1966 50th anniversary

Ancient Tree Survey – Preserving Biodiversity in Inchigeela

The National Tree Council's "Champion Tree" survey has been ongoing, with the support of our forest service and the European Union since 1999. During the summer of 2010, Aubrey Fennell visited the "Wild Yew tree" in Inchigeelagh's Old Burial Ground and deemed this Old Age Pensioner (O.A.P) very worthy of registration in "Tree Register of Ireland."

We have a "Champion Tree."

Not alone is it the oldest survivor tree in Uibh Laoghaire (and therefore the longest – living witness of our parish's fortunes, as they have ebbed and flowed for numerous Human Generations) it reminds us that before 1836, Inchigeelagh was a vast "River Meadow" – an extension of the Gearagh's Ancient Wooded River that ran back to Béal Áth an Ghaorthaidh. It saw the arrival of the O'Leary's. Writing in 1750, about Inchigeelagh Smith makes reference to Inchigeelagh in 1650 as "all forest" with "many yews of as great a bulk as the largest oak." (Samuel Smith's "A History of The County and City of Cork" 1750.). He also mentions that there was an abundant population of the migratory European Crane, a large heron like bird. It is now extinct in Ireland and Britain and endangered in Europe.

A later "traveller - writer" records Yew forest clothing the banks of Lough Allua alongside Oak.

Research has shown that in "Early Church" Grounds, the O.A.P. Yew trees predate our earliest Churches and their Burial Grounds. Perhaps unwittingly adopting the practice of our ancestral Druidic Priestly Order – (themselves preparing oils from burnt Yew branches for face paint) our earliest Christian Communities worshipped and buried among the Yew Trees – be they solitary or communal.

Being acquainted with this the longest-living specimen within our Parish's "Biological Community" (3 species of Bat were detected roosting during a number of summers), on behalf of Margaret Lucey's senior classes in Inchigeela National School, this truly deserving "genetic legend" was proposed to the Experts. Requests have been conveyed to the Heritage Council and Tree Council of Ireland to ensure that Inchigeelagh National School are the acknowledged successful "proposers." Their interest ensured success.

Situated above the adjacent flood plain of the Lee, as would have been Yews that occupied several islands within the Gearagh before 1954, this solitary Tree and likely last of its name in the Upper Lee Catchment offers one last opportunity to preserve the local genetic character of this species. Because it preserves an unbroken genetic link to early post-glacial Uibh Laoghaire, (sculpted by the glacier born in Glen Eirce (Gougane Barra)), between 9 and 11,000 years ago, this "Common Yew" has withstood the intervening extremes of Climate Variation and evidently the soil – borne and air – borne pests and diseases. Its next challenge remains "Climate Change" – may God forbid "mistreatment" at our hands.

The late Jamesie Kearney of Coleen, Kilbarry, recalled a number of years ago that this Tree was the only one of its type to survive in that Burial Ground after a "Clearfell" of several Yews. This clear fell was ordered after the local Parish Priest's horse broke in to the graveyard, ate some Yew and died.

On close inspection, this specimen has been cut several times over centuries – and represents a repeatedly "coppiced" and "pollarded" surviving truck of a once vast Yew and rootplate. Consequently, the height and canopy – spread of this relatively insignificant evergreen, fails to tell the truth – or, like Mother Earth, its shies from revealing her age. She is incidentally a Female Yew.

T.Cook



Yew Tree in Inchigeela Churchyard

“ONE GLIMPSE”

Twilight Years of Crown Rule in Inchigeelagh. (1910 - 1922)

During the research for “magpie” Parish History twenty years ago, the author had the privilege of meeting and interviewing numerous contributors to the 32-part series.

In early June 1994, Raymond Moore and his wife travelled from Inverness, Scotland and spent some days in Inchigeelagh imparting his story and permitting eventual publication - during correspondence in 1992, Raymond had expressed hesitancy. Twenty years ago, the “Northern Troubles” seemed destined to engulf the Republic.

Raymond, born in Manchester in 1928 was the 11th of 12 children of Michael Moore, last R.I.C. Sergeant of Inchigeelagh Barracks, 6 of which were born in Inchigeelagh. A simple “Wire Cross” a small distance east from the Church Door marks the resting place of Raymond’s two sisters and brother - Julia (d. November 2nd, 1914); Thomas (d. January 17th, 1917) and Julia Mary (d. September 2nd, 1920) aged 10 months; 2 months and 1 month respectively. The Spanish Flu ravished rural communities during those years - compounded by the growing socio-political unrest as “dispossession and anger of an outraged People” spread like wild fire. Effective “Crown Rule” had ceased since 1898 with the enactment of the “Local Government Act”.

Sergeant Moore joined the R.I.C. in 1902 - a native of North Tipperary, he was transferred as a Constable to Uíbh Laoghaire in 1911, serving as Sergeant from 1916 to 1922 when the Free State disbanded the Force. He declined transfer to the Garda Síochána and moved to Macroom where his surviving children Mary, Patrick and Margaret were enrolled in St. Joseph’s (Preparatory) and St. Colman’s National Schools. Raymond’s eldest and first-born sibling Michael was enrolled in De La Salle Secondary. It was not to be. We are told that Erin’s first summer after independence was “Indian” - that the very elements seemed to ring out her new-found dispensation. A bumper harvest of wheat, barley and oats; an autumn that uniquely necessitated little or no “Blue Stone” and turf won home by early July. But such “auspiciousness” masked the simmering and inevitable drift towards full Civil War: “The door opened upon a furnace”. Only weeks in Macroom, Raymond’s



Inchigeela School 1917.



RIC Inchigeela 1920.

Michael Moore is sitting 4th from left. Standing at the back with a tie is Daniel Maunsell

brother Michael was handed a letter for his father. It read - “Get out of this Country within two weeks or you will be shot”. It came with the “Compliments of the I.R.A.” The family gathered what belongings they could and fled to Manchester - the heartache was too much for Michael Senior - he died still a young man, just weeks before his 12th child was born. An avid Gaeilgóir and G.A.A. supporter, with roots as deep as any into Erin’s past, one is reminded that thousands of the former R.I.C. were driven out - many North, that enrolled in the “B-Specials” and to England to join its Civil or Defence Forces. An area of Research yet to be acknowledged and undertaken!

The two photographs supporting this contribution were presented to the Author by Raymond Moore during June 1994 and belonged to his late father.

INCHIGEELAGH N.S. 1917 and INCHIGEELAGH (R.I.C.) BARRACKS 1920.

Raymond has graciously offered the burial plot of his siblings to be planted with Bluebells and a small native sapling - Principal Margaret Lucey has agreed that her Scholars will undertake this task, shortly.

TED COOK

WILD HERITAGE OF UIBH LAOGHAIRE - PART 7

BUTTERFLIES OF THE UPPER LEE BASIN *Feilecáin Abhainn an Laoi Uachtarach*

A PENNING DEDICATED TO 2010 - YEAR OF BIODIVERSITY
by TED COOK

Nine tenths of Earth's insects have yet to be identified - and of the 17,500 known species of Butterflies, we have 33 common to Ireland. How and when these insects evolved remains a mystery - like so much else on our little known Planet. Even less is understood about the evolutionary origins of "flight" - other than that the first pioneers of the sky were giant dragonflies with 30 inch wingspans. Fossilised amber recorded 30% oxygen within Earth's Air composition - today it is 21%. The higher oxygen level allowed for larger bodies. And today's Butterflies are very recent arrivals into evolution's "Divine Drama". They first appeared 65 million years ago in tandem with Earth's earliest flowering plants - a process of "co-evolution". As "pollinators", Butterflies are keystone species - many plants depend on this insect. Butterflies possess specially adapted "eyes" - enabling them to see through deep ultra violet spectrum and spot nectar-producers from afar. Uniquely, Butterflies taste with the tips of their feet.

Males have been "called in" from ranges of several miles by "chemical sex attractants" (pheromones) released by ladies. In the animal kingdom, brilliant reds and yellows are associated with poison or venom - we see it in the plant kingdom also - yew's red arils and laburnum's vivid yellow flowers. Toxic substances within their larval "food plants", taken up by the larval caterpillars remain chemically active in the tissue of adult Butterflies. With vivid colouring and fearsome eyespots to deter and scare their enemies (mainly birds), Butterflies are well endowed to fight their corner. Jays may peck and kill the more highly coloured but they rarely taste their prey.

An additional "plus" for Butterflies is their very long memories - they recall with ease the whereabouts of good food sources to lay eggs. Uibh Laoghaire, clothed in the shallow acid soils of its underlying sandstone geology is populated by acid-tolerant vegetation, hosting in mean annual terms, 16 of Ireland's 33 species of Butterfly. Each insect species is associated with specific "larval food plants" (caterpillar stage), none of which, in our Parish, produce chemical "plant protection" toxins. Our Nightshades (Bittersweet and Blacknightshade) may be the exceptions.

The Author has kept watch and recorded our Butterflies from late March to early October at a number of Parish locations over many years. This article is aimed at readers with any wild space - and those who understand that we need to "not just do something - sit there" in order for Wild Beings to function. Originally known as the "Butterfly", our Brimstone is rare in the Upper Lee. Its food plant is the Buckthorn, the nearest wild survivors being in the heart of the "Gearagh", downstream. **The Brimstone, Peacock and**

Small Tortoiseshell (Figures 1, 2, & 3) are Ireland's only true "over-wintering" species. The larvae of the latter require nettles.

Air temperature, air quality and sunlight need to be good for these cold-blooded "beauties" to emerge - otherwise their wing muscles will fail. Consequently, Butterflies are environmental indicators of the health, or otherwise, of local, regional and global eco-systems. Their decline tells much of the rest of that story. They measure climate changes.

During 2009, the Author recorded some thousands of "**Painted Ladies**" (Figure 4) (larval plant - thistles) at several spots - having travelled 2,000kms from the Moroccan Atlas



View of Butterfly Survey route 2010

Mountains to share Uibh Laoghaire's cooler climate. Morocco had its heaviest rainfall in 30 years during 2008 - boosting the gene pool of this "dazzler".

Our illusive "**Silver-Washed Fritillary**" (Figure 5) that feeds on common dog violet, are locally abundant at Toon Valley's and Boylegrove's native forests - but remain rare.

Another hotspot is Rossmore's river meadows. Also rare in recent years are our **Common Blue and Holly Blue** (Figures 6 & 7) – Larval food is Nettle and Birdsfoot Trefoil which have yet to be recognised as the "ornaments" that they are. Every reader needs to maintain a nettle patch in full light and well ventilated.

Widespread species include our **Green-Veined and Large White and Small White** (Figures 8, 9 & 10) (larval food is the cabbage family - Silver Pennies/Honesty; Shepherd's Purse etc.).

The Orange Tip (Figure 11) flies in May - its larval stage is on the May flower (Lady's Smock).

Ringlets and Speckled Woods (Figures 12 & 13) feed on grasses and dominate from mid-Summer "in and out of the nooks and crannies in the quiet sunniness".

The Nettle is the target of our migrant **Red-Admiral** (Figure 14).

Do any reader's recall "The Hare's Corner"? In Glenelly Valley, Co. Tyrone, the Author's kith and kin called it *Cuan na nGiorraí* - its last native Gaelic speaker passed over recently. Every field had its "Hare Corner" - a space never managed - a thicket of wild Cherries and Blackthorn; Brambles and Ivy and Wild Grasses and Meadow Flowers. And an "All Ireland" for Butterflies (pronounced - Coonree).

Our **Gatekeeper** (Hedge Brown in Ulster) (Figure 15) hugs hedgerows and edges of fields - where long grasses grow.

And finally our Meadow Browns (Figure 16) - gone scarce around Lough Allua and the Bun Silin River - similar but larger than the Gatekeeper and another "edge-hugger".

Any reader interested and prepared to walk 1.5 - 3kms weekly during Spring/Summer 2011, in support of the National Butterfly Survey, please contact the Author, who would gladly offer training, voluntarily.

TED COOK

(I.N.T.O. Heritage Specialist)

Kilbarry, Macroom, Co. Cork



Fig. 1 Brimstone



Fig. 2 Peacock



Fig. 3 Small Tortoiseshell - Ruan Beag



Fig. 4 Painted Lady - Ailleán



Fig. 5 Silver-washed Fritillary- Fritilean geal



Fig. 6 Common Blue



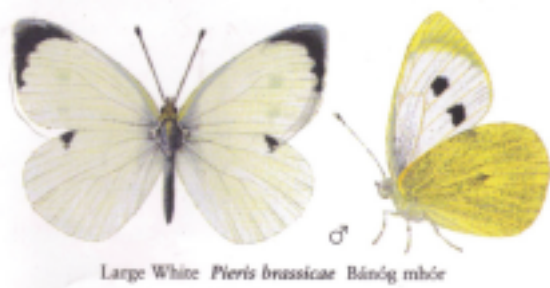
Holly Blue *Celastrina argiolus* Gormán cuilinn

Fig. 7 Holly Blue



Green-veined White *Pieris napi* Bánóg uaine

Fig. 8 Green-Veined



Large White *Pieris brassicae* Bánóg mhór

Fig. 9 Large White



Small White *Pieris rapae* Bánóg bheag

Fig. 10 Small White



Orange Tip *Anthocharis cardamines* Bae buí

Fig. 11 Orange Tip



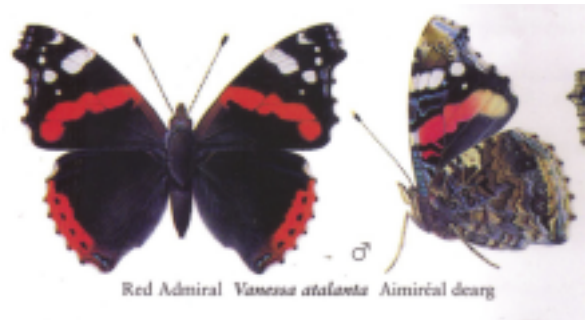
Ringlet *Aphantopus hyperantus* Fáinneog

Fig. 12 Ringlet



Speckled Wood *Pararge aegeria* Breacfhéileacán coille

Fig. 13 Speckled Wood



Red Admiral *Vanessa atalanta* Aimiréal dearg

Fig. 14 Red Admiral



Gatekeeper *Pyronia tithonus* Geatóir

Fig. 15 Gatekeeper



Meadow Brown *Maniola jurtina* Donnóg Pháir

Fig. 16 Meadow Brown

Coláiste na Mumhan: Laethanta tosaigh an Choláiste

le Piaras Béaslaí

Nuair a bhíos féin agus Séan Ó Cuív ag obair ar an Freemans Journal, d'iarr Séan orm cúrsa léacht ar litríocht na Gaeilge thabhairt uaim i gColáiste na Mumhan. Bhí Seán ar na daoine do bhunaigh an Coláiste céanna. – An chéad Choláiste Gaeilge – agus chuir sé spéis mhór ann. Bhí a fhios aige go raibh a lán staidéar déanta agamsa ar stair litríochta na Nua Gaeilge ó aimsir Chéitinn anuas. Do thoilíos chun na léachta thabhairt, agus dhéin Seán an socrú le muintir an Choláiste. Ní hé sin amháin ach chuaigh sé féin agus Osborn Ó h-Aimhirgín lem' chois go Béal Átha an Ghaorthaidh.

Chuamar ar an dtraein go Corcaigh ar dtús agus chaitheamar an oíche ann. An tráth san bhí traein ag dul ó Chorcaigh go Maigh Chromtha. Chuamar go Maigh Chromtha ar an dtraein agus as san amach ní raibh de ghléas iompair againn ach ár rothair, agus breis is fiche míle le gabháil idir ardáin agus ísleáin. Bhaineamar amach Inse Geimhleach ar dtús, agus d'fhostaíomar leapacha san tigh ósta. Annsan ghluaiseamar cois locha go Béal Átha an Ghaorthaidh. Bé an chéad uair dom ann. Bhí sé i ndán dom dhá mhí in aghaidh na bliana a chaitheamh ann le seacht mbliana. D' éiríos an-cheanúil ar an áit agus ar an dúiche mór-thimpeall – Céim an Fhéidh, Gúgán Barra, an Leaca Bhán, Cum na n-Éag, Inse Geimhleach agus a lán áiteanna eile. Chuireas aithne ar na daoine agus d' éiríos an-mhór leo. Nár bh fhada go raibh aithne agam ar gach casadh san bhóthar cois locha go hInse Geimhleach agus beagnach ar gach scairt ann.

Chuala trácht ar an áit sin blianta sular leagas súil air. Nuair a bhíos i Londain –bhíos in aontíos, i n-aon tseomra codlata – le Risteárd Seartan as Béal Áth an Ghaorthaidh, agus bliain níos déanaí i gConradh na Gaeilge i Learphól chuireas aithne ar a dheartháir Seoirse, an té cheap “An Capaillín Bán,” agus bhíos an-mhór leis.

An Chéad Léacht

An chéad lá i mBéal Áth an Ghaorthaidh thugas mo chéad léacht.

Agus faoi dheireadh, nuair a bhí an oíche ag druidim linn, chuamar i dtriúr thar n-ais go h-Inse Geimhleach – sé mhíle eile. Bhíomar tuirseach agus chodlaíomar go sámh an oíche úd.

An chéad bhliain chuireas fúm in Inse Geimhleach, agus bhí orm dhá mhíle déag de rothaíocht a dhéanamh gach lá. Níos déanaí, do chuireas fúm i mBéal Áth an Ghaorthaidh féin. B'fhéarr mar sin é, chun aithne a chur ar na daoine agus Gaeilge a labhairt leo. Níos déanaí fós nuair a bhí an R.I.C. ag bolú timpeall orm, chuireas fúm san Túirín Dubh, i dtigh Mhuintir Thuama, i n-aice leis an nGuagán.

An tráth sin féin, beag nach leath- chéad bhliain ó shín bhíodh Diarmuid Mac Coittir, an seanchaí ag insint scéalta gach tráth go mbíodh céilí ar siúl san Choláiste – faoi mar a bhíonn sé fós, Dia dá bheannacadh.

Ba ghearr go rabhas ag snámh san abhainn, ag rámháíocht sa dá loch nó ag dreapadóireacht ar na cnocaibh. Chuas go minic ar an rothar go Cill Airne nó Neidín agus uaireanta go dtí an Gleann Garbh. Is mó eachtra a bhain dom san taisteal. Lá agus scata againn ag bádóireacht, d'éirigh an ghaoth go h-obann, agus do séideadh sinn isteach i lár phaiste mhóir luachra i bhfad ó imeall an locha, i dtreo is nár bh fhéidir dúinn rámháíocht na snámh ná aon ní dhéanamh ach fanacht mar a raibh againn, ag súil le cabhair. An ghaoth do tháinig i gcabhair orainn faoi dheireadh.

D'iompáigh sí, agus do shéid amach sinn ós na luachra..

Tráthnóna eile chuas ar féin i go Cum Rua in éineacht le beirt bhan agus gearrchaile óg. Nuair a shroicheadh deireadh an ghleanna, i bhfad ón loch, níorbh fholáir linn dul ag dreapadh suas éadan an chnoic a bhí romhainn, agus níorbh aon dóichín é mar shaothar. Nuair a tháingamar go barr an chnoic do shuíomar síos, ag leogaint ár scíthe agus ag féachaint ar an radharc breá..

Nár bh fhada dúinn mar sin nuair do thit néal cheo anuas do bhain dinn radharc na sléibhte. Tháinig beagán scanradh ar na mná.

“Ní baol dúinn,” arsa mise. “Fanaimís anso go n-imeoidh an ceo.”

D'fhanamar, ach níor imigh an ceo. Faoi dheireadh thugas faoi ndeara go raibh an oíche ag druidim linn.

“Ní fearr-de dúinn an oíche a chaitheamh anso,” arsa mise. “Caithfimis tuirlingt sula mbéarfáidh an dorchadas orainn. Tabharfaimid faoi, i n-ainm Dé”.

Ba dhána an iarracht í, ach bhí na mná misniúil go leor. B'éigean dom dul ar tosach, mé féin a ligeadh

síos carraig agus annsan na mná a thabhairt anuas im' bhaclainn, gach duine acu i ndiaidh a chéile, agus bé an scéal céanna é ag an gcéad charraig eile. B' fhuirist sleamhnú san leath-dorchadas agus cos a leonadh. Bhí an ghluaiseacht ana-mhall, ní nárbh ionadh, ach bé toil Dé gur éirigh linn teacht slán gan bascadh gan barrthuisle go talamh cothrom an ghleanna i ndeireadh na dála. Faoi an am san, bhí lán dorchadas na hoíche ann.

Bhíomar traochta. Shíneamar ar an bhféar. Ba ghearr go bhfacamar na soilse ag déanamh orainn. Scata fear ón nGuagán a bhí ann a tháinig ár lorg agus tóirsí ar lasadh acu. Bhíomar buíoch díobh, ach bhíomar tar éis sinn féin d'fhuascailt.

Bé an Dochtúir Ó Dála a bhí ina Uachtarán ar an gColáiste – sagairt greannmhar go leor – a bhí ag co-oibriú le Séan Ó Cuív agus leis An Aimhirgíneach chun “litriú simplí” a chur chun cinn. Fear ón Astráil ab ea é. B'iontach an teangaire é. Bhí sé amuigh air go labhraíodh sé breis is tríochad teanga. Dá chlisteacht é bhí sé beagán ait i gcónaí, agus faoi dheireadh, fuair an t-aiteas an lámh uachtair ar an gcéill aige, agus b'éigean dá chairde aire a thabhairt do i dtigh faoi leith. Ansin bhí an Dochtúir Gearóid Ó Nualláin as Mánuat mar Uachtarán againn – scoláire léanta Ultach do labhair Gaeilge na Mumhan go cruinn is go líofa.

Nuair a tháinig ré na n-Óglach do cuireadh complacht Óglach ar bun i mBéal Áth an Ghaorthaidh. Mé féin a thug an teagasc dóibh, agus bhíos an-mhóralach astu. Annsan nuair a thug na h-Aisteoirí - buíon a chuireas féin ar bun i mBaile Átha Cliath – nuair a thugadar turas ar Ghaeltachtaí na Mumhan, níorbh é mo dhearmad gan iad a thabhairt go Béal Áth an Ghaorthaidh – agus Inse Geimhleach – mar ar léiríodar dráma do cheapas féin.

Gael maith ab ea an sagairt óg i nInse Geimhleach – An tAthair Éamonn Mac Gearailt (as Cill Airne) – dearthár do “Dick Mac Gearailt, an gaiscíoch peile thug a ainm do Pháirc an Ghearaltaigh i gCill Airne agus níor thaise don sagairt óg i mBéal Áth an Ghaorthaidh, An tAthair Séamus Ó Cealacháin. Blianta níos déanaí do mhairbh na Dubh Chronaigh an tAthair Séamus i gCathair Chorcaí.

San bhliain 1914 do tionóladh an tOireachtas i gCill Airne i ndeireadh mí Iúil. Chuaigh scata againn ó Bhéal Áth an Ghaorthaidh go Cill Airne ar rothair. B'éigean dúinn éirí go hana-mhoch ar maidin agus daichead míle shlí a chur dinn de dhroim na gcnoc. B'éigean dúinn a lán siúlóide a dhéanamh ag dul suas na cnoic. Bhí stoirm ann agus a lán ceathanna. Geallaim díbh go rabhas tuirseach traochta fliuch nuair bhaineas amach Cill Airne.

Tar éis an Oireachtais chaitheas seachtain eile i gCiarraí, i n-éineacht le m' ghaolta. Nuair fhilleas ar Bhéal Átha an Ghaorthaidh bhí an chéad Chogadh mór ar siúl.

Bhí seana-bhean san dúthaigh sin gur bhreá liom bheith ag comhrá léi. Bhí an cogadh ag déanamh buartha di. Dubhairt sí liom go raibh airgead i dtaisce aici i mBanc Oifige an Phoist. An mbeadh aon bhaol ar a cuid airgid?. Dubhairt-sa ná beadh, ach bhí amhras aici fós gach lá bhíodh sí im' cheistiú i dtaobh an chogaidh.

La des na laethanta bhí ar an Examiner aistriúchán ar litir an Phápa ag ordú do dhaoine guí chun Dé ar son síochána. San uimhir chéanna den pháipéar bhí leidir ó Liam Ó Briain, an “M.P.” fear mór le rá i gCorcaigh á rá ná déanfaidh an cogadh ach díobháil do chách. An lá san, nuair a thugas chuaird ar mo sheanamhnaoi, bhí dealramh an-sásta uirthi.

“Cloisim go mbeidh síocháin againn,” ar sise. “Cloisim go bhfuil an Pápa agus Liam Ó Briain chun socrú dhéanamh eatarthu.”

I dtuairim na sean-mhná bhí Liam Ó Briain chomh mór d'fhear leis an bPápa nó le h-Impire na Gearmáine.

Chuas go Béal Áth an Ghaorthaidh arís i lár an gheimhridh. Bhí Cluad a' Cheabhasa tar éis cuaird a thabhairt ar an dTuirín Dubh, agus do gháibh Sáirsint an RIC, an Sáirsint Appleby, é nuair nach dtabharfadh sé freagra Béarla air. Do daoradh chun príosúin é go ceann seachtaine. Nuair do saoradh é chuas-sa, agus Peadar Ó h-Annracháin, agus Cluad lenár gcois, go Béal Áth an Ghaorthaidh agus labhraíomar ag tionól poiblí san tsráid.

Nuair a chuas thar n-ais go dtí an Coláiste san samhradh, bhí athrú mór ar an áit. Bhí deireadh leis an gcomplacht óglach a bhunaíos ann. Ghabh cuid acu le hArm Shasana agus níor tháingadar riamh thar n-ais ón bhFhrainc. Bhí Óglaigh na hÉireann scoilte ina dhá leath faoin am seo. Bhí an Sáirsint Appleby an-naimhdeach domsa agus bhí an Dochtúir Ó Dálaigh beagnach as a mheabhair le neart neirbhíse agus easpa chodlata. Bhí Séan Ó h-Éigearthaigh, oifigeach óglach, amuigh ag an Tuirín Dubh, ar díbirt as Cathair Chorcaí ag na Gallaibh.

Chuas féin amach do dtí an Túirín Dubh agus chuireas fúm ann, d'fhonn bheith níos saoire ón Sáirsint Appleby agus a bhuíon ag bolú timpeall. Bhí saol socair sásta agam i dteannta na mac léinn i dTigh Mhuintir Thuama.

Thugainn léacht san Choláiste gach lá, ach i ndeire na seachtaine nuair a bhíos saor, bhíos chun dul go Droichead Uí Mhórdha i gCiarraí ar an rothar. Bhí coinne déanta agam le cailín as Neidín.

Istoíche Dé hAoine timpeall mheán oíche agus sinne inár suí go déanach san Túirín Dubh ag gabháil amhrán do baineadh preab asainn. Tháinig an Dochtúir Ó Dálaigh isteach chugam agus dealramh an-chorraithe air. Bhí sé tar éis siúl amach ón sráid breis is trí mhíle san dorchadas. Labhair sé liom agus d'inis scéal éigin gan bun gan barr dom i dtaobh an Choláiste. Is é thuigeas-sa gur theastaigh uaidh go bhfanfainn san áit amárach agus rang a mhúineadh.

Dúirt nárbh fhéidir, go raibh coinne déanta agam le duine eile agus na raibh aon bhreith agam ar scéal a chur chun an duine sin i n-am. Labhair sé liom go bagrach annsan, agus d'imigh chun trí míle eile chur de i n-am marbh na hoíche.

Is dóigh liom gur shíl sé go rabhas chun gníomh dána éigin a dhéanamh in éineacht le hóglaigh eile – droichead a phléascadh san spéir nó ruathar chun airm d'fháil. Pé scéal é chuas ar maidin go Droichead Uí Mhorda, agus ansan go Cill Airne. Chuas thar n-ais go dtí an Coláiste Dé Luain, leanas do sna léachta, agus níor chuala a thuilleadh mar gheall ar an scéal. Ach ba ghearr gur bhris ar a mheabhair ar fad ag an nDochtúir bocht.

Sa bhliain 1916 níor fhéadas dul go Béal Áth an Ghaorthaidh, mar bhíos faoi ghlas i Sasana tar éis an éirí amach. Do scaoileadh saor mé bliain níos déanaí in am chun téarma chaitheamh san Choláiste. Bé mo théarma deiridh é. An chéad bhliain eile bhíos ar mo choimeád i mBaile Átha Cliath, ag gabhail d'obair na n-ógach. An bhliain na dhiaidh sin bhíos faoi ghlas i Sasana arís. D' éalaíos as príosún níos déanaí ach as san amach do dtí an sos cogaidh bhí tóir orm.

Nuair a bhíos i bpríosún i Portland Shasana tar éis an éirí amach, agus gan breith agam ar labhairt leis na hóglaigh eile, mo chomh phríosúnaigh, is minic a shamhlaíos dom féin go rabhas-sa in Uíbh Laoghaire arís. Cheapas dán mar gheall air

“An Fiach Dubh” Seo cur síos air:

I nGleann Deasmhumhan i Múscraí bhíos –sa
's na lom-chnoic dhubha go dlúth im' thimpeall
Bhí brothall tar meon le ró-neart gréine ann
Solas go seoigh ar bhórdaibh fhraoch- chnoc
Bhí an loch os mo chomhair go lonrach glé geal
Cothrom gan ceo gan leoithne ag séideadh
Bhí buachaill i mbád i lár na linne
'S ar bhruach an oileáin bhí gártha bruinneall

Piaras Béaslaí, 1953



Ballingearry Students

1939 CORK CONVERSATIONS

WITH JULIA CREED OF POPE'S QUAY, CORK AND BALLINGEARY
AND HER SON, MICHEÁL O'RIORDAN

By Manus O'Riordan

Introduction

The Athol Books link http://free-downloads.atholbooks.org/pamphlets/connolly_america.pdf to my 1971 University of New Hampshire thesis "Connolly in America" indicates how long-standing have been my disagreements with his Connolly Association biographer and "Irish Democrat" editor, **C. Desmond Greaves** (d. 1988). This article is nonetheless written in appreciation of how authentically and accurately Greaves captured the personalities and outlook of both my Pope's Quay, Cork city father, Micheál O'Riordan (1917-2006), and his Illauninagh, Ballingearry mother, Julia Creed (d. 1965), in conversations that he had recorded in his July 1939 journal. Those journal extracts were sent to my father on 24 June 1991, accompanied by a covering letter in which C.D. Greaves's literary executor, Anthony Coughlan, explained:

"You remember that I gave you a photocopy of the section of CDG's journal dealing with his first visit to the South of Ireland in 1939, referring to his visit to Cork and first meeting with yourself (when my father was 21 years of age – MO'R). I have now done out this on computer disc and enclose a copy of the relevant section, in case you might find it interesting and would care to have it and would find this more legible than CDG's handwriting. Who was the other Riordan he refers to in the text, I wonder, as against yourself, given as 'O'Riordan'?"

These July 1939 journal extracts fill in a blank for the period preceding my father's imprisonment in the Curragh Internment Camp from February 1940 to August 1943, but subsequent to a lengthy letter on history and politics that he had written from Pope's Quay in April 1939. [See www.irelandscw.com/libvol-MoR1939.htm for its full text.] In that letter my father explained how, as a member of the Communist Party of Ireland, he had been directed to remain a dual member of the IRA, saying that it "can be a great force for Good or Evil, in the sense that it is the major Revolutionary Force in Ireland".

The authentic character of my grandmother's exchanges with Greaves – not least her insistence on the power of prayer - will be all the better appreciated in the light of what my father himself had written of Julia Creed – as well as of his Inchinossig father, Micheál Snr - in the July-August 1986 issue of "New Hibernia":



Julia Creed of Illauninagh with her Inchinossig husband Micheál O Riordan Snr and their eldest child Diarmuid

"Naturally, the 50th anniversary year (of the outbreak of the anti-fascist war) evokes personal memories back to the day I left my native Cork to go to Spain. Politically it was not a problem making the decision, but personally it was not all that easy. My parents were sincere unpretentious Catholics, and I was conscious that they would face all the pro-Franco hysterical propaganda, of which Fr. Paul O'Sullivan was but a typical example. I left a note trying to explain as simply as I could why I was going, not to the war, but to a good job hundreds of miles from the front. Some thirty five years later, when I completed the manuscript of Connolly Column – the story of the Irishmen who fought in the International Brigade – I dedicated it 'to the memory of my father who, because of the propaganda against the Spanish Republic in Ireland, did not agree with my going to Spain, but who also disagreed more with our 'coming back and leaving your Commander Frank Ryan behind'. My mother, I know, spent a small fortune getting Masses said for me. I never could get to know whether they were for my safe survival or for my 'conversion'. I suspect it was a sort of an each way bet. It is one of the

good memories of my life that - although there was a little tension, a degree of embarrassment, with some perplexity thrown in - when I returned from Spain, the relations between the three of us resumed their normal good parents-son one. I remain ever thankful to both of them for that." [See www.irelandscw.com/libvol-ORiordan.htm for more on my father.]

I have no further comments to make on what follows from Greaves, except for four brief points of clarification and one significant amendment. Firstly, the unnamed carillon to which he referred was obviously the Bells of Shandon. Secondly, the basic two-way split in the river Lee gave that visiting Merseysider the optical illusion that Cork was a city of many rivers and canals. (But his sense of smell was both acute and accurate. I myself can still vividly recall experiencing the foul odour that used to emanate from the Lee at low tide, while sitting in my grandmother's front bedroom on Pope's Quay during successive summer visits from the mid 1950s to 60s.) Thirdly, Jim Hickey was the name of the Labour Mayor in question. Fourthly, Greaves and his cycling companion, John, were attired in shorts. Greaves was to wear shorts yet again on a post-war lecture visit to Cork, much to the embarrassment of his Socialist hosts - being no less orthodox on dress codes than their fellow Corkonians - who nevertheless failed to persuade Desmond to change into a more conventional pair of trousers.

The name of my father's CPI/IRA/International Brigade comrade from the Spanish War, whom Greaves also met on that Cork visit, was not, however, 'Riordan', but Jim Regan - of Sunday's Well, Cork - and I have amended Anthony Coughlan's transcript accordingly. From my own childhood, I would have known Jim Regan as both a friend and political associate of my family, our last meeting being in September 1975 at the Clonakilty funeral of my maternal aunt and godmother, Máire Keohane Sheehan. I would also add that Greaves cannot have so accurately recalled Regan's account of the British army's burning of Cork city in 1920, as Jim would never have attributed it to the landing of marines! Much more important to note, however, is the fact that there is a particularly sad irony attached to this account of a July 1939 meeting, when we realise that, despite being opposed to Seán Russell's IRA bombing campaign, Jim Regan's own sense of IRA loyalty finally impelled him to volunteer for active service in England. Arrested and charged with conspiracy and possession of explosives, he was tried - under his full name of James F. O'Regan - at London's Central Criminal Court in October 1939. Sentenced to 20 years penal servitude, he would serve as many as nine years, in brutalising conditions. When my father married my Clonakilty mother Kay Keohane in November 1946, their honeymoon took the form of a journey to Parkhurst Prison, on the Isle of Wight, in order to visit Jim Regan and his fellow Irish Republican prisoners, including Joe Collins of Dunmanway, who had been convicted under his *nom de guerre* of "Conor Mac Nessa". Following a campaign initiated by Eoin "Meet-the-Clans" O'Mahony of Cork, in which a key role was played by playwright Seán O'Casey, all 30 Republican prisoners in Britain would be released two years later, Jim Regan in September 1948 and Joe Collins in December 1948. So, now, to the account of the first, July 1939, visit of C. Desmond Greaves to the county and city of Cork.

Manus O'Riordan

1939 OBSERVATIONS AND CONVERSATIONS IN CORK

Killarney - July 22, Sat. ...Then we returned to Killarney. There was a town dance on, which kept us awake late, as periodically there would be terrific rhythmic stampings and cries of "Ooh!" as the old folk-jigs and polkas were danced. And the sound of the fiddles scraping away gave a great air of festivity to the evening. After that, everybody paraded the streets one way and another, and it was readily discernible that nine-tenths of the population were almost blind drunk.

Killarney, Kenmare, Glengarriff, Macroom, CORK - July 23, Sun.

On what turned out to be the first fine and hot day, with a bright sun which put the finishing touches to our already tanned skin, and stimulated the irritation of the insect bites, we cycled to Cork, through Windy Gap, along the fjord coast of West Cork, and through the hills to the east. This ride was the star-turn of our holiday, including wonderful mountain scenery in Kerry, and coast scenery at Glengarriff, which was further rendered interesting by the profusion of semitropical vegetation. Our old friend the fuchsia reappeared in the region immediately surrounding Glengarriff. Of course the roads are frightful, loose slate and only half made up. As

we were riding all day there were no incidents. It was interesting seeing the people going to Mass in their best clothes. We saw cart-loads of them on wagons bearing prominently the title "No passengers", and children wearing the white satin frocks and white stockings of fifty years ago... But this part of the country is clearly more prosperous. There is much greater variation in the size of the farms, and in the main a tendency towards middle peasant holdings.

We found a suitable place in Cork, where there was a garrulous old Scotchman staying. We were followed there by a few small children attracted by our unusual appearance. And our hosts asked if we felt cold – and were silenced by the talking Scotchman who said we were travelling the only sensible way. We had left Killarney in company with a young cyclist from Liverpool who spent a few weeks in between spells of casual or semi-casual employment in travelling about the land of his ancestors. Again in Cork we met Liverpool over and over again. Everybody we met in Cork this evening had been there at one time or another..



C Desmond Greaves

CORK - July 24, Mon. In the morning we went to look up a party member, Michael O'Riordan, at 37 Pope's Quay. Cork, like Dublin, has its quays. When we went for a walk around it in the afternoon, we noticed, however, first, that instead of one river Cork has many, that the whole town is divided and intersected by small canals; and second, that the water is a filthy green and smells abominably. Apart from that, Cork is the finest city in Ireland, without a doubt.

We saw O'Riordan's mother. He wasn't in. "Might you be connected with this International Brigade?" "We are." She became hostile. "Well, I'm sorry, I don't believe in it. I think no good will come of it. I don't believe in politics, and I'm sorry Michael ever had anything to do with it." "I'm sorry we don't agree." "Don't agree! But wasn't it to be a terrible thing, all the young boys dying in Spain" – she was quite a nice old lady after all – "and Michael going off like that, and we wondering what had become of him!" "There are two sides to it, of course", we agreed. "Ah, it's nearly killed his father, him an old man with his hair white. It's too much worry we had over it." "But he came back." "He did. But what is after bringing him back? Prayers, it is! It's only that! He'll be in at three o'clock and I'll tell him you've called and hold him back for you. What is your name?" "Desmond Greaves." The name Desmond worked wonders. She smiled her approval – and, her nationalist feelings getting the better of her, she chatted merrily for a good ten minutes, wanting to hear all the details of the exile's return, as she thought it must be.

However, we decided to go to Cobh, but to get back by three. We were stopped half way, however, by violent rainstorms. Our devil's luck had deserted us, and we had to shelter under a yew tree until we were invited into a cottage. The young man who chatted with us was against the IRA men who "didn't know how to conduct themselves", but was loud in his praises of the IRA who had "fought for the independence of their country". Everybody again asked if it would be war: "I hope it won't be a war", they said, "for the sake of the boys". They wanted to be assured that there really was conscription in England, and on hearing that John was a militia-man, brought in the neighbours to have a chat with him.

However, we got back to Cork in time to see O'Riordan, a very fine comrade who was several times mentioned in despatches in the Spanish war. His first question, after the usual formalities of how we liked Ireland and saying there were a lot of Irish in Liverpool, was about the attitude of the CPGB (Communist Party of Great Britain) to the IRA bombings. I told him what we had said, and he agreed with it. I was not then aware of what had, since my departure, been published in the Daily Worker, and neither was he. Dublin were slack in sending him material and he got all his literature – CI (Communist International), Inprecors, and so on – from the United States. He had contacts in New York and Frisco, in which two centres the American party

is mainly concentrated. He had to get back to work, but he arranged to meet us on Patrick's Bridge in the evening.

It was then we explored Cork, going to see the Cathedral, and following the various canals and quays. There is a very remarkable carillon above the place where we stayed, and of course we were advised to go and see it. But the children were able to prevent us. Not content with sniggering and calling "hikers" at us, they must crowd around us shouting the way to the church with the bells, adding in the same breath "and now give us a copper". At other times they would come pattering up to us asking for money without even the pretence of giving information. At last I decided to use a stratagem, and said, "Be off, or I'll bring a policeman!" This worked like a charm – they went scampering off in all directions, and goodness knows how it got around, we were never again pestered in Cork, despite looks of surprise on the faces of some of the locals. Now, by English standards, our appearance was highly respectable!

... Later we met (Jim) Regan, a friend of O'Riordan, also of the IB (International Brigade) and a party member, who told us that O'Riordan would not be about for a while. We went into a pub, and I had a whiskey... Regan does not drink. He explained that everybody he had known to begin, had ended by taking too much, and that he therefore neither drank nor smoked. This was startlingly borne out later on, as at tap-stop the pubs disgorged dozens upon dozens of drunken men who, whatever their age, sang and jostled their way along the broad pavements of Patrick Street, three sheets to the wind. I remarked upon the fine buildings. "Well, to be sure, we've got the British Government to thank for them." "Oh! How?" "Well, in 1920 they landed their marines here and sacked the town, set fire to the whole south side of Patrick Street, besides shelling the other side. So when the trouble (sic) was over they had to pay compensation, and build it up all over again. Many people say it's a pity they didn't burn down both sides, and then we'd have the finest street in Ireland." ... But I liked Cork. It has a truly metropolitan atmosphere; and again, as J and I remarked, there is the strange similarity to Liverpool. Only now that we have seen Dublin, Limerick and Cork (I saw Belfast years ago) is it possible to trace the origins of those characteristic elements of the vastly more complex port of Liverpool. Cardiff + Cork + Belfast = Liverpool. Liverpool is one of the Western circuit – not an English city.

We also discussed the Irish attitude to Fascism. A few years ago (it was, in fact, months – MO'R) the Mayor of Cork had refused to attend a civic reception for a German naval unit. But this was on the grounds of the disrespect shown by the Nazis on the death of the Pope, not for political reasons. There is some ambivalence in the Irish attitude, made up of sympathy with German grievances with rough treatment at the hands of Britain, a certain sympathy with German propaganda regarding British misrule in Palestine, and a certain persistence of the idea that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. For example, Hitler's entry into the Rhineland was compared to a possible Irish occupation of Ulster. But two factors tended to change the Irish attitude; first the annexation of Czechoslovakia, which is felt to be a country similar to Ireland, and second the intensified persecution of Catholics. In addition, the close collaboration between Germany and Japan, whose robber war in China is so strongly resented in Ireland, has tended since Munich to alienate sympathy from Germany, which no longer can pose as champion of small nations. Also Hitler is regarded as the man who is liable to cause world war.

The Mayor of Cork is the first Labour Mayor of the city. There are 5 Labour councillors, out of 15, the rest being either Fianna Fáil or Fine Gael. Proportional representation results in a much fairer disposition of seats among the parties. The workers of Ireland are 75% organised and the Trade Union movement is relatively stronger than in Britain. Wages are better. There is no official connection between Labour and the Trade Unions except that the same persons run both... We have thus a social-democratic Labour party, without TU or Co-op finance. There is a general apathy among workers. Éire is separated by Britain from European struggles, and even the natural alertness of the people tends to be lulled if they stand in the shadow of such a great power. Also, nobody feels that Ireland is capable of playing a part in world affairs, and nobody in the country wants her to try, as the penalties would certainly outweigh the advantages.

O'Riordan proposed we should go and have a drink. We pointed out that it was 11 o'clock, an hour after closing time, and that though we were bona fide travellers, they were certainly not. But he took us to the side-

door of a pub, knocked three times, and waited until the door was cautiously opened and we were let in. There, in the darkened bar, in the dim reflected light from a distant street-lamp, relieved only by an occasional reddening of a pipe or a cigarette, we discovered about twenty customers, drinking in dead silence, steadily and continuously, or stopping to talk in whispers and undertones. It was a strange sight, and it was there, and under the influence of the stout, that O'Riordan explained to me that he and Regan were still members of the IRA, and that as such they were liable to arrest. They would have to keep silence and refuse to plead, under the rules of the IRA. But, of course, they would adopt the communist method of defending themselves and making a platform.

But O'Riordan felt most bitterly, he said, the tragedy of his young comrades of the IRA (many of whom would have fought with him in Spain), under their bad leadership, with all sincerity, going over to England to cause unnecessary friction with a potentially friendly people, and losing ten, fifteen, or twenty of their best years, in the service of a mistaken cause. It was true, of course, that partition must be remedied before the Irish movement could ever turn towards the questions of social revolution. Republican traditions would remain in their primitive anarchistic condition until Ulster was returned to Éire. But when de Valera was already making such good progress, these attempts would only harden things. He remarked that the Catholic Church had come out against the bombings, but just as he, as a Catholic from birth – who felt it was hard even now not to be a Catholic – had gone to Spain despite O'Duffy's reactionary alliance with the Church, so these young men braved excommunication as well as jail. They were splendid types. There was in Ireland a great deal of anticlericalism which would be expressed round the peat fires by the farm labourers, but which everybody would keep silent on in the street. It would not do, for example, even in 'the rebel Cork' (sic), for them to profess anything but complete agreement with Catholicism. Their fellow-workers would otherwise have no faith in them.

He finally explained how the apathy of the people was contributed to by de Valera. First Cosgrave had disappointed them. He came into power at the end of the trouble (sic) because he was against pursuing the national struggle any further than would give them political autonomy. They wanted peace. He gave it to them. Then they realised it was peace on the terms of the Anglo-Irish big bourgeoisie. They voted in then the petty-bourgeois de Valera who carried the revolution a little further. But he was failing them; the labour movement was sunk in economism – communism (is) unknown – and but for the short time when de Valera appealed to the masses over the Trade War with Britain, there had been a gradually increasing disillusionment with all politicians. This also is the basis for IRA activities – the helplessness and defeatism of republicanism under de Valera's government. Finally, after promising to send O'Riordan Daily Workers, and listening to the Scotchman, we went to bed.

Cork, Fermoy, Mitchelstown ... July 25, Tues. In the morning we set off. Our devil's luck as regards the weather reasserted itself. It rained to right, to left of us, before and behind us – but, with the exception of a shower at Mitchelstown, not on us. The journey was through interesting country, mainly in the valleys between mountain ranges. The country seemed fairly prosperous, with a deal of dairying going on; the bogs were absent; there were numerous co-operative creameries... We went on to Kilkenny...

C. Desmond Greaves, July 1939

An Domhnach ins na Dachadaí

le Seán Ó hUiginn

Is é an fáth gur thogh mé 'An Domhnach' mar théama ná toisc go bhfuil cuimhní deasa taitneamhacha agam air le linn mo óige, ar 'Bhóthar an Locha in Inse Gheimhleach. Ba mhaith liom iad a roinnt leis na seanóirí go háirithe, mar déarfainn go mbeidh a lán des na cuimhní céanna acu. Tá súil agam go mbeidh suim ag na daoine óga iontu leis – ní thuigfidh siad conas a d'éirigh linn maireachtáil, gan aibhléis, gan uisce reatha, gan teilifís, gan faic na fríde!

Tá mé ag cuimhneamh anois ar an dtréimhse go raibh An Dara Cogadh Domhanda in a lár, nuair a bhí gach rud gann, éadaí, íle, arán agus an tae féin fiú, gan trácht in aon chor ar mhilseáin, toitíní agus solas. Ach bhí muc sa bhairille, prátaí agus tornapaí sa pháirc, bainne na mbó agus na ngabhar, uibheacha na gcearc, na lachan agus fiú na ngéanna, ar uairibh againn. Bhí móin sa phortach, broсна sna clathacha, comharsana flaithiúla ag scoraíocht le scéalta faoin droch aimsir fadó! Ní raibh cíos, cás ná cathú orainn agus iontas na n-iontas bhí an Domhnach i gcónaí le teacht i ndeireadh na seachtaine agus níl insint scéil ar an ardú meanman a thug sé sin do dhuine óg, ar aon chuma. Nár tharla gach uile rud níos iontaí ná a chéile ar an nDomhnach, gan an tAifreann féin a chur san áireamh in aon chor. Bhí cluichí peile sa pháirc agus cinn eile níos fearr fós ag Micheál ó hÉithir ar an raidió, lúth-chleasa, bádóireacht, fiach agus lámhach agus iascaireacht, cuairt ar chairde scoile agus ar chomharsana a thabharfadh canta breá aráin duit, clúdaithe le h-im an fheirmeora agus le subh na sméara dubha.

Is mór an ní an méid

San oíche is minic i rith an gheimhridh, ar aon chuma, go raibh ceol-choirm nó dráma nó tráth na gceist san halla. Is cuimhin liom Séamus Ó Seaghadha agus Norrie Cronin ag dul i ngleic lena chéile i gcaobh an chomórtais ; faid thrastomhas leath-phingín an cheist a cuireadh orthu! Níor chreideamar, ach b' é an freagra ná orlach (2.5 cm) agus bhí fhios ag an Uasal Ó Seaghadha faoi. Chaithfeá ceithre rogha a thabhairt dos na pleidhchí i 'Who wants to be a millionaire' anois, chun cruach-cheist mar sin a láimhseáil. B' iad na réalta móra sna coirmeacha ceoil ná Dan Jack (Sullivan) go bhfuil a iníon Ann i bhfeighil an Briar Rose anois agus Fr. Charlie Lynch, deartháir le 'naomh' Jack é féin. Agus nach acu go raibh na hamhráin áille, Three Lovely Lassies in Bannion, de Banks, The Flower of Finea, Mollie Bawn agus gan amhras, My Inchigeela Lass, a bhí ábhairín dána is eagal liom mar go rabhthas ar a tóir ó Chéimíns go Curraichín agus ó Dhoire Mheán go Drom na gCapall. Ní raibh na seanbhuachaillí chomh neamh-urchóideach sin in aon chor, nuair a smaoiníofar orthu i gceart.

Craic sa Chistin

Agus ní raibh na hoícheanta Domhnaigh sa bhaile ró-olc ach oiread. Bhí clár raidió d' arbh ainm 'Round the Fire' in a gcanadh Séan Ó Síocháin, ó Ré na nDoirí cúpla amhrán breá, mar ' Bhuachaillí Bharr na Sráide, The Rocks of Bawn, Roddy Mc Corley agus go leor eile. Nuair a bhíodh seana-bháls deas, rugadh m'aintín Peg greim orm, chun dul amach ar an 'urlár suimint' léi ag rince- macalla Mháire Mhac an tSaoi agus a Jack féin, 'stracaire fionn sé troithe ar airde'. Is dócha gur ann a fuair an grá don rince don chéad uair, ar a shon nach mó ná sásta a bhíodh sí le mo iarrachtaí agus le mo chéimeanna ciotacha. Ach bhaineadh sé féin agus Tim Kearney, Thady Cronin, Paddy Herlihy, Con Lucey, Mall, agus John Murphy, Leath-ghníomh agus a lán des na cearrbhaigh eile, spréacharnaigh as an urlár. Ba iontach na cosa aiclé, éadroma a bhí ag na fir mhóra sin fiú tar éis seachtain dhian sclábhaíochta sna páirceanna agus sna portaigh.

Aon oíche go mbíodh Pat Lehane, athair Connie, a bhí gníomhach i ngach rud i mBéal Átha, beannacht Dé leis, i láthair, chanadh sé amhráin bhreátha traidisiúnta lena a shúile dúnta agus greim láimhe aige ar an nduine ba chónagaraí dó. Ní chanadh sé an líne dheireanach, ach é a rá amach go neamh-bhalbh. Fuair Éamonn Kelly an seanchaí clúiteach i gclár Din Joe, 'Take the Floor', a lán dá scéalta, dá smaointe agus dá ráitis ghreannmhara ó Paat. Níor thuigeas é san am go rabhas ag féachaint ar shaol shaibhir a bhí ag imeacht go mear gan tasc gan tuairisc ach amháin, b'fhéidir gur lean sé tamaillín eile ag Seán Ó Liatháin, Carraig Bhán, John Fox nó Tom Taylor.

Tús maith leath na hoibre

Dáiríre, thosaigh an Domhnach ar shlí, maidin Dé Satharn. I dtosach báire, bhí carn mór bróga le glanadh agus le snasú. In a dhiaidh sin bhí glantachán cuimsitheach le déanamh ar an gcistin, cathaoireacha, staighre, cosa agus barr an bhoird, an settle (tolg) agus an t-urlár suimint féin ar deireadh thiar thall. Ná dearmad anois, go raibh

an t-uisce go léir le tarraingt ón dtobar, cúpla céad slat suas an bóithrín aimhréidh ag bun an chnoic. Geallaimse duit nach gcaithfeá an tuisce céanna amach gan trí nó ceithre húsáid éagsúla a bhaint as, ag críochnú leis an urlár.

Agus ansin i ndeireadh thiar thall, ar fad ar fad, do nigh tú féin i mbáisín uisce bog-the os comhair na tine. Deirtear anois go magúil gan amhras, go ndearna muid sinn féin a ní síos chomh fada agus ab' fhéidir agus suas chomh fada agus ab' fhéidir agus nach ndearna muid ach 'fhéidir' é féin a ní ach uair nó dhó sa bhliain, Nollaig agus Cáisc is dócha! Ach nímis sinn féin thíos ar bhruach an locha go hiomlán ar fad ar fad, tráthnóna breá samhraidh éigin.

Agus chaithfeá an gnó a dhéanamh go tapaidh ar eagla go mbeadh na leaideanna ó Gráig, Na Doiríní nó Tír-na – Spideoige ag spléachadh ón dtaobh thall den loch! Bhí Donie Hallissey, Timmy F. O'Laoghaire, Paddens, Burts agus Muintir Uí Chrualaoi agus ó Buachalla, an-ghéarchúiseach, go mór mó, dá mbeadh radharc suimiúil rompu amach!

Cinnté, rinne an carbolic soap a jab go huile 's go hiomlán ionas nach raibh frídín ghalair ar bith fágtha in aon bhall(!) go ceann míosa. Táthar ann leis a mhaígh, gurbh iontach an córas frith-ghiniúna an carbolic céanna- ó bhraithfeá ábhairín dóite teasáí in áiteanna mhaotha(tender] ar feadh tamaill, ceart go leor!

Gan amhras ní cheart dúinn a bheith ag tabhairt aon aird ar na bligeáird sin agus an Domhnach beannaithe á phlé againn. Ní raibh le déanamh tar éis an Choróinn Mhuire agus na "trimmings" ansin ach na héadaí Domhnaigh a chur ar chathaoireacha os comhair na tine ionas go mbeadh siad go deas teolaí le cur ort an mhaidin dár gcionn. Chaithfeá aire faoi leith a thabhairt do chlóca mo shean-mháthar.

Breacadh an lae

Thosaigh an lá mór timpeall a 5 a' clog. Bhuel, nach raibh an tae le déanamh sula smaoinfeá ar rud ar bit ! Ansin, amach linn chun na ba agus an capall a bhreith isteach. Ba' álainn an rud é, maidin shamhraidh, a bheith ag siúl ar an ndrúcht ag féachaint ar an gceo ar na locha agus ag éisteacht le 'binn guth na n-eon'. Nuair a bhí na ba crúite agus na cuinneoga bainne ullamh don uachtarlann, chuireamar na héadaí Domhnaigh agus na bróga snasta orainn. Le 'gruaig nua-chíortha', léine bhán ar nós na cinn bhreátha a dhéanann Denis Hurley, Lee Valley, bheifeá in ard-fhoirm ag tabhairt faoi Aifreann, an Domhnaigh agus an saol mór go léir; le ceol i do chroí, gan buairt gan brón.

Tar éis na huachtarlainne cheanglófa an capall i gclós Uí Chorcoráin, leis na cinn eile go léir ó Mhuir a' Mhadra, Meall, Gort na h-Uchtaí, Curaichín Gort na Lobhar, Ceapach an Chláir, Drom na gCapall agus go leor eile. Bheifeá díreach in am don chéad Aifreann ag tosnú ar a hocht a' clog.

Is é an chéad rud a chloisfeá sa tSéipéal ná: 'ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meum'. Fuair eas amach in a dhiaidh sin i gColáiste Íosagáin, ón mBráthair Bernardine gurab é ba chiall leis ná go rabhamar ag dul chun Dé le háthas agus le sonas. Ní fhacamar aghaidh an tsagairt in a dhiaidh sin ach nuair a d'iompaigh sé timpeall chun 'Oremus' ard srónach a chaitheamh chugainn, ó am go ham. Cheapas ar feadh i bhfad gurab amhlaidh go raibh sé ag tathant orainn aire níos fearr a tabhairt agus 'An tAifreann doimhin á rá' nó b'fhéidir go raibh sé ag tabhairt faoi na leaideanna thíos ag a bun ná raibh chomh díograiseach leo siúd os comhair na h-altóra amach. Nuair a bhí an t-seanmóin, fhada, leadránach curtha dinn againn níorbh fhada go dtí an ' De profundis clamavi ad te, Doimine' agus an Deo Gratias agus amach an doras linn go haerach, áthasach chun aghaidh a thabhairt ar an lá fada aoibhinn romhainn le peil nó le fíach nó le bádóireacht.

Dá dtarlódh go raibh much marbh le déanaí bheadh bricfeasta breá blasta de phutóga dubha agus bána againn. Cloch-na-Coillte, ith do chroí amach. Do b' é an t-ábhar cainte ag an mbricfeasta, de ghnáth ná na daoine a bhí ag an Aifreann, nó, ba chuirte a rá b'fhéidir; na daoine nach raibh ann. Ní chiallódh sé sin ach aon rud amháin- go rabhadar go dona tinn nó sa leaba 'leis an dochtúir' ar a laghad. Shocródh na lucht scoraíochta an fhadhb oíche Domhnaigh, ar a shon gurab fhada an tréimhse é le bheith ag feitheamh.

Ar ámharaí an tsaoil, b'fhéidir go mbeadh Síle Dromey ar cuairt sa tráthnóna. Bheadh 'cuile eolais aici siúd ón gcearta, tá fhios agat, faoi gach aoinne chomh fada ó dheas le 'away south down be damned. I dtuaisceart an locha bhí a leithéid mar John Callaghan, Seán Ó Buachalla(!) agus Eddie Noonan chomh sláintiúil le breac, agus gan aon bhaol orthu.

Abhaile ma fhéadaim

Nuair a bhí na coinnle déanta, na huibheacha bailithe agus na ba go seascair sa Rinn, thugamar aghaidh go fonnmar ar lá bádóireachta agus iascaireachta sna locha. Timmy Johnny, Dan Jack, Teddy Corcoran agus Jim

Pats, na hiascairí agus bhí mé féin, an leaid óg lúfar i mbun na maidí rámh. Is minic a rugadh ar leath-dosaen nó mar sin des na héisc mhóra bhreátha seo sular shroicheamar an áit in a bhfuil 'Lóiste Liús anois. Obair thartmhar ba ea é ach tar éis cuairt ar Ard na Laoi nó Tigh Seartan, le haghaidh slogadh den 'stuif dubh' agus líomanáid don leaid óg, bhí gach aoinne in ard fhoirm don aistear abhaile.

Bhí an craic agus na scéalta chomh taitneamhach leis an iascaireacht ar uairibh. d'Inis Dan Jack dúinn faoi mar a luíodh sé síos san Dead Sea ag léamh an pháipéir, ag leogaint a scíth i rith an chéad Cogadh Domhanda. Bhí scéal ag Jim Pats faoi liús a thóg a bhaoite agus é istigh i mbéal á ithe ag liús mór eile(!)

Bhuaileamar le daoine uaisle deasa grámhara ó am go céile ar bhruach an locha mar Jerome Herlihy, Cuar na h-Ath-thuille, Mossy Buttimer, Tír na Spideoige, go raibh leath-shúil aige ar a thréad bó agus le Pádraig Dineen, Inse Idir-dhá-Aill. Agus gan amhras bheadh Connie Lehane agus slua in éineacht leis ag leadráil an liathróid peile ar an inse chéanna gach Domhnach freisin.

Bhuaileamar le Robert Gibbings cúpla uair chomh maith agus é in a shuí ar charraig ag faire ar iontaisí an nádúir agus ag tarraingt pictiúir díobh. Táid go léir in a leabhar álainn 'Lovely is the Lee' agus ár gcuid cainte leis is dócha, i ngan fhios dúinn. Chomh maith le do Bhíobla, agus le h-Ainstí and the Tailor, ba cheart go mbeadh an Leabhar sin ar thaobh na leapa ag gach Uíbh Laoghaireach, go mór mhór, aoinne atá go huaigneach i bhfad ó bhaile, i Sasana, i Meiriceá nó i gCill Chainnigh.

Ní bhíonn in aon rud ach seal

Bhuel, sin iad cuid des na cuimhní deasa atá againn ar an nDomhnach i mo óige . Bhí go leor eile gan amhras, na cluichí peile, na Céilithe agus cúrsaí chogaidh agus con. Caithfear an cleite scríofa a fhliuchadh arís fúthu san sna todhchaí. Ach go mbeirimid beo ar an am seo arís, idir an dá linn.

Díshealbhú i mBéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh Samhradh na bliana 1906.

Le Eimear Ní Mhathúna

Tharla an eachtra seo mar thoradh indíreach ar Acht na Talún a ritheadh sa bhliain 1871. Sa bhliain 1874 d'ardaigh tiarna talún d' arbh ainm, Stephen Grehan ón Bhán-tír i gCo. Chorcaí an cíos ar dhuine dá thionóntaí, Diarmuid Ó Mathúna, ó Bhéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh. Tháinig dúbailt ar an gcíos ó £6 go £12 in aghaidh na bliana. Ní hamháin san, ach bhí an tiarna talún ag éileamh seana riaráiste cíosa. Thoiligh Ó Mathúna an t-airgead seo a íoc, dhá nó trí punt in aghaidh na bliana, de réir mar a bheadh an t-airgead aige. Sa bhliain 1900, d'fhógair Ó Mathúna go raibh an riaráiste cíosa glanta aige. Níor choimeád sé aon chuntas de na híocaíochtaí seo, áfach. Bhí fonn ar Ó Mathúna an cuntas a shocrú agus chuir sé é seo in iúl do ghníomhaire an tiarna talún, fear darbh ainm Therry. Dhiúltaigh Therry faisnéis a thabhairt dó.

Ón lá sin amach dhiúltaigh Ó Mathúna a thuilleadh cíosa a íoc, agus tar éis dó a lán iarrachtaí a dhéanamh chun teacht ar réiteach, riaradh scríbhinn air on gCúirt Uachtarach ag lorg £48. D'fhostaigh Ó Mathúna dlíodóir agus do chuaigh sé chun dlí chun fiosrúchán a dhéanamh ar an ngnó. Go gairid ina dhiaidh sin, dhíol sirriam i gCorcaigh an fheirm le hionadaí an tiarna talún ar phraghas ainmniúil. Faoin am seo bhí an Sagart Paróiste, an t-Athair O' Muirthile bainteach leis an scéal. Bhí iarracht déanta aige, thar ceann O' Mathúna dhá nó trí huairde roimh an díshealbhú chun teacht ar réiteach le Grehan. Thug Grehan freagra borb air a thug le tuiscint do go raibh fuilleach ama faighte ag an tionónta an gnó a bheith socraithe. An dearcadh a bhí ag an tiarna talún i leith an ghnó, ná, go mba chóir don tionónta an rud a íoc in iomlán nó bailiú leis as an áit. Chreid an t-Athair O' Muirthile gur déanadh éagóir ar Dhiarmuid Ó Mathúna, agus mhol sé do mhuintir Bhéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh tacaíocht a thabhairt dó.

Tugadh an t-ordú, dul ar aghaidh leis an díshealbhú, agus go luath maidin Dé Máirt an gceathrú lá fichead de mhí Iúil na bliana 1906 tháinig sirriam an Chontae agus Therry, gníomhaire an tiarna talún ag baint seilbhe de Chlann Uí Mhathúna. Roimh an díshealbhú thug an tionónta cíos bliana do Therry, agus thairg se dul tríd an cuntas iomlán (rud a bhí déanta aige go minic roimhe seo), ach ní éisteadh Therry leis agus chuaigh an díshealbhú ar aghaidh. Insealbhaíodh ionadaí éigeandála (Emergency man) darbh ainm, William Simpson in

áitreabh mhuintir Uí Mhathúna . d' Fhostaíodh Aontas Cosantóirí na dTiarnaí Talún na hionadaithe seo chun dul i seilbh feirmeacha na dtionónta a bhíodh díshealbhaithe.

Tharla an díshealbhú go tapaidh, i ngan fhios do na comharsana fiú amháin. An oíche sin, áfach, leath an scéal ar fud na dúiche agus ar a ceathrú chun a haon déag istoíche bhailigh slua daoine, thart ar chéad agus a caoga, ina iomlán. Ina measc bhí muintir na sráide, roinnt ceoltóirí agus na mic léinn a bhí ag freastal ar an gColáiste Gaeilge, Coláiste na Mumhan, agus thugadar aghaidh ar áitreabh Uí Mhathúna. Thimpeallaíodar an tigh agus ní shásódh aon rud iad ach go ngéillfeadh Simpson. I dtosach báire dhiúltaigh an bheirt póilín a bhí ag cosaint Simpson a n-áit a thréigean. Scaoil an slua cith clocha anuas ar dhíon an tí agus d'éirigh siad bagrach. Labhair na póilíní le ceannairí an slua agus dúirt leo Simpson a fhágáil mar a raibh sé go dtí an mhaidin dár gcionn . Sheas an grúpa go daingean agus ní shásódh aon rud iad ach Simpson a chur amach láithreach bonn bail.

Dúirt Simpson go n-imeodh sé láithreach. D'imigh sé leis an bóithrín síos faoi dhlúth-choimirce na bpóilíní. Cé go raibh a ndícheall a dhéanamh acu chun é a chosaint, buaileadh go minic é leis na clocha a bhí a gcaitheamh ag an slua. Chaith sé an oíche sa bheiric i mBéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh. D'fhág sé an dúiche go luath an mhaidin dár gcionn agus dhein sé a shlí go Corcaigh ar an gcéad traen.

Tar éis dóibh Simpson a dhíbirt on dtigh an oíche sin chaith an slua dhá uair an chloig ag máirseáil suas agus anuas an sráidbhaile go caithréimeach, ag iompar lóchrann tine agus ag canadh amhrán ceannairceacha. Bhailigh an slua ós comhair Coláiste na Mumhan, de bharr gurbh iad na mic léinn ón gColáiste a spreag an t-ionsaí agus labhair beirt fhear leo as Gaeilge. Imeach na mac léinn, a ghlac páirt san ionsaí, bhí Tomás Mac Donnagh, duine des na daoine a shínigh Forógra na Poblachta sa bhliain 1916, agus Tomás Mac Curtain a bheadh ina Ard Mhéara ar Chorcaigh sna blianta a bhí le teacht.

Ar an 16ú lá Lúnasa na bliana 1906, mar thoradh ar na rudaí a thit amach ar an oíche sin, ar an 24ú lá de mhí Iúil, bhí deichniúr fear ó Bhéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh ós comhair na cúirte ar chúis gur thionóladar go mídhleathach agus gur ionsaíodar William Simpson. Scaoileadh amach ar bhannaí troma iad, agus ar coinníoll go gcuirfí ar ath-thriail iad. Seachtain ina dhiaidh sin d'fhill na báillí agus na póilíní ar Bhéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh agus díshealbhaíodh muintir Uí Mhathúna athuair. An uair seo ghlac ionadaí eile seilbh ar an dtigh agus bhí garastún de phóilíní faoi arm mórthimpeall an tí.

An Domhnach dár gcionn thionól muintir Bhéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh cruinniú poiblí. Bhí Teachta Dála i láthair ag an gcruinniú seo. Socraíodh go ndéanfaí gach iarracht muintir Uí Mhathúna a chur ar ais ina dtigh féin. Rinneadh ath-ionsaí ar an tigh agus cuireadh iallach ar an ionadaí agus ar na póilíní géilleadh. Cuireadh muintir Uí Mhathúna ar ais ina n-áitreabh athuair agus an uair seo níor cuireadh isteach orthu arís. Ghabh na póilíní scata fear áitiúil agus tugadh ós comhair na cúirte iad i Maigh Chromtha. Tugadh roinnt eile ós comhair na cúirte i Luimneach. Gearradh téarmaí idir mhí agus trí mhí príosúin ar na fir seo. Gearradh fíneáil ar dhaoine eile, ina measc roinnt ban, toisc a bpáirt san ionsaí.

An toradh fad aimsire a bhí ar an díshealbhú seo ná gur cuireadh iallach ar an tiarna talún Grehan, an talamh a thabhairt ar ais do mhuintir Uí Mhathúna ina n-ainm féin, mar tuigeadh dó nach bhféadfadh sé muintir Bhéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh a chloí. B'éigean do thiarnaí talún eile a raibh talamh acu i mBéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh an rud céanna a dhéanamh agus an talamh a chur ar ais i lámha na ndaoine.

Bé seo an díshealbhú deireanach de thionónta le linn an ama go raibh na Sasanaigh i réim in Éirinn. Sna blianta ina dhiaidh sin tagraíodh don díshealbhú seo mar cheann de na heachtraí ba thábhachtaí i gCogadh na Talún in Iarthar Chorcaí.

An Tabhairne - Seoirse Seartan

I gcuimhne ar Sheoirse Seartan, file de chuid an Ghaorthaidh a chaith a lán dá shaol i Sasana. Go maire a chuimhne buan.

Is eol do gach aon duine beo, do mhuintir Bhéal Átha 'n Ghaorthaidh ach go háirithe, gur scríobh Seoirse Seartan amhrán den scoth faoin gcapaillín bán a bhíodh ag a mhuintir fadó chun an pórtar a bhreith amach ó Mhaigh Chromtha chun na sráide chun tart pótarí na dúiche a mhúchadh. Seo a leanas gaisce eile a dhein an capaillín bán céanna a léiríonn gur taithí a dhéanann máistreacht. Cá bhfuil sí in am ghátar na linne seo? Cé cuirfidh ceol leis na véarsaí a leanas?

Eachtra An Chapailín Bháin

Do seoladh sa t-seanchas eachtra na lárach,
Cuntas a gaisce, a h-eagna is a máchail ;
Tá a fhios ag an dtalamh nach bhfuil leath ins a' chlár sin,
D'ár chleachtaigh an capall más dearbh mo ráite.
Dóigh leis an aois seo gur sí-chapall aerach,
Nó capall fá dhraíocht í gan bhrí gan réimeas ;
Is follas do-mhillte nach fianaise bréige
Gur chaith sí a h-aois go fíor sa t-saol seo.
Eachtra A h-Aon.

An Tábhairne

Maidin Dé Máirt agus gá le pórtar,
Níor mhiste an láir do gabháil chun bóthair,
Soir go dtí an tSráid mar is gnáth do treoraíodh,
Ach mo chreach bhí an tiománaí ar lár le breoiteacht.

Uireasa dí níor chúí don tábhairne
Do mheas fear a' tí ná chloífeadh don ghátar,
Do bhreac roinnt scríbhinn síos ar chárta,
Agus cheangal gan mhoill ar mhoing na lárach.

Phreab sí le h-acmhainn agus theannaidh ar théada
Gan fuip a cnagadh ná bata á léasadh;
Eolas a taistil is dearbh gur léir di,
Mar d'aimsigh an baile gan meathadh ná staonadh.

B' é ionadh na sráide an láir 'na h-aonar
Ar sodar go fáith-ghlic gan tásc ar Shéamus;
B' eol do gach dea-fhear a h-áras sa Ghaorthadh,
Agus ghuíodar go grásta an t-ádh mhaith léi-se.

Do sheasaimh constábla ar lár an bhóthair,
A bhata ina lámh agus "Halt" do ordaigh ;
Cúirt is fíneáil bheadh i ndán di is dóigh liom,
Ach go bhfacthas an cárta fáiscithe ar a scornach.

Thíos ag an stór ba leor an fhriotháil;
Do luíodar le mórtas a ngnó do thascadh,

Le Mustar is le Fórsa do seoladh in airde
Gach bairille beorach 'na dtreo san do tharla.
Ceithre tierce dí a bhí scríofa ar an gcárta:
Beag an tsuim a chuir an bhuíon in sa táille;
Chasadar timpeall agus dhírigh an láir bheag
Ar bhóthar na h-Inse agus ghuíodar slán léi.

A sé déag de mhílte bhí roimpi an tráth san;
Suarach a suim ar ísleáin ná ar airde;
Easpa taithí is ffor nár chás di,
Agus sheachain sí an díog mar mhaithe d' á sláinte.

Ag Droichead na Toinne fuair uisce is béile,
Nearthaigh a fuinneamh is a misneach 'na dhiaidh
sin,
Ba chuma léi soineann ná doineann ná pléascadh,
Ach dúil aici fillleadh ar a cine in Uíbh Laoghaire.

Thiar in Uíbh Laoghaire ba léanmhar an cás é,
Foireann ó' n gCaol-Choill agus Éigse na Gráige
Ag feitheamh go deorach le scéala na lárach,
Tart ar gach aoinne agus gan braon ins an tábhairne.

Meitheal sa chistin agus tuilleadh sa pharlús,
Ó Ghoirtín na Coille go h-imeall Bharr Ghleanna,
A bhfoighne ar bhriseadh, a ngoile gan sásamh,
Cluas ar gach duine le cliotar na mbán gcrobh.

Iar dtitim na h-oíche is fíochmhar do réabadh
Ag doras an tí mar scaoileadh na bpiléar,
B' iad an bheirt teachtaire mílíteach a n-éadan
Le scéala an staigín leath-mhíle ó' n dtaobh seo.

B' é an cipe dearóil é nuair dhírigh an gráscar,
Soir an Mhór-Choill mar fhiagaí le fána,
Le baclainn bhraipse do fhíodar bláth-fhleasc,
Agus chas le ribíní é ar dhroim na lárach.

Le h-áthas 'n-a croí is beoga do léimrigh,
Go h-uaibhreach, poimpeach, ríoga, aerach,
An slua ag feadaíl agus ag rince taobh léi,
Mar fhilleadh ghaiscíoch ó choimheascar aonair.

Ar shroicheadh an tábhairne níor bhfáilte go dtí san,
Chloisfí na gártha in airde ar an Maoilinn,
Nuair déanadh an t-áireamh is ámharach fuarthas
Bairille slán thar táille an scríbhinn.

Ceithre tierce dí bhí scríofa ar an gcárta,
Ach do bheir an láirín cúig cinn slán léi;
Mar shéideadh na gaoithe do scinn an ráfla,
Is ní raibh seasamh ná slí ná suí sa tábhairne.

Bhí pórtar in aisce do leath an pharóiste,
Sláinte an chapail le h-aiteas d' á n-ól ann,
B 'é Tórramh bhairille Bhaile Mhic Óda é,
Agus deor ní fhacthas ar maidin i dtóin de.

Fearadh mar dhíol ar ghníomh na lárach,
Bodhrán mór bia a bhí dingthe fáiscthe,
Leaba de 'n tuí ba mhíne fhásfadh,
Suan na h-oíche is lá saoire amárach.

The following story was first published in *Carloviana*, the Journal of The Old Carlow Society in 1978. It is republished here with their kind permission. A special word of thanks to Obbie Hutton, whose grandfather, Ned, features, who made us aware of the article.

Carlow Men In Cork Ambush

By Brother PJ Kavanagh

IN 1922 the Carlow Brigade area of the National (pro-Treaty) Army included all of County Carlow and areas of west Wicklow, south Kildare and south-east Laois. As this locality was comparatively quiet it was able to spare men for service in the busier Munster war theatre. In April and May of 1922 the Carlow Brigade sent two companies of recruits, each consisting of 100 men and three officers, to Dublin to be clothed, armed and equipped. Afterwards they were sent by General Headquarters to Counties Tipperary and Cork. Some of them were assigned to the 32nd Infantry Battalion and, towards the end of that year, found themselves in the Barony of Muskerry in north west Cork. Their headquarters were at Macroom Castle and their commander was an officer called Condon.

Sean Hales was in charge of the National Army in this area and the tragedy of the Civil War - Cogadh na gCarad / the War of the Friends - was epitomised in the fact that his opposite number amongst the anti-Treaty forces was his own brother Tom.

Sergeant Ned Hutton of Pollerton Big recalls that, having driven the anti-Treaty forces from Inchigeela and Ballygeary, he and about 20 other Carlow men formed part of an advance guard of 105 men in the village of Ballymakeera.

There they were billeted in various houses but principally in the Hibernian Hotel, the property of Dan O'Leary, later a pro-Treaty T.D. Sergeant Hutton and his party occupied the upper floor of a house owned by a shoemaker called Hegarty. He remembers - and this is borne out by the present inhabitants of Ballymakeera - that the "Staters" got on very well with the locals, being reprimanded from Macroom for making insufficient searches and arrests. The Ballymakeera garrison, however, was loathe to ill-treat people on mere suspicion and arrested only those obviously making war on the Free State. .

One such was Pat Hegarty, son of Sergeant Hutton's host, who was arrested by one of their bicycle patrols, allegedly in possession of a firearm. If forwarded to headquarters in Macroom he would almost certainly have been executed.

Both Sergeant Hutton and people still living in Ballymakeera were certain of the fate that awaited him. Sergeant Hutton, embarrassed that his host's son should be in such a predicament, and in an attempt to alleviate the Hegartys' grief, got permission for the prisoner to have tea at home that Sunday evening on condition that he (Hutton) would be responsible for him. It was the prisoner's presence in the village that night which resulted in the successful ambush next morning, Monday, 4th December.

The "Cork Examiner" of the following Thursday gives a very graphic account of what occurred:

"LOST AND RETAKEN
BATTLE FOR MID-CORK VILLAGE
SURPRISE ATTACK BY
IRREGULARS
HEAVY CASUALTIES
CIVILIAN AND SOLDIER KILLED"

Ballymakeera, nine miles from Macroom, was attacked and captured by irregulars on Monday morning, but has since been reoccupied by the National Forces.

The sensational capture of this military post was due chiefly to the instrumentality of an armoured car taken by the irregulars at Bandon on Saturday night,

The whole coup had evidently been planned some time, and the taking of the armoured car was a preliminary operation, for when it fell into the possession of the irregulars, owing to the act of a traitor driver, bridges covering its retreat were blown up, and arrangements were made for using the car in the attack on Ballymakeera."

The armoured car was the "Sliabh na mBan" which had accompanied Michael Collins on that fateful journey to Béal na mBláth some three months earlier. Locals believe that it was now handed over to the anti-Treaty forces by a Scots member of the National Army who decided to change sides and brought the car with him. The original intention of the anti-Treaty forces was to attack the barracks in Inchegeela and to attack Ballymakeera at a later date. The imminent execution of Pat Hegarty, however, caused them to rearrange their plans. Some ten days afterwards the Sliabh na mBan was discovered by the "Staters" under a rick of hay in a farmyard near Guagán Barra. Its tyres had been so shot up during the Ballymakeera affair as to render it almost useless to the irregulars.

Ballymakeera is a small village some 8 or 9 miles from Macroom on the road to Killarney, and further on is situated Ballyvourney. The garrison appears to have been concentrated at Ballymakeera which has a population of scarcely 200, and so disturbed is this district that about 100 soldiers under Commander P. Rooney quartered there for the protection of both villages and the districts around them. During Sunday night apparently the irregulars mustered quietly in large numbers not far from Ballymakeera. (Mrs. Mae Sheehan, then a little girl, remembers unusual activity in her house that night, the significance of which she didn't understand until awakened by gunfire next morning. The chapel man was told not to ring the Angelus at 7.30 a.m. instead the chapel bell would be rung as a signal for retreat should things go badly for the irregulars). "With the object of preventing the arrival of reinforcements the roads between the object of the attack and Millstreet, Macroom, Bandon, etc., were blocked at several points, the usual obstructions being used — felled trees, stone walls, broken bridges, etc. Scouts were sent out in all directions.

Even these precautions were not deemed sufficient in the case of a surprise counter-move by the military and some 30 or 40 men were sent to guard the obstructions on the road to Macroom - the town from which the earliest reinforcements were expected and with instructions to ambush and check the advance of any troops from Macroom.

Ballymakeera was completely isolated by the irregulars before the attack was launched at all, and before the unsuspecting soldiers were aware of the significant activities being quietly carried on all over the countryside round about them.

All preparations being complete, the main body of the irregulars, who were said to have numbered between 150 and 200, moved to a spot quite close to Ballymakeera, about 5 o'clock on Monday morning, halting within sight of the village just about half—past five. A few final orders and everything was in readiness. It was about this time that Sergeant Hutton, then in a public house which faced out the Ballingearry road where the attackers were approaching, spotted lights on the far side of the Sullane bridge. Realising that an attack was imminent he trebled the various guard posts in the village and then helped to man the post on the Macroom Road. Here he remained until forced to surrender at 11 a.m. The captured armoured car, with its machine guns ready for action, and the lights switched off was then sent slowly into the village, while men, manning several other machine guns round the village and quite close to it, waited for the first outburst from the car before opening fire themselves. In a few seconds the car was challenged by the sentries on duty and its reply was a volley of machine gunfire down the main street, and a burst of speed which took it to a point opposite the Imperial Hotel, the headquarters of the troops. In the building volley after volley was poured from a dozen machine guns, some a considerable distance away at the rear, others within a few feet, mounted on the armoured car patrolling the village street. "In addition to the soldiers at the Hibernian Hotel many others were quartered in houses throughout the village, and the irregulars, ignoring apparently the safety of the civilian population, shot up the whole village with machine run rifles, revolvers, hand grenades, bombs and every other destructive device that could be employed." "The armoured car travelled slowly up and down the street, firing into the houses at both sides and concentrating the attack on the Hibernian Hotel. The single armoured car in the possession of the troops could not come into action, for it was kept under fire so intensively that to attempt to reach it was to invite instant death." (The batteries of this car, a Yale 10, were so run down that it had been kept running all night to ensure that it would start in the morning). "The troops, divided from each other and taken completely by surprise, gallantly fought on against the overwhelming disadvantages, and so the battle raged for hours. The unfortunate civilian population took refuge on the ground floors of their little cottages, in angles behind the thick walls, on the floor under beds et cet., and behind windows as heavily barred as might be, but the protection was very inadequate and many had narrow escapes.

One civilian was hit, and was killed." (When he looked out to see what was happening). "He was Cornelius O`Leary, a single man, who was residing in the village with his married sister and her husband. In such a plight were the inhabitants for five long hours until the surrender of the garrison was necessary if an utter massacre were to be avoided. As the morning wore on the irregulars realising that reinforcements might be expected within an hour or two, carried on the attack more intensely. Already word was received that reinforcements were on their way from Macroom, and that only the obstruction on the road and the party left to ambush these troops, were checking their advance. Accordingly the attack was concentrated on the Hibernian Hotel and bullets were poured into it so fiercely that the soldiers could not come to the windows to reply. Bombs were hurled and the whole building was swept with lead to such a degree that every room was penetrated in a hundred places. It was here that the major portion of the casualties occurred. In all the army lost one killed - Sergeant Thomas Nolan — and fifteen wounded, the majority seriously, while 4 or 5 others sustained slighter wounds." (Thomas Nolan was killed in an upstairs room of Dan O`Leary's dwelling house — now a chemists shop — by a burst of machine-gun fire shot up through the ceiling). "Meanwhile, while this hail of lead was being poured into the headquarters, the irregulars surrounding the village came close up and hurled bombs at and into the houses. "Clothes hanging up in wardrobes in the hotel" (now a Licensed premises owned by the O`Scannail family) were riddled with bullets, and our representative saw one overcoat yesterday morning with several bullet holes in the left arm and at the left side of the breast. "Captain Lawlor", (a native of Castleroe, Mageny) "The second in command had an almost miraculous escape from death, being nearly blown to pieces. With bullets whizzing all round him he was standing on guard at the door of the building fearing an attempt to rush it, when a bomb came through the window and rolled across to his feet. He only saw it just in time to throw himself on one side, and by his promptitude, undoubtedly saved his life. As it was he was wounded in several places though none of the injuries are serious.

"Every minute that passed saw the attack grow more intense; so far from there being any sign of slackening matters quickly became so serious that little effort could be made to reply. It was impossible to stand near a window to fire a shot in self-defense, and it seemed that the troops had no alternative but to take cover in houses until they were shot down or surrendered.

"In these circumstances it was decided to yield and this wiser course was adopted. Unconditional surrender was demanded and the officers in charge had no option but to comply. "Before surrendering, however, many of the men managed to smash their rifles and revolvers in such a manner that they would be totally useless as weapons against the National troops on a future occasion.

The irregulars did not interfere with those members of the Red Cross Corps amongst the soldiers, and gave them every facility to attend the wounded. The others, however, including the officer in charge, Commandant P. Mooney, were lined up and disarmed.

This was at 11 o'clock on Monday morning after a 5 hours battle and the prisoners, numbering about 90 men were marched out of the village strongly guarded by nearly twice their number of irregulars and preceded by the armoured car concerned in the attack and followed by the second armoured car which had been captured in the village.

" (Five or six, including Corporal Lar Nolan of Carlow, made good their escape). "The wounded were brought to Cork and 15 of them are detained at the Mercy Hospital. Most of the cases are serious and one, whose name is given as Volunteer M' Neiss, is in imminent danger of death, having been terribly wounded in the abdomen' (He was a native of the midlands and died of his wounds).

"It was learned last night that the 80 to 90 soldiers who, with their officers, had been taken prisoners, have reported for duty, the irregulars having taken possession of their arms."

Sergeant Hutton recalls seeing one of his new Ballymakeera friends carrying a machine gun during the round up of prisoners. It was truly a "Cogadh na gCarad." The prisoners were released by their captors at Loo Bridge railway station and made their way into Killarney some miles distant. Here they were hostilely received by their own forces, so much so that they were forced to remain on the outskirts of the town where they had difficulty finding billets for the night.

Next day they were brought to the Great Southern Hotel, the local headquarters, where their equipment was replaced. To add to the cussedness of their hostile welcome of the previous day they were now made do guard duty for 13 days and 13 nights as "punishment" for having lost Ballymakeera. At the end of this period some of them were transferred to Rathmore where Sergeant Hutton spent Christmas of 1922.

The Carlow town contingent in Ballymakeera consisted of Sergeant Hutton, Corporals Lar Nolan and Paddy Nolan, Volunteers Thomas Nolan (killed), Lar Shaw, Danny Burke (injured), Thomas Roche (seriously injured), P. Kelly and K. and Paddy Haughney. Others from the Carlow Brigade area were Lieut. Harte of Hartstown, Baltinglass, who was orderly officer on the night of the attack and who received a serious shin wound (Lieut. Harte died in 1950); Volunteer Thomas Nolan of Tullow; Tim Mahon and Lieut. Edward Kelly who was wounded, both of Ballitore, Co. Kildare; Volunteer Patrick Walsh of Rathmore, Co. Carlow, who sustained a "rather serious" leg injury; and Captain Lawlor who died at a ripe old age in Wexford.

Thomas Nolan, who was killed, was a native of Tullow Street and lies buried in St. Mary's Cemetery. Tom worked in the Shamrock Timber Yard and Coach Builders where traps and horse carts were made. He acted as assistant to the wheelwright or farrier, William Fleming who later decided to open out on his own and brought Tom with him. Finin Ó Suilleabháin remembers seeing Tom Nolan in his father's forge in Ballymakeera the day before he was killed, his old love for the trade breaking through the soldier in him. Tom joined the National Army in when recruitment started. He was 24 years of age when he died- Mrs. Sheehan, Flats, Ballymakeera remembers that her mother, Mrs. John P Twomey, who was from the village, went to visit her relatives there the evening before the ambush. Nolan was on sentry duty as she left the village after dark and insisted that she get the prescribed pass from the army authorities before he could allow her through. She passed some angry remark to him. Next morning he was dead. For the remainder of her life she never failed to remember him at the commemoration of the dead during Mass which she attended daily.

Thomas Roche's father was a carpenter from Tralee who married Agnes Kelly of Dublin Street where her parents had a printing firm. He joined the army in 1922 and received very serious stomach wounds at Ballymakeera. Afterwards he worked in the sugar factory, at Thompsons and finally as a greenkeeper at Carlow Tennis Club. He played hurling and football for O`Hanrahan's Club in his time. He died at Christmas 1964, Volunteer Danny Burke received a knee injury at Ballymakeera which left him with a straight leg and for which he received a small pension. His parents were natives of Carlow. He joined the army in 1922 as he was unemployed. He worked in the fitting shop at Thompson's for many years. He died a bachelor in 1975 and is buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Carlow.

Chief source: "Cork Examiner" of 7th December, 1922 and later dates. My thanks to Mr. Alec Burns, College St., Carlow. To Sergeant Ned Hutton, Pollerton Big; to Major General Lillis; to Mrs. Mae Sheehan and Finin Uasal Ó Suilleabhain, Ballymakeera; to Mrs. Anne Whelan, daughter of Lieut. Harte, and to M. Dempsey, Brownhill Road, who helped fill me in on the details.

What's in a name? Megaliths.

A Megalith (Greek for a large stone) refers to any construction made by early man, and out of large stones. Such as our stone circles or the Chinese Great Wall.

Historians tend to use "-lith" words to describe the early ages of man.

Thus we have:

Palaeolithic which refers to approximately the period 20,000BC to 8,000BC.

Mesolithic ditto. 8,000BC to 3,000BC.

Neolithic ditto. 3,000BC to 1,500BC.

Bronze Age ditto. 1,500BC to 500AD.

Iron Age the period which follows the Bronze Age.

These are very approximate and vary a lot between users.

E.U. HERITAGE WEEK ACTIVITIES IN UIBH LAOGHAIRE

(AUGUST, 2010)

For the tenth consecutive year, Uibh Laoghaire hosted Activities to celebrate Local Heritage. Peter O'Leary led a walk from Kilbarry N.S. to Kilbarry Hill - introducing participants, who travelled from Wexford and Cork City and Macroom, to the "O'Leary Heartland". Peter and Nellie O'Leary represented the Parish's O'Learys. We noted the site of Carrignaneelagh Castle - the Senior Seat of the Clan; the site of Kilbarry Primary School's predecessor (along the Sceachín a Radharc) and what remains of Kilbarry Chapel and extensive Burial Ground on the farmland of The O'Leary Ghaelachs. The small group climbed to Kilbarry Hill with its 360 degree views to the Musheraghs; Paps of Danu; Shehy and Doughill and Kilmurry.

Later that week (Sunday, August 29th), Dr. Therese Higgins of the Native Woodland Survey guided and introduced "The Indicator Species of Ancient Woodland" to a large and enthusiastic *crinniú* on the late Tadhg Callaghan's farmland in Silver Grove (*Doire Airgead*). Dennis White and his partner Josephine so graciously provided free refreshments at Toonbridge Shop - making the event especially memorable for the many visitors to Uibh Laoghaire.

On behalf of our Heritage Council, Cumann Staire is grateful to Peter O'Leary and Dr. Higgins for contributing to building and arousing awareness of the "Treasures" in our keeping.

Acknowledgement is fairly due to the Boylegrove Lynches; The Cloncud/Cooleen Lynchs; The O'Leary Ghaelachs of Kilbarry Hill; Dan Hallissey of Cluainshear Beag and the Family of the late Tadhg Callaghan of Silvergrove for allowing, voluntarily, Heritage Week activities on their land – to real benefit.

Ted Cook



Silvergrove walk



Trip Around Kilbarry. From left: Finbarr Creedon; Donal O'Leary, Macroom; Martin O'Leary, Wexford; Denis O'Leary Ballinlough; Peadar O'Leary; Treasa O'Leary; Nelly O'Leary Gaelach; Peter O'Leary.

WILD HERITAGE OF UIBH LAOGHAIRE

(Part 6)

LEGALLY PROTECTED HERITAGE SITES IN UIBH LAOGHAIRE UNDER WILDLIFE ACT 2000

Of our Parish's 40,000 Acres (circa), less than 0.005% has been designated as National Heritage Areas (N.H.A.) under National Law and comprise 3 sites:- Lough Gougan Barra; Lough Allua and Boylesgrove Woods (Dromcarra South). Habitat Evaluations by the N.P.W.S. (National Parks and Wildlife Service) are ongoing since 2007 concerning the Toon Valley's part-ancient Oakwoods. Adjoining Uibh Laoghaire is the Gearagh (An Gaoire) N.H.A. comprising 730 Acres (circa) which is associated by the Lee watercourse to the Parish's three listed N.H.A.s, reminding us that in Erin's youthful days, the Gearagh's flooded alluvial plain extended to Ballingearry (mouth of Gearagh) and is reckoned to have covered 5,000 Acres.

Additionally, the Gearagh N.H.A. is a Ramsar Site under the 1971 U.N. Wetlands Convention and a Special Protection Area (S.P.A.) under the E.U. 1979 WILDBIRDS Directive because of the seasonal presence of many protected species including the Mute and Whooper Swan; Green Sandpiper; Goldeneye; Greylag Geese; Golden Plover and many more resident and migratory "feathered angels". Furthermore, the Site is a listed Special Area of Conservation (S.A.C.) under the 1992 E.U. Habitats Directive - and ought to enjoy the "strictest priority" under E.U. and Irish Law. It is an S.A.C. because Annex 1 of the Directive includes "Flooded Ancient Post-glacial Alluvial Forest" as a precious Habitat. It is a S.A.C. under Annex 2 of the Directive because of the presence of listed Species e.g. Freshwater Pearl Mussel; Lesser Horseshoe Bat and Mudwort, etc., and it is likely that the Toon Oakwood, covering 150 Acres will be designated not alone because of the presence of Freshwater Pearl Mussel; Lesser Horseshoe Bat and 7 additional native Irish Bat Species; Otter etc. but that like Uibh Laoghaire's existing 3 N.H.A.s, the Toon pays tribute to the Gearagh and any negative impacts do damage what little remains of Western Europe's most important and celebrated Flood Plain. Contrary to the June 2007 Toon Valley Surveyor's Report, there does exist "threats", including the ubiquity of the Mink; the impacts of upriver Commercial Forestry on the significant population of Freshwater Pearl Mussel; the lack of provision for the Hen Harrier; the absence of protection under the Planning Act's Development Plan process and under our County Bio-diversity Action Plan. The Survey's description as "Post Famine" of these aboriginal Oakwoods is irreconcilable with the N.P.W.S.' statement that the Toon Wood represents the finest undesignated native remnant in the State.

BOYLESGROVE (N.H.A. SITE 1854)

Comprising c.15 Acres, Boylesgrove was identified in 1972 as a "locally important deciduous woodland of mainly Oak and Birch". Situated in Dromcarra North, the Site's southern and eastern limits are bounded by the Lee - a stretch rich in otter holts and activity; several Bat species; rare Butterflies and Moths; frequently our Red Squirrel and a number of Owl species.

Criss-crossed with "Wood Banks" (earthen ditches), Boylesgrove offers the visitor many insights into 18th Century forest management practises - namely "Coppice with Standard" - a regime widely practiced by the Landlords within their demesnes that offered an infinitely renewable source of forest



Boylesgrove, Heritage Week 2009

product - most notably hunting and timber (TIMBER - MEDIEVAL GERMAN - "TO BUILD") and firing. Boylesgrove presently has neither been "ranked" nor attributed a "score" under the National Survey of Nature Woodlands (2003-2008). Respective "scores" for the Gearagh and Toon Woods are 85% and 82%.

LOUGH GOUGANE BARRA (N.H.A. SITE 1057)

Comprising c. 142 Acres, Lough Gougane Barra was first described in 1986 in the County Cork Report by the State-sponsored An Foras Forbartha. Here is a glacial and highly acidic lough beneath steep cliffs where breeds our Peregrine Falcon that hunt by diving steeply at terrific speed - sadly all too rare because of pesticide poisoning. The terraces of shattered rock provide corridors for our Irish Stoats and Hares (Mountain and Brown Species). The lough is very vulnerable to any level of pollution and Tourism and Forestry have been listed, among others, as posing a threat to it's 15 meter (plus) deep waters, whose shores support Snipe; Sandpiper and Wagtails. Two rare botanical species - plants that specialise in nutritionally poor freshwater bodies - occur around the lough (Awlwort and Elatine).



Gougane Barra In 1999 taken by Daphne Pochin Mould

LOUGH ALLUA (N.H.A. SITE 1065)

In common with the Toon Valley; Lough Gougane and Boylesgrove, Lough Allua is fringed with "Inches" or River Meadows (Inse). These seasonal wetlands are our most threatened of all habitats due to centuries of reclamation and drainage. Writing in 1750 (History of County Cork), Smyth states "about 100 years ago this county... consisted of many yews of as great a bulk as the largest Oak". In his published travels of the early 19th Century, Lewis describes the shores of Lough Allua as covered in ancient Oak and Yew woodland.

The fluctuating waters of Lough Allua have ensured a refuge for scores of species of wild plants characteristic of the "Inse". The protected "Pale Heath Violet" occurs along the eastern half, alongside different heathers' Goldenrod and Sheepsbit. Acid woodland of Oak and Holly continues to develop on the rock and glacial debris of the lake basin. Cow-wheat and Irish Spurge occur at the south-eastern corner of this N.H.A. - as they do throughout portions of the Toon Oakwoods. Look out for Moorhen (and Coot occasionally); Lapwing; Little Grebe and Warblers along the lakeshore. Since 2002, nesting Little Egret has occurred along the North Lake Road - and is now regularly spotted downriver in the Gearagh. And where would we be without "Joanie the Bog" - otherwise our Grey Heron, standing motionless, casting its' cold eye on life, on death and on the horseman passing by. Mind you, it is usually during its' deeper pensive mood that the otter strikes - as it will the Cormorant. Recent research has found that even the smell of Otter frightens young mink so badly that they (mink) eventually die of stress. Fortunately, rats are an additional source of food for our Otter. Lough Allua N.H.A. covers 640 Acres.



Loch Allua In 1999 taken by Daphne Pochin Mould

CONCLUSION

Climate change has recently been describes as “a broken thermostat” (P.Hawken, Portland University, U.S.A.), that has measurably, over 40 years, begun to affect “all living systems” on Earth. Centuries of “improvements” have straightened and embanked most of the water-courses in Uibh Laoghaire, preventing them from interacting with their floodplains which function to store and dissipate storm flood and trap alluvial silt to the benefit of salmonoid spawning sites and associated freshwater mussel populations downstream. With the E.S.B.'s advancing research into modifying Inniscarra and Carrigadrohid so as to recreate salmonoid access to the Lee's headwaters in Uibh Laoghaire, it will surely be the “good ecological status” of our 3 N.H.A.s and our “N.H.A.-in-waiting” (Toon) that will determine the outcome. The possibility is roundly in the hands, acts and parts played by the entire Uibh Laoghaire Community.

Ted Cooke

Some thoughts on the progress of our DNA Project.

by Peter O'Leary

General comments

Ancestor.com tell us that we now have a membership of over 100. This is a great advance although we have only received details of 63 members up to now. No doubt the others will follow over the next few months.

Number of Years per Generation.

This has been quoted to us by Relative Genetics as an average of 25 years per generation. I believe the true figure for O'Learys lies between 30 and 35 years per generation. A figure of 31.8 has been used in the following calculation.

The Generation Envelope.

There may be a name for this statistic but I don't know what it is. I am calling it the Generation Envelope for the purpose of these Notes. It has been defined as the family unit with a single common gt.gt.gt.gd father, and is also defined as the family generated in a period between two mutations. It needs a name. The actual number is usually taken as being 5 generations but it could be 4, 5, 6 or even 7. We are using a figure of 5 generations for these Notes. A typical 5 generation envelope will include all the gt.gt.gt.gd children of one ancestor, and thus will include 6 levels of ancestors.

I am assuming we can estimate this as $31.8 \times 5 = 159$ years.

We now calculate a typical O'Leary succession for a family who descend from an ancestor born in 200 AD (say Fothac Canann) up to and including a descendant born in 1943 AD (say Brian O'Leary).

No. of years per generation.	31.8
Generations per envelope	5
Number of Generation Envelopes	11

$31.8 \times 5 \times 11 = 1749$ years add +200 AD = 1949 AD. Just a guess. But it fits.

N.B. We have Annalistic evidence that Luy Maccon was born c.170 AD. He would be having children c.AD 190 and Fothac Canann (our ancestor) was his fifth son.

One further point worth mentioning is that Kevin O'Leary and his 17 Generation Envelopes is clearly an error. This has probably arisen because he has been treated as an Inchigeelagh O'Leary whereas his DNA indicates that he is actually a Fermoy O'Leary, and his calculations should now be redone on this understanding.

Micheál O'Riordan



Born 12th November 1917
Died 18th May 2006

Micheál O'Riordan

Born at 37 Pope's Quay Cork on November 12 1917, in the first week of Russia's Socialist Revolution. He was the youngest of five children born to parents from the Ballingearry-Gougane Barra Gaeltacht area of West Cork. He was married to Kay Keohane from the West Cork town of Clonakilty, with whom he shared both family and political life until her death in 1991.

Michael and Kay were the parents of three children. Their first-born Mary survived only two days but Manus and Brenda went on to provide Michael with five grandchildren. Manus and his wife Annette MacDonald are the parents of Jessica, Neil and Luke, while Brenda and her husband Tony McGaley are the parents of Dara and Caitriona.

Michael worked for twenty years as a bus conductor, serving on branch committees of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union in both Cork and Dublin. Thereafter he devoted his life to full-time politics, having been an activist from his teens. As an Irish Republican he fought Blueshirt fascism on the streets of Cork in 1933-34. In 1938 he was a Connolly Column volunteer in the 15th International Brigade, defending the Spanish Republic from the Fascist onslaught of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini. In the Republic's final offensive of July 25th, 1938 he carried the flag of Catalunya across the Ebro. On August 1st he was wounded whilst fighting on Hill 481 outside Gandesa.

- 1940-43 he was a Republican political prisoner in the Curragh Internment Camp where he edited the clandestine anti-fascist journal 'An Splannc'.
- 1944 he was founding secretary of the Liam Mellows Branch of the Irish Labour Party.
- In 1945 he was founding secretary of the Cork Socialist Party.
- In 1947 he was founding secretary of the Irish Workers' League and General Secretary thereafter, and of its successor organisation the Irish Workers' Party from 1962-1970.
- From 1970-1983 he was General Secretary of the reunited Communist Party of Ireland.
- From 1983-1988 he was National Chairman of the C.P.I.
- In 1996 he was made an Honorary citizen of Spain.
- Author of Connolly Column 1979, 2nd edition 2005.

John O'Leary, the Fenian

by Peter O'Leary

John O'Leary was a well known and revered member of the Fenians, and their leader for many years. He was born in 1830 in Tipperary Town where his father was a shopkeeper. He died in Warrington Road, Dublin in 1907.

His father had moved to Tipperary from Fermoy, where his grandfather also was a shopkeeper. The family seemed to have been in Fermoy for many years, and probably left a family farm in the area of Castletownroche at some earlier stage.

He was not a fighting man but a poet and a dreamer. He edited newspapers for a living. He joined the Fenian movement when it was formed in 1858 and visited America on their behalf in 1859. In 1865 along with O'Donovan Rossa, Thomas Clarke Luby, and others he was put on trial before Judge Keogh on a charge of High Treason, found guilty and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

He was also a colleague of Thomas Kickham, and James Stephens. But his role in the movement was to run and edit the newspaper "The Irish People". He also acted as the chief spokesman of the movement leaving the fighting men to go underground

He was released from prison in 1871 and amnestied but also banished from Ireland and England.

He went to live in Paris for the next 20 years, but appeared again in London in 1887 where he conferred with Charles Stewart Parnell. He was also back in London in 1891 at Parnell's funeral.

John O'Leary died in Dublin in 1907 and was given a hero's send off.

In his poem, *September 1913*, the poet W.B. Yeats laments the death of O'Leary with the line:

*"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone;
it's with O'Leary in the grave*

He spent much of his life in Paris, where he was accepted by France though banished by England.

Ballingeary Photo Gallery

Carl Wilhelm Von Sydow (1878-1952) was a leading figure in European folklore studies. He realised learning Irish was necessary to read early Irish manuscripts and in 1917 he began learning the language from Norwegian scholar Carl Marstrander. In 1920 he came to Ireland to further his studies. As part of his visit he spent a period in Coláiste Na Mumhan attending an intensive language course. He returned in 1924 to visit Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh, Kerry and Galway.

He took many photographs during his visit and they now are in the Roinn Béaloideas in UCD, Dublin, with whose permission we reproduce them here.



Ballingeary 1924, A Hooded Cloak



Ballingeary 1924 The Ó Luasa farm, Dromanallig



The Stepping Stones, Ballingeary 1924



Looking Northwest towards Plas, Stepping Stones in foreground



Horse and Cart, Ballingearry, 1924



Sheehans, Start of the South Lake Road, Ballingearry 1924



Sheehans, Start of the South Lake Road, Ballingearry 1924



Balingeary 1924; This was one of the Mannings forges.
This is where Jerry O'Connell has his butchers shop now



Balingeary, 1924, unknown farmhouse



Ballygeary, 1924. O'Learys Farm, Inse An Ossig



Ballygeary c.1906. Taken by William Danaher



Working the Cork to Ballingeary route in 1932, Leyland Lion No. 330 (ZI 881) of the Irish Omnibus Company outside William's Hotel in Macroom. Canvas awnings to protect shop window displays from sunlight were a common feature of many business premises, as were roadside petrol pumps and oil cabinets. At this stage many bus company staff were still not supplied with any uniform other than a cap and sometimes a distcoat, although in later years a full uniform became the norm.



Ballingeary Village 1924 Looking west



Ballygeary 1905. Taken by William Danaher. Seamus Lehane may be the name of the man here.

Paidir an Bhacaigh

“Dia is Muire dhuit” arsa an bacach, a bhean fhial, fháilteach, do lasfadh le náire, d’aon chorp fáilte, roimis an leanbh agus roimis an páiste, agus roimh bhacach an mhála, os é ba ghránna is ba dheacair a shásamh”

“Cár ghabhais chugainn”, arsa mise. “Do ghabhas anoir, aniar, aneas, agus béal díreach an doras isteach, agus is mó droch-bhean tí agus léim thar chlaí, agus madra buí do chuireas-sa díom ag teacht ag triall ort. Buail le leath-choróinn sa mhalainn mé, agus má ghearrann tú mé ní bhainfeadh aon tsásamh díot, nó t’rom dosaeen d’uibhe na circe brice, nó lomradh na caorach ó chluais go h-eirbeall”

“Níl aon chaoire bhearrtha, ná níl aon chearc ag breith agam”, arsa mise.

T’rom mias de phrátaí milse, dílse, folláine, gan poll péiste, gan rian rámhainne, gan clais, gan poll, gan eirbeall a bheidh chun an tsíl, agus chun an bhia agus chun an mhargaidh”.

“A’ bhfuil aon bhean nó clann agat,” arsa mise

“Tá, tá mo bhean ansúd thíos i ndíog an bhóthair” “Agus an bhfuil aon chlann agat?, arsa mise. “Tá, tá leanbh sa chlúid, leanbh sa sop, leanbh gan gog, dhá cheann déag de pháistibh bhreaca, dhubha agus a gceann tríd an sean-súsa amach, tá bodhrán, balbhán, béiceacán, fear scéith-shúileach, fear tormais, fear leithleachais agus fear ná h-itheann a chuid go dtí gur mhaith leis féin é, a mháistreás. Gabh síos maisiúil agus gabh aníos flaithiúil. Tabhair leat ceapaire leathan, dearg, ar dhath do leicne féinigh, go mbeidh léim giorria de timpeall air agus coiscéim coiligh d’airde air: Suigh anseo am’ chuibhreann agus nára mhór a íosfam, go bhfágam araon fuilleach, nó má’ s mór féin is ar do láimhín féin a bheidh a leigheas, a bhean mhaith an tí. Tabhair leat muga de bhainne ramhar mín, milis go mbeidh an leamhnacht ina chuasaibh agus an t-uachtar ina mhullaibh. An braon géar an braon bréan. Ní h-é sin an bainne a d’oirfeadh domsa, ach an bainne a bheadh i bpróca, nó an bainne a gheobhadh scóladh. Bainne na gclug(?) ní maith an bia ná bainne na gcuráí(?) do bhíodh á gcur ar fud cúinní go dtí go dtagadh clúmh air, a mhuirnín.

Ná rabhair go deo faoi dhí, a bhean mhaith an tí is nár craígh Dia do chroí is ná rabhair go deo id’ luí ar leaba chrua gan tuí.”

Scéal de chuid Nóra Bean Uí Luibhéid a fuair bás roinnt bhlianta ó shin agus a bhí ina h-aisteoir den scoth agus mórán buaite aice ag Oireachtais éagsúla.

The 1901 and 1911 Census Returns

The 1901 and 1911 Census Returns are available on the Internet at The National Archive Website www.nationalarchives.ie

As it helps if you know the District Electoral Division (DED) that your townland belongs to we have a list below of all Inchigeela Parishes’ DEDS and their townlands. The DEDs are Bealock, Cleanrath, Bealanageary (North of Lee), Bealanagarry (South of Lee) (note two different spellings) and Inchigeelagh. The southern townlands are parts of Coolmountain and Garrown DEDs.

The 1901 census combines the 2 Ballingearry DEDs under one heading spelt “Bealanageary”.

A lot of townlands are spelt incorrectly i.e. Coppindare (Inchigeelagh Village) and Werreennacusha!

Townlands in Bealock

Cappinclare	Gortaknockane
Carrignacurra	Gortaneadin
Coolroe East	Gortatanavally
Coolroe West	Gorteenadrolane
Coonahahilly	Gortnacarriga
Cooragreenane	Gortnalour
Coorolagh	Gortnarea
Coppindare (Inchigeelagh Village)	Inchigrady
Curraheen	Lagreeve
Derrygortnacloghy	Monadadra
Derryleigh	Scrahan
Dromnagapple	Teeranassig

Townlands/Streets in Cleanrath (Cork)

Augeris	Derryvaleen
Cahernacaha	Gortnamona
Cleanrath North	Milmorane
Cleanrath South	Rathgaskig
Coomlibane	Silvergrove
Derrineanig	Turnaspidogy

Townlands in Bealanageary

Cappanaminna	Gortnaloughra
Carrig	Gurteenflugh
Carrigbaun	Gurteenowen
Carrignadoura	Keamcorravooly
Coondorragha	Kilmore
Currahy	Lackabaun
Derreenabourky	Lyrenageeha
Derreenclodig	Maulmore
Derreenlunnig	Rossalougha
Dromanallig	Scrahanmore
Gortafludig	Tooreenlahard
Gorteennakilla	

Townlands in Bealanagarry

Bargarriff	Garryantomora
Carrignamuck	Garrynapeaka
Cloghboola	Illauninagh East
Coomroe	Illauninagh West Inchi Beg
Comery	Inchi More
Derreenacusha	Inchideraille
Derreendonee	Inchinossig
Derreenglass	Kealvaugh More
Derrynagree	Kelvaugh Beg
Derryriordane North	Tooreenalour
Derryriordane South	Tooreenanean
Derryvacorreen	Tooreenduff
Dooneens	

Townlands in Inchigeelagh

Carrigeigh (a)	Gortaveer
Carrignaneelagh	Gortsmoorane
Cloonshear Beg	Graigue
Cloonshear More	Inchigeelagh
Cooleen	Inchigeelagh or Carrigeigh Town, part of
Coolnacranagh	Inchinaneave
Derreen	Inchineill
Derryvane	Kilbarry
Dromcarra North	Milleen
Dromcarra South	Rossmore
Glasheen	Teergay
Glebe	

DED of Garrown

Shanacrane East
Shanacrane West
Shehy Beg

Shehy More
Tooreen

DED of Coolmountain

Clogher
Coolcaum
Coolmountain
Gortnahoughtee
Lackabaun

Moneylea
Moneyreague
Neaskin
Tullagh



Locha Lua in 1900

The O'Learys of Fermoy-an update.

By Peter O'Leary

We know a lot about the O'Learys of Inchigeelagh because they are a local Clan who have been in the area of Inchigeelagh since 1190AD. Most of our readers know one or two of them, and we understand that the various branches are related to each other going back a long time.

Did you know however, that there have been several Clans which called themselves O'Leary over the ages. Some related to each other, some not. These include O'Learys who have been found in Sligo, Ulster and Clare.

Another of these clans of O'Learys was formed in Co.Cork, but a long way from Inchigeelagh. In fact in the area known to us today as the Barony of Fermoy, and at the same time as our O'Learys. It would appear that they were formed as a Clan in about 100AD.

We have also discovered recently, by the use of DNA, that these O'Learys are distantly related to ours if you go back far enough. They were members of an early tribe of Bronze Age people known as the Muscraige tribe. However we have no idea as to why they called themselves by the same name, O'Leary.

We had thought that this alternative Tribe was not connected in any way with the Inchigeelagh O'Learys. But it is now becoming clearer that there is a remote connection. Both were members of the Muscraige tribe, but you have to go back many generations before King Luy Maccon before you find the connection.

The place in the Barony of Fermoy where they lived was called the Half Tuath of Ui Becce Abha. It is now the village of Castletownroche not far from Fermoy. Their territory extended to the South to the River Blackwater, to the West to the River Awbeg, to the East to the Claidh Dubh or great linear earthworks which can still be seen in places, and to the North to where the Awbeg river turns left on it's journey from Doneraile. Their overlord was Ui Dubachaim and above him O Cheim (O'Keefe) of the Eoganacht Glenamnach.

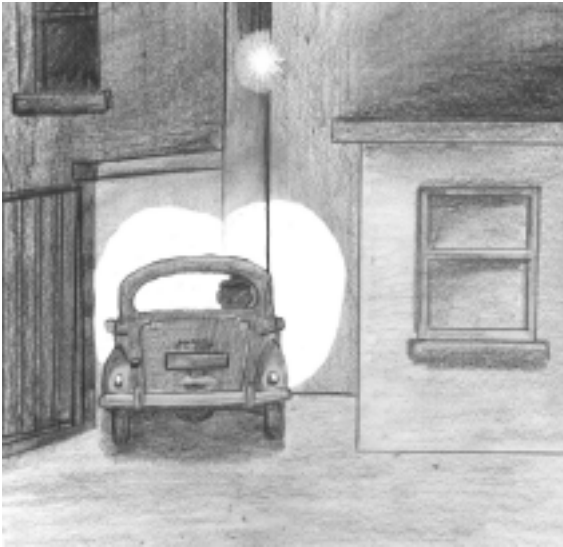
In our earlier article (Uimhir 10) we gave a description of the arrival of the Norman Barons, the Roches, at the beginning of the 13th century, and the effect this had on this ancient civilisation. Today we can see, in Castletownroche, the handsome Norman castle of the Roches built within the ringfort of these O'Learys.

The Roches soon overran the old Irish clan system, and seized all the land. The chieftaincy of the O'Learys was snuffed out, and Irish land owners found themselves reduced to farm tenants or worse. This resulted, over the years, in a drift away from their ancient homeland, and many went to Fermoy town and other towns and cities.

One of the largest exodus was to County Wexford about a hundred years later. One of the Roches obtained property there and took his retainers with him. In the Fethard area of Wexford there is another large collection of O'Learys and that is what made them come here.

The Back Yard

By Joe Creedon



Daniel Corkery once said that man would discover the moon and not know the working of his own back yard. I have often enjoyed hearing stories about my own yard. The yard measures 60ft x 20 ft wide it has vehicular access on one end and pedestrian access through a very narrow alley on the other end. The earliest memory was a rhyme told to me by Nora Twohig (b 1900 d 1984), "you are a dammed blackguard and a fine blackguard and I saw you catching a girl in Dullea's back yard". Jerry Dullea was then proprietor of the hotel. He had the present hotel built in the 1880s to replace the earlier thatched inn that stood on the site for maybe a century earlier. The reason for there being 4 licensed premises in Inchigeela harks back to the weekly and quarterly fairs held in the fair field [now remembered in the name given to the new houses at the west end, Páirc an Aonaig].

Warehousing was an important requirement and the licensed premises all provided warehousing for the hucksters and dealers. A green corrugated shed, store and stable stood where the annex stands now but was demolished in 1959. My parents then built a functions room that enjoyed a brisk wedding trade from the 60s to the 80s - very few hotels catered for functions. Couples travelled from Mallow and Skibbereen, Bandon and Bantry and many Cork City folks having wed at Gougane Barra held Wedding receptions here. The kitchen and old dining room looked onto this yard. The dining room window was changed in the 1950s. In the earlier years this was a billiard room and during the rural electrical scheme in the early 1950s the ESB had their regional office in this room. Timmy Cotter of Gortnahochtee had many stories about the yard. The name given to the narrow alley giving access to the street was The Suez Canal. It had an opening to the east and to the west. A thirsty customer could disappear within seconds to the back bar door "like a wren to its nest". Timmy occasionally might have to disturb a young courting couple "like robins, he to the east and she to the west". He often dashed along the Suez Canal, had a quick drop on his way to church, hardly missing a beat on his journey. What an excellent screen for this activity. "A shot was a great thing to settle the nerves before confession". Hazards to users of this way often were speeding youths on bicycles, having a dare to cycle between its narrow walls. Probably the strangest incident was that of the runaway cow who got in to the



yard and attempted to get through the Suez only to be wedged in its narrow confines. An inebriated Morris Minor driver made several attempts to drive his car out this narrow passage. He could see the street lights outside and couldn't understand why his car wouldn't fit! The late Tom Taylor and Ted O'Connell had many an argument here. Tom defied gravity one day by falling flat on his back whilst holding a full pint of Guinness and not spilling a single drop. Ted would challenge anyone to argue any point and would inevitably win with his stock of sharp wit. We prepared potatoes by the yard tap -this was a public water tap. Near this is where Mr. Manning operated a hand water pump to fill the water storage tanks in the attic. The Mannings ran the hotel from Corcoran's time in 1932 to 1941 when my grandfather Con Creedon named this Creedon's Hotel. The Manning family still come to visit. Elsie their daughter had two daughters - one being Angela Gracie whose husband Lionel was a respected Harley Street surgeon. Young Gracies often visit and in 2009 Ann and I were

guests at Tom and Jacquie's' wedding celebrations held at Westminster Palace, London.

Tim Corcoran married Brigid Shorten from Ballingearry who was heir to Delays Hotel. It was during Corcoran's time that historic goings on happened in the yard. The British army commandeered the village hotels during the War of Independence and set up three sentry posts "there's curfew in our little town from badgers door [Master Twohig's] to Casey's shore and back to the farmers gate [Danny Tim's house]". No doubt the yard and stables were full of military equipment. During the Civil War the Free State Forces occupied Corcoran's Hotel and the cook was none other than Barney Dolan. The village knew when cook had too much to drink from the clouds of smoke emitting from the kitchen. One night during that time Michael Collins stayed a night with the troops and the Corcoran's gave shelter the same night to Eamonn De Valera, possibly in the attached kitchen that had separate stairs (story told to me by Fr Mc Carthy, a Franciscan, given to him by Fr. Burts, the PP of Monkstown formerly PP Uibh Laoghaire 1920 & 1941). My neighbours, the Kellehers, bought their house from the Quinlans (they came by marriage to Lehanes who were teachers and had the Post Office here then). The young Lehanes were very Republican and a great boast was the impossibility of raiding Tans of ever finding their rooftop hiding place. Michael and Jim Quinlan still make regular visits.

I'm sure we kept our neighbours awake on nights of dances in the annex. Charlie, Maureen, Peg and Nonie were very patient. We were glad of a wet night after the dances - even the most earnest pugilists would dive for cover in a shower of rain. Lord Have Mercy on them all. Peg Kelleher learnt to drive late in life and in the end was a good driver. The yard was difficult to negotiate in a car. I never forget the day she hit some empty barrels and propelled them towards the back bar door. Tom Taylor who was having a Monday afternoon snooze by the bar fire, leapt 2ft off the ground, thinking the end of the world had come. I couldn't repeat what went on when Tom opened the door to the flustered motorist.

Our boys Con, Eamonn and Joseph, had happy childhood hours in the yard. Con would sit out on his high chair in the sunny south facing yard and enjoy all the passing neighbours. Eamonn learnt to cycle there and Joseph enjoyed when the Cork Motorcycle Club parked their vintage bikes in the yard for their weekend visits.



We have moved into a third century of life in the back yard. Man has discovered the moon. The yard is quieter now and at night a light shines poignantly from the now empty Kelleher house onto the Suez Canal

Joe Creedon



Jack Manning works the pump at Mannings Hotel August 1937

The Clan System

By Peter O'Leary

The word "Clan" is much used today simply to refer to one's nearest relatives – one's parents, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts etc.

The word Celt is derived from Keltoi which was the term used by Romans, but derived from the Greek language, to describe most of what they saw in Northern Europe as uncivilised tribesmen who they were engaged in attacking. Particularly those in Gaul and Spain.

The word Clan refers to a surname which identifies a family group. The word is simply the Irish word Clann which normally translates as Children, but when used in a historical sense, it defines all those of the same surname back through recent history, who descend from the one individual who founded that group. Like the O'Sullivans or the O'Learys.

The use of the Clan system seems to be a characteristic of the tribes known as Celtic. The word Celtic is avoided today by many Historians because it is so difficult to identify. But in Ireland we can at least identify two groupings of people who we used to call Celts. One were the early settlers of Bronze Age people who were owners of all the land in about 500BC. A second were the later invaders who drifted up the West coast of Africa, Spain and France to settle here between 500BC and 500AD. approximately. This second group were Iron Age men, and soon proved far superior to their predecessors.

This basic difference in the two competing Races in the Country caused the development of surnames to follow a similar pattern. All used a Clan name but the later arrivals had surnames like O'Neill, O'Conor, O'Donnell and O'Sullivan. They proved their superiority by forming large kingdoms and dominating the lesser mortals who had surnames like O'Leary, O'Collins and O'Crowley.

There were also many in between these two, a sort of middle class, who were often offshoots of the kingly clans, like O'Mahoney, O'Donoghue and O'Donovan but the size of their land reflected their slightly lesser importance.

They all tended to call themselves Kings at first. The first group could well have described their territory as a Province in modern terms. The second group as a Barony. And the third group as a Civil Parish. Most of our modern Provinces, Baronies and Civil Parishes are almost identical geographically to the kingdoms of these early monarchs.

There are always exceptions of course. The O'Briens were an example of an early Bronze Age Clan who broke through these rankings to become the first true King of All Ireland despite their lowly beginnings.

The Clan System in Ireland survived from 500AD right up to the invasion of 1169; and continued unchanged through the early days of English rule. The English Kings identified what they described as "Tanistry" as the main problem preventing them from dominating their newly invaded kingdom of Ireland, so after the Battle of Kinsale, Tanistry was formally forbidden from 1607 onwards. The division of the lands amongst the Irish clans finally came to an end in 1700 when all land ownership fell into the hands of the foreigners.

The important thing to remember is that under the Celtic system the Clan owned the land. This meant that an individual king on election by the *Derb Fine*, took temporary possession of the Clan Land for the rest of his life, but never became its permanent owner.

On his death a further election was held and whoever was elected then took over the land as had his predecessor. This of course was in marked difference to the customs of land ownership in non-Celtic lands in other parts of Europe. There, the introduction of personal ownership of land and feudal succession eventually led to Capitalism and all its horrors. This was compounded by the feudal concept that the King

owned all the land which he then graciously divided up amongst his earls and barons, often involving tenures of 1000 years or more. The King in the meantime profited from his overall ownership by collecting annual ground rents.

Personal names were in short supply and inevitably there were more than one clan using the same few names. Thus we know of O'Learys in Ulster and Sligo. Also two clans called O'Leary both in County Cork who we still have with us. Those of Inchigeelagh and of what is now Castletownroche in Fermoy. There may well have been others.

DNA is proving highly successful in giving us the opportunity to study the structure of the Clans and their growth. We learn that all Clans start with one ancestor. The DNA analysis of the structure of his Y.Chromosome is unique to that one person. The name of the Clan may have not been adopted at that point, but would gradually become accepted over the years as his descendants grew. After about five generations that one Founder will have five generations of descendants. At this point in time, one or all of those descendants will undergo a mutation or change in the structure of their DNA. Since the average length of a generation is about 30 years, this means we are reviewing the structure of approximately 150 years passage of time.

This entire procedure will then repeat itself every five subsequent generations with a further generation bloc of about 150 years.

Many of our Clans, including the O'Learys, are shown by this analysis to have been in existence for about 10 or 11 such generation blocs, that is to say for the last 1500 to 1650 years. Many of our present day members were born in 1950 or thereabouts. They could in theory track back their ancestry to say $(1950-1650) = 300AD$. That is the date of Birth of their Founder.

When we try to relate this discovery with our existing knowledge of Historical facts, we find that we are getting very close to existing knowledge. The Annalists tell us that Luy Maccon, King of Carbery (or Corca Laoi), had a life span from approximately 250AD to 320AD. His fifth son, the Founder of the O'Leary Clan was Cobhach Fionn who would therefore be born in c.290AD.

This is a remarkable match. We only have to adjust our estimate of the average Generation period from 30 to 30.18 years to make it match exactly.

All these calculations are governed by the laws of probability. That is to say that although the averages are correct, individual calculations may have to be adjusted by small amounts. Thus the number of years per Generation may turn out to be 29 or perhaps 31, rather than the overall average of 30.

I have selected a very simple example there. Some of the variations are much more complex than this.

I believe that many Celtic cultures used some form of Clan system similar to our own.

Inchigeela Photo Gallery - c. 1961

Photos courtesy of Ben Wood (Grandson of Brigid Higgs (nee Corkery) who was born in Inchigeela in 1918)



Inchigeela Village 1960s



Jack McCarthy aka Jack Power heading home from Inchigeela Creamery



Listening to election speech across the road from Inchigeela Church 1960s



Listening to election speech outside Inchigeela Church 1960s

Go to www.flickr.com and search for Inchigeela to see more photos like these.

The Fifteenth Annual O'Leary Clan Gathering

In 2004 we held our 9th Annual O'Leary Clan Gathering, and this was duly reported in the Cumann Staire of that year, their 10th Journal since inception. We have continued to hold our Clan Gatherings every year since then and our recent one was our 15th, held in September 2010. It was held as usual in Joe Creedon's Hotel in Inchigeelagh. It was not one of our largest Gatherings with 36 attending but they all seemed to enjoy themselves, meeting old friends from far and near.

We had the good fortune to have very fine weather this year which made our outing on the Saturday a particularly pleasant one.

As usual we gathered at Creedon's Hotel in Inchigeelagh where we were welcomed by Joe in his usual cheerful manner.

We had a theme this year which was a study of the death and grave practices of our ancestors in the 18th and 19th centuries.

This was helped by two excellent talks from our guest lecturers. The first was the Rev. Bantry White whose Church of Ireland parish today includes Inchigeelagh, Macroom, Aherla, Kilmurray and Templemartin. amongst others. He told us about the organisation of the Church of Ireland Parish of Inchigeelagh, and it's history under many clergymen of that previous day and age, including the history of the clergymen, the buildings, and the old glebe house.

He was followed by our dear friend Miriam O'Donovan who let us into the secrets of many of the burial customs of that time which are now gone, and in many cases forgotten.

.On the Saturday morning we had our group photograph taken, a copy of which adorns this Journal. As last year, the location was Inchigeelagh Cross, and traffic was brought to a stand still for several minutes.

We then had a rest from work with a coach trip. This took us to Manning's Emporium in Ballylickey and a selection of his fine continental food for our lunch. After this we went on to Drombeg to see the beautifully preserved stone circle. Then on to Inchicurka to see a megalithic wedge tomb, and finally back to Inchigeelagh. All of this was part of our theme of early grave practices.

Saturday evening concluded with a splendid dinner at Creedons Hotel followed by entertainment from our Ceiligh friends.

On Sunday morning we had a lively discussion of the progress of our DNA Project given by Brian O'Leary from Westport, Connecticut, and Peter O'Leary from Inchigeelagh.

There was also a lively discussion on the possibility of our Organisation taking part in the purchase of Carrignacurra Tower House which is once again up for sale. It was concluded that we would have to join with the people of the Parish and that there should be discussion as to how to proceed next.

On Sunday morning many of us attended the Parish Mass in Inchigeelagh Church.. This Mass was celebrated by our old friend Fr. Gerald Creedon.

This concluded a very happy and interesting weekend. Roll on 2011.

UIBH LAOIRE PARISH CLERGY 1888-2010

BÉAL ÁTHA AN GHAORTHAIDH

Seamus Ó Ceallacháin CC
1908-1917 Murdered 15-5-1921 Clogheen

Denis O'Donoghue CC
1917-1923 Died 12-9-1962 Bandon

Michael Lynch CC
1923-1927 Died 18-4-1947 Ss Peter & Paul

Denis Murphy CC
1927-1928 Died 11-2-1960 Kilmichael

William Cashman CC
1928-1931 Died 6-8-1964 Durrus

Seamus Ó Muineachán CC
1931-1932 Died 9-12-1934 The Lough

Tim McSweeney CC
1932-1935 Died Kilbrittain 9-8-1996

Christy Holland CC
1935-1936 Died 27-12-1991 Bushmount

Michael O'Driscoll CC
1936-1938 Died 13-8-1971 Caheragh

Jerome O'Leary CC
1938-1940 Died 6-5-1974 UCC

Jack Murphy CC
1940-1944 Died 9-9-1992 Mount Desert.

Con Lucey CC
1944-1951 Died 17-10-1969 Kealkill

Jackie Shorten CC
1951-1955 Died 27-1-1992 Togher

Michael Murphy CC
1955-1956 Died 7-10-1996 (as Bishop)

Jack McCarthy CC
1957-1959 Died 31-10-1991 Kilbrittain

Michael O'Donovan CC
1959-1961. Now retired PP Caheragh

Michael Riordan CC
1961-1962. Now PP Togher.

Liam O'Regan CC
1962-1966. Now AP Douglas.

Charles Fehily CC
1966-1967 Died 29-4-1982 Glenville

Tadhg Ó Mathúna CC
1967-1969. Now PP Blackrock.

Willie McCarthy CC
1969-1974 Died 27-11-2000 Lissarda

Liam O hIcí CC
1974-1977. Now PP Ovens.

Charlie Nyhan CC
1977-1980. Now CC Carrigaline.

Pat Stevenson CC
1980-1989. Now PP Crosshaven.

Martin Keohane CC
1989-1990. Now on sabbatical leave.

Pat Crowley CC
1990-1991. Not in ministry.

Aidan Cremen CC
1991-2000. Now CC Carrigaline

Martin O'Hare SMA Adm
2003-2008. Now CC Togher

PAROCHIAL HOUSE TIR-NA-SPIDEOGA

Patrick Hurley PP
1888 to 1908
Died 25-6-1908
Inchigeela

Cornelius O'Leary PP
1908-1913
Died 20-2-1913
Inchigeela

James O'Leary PP
1913-1921
Died 13-9-1946
Dunmanway

Robert Burts PP
1921-1939
Died 20-6-1957
Monkstown

Michael E. Murphy PP
1939-1954
Died 18-4-1954
Inchigeela

Hugh O'Neill PP
1954-1958
Died 29-7-1971
Bandon

Jack Bernard PP
1958-1969
Died 8-1-1979
Ballyphehane

F or the 19th century, Uibh Laoire parish had two priests, both living in Inchigeela (the parish priest in the house just south of the Lee, the curate near or in the present Parochial House). In the 1880s, a new Parochial House was built in Tir-na-Spideoga and parish priests lived there until 1969 (when it was sold, for £7,525). From 1908 to 1969, the parish had three priests. The number of resident clergy declined to two in 1969 and to one in 2000. Béal Átha an Ghaorthaidh had a resident priest for almost a hundred years, beginning in 1908 and ending in 2008.

INCHIGEELA PRESBYTERY

William Holland CC
1888 to 1891 Died 29-10-1901 Dunmanway

William McCarthy CC
1891 to 1894 Died 18-1-1894 Inchigeela

Daniel Corcoran CC
1894 to 1896 Died 10-11-1896 Inchigeela

Denis O'Driscoll CC
1897 to 1905 Died 13-5-1918 Enniskeane

Timothy Murphy CC
1905-1909 Died 12-2-1956 Ovens

Laurence Callanan CC
1906-1908 Died 8-5-1944 Monkstown

Edmund Fitzgerald CC
1909-1917 Died 1-8-1934 Kinsale

Patrick O'Leary CC
1917-1922 Died 9-12-1939 Cathedral

Jeremiah O'Sullivan CC
1922-1927 Died 16-11-1947 Kilmichael

Jeremiah Cullinane CC
1927-1930 Died 29-12-1969 Begooly

Jerome Riordan CC
1930-1933 Died 8-11-1966 Minane Bridge

Tim O'Mahony CC
1933-1939 Died 27-4-1980 Passage West

Gus Coffey CC
1939-1942 Died 16-7-1977 Crosshaven

Michael O'Driscoll CC
1942-1953 Died 13-8-1971 Caheragh

Charlie Lynch CC
1953-1955 Died 9-2-1986 Ballinlough

John Ryan CC
1955-1958 Died 29-8-1982 Ss Peter & Pauls

Denis Kehily CC
1958-1962 Died 16-5-1993 Kilmurry

Vincent Daly CC
1962-1964 Died 23-2-1994 Carraig na bhFear

John O'Donovan CC
1964-1969. Died 6-1-2009 Clonakilty.

John Ryan PP
1969-1973 Died 29-8-1982 Ss Peter & Pauls

Canon Jack Murphy PP
1973-1988 Died 9-9-1992 Mount Desert

M C Cahalane PP
1988-1993 Died 1-10-1998 Watergrasshill

Charlie Nyhan PP
1993-1995. Now CC Carrigaline

John Cotter PP
1995-1998. Now AP St Patrick's.

Kieran Twomey PP
1998-2003. Now PP Dennehy's Cross.

Bernard Cotter PP 2008-

*Lists compiled by Bernard Cotter from information available on the Cork & Ross website: www.corkandross.org
Clergy identified with their place of dwelling rather than their appointment.*

The Rabbit and the War

by Hugh Twomey, Derrylahan, Coolea, Co. Cork

I think the rabbit kept many Irish families alive and saved them from starvation during the Second World War - that's World War II for most of the world but when we ran out of tea it was 'the emergency' in Ireland. I was born in Coolea, Co. Cork in 1932, the eldest of 6 children to Margaret McCarthy (Maggie-Dan-Cormac) and Michael Twomey (Mike-Hugh). I was 7 years old when the War began. Even though Ireland was neutral and did not take an active part in the war we were an agricultural country and had exported most of our goods to England and imported tea, oil and gas amongst other things from England. Those years were hard years - food was scarce and money was scarcer. My brother Matthew and I, young as we were, would cut turf, dry it, turn it, bring it home and sell it - there was very little coal in the country because at that time Ireland imported its coal from England and we couldn't get coal from them as they needed it for their war efforts and factories and the merchant ships around England were in constant danger from U-boat attacks. As an example of how the country managed, at the end of the war, the train from Cork to Dublin - running on turf instead of coal - took a week to get to Dublin.



Twomey Family Derrylahan, Matt, Johny & Joan, Michael, Betty, Mary, Maggie, Micheal and Hugh.
August 10th, 1965

Matt and I also caught a lot of rabbits with snares and traps and when we had a little money we bought a ferret. Snares were hard to catch rabbits with as they fell over easily and nothing would be caught. The metal traps could badly damage the rabbit. The best way to catch rabbits was with a ferret. You needed 2 dogs, a ferret and nets. The dogs would chase the rabbit who would run down a burrow. We would put up the nets at the entrances to the rabbit hole and the ferret would go in to the burrow after the rabbit - hopefully to chase it out. Sometimes the rabbit would run out into a net and we could catch it. Sometimes the ferret would bite the rabbit and we would have to dig the rabbit out of the burrow, if we could find it. But more often than not the ferret would just go to sleep in the rabbit burrow and we'd have to dig it out too. But we would do our best to get the rabbit because rabbits were making good money at that time.



Hugh & Sheila Twomey with their oldest daughters Joan & Margaret in the 1960s

Three to four Buyers would come out to Ballyvourney every Wednesday from Macroom and from Cork to buy some fowl but mainly to buy rabbits. The buyers would go to Ballingeary too. I would walk from my home near the Top of Coom to Ballyvourney to sell the rabbits we had caught in the last few days. The best price I would get was 4 to 5 shillings - 5 shillings would feed a family for a week. Some weeks we would catch up to 50 rabbits - but that was rare. Rabbits were scarce from October to just after Christmas and up to March (there'd be less food, grass mainly, for them to eat). The rabbits would be breeding then and very thin after the cold winter. But we did most of our rabbit catching and selling from October to Christmas because although they were more plentiful in the Summer we had no way of preserving them and they'd be gone off in a day or

two and no good by the time the Buyers came around. From March onwards it would be turf time again. Sometimes you could get some extra work from your neighbours. For a 10-hour, hard day's work you might get half a crown when you were young and 5 shillings per day when you were older. There were 240 pennies in a pound then and 1 shilling was 12 pence. Half a crown was two-and-a-half shillings. Five shillings would be about 25 cent today - but of course its real value was a lot more then.

Late in the war years my father got pneumonia one winter and the following year he broke most of the fingers on one hand when he was farming. At 11 years old and being the eldest I had to stay home to help with the work and I missed many days of the last 2 years of my schooling in Bardinchy - it was normal to leave school and go working at 13 or 14 years old back then.



*Hugh Twomey in 2009
aged 77*

I was 6 years old when I went to school and Mary Ann Scriven-Lynch's aunt, Kathleen, walked me to school on my first day. I had to walk 3 miles in bare feet, (all the children went barefoot for most of the year - but our feet were hardened and I enjoyed being barefoot), over grass, furze, streams and walls and 3 miles walk home again. That's why children in the country didn't go to school at 4 or 5 years because the walk would've been too long and hard at such a young age. Most farmers only had a few animals because there was no fertiliser or silage then and you had to try to grow, dry and cut hay and straw during the summer to be able to feed the animals in the winter. When I was a little older, I would have to walk the fields and search the rocks around the Top of Coom for the few cattle and sheep we had, then walk the 3 miles to school, sit in a cold room and learn my lessons, walk home and go and check on the animals again. While I was checking on the animals I'd check on my snares as well and set new ones for the next morning or go out with my ferret. My sister Betty (who went to England at 16 years and Chicago, USA when she was 18 years where she still lives and has raised her family) would have a saucer of milk by the open, turf fire ready for my ferret when we got home. He would drink his milk and snuggle up on her lap next to the fire and go to sleep - ferrets can sleep for up to 18 hours out of the 24 hours.

Another help to the family was the £2 per child per year you could get for speaking Irish (by 1975 this had only increased to £10). £2 per child was big money in the 1940's. An inspector would come out and talk to the father and mother and check their Irish as well as the children's Irish. We would get paid this 'Irish money' around Christmas and my mother would have geese and ducks and turkeys ready for selling at that time too - goose was the main Christmas dinner dish then, not turkey.

I did well out of my rabbits and saved enough to buy a bike. Large Fairs were held in Kenmare around this time but the main cattle trains left from the town of Macroom (the train station was where the bus station is now). The buyers in Kenmare wanted their animals taken to Macroom. With no trucks on the road I would be hired for a shilling-a-head (per animal) as a drover to get the animals safely to the train in Macroom. Me all alone, 30 to 40 cattle, but cattle were quieter then and used to people which was a good job as there was no wire and no gates along the way.

Between the rabbits and the turf and other bits of work and buying and selling a few sheep and then cattle, I saved enough to buy a lorry in the early 1950s. I used to go east the country with my lorry from Bandon and Clonakilty to Cloyne and draw sugar beet from the beet reeks in the fields to the nearest railway from October through to March. Then it was back to the bog again. I built up a nice little business between hauling the beet and selling turf to the schools, businesses and houses. My lorry was a dual-purpose vehicle - turf by day and a truck-load of young people going off dancing patterns by night. But in 1959 CIE bought a fleet of big trucks with loaders and delivered the beet directly from the farms to the sugar factories; the schools and most homes got electricity and oil heating; Sheila Free went to England and not long after found me in England too - an emigrant for love.

The Sale of Carrignacurra Castle

Our latest news is that the castle is again up for Sale. It was bought by a young couple, he Irish, she English, as a potential holiday home, and for their children. It is on the market at an asking price of 250,000 euros.

The unspoken viewpoint is that once again the potential cost of refurbishment has been found to be too much to justify going ahead with the Project.

This is not surprising when we learn that the total cost of making a home out of the castle in Rossbrin came to about 6 million euros.

But it does present us all with a difficult situation.

There are many of us in our Parish who believe that Carrignacurra should be owned locally by the Parish and used as an amenity for all. ie. Not trying to make a home out of it, but using it as a Park with a handsome ruin in it, for the pleasure of all. There are also many other O'Learys from all over the World who would gladly assist in bringing that about. That sort of Project need not cost anything like 6 million. Nor even does it warrant 250,000 to buy the 4 acre piece of land.

An artificially high price has been generated by those who wanted to make a home out of it, but did not foresee the immense cost of meeting the specifications required by the Archaeologists to do it correctly. I personally believe the Archaeologists are correct in insisting on these high standards.

So it appears possible that these two incompatible facts will prevent a Sale ever taking place. And probably that the present Owners will never get back what they paid for it. I sincerely hope that the parties will not give up at this point, but that some reasonable compromise will be found.

I will keep you in touch with the position.

THIRD TIME LUCKY!

By Br. Finbarr Murphy



Would it be third time lucky? We sat in tenterhooks of anticipation.

By 'we' I mean about 12 boys - those not serving Mass that chilly Sunday morning. If the others were as scattered-brained as I was, then they were savouring the delights of a winter wonderland. I mean tracking rabbits in the snow, or trapping or snaring them. Even more adventurous was dazzling them at night. That was the fun, but the fun turned serious on the Friday morning when the 'fowl-buyers' paid you a half-crown at the roadside per rabbit. Sometimes we'd have six, or ten, or on a good week, maybe 14. And what you couldn't buy for a half-crown in those days!

How welcome the 'fish van' from Bantry hawking fresh mackerel or whiting at the door. A change of menu, from pork and rabbit!

The prolonged snowy season turned things upside-down, and not just for the innocent rabbits. All farm stock had to be fed indoors and that meant forking lots of hay into the stalls for



the cows, and brushing them down too, because they couldn't roam outside to scratch themselves. Pigs and poultry had to be seen to, and the horses. Cutting furze for the horses, then crushing it in a machine, and feeding it to them in kitch-fulls in the stable.

'Take out the small mare- she's locked up all week.' I rose to the command gladly and climbed on her bare back. Fine, till I got clear of the yard, and onto the open road. The mare cocked her ears, and took off as if she were competing for honours at Aintree. As for the jockey, I was only I I.

How I hung on to wisps of black mane, for dear, dear life! A fall would likely have meant death - or life in a wheelchair.

But if the snow took the farm stock prisoner, it domesticated the wild birds of the hills above our farmhouse. These creatures needed greens to survive, but the greens were nowhere in sight except along the

stream that trickled down from the hill, through 'Lar' and cascaded into our haggard. Though the little waterfall was adorned with pretty icicles the stream itself kept alive, kept flowing, kept going - and kept the life in the pilibins, grouse, and woodcock that came to forage for insects, worms and scraps along its unfrozen margins.

Domestication however wasn't just for the birds! We as a family of six siblings had to adapt to the ecology too. My dad kept himself busy making baskets and kitches from hazel rods, but he amazed and delighted us when he shaped three good hurley sticks from the ash branches by the road. To crown it all, there was a sponge ball. Hurling added a new dimension to our holidays.

Fr Connie Lucy (or was it Fr Jack Murphy) could never have gauged our level of anticipation, that awaited his announcement after Communion. The snow had already given us two glorious weeks of holidays. Would we be free for the third week? Third time lucky? Then at long last, the casual item among the list of notices: *Ballingearry Boys' National School remains closed...*

And indeed that bit of 'good news' was to be repeated for I think, three more weeks. Which is why I suppose they call it **The Big Snow of Forty Seven** to this day. But check it out with Met Eireann!

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Br. Finbarr Murphy, of the De La Salle order works in improving education access for the most deprived residents of Nairobi, Kenya.

Br Finbarr edited and contributed to a very entertaining short story book, "The Seven Rules Of The Hyena", which is now on sale in the of Sacristy Inchigeela Church Phone (026) 49838 priced €10. All proceeds and donations received will be sent to Brother Finbarr, a native of Currahy, Ballingearry. You can source more information at <http://www.reachmagazine.org/>.

Townland Focus – Gortatanavally

Gortatanavally (219 acres) Gort a tSeana-Bhaile (Field of the old habitation).
At the north-east is a disused burial ground – Fr. Denis O'Donoghue 1917

All of Uibh Laoire's 118 townlands have some information about who owned or lived in them from about 1650. We have picked out one – Gortatanavally – to use as an example.

Source 1

In our first example we see that the townland was one of a number owned by three O'Leary men. They may not have been the tenants who farmed it but would have lived locally. Rathahife is the old name for the Lios in Gortnahouchtee, south of Inchigeela. This document records that the land was owned by the O'Learys and was now being handed over to the Earl Clancarty (in Blarney Castle) for his loyalty to the Crown.

Inchigeelagh Parish County Cork.

Taken from the Book of Survey and Distribution for County Cork (Stove Coll.RIA)

Proprietors Names In Anno 1641 By ye Civill Survey.	Denominacons of Land by the Downe Survey.	Acres Profitable by Dow. S.	Acres Disposed By Acts.
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Finnine McTeige O'Leary, Daniell McTeige O'Leary, Knogher McArt McDermod O'Leary, Irish Papists of Rathahife, Derryliagh and Gortanlanvally - 391 acres profitable and 391 acres disposed of by the Acts.

The above Lands were disposed of to the Earl Clancarthy by Cert. on the 15th. August 1666.

Around 1700 nearly all of the Parish of Uibh Laoire was seized by the Crown from the MacCarthys and given to The Hollow Sword Blade Company of London as payment for monies owed by the King. The Company was a munitions maker. They sold the parish piecemeal over the next few years.

Source 2

The **Parliamentary Returns** of 1777 gives us the first proof of who actually worked land. This was a list of all heads of households and how many Protestants and Catholics (Popish Religion) lived with them

Returns of Dio. of Cork and Ross of the Protestant and Popish Religion 1766. Parish of Inshegulah.
Gortatanavoly.

John Rains	5 Catholics
Derby Hallaghan	3 Catholics
Derby Mahony	4 Catholics

Source 3

The Tithes were a tax on each farm payable to The Church Of Ireland. In 1827 a list was drawn up of all tenants and their acreage to work out how much they would pay. Landless cottiers were not recorded

1827 Tithe Applotment

Kelleher John Gurtnatanavally 215 acres

In the 1830s and 1840s the Country was being mapped by The Ordinance Survey. Each townland was listed in a book along with the spellings from previous sources and a brief description of the land.

Received Name.

Gort A'Tsean-bhaile. Field of the old town.

Gortitannivally. Inq Car 1

Orth. and Auth.

Gurthatanavally. B.S.
Gurthnatanavally. Pres Book.
Gurtnatanavally. Tithe Book.
Gurtatanavalla. P.P.
Gurtatanavalla. Inhabitants.
Gortanlanvally. Down Survey Ref.
Gortanlanvally. Down Survey Map.

Descriptive Remarks.

Half mountain and rough, the rest arable. Proprietors Captain Mitchell and John Orpen of Kanturk have let it to two tenants at 60 pounds gross.

Source 4

A Survey to put a Valuation of each house and farm in the Country for tax purposes was undertaken by Sir Richard Griffith. Begun in the 1830s it only reached Inchigeela in 1854.

Gortatanavally

Carroll, Jeremiah	Gortanavally	House
Keleher, Daniel	Gortanavally	96 acres
Keleher, John	Gortanavally	121 acres

Immediate Lessor ; John Orpen

Source 5 – Census Returns for 1901 and 1911

1901 Census Shows us that there are 3 families living here numbering 18 people.

House 1

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion
Kelleher	John	70	Male	Head of Family	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Ellen	64	Female	Wife	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Daniel	30	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Julia	28	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	James	20	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Patrick	14	Male	Son	Roman Catholic

House 2

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion
Kellegher	Daniel	60	Male	Head of Family	Roman Catholic
Kellegher	Bess	50	Female	Wife	Roman Catholic
Kellegher	Mary	22	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic
Kellegher	Jeremiah	20	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kellegher	William	17	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kellegher	Patrick	14	Male	Son	Roman Catholic

House 3

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion
Kelleher	Ellen	52	Female	Head of Family	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Tim	30	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Denis	28	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Nora	17	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Annie	14	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Patrick	10	Male	Son	Roman Catholic

<http://www.census.nationalarchives.ie/pages/1901/Cork/Bealock/Gortatanavally/>

1911

1911 Census has 3 house and 14 occupants

House 1

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion
Kelleher	Daniel	38	Male	Head of Family	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Ellen	32	Female	Wife	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Ellen	3	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Mary	2	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Hannagh	1	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic
Hallahan	Timothy	28	Male	Servant	Roman Catholic
Lynch	Katherine	21	Female	Servant	Roman Catholic

House 2

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion
Kelleher	Daniel	71	Male	Head of Family	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Elizabeth	67	Female	Wife	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Jeremiah	28	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Mary	27	Female	Daughter	Roman Catholic

House 3

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion
Kelleher	Ellen	68	Female	Head of Family	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Timothy	37	Male	Son	Roman Catholic
Kelleher	Denis	35	Male	Son	Roman Catholic

<http://www.census.nationalarchives.ie/pages/1911/Cork/Bealock/Gortatanavally/>



Paddy Kelleher; Dinny Kelleher; unknown; Nell Mitchell (nee Kelleher) and her husband John at a threshing in Gortatanavally in the 1950s or 60s.

Can you help??

In 1927 a Norwegian scholar named Sandvik came to Ballingearry to study Irish songs and music. These are just two of the photos he took. Go to www.flickr.com/photos/ballingearry to see more. All Sandvicks photos are owned by and reproduced by kind permission of National Library of Norway, Oslo. If anyone knows who is in these photos please let us know.



PHOTO GALLERY



Gougane pre 1900



Aerial view of Incheigeela in 1999 taken by Daphne Punchen Mould.



View east through Ballingearry



Locha Lua in 1999. Taken by DPMould.



View West through Ballingearry