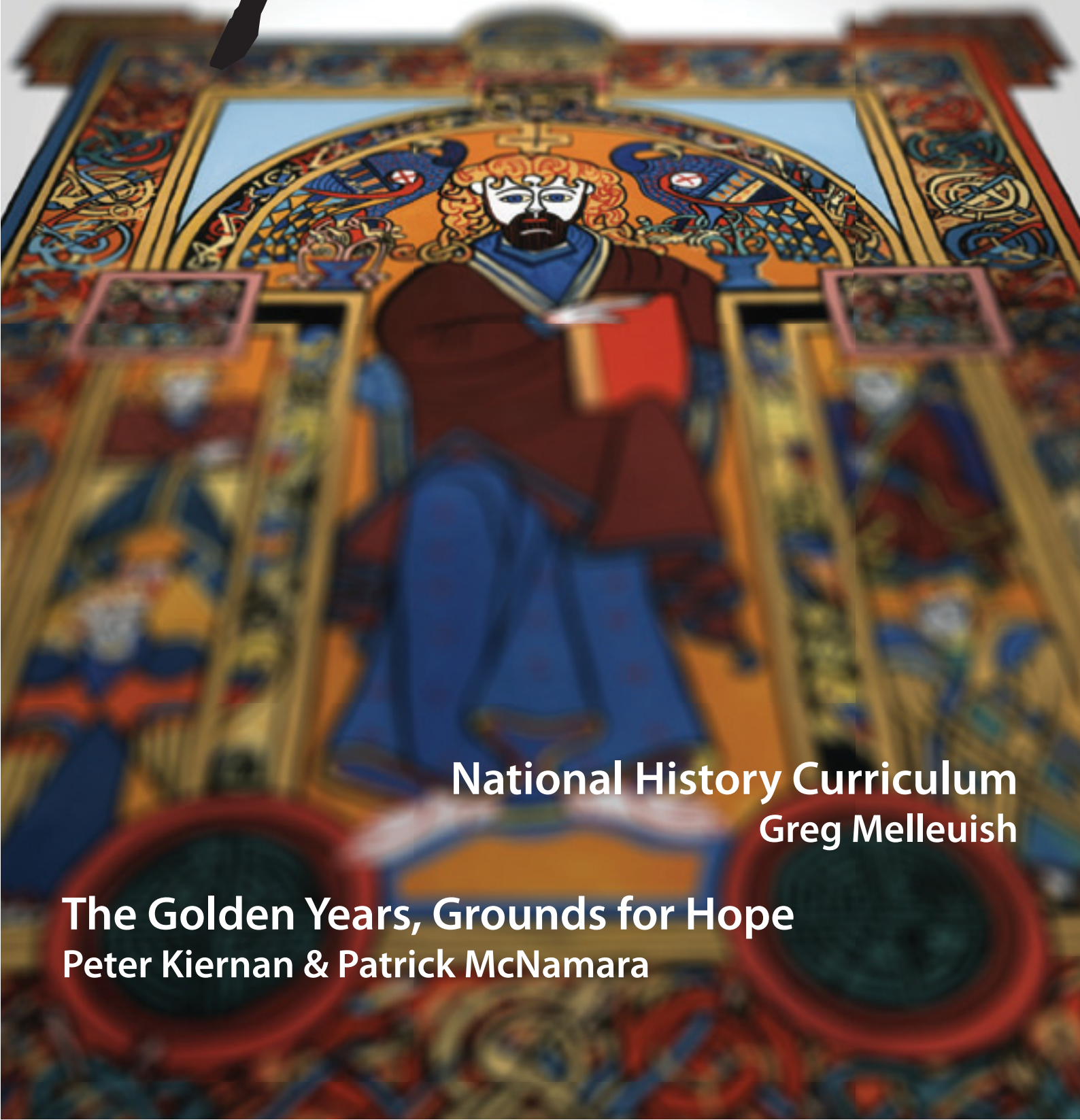


# Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 7, March 2009

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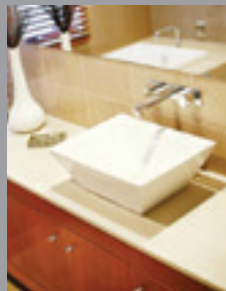


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# Tinteán

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Tinteán is a publication of the Australian Irish Heritage Network

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editor.

The cover features an image from Brenda  
Grimshaw. See page 2 for more information.

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## **The Australian Irish Heritage Network**

Membership is open to all with an identification with Irish heritage. It was founded in 2007 to continue the spirit and work of Val Noone and Mary Doyle.

One of its activities is to publish the magazine *Tinteán* (meaning hearth in Gaelic and pronounced 'Tintoyne' – the fada on the final á giving the syllable the dominant stress and the "augh" sound).

The AIHN office is in the basement of the Celtic Club, 316 Queen St, Melbourne. We express our thanks to the Club for its generosity. People are welcome to drop in. However we are only there parttime so check first.

### **Objectives of the AIHN**

This Association, as its primary objective, will produce a literary magazine called *Tinteán*. The focus of the magazine will be

to build and explore the Australian Irish identity. The magazine will welcome material which explores the big themes of exile, diaspora and settlement. It will also encourage the telling of the micro-stories that express narratives of individuals and families. There will be a continual study of the political and economic evolution of Ireland, and of the contribution which Irish-Australians have made to Australia. The intention is to explore and celebrate the playing out of the Irish heritage in Australia, past, present and future.

### **Activities**

As well as the magazine, we hope to put on social and educational events; disseminate news and information via the internet; offer recognition for service to literary and historical endeavours; issue cultural and political comment, and research and record our heritage.

# What's on

## St Patrick's Weekend Ceilidh

St Patrick's weekend celebrations at St Columba's Hall, Elwood. Fundraiser Ceilidh in aid of the Columban Partnership Project of St Kilda and Elwood. Early bookings appreciated.

When: Saturday 14th March 2009. 7.30pm to 11pm

Donation: \$20

Band: "Five and a zack"

Bookings: Noreen Dempsey 9593 8374 or email [jmwquinn@westnet.com.au](mailto:jmwquinn@westnet.com.au)

## Ned Kelly Country Tour

A tour of Ned Kelly country in September is being organized by Mr Phillip Moore of the Celtic Club. It is proposed that the tour will take in significant Kelly sites, including Glenrowan, Mansfield, Beechworth, Stringybark Creek and Power's Lookout.

As part of the preparation for this tour participants can join a Ned Kelly Reading Circle on the theme of Hero or Villain. The purpose of the Reading Group is to allocate different books to people and then come together for an overall discussion of the real and important issues behind and surrounding the life and story of Ned Kelly and his struggling community. Such readings and discussions are open to all interested people and for those intending to take the tour, they are designed to better prepare them.

As yet a specific date for the tour is to be confirmed depending on participants' availability. The Reading Circle will be established in the near future to allow for adequate reading and discussion dates before the tour. Registration of interested participants has already begun. Inquiries are welcome.

Phillip Moore, Ph: 9850 4468 Email: [mrphillmoore@aol.com](mailto:mrphillmoore@aol.com)

## Bloomsday in Melbourne

Annually celebrating James Joyce's *Ulysses* on 16 June. In 2009, the theme is what James Joyce owes to Oscar Wilde, whether he knows it or not. For details of upcoming events at the State Library and Celtic Club, see [www.bloomsdayinmelbourne.org.au](http://www.bloomsdayinmelbourne.org.au)

## Exhibition of prints from the Book of Kells

According to Art Historian Iain Zazek 'The Book of Kells is the crowning achievement of Celtic Art. It is also one of the finest illuminated manuscripts ever produced, combining intricate calligraphy with ornamental designs of exquisite beauty.'

The artist Brenda Krelle/Grimshaw began painting pages of the Book of Kells in 2004 inspired by the amazing pattern, detail and colour of the The Book of Kells. 'When I returned to teaching after family leave I began teaching both Art and medieval history. I stumbled on a page about the Book of Kells and was immediately struck by its brilliance. I painted a page to show the students what the colours would have originally been like before the colour had faded.'

Mrs Grimshaw took long service leave at the beginning of 2007 and spent three months, painting the highly detailed pages culminating in an exhibition of fourteen pages completed with the materials gouache on acid free cotton rag paper. One of the pages is a 'Portrait of St. John' which took 10 weeks of full time painting to complete.

The longest time it took to paint one of the pages was 'The Portrait of Christ' (the cover of Issue 7 of *Tinteán*) which took

12 weeks. Mrs Grimshaw said that 'the exhibition is dedicated to my great-grandparents who were from County Clare and County Cork and all the Celtic immigrants who decided to make Australia their home. I feel a real connection to the symbols, the colours and to my Irish ancestry'.

An exhibition of Brenda Grimshaw's paintings of the pages of the Book of Kells will be held at:

The Celtic Club, 316-320 Queen St cnr LaTrobe St, Melbourne 3000

14<sup>th</sup> – 16<sup>th</sup> March

Inquiries to Kim Lynch (nee Keenan), Phone: 03 96706472, [www.celticclub.com.au](http://www.celticclub.com.au)

The exhibition will be opened by Michael Keating, newly elected president of the IACC

**Philip Moore, Cultural Heritage Committee, Celtic Club, Melbourne.**

## 16th and 17th Conferences, 2009 and 2010

The next conference, the 16<sup>th</sup> in the Irish-Australian conference series, will take place in July next year in Wellington, New Zealand, organised by the ISAANZ Vice President Dr Brad Patterson. A Call-for-Papers has been prepared and has been published (see <http://www.isaanz.org/CALL%20FOR%20PAPERS%20Oct08.pdf>) In light of New Zealand involvement, the title of the conference series has been changed from the Irish-Australian Conference to the Australasian Irish Studies Conference (AISC). Inquiries should be directed to Dr Brad Patterson ([brad.patterson@vuw.ac.nz](mailto:brad.patterson@vuw.ac.nz)).

Dr Dominic Bryan, who is Director of the Institute of Irish Studies at Queen's University, Belfast will host the 17<sup>th</sup> conference in Belfast in the middle of 2010 (to be confirmed) which would mark the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of these conferences, as the first was held in Canberra in November 1980.

## Celtic Festival at Mornington Race Meeting.

After the success of the Celtic Festival in 2008, Mornington Racing Club, in conjunction with Mornington Peninsula Tourism, is again hosting the festival as part of the Carlton Draught Great Southern Steeplechase meeting on Sunday, May 24 2009.

Chief executive officer Michael Browell says the club is committed to the Mornington Celtic Festival, featuring a top-class country race meeting at Victoria's top country racecourse.

It will include the traditional Irish steeplechase and an important component of the carriage-driving national championships.

Other Celtic activities at the racecourse will include the Great Irish War Pipe, a 'gathering of the clans' for all the different Irish dog breeds, Ireland's wee Dexter cattle, the Irish sport horse, the Connemara pony; Guinness and Bailey's Irish Cream sampling sessions, an Irish band, Irish dancers, and Paddy's market craft stalls as well as produce market.

The Celtic Festival is from 11.30am-4.30pm on Sunday, May 24 at Mornington racecourse, Racecourse Road, Mornington (Melway 146 A3).

Any readers interested in becoming volunteers to assist with the organization of the Mornington Celtic Festival and Race Meeting on Sunday 24 May 2009 or for further information about the festival please contact Michael Doyle: 03 5981 0201 or [mrdoyle@pac.com.au](mailto:mrdoyle@pac.com.au)

# What we think we know

The year 2009 or 4707 in the Chinese calendar – the Year of the Ox – already has many claims upon it. It is heralded as the Year of Science, the Year of Astronomy, of Natural Fibres of the Gorilla, of Creativity.

The year began in anticipation of Barack Obama's Inaugural speech. What would be remembered, echoes of predecessors? What would be promised? What would be forecast? How would change strut its stuff? He has made history, standing where no other black man has stood. The president of the United States was born in the year of the Ox. This sign symbolises diligence, reliability, sincerity, strength, tolerance and prudence. The flagging economy and peace-making will test the ability of his broad shoulders to bear heavy burdens.

History colours hope with the geography of choice. Enlightenment to some is heresy to others; exploration and expansion can be called exploitation; migration, the bold act of leaving the known, can be experienced as invasion by those already there; each profit has its cost, for every story told there are more forgotten,

The overarching theme of the Year of Science is, 'How We Know What We Know.' This question, central to many disciplines, establishes the lineage and pertinence of knowledge.

Four hundred years ago Galileo first shone his telescope at the night sky; 200 years ago Darwin was born and 50 years later he published, *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*; 150 years ago Birr Castle in Offally housed the largest (4064 kg), most powerful telescope of the Victorian period and Robbie Burns was born; 100 years ago plastic was invented as Bakelite; Shackleton – a Kildare man – recorded a farthest South latitude 190 km from the South Pole, and Mother Mary McKillop died; 50 years ago rockets flew at Woomera, the campaign to grant full citizenship rights to Aboriginal people began and public concerts at the Sydney Myer Music Bowl were launched in Melbourne; 25 years ago the lands around Maralinga were returned to the traditional owners and rock singer, Peter Garrett, fronted the Nuclear Disarmament Party; 10 years ago the Euro was born, uranium mining commenced at Jabiluka, refugees from the war in Rwanda harvested firewood and poached in gorilla habitats in the Congo, statesmen at Stormont Castle hammered out the Good Friday Agreement and my family returned to Melbourne after three years in Donegal.

Traditional story-tellers like the Seannachai explained how the tale about to be shared came to them. This established authority and interest. For centuries Irish history was largely written by John Bull or never unpacked from shipping trunks by migrants who could not look back. In recent decades interest in genealogy, Gaelic language and Irish culture has flourished. The recent success of Brigidfest at the Celtic Club, blending music, eloquence and learning exemplifies this. Inspiring to have matriarchy and abundance celebrated!

From the safety of her arms my mother guided grasp, first steps, naming words, the no and yes of fun, *Twinkle, Twinkle*

*Little Star*, how the ox and lamb kept time while the little star of Bethlehem shone, the dangers of spilled salt and ladders, prayers to call the guardian angel, and songs about vales, larks, oilskins and hearths miles from our Nissen hut at Maribyrnong Migrant Hostel. That tin home froze in winters that still had frost and baked in freckling summers without sunscreen.

There in the sixties we never saw three consecutive days of 43 degrees: January 2009 set that record. The media and consumers lament the melt-down of infrastructure: train tracks buckled by the heat, the power-grid drained by guzzling coolers, water usage soaring above the 155l daily target when the State's water storage is below a third, unexplained deaths in Adelaide during the heatwave and rampant Victorian bushfires taking more lives and hundreds of homes. Though our Sunburnt Country can blame global warming, arson is responsible for many bushfires. While some brave Country Fire Authority volunteers save neighbours' homes, their own are engulfed.

To lose so much in one fell swoop, to have to start again, to rely on strangers – these are elements of Saint Patrick's story in our own. Captured by raiders as a youth in Britain, he was brought to Antrim as a slave, his home, his freedom, the familiar lost to him. For six years he worked as a herdsman before escaping back to his family. But out of this deprivation came his mission to the Irish and all that has entailed for history

While I am writing this, news footage of the bushfires prompts my cousin, Annie, in Donegal, to phone. Hearing tension in Annie's voice, I fear, at first, that something has happened to a relative in Ireland. Instead I am the relative causing concern. I assure her that we are safe in the city. To even complain about the heatwave seems petty after what others in rural areas have endured. Bad news travels as they say. The only two reports of Australia I heard in the three years I lived in Donegal were the Port Arthur shootings and controversy about politician, Pauline Hanson. My father took a similar call from his family in Tyrone in 1983 and confirmed that the Ash Wednesday fires were not near us. It has been years since I thought about my Dad saying into his cream-coloured bakelite receiver, 'No, we're staying put – Melbourne isn't burning.' Now he and those who phoned him have passed on. I am the custodian of this memory, the elder.

Stories survive only if they are told. *Tinteán* prompts and stores community memory and opinion. The magazine records the journeys, efforts, aspirations, connections and perspective of the Irish in Australia. It stimulates pride and debate, sending Aussie flavours to its international readership, exchanging experiences of the Diaspora.

How precious to all is our history, our home.

At this time our thoughts go out to fellow Australians who have lost so much and to those who have given so much to fight fires and distress.

**Meg McNena**

# Letters

## Famine Rock anniversary

Thank you for your very kind invitation to attend the tenth anniversary of the Famine Rock. My thoughts will be with you all. At the first unveiling of the Rock, which I attended, I will never forget the moment. At age 15, great-grandmother Mary Bennett (née Dempsey) arrived here alone from Co Galway and later married Louie Bennett from Boston who came here after gold. Her faith and example live on through the family today.

Could I take this opportunity to ask you to convey special good wishes to Val Noone on his presentation which I am hoping will be in *Tinteán* (Editor: see page 22).

**Mary J Weightman, Sale, Vic.**

## Honouring the Choctaw

Further to my letter in *Tinteán* Issue 6, here is a message from Don Mullan, the former director of Action from Ireland, Dublin:

Danny, I was speaking with an artist friend in England the other day. He mentioned that there is a window honouring the Choctaw at the Irish Centre in Manchester. I had forgotten this. When I was working for Concern, Gary White Deer of the Choctaw and I went on a tour of the UK to talk about the Irish Famine and the Choctaw link. We actually spoke at that centre. So we must have planted a seed.

Yours, Don

**Danny Cusack, Kells, Co Meath**

*(Val Noone comments: A great little piece of information. When I went to Manchester my focus was on the Labour History museum there and I did not go to the Irish Centre. However, there is a painting to commemorate the Choctaw in the Celtic Club in Perth. Danny Cusack and Joe O'Sullivan were involved in its hanging.)*

## Journey of discovery

My wife, Rita, and I have recently returned home to Australia after a trip to Ireland. This was a journey of discovery for us, and especially for Rita, who for the first time in her 66 years was able to meet with members of the family she never knew she had. In short she had

found nine first cousins and their families and an aunt almost 90 years old.

Rita had spent her childhood in an industrial school in Tipperary and grew up not ever being contacted by the mother who bore her. Why they were separated, never to meet again, is a mystery and will remain as such. We look to the future now, as the past is gone forever.

Now, for the first time in her life, Rita has received birthday cards and Christmas cards from her family and it was wonderful to see the expressions of joy on her face as she opened each envelope and digested the messages inside. Her newfound family accepted her into the fold and gave us a marvellous time. One could say fifty years too late, but the fact is that she got there and found her roots before it was too late, and that is what she desired.

We owe everything to the efforts of Origins Information and Tracing Service in Ireland who worked tirelessly on our behalf for almost four years until finally, in April 2008, the magic word came through from our researcher in Galway, 'Rita! I have found a relative of yours in Co Offaly. He is your first cousin and will be delighted to talk to you.'

We contacted cousin Joe and talked for almost an hour. A bond was immediately forged. On 28 August 2008 we boarded the plane for Ireland where we met all of the family. The effort involved in getting there was so worthwhile. This is a story that really has no ending, just a new beginning.

We would love to help others who may have a similar problem. There must be many poor souls in Australia who would love to make connection with family in the old country but do not know where to start. The Origins Tracing Service is confidential and free.

**Anthony Costello, Hamilton Hill, WA**  
Editor: *Tinteán* has contact details for the Costelloes. The Origins Information and Tracing Service, a service of the Barnardos Organisation, is at [origins@barnardos.ie](mailto:origins@barnardos.ie).

## Nano Nagle biography

Thank you for *Tinteán* with its letters and articles covering an amazing variety of interesting topics.

At present I am writing a book on Nano Nagle, who was voted the Irish

person of the millennium. My topic is her contribution to the empowerment of women, but I am having a problem finding sufficient material on the position of Irish women in eighteenth century Ireland, so I was wondering if you could publish this letter in *Tinteán* in the hope that some of the readers could point me in the right direction for resources.

**Sr Noela Fox PBVM**

*Noela Fox is at [noelafox@ozemail.com.au](mailto:noelafox@ozemail.com.au) or at 1/55 Veale St, Wagga Wagga, NSW.*

## A congratulations

Dear Madam,

I wish to congratulate the volunteer staff of *Tinteán* on a great publication.

The layout and presentation of the magazine is professional and artistic and the person responsible is to be commended. The covers in particular are well chosen and unless one has worked on a magazine such as this, no one could know the amount of work involved in putting it together.

Many thanks to all of you and keep up the good work.

**Flora McDonald, Camberwell, Vic**

## Speaking the Truth

I write on this auspicious day, 12 February 2009, the bicentenary of the births of both Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin in 1809. Lincoln's stature only continues to increase, as we observed throughout President Obama's inspiring inaugural celebrations, whereas that of Darwin is still assailed by creationists, intelligent design proponents, and the like. Such critics are merely following two hundred years of continued anti-evolutionary activism and denial.

Your readers may be interested in this letter from London clockmakers Barraud and Lunds to their bankers, Martin's Bank, written the day after Darwin's funeral on 26 April 1882:

Sir, we have this day drawn a cheque for 280 pounds which closes our account with your firm. Our reasons are entirely the presence of Mr Martin at Westminster Abbey yesterday, not merely giving sanction to the scene as an individual, but apparently as one of the deputation of the Society which

has especially become the endorsers and sustainers of Mr Darwin's theories. We feel that the day has come when a most avowed stand must be taken by all who are not ashamed to affirm the Truth of the Living God in His statements as to the creation in Genesis at Sinai and to His written word throughout.

We are content to know that our own feeble voice will be drowned in the turmoil of an exultant anthem to the praise of a man whose wicked and ridiculous theories we hold to be awful blasphemies.

Let it be so. The day is hurrying on, which shall burn as a fire. We shall see then who has spoken Truth – God or Mr Darwin.

Yours respectfully, Barraud and Lunds.

Yes, Messrs Barraud and Lunds, your prediction was accurate; we have seen who has spoken Truth.

*Peter Kiernan, Malvern, Vic.*

### A benevolent connotation

Dear Madam

On a recent trip 'home' to visit family and friends, I was struck more than once by the upbeat attitude of journalists, business people and the community in general to look on the bright side of life, despite an economic recession. It was the recession Ireland had to have according to many people, some of whom had never heard of Paul Keating. The absence of doom and gloom in general was striking. In fact, there was a kind of relief that riding on the back of the Celtic tiger had come to an end. Riding tigers might be exhilarating at the beginning of the experience but to continue to do so is a no-win situation – staying on becomes an all consuming pursuit and falling off – with its attendant risk of being consumed – is fatal. But being able to get off because the beast is exhausted is probably the best compromise. In a recession hit Ireland, obscene house prices could be allowed to fall, children would discover the pleasures of a holiday in Ireland which their parents and grandparents had enjoyed, the simple pleasures of community

life would be rediscovered. This is not to deny the real economic suffering inflicted on those who have lost their jobs and the spectre of emigration, an even more damaging *bête-noir* than the Celtic Tiger, is very real.

The President, Mary McAleese, reflects the optimism that is characteristic of Irish society at this time. While not resiling from the effects the global downturn would have, she stressed the positives. Ireland had a young and well-educated population who could help 'turn the corner' in the current economic climate. She said, '(t)he Irish people are a resilient people – we have faced recession before and come through the other side. It's important for us to be hope filled and innovative as we face the challenges. We can look at ways to help each other, to look out for those in difficulties, supporting organisations which assist those in need.' Irish people, she insisted, had not lost sight of the importance of community and good neighbourliness, and the spirit of generosity.

These qualities were never more in evidence than in ordinary folks' responses to the bushfire tragedy in Victoria. Millions of dollars have been raised, warehouses of clothing and produce have been accumulated, homes have been opened, tears have been shed and shared. And all this in a time of economic stress and anxiety. Nothing can alleviate the terrible losses of family members, family homes, family pets. We can do nothing but grieve over the terrible destruction of the flora and fauna of our beleaguered state. But the outflowing of generosity and hospitality of ordinary people is a source of great hope

Our state and federal politicians could take a leaf out of President McAleese's book in rallying the Australian community to face the challenges of economic hardship. Perhaps *Tintéan*, with its benevolent connotation of shared experience, should lead the way.

*Éilís Ord, McKinnon Vic.*



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# News

## Brigidfest Celebration at the Celtic Club

The feast of St Brigid was celebrated at the Celtic Club on her feast day, the first day of February. A committee led by Marlene Shanahan have organised this annual celebration for six years now, and it goes from strength to strength. This year about one hundred and twenty people gathered at the Club to welcome the guest of honour His Excellency Máirtín Ó Fainín, the Ambassador of Ireland and hear guest speaker Dr Diane Hall. She captivated the audience, speaking about "Brigid's Sisters – Women in the Church in Mediaeval Ireland". Seamus Moloughney, President of the Celtic Club welcomed us all to the Club, to enjoy a fine meal. This year the Brigid Mart was introduced, and a range of Irish organisations offered information about Irish language classes, *Tinteán*, books and St Brigid crosses for sale. Guests were able to browse before and after the lunch, offering opportunities to find out more about matters Irish and firing up the craic.

Musicians Cath Connelly and Greg Hunt welcomed us with fine music before Ambassador Máirtín Ó Fainín led us in St Brigid's Grace, the last verse timely for we Victorians, surrounded by the devastation of bushfires:

God bless the poor,  
God bless the sick  
And bless the human race.  
God bless our food,  
God bless our drink,  
All homes O God embrace.

His words in Irish were especially welcomed by those who are Irish speakers; so too did they welcome him going from table to table speaking to members of the Irish community.

Dr Diane Hall, from the University of Melbourne, brought alive to us the life and times of Brigid. Her slides of the mediaeval convents told us much about society in first century Ireland and how Brigid led the way in establishing religious communities that were places of prayer as well as for art and creativity. Devotion to Brigid mirrors the Marian tradition of Ireland; Brigid was a leader, a woman who demonstrated care for others in very practical ways.

The Brigidfest Celebration at the

Celtic Club offers an important opportunity for members of the Irish community and their friends to meet in conversation and enjoy sharing the cultural inheritance we Irish-Australians have had bestowed on us by our Irish forebears.

*Rosemary Sheehan*

## Clerical Child Abuse Allegations

There was a photograph in the *Irish Independent* on Tuesday 8th January of 70 year old Fr. Michael Mernagh relaxing in Dublin after his nine day trek from St. Coleman's Cathedral in Cobh to the Pro-Cathedral in Dublin as an act of atonement for the Church's handling of recent clerical child abuse allegations.

The Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. John Magee, failed to tell health authorities that one of his priests was under investigation for abuse despite claiming that he was fully compliant with child protection guidelines. As the government ordered a new probe into his handling of abuse allegations in his diocese the embattled bishop insisted that he would not resign. Sources, close to Bishop Magee, say that he will not resign unless directed by the Pope.

How likely is it that the Pope will act? Not at all likely if the example of previous popes (one of whom may be being considered for canonisation) is anything to go by. In the meantime the diocese is facing a number of civil suits as a result of previous allegations of clerical child abuse in the '70s and '80s and further civil suits now look possible.

The Church seems to be hell bent on squandering every last vestige of credibility and moral authority at a time when these very qualities that are most needed in Ireland, by young and old alike.

Apart from the terrible suffering of those who were abused and their families the saddest aspect of it all is the damage to the church as a whole and to the vast majority of priests who selflessly devote their lives to the practice of their vocation.

*Joseph Murphy*

## Healing the rifts?

The Europa Hotel in Belfast – reputed to be the world's most bombed hotel – was the venue for the publication of a government commissioned report on how

to heal the divisions of Northern Ireland on the 29/01/09. However, the event was disrupted by a large group of protestors haranguing invited guests including Gerry Adams who was accused of terrorist activities by Cedric Wilson a former Unionist member of the Northern Ireland Assembly.

The meeting eventually got under way under the chairmanship of Chief Constable Hugh Orde, commander of the Northern Ireland police. Lord Eames and Denis Bradley, of the Consultative Group of the Past, presented the briefing. They outlined a £300 million plan to establish peace and stability in the troubled province.

The plan includes the repatriation of the 4600 people estimated to have been exiled from Northern Ireland by the paramilitaries. It also suggests an annual day of reflection and reconciliation. However it concedes that a shared memorial cannot be agreed on just yet.

Lord Eames and Mr Bradley are hopeful that 'at the end of a five-year period of investigations, overseen by the proposed legacy commission, a line would finally be drawn under the past.' But many victims' groups are seeking justice, not closure, and do not accept the plan. One of the main grievances of these groups are the claims that the British security forces were engaged in a 'dirty war' colluding with terrorist groups from both sides. Another controversial proposal was that a flat rate of £12,000 (\$25,000) be paid to the families of victims killed in the Troubles – whether terrorist, police officer, guerrilla, soldier or innocent bystander.

The British Prime Minister, Mr Brown, said the British Government would consider the report with great care before making its response.

*Source: The Australian 30/01/09*

## Withdrawal of free Medical Cards for the elderly

On the 15th October 2008 an angry grey army brought traffic to a standstill in the streets of Dublin outside Leinster House. They came from all over Ireland. Some, who were physically handicapped, made a supreme effort to be part of this army whose anger was suffused with massive feelings of betrayal and injustice.



The reason? The governments plan to remove free medical cards from tens of thousands of elderly people.

They carried placards reading:

- Cowan, Harney, Lenihan bloated with excess while taking from seniors and children.

- Politicians are paid to go to work – See their expenses. Workers pay to go to work. Pensioners are penalised for saving and living.

- Fianna Fail – you discriminate we'll eliminate

- Two women carried a poster for a recently released film with a substituted photograph of the Taoiseach, Brian Cowan. The Film? *No Country for Old Men*

Shocked Government officials tried to bluster and trot out platitudes and excuses but they were shouted down. A week later Taoiseach, Brian Cowan was forced into a humiliating U-turn. He delivered an abject apology to pensioners as he bowed to relentless pressure and climbed down over his plan to remove the free medical cards.

Fine Gael spokesman on health Dr. James Reilly welcomed the move saying, 'they thought they could carry out this attack under the guise of patriotism when in fact it was more like terrorism of the elderly.'

The Taoiseach's back-flip means that 95% of pensioners will retain their free healthcare. Anyone over 70 with an income of less than €700 per week or

€36,000 per year (€1,400 per week for a couple, €73,000 for a year) will qualify for a medical card.

**Joseph Murphy**

### From our roving reporter

Arrived in a snow covered Dublin airport. I am here for the human rights conference on 14/15 Feb marking the 20th anniversary of the murder of Belfast lawyer Pat Finucane and the call for a public inquiry into his death. There are a number of leading human rights lawyers in attendance from the USA and England, and senior government ministers will be attending a pre-conference dinner. I will prepare a report for *Tinteán* readers when I return to Australia.

**Bernie Brophy**

### Disappearance of a South Uist man

In a story that recalls many eerie Celtic stories of disappearances, a South Uist man has been missing since Boxing Day. Simon MacMillan, merchant seaman and noted performer on the bagpipes, was last seen getting off a minibus about 20 minutes from his home in Ardmore. He got off before his own stop in order to help a drunken friend get home. A fit young man, Simon was well capable of the two miles walk even though the temperature dropped to one degree above freezing that night, but he never reached his home. Police, coastguards and 200 volunteers have searched the small island without finding any trace of him. Police have asked householders to check all outbuildings.

Simon is the son of Angus MacMillan, Chairman of the South Uist community landlord Stòras Uibhist. His trip home at Christmas was unplanned and the result of an unexpected offer of a few days leave from his ship. It is known that Simon had been involved in several incidents with other young men on the island, and some of them are thought to have arisen from his father's prominent role in the community. There has been some local unhappiness with Angus MacMillan's management of the trust. A recent decision of his, taken against the wishes of local crofters, may have contributed to Simon being beaten up more than once by local boys when he defended his father's actions. The most serious incident occurred on Halloween when Simon was taken to a cemetery at Iochdar. He was tied to a gravestone and left there for a large part of the night.

Police maintain that this is a missing person inquiry, but after seven days of intensive search, they have scaled down the level of the investigation.

**Compiled from [www.sundaymail.co](http://www.sundaymail.co) and [news.stv.scotland](http://news.stv.scotland)**

### Bushfire tragedy

At the time that this issue of our magazine is in production, many of our readers will have been touched in some way by the recent tragic bushfires in Victoria. There are Irish-Australian families who have lost property and there are many

readers who will have had friends and family members involved in this tragedy, either as victims, survivors or volunteers assisting with fire-fighting or relief operations.

The task of dealing with this catastrophe will not be easy and it will take considerable time before the relief effort can be concluded, despite the best efforts of the government and non-government organizations involved. However, in the midst of this devastation and personal loss, it is heartening to see that there is arising a strong sense of community which, with the many organizations offering assistance, will see the rebuilding of these shattered homes and facilities.

All of us at *Tinteán* express our sincere sympathy to those affected.

### Ambitious plan for Irish Language

In 2003, Ireland officially became recognised as a two language nation within the European Union. The ambition of Peadar O'Flatharta of Dublin City University is to dramatically increase the number of people using Irish in their daily lives from 70,000 at present to a quarter of a million by the year 2028. To this end, he has enlisted the services Joe Lo Bianco, an Australian born in Myrtleford to Italian tobacco farmers.

Joe Lo Bianco, who holds a chair in language and literacy education at the University of Melbourne has wide experience in language policy and has worked in Canada, Scotland, Sri Lanka Vietnam Samoa and Singapore. His work in Scotland caught the eye of Professor O'Flatharta who had formed a consortium in 2007 and invited Lo Bianco and his colleagues from Wales and Switzerland to join with him in putting a proposal to the Irish government just before Christmas. They are awaiting a response from the government.

Lo Bianco admits that the goal to increase dramatically the use of Irish in daily life in Ireland is ambitious. At the formation of the Irish Free State, the emphasis was on teaching everyone the language which had suffered a severe decline in the 19th and early 20th century. 'But there's a big dif-

# News

ference between teaching something and encouraging people to use it', Lo Bianco points out. The success of such an enterprise would depend on three principles: usage planning – connecting the language to modes of youth identity (in particular); ability – schools have to ensure that students have to have a high level of skill in the language; and attitudes – there needs to be positive disposition towards the language in the community, a recognition that the language is not about the past but the here and now.

Source: *The Australian HES* 21/01/09

## Another Irish-American President?

When John F Kennedy became President of the United States of America, his Irish ancestry was well-published and the population of Dunganstown, Co. Wexford, rightly claimed him as one of their own. Well, unlikely as it may seem, we have another Irish-American US President.

The December 2008 issue of the magazine, *Ancestry*, reports that one of the great-great-grandmothers of Barack Obama, was a Mary Ann Kearney whose father arrived in New York from Ireland in 1850. An extensive piece of research by the author of the *Ancestry* article, Megan Smolenyak, has revealed that President Obama's great-great-grandfather came from Moneygall in Co. Offaly.

Moneygall, Ireland, has a Catholic church, five shops, a post office, a national school, a police station and two pubs (of course).

Falmouth Kearney, great-great-grandfather of the President of the USA, Barack Obama, emigrated from Moneygall to the USA at the age of 19 in 1850. Barack hasn't quite 'covered all bases' though. His minders are feverishly searching for few drops of French, Spanish, Jewish, and German blood in those cosmopolitan veins. An adoring public is waiting expectantly. The Song can be accessed on YouTube by keying in the letter of the site below: [www.oneyedparrot.org/obama.html](http://www.oneyedparrot.org/obama.html)

Perhaps, we should now refer to the President as Padraic O'Bama.

*Robert J F Butler*

## No one as Irish as Barack OBama

O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara  
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

You don't believe me, I hear you say  
But Barack's as Irish, as was JFK  
His granddaddy's daddy came from Moneygall  
A small Irish village, well known to you all

Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a lama  
There's no one as Irish As Barack O'Bama

He's as Irish as bacon and cabbage and stew  
He's Hawaiian he's Kenyan American too  
He's in the white house, He took his chance  
Now let's see Barack do Riverdance

Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a lama  
There's no one as Irish As Barack O'Bama

From Kerry and cork to old Donegal  
Let's hear it for Barack from old moneygall  
From the lakes if Killarney to old Connemara  
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara  
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama  
From the old blarney stone to the great hill of Tara  
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

2008 the white house is green,  
their cheering in Mayo and in Skibereen.  
The Irish in Kenya, and in Yokahama,  
Are cheering for President Barack O'Bama

O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara  
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

The Hockey Moms gone, and so is McCain  
They are cheering in Texas and in Borrisokane,  
In Moneygall town, the greatest of drama,  
for our Famous president Barack o Bama

Toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a loo, toor a lama  
There's no one as Irish As Barack O'Bama

The great Stephen Neill, a great man of God,  
He proved that Barack was from the Auld Sod  
They came by bus and they came by car,  
to celebrate Barack in Ollie Hayes's Bar

O'Leary, O'Reilly, O'Hare and O'Hara  
There's no one as Irish as Barack O'Bama

*By Hardy Drew (www.corriganbrothers.com)*

# Jageurs Literary Award: honouring the great nationalist

In 2005, the Cultural Heritage Committee of the Celtic Club established the annual Jageurs Literary Award to honour Morgan Jageurs and his efforts in promoting Irish culture in Australia and in helping the establishment of the Celtic Club.

Why did the Celtic Club decide to promote the Literary Arts in the name of Morgan Jageurs? His story should be better known.

Morgan Jageurs was born 10<sup>th</sup> October, 1862 in Tullamore, Kings County, Ireland. He died on 27<sup>th</sup> April, 1932 in Melbourne. He was an architect and monumental mason and was the first to introduce the Celtic Cross to as a gravestone in Australia. His great memorials can be seen in cemeteries throughout Melbourne. His knowledge of building and architecture, was of great assistance in the building of St. Patrick's Cathedral and St. Mary's-West Melbourne.

Morgan Jageurs was a nationalist through and through, and a man of many enthusiasms, most of them focussed on Ireland. As well as being a founding member and President of the Celtic Club and the Victorian Catholic Young Men's

Society he was also deeply involved in the Melbourne branches of the Irish Land League, the Irish National League and the later formation of the United Irish League and he helped form the Melbourne Irish Pipers' Club. Patrick O'Farrell who wrote *The Irish in Australia* says of Jageurs that he 'personally sustained virtually all Irish organizations in Melbourne during his active lifetime.'

Like many Victorian men of his era, he was a polymath – a fine orator and writer especially on Irish art and culture. He was prepared to speak on any occasion on the history and literature of Ireland and in 1889 published a fine article on "Irish Society". One writer called him 'the Irish Encyclopedia'.

He organised and hosted many notable Irish visitors to Australia including Devlin Donovan and the Redmond brothers. Michael Davitt, who visited Australia in the 1890's, was godfather to his eldest son.

The competition aims to stimulate the production of new literary works with a consciousness of Ireland or Irish-Australia – stories, one-act plays, poetry. Non-fiction is also eligible, but should

demonstrate 'literariness', an awareness of the language arts that Irish writers have become famous for. Such writing needs to be self-conscious, artful, shaped, and hopefully innovative. Manuscripts that celebrate, or excoriate the culture, or take any position in between are welcome. In the past, the prize has been awarded to submissions that have taken risks in dealing with the heritage. The word-length can be much shorter than the nominated 5000 words maximum if the medium is poetry.

Work that has been previously published is not eligible for submission, and contestants can submit no more than two entries per person. Winning entries will be published in *Tinteán*. Information about the competition and closing dates are to be found on <http://www.celticclub.com.au/literary>. Further information can be obtained by emailing: [info@celticclub.com.au](mailto:info@celticclub.com.au)

If you are aware of closet writers who think and read about Ireland and have things to say about Irish-Australia, then please bring the competition to their attention. Or if you are one yourself, this may be a chance to strut your stuff.

## Word Watch

### Is it a jeremiad or a philippic?

We've all been there – a brilliant idea went pear-shaped and some authority figure has burst into a loud ranting denunciation of ourselves, breed, seed and generation. No doubt with rising temperatures and falling bank accounts, this sort of thing will happen ever more often and so it might console those on the receiving end to be able to tell a jeremiad from a philippic.

A jeremiad is a bitter lament about the state of society and the sinfulness of those who inhabit it, deriving ultimately from the Book of Jeremiah; not a happy chap! He might have been right about the rulers of Judah breaking their covenant with the lord, but some of those who leaped on the jeremiad bandwagon really gave it a bad name. Puritan ministers were fond of telling everyone that New England was falling into a decline. The General Court Synod of the American Puritans (1679) found people lamenting the fact that "...children and Servants are not kept in due subjection.." (shocking!) that "...the heathenish and idolatrous practice of Health-drinking

is too frequent.." and naturally that women's fashions were going to hell in a hand-basket with "Laying out of hair, ... or which is more abominable, naked Breasts, and mixed Dancings," Who knew the Puritans got up to that sort of thing?

Jeremiads may be wearing, but a philippic is downright nasty. Demosthenes took a set against Phillip of Macedon (hence the name) and tried to warn the world of the dangers of the father of Alexander the Great by embarking on a fiery, damning speech. Not really a sensible activity to undertake, philippics. Cicero was famously killed for following in Demosthenes' footsteps. Even asking questions about where exactly the evidence is seems to be hazardous these days, but what of the original subject of the denunciation? Apparently Phillip of Macedon took the view that words would never hurt him and ignored Demosthenes, which makes me wonder if he really was such a hazard after all.

*Felicity Allen*

**"..the heathenish and idolatrous practice of Health-drinking is too frequent.."**

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## Daonscoil faoi Chros an Deiscirt

Reáchtáladh 14ú Daonscoil na hAs-tráile idir 4-11 Eanáir i mbliana agus mar is gnáth bhí am ar dóigh acu siúd a bhí ann. Reáchtálar an scoil gach samhradh le deis a thabhairt do mhuintir na Gaeilge san Astráil teacht le chéile ar feadh seachtaine leis an teanga a chur i bhfeidhm agus í a fhoghlaim.

Le blianta beaga anuas bíonn an scoil ar siúl in Lady Northcote Camp, in aice le Bacchus Marsh, baile beag timpeall ar seachtó ciliméadar siar ó Melbourne. Is áit an-oiriúnach í an campa don scoil mar go bhfuil áiseanna maíthe ar fáil ann. De ghnáth ní bhíonn ach cúpla gearán ag rannpháirtithe na scoile – an fáilte a chuireann cuileoga na háite rompu agus screadaíl na corellas go moch ar maidin!

Bhí corradh is seasca duine i láthair ag an scoil i mbliana agus d'fhreastail siad ar ranganna Gaeilge ar cúig leibhéal éagsúla. Bhí trí dhuine dhéag san ard rang, atá dírithe ar daoine atá líofa sa teanga, an líon is airde i stair na scoile. Anuas ar sin, bhí fiche duine i rang a ceathair, an dara rang is airde. Dealraíonn na líonta seo go raibh go leor daoine i láthair a bhí in inmhe Gaeilge a labhairt, agus rinne siad a ndícheall an teanga a úsáid chomh minic agus a b'fhéidir. Bhí sé an-deas páistí a fheiceáil arís ag an Daonscoil – triúr acu \_ agus leanbán.

Chomh maith leis na ranganna, bhí réimse leathan imeachtaí eile sa scoil. Gach iarnóin bhí imeacht ar siúl inar bhuaíl cuid de na mic léinn sna ranganna a b'airde le mic léinn óna ranganna ní b'isle, le cabhair a thabhairt dóibh le haon deacrachtaí a bhí acu leis an teanga nó le haghaidh comhráite as Gaeilge. Bíonn an t-imeacht seo an-tábhachtach ag an scoil agus cruthaíonn sé atmaisféar comhoibrioch.

Gach iarnóin freisin bhí na 'roghanna'

ar siúl, mion-chúrsaí ar feadh uair go leith. I measc na roghanna a bhí ar fáil i mbliana bhí amhránaíocht, sean-Ghaeilge, rince, an fheadóg stáin, cócaireacht, cluichí agus dráma a chuir go mór leis an t-eolas. Ba ríléir go raibh díomá ar go leor daoine nach raibh siad in inmhe freastal ar níos mó ná rogha amháin.

I measc rannpháirtithe na scoile bhí cúigear cuairteoirí as Éirinn. Mar is gnáth, bhí Nóirín Uí Chatháin as tuaisceart Chiarraí ann. Tá Nóirín ag freastal ar na scoileanna ó cuireadh tús leo agus gach bliain tugann sí acmhainní nua as Éirinn do na múinteoirí. Ina cuideachta an iarraidh seo bhí Máire Ní Chearúil. Dála Nóirín, is iarbhunmhúinteoir í Máire, a bhfuil cónaí uirthi i gCiarraí thuaidh.

Tháinig an tréú cuairteoir, Conal McCorry, ó Bhéal Feirste. Is aisteoir óg í Conal atá ar saoire san Astráil. Tógadh le Gaeilge é in iarthair Bhéal Feirste, ceantar ina bhfuil forbairt suntasach déanta ar an teanga le blianta fada anuas. Bhí áthas orainn freisin go raibh beirt turasóirí eile in ár dteannta ar feadh trí lá – Maeve McNamara as Cill Mantáin agus Sinéad O'Donnell as Lubhadh. Tugann na hÉireannaigh óga fuinneamh agus eolas úrnua dúinn.

Mar a bheifeá ag súil leis, bhí seisiún ceoil ar siúl gach oíche, agus ar an oíche dheireanach bhí an cheolchoirm mhór. Bhí chóir a bheith gach duine sa champa páirteach sa cheolchoirm, agus thug sí deis do dhaoine áirithe na scileanna nua a d'fhoghlaim siad i gcaitheamh na scoile a léiriú.

"Go mbeirimid beo ar an am seo arís"

*Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin*

*(The Irish Language Association is proud to have received funding from the Irish Government for Daonscoil 2009)*

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# Tenth Lake School – and all is well!

I have been getting lots of feedback from people who went to the the tenth Lake School 2009 in Koroit, and it is very pleasing and edifying. Thank you.

The week was blessed with some moderate weather. The camping was much more pleasant than it has been in the last couple of years, and was very pleasantly packed out. The numbers of students was the second best ever, and many people rocked up on the opening day which boosted the enrolment.

Once again we had a mix of people from all over the country: Darwin, Queensland, Sydney, Ballarat, Melbourne, Geelong, Gippsland, Adelaide as well as Terang and Warrnambool.

Some of the highlights included the Youth Concert at Crossley Hall, the Spud Poets Award at the Koroit Country Bakehouse (this year's winner was Clare Milesi) and the Ted Egan and Rant concert at the football club rooms. We hadn't held a Lake School concert for seven years at Crossley Hall, and it was great to be back there – some of us got a peek in at the Church which was looking grand and ready for the Shane Howard

and Teresa O'Brien wedding that followed on the weekend.

In general the performances and songs written by young people were a particular highlight this year. The Paddy O'Neill Award group, Dram, lived up to expectations and their act included original songs. Original songs by Michaela Hickey, Olivia Brooks-Meagher, and Emily Ann Meagher featured, and Georgia Rose, a twelve year old fiddle player from Briagolong gave an indication that she will be a very fine player in the future.

The Koroit Historical Society made space available for us this year at the old Lake School (the building in the background of the photo below) and Lou Hesterman and Ozzie produced and edited some fine recordings of the week's music, and sold nearly a 100 CDs. Brenda Osborne also took a very fine set of photos of the week.

The Lake School Newsletter worked well again and it was good to get the witty insights of DP Encarso (Lewis Argall) who reported on some controversial and unusual topics.

The music sessions in the pubs were once again a 'mighty craic'. As well as the Paddy Fitzgerald lead sessions at Micky Bourke's, there were the slow sessions at the Commercial Hotel. Mark McDonnell reported that there was a great feeling at the Commercial and we look forward to the sessions continuing there next year. Late night sessions at the Basketball Stadium also flourished.

Danny Bourke arrived to lead the Irish Music Master Class on Friday, the final day, and the Master Class capped off the great work done by the tutors during the week.

The Grand Ceilidh held on the Thursday at the Koroit Theatre with an attendance of nearly 300 people went for nearly five hours, and although a great triumph raised the question yet again how to better stage and organise such a concert.

I would like to thank all the tutors and the committee for their efforts and to compliment the students and families for their good spirits and excellent behaviour.

*Felix Meagher*

# Printing scores from online sources

In the last issue we looked at online music scores and how to purchase and print them using the new service from Allans music, but as usual there's always more to it than meets the eye.

If the piece of music you are looking for is not found, then you can submit a request online and they will endeavour

to track it down and let you know. You must provide an email address so they can reply, but no other personal information is required. I enquired about the song 'Lately' by Stevie Wonder which has a rather nice keyboard part and had an acknowledgement (rather a non-committal one) waiting in my email when I got back to work. This had come from what appeared to be the real site behind the site, namely [www.sheetmusicdirect.com](http://www.sheetmusicdirect.com) that are based in London. This kind of revelation is not uncommon in the online world. Services like this are invariably designed for a global customer base, but can then be onsold or rebranded to take advantage of local market opportunities. Sheetmusic Direct turns out to be the online distribution outlet for two of the world's largest music publishers, Hal Leonard Corporation in the USA and Music sales in London.

You will find that when logging on to this site instead of Allans' own website the first thing you have to do is indicate which country you are in so they can give you a price in the correct local currency inclusive of any taxes etc. Having said that, there are always some free scores available and new ones pop up regularly. At the time of writing, Handel's 'Joy to the World' is one such freebie. The copyright naturally expired long ago and the man himself is no longer around to protect his own interests (perhaps the Joyce estate could give a few pointers here?), giving publishers a free rein with his material. Even so, I am a big fan of anything by Handel so, as you would expect, that discovery pleased me no end.

The free scores are also good to play around with because you can experiment with the keychange and listening features and generally get the feel of the whole process before pulling out your credit card and making an actual investment. The screen prompts can also be tailored to your own language. Just look along the wee row of flags and click on one that looks familiar. Sadly, Irish is not an option.

No prizes for guessing that the most popular download at present is the music of Abba. The entire album (of 24 songs) from Mamma Mia is available, along with everything else they ever wrote.

Remember that what you will get with this method is just the music and none of the photos, fancy artwork or stories that are often included in the printed versions of music albums.

The number of big name artists to be found is quite impressive overall but strangely some, eg Neil Young, are conspicuous by their absence. Maybe Shakey's agent is still holding out for better terms.

Logging on to this site can also be worthwhile financially because based on the few pieces that I looked at, it seems cheaper. You will of course be printing at home with all the attendant risks. If the paper gets jammed and you lose the print then you've done your dough, so to speak, because you won't be able to save the onscreen image and try again. Sibelius users may possibly have recourse to a few extra options at this point, but for ordinary 'Joe Public' the payment only entitles you to one print and that's it. But the cost in Australian dollars ranges from only \$2.97 to \$6.75 per individual item and extra discounts are given for some bulk purchases, eg the Mamma Mia collection, so it may be worth considering. Then again you will have to provide your own protective folder.

Another site worth visiting, if your tastes lean more toward classical or educational material, is that run by Sibelius Music themselves. They claim to have over 80,000 scores available for purchase and download from their own website [www.sibeliusmusic.com](http://www.sibeliusmusic.com). They don't have an Irish section as such but there is Irish material in there if you know the name of the piece you want or have the patience to look through long lists of titles.

Just typing 'Irish' into the search box will bring back over 500 related titles including the aforementioned Wexford Carol and also lots of old favourites. Thankfully there's not much of the Broadway/stage Irish variety to be seen. I did spot one unusual entry – the Swallowtail jig (funny, I always thought that tune was a reel) but otherwise it all looks pretty kosher.

Daughter getting married? You can even commission a new piece. Now there's a thought.

*Stuart Traill*

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# Bolg an tSoláthair/ Odds & Ends



At the Famine Rock, Williamstown:  
Mark and Shina's wedding party

## Irish and Congo

On New Year's Day, at St Leo's, North Altona, my wife Mary and I joined a very happy gang of family and friends at the wedding of Mark Clarke, who we know from Irish-language classes, and Shina Mwamba, who comes from the Congo. The nuptial Mass was a knockout, Australian, African and Irish rolled into one, and the reception followed suit, music and dance and storytelling from all three streams. Mary and I had a small part in providing a copy of a 1960s vinyl of Congolese church music, *Missa Luba*. Shina's father, Clovis, explained that the wedding song on the album comes from the Mwamba clan's home village so Mark and Shina used it in the ceremony. Clovis is a democrat and a political refugee. It was a joyous occasion and there were a couple of conversations too about the struggle of the Congolese today, Collingwood footballer Harry O'Brien, Irish peacekeeping soldiers of the 1960s as well as Roger Casement, an Irish patriot executed in 1916, who did so much to build international support for the Congolese in their struggle against the

Belgian imperialists. The wedding party stopped for a photograph at the Famine Rock at Williamstown on their way from the church to the town hall for the party.

## Mary Tondut rescued

In the rousing stories of the 1876 *Catalpa* rescue of six Irish political prisoners from gaol in Western Australia, US-based Irish revolutionary John Breslin is the one who orchestrates the extraordinary escape from his base in a Fremantle hotel. Several writers have mentioned that Breslin, then about 38, seems to have fathered a child with Mary Tondut, a 22-year-old hotel maid. Did Breslin renege on a promise to take Mary to the USA or did she change her mind about him? Richard Cowan of Sydney has written a surprising little book which rescues Fremantle-born Mary from obscurity. He has collected details about the Tonduts, about Mary and Breslin's son who was baptised John Joseph Breslin in St Mary's, Sydney, about Mary's subsequent marriage to Harry Thomas, and about Breslin's later American family. Cowan who is a great grandnephew of Mary throws in a few unsubstantiated family yarns as well. His book which is called *Mary Tondut: the Woman in the Catalpa Story* is good value at \$22 including postage from [www-personal.usyd.edu.au/~rcowan/tondut.html](http://www-personal.usyd.edu.au/~rcowan/tondut.html) or by emailing Richard at [rcowan@mail.usyd.edu.au](mailto:rcowan@mail.usyd.edu.au).

## Westering Home

In grade seven at St Paul's Bentleigh, many years ago, Sister Petronella taught her overcrowded class (of which I was one) the beautiful song, Westering Home. Of course, I also heard the song in family and other settings but her efforts

came back to me when I heard John Spillane's delightful rendition on his new CD album, *Irish Songs We Learned at School*. Spillane and the children of Baile an Chollaigh, Co Cork, make the Irish version of this Scottish song, 'Trasna na dTonnta', a highlight of his album.

## Bill Roberts and Mick McKeown

There were two funerals on 12 January that I needed to attend so I opted to go to the vigil service the night before for Bill Roberts at St Peter's, East Bentleigh, and the Requiem for Mick McKeown. Bill, 81, from the Mallee, was a wonderful family man, an outstanding dentist, a leader in the campaign to support an independent East Timor and founder of the Aboriginal Dental Service. When Bill gave up a successful Collins Street practice to move to the Aboriginal service in Fitzroy, he did so because his wife Joan and his daughters Mary Anne, Catherine, Genevieve and Louise encouraged him to do so.

Mick McKeown, who I have been mistakenly calling McEwan in this column, got a good send-off from Good Shepherd Hostel in Abbotsford following his death on Boxing Day, aged 80. He's the one whose parents had been outstanding in an earlier generation for their support work in Australia for a united republic in Ireland. Con Tsorbaris, hostel manager, Helen Hart, a friend, and Fr Ernie Smith, chaplain, all spoke highly of Mick, his sense of humour, his enthusiasm for Collingwood Football Club and his life of hard work as a labourer on farms and in cities around the country. 'He was a true Aussie battler who lived a happy go-lucky life', Con said.

Val Noone

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# Centenary of the Old Age Pension in Ireland

“If there is one man that doesn’t look like a pensions’ officer, that man is a pensions’ officer.”

John B Keane

The Irish Old Age Pension Act was passed one hundred years ago and implemented in January 1909. According to Economic Historian Cormac O Gráda it was, ‘arguably the most radical and far-reaching piece of welfare enacted in Ireland in the twentieth century’.

It was paid on a graded scale at the age of seventy.

Since compulsory birth registration was only introduced in 1864 it was difficult to prove the age of anyone over 44 years old. Determining age was open to debate, a debate which, in the words of historian, Diarmaid Ferriter, ‘the Irish won handsomely’. Perhaps there was a gener-

ous helping of genetic memory around, for, a favourite bargaining line was, ‘I remember the Big Wind’. (The Big Wind was in January 1839.) So, if you were born in, say, 1849 and you were toothless, toil worn with gnarled joints and you had the right amount of elasticity in your conscience you would probably ‘qualify’ for your five bob a week. Even if you had attained the half-century and the years had been unkind to you perhaps you could, in the words of Louis MacNeice written many years later, ‘Sit on your arse for fifty years and hang your hat on a pension’.

Samuel Johnson defined a pension as, ‘Pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country’. Perhaps some of our more Nationalistic ancestors agreed with him but I could find no record of anybody refusing the pension on a point of principle. By February 1909, pensions had been granted to 4.1% of the population in Ireland as opposed to 1.1% in England. In 1910 38,495 pensions were revoked in Ireland and in 1919 the pension was doubled to ten shillings.

Ernest Blythe was a member of

the IRB, the Blueshirts and the Gaelic League. He was a reporter with the North Down Herald and Managing Director of the Abbey Theatre. As Minister for Finance he granted funding for the Ardnacrusha Scheme but he will go down in history as the man who took a shilling off the Old Age Pension in the 1924 budget. (Perhaps he agreed with the sentiments expressed by Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Company, thirty years before, ‘It is not in accordance with the genius of our Government to pay pensions’.) The shilling was restored in 1928 but the pension was not increased again for twenty years.

So one hundred years on and if you are an OAP you may think your allowance is paltry but what is the Net Present Value of five shillings? And... if you are over 65 and male you are unlikely to agree with George Bernard Shaw that, ‘Old men are dangerous; it doesn’t matter to them what is going to happen to the world.

**Mattie Lennon**

*Mattie Lennon is an Irish writer and editor.*

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# Do NOT try this at home!

The Ulster Folk and Transport Museum has accumulated extensive archives of information about many diverse aspects of the local way of life and its folkways. The data were obtained by circulating questionnaires on a range of topics to respondents throughout Ulster – mainly during the 1960s and 1970s. One of these was a questionnaire about ‘Cures and Charms’ and Linda-May Ballard has written up the responses in the Ulster Medical Journal.

Ms Ballard comments that her paper reflects a time when people needed to be ‘self reliant when facing illness’ which may be true, but surely not this self-reliant! The power of the placebo – in other words, the ability of the human mind to effect a cure when no medically active treatment is given – is well known but little understood. This article will take you a long way past placebo territory; a stronger word is really needed for the practices described here. What many of the cures seem to demonstrate is the remarkable power of the human body to resist virtually anything that you can throw at it, provided you assure people that you are doing it to help them!

The paper is divided into ‘cures’ and ‘charms’ with the cures referring to the use of various substances; some more horrifying than others, to cure disease. The substances might be commercially based – Friar’s Balsam gets a mention, of course it does! It was quite a favourite in my own childhood and still available in distant Australia. Less orthodox healing substances include thorns, baking soda, buttermilk and butter. Goose grease and eel skins are very popular for curing sprains; I suspected a form of sympathetic magic here, given that goose grease is

very slippery and eels are very supple.

Folk cures applied across the full range of diseases that rural people could diagnose. While some of the diseases treated are minor and not particularly threatening to life, for example, sprains, some of them are not. Most people do recover from asthma attacks, but every so often someone dies of the disease and licking the back of a newt seems unlikely to open the airways. Erysipelas is almost forgotten now, but it is a dangerous skin infection caused by streptococcus bacteria. I suppose putting butter (it had to be unsalted!) on erysipelas is harmless in itself, though it would be a lovely medium for the bacteria to grow in. My main objection would be wasting time on folk cures while someone is rapidly developing a high fever.

Linda Ballard divides the cures into ‘plant-based’ and ‘poultices, ointments and infusions’. She comments generously that plant-based cures seem more rational than many of the others and they certainly provide some lovely photographs of things like Ribwort Plantain to illustrate her article. Apparently plantain does have some established anti-bacterial properties, though she does not state what these are. She does remark though that the idea of garlic as a cure for asthma strikes her as ‘idiosyncratic’. A major problem would be working out which plant was actually meant from the various spellings and folk names that are used.

Nevertheless, pressing on into the section on poultices, ointments and infusions, the reader gets a sudden understanding of what Linda Ballard really meant when she said that the plant cures were more rational. While a honey poultice might well draw an abscess out, unfortunately

‘the most frequently cited poultice is of cow manure, occasionally with refinements such as, this should come from one animal and sometimes with specification that it must be fresh.’

Nothing worse, I find, than those careless, unethical practitioners who will insist on using day old cow manure in medical settings! The really hair raising aspect of the cow manure cures is the diseases for which they are recommended. They include erysipelas again, but almost unbelievably, abscesses, burns and scalds! The very last medical situations where any sensible person would want to use filthy old germ laden cow manure, fresh or not! That brings me to the next question: how on earth did scalded Ulster rural dwellers survive?

Charms were usually based on prayers or incantations and often used in conjunction with the cures, but occasionally on their own. Charms were more effective if recited by powerful and effective people such as blacksmiths, posthumous children, seventh children and a married woman whose surname is unchanged. Blacksmiths were often believed to have magical powers derived from their ability to smelt iron. A particularly alarming example of a charm was a cure for epilepsy in which the child’s head was placed on an anvil and the smith struck the other side with his hammer. Quite often the person providing the cure, nice fresh cow manure no doubt, also recited the charms.

The main impression left by this article is one of admiration for the toughness of the human body! Let’s all hope it’s genetic and that we have inherited it.

*Felicity Allen*

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# Profile

**Martin Daly, multi-media editor of *The Age*, Melbourne**

### **When did you come to Australia?**

I came in 1982, intending to travel for a few years. I thought I'd go to India but ended up in Australia.

### **Where did you come from?**

I was born in Artane, Dublin, and grew up there.

### **Tell me about your family.**

My father came from Kerry and my mother, Mullingar, Co. Meath. I'm the second eldest of five children, three boys and two girls.

### **What did you do before you left Ireland?**

I've always been a journalist and worked as a reporter for the *Kilkenny Press* and, then, for De Valera's *Irish Press*. During the early years of the Troubles, I spent time in Derry, which was a challenging experience reporting from there.

### **Why did you come to Australia?**

I never intended leaving Ireland but was interested in the history and culture of India and decided to travel. Instead, I came to Sydney first and then went to work with the *Adelaide Advertiser*. It was an old, wealthy paper and gave me many opportunities to explore South and northern Australia. I am interested in Aboriginal culture and history and this gave me the chance to experience this first-hand.

### **What was unique about that?**

The opportunity to travel as a reporter to the outback and Aboriginal settlements, which are so different from Ireland, was an amazing experience. Later, I visited Darwin and spent three months in Broome. I also visited the riverland wine-making areas of South Australia.

### **What did you do after that?**

I then moved to Melbourne and worked on the *Sunday Herald-Sun*. I then moved to *The Age* and worked as Foreign Correspondent. During this time I spent 3½ years in New York.

### **How often do you return to Ireland?**

Usually about every two years. I went more often while my mother was alive.

### **What do you miss most about Ireland?**

My family and friends, especially the media affinity and the culture. Ireland is so much part of me and I never intended leaving. Australia is my second home, though, and has given me many unique opportunities.

### **Would you return to Ireland?**

For a few years, if the right job came up and Christina was happy. I'd never say I'd never return. It's my homeland.

### **When did Christina come into your life?**

I met Christina in 1995. She is from a large Irish-Australian family and works as a lawyer in Corporate Affairs. We moved to New York when Christina was posted there in 2003. I worked as a correspondent during that time.

### **What do you do to relax?**

I like reading, learning languages and swimming. I used to be a competitive swimmer. I also like collecting Australian art. I like art which portrays Aboriginality and the Social Realists of the 1950s and 60s who portrayed the poverty and grime of early Australia.

### **You mentioned languages.**

Yes, I studied in Germany when I was young and, later, when sent to Central and South America with the paper in 1991–1992, I learnt Spanish. Whilst there, I reported on the volcanic eruptions in Bogota, Colombia.

### **You mentioned being sent to Canberra by *The Age* in 1993.**

Yes. I was the political correspondent, reporting on foreign affairs, defence and trade, which gave me a good understanding of Australian politics.

### **Martin, you have had a remarkably interesting time in Australia. Thank you for telling me of some of your experiences.**

I've enjoyed my time here. It's been a unique experience and, being able to write about it, I hope, has enriched the lives of the readers of our newspapers.

*Catherine Arthur*

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# The Great Financial Crisis and Eire

The most recent development in Eire's experience of the great financial crisis is the Irish government's decision to nationalise the Anglo-Irish bank. Finance Minister Brian Lenihan took this decision shortly after a loan scandal caused serious damage to the bank's reputation. The former Chairman of the Anglo-Irish bank, Sean FitzPatrick, resigned in December after he admitted that he had failed to disclose an €87 million loan to him from his own bank. The former Chief Executive, David Drum, resigned next day on the grounds that the discovery of the concealed loan made it inappropriate for him to continue.

This discovery ultimately determined Mr Lenihan to nationalise the bank rather than trying to recapitalise it. He described the undisclosed loan to the Chairman as an 'unacceptable practice'. Eire was the first country in the world to offer two-year unlimited government guarantees to its banks; a policy other countries including Australia quickly followed. The decision to nationalise the bank was supported by the Fine Gael party, which had earlier

criticised plans to recapitalise it.

The Anglo-Irish bank has a balance sheet of over €100 billion but it is heavily reliant on property development for its cash flow. Morgan Kelly, Professor of Economics at University College, Dublin, said that government investment would make little difference to the bank given the scale of the losses it was facing, estimated as between €15 and €30 billion. 'For all it will achieve, the money might as well be piled up in St Stephen's Green Park and incinerated,' warned Professor Kelly.

Mr Lenihan reassured creditors that the bank would continue to service its obligations and employees that their jobs were safe. Legislation allowing the nationalisation will be put to parliament.

The decision to nationalise the Anglo-Irish bank occurred against a background of intense debate about whether Eire was actually facing a financial crisis. The statistics on the Irish economy are mixed, with some important financial indicators suggesting that a financial crisis is looming, but others showing that the economy is healthy. On the negative side, there has

been a sharp drop in the value of housing and equity prices since 2007, which followed marked rises in value between 2003 – 2006. The drop in the value of housing contributed to the Anglo-Irish bank's difficulties. Eire's current account has deteriorated from a balanced position in 2003 to a 5% deficit. On the positive side, output has fallen to only 3%, but that figure is now high in European terms as most other countries have shown larger falls in output. Public debt has fallen to half its 1997 value; a very positive sign.

While there are clear warning signs, the relatively high level of output and the low level of public debt are reassuring. Against that, Eire is a member of the European Financial Union which means that the Dail's power to change macro-economic policy if there is a sudden down-turn is limited. There is no option, for example, to allow individual members to cut domestic interest rates to stimulate growth.

*Compiled by Felicity Allen from  
The Irish Times on the net and  
European EconoMonitor*



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# Miscellany

I recently visited the Award Winning Exhibition *Yeats: The Life and Works of William Butler Yeats* at The National Library in Kildare Street, Dublin where Sarah O'Connor was my guide. She told me that the exhibition opened in May 2006 and will run until October 2009. Visitors so far have numbered 115,000 and Australians are in the top five most frequent visitors to the website at [www.nli.ie/yeats](http://www.nli.ie/yeats)

**Joe:** I've seen the Online Exhibition and it's the next best thing to being here in person. I would like to know about *The Interpret Britain and Ireland Award*.

**Sarah:** It is a very prestigious award and it was presented on behalf of the Association for Heritage Interpretation to the Director of the National Library of Ireland, Aongus O hAonghusa, on 30<sup>th</sup> November 2006.

In their citation the judges describe how the exhibition uses a variety of means of displaying Yeats' life and work – screens showing the text against his own or actors' voices reading some of his best known poems, artefacts such as the carved lapis lazuli stone that gave rise to the famous late poem, (*Lapis Lazuli*) manuscripts, first drafts, letters, cartoons, paintings and photographs, many given or lent by the Yeats family. 'these were all considered to provide a stimulating experience for the visitor.' Especially impressive, they said, 'is the information technology that enables one to scrutinise

manuscripts that are behind glass more closely. The whole exhibition is totally outstanding and an unmissable experience for any visitor to Dublin interested in Irish history and culture.'

**Joe:** A fantastic achievement.

**Sarah:** Yes. Everybody at the National Library was absolutely thrilled.

**Joe:** The exhibition must be a tremendous resource for students.

**Sarah:** Absolutely. We go out of our way to encourage student involvement from the youngest to the most advanced.

**Joe:** I was impressed by the multimedia and 'turning the page' technology. The whole exhibition certainly does justice to one of the outstanding figures of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, as poet, publisher, playwright, dramatist and founder of The Abbey Theatre, lover, statesman, Nobel Prize winner and designer of the first Irish coinage. Would it be OK to quote from *The Stolen Child*, a poem that has haunted me since I was a schoolboy?

Come away, O human child!  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than  
you can understand.

Incidentally which poem is the most popular with visitors?

**Sarah:** Many people have commented that they enjoy listening



Good Pals: Harry Boland, Michael Collins and Eamon DeValera. They later opposed Collins in the Civil War. © Justin Nelson

to poetry being read in the Verse & Vision section and particularly the recording of Yeats reading 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree'.

**Joe:** And your favourite is?

**Sarah:** It is very difficult to choose a favorite, but I have always loved 'He wishes for the Cloths of Heaven'

**Joe:** Sarah, You've been a wonderful guide. Thank you very much.

**Sarah:** It has been a pleasure.

On my way out of the building I dropped into the National Library shop where a particular book caught my eye, *Michael Collins – A Fitting Farewell* by Justin Nelson. Justin is a friend of mine and a fellow member of the FARA Creative Writing Group who had already published *Michael Collins – The Final Days*. I asked him why he thought that yet another book, let alone two, should be published with so many biographies and a hugely successful film about Michael Collins already available?

**Justin:** A 94 year old friend of mine who, like myself, had been a keen photographer offered me a set of historic negatives of the Collins State Funeral. Rather than have them end up on a rubbish tip he knew that I would give them a 'good home'. These pictures inspired my first book *Michael Collins – The Final Days*.

**Joe:** I believe it ran to four reprints.

**Justin:** Yes! Indeed. It's not still on sale though – except occasionally it turns up on Amazon UK at substantial cost.

**Joe:** What do you think made it so special?

**Justin:** I think that it was the inclusion of a detailed account of Collins' life as told by one of his nephews, another Michael Collins, who became a close friend of mine, helped a lot. As well as that, readers saw, for the first time, Michael Collins' own copy of the Plenipotentiary Document signed by Eamon de Valera which empowered the delegates to 'negotiate and conclude' the Treaty on behalf of the Irish Government. Those who opposed the Treaty like to ignore these words.

**Joe:** How did your second book come about?

**Justin:** I began my career in the 1950s as a Press Photographer before I joined the Irish Television Service in 1961. I donated my negatives from that period to The National Library. In return I was given access to a vast collection of photographs relating to the Irish War of Independence and the subsequent Civil War with permission to publish copyright images, many of which are unseen for 80 years. A selection of these are included on my website [www.michaelcollinsfarewell.com](http://www.michaelcollinsfarewell.com)

**Joe:** A wonderful quid pro quo. Thank you Justin.

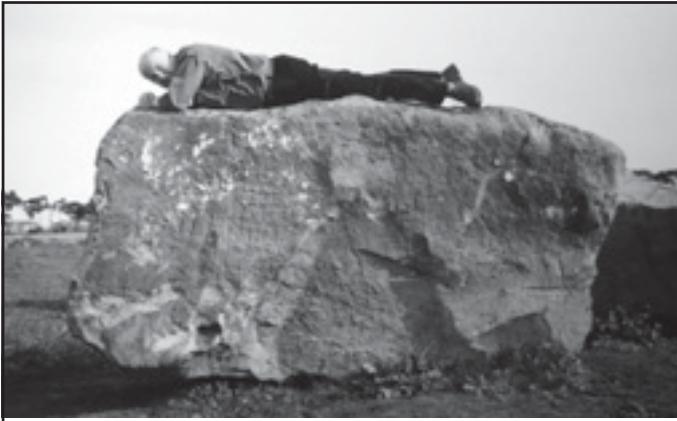
Sin a bhfuil go fol o Seosamh O Murachu. Slan agaibh go leir.  
Happy St. Patrick's Day everyone.

**Joseph Murphy**

*Joseph Murphy is a writer and our Dublin correspondent*



State Funeral of Michael Collins 28th August 1922 © Courtesy National Library of Ireland and Justin Nelson



Dr. Noone assesses the height of the rock

## A rock for all ages

On the 4 December 2008, The Australian Irish Heritage Network hosted a function at the Celtic Club for members and friends. The main feature of the evening was a presentation by Dr. Val Noone on 'A Rock for Famine Immigrants to Victoria'. An attendance of over seventy people enjoyed the finger food and the evening had a buoyant spirit. The Club excelled itself in its catering and service. The Network is encouraged to continue this initiative with many variations and combinations for presentations envisaged.

To start the evening, Mary Kenneally gave a poetry reading. She had selected a poem by Brendan Kennelly, formerly of Trinity College, who happened to be a relative. Entitled *My Dark Fathers* it was eminently suitable, one line exclaiming: 'since I am come of Kerry clay and rock...' – a beautiful moment.

Val Noone's talk and illustrations on this familiar subject were novel and enlightening. He traced the causes of the Potato Famine in Ireland, England's actions and reactions and explained the reverberations of these policies overseas. His gripping powerpoint presentation emphasised the cruel tragedies of the times, starvation and deaths, evictions and the enforced flight of a large sector of the population. Of that forced emigration, many came to Australia. Val detailed this meticulously, illustrating how young orphan girls were gathered from the poor houses, protected and conveyed to Melbourne in five ships from 1848.

As chairman of the Irish Famine Commemoration Committee, Val had detailed personal knowledge of the establishment of the Famine Rock. His illustrations set out clearly the whole process from the origin of the rock in deer Park to the settling of it permanently in the ground at the Strand at Williamstown to mark the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first ship, *Lady Kennaway*. Val generously acknowledged the roles of Boral Quarries and company director John Lodge, the Williamstown Council, and the Irish Ambassador of the time, Richard O'Brien who officiated at the unveiling on 6 December 1998. There was generous applause for Val's presentation and a palpable feeling of pride in that room for the significant role that Melbourne had played.

Each year, on the second last Sunday in November, the Network organizes a commemorative gathering at the Rock.

*Peter Kiernan,  
Conveynor, Australian Irish Heritage Network*





# At The Rock



**Above: Musicians, actors and historians help us remember**

**Top left: A Kenneally reads a Kennelly**

**Middle left: The magic of the Uilleann Pipes**

**Photos by Seán Kenan and Rob Butler**

By the set arrangement—2:30pm, second last Sunday of November annually—a large group gathered at The Famine Rock, Williamstown, on 23 November 2008, for the ninth Annual Famine Commemoration, close to the hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the arrival of the Lady Kennaway on 6 December 1848.

Val Noone spoke about The Rock itself and its impact; Peter Kiernan spoke on the perils of sea travel in those days.

Tributes included—from Mary Kenneally, a poem by Brendan Kennelly, *The Story*—from myself, a slow air on the union pipes, *The Mermaid Song / An Mhaighdean Mhara*—from Seán Kenan, a fiddle piece and reel, *Paddy's Rambles In The Park & The Rocky Road To Dublin*—from Janet Kelly, a song, *Ballinderry*—from Kathleen Kiernan, a slip jig on the whistle, *The Butterfly*.

And Anne Ramage of Williamstown, a descendent by marriage of Bridget Costello who came on the Lady Kennaway, laid flowers at the foot of The Rock, a hundred and sixty years after Bridget first set eyes on this place.

Let us remember.

We generally spend some time together after paying our respects at The Rock. This time we continued our conversation at the Breizoz Crêperie on Nelson Place, whose owners had generously made a room available for our use in

case of bad weather.

There must have been very confusing thoughts going through the minds of the orphan girls when they landed, but I often wonder what they would have thought of us, gathering at that spot at a monument to them and thinking of them, more than a hundred and fifty years later. I hope they would have felt touched.

So many things have changed there by now—but some things have not. The water of Hobson's Bay is still salty, the seagulls still look and sound the same, the black swans still swim and dabble along the foreshore. There is another thing: our music-making would have been very familiar to the girls. In those days, music was mostly made exactly as we have done—ordinary people, sometimes a professional, performing one at a time: song, pipes, fiddle, flute or whistle. Many of our songs and tunes were known then. Had the girls been able to see us, I believe that only our clothes would have seemed strange to them. And music was so important in Ireland then. I really feel in my heart that by gathering at that spot and making music as they would have done themselves or heard professional musicians do, we make the connection which is so important a part of our commemoration.

**Leo Kelly**

*Leo Kelly is an Uilleann Piper*

# A compelling history

## What will go into the national curriculum and what will be left out?



Photo by Lachlan Hardy

There can be little doubt that there will be in the near future a national history curriculum being taught in Australian schools from primary school through to Year 10. The previous government had been primarily concerned with teaching Australian history in Years 9 and 10. The current government has broadened its objective to include all types of history and the whole of the period of compulsory education.

There are positive aspects in what is being proposed. For one thing there is a commitment to a global approach to the study of history so that Australian students will be exposed to a range of cultures and civilisations. Certainly it is also good news for the history profession as it will provide them with a somewhat privileged place in Australian life. It will be history rather than social studies which will assume the role of interpreting the human condition for Australian students. Historians will acquire a considerable responsibility.

At the same time a national curriculum is not without its dangers. As history is currently rarely taught as an independent discipline in schools outside New South Wales and Victoria there must be a concern regarding the capacity of many states to train adequately teachers capable of teaching the new curriculum. More importantly there is the issue of what exactly will go into the curriculum and how that content will be determined. Any curriculum can only include a limited amount of topics and the selection of those topics will always be open to criticism.

When I wrote a paper for the Australian History Summit held by the previous government in 2006 dealing with what Australian students should know about Australian history I was criticised for trying to include too much. Then, the Committee established by the Summit advocated three years of Australian history because their proposed content was too large to fit into the proposed two years.

The issue is exacerbated by the so-called 'History Wars' and the fear that the content will be determined by ideological considerations rather than by student need. In my paper I was concerned that two neglected areas, religious history and economic history, have a place. My view was based on an examination of the current New South Wales curriculum which was mooted as a possible model for the national curriculum. It ignored religion and also did not really cover the important economic reforms of the Hawke and Keating era. In my view Australian students' appreciation of the past would be impoverished if they did not know about these aspects of Australian history.

The religious history issue caused some spirited debate at the History Summit with committed secularists such as Bob Carr opposed to including religious history content in the curriculum. I would argue that Australian history cannot really be understood without an appreciation of the role of religion. Manning Clark's *History of Australia* is one major work that has that appreciation. As religion is a major aspect of culture, it has informed the development of Australia. For example, one reason why Australia is so different from America is because since British occupation of the continent it has always possessed a substantial Irish Catholic minority. Nineteenth century America was always far more Protestant than Australia ever was. This has shaped the nature of both Australian culture and its institutions. One cannot understand Australia without an appreciation of this basic fact. Moreover, given that a substantial number of Australian children are educated in religious schools, it would seem appropriate that students at those schools should be given the opportunity to explore their country's religious heritage.

The real question then is what will go into the national curriculum and what will be left out?

The current government handed the task over to Professor Stuart Macintyre and a small committee. They brought out a very general document in October 2008. They then held a series of consultations in November. As with all of these sorts of issues general intentions count for little and what matters will be the detail in the final curriculum. Along

**“Both Macintyre  
and Hirst are  
over sixty; their  
nationalism reflects  
the concerns of an  
older generation”**

with Professor Macintyre, the key players in the development of the Australian section of the curriculum would appear to be Associate Professor Tony Taylor and Dr John Hirst. These three men have worked together since the early 1990s with the Commonwealth Department of Education on such projects as Civics Education and Discovering Democracy and hence have a track record that can be examined.

We know from the experiences of those who dealt with Discovering Democracy that they are not sympathetic to including a religious dimension to the study of Australia. Professor Macintyre is the historian of Australian communism and has been accused of being more interested in Australian communism than the more centrist Australian Labor Party. Dr Hirst has often called himself a conservative; he is primarily a nationalist and a republican. He appears to favour those things that foster national

unity – for example, he does not like private schools – and hence is not all that interested in the variety and diversity of the Australian past.

At this stage one cannot be sure what the Australian component of the National History Curriculum will look like but given what is known of its key players it is possible to predict what it might be like. One should expect a nationalist story that will tend to downplay the cultural diversity of the period before 1945 with the exception of the Indigenous element. Its focus will be political and social with not much attention paid to the cultural and religious dimensions of human existence. It will have a broadly Left orientation that tells a story of progress being checked by the forces of reaction.

The real worry is that the National History Curriculum will reflect the pre-occupations and concerns of a particular generation, and that once established it will prove very difficult to change the curriculum. Both Macintyre and Hirst are over sixty; their nationalism reflects the concerns of an older generation that came to maturity in the Whitlam years. One must wonder how their concerns will connect with the youth of twenty-first century Australia.

Finally one must ask about the process through which the curriculum is being developed. This curriculum will provide the youth of Australia with their picture of the past. What goes in and what is left out will help to shape the national culture. Australians who care about their history and heritage should have some opportunity to ensure that important aspects of that heritage are not left on the rubbish heap. After all, Australians own their history, not just the professional historians.

**Greg Melleuish**

*Greg Melleuish is an associate professor in the School of History and Politics at the University of Wollongong*

# The Jacobite kingdom in exile

## Britain's King James II and his Irish 'Wild Geese'

For the Irish, after the Treaty of Limerick in 1691, service with the Irish regiments in France was the only way they could fight for their Catholic king and for their enemy-occupied country: but for Britain's deposed King James II the Irish regiments were not only a proof of loyalty to his person, but a proof that he was still a sovereign (in exile). The fact that the Irish regiments were *de facto* part of the French Army doesn't lessen their significance – as the 'army' of James II, these Irish regiments were probably the only convincing demonstration on the continent that he was still any sort of king.

'As long as there is a body of Irish Roman Catholics troops abroad', Sir Charles Forman wrote to Prime Minister Walpole's government of Britain in 1720, 'the Chevalier will always make some figure in Europe by the credit they give him.'

The Irish Brigade of France was a 'big' brigade in the French army composed of Irish exiles. It was formed in May 1690 when France's King Louis XIV gave military and financial aid in support of James II during the Jacobite war in Ireland. In return for 6,000 French troops, Louis demanded five Jacobite Irish regiments (6,500 Irish recruits) for use in the Nine Years War against the Dutch. These men, led by Justin McCarthy (Viscount Mountcashel) formed the nucleus of the Irish Brigade of France.

The Irish regiments wore the red coat of the British army as a symbol that Louis XIV regarded them as the only 'legitimate' army of Britain. In the Irish Brigade of France orders were always given in English, consequently many Gaelic-speaking Irishmen probably learnt their first English words while serving in the French army.

After the defeat of the Jacobites in Ireland at the Battle of the Boyne (1 July 1690) James II fled to France – only three days after the loss. (Because of his desertion of his Irish supporters, James became known in Ireland as Séamus an Chaca or 'James the Shit'.) The Irish Jacobite army held out against the odds for another year, fighting many small actions and larger battles, including those at Carrickfergus,

Newry, Newtownbutler, Cork, Kinsale, Athlone, Aughrim, and Galway, as well as two major sieges at Limerick.

One of the Irishmen to come to prominence during the battles that followed James II's flight to France was Patrick Sarsfield. It was during the first Siege of Limerick, that Sarsfield was recognised as one of the most promising military leaders in Ireland. His capture of an enemy convoy of siege equipment and artillery at Ballyneety, near Pallasgreen between Limerick and Tipperary, in a cavalry raid apparently guided by a rapparee known as 'Gallop O'Hogan', delayed the first siege of Limerick until the winter rains forced the English, Dutch, German, Danish, and French Huguenot forces to retire.

For the Dutch, this achievement made Sarsfield the popular hero of the war. His generosity, his courage and his commanding height, had already commended him to the affection of the Irish. When the cause of King James II was ruined in Ireland, Sarsfield arranged the Treaty of Limerick and sailed to France on 22 December 1691, with many of his countrymen who entered the French service in what is known as the 'Flight of the Wild Geese'.

However, what it is not widely known is that shortly after Sarsfield signed the Treaty of Limerick a French fleet arrived with reinforcements and many urged Sarsfield to tear up the Treaty and fight on. This he would not do; having given his own word of honour – and having also pledged the honour of the nation of Ireland – he kept it.

The Treaty of Limerick provided in article 1 that:

The Roman Catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the second: and their majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such farther security in that particular, as may

preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion.

Believing they had negotiated a treaty that guaranteed the rights of their people, thousands of Irish soldiers then sailed with Sarsfield to France. Sadly the treaty that Sarsfield had negotiated would never be honoured by the English. With cruel irony they would tear up the treaty and replace it with the Penal Laws, stripping Irish Catholics of their land, persecuting them for their religion and removing every right of citizenship. On this note of English dishonour and treachery began the incredible saga of the 'Wild Geese'.

The morning of the 6th of October 1691, saw 14,000 Irish Infantrymen assembled on the County Clare side of the Thomond bridge across the Shannon from Limerick Castle. The Irish army marched past Sarsfield and Wachope watching on one side, and Dutch General Ginkel, as well as the English Lords Justices, on the other.

Those who chose to stay in a Williamite Ireland filed off to one side, those who chose to fight on against England marched straight ahead. 3,000 filed off, with 1,000 of them choosing to enlist in the English army.

Eleven thousand marched on straight ahead, choosing to continue the fight against England.

Between that day and the 8th of December, when the final transport ship embarked from Cork, 1,000 of those who filed off had changed their minds and also left for France to serve in the Irish regiments of King Louis XIV and with the exiled King James II.

This time would forever be remembered as 'The Flight of the Wild Geese'.

The embarkation of the final ship was a disaster. The men were gathered apart from their families and boarded onto boats to be transferred to the ships. (Sarsfield's 'exodus' also included 10,000 women and children.) The women, believing they were being left behind, jumped into the River Shannon and swam for the boats. Many drowned. Of all the orderly embarkations of Irish troops leaving for France, this is the one remembered most.

Upon arrival in France the Irish com-



**The editor revisiting history at the Treaty Stone, Limerick**

*Don McKenzie*

manders were greeted with a message sent (rather than being delivered personally) from James II proclaiming he would never forget his loyal Irish subjects. Soon after he made arrangements with Louis XIV that the 6,500 original troops that had sailed with Mountcashel in 1690 should be incorporated into the French Army as the Irish Brigade of France. Louis agreed these troops would be paid more than their French counterparts; the Irish were to receive the same rates of pay as his elite Swiss regiments. James II then arranged to collect the difference in the Irish Army's pay for his own upkeep.

Sarsfield received a commission as lieutenant-general (maréchal-de-camp) from King Louis XIV and fought with distinction in Flanders until he was mortally wounded at the battle of Landen (also called Neerwinden), on 19 August 1693. He died two or three days after the battle, at Huy in Belgium, where he is buried in the grounds of St Martin's

### **Among the discriminations faced by Catholics and Dissenters (Presbyterians) under the Penal Laws were:**

- Exclusion of Catholics from most public offices (since 1607), Presbyterians were also barred from public office from 1707.
- Ban on intermarriage with Protestants.
- Presbyterian marriages were not legally recognised by the state.
- Catholics barred from holding firearms or serving in the armed forces.
- Barred from membership of either the Parliament of Ireland or the Parliament of Great Britain from 1652; rescinded 1662-1691; renewed 1691-1829.
- Disenfranchising Act 1728 – prohibiting all Roman Catholics from voting.
- Exclusion from the legal professions and the judiciary.
- Education Act 1695 – ban on foreign education.
- Ban on Catholics entering Trinity College Dublin.
- On a death by a Catholic, his legatee could benefit by conversion to the Protestant 'Church of Ireland' (the 'Church of England' in Ireland).
- Popery Act – Catholic inheritances of land were to be equally subdivided between all an owner's sons with the exception that if the eldest son and heir converted to Protestantism that he would become the one and only tenant of estate and portions for other children not to exceed one third of the estate.
- Ban on converting from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism on pain of Praemunire: forfeiting all property estates and legacy to the monarch of the time and remaining in prison at monarch's pleasure. In addition, forfeiting the monarch's protection in law. No injury however atrocious could have any action brought against it or any reparation for such.
- Ban on Catholics buying land under a lease of more than 31 years.
- Ban on custody of orphans being granted to Catholics on pain of £500 that was to be donated to the Blue Coat hospital in Dublin.
- Ban on Catholics inheriting Protestant land.
- Prohibition on Catholics owning a horse valued at over £5 (in order to keep horses suitable for military activity out of the Catholic majority's hands).
- Roman Catholic lay-priests had to register to preach under the Registration Act 1704, but seminary priests and Bishops were forbidden until 1778. The last priest to be executed was Nicolas Sheehy in 1766
- When allowed, new Catholic churches were to be built from wood, not stone, and away from main roads.
- 'No person of the popish religion shall publicly or in private houses teach school, or instruct youth in learning within this realm' upon pain of £20 fine and 3 months in prison for every such offence.
- Any and all rewards not paid by the crown for alerting authorities of offences to be levied upon the Catholic populace within parish and county.

Church. A plaque on the wall of this church marks the approximate location of his grave. He was quoted as watching his lifeblood ebbing away, and saying 'If this was only for Ireland.'

Unlike the original 6,500 Irish recruits that formed the Irish Brigade of the French Army in 1690, the Irish Jacobite units of Patrick Sarsfield's army that were transported from Limerick and Cork to France were not initially integrated into

the French Army, but were assigned to the court in exile of James II, deposed in the 'Glorious Revolution', whom Louis still deemed the legitimate King of England, Ireland and Scotland. However, after many campaigns, the survivors were later incorporated into the original elite Irish Brigade of the French Army.

**Michael Doyle**

*Michael Doyle is a Mornington Peninsula resident and writer*

# A great day for the Irish

## Revisiting St Patrick's Day in the 1950s

In the 1950s, the main public celebrations for St Patrick's Day consisted of a procession and a concert. In those days, the procession was always conducted on a Saturday afternoon near the feast day. The concerts were usually held on the night of St Patrick's Day itself, 17 March. When the feast fell on a weekday, the day was a much anticipated school holiday. This writer took particular pride in having a regular school holiday granted in honour of his patron saint.

The procession itself was a most serious affair. It was a grand parade without the tickertape and razzmatazz of the celebrated St Patrick's Day parade in New York. It called for steadiness, smart appearance and precision marching. It was eyes straight ahead: it was frowned upon to acknowledge supporters along the route. It was suits pressed, shoes polished, neckties straightened and caps at the regular angle. While the school roll was not marked, to miss the march was a most serious matter and akin to missing Mass on Sunday.

Most of Melbourne's Catholic boys' colleges participated in the procession. In the late 1950s, with the progressive introduction of girls' colleges as marchers, the numbers began to swell. It is a moot point as to whether the initiative to include the girls in the procession was an enlightened step towards equal opportunity for women, or simply an opportunity to provide an even grander display.

In celebrating St Patrick's Day in the 1950s, what was it that we were commemorating? Were we celebrating, or commemorating, or both? Was it the memory of the achievements of the glorious St Patrick himself? Was it the memory of Ireland and our ancestry? Was it re-creating and staging a little bit of Ireland in Australia? Was it a public display of triumphant and defiant Australian Irish Catholicism? Was it a public display of allegiance, loyalty and respect to Archbishop Daniel Mannix, the long-serving and revered leader of the Melbourne Catholic community?

To most participants and observ-

ers the celebration would be some combination of many of these reasons. Certainly it was many years since the defiant anti-establishment and pro-independent Ireland St Patrick's Day marches of the 1920s. But the memory of those times would still be fresh in the minds of the authorities, our teachers and the promoters of the celebrations – people of the generations of our parents and grandparents.

What the Italian born or the sons of Italian immigrants marching next to me made of all of this is hard to imagine. Plainly for them the march was a school event in which they were expected to participate. If many of our generation with Irish ancestry were essentially unfamiliar with the events in Ireland from 1916-1922, what was their understanding of the significance of the day?

Certainly, if for nothing more, the colleges were on display. The youth were marching proudly behind college banners for their honour, in our case the honour of the Christian Brothers' foundation college, in Victoria Parade, East Melbourne which, as the oldest established, took up its place proudly as the last of the boys' colleges.

In retrospect, to this pseudo pacifist, marching in the procession behind bands and banners, as of the armies and trade unions of yore, was something of a show of strength and a latter-day representation of regiments being piped off to battle, as the Irish, the Australians and the Australian-Irish had done on many occasions before – in their own defence or in the defence of England and Empire – as if the battle was still being fought or, if not, we were ready for it.

For many years until the early 1950s, the Melbourne Irish Pipe Band, led by Joseph Burke, and then later the Irish National Pipe Band (INPB), led the procession. They marched immediately ahead of the Archbishop, Dr Mannix, and his Coadjutor, Dr Justin Simonds, riding in a large Humber Pullman Cabriolet (roll-back canvas roof), which was hired annually especially for the event.

The cathedral school, St Patrick's

College, East Melbourne, and the band of the Xavier College cadet corps followed the Archbishop. The central schools, led by Br FP Bowler and St Colman's, the premier central school, followed the Jesuit colleges. The bulk of the procession, stretching the length of Bourke Street and beyond comprised the colleges and schools of the Melbourne Archdiocese

A variety of Irish societies, including the Irish National Foresters, the Hibernian Society, branches of the CYMS, Irish bands and other associations, followed the colleges. This section included dancers from the Catherine Cosgriff and Geraldine O'Shea Irish dancing academies presented as a fleet of floats on Lou Arthur's tray trucks, suitably decorated for the event.

In the main, the colleges and schools assembled in Queen Street, immediately to the north of Bourke Street, outside the offices of the MGM, Columbia and other film companies, extending up towards La Trobe Street and the current site of Melbourne's Celtic Club.

Officially the procession left the hall of the St Patrick's Society at 470 Bourke Street West, proceeding easterly along Bourke Street to Parliament House, then veering left around to Albert Street, and on towards Lansdowne Street where the marchers were dismissed. The afternoon closed with the celebration of Benediction in St Patrick's Cathedral.

As the march reached the top of Bourke Street, the Archbishop's car would peel off to the right and stand at the steps of Parliament House from where the Archbishop would take the salute.

*The Advocate* reported that in 1955 there were 10,000 marchers and 30,000 onlookers, whilst in 1956 the numbers had grown to 20,000 and 80,000 respectively. By way of contrast, elsewhere *The Advocate* reported that only 45,000 turned out in Rome for Pope Pius XII's 80th birthday rally. The crowds were thickest outside the Myer Store, at the Swanston Street intersection and at select vantage-points near the Arch-

bishop's car at Parliament House.

Competition between the schools for the best marching unit was very keen. At school assemblies on the following Monday morning, the announcement of the results was eagerly awaited. Among the judges was the redoubtable CX O'Driscoll, the inspector of schools, who supervised the schools' section of the march.

On most St Patrick's Days, the bands would complete the procession and then be driven back to the start, to march a second time to provide marching music for the schools.

After the march, attendance at Benediction was recommended but not mandatory. By the time we reached Albert Street and were dismissed, the whole area was crowded and generally chaotic, and the cathedral was usually filled to overflowing. In this situation, our preferred option, in 1957 at least, was to turn back into the city to the Metro Collins Street with some young ladies from Santa Maria College to see Deborah Kerr in *Tea and Sympathy*, a film which today would probably attract a rating of MA, which at the time we definitely were not.

Typically the St Patrick's Day concert opened with the INPB piping the archbishop into the town hall and then performing a number of traditional Irish tunes. The concert featured Irish dancing, singers such as the tenor Gerald Gaffney, and Irish music performed



**Irish National Pipe Band Melbourne, St Patrick's Day, 1950s. Leading: Drum Major Seamus Daly. Marshals: left, Paddy Power, right, Harry Murray**

*Paul Power*

either solo or by groups. On one special occasion, the famous Fr Sydney MacEwan, appeared. Fr McEwan was actually Scottish but no one seemed to bother.

The concert director was Dr Percy Jones, the director of the Cathedral choir and later professor of music at the University of Melbourne. Jack Scott of Preston was the Secretary of the Concert Committee of the St Patrick's Society and also the Secretary of the Irish National Foresters.

Peter Roberts recalls that in 1955 he was invited by Paul Power to attend the practice of the INPB at St Brigid's Hall, North Fitzroy, where an obvious vacancy existed for a side drummer. The Drum Major, Seamus Daly, taught Peter side drum and within weeks he had received his beautiful new uniform. The band performed for charities, in parades, and at other swell affairs. Such events provided the welcome opportunity to meet the girls of the Geraldine O'Shea Academy.

Before the march started on a rather gloomy St Patrick's Day in 1956, the drummers were doing their best to

protect their drum skins from light rain. Peter expressed his concern to Joe McSpirritt who said, "Don't worry, the rain will stop before the procession starts. Peter, I have been marching in St Patrick's Day marches all of my life and the rain always stops in time for the march." And it did.

Following the march in 1957, some younger INPB members visited the Rising Sun Hotel in Lygon Street, Carlton, and staged an impromptu concert. The patrons quickly organised a collection. Too young to drink, but old enough to know the value of money, the band walked away after the 'concert' with a very tidy sum. In subsequent years, an even larger group of the band built up a St Patrick's Day concert circuit through several inner city pubs including the Champion, the Rob Roy and the Rising Sun. However rough were the pubs, the events were enjoyable and profitable.

In the 1950s, as always, St Patrick's Day was indeed a great day for the Irish.

**Patrick McNamara, with Michael Moore, Paul Power, Peter Roberts and Denis Stephenson**

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# Poetry

## Home From the Harbour

Two herons, drawn from their haunts of stalking poise  
To Schull Harbour by the catchy smells of a trawler;  
They hop and hover, gaunt, gawky and ungainly  
over winches, gunwales and hauled in nets.

July's first evening still bright over Cape Clear,  
In the distance dusk setting into night over Sherkin,  
In our back clouds drop blackness into Bantry Bay,  
While at home, in Dromore, it might well be raining.

And, yes, on my way back there in waning light,  
Crossing the lonesome hills just east of Barnageeha,  
the rugged road's still steaming in the shower's wake -  
Shy tufts of haze rising from sun-softened tarmac.

Then all along frogs hop off my path,  
Slingshot shanks plop plump bodies  
Into dewy ditches where they're safe  
From crushing wheels and hungry herons.

*Lothar Luken, who moved from Germany to Bantry in 1980, was editor of Earthwatch (Irish environmental magazine). He has been an actor, a sketch writer and performance poet.*

## Voyager

I do not know the date.  
Hours go into days  
go into weeks.  
Each morning the same.  
We wake to blackness,  
the only light  
the glow of Matron's lantern.

But our nostrils fill:  
oak tar mixed with sweat,  
damp wool, the tang  
of vegetables on the turn,  
sometimes a hint of rum,  
always animal dung.

And there are a hundred sounds:  
creaking wood,  
the muffled thump of water,  
the hoarse shouts of crewmen;  
the groans and sighs

of 200 girls dreaming of home.  
Some dream of the place  
we are going to,  
and wake up screaming,  
telling of tigers and elephants  
and burning trees  
and savages with red bloody eyes.

I dream of water:  
green swamps I wade through,  
fronds cloak my skin,  
huge foamy waves  
lifting me high up.

I'm never afraid.  
I find my feet, stride on,  
always wake before  
I reach the end of water.

*Nessa O'Mahony, Dublin born, tells of Irish women migrants in her verse novel, In Sight of Home. 'Voyager' is in the voice of an Irish lass bound for Australia in the 1850s by assisted emigration.*



## To Memory

Remember father in your long dead suit  
That hurley you gave me, its grainy twist,  
Stored 20 years, hoping, not thinking you'd marry,....  
I'm sorry its timber slept so brittle,  
And my first-time pulling was wild and free  
Against the cockleshell pillar of the old house  
And the little red gate I'd jump  
After eight or more laughing, floury, potatoes.  
Should have told you it looked so bad to me,  
Should have told you it looked grey-beany brown,  
Ancient to my young eyes but I was just a kid.  
I just did not love it as I should've.....  
It did not have that fresh shine of hurleys  
At matches you took me to, like the great  
Glen Rovers playing our Lee Valley team  
Of Muskerry, beat in their blood-spotted frost white jerseys  
Like Real Madrid re-enacting Guernica,  
On rainy afternoons in teak-meat days  
Of the early 1960s, when the game's line  
For savagery widened to anger's howl  
And intention. And I still remember  
How whistle-man in-the-middle  
Might turn away like a priest on fire  
Not wishing or willing to blame the gods.

And so I was careless with your hurley,  
Because it wasn't Christy Ring's hurley.  
Far too late but I'd not be careless now  
With it, because it turned cleanly in your hands  
And you wished me, as you were once a warrior,  
To touch a true relic  
of that spirit which fanned your fire.

*Patrick Walsh, born in Cork, worked many years in feedmilling. A finalist in the Radio Eireann Poetry Competition in the 1980s, he has been published in Aught, Antipatico, the Ugly Tree, Coffee House Magazine and other journals.*

## Ger Brinn Dies In Australia

The news was as sudden as your heart  
Stopping on a street in Melbourne.  
Strangely alive again like the school-pal  
We haven't seen for years. As though  
It were yesterday's summer when you found  
The short cut home from the fourth boreen,  
A pioneer of new gaps in the ditch,  
An inkling of what was to come –  
Growing away into first love  
Beside the dazzling waters of Corbally,  
The shame of not making a living  
In the shell-shocked Limerick of the 70's.

It cannot have been Mitchell's journal  
Or letters home to Dromoland from Smith O' Brien  
That set you flying to a better life among  
The ghosts of United Irishmen and women.  
Unlike them you were free to roam  
And try your hand at carpentry.  
What monuments to your family's trade  
Stand today in the suburbs and living rooms,  
The shops and offices of the street  
Where you perhaps for a fleeting moment  
Imagined family and boyhood friends  
Gathered on Doolin pier for a last farewell,  
The scattered ashes struggling to return.

*John Liddy commemorates a friend from Limerick, who died in Melbourne. This Poem is included in his publication, The Well: New and Selected Poems.*

# An inspiring era of Catholic university intellectualism

*Golden Years, Grounds for Hope: Father Golden and the Newman Society 1950-1966*

Val Noone with Terry Blake, Mary Doyle and Helen Praetz (Editors)  
Melbourne, Golden Project, 2008

This is a challenging and significant book. Its aim is the study and critical analysis of the influence of Fr Jerry Golden SJ (1910-1980) and The Newman Society in Victoria (1950-1966), in building a sense of community and intellectual enquiry which combined Catholic faith and tradition with modern critical and scientific thinking, among students attending the University of Melbourne. Although Melbourne-centred both by definition and geography, it has far wider implications for all Australia. After some initial suggestions from Ian Howells and Geoff Lacey, and following a seminar organised by Val Noone and others in May 2007 to remember Fr Golden, this publication was mooted. Its realisation was ensured when Greg Denning agreed to edit the volume.

The genesis of the book, therefore, is deep indeed. Denning, then Emeritus Professor of History at the University of Melbourne, had been a Jesuit priest, historian, anthropologist and prolific author. His last work, entitled *Church Alive! Pilgrimages in faith (1956-2006)* published in 2006, was a study of three Jesuit parishes in North Sydney. The structure of the book was innovative and avoided the conventional chronological and factual history of a community by drawing on individual impressions and perceptions from its members.

Denning planned a similar living history for the Golden book with an emphasis on the people involved in the Society, their subsequent personal lives and careers and their current convictions. After seminars on Teilhard de Chardin and on Church and Spirituality, Denning proposed, as the basis of developing sections of the book, six more seminars on Earth, Body, Mind, Spirit, Society and Hope. Denning chaired the first of these on Sunday, 24 February 2008. Nine days later he suffered a stroke by Lake St Clair, Tasmania, while walking with his beloved wife, Donna Merwick. He died in Hobart on 13 March 2008.

The seminars and the book, of course, proceeded. Val Noone and others picked up the cause. In his *Church Alive!*, Denning discusses Church renewal: 'Vatican Council II brought an *aggiornamento* – a

renewal – into the Catholic Church. This living history of three parishes is a story of the hope and pain in that renewal.' In closing he observed:

At Vatican II, the Dutch bishops, ..... gave an insurgent voice against the Roman Curia's vision of the triumphalist Church. We are the people of God, they declared. Power should go with the authority the people of God gives its bishops at the levels where the faithful live out the ambiguities of their beliefs.

So one can see the design of the keel Denning laid down and passed to his successors. He commented that the contributors to the book are from many varied backgrounds and achievements. They have known the old and the new church; most are believers but others are atheist or agnostic. That this is clearly so will be seen later in this review.

Noone outlines the environment and the tensions experienced by that generation: they had leaders who expressed apocalyptic fears of Communism and who staged mass rallies for the visiting statue of Our Lady of Fatima; Pius XII was the Pope and Daniel Mannix the archbishop; the Korean War was being fought; the Australian Labor Party split; the Hungarian people were uprising and the Cuban missile crisis threatened.

At the time the Society also had to deal with a concerted attempt by the B A Santamaria groups to take it over. Strongly influenced by Fr Joseph Cardijn of the Young Christian Workers and by Fr Teilhard de Chardin SJ, the Society's aims and philosophy were in stark contrast to such conservative and restrictive thinking.

That Fr Golden and the students of the intellectual apostolate planted seeds there can be no doubt. This book is evidence of that. It has 34 personal memoirs plus the papers of 55 talks given at reunion seminars during 2007-08. Each and every contributor who describes the influence of Fr Golden comments on his most outstanding facility – his use of silence.

In considering the relationship between faith, truth and various disciplines, Ken Browne writes that after attending a Newman camp he began looking for the deeper philosophical and religious meanings of an academic discipline. As a practising scientist, many of the ideas gleaned at the camp remained with him,

beginning a process of analysis of science, particularly of physics, by which he is still excited.

Rosemary Crowley (née Willis) hoists her sail to the mast of social justice and betterment for the community. People hunger for more in the realm of spirit, value and vision – certainly areas of relevance to any religion. But these objectives are more likely to be achieved by people with a commitment to social justice. The ideals and values received from family, church, school, university and work have stayed with her. She regards 'the charity to think' as one of the greatest gifts that she has been given.

Under the benign *aegis* of Fr Golden, John Funder shuffled between various Newman Society groups. His involvement was intellectual rather than emotional. He is part of several coalesced Newman Society groups to this day. He regarded the 1968 encyclical *Humanae Vitae* pronouncement as bizarre. The past 40 years have seen the institutional church confirmed in its desire to become exclusive rather than Catholic. For Funder, a sense of wonder comes repeatedly from the way science provides insights into how living things work. He finds it hard to accept the combination of ignorance and arrogance characteristic of many of the loudest voices across the religious spectrum. He remains deeply socio-culturally Catholic and operationally agnostic.

Inspired by a visionary Christian Brother, Dennis Green embraced the Newman Society. The discussion groups provided for him a communal and liturgical experience, which helped his understanding of the world, the church and the faith. At the time he saw the university as a parish and the church in the university as a community of believers and worshippers, the embodiment of the pilgrim church, without a reliance on hierarchy. The discipline-based spirited debate in the discussion groups assisted his social and spiritual growth. Many individuals contributed to his understanding of the different roads to faith. In spite of some negative experiences of cliques and intellectualism, the positives outweighed the negatives. Through the extraordinary efficacy of his quiet empowering approach, Fr Golden was a crucial if not unsuspecting mentor. He left little doubt as to the values that he espoused and provided a classical example of true leadership in both the secular and the spiritual sense.

In his transition from a religious community into the non-religious secular community of the university, Ken Haddock found the Newman Society under the direction of Fr Golden smoothed his way. The Society provided an environment of shared communal beliefs and values for Catholic students, helping them adjust to a different environment after school. With the advent of Vatican II, the 1960s was a time of change sweeping through the church. Many members of religious orders and seminarians were leaving their institutions. With his accepting manner, Fr Golden was like a father figure to students. He took a personal interest in each one, relating to students on their own level of expertise irrespective of their particular academic standing. His door was always open to those who needed advice or to discuss their life issues or problems.

Gerry Joyce offers three short stories to support his view that *Humanae Vitae* was a disaster. Many western Catholics who have continued to question ecclesiastical authority did not accept it. He rejects the view that informed conscience should be prescribed by the hierarchy who, he suggests, have made themselves irrelevant.

Greg and Robyn O'Callaghan (née Howse) regard their daughters' lives as university students as less rich than theirs, the difference being their active membership of the Newman Society. Through its group meetings, lectures and discussions, the Newman Society developed in them a sense of vocation, a sense of seriousness about the ideas with which they were engaging. Because of the cross-faculty nature of the interactions, they were confronted with new ideas, issues, dilemmas and insights, which in retrospect they regard as having been as essential to their education as their course work. There unobtrusively was Fr Golden, setting the stage for the intellectual and social development that was going on all round.

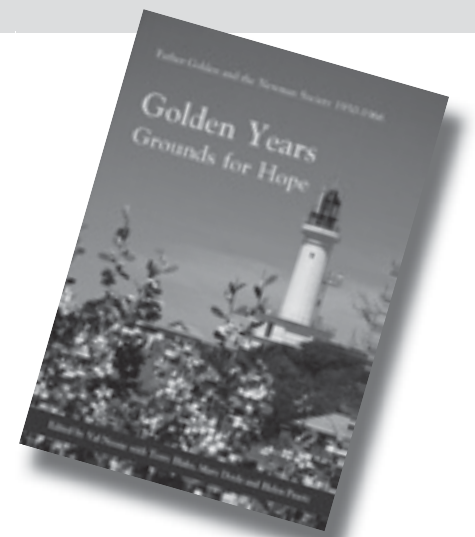
As a young person in the Newman Society, Wendy Poussard (née Wilson) recalls the spirit rushing and roaring about, throwing open the windows of her mind and of the church. She started to think about spirit in a different way. Because our thinking, our feeling and our work connect us to one another, it makes sense to talk about spirit in a communal way. Poussard's firm idea was that her workplace would be the world and that the third world was where the main action was found. People could work together

cooperatively and in solidarity across barriers of distance and culture. During her time in SE Asia she began to lose the feeling that her religion was better than other people's religions. Her career on her return to Australia brought her into contact with many thinkers, educators and activists, many of them Catholic, many of them of other religions and beliefs, many people of spirit, lessening her reliance on former beliefs. Her loss of faith is not entirely about belief. It is also about moving in different networks and adopting a different strategy for being in the world.

On encountering Fr Golden after her rebellious schooldays, Marilyn Puglisi (née Heffey) found him to be the first figure of authority that did not treat her as a troublemaker. Without admonishing or sermonising, he tried to ensure that every action, process and discussion was an occasion for the personal growth in sanctity of each of the group members. Puglisi offers an entertaining piece on the role of women in law. She practised because she had accepted that there was some sort of vocational imperative to do so. With tongue in cheek, she complains that in the Newman Society she might have learned something about 'the charity to think' and taught herself the charity to listen but the charity to charge fees remains a puzzle. She notes that occasionally the Newman Society was criticised, inaccurately, for being too elitist or too intellectual. It was, however, challenging, inspirational and heady. She was often swept away with words but the vision as lived and practised often involved few or no words at all.

Peter Sheehan recalls Fr Golden's unwillingness to lead overtly, his reluctance to position himself in group discussions, and his intense focus on drawing out others and forcing them to do the work. He was open to people, to their differences and to the many different ways in which they could contribute. He rarely gave sermons. He was truly incarnational. He had great faith in individuals, he was patient and a great listener, and he sought to build leadership in others. He was no revolutionary, but stemming from his personal faith and faith in the power of individuals to respond, his practice was indeed radical, challenging and risky.

In restoring two degraded paddocks on his small piece of rural land, Chris Watson sees himself as redeeming the natural world, discussed in his Newman Society



days. He and Jan (née McCormack) seek solitude and offer hospitality to the traveller and other living creatures. In the way fostered by Fr Golden, they took on something they felt was worthwhile, not knowing where it would lead them, discovering meaning as they go along.

The last word goes to Fr Golden himself. Although a renowned writer of letters, he left few published articles or talks. The major exception was the preface that he wrote for *The Incarnation in the University* (1955), the full text of which is recorded in *Golden Years*. He wrote:

The apostolate is the full Christian life. Religion is not something one possesses, it is something one is: it is a way of life and an outlook on life. It involves the whole person and all that affects the person.

*Golden Years* teaches us that the view of an exclusive and rigid Catholicism with an unaccountable magisterium and hierarchy cannot be maintained. Change will come, and the mystical body of Christ will be expressed bravely and without fear in theological research.

Val Noone asserts that serious writing about post-1945 Australian Catholicism is languishing (p.17). This interesting work is a fine start to filling the void. An analysis of questionnaires to former Newman Society members, tables, photographs, a comprehensive bibliography including notes on archived documents, and an index complement the extensive collection of individual memoirs and papers.

The book is a product of courageous planning, prodigious gathering of material and insightful and sensitive editing. It is a watershed in the inevitable change in the life of the Catholic Church in Australia and demands thoughtful and objective examination. Noone and his fellow editors are to be highly commended for their energy, dedication, diligence and professionalism.

**Peter Kiernan with Patrick McNamara**

# An opportunity missed?

*Grand Opportunity: The Gaelic Revival and Irish Society 1893-1910*  
Timothy G McMahon,  
Syracuse Univ. Press, New York, 2008

Many have said that the origins of the Irish struggle for independence are to be found in the Gaelic League, *Conradh na Gaeilge*. But in its early years the League strove to be all-encompassing, eschewing all ideologies other than cultural nationalism. It is now exactly ninety years since the heady weeks when newly elected Sinn Féin MPs convened *Dáil Éireann* in Dublin. One of the *Dáil*'s first tasks was to choose Seán Ua Ceallaigh [aka 'Sceilg'] a Kerryman, who was also President of the Gaelic League, to head a Ministry for the Irish Language. In theory at least, the new Ministry took on the major responsibility for the future of the language and for arresting its alarming decline in Irish-speaking districts. To that end, £1,000 was to be given as incentives to families who could show their adherence to the language in everyday life. No dissenting voices were raised at the setting aside of what was a considerable sum of money, all were aware of the necessity for some positive gesture.

*Grand Opportunity* deals with an earlier era, a time well before the emergence of The Irish Free State and a bitter civil war had drained away much of the youthful idealism, the talent and the drive of a whole generation. Founded in 1893, the earliest years of The Gaelic League were marked by enthusiasm and energy, in its leaders and in their nation-wide voluntary organisation that set itself to restoring the Irish language as the everyday language of the people. McMahon's book gives us an insight into how the League operated and why it chose certain courses of action, as well as portraying the people who made the League tick, from the *Coiste Gnótha* or Executive Committee to the *craobhanna áitiúla* or local branches.

Some familiarity with the contemporary Irish scene is needed to grasp the import of what the League set out to achieve, the political and social milieu in which it began operations and the extent to which it succeeded or failed, but this is unlikely to be a difficulty for those at whom the book is primarily aimed. This

is not a book about 'The Celtic Twilight' or 'The Irish Literary Revival.' Although Douglas Hyde, a co-founder of the League, was able to interest some of the Anglo-Irish literary luminaries such as WB Yeats, Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn and TW Rolleston in League affairs, they are peripheral characters. In 19<sup>th</sup> century Ireland the resurgence of interest in stories from Gaelic Mythology and the more esoteric interest in their

“Many Gaeltacht families believed a choice between the ‘old’ and the ‘modern’ was being forced upon them”

long neglected sources, were all lumped together in the public's imagination, with early antiquarian efforts to preserve 'the old language' itself. This is still the case among some Irish people, but the Revival we are dealing with here is concerned with the speaking and writing of the Gaelic language, officially called Irish. Naturally enough, in a country as small as Ireland, in a city as small as Dublin, there were inevitably overlaps among the founders and the memberships of all of these movements.

The '*Grand Opportunity*' referred to in the title of the book was, in McMahon's view, the chance which Irish people were given by the Gaelic Revival to re-define themselves. A popular resurgence in Irish culture in general, often referred to as 'Irish Ireland,' was spearheaded by the Gaelic League and included such organisations as the Gaelic Athletic Association. It struck a chord in the minds of younger Irish people even as many were moving away both physically and psychologically from the centuries old tenantry and 'Big House' life of their parents and grandparents. This was itself a major problem for the League in practical terms, as the book shows. Many old distinctions between 'Ascendancy' and 'natives,' were fading and while the opportunity was there for any (Anglo) Irish person to embrace

'Irish Ireland', few were so inclined. A number of Anglo-Irish, among them some prominent public figures, did do so to some degree even if many dropped out in the politically charged years of World War I and the lead-up to 1916.

The League's rank and file membership attending weekly Irish classes in towns and villages soon numbered in their thousands. McMahon's statistical analysis of the make up of that membership is interesting. The League had a small number of inadequately resourced *timiri* / paid organisers and *múinteoirí taistil* / travelling teachers, and very often the commitment of members to the League was extremely high, but the Irish people took what they wanted from the new movement, whether as a social outlet or a personal power base. A full commitment to the restoration of the language, the primary aim of the League was never made. Rather than a dichotomy between the two theoretical extremes there was a continuum. This supports McMahon's contention that The Gaelic League both failed and succeeded simultaneously. It failed to entice a sufficiently large proportion of the population of Ireland far enough along this continuum towards the 'Irish Ireland' ideal, therefore failing to restore the Irish language to pride of place it had once held in most ordinary peoples' lives. Yet the League made people aware of a Gaelic Irish heritage and turned the language into an issue that could never again be forgotten by governments of any persuasion. It may also, I believe, have succeeded in turning the unfortunate term 'West Briton' from one of abuse into one of mere mockery.

By choosing to go for a mass membership base, the League had to water down its most basic aim of restoration of the language in the everyday life of the nation. For all its well-aimed propaganda, the heavy reliance on amateur enthusiasts to keep its organisation running, and the lack of suitably trained teachers, encouraged a concentration of activity in urban areas rather than in the rural Irish-speaking districts. The lack of a strong connection with the latter was one of the problems never satisfactorily addressed by the League as Donncha Ó Súilleabháin, a League stalwart of more recent times, said in his book *ATHBHEOCHAIN NA*



*GAEILGE: Cnuasach Aistí ('Leathanradharc ar Chonradh na Gaeilge sna Laethanta Tosaigh'. p. 32) published by The Gaelic League itself in 1998 – 'Ni raibh An Conradh riamh in ann freastal ar an nGaeltacht faoi mar ba mhian leis. Nior leor an méid a dheimsiad ar an mbeagán airgid a bhí acu chun a áiteamh ar na daoine a raibh an teanga ó dhuchas acu, í a labhairt lena gclann.'* [They (the League) were never able to attend to the Gaeltacht as they would have wanted to. What they did do on the little money they had was not enough to persuade those who had the language from birth to speak it to their children.]

Finances were a major problem for the League in the early years. Perhaps financially supporting it was too daunting a task for 'the black-coated workers,' the majority of members at branch level who were, 'aspiring' and 'lower middle class.' Given what passed for normal in so much of the Gaeltacht then, it is not remarkable that a certain mutual suspicion often existed between rural Irish-speakers and their more urbanised compatriots. McMahon rightly criticises the League for this, its greatest failure: its ineffectiveness in halting the language decline in those already fragmented native-speaking communities along the coastlines of the northwest, west and south. He does, however, accept that this was intertwined with economic and socio-cultural problems such as population loss through emigration. There was in addition, the practical consideration that many Gaeltacht families believed a

choice between the 'old' and the 'modern' was being forced upon them. Whatever its reasons, by 'propagandising' its message for a marginally interested wider public the League made *support* for the language a goal in itself and blurred the distinction between 'support' and an actual commitment to learning it! One obvious result is the continued currency, among some politicians, of the '*cúpla focal*' – the few words of Irish, brought out for addressing public gatherings and ceremonial occasions.

McMahon's explanation for the League's successes and failures is presented with copious footnotes and an extensive bibliography in both Irish and English for those wishing to delve deeper into his sources. He goes beyond 'the usual suspects' in seeking for insights on the workings of the League at the local level, as is clear from his acknowledgements.

In his conclusion McMahon also credits the League with standing its ground in the face of the bullying tactics of some members of the Catholic hierarchy in those early years, and the attempts of political 'heavies' of the day to bend the League to their own ends. He very briefly alludes to the success of the quasi-secret society the IRB, in infiltrating and finally re-directing the League along overtly political lines in the years immediately leading up to the Easter Rising of 1916, but that period is outside the scope of his present work. It should, hopefully, bring a sequel.

**Chris Mooney**

*Chris Mooney is a Melbourne writer*

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# A perfect addition to your bedside table

*The Annals of Dublin*

E E O'Donnell SJ

Currach Press, Dublin 2008

Father O'Donnell is getting to know the photographic oeuvre of Fr. Frank Browne S.J.(1880-1960). He has edited and produced some twenty volumes on his work. This fine hardback was first published in 1988 and is a revised edition by Currach Press. It is a gem.

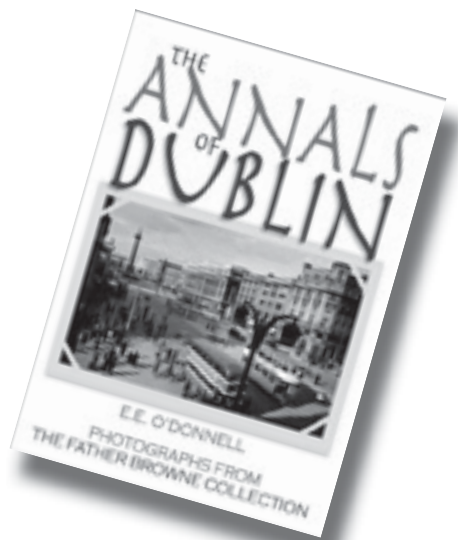
The title of the book is completely accurate as it is a record of the history of Dublin year by year, starting in BC 4,500,000,000, (the formation of the earth's crust but when Ireland was all sea) and even predicting some events up to AD 2010. It is such a neat and logical arrangement that the generous index, which does not give page numbers for each item but the relevant year, I found particularly convenient. The author describes his work as more an exercise in communication than an academic history and for use as a guide, 'whether you come from Kentucky or Kenmare, Camden town or Camden street.' O'Donnell acknowledges the help from Dublin libraries in his many years of reading and research – which is prodigious – and he also thanks his Jesuit Order for the use of Browne's photographs in its archives. Sixty-six of them are shown in this book mostly for the first time.

There are twenty-nine chapters in chronological order, the first, 'Geological Preamble' and the last 'Modern Dublin'. There are thirteen appendices, many on novel and provocative topics of which No.111 is 'Joyce's names for Dublin in Finnegans Wake'. Of Joyce's 192 names, my favourite is maybe D'Oblong but I can't explain why. There are 17 maps and charts, very well designed. Finally, the author includes a feature he calls 'Elsewhere', comprising shaded box half-pages in every chapter. They set out contemporary events which have occurred outside Ireland during the period of that chapter and are most illuminating in assessing the history and the nature of the times relevant to that same period in Ireland.

Let me give some illustrations of the information these Annals provide, taken at random:

## 70,000,000 BC

Ireland emerges permanently from the sea. It had its head above the water many



times before this.

## 500 BC

The Irish name for Tallaght, Co. Dublin, is Tampleacht Muintir Parthalon i.e. the plague-monument of the Parthalonians (pre-Celtic people who inhabited Co. Dublin). The present-day 'travelling people' of Ireland are said to be the descendants of these ancient invaders.

## 300 BC

The Celts arrive in Ireland about this time, or possibly a little later. They have weapons of iron so they have little difficulty in conquering the country.

And later :

## 1592 AD

Trinity College is founded by Queen Elizabeth, for the 'education, training and instruction of youths and students in the Arts and Faculties, so that they might be better assisted in the study of the liberal arts and in the cultivation of virtue and religion and to counteract the new practice of Catholics who are sending their sons into France, Italy and Spain, to get learning in such foreign universities, whereby they have been infected with Popery and other ill qualities, and so become evil subjects'.

Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell hold the north of Ireland receive no support from Dublin. As the historian Meehan put it: 'The Catholic nobility of the Pale were ever foremost in maintaining English oppression, so long as it did not interfere with their temporal possessions'.

## 1800 AD

Act of Union – Irish Parliament, through the bribery and corruption of Castlereagh and FitzGibbon, abolished as of 1 January.



Travelling people



Self portrait of the photographer, Francis Browne SJ, taken at Maison Prost, St. Stephens's green, Dublin

Captain William Bligh of Mutiny of the Bounty fame draws an important map of Dublin harbour: it will be published in London in 1803.

## 1804 AD

Between this year and 1806, twenty-one Martello Towers are constructed to protect Dublin from a Napoleonic invasion.

And so this encyclopaedic Annals proceeds, year in, year out and it makes fascinating reading. Its material is accessible and succinct. It is ideal for young and old and could not have been more handsomely published. The black and white photography of Browne is a major feature so beautifully composed and reproduced. Fr. O'Donnell has succeeded admirably and has given us a perfect addition to our bedside tables.

*Peter Kiernan*

# The disappearance of Cork Docklands



*The Last Days of the Cork Docklands*  
Patrick Cummins  
Atrium

At first sight one could be forgiven for thinking that this book might be of the common or garden 'coffee table' variety; this would be a grave mistake. For whilst the book is certainly a treat to look at, being beautifully produced and replete with fascinating – and often stunningly beautiful – photographs, it is very much more than this. Cummins, himself a Corkman, and an award winning photographer, has produced a powerful record of a community in transition. Cummins describes his book as being a 'contemporary photographic essay of Cork' and notes in his introduction that 'Only a historian could tell the full story of the docks in a chronological manner, but as a photographer I would be able to convey what was in front of my camera at the time – to tell a living history through the lens'.

How well he has succeeded in his task! Although I am not usually enamoured of the expression, when I saw the strength

and artistry of Cummins' photographs I was drawn to the phrase 'a picture is worth a thousand words'. I have visited Cork only once but I recall being struck not so much by the beauty of the place, but by the character of the city and its people. To me it seemed to be a rough and ready (and no worse for that) vibrant sort of place and I recall wishing that I had more time to get to know it. Cummins' book brings out the character of the place in spades – and yes there are pictures of spades.

Cummins' book is a homage to the city of his birth, a city he loves and cares about passionately. As an artist he has the skills and talent to bring the city to life – to share his passion with his readers. Perhaps his decades far from Cork, in the Irish diaspora in Sydney, gave him fresh eyes in his effort to record a part of the city undergoing a dramatic, radical redevelopment and a community undergoing a profound transition, not only to the built landscape but to a culture – a way of life. It is not an unusual story – many communities have had to cope with the trauma and dislocations of such transitions but it is no less

poignant for all that.

Individually the photographs, both black and white and colour, are superb and when taken together, as a living history of a community, they are much more than the sum of their parts.

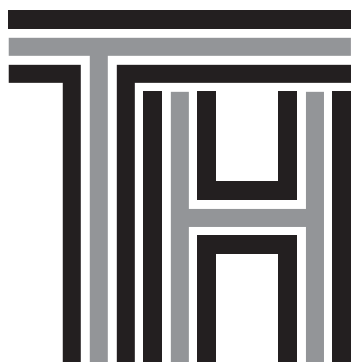
Other than noting that some of the black and white pictures have been taken using a 'pinhole camera', Cummins doesn't give technical details – shutter speeds etc – and this might be considered a failing by some readers. On the other hand if someone devotes their adult life to mastering a difficult art should they be expected to 'give away' their hard won secrets?

I am greatly taken with this book, and when I next visit Ireland I have flagged another visit to Cork as a 'must do'. Cummins has done his city – and his readers – proud. This is (excuse the pun) a Corker of a book!

**Bill Anderson**

*Bill Anderson is Honorary Senior Research Fellow, School of Historical Studies, University of Melbourne.*

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# Tradition in a new key

## *In Silent Moments*

Thomas F Walsh

Curra Press, Dublin. 2007

We have a tendency to think that 'island of saints and scholars' referred to Ireland in centuries immediately after the arrival of St Patrick, and the great monastic movement that followed. This delightful book by Thomas Walsh brings home to me that we are still building on the tradition founded in the great monastic era, and have always proudly translated it, and adapted it for contemporary settings.

The 100 plus pages of this volume is the perfect companion for times of quiet reflection. Like most Irish writers, Walsh is undoubtedly well read and his love of literature has sustained him in times of crisis and throughout his life, the early seeds of this love instilled at the knees of parents and in the wonderful national schools.

There is a Zen quality to Walsh's writing. The death of his daughter Caroline at the age of sixteen was a stark milestone

in his life, and one that brings home the central core of his belief; the importance of living in the moment.

He draws widely for inspiration; Francis Thompson, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Patrick Pearse, Thomas Gray, Thomas Moore to name but a few. All chapters are peppered with apt literary references, mostly of a metaphysical nature. The wisdom and simplicity with which he expresses his own voice call to mind Viktor Frankl in *Man's Search for Meaning*, Thich Nhat Hanh, the great Vietnamese Buddhist monk, in *Being Peace*, Paolo Coelho, and a whole range of contemporary writers.

If you are house hunting, this advice may prove invaluable:

when you go into a house that has sheltered life, go softly. When you go across the threshold, pause, and sense the household gods. Wait for them to welcome you. If you are the right person, they will know, and so will you.



To me there is an Irishness about those lines. They are inspired by the ancient pagan traditions that transcend all more recent credos.

The path of his life that Walsh traces mirrors those of many of us of the same generation. It is a celebration of life but through it runs a sense of loss for all those things that are no more. The footsteps of children, the chaos of grandchildren, the forgotten treasures unearthed in the attic, and the memories they evoke.

This book is a voyage down memory lane with a master helmsman. Read it and savour it. It is writers such as Walsh who show how well we have nurtured our early traditions and enriched them over the centuries.

**Renée Huish**

*Renée Huish is a Bloomsday supporter and a former teacher.*

# A memoir for family consumption only?

## *Over My Shoulder, A Memoir*

Norma MacMaster

Columbia Press, 2008

The author, Norma MacMaster, grew up in County Cavan in Ireland in the 1940s and 50s as a Presbyterian. It is a simple charming story of those times and of the experiences of a young girl growing up in a very close-knit family in clear harmony with their neighbours and yet holding on to their own distinctive culture and way of seeing things.

MacMaster tells of her experiences of the Orange marches and dances around the 'Glorious Twelfth' and of the complete lack of tension about this with her neighbours. She also describes the clearly understood necessity for Protestant girls to go to dances and socials which were patronized by Protestant boys – the consequences of the Catholic *Ne Temere* decree which were all too deeply felt. Norma MacMaster is now a priest of the Church of Ireland and living in Skerries in County Dublin.

According to novelist and critic, Malcolm Cowley, it is just as hard to

write a bad book as it is to write a good one and MacMaster's memoir might be a case in point. While it is clear she has slaved over 160 pages loaded with detail, there's little to recommend it. The story is homely and engaging when she describes her childhood observations amongst a cast of quirky country folk and when she recounts her adult life. It's a gentle memoir of otherness permeated with unashamed nostalgia, familial love and a sense of neighbourly affection.

But the book, which relies heavily on clichés and laborious writing, is extremely dull. It is so disappointing when she reverts to dry reproductions of what and when. MacMaster comes across as an amiable person and there are things to admire about her memoir. Her recollections of parenting are touching; she reveals a deep grief at the loss of her father; and she recreates an Ireland that is utterly changed forever. But I wanted the memoir to spit and crackle, restlessly beating out Norma's life with flaring brutalities and unexpected tenderesses. I wanted to be torched by her life in County Cavan. I wanted her to mine the sort of material – mad family, weird

childhood, sexual confusion, weakness for drink and drugs – we used to cry about.

It's an odd business reading books and we frequently negotiate different kinds of reading as if it were the simplest thing in the world. Just lately I found myself in awe of the melodious plainness of the prose of Doris Lessing's new book *Alfred and Family*. She also writes about her parents using a form that seems to encompass multi-layered memoir as literature.

Writing one's life is a purging, a putting in place of memories and a piecing together of meaning. For the reader the text is, at its basest level, a very good yarn. At its best, it looks at the universality of core experiences and it offers some life lessons to be taken away, given freely by the author. MacMaster for me missed the mark. Instead we watched every shake and shimmy, we heard *ad nauseam* what a good person a neighbour was and how nice village life was. The problem was there was nothing new in any of it. Best kept as a private family recollection.

**Deirdre Gillespie**

*Deirdre Gillespie is President of the Irish Language Association, Melbourne*



# Outlasting his opponents

*B.A. Santamaria: Running the Show: Selected Documents: 1939-1996*  
Edited by Patrick Morgan  
The Miegunyah Press in association  
with the State Library of Victoria,  
Melbourne 2007

B A Santamaria is probably the most influential person in Australian politics who never held any form of public office. Bob Santamaria was employed all his working life in organisations whose collective aim was to promote and extend Catholic social teachings. As head of what was variously called 'The Show' and 'The Movement', Santamaria did more than any other single person to defeat communism in the Australian union movement and in Australian political life in its wider context. The main organising force of Santamaria's Movement, the National Civic Council (NCC), is still with us, while its main opponent, the Communist Party of Australia, dissolved itself and was reconstituted as a barely visible Trotskyite enterprise. As Professor Patrick O'Brien of the University of Western Australia commented, Santamaria outlasted his opponents politically, morally and physically.

The Movement was a Leninist enterprise, to the point where it did not acknowledge formally, publicly or privately, its own existence. As a secret force in Australian politics, it developed a mythology about the extent and pervasiveness of its influence.

Take, for example, the Democratic Labor Party (DLP). The DLP was an influential force in Australian politics, having a crucial role in the Senate. In the House of Representatives, it is generally acknowledged that it saved the Liberal-Country Party coalition government from electoral defeat by the Australian Labor Party (ALP) at least twice. The DLP did this by marshalling socially conservative Catholic voters, largely Australians of Irish origin, into a political force. It gained its effectiveness by the disciplined allocation of preferences in Australia's preferential voting electoral system. When the DLP dissolved itself, the party's vote split more or less evenly between the Coalition and the ALP, showing it was capable of marshalling and changing the voting patterns of its supporters.

Yet the link between the NCC and the DLP remains controversial. The DLP senators were not NCC political operatives taking their marching orders from



Santamaria. At times, none of the DLP senators were talking to Santamaria. In many ways, the NCC and the DLP were rival organisations seeking support from the same social and political base. For example, the sole representative of the reconstituted DLP in any Australian parliament, Peter Kavanah, a member of Victoria's Legislative Council, is not a member of the NCC.

Apart from the DLP, over which the NCC and Santamaria had varying influence from time to time, the NCC had a wide range of associated organisations. It would be drawing a rather long bow to describe them all as front organisations in a Leninist sense. Many have taken on a life of their own away from the NCC, such as the Australian Defence Association, which continues to have a prominent public presence despite the retirement of its guiding light, Michael O'Connor, an estranged NCC office holder. Like any Leninist organisation, the NCC has from time to time been split apart by doctrinal, personal and political conflicts.

Patrick Morgan has done Australian political scholarship a great service by distilling the great mass of Santamaria's private working documents into this volume, which at over 500 pages, represents only a small fraction of the archival material. Scholars will be busy for many years to come working on this vast collection of material from Australia's foremost Catholic public intellectual. Will *Running the Show* answer all the questions about Santamaria which have stirred controversy for decades, such as the ultimate purpose and aim of The Movement's involvement with the ALP? Probably not. But this remains an important source document for Australian political scholarship.

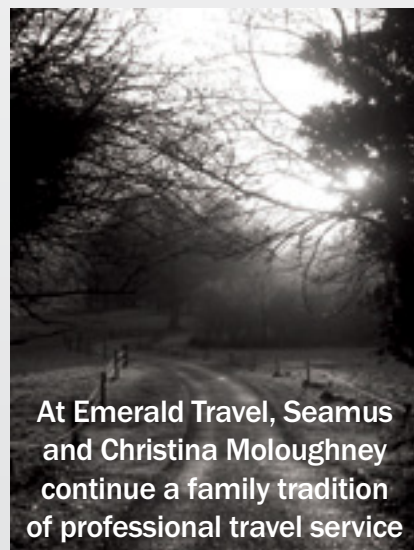
**Jeffrey Babb**

*Jeffrey Babb is a Melbourne journalist and teacher*



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# A diversity of fortunes

## *The Merchant's Women*

Elizabeth Rushen and Perry McIntyre  
Anchor Books Australia, 2008

Rushen and McIntyre describe the implementation of part of that tempting Victorian policy: rounding up layabout, hopeless, unemployed paupers from England where there was too much labour and sending them off to Australia where there was too little. The Victorian version of a win/win situation: England gains by getting rid of a bunch of yobs and Australia gains a – well a bunch of yobs to be transformed by honest toil! There were two versions of this intriguing plan: the indiscriminant one which would simply ‘shovel out paupers’ versus planned emigration. Firmly in the planned emigration camp, the London Emigration Committee concerned themselves with relocating women to Australia in order to rebalance the sexes and provide desperately needed female labour (servants) and marriage partners. Some idea of the women’s motivations for embarking on a journey as weird and remote to them as going to Mars would be to us comes from the close connection of the Refuge for the Destitute to the emigration schemes.

Decades ahead of Caroline Chisholm’s advocacy of providing ‘walking wombs’ for the new nation, there is a considerable appeal in the Committee’s broadsheet advertisements for:

‘Females of good character,  
from 16 to 30, desirous of  
bettering their condition by  
emigrating to Australia.’  
(p.25).

This is a book about the quietly rebellious; the women who were too poor and uneducated to join political parties or debate the rights of women, but who wanted to take charge of their own lives just the same. It cost £18 for a one way ticket to Australia in 1833; the London Emigration Committee paid £6, each woman paid £6 and the State government paid £6 for each woman who landed. The requirement for each woman to come up with £6 effectively barred the scheme to the very poor but supplied the new colony with members of the ‘aspiring classes’. Under this scheme about 2,700 women emigrated to Australia on 14 ships. The *Bussorah*

*Merchant* was the first one chartered by the London Emigration Committee and the book traces the fortunes of the 220 women who sailed to Australia on her in April 1833.

Great care was taken to safeguard the women’s health on the four month voyage and the organisers were justly proud that all of the passengers survived it. Of course, the very real possibility of a high passenger death rate was the reason that the canny State government did not pay their £6 until the woman concerned had landed safely. Long voyages posed problems of boredom as well as challenges to health and the Committee arranged for women to be supplied with cotton and wool to make their own clothes on board ship. While about half of the women were literate enough to sign the marriage register, no shipboard journals of this voyage have survived; though there were two letters of complaint! Hard to please those aspiring classes.

On arrival, the best accommodation that the New South Wales government could provide was a disused timber yard. This was chosen partly because it had a wall to keep out the:

..assemblage of idle  
vagabonds, who have for some  
days surrounded the gate and  
subjected parties entering and  
returning from the Lumber-  
yard to the impudent stare and  
observations of the rabble.  
(p.48).

and partly because the government believed that all of these women had come from poor circumstances and so could be expected to put up with privation when they arrived. Rushen and McIntyre do a good job of setting the voyage of the *Bussorah Merchant* within the context of the larger changes in the status of women in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century. By 1833, the tide had turned against independent female business women and capitalists of the Sarah Sands ilk. More and more it was accepted that decent women were protected by male relatives and did not need to support themselves and that therefore ‘unprotected’ women who did need to support themselves could be blamed for it and subjected to the ‘..impudent stare..’. Subsequently, these women encountered another tension in that they were *free* servants in a



colony accustomed to convict servants. Some of their employers needed time and acculturation to adjust to the idea that they needed to be nice to the help if they wanted to keep it.

The diversity of fortunes of the 220 voyagers is quite remarkable. Three saw the 20<sup>th</sup> century and so lived at least another 67 years after their arrival; 10 had died within a year of landing. Causes of death are not usually known, but one woman was stabbed by her husband. A homicide death rate of 1 in 220 is very high compared with the 20<sup>th</sup> century Australian homicide rate which fluctuated between 0.8 and 2.4 per 100,000 people. It would have been interesting to know how typical this was. All but five arrivals had jobs within nine days of landing either as servants at £8 – £16 per annum or as governesses at £20 – £25 per annum. Ultimately most did marry, about half married convicts, and some married several times. Most were hard working and self supporting but there were a few drunkards who turned up in the court records. One woman became Geelong’s first female licensee in the Thistle Inn.

Most of the book is taken up with all that is known about each passenger, organised alphabetically. This feature would make it a very useful reference for genealogists. A sad feature of the book is that the hard work and devotion of the authors has been badly let down by the printer and the publisher. The pages are in a wildly jumbled order, going from p. 4 to p.13 and then p.60 to p.47.

Felicity Allen

# Reinvigorating old ideas

*Who Owns the World*

Kevin Cahill

Mainstream Publishing, Edinburgh, Scotland

*Who Owns the World* by Kevin Cahill, is the first survey of land-ownership in each of the world's 197 states or countries and 66 major territories. Kevin Cahill explains,

The Crown is the only 'absolute' owner of land in the UK and all Commonwealth countries; all other property owners hold an 'interest in an estate in land' – except in Australia, where the Mabo Act of 1992, gave Aboriginal Australian people, alone, full title to their traditional lands.

The United States of America is the only country in the world where land title is not exclusively 'owned' by the government:

In the USA, the final authority lies with 'We the people.' As the occupants of a state, its citizens are the sole authors of a state's being, the sole source of its authority, and the sole reason and purpose for the state's existence.

Kevin Cahill's work has much to offer Australians today. Firstly, it indicates the seriousness of the task ahead for the establishment of an Australian Republic; and secondly, it is a reminder that we need to consider making significant changes to our economic system, and especially our taxation system, if we really want our entire society to prosper.

Melbourne economist Phillip J. Anderson's new book *The Secret Life of Real Estate*, a timely and thorough study of the history of the mass addiction to land speculation, is the perfect companion to *Who Owns the World*. Land speculation really began during the establishment of the United States of America, and continued in Australia, with significant exceptions. Now the rest of the world is 'catching up', especially with the growing enclosure of the commons in Russia, India and China. But history has shown that real estate speculation cycles only serve to privatise profits and socialise debt and promote chaos and suffering on every level of society in the process.

Both Kevin Cahill and Phil Anderson provide the historical context for understanding how 'Classical Political Economic Theorem', the first modern economic theory, also known as 'Geonomics' or 'Classical Economics', offers hope in light of the breakdown of the current Neo-Classical Economic system.

Geonomics is a philosophy and economic theory that follows from the belief that although everyone owns what they create, land and everything else supplied by nature, belongs equally to all humanity. Geonomists advocate a Single Tax, a Land Value Tax, also known as a Resource Rent. Early Proponents included John Locke, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Adam Smith, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Leo Tolstoy, Mark Twain, Henry George, William Ogilvie, Clarence Darrow, David Lloyd George, Sun Yat-sen, Sir Winston Churchill, Walter Burley Griffin, to mention a few.

The current recession is global because no one is immune from its consequences. Phil Anderson explains how real estate boom-bust recessions develop over 18 year cycles, with inflation building up over 14 years, followed by deflation over four years. The current cycle peaked in August 2007, and is expected to bottom out between 2010 and 2012. Ireland is suffering its

first experience of this land speculation driven recession. Tax revenues there have fallen to 2005 levels, and unemployment has hit an all-time high. As we are beginning to see, Australia is not immune.

Neo-Classical Economists, or economic rationalists, treat land as capital. But land does not 'turn over.' The word 'land' is put in quotes in economics textbooks, 'land' – even though it was central to Classical Economic thought, from Adam Smith through John Stuart Mill, and the French Physiocrats' attempt to prevent the French Revolution.

Nature has provided us with plenty of land, but it's underused due to 'imperfections in the market' or 'land speculation'. The solution to the problem, according to Classical Economic theory, is to put land to its best use, by the simple method of converting property tax, into a tax on pure land value, exempting, buildings on land, commerce and labour from income taxes (including payroll taxes). Excise tax and taxes on commerce should be abolished because trade among people is the basis of efficiency in economics and is the very basis of civilization.

The Melbourne based Land Values Research Group recently defined and studied the effects of property bubbles in a report titled *Unlocking the Riches of Oz: A Case Study of the Social and Economic Costs of Real Estate Bubbles, 1972 to 2006.*

Brian Kavanagh, Director of The Land Values Research Group, is an experienced property valuer of 32 years. As one of the world's leading analysts on the inter-relationship between land and the economy, he has this to say:

When it comes to economics, the reintegration of the theory of valuation is essential. It's the new frontier. Just as we sent Voyager out to explore space, we're at a turning point where the economy is not working for us. There is a big discovery to be made, and this lies in this epochal change – the rediscovery of Resource Rent. Shifting – transferring taxes to Resource Rent is going to open the way for a whole new development for humanity.

He goes on to say:

Its not just land rents we want to capture, we want to capture licenses for electromagnetic spectrum, aircraft slots, all forms of forestry and mineral licenses, all resources, – these would supplement our charges on land values, and add to the enormous Resource Rent pot, that is now 285 billion – more than our current level of tax revenue.

We've witnessed the progressive loss of a sense of community, and land rents represent community. If we collected Resource Rent, we'd get rid of poverty. We have a widening gap between wealthy and poor because the wealthy are capturing Resource Rent. We've got to rediscover the Land tax system. This would open up enormous benefits. It would fund infrastructure, education, health, all of these areas that are crying out for funds, and this fund is sitting there, being grossly capitalized by individuals and causing us to ratchet up taxes to fund them. But if we decrease taxes, and capture more of the Resource Rent, we would be doing as nature intends us to do, using growing Resource Rent funds for public purposes.

Maireid Sullivan

# Shamrock celebrated in Australia

*Echoes of Irish Australia: Rebellion to Republic*

Jeff Brownrigg, Cheryl Mongan, Richard Reid (Editors)

Galong, St Clement's Conference Centre, 2007

The 16th Shamrock in the Bush seminar was held at St Clement's Retreat and Conference Centre, Galong, NSW, on 31 July – 3 August 2008. Fifteen speakers and about 100 delegates attended.

Given that the seminar had its genesis in the Canberra and District Historical Society it was not surprising that about half of the delegates were from Canberra and environs. Other than a small contingent from Melbourne, the remaining delegates were from elsewhere in New South Wales.

The seminar is held annually at St Clement's, originally the homestead of the pioneer pastoralist, Ned Ryan, and more recently a minor seminary for the Redemptorist order.

Convened by the Canberra academic, Richard Reid, the seminar is most ably and competently managed by the indefatigable Cheryl Mongan. Brian Maher, a senior priest of the Canberra Archdiocese, leprechaunish in stature, and co-founder of the seminar, is the current seminar patron and the respected reference point for clarification of local history.

Shamrock 16 maintained the theme of the Irish experience in Australia, with topics ranging from rebels, Fenians, soldiers, artists, poets and politicians to literature, art and language. Piquant music and verse from the seminar's resident minstrel, John Dengate, complemented the presentations.

The seminar was not all hard grind. Out-of-session events included the official

dinner, a tour of the grounds, including the walk to the heritage-listed cemetery of pioneers, and also 'Songs from the Shed', a musical event on Saturday afternoon in Ned Ryan's restored shearing shed. The Saturday evening program included a concert and other entertainment, including more wonderful renditions from John Dengate and a delightful satirical piece at the expense of the convenor, Richard Reid, from the mischievous Jen Kelson.

Over time Shamrock has become an institution in its own right with a following who want to book their rooms in advance from year to year. Indeed it has become so popular that places are usually filled as soon as bookings open.

To commemorate Shamrock's 15th year, the organisers have published a collection of essays as *Echoes of Irish Australia: Rebellion to Republic*. The collection includes 17 of the papers from the 2007 seminar. Patrick O'Farrell's pioneering work, *The Irish in Australia*, was said to be a little bit of the story so far of the men and women who came from Ireland. The publishers of *Echoes* hope that their collection will add to O'Farrell's tale.

*Echoes* takes readers on a journey from the earliest convict days through to the establishment of full diplomatic relations between an independent Republic of Ireland and the Commonwealth of Australia. Its papers include, amongst others, Peter MacFie's 'Tasmania – Home for Ireland's Forgotten Rebels of 1848', Michael McKernan's 'Under Orders: a Glimpse of Clerical Past', Val Noone's 'An Irish Rebel in Victoria: Charles Gavan Duffy, Selectors, Squatters and Aborigines', Jeff Kildea's 'Paranoia and Prejudice: Billy Hughes and the Irish Question 1916-1922', Jeff Brownrigg's 'Irish Mothers

and Mother Ireland in the Verses of 'John O'Brien' and Other Poetical Priests' and Carol Kiernan's 'Proudly Promoting a Celtic Nation Abroad...'

Interspersed with the 2007 papers are six additional papers, in the mode of a 'the best of...' series, from renowned historians and writers. Ruan O'Donnell writes of the contentious plan to mark the 100th anniversary of 1798 by relocating the grave of the rebel hero, Michael Dwyer, the 'Wicklowman', to a more prestigious location. 100,000 gathered in Sydney to watch the procession, which took place without inciting civil or clerical opposition.

Trevor McClaughlin asserts that just as it is wrong to think of all the Irish in Australia as Catholic, nationalist and republican rebels, so too Protestant Irish should not be seen as being all bigoted Orangemen or Empire loyalists. Elizabeth Kwan considers the tensions and sensitivities in the use of flags in the famous St Patrick's Day procession in Melbourne in 1920.

In his discussion of republicanism in Ireland and Australia, John Molony writes that nationality in Australia and Ireland was honed by rejection and struggle. The volume also includes, posthumously, papers by Oliver MacDonagh and Patrick O'Farrell.

Amplly illustrated, the publication contains names and thematic indexes, comprehensive end notes and an extensive bibliography.

*Echoes* adds substantially to the O'Farrell tale. The Shamrock convenors can rest assured that they have achieved their objective. They are to be congratulated for their continuing energy in arranging the Shamrock seminar and their initiative in publishing *Echoes*.

*Patrick McNamara*

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# Kerry's football legend

*Dick Fitzgerald: King in a Kingdom of Kings*

Tom Looney

Currach Press, 2008

The very nature of this book will restrict its readership to those with a passion for Gaelic football and, in particular, those with an appetite for re-living the golden days of the Kerry team in the first two decades of the twentieth century.

The story of the great Dick Fitzgerald, star and captain of the Kerry team and the famous Dr Crokes club is recounted with considerable detail given to the important matches in which he played. He later went on to be a trainer for the Dr Crokes team, a County selector and delegate and sometime Chairman of the County Board. He also refereed at club and county level.

The author, currently Canon and Parish Priest of Dingle, is a former Gaelic footballer himself and a proud Kerryman. The book also contains a reprint of Fitzgerald's *How to Play Gaelic Football*, as published in 1914.

Biographical details of Fitzgerald's early life are soon swamped in match reports which feature walk-offs, forfeits, games being abandoned and disputed results going to appeal. After coping with two pages being transposed in publication, I found it somewhat bizarre to read that the 1903 Senior Munster Championship was played in June 1904 and the 1903 All Ireland Final took place in July 1905! The latter game, between Kerry and Kildare, was notable for an incident when the ball disappeared behind the crowd that had encroached upon the field. The Kerry players stopped, assuming that the ball was dead, only to see it emerge downfield in control of their opponents who then scored a goal, allowed by the referee. If that wasn't enough excitement for the day, Kerry soon regained the lead when the opposing goalkeeper was adjudged to have put a foot over the line in taking the ball. Kildare disputed the decision and the crowd invaded the field. The game was

abandoned and awarded to Kerry, only to see the result overruled on appeal and a replay ordered. There are many similarly contentious results described, illustrating the organisational chaos which must have prevailed at the time.

Fitzgerald was more than just a football legend. He was a Second Lieutenant in the Irish Volunteers and several chapters are devoted to this era of rebellion. Fitzgerald was arrested and detained in Frongoch Internment Camp in 1916. He later became a Councillor, representing Sinn Fein, on the Killarney Urban District Council and sided with Michael Collins in the Civil War. He died tragically after a fall from the roof of a building in 1930, aged forty-seven. At his funeral, his club's floral tribute referred to him as 'Ireland's Greatest Gael'.

Robert J F Butler



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# Irish settlement at Shoreham

One of the most beautiful areas of the popular Mornington Peninsula, with its rolling green hills, dotted with wineries and restaurants, is the district of Shoreham on Westernport Bay. The area was originally known as Stony Creek, the name being changed to Shoreham, in 1881, to avoid confusion with the Stony Point mail.

What is not widely known is that this district was originally very much an Irish Catholic settlement. While the earliest pioneer in the area was a Scot, Henry Tuck, he married Catherine Falvey from Cork and converted to Catholicism. Tuck took up a five mile strip of some 6,400 acres on Westernport, the original Manton's Creek Station. He built a home for his family and commenced cattle grazing and farming. Shortly afterwards, in the 1860's, a group of Irish Catholic settlers came to the Shoreham area after trying their luck in the Victorian goldfields. Among them were the Byrne, Dowling, Kennedy, Nowlan, Riley and Ryan families. Byrne and Nowlan family holdings soon occupied what is today's Shoreham. Other Irish in the district at the time included the Higgins, Maher and Monahan families.

There is an amusing account of a bush confirmation being carried out in March 1877 by the first Archbishop of Melbourne, James Alipius Goold, in the year before the original St Peter's Church was built at Stony Creek (Shoreham). The story was passed on by eyewitnesses to Fr Edmund Nowlan, a grandson of one of the early pioneers, Peter Nowlan, and duly recorded thus:

'The little settlement of Shoreham was filled with excitement! The news had reached the scattered homesteads and there was but one topic of conversation at Greaves' General Store and Post Office..... Shoreham was content to live its calm, easygoing uneventful life ... But today was different! Even the few non-Catholics were caught up in the common interest, for Archbishop Goold was coming all the way from Melbourne to give Confirmation at *Adare*... the selection of old Peter Nowlan, one of the pioneers of the district.

The homestead was a wattle and daub structure – five rooms and white-washed; no place to house the Archbishop! But work started in earnest to make the place look its best. Fences were fixed, stables cleaned up and given a splash of white-wash.....Inside there was bedlam, for after all 'He' was coming next Sunday! The sewing machine worked at high pressure, making new curtains for the Archbishop's room ..... Windows and mats (there were no oilcloths or carpets as the floors were of mud) were cleaned and the preliminaries were finished before the orgy of cooking would commence on Thursday.

Father Carey, the Parish Priest, arrived on horseback on Friday afternoon, all the way from Brighton, the nearest parish centre.... On the way they had passed many spring-carts and drays – all making for *Adare*.....

Meanwhile, the Archbishop was well on his way from Melbourne. He reached Frankston on Friday evening and stopped at Mark Young's Bay View Hotel. Now, Mark Young was famous for his fast ponies and, on Saturday morning, insisted on personally driving the Archbishop over the twenty-five miles of rough bush track that led



**The Adare lands as they are today, Westernport Bay and Phillip Island in the background**

to Shoreham. About fifty horsemen had set out from Shoreham to meet the Archbishop at Mornington and escort him to *Adare*. On arriving at Mornington, they found that Young's buggy and pair had left and, as they had not met it on the way, realized with dismay that they had missed the track and were heading for Dromana. So the cavalcade wheeled around and started at a hot gallop in pursuit of the episcopal carriage. The Archbishop must have thought of bushrangers as the thunder of hoofs grew louder and closer in the rear. At Balcombe Creek the horsemen overtook and surrounded the Archbishop ... and then the party turned round and the guard of honour led the way across the hills to Shoreham.

The account goes on to describe their arrival at around 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Visitors camped in spring-carts or in the barn which had been cleaned up and decorated for a dance on the Sunday evening. On the following morning, after three Masses, 72 people were confirmed. The youngest was little Alice Riley, aged eight, and the oldest, the 60 year old Henry Tuck. The ceremony was held in the living room of the old house, the congregation overflowing into bedrooms, passageways and the verandah. After the ceremony was completed, breakfast was set in the living room for the Archbishop and the two priests. Billies were boiled and the congregation breakfasted outside. Shortly afterwards, the Archbishop started on his way back to Melbourne.

The day continued after the departure of the VIP with a picnic and, in the evening, the countryside was said to have reverberated with fiddle, concertina and much laughter as the celebratory dance took place in the barn. The place just hasn't been the same since!

*Robert J F Butler*

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