

THE LYREACROMPANE & DISTRICT JOURNAL

No 9
2008

Lyreacrompane

*"Where all the women are strong... all the men are good looking...
and all the children are above average!" (Fr Pat Moore)*



€10

**Photos
from
the
Dan
Paddy
Andy
Fest
2008**



Chris Quinn and Mary Mangan of the Festival Committee make presentations to Kate and Bob Ahearn on the occasion of Bob, from San Jose, California, officially opening the Festival in 2008.



Festival Committee members Kay O'Leary and Mike Mangan with Bob and Kate while on the right Sinead Behan, Darragh Hudson and Caoimhe Lyons Lawless wait for Sylvano the Magician



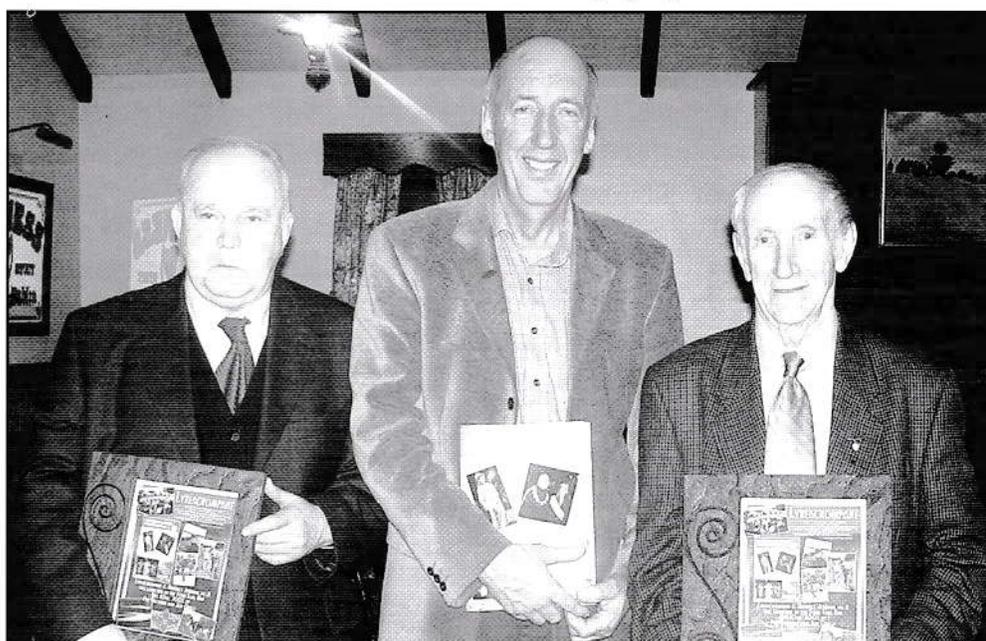
Bob meets relations Betty Brosnan and her son Gerard 'Buddy' outside Lyre Church and on the right Helen Linnane and Mary O'Donoghue are in full swing at the Marquee dancing.

Lyreacrompane and District Journal No 9 Christmas 2008

You are welcome to Journal Number 9 and we hope you enjoy the read and the memories. Our thanks to all who contributed articles and photos and who helped in any way including the local history section at Tralee Co Library. A special thanks to our advertisers who help us to keep the size and style of the publication up to a good standard. Preparations for the next Journal starts now so sharpen that pencil and begin to rummage for those old photos. And keep an eye on www.lyreacrompane.com for deadlines. You may send material to The Lyreacrompane & District Journal, The Glen, Lyreacrompane, Co Kerry. Tel 068 48353

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Joe Harrington centre with Joe Quille and Pat Brosnan who launched the last Lyre Journal

Lyre Journal Committee: Joe Harrington, Kay O'Leary, Joe Quille, JJ Sheehy, Bridie Quille

Moving Bog 2008

The people of Lyreacrompane woke up on the morning of August 23 to hear their native place mentioned on the national news on RTE. The news-casters told of a bogslide in the Stacks Mountains. The Maugha road was cut off at Scanlon's bridge and the bridge to the Harris family home was under tons of bog. Many more tons of solid and liquid bog were moving down the valley of the Glashoreigh river. Initial warnings that the water supply to many parts of North Kerry were at risk were sounded and worry was expressed about the fate of the salmon and fish stock in the Smearlagh and Feale rivers.

It was only by visiting the area that one got a real sense of the scale of the event. The Maugha Road at Scanlon's had to be cut to relieve the bridge which was under pressure from the weight of the moving bog and to lessen the risk to Scanlon's house yards away. At Harris's bridge the scene was even more dramatic. Looking east or west along the river valley all that was visible was black bog and jet black bog-silted water. The bridge itself was under feet of bog and the parapet had been swept away.

Denis Harris was among the first to witness the bogslide. He was leaving his home to go to a funeral around 4.30pm on Friday. He discovered that

the bridge below his home had been swamped by the bogslide and the telephone pole carrying the phone line to his house was gone.

The bog slide had started near the turf bank of Mossy Harrington and his brother, Tom, told reporters that there had been ongoing concern over the possibility of bogslides if the proposed windfarm went ahead. The brothers had referred to such a danger in a multi-party appeal to An Bord Pleanala. When asked about the County Council claim that recent heavy rain was a factor Tom pointed out that locals were in no doubt that the cause of the disaster was the digging of a road and other works to serve the proposed wind farm.

Ironically, an An Bord Pleanala inspector, Paul Caprani, had expressed concern about the potential for a bogslide in his report on the project in 2004. His report stated: "The soil and sub-soil conditions comprise of peat underlain with clay. The interface of such permeable and impermeable soils could, in my opinion, under certain conditions, possibly be conducive to large-scale soil movement."

Kerry County Council issued boil water notices to about 5,000 homes in North Kerry while they carried out emergency engineering works to bypass the Smearlagh's

bog-silted water. Water was piped from the unaffected Lyrea-crompane (Spur) river across the Smearlagh to their pumping station near Lyre Post Office.

Shannon Regional Fisheries Board CEO Eamonn Cusack said the kill was "very serious". More than 5000 juvenile salmon and sea trout had died in the Glashoreagh river and 3000 salmon and sea trout were killed in the Smearlagh. He also said that the recovery period could be anything from five to 10 years.

A Lee Strand subsidiary, Tra Investments, a company involved in windfarm development in the area, said it is carrying out an investigation into the cause of the landslide, with the findings to be made public.

Kerry County Council will be carrying out an independent investigation into the event. Some questions need to be asked. Will prosecutions follow the killing of major fish stocks in north Kerry? Will the taxpayer have to pick up the tab on the costs incurred by Kerry County Council? What reassurance will be provided to families affected by this event and to families who worry that severe interventions by man into the structure of blanket bog will bring bogslides down on their heads also. And finally is there cause for complaint here given that the blanket bog is provided to the investors by local people?

Bog slides and Wind Turbines

**This article was carried on the local website:
www.lyreacrompane.com
at the time of the bogslide**

The bogslide has now made the water supply to 25,000 users in North Kerry unusable and the silt has become a serious threat to fish stocks in the Smearlagh and part of the River Feale. Overall, the cost of the damage will be enormous.

This incident once again brings into focus the damage caused by the installing of wind turbines on the blanket bog of the Stacks and Glenaruddery mountains of North Kerry. These turbines are being erected by companies who often have faceless investors who have no connection with the area. Their activities have ravaged our unique landscape. The foundation of each turbine base breaks through the hard mineral pan on which the blanket bog has formed for hundreds of years. No proper answers have been forthcoming from the promoters of the turbines as to the consequences of this major interference with a powerful natural force such as water.

This has not been the only major bog slide in Lyreacrompane. Records going back

to 1880 show that the area had a particularly bad bogslide then which was as devastating to the local environment as the present event. Such bogslides are rare as the eco-system in areas of blanket bog is finely tuned and, if undisturbed, can deal efficiently with extreme conditions such as unusual heavy rainfall. When permission is being granted for wind farms are the extremes of nature considered and if not, why not?

Stack's and Glenaruddery mountains could be described as a bogslide waiting to happen. Unlike the midlands, the bog here is blanket. It lies on the hills holding water like a sponge and local experience and knowledge is ignored when dealing with it in favour of engineers who never walked a moorland never mind worked it.

While wind turbines are presented as minor encroachments that stand benignly on our bogland the opposite is the truth. Apart from the disastrous breaking of the hard mineral pan that supports the bog the fabric of our blanket bogland is being rent asunder by the roads which are built to each turbine. These are no simple bog roads but highways that facilitate the eight axel trucks that bring in

the parts needed to construct each turbine. The Blanket Bog on nearby Pallas Hill and Banemore has been ripped to shreds in the construction of roads to provide access for the twenty turbines now being erected. The damage can never be repaired and the consequences for the stability of the blanket bog are unknown.

The wrong being done is not confined to the bogland. The community is put in a position where it is reluctant to protest about these matters for fear of being accused of not caring about the scarcity of fossil fuels and global warming. No one likes to stop progress but we call on all those who are involved in sanctioning these developments to look seriously at the wisdom of overloading one relatively small but unique area with the highest manmade structures in Ireland.

Our local councillors and TDs should now ensure that a full review of present policy is carried out to ascertain how ten years of wind farming as designated by them in the Kerry County Development Plan is, in practice, affecting our community and our environment.

Lyreacrompane Community activists, Joe Harrington & Kay O'Leary
www.lyreacrompane.com

In the Dark Dáil Questions - 24 April, 1957. **Rural Electrification in North Kerry.**

Mr. Moloney (Dan Jim) asked the Minister for Industry and Commerce if, in view of the satisfactory result of the initial canvass carried out in the Rathea-Lyreacrompane areas of North Kerry, he will state the cause of the delay in extending the rural electrification scheme to these areas, and how soon they may expect to be connected.

Mr. S. Lemass: I am informed by the E.S.B. that the Rathea area, which includes Lyreacrompane, has been considered for selection by the board on a number of occasions but has not so far been selected as the returns did not compare favourably with those for other areas awaiting development in the board's Tralee district. The area will be reconsidered on future occasions but the board is not at present in a position to say when it will be selected for development.



Donncha O'Dulaing visits Holy Wells in North Kerry while Maureen O'Sullivan and Maureen Hickey from Castleisland were pictured at the launch of the last journal at the Four Elms

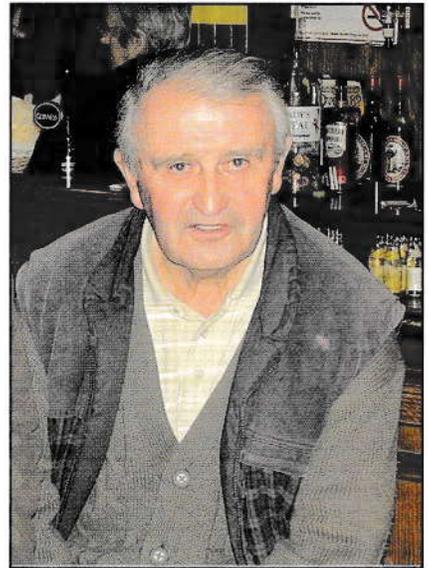


Elizabeth Leen, Marian Nolan and Carol Buckley

Mike Murphy's Dancing class in Lyre

LYRE SCHOOL EVENTS





A Nash Family reunion in Summer 2008 and on the right Pat Lyons at the Four Elms



Green Flag Day Lyre School



Mike Mangan, Joe Harrington and Mary Mangan wave the flags for Duagh at Croke Park and on the right we have thimbles for fingers

COMIC STRIPS OF OUR YOUTH

When I was growing up the Sunday paper was very much anticipated. In the era before television no newspaper was complete without its comic strip which told its story in the most graphic way possible at the time. Some were self-contained humorous pieces while others were "to be continued" leaving one hooked and eagerly looking forward to the next episode. These were the "soaps" of their time and contributed greatly to paper sales.

My own favourite was The Phantom who lived in his cave (shaped like a skull) in the "Deep Woods of Bengalla". On his right hand he had a ring which left its skull motif on the jaw of many a villain and pirate and on his left a ring which brought good luck and protection to any one on whom it was imprinted. He was guarded and served by the pygmies and he had a special island sanctuary called Eden where all animals lived in harmony.

The Phantom's "real" name was Kit Waker and like his father and Phantoms before him, he was educated in America before returning to the Skull Thrown from which he fought evil. The pygmies knew his as the "Ghost who walks - the man who can never die" and believe him to be the same man who freed them from slavers four hundred years ago. He is in fact the 21st in line from the first Phantom who was Christopher "Kit" Standish (or Walker - there seems to have been some confusion on this matter) who sailed the oceans with his father, a sea captain who had once been the cabin boy of Christopher Columbus.

Off the coast of Africa the ship was raided by the Singh pirates, and the two crews fought a vicious battle in the middle of a raging storm, with the pirates gradually gaining the upper hand. Then the ship was smashed by the tide onto a reef, ripping it apart. As his vessel went down, so too did the Captain, struck down by a blow to the heart from the sword of the pirate chief. Kit's attempt to gain vengeance for the murder of his father was prevented by the destruction of the ship, and he was washed overboard.

He was discovered washed ashore by a group of Bengalla pygmies, who nursed him back to health. Once he had recovered, he returned to the beach where he had been found, where he discovered the remains of his father's killer. Taking the skull, he swore an oath that he and his descendants would live to ensure "the destruction of piracy, greed, cruelty and injustice."

Both Kit and his descendents have remained true to this oath for over four centuries. Kit freed the local Bandar tribes from slavers who were preying on them, gaining their friendship and allegiance for all time. Taking inspiration from one of their native idols, he designed a costume and set up base in a cave with an entrance which resembled a skull. Thus began the legend of the Phantom, the Ghost Who Walks. The Phantom we know eventually married his collage sweetheart Diana Palmer and had a horse called Hero and wolf called Devil. The Phantom was created by Lee Falk, who wrote the strip from when it started as a newspaper strip on the 17th of February 1936 until he died in 1999. The Phantom was made into a movie in 1996.

Other Comic Strips I remember include... Tim Tyler and Spud with their Jungle Patrol, Blondie and Dagwood, The Loonies (an Irish strip I think), the Cisco Kid, Little Panda, Mutt and Jef, Denis the Menace, Curly Wee, Juliet Jones, The Saint, Peanuts, Charlie Brown, Popeye, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, Big Ben Bolt, Flash Gordon, Dan Dare, and Rip Kirby. Had you a favourite comic strip? We would love to hear about it for the next Journal.

Joe Harrington



Martina Kelly pictured
in Medjugorje

Bridie Sheehy R.I.P.

It is with great sadness that the community of Lyreacrompane accepted the loss of one of their most beloved friends, Bridie Sheehy, who died aged 73 in Cork University Hospital in 2007.

A formidable intellect and wit and a gifted craftswoman, Ms Sheehy (nee Barry) held a special place in the hearts of her neighbours. To her family her husband John Joe Snr who passed away in 1997, Hanna Mai, Mike, John Joe Jnr, Kieran (who tragically died in a road accident in 2001) and Noreen she was the centre of the world. Ms. Sheehy played no small part in the long tradition of The Kerryman as well in providing this paper with all the weekly events in Lyreacrompane through her colourful notes - a job she took over from John Joe Snr upon his passing. As with everything she did she wrote

the notes with absolute dedication and flair.

Born to Michael and Nora Barry in Pallas, Lyreacrompane, she was one of four children - Robert (who predeceased her) and Tom and Hanna. In a tight community Ms Sheehy didn't have to look far for love, marrying her next-door neighbour, John Joe, in the early 1950's.

The couple were well matched - both of them adept at crafts and with a shared humour that endeared them to all around. Indeed it was their skill at craft-work and farming that is perhaps most remarkable to their children today. The Sheehy household were largely self-sufficient through their mother's vast repertoire of practical skills - vegetables were grown, butter was churned, pigs were slaughtered and cured and the family's clothing was straight from her knitting needle and sewing machine. Indeed at one time all the children of Lyreacrompane

School wore her jumpers and there was great demand among the women folk of the area for her dressmaking skills.

Music too played a big part in her life and all were amazed at a recent get-together with some cousins from America in Ardfert when Ms Sheehy took up the accordion for the first time in many years, playing note perfect through many tunes.

She shared her deep love of music with John Joe, a renowned songwriter. This love of the culture was also firmly informed by her knowledge of the Irish language. A one time student of Lyre headmaster, Maistir O'Suilleabhain from Ballyferriter, she wore her *fainne* with pride.

These are just some of the many traits and attributes fondly remembered by her family and friends. She is sadly missed. *Ar dheis De go raibh a hanam.*



On the left; when money was money Tim Nash was a winner. On the right in front; Ann Lyons and Tony Lyons. At the back; Molly Neville, Ellie Lyons and John Neville.

REGISTER OF ELECTORS 1926 &'27

Carriggannon

Pat Carey, Mary Carey, Edmond Carey, Bessie Carey, Edward Carey, Julia Carey, Lily Carey, Margaret Collins, Maryanne Collins, John Collins, Michael Collins, James Doran, Bridget Doran, William Doran, Kate, Doran, Michael Doran, Thomas Fitzgerald, Ellen Fitzgerald, Frank Lyons, Denis Lyons, Pat Lyons, Katie Lyons, Katie Lyons, Martin Lyons, Kate McLoughlin, James Moloney, Kate Moloney, Bridget Murphy, James Nolan, Ellen Nolan, Andy Nolan, Mary Nolan Ellen Nolan, David Nolan, Jeremiah Nolan, John Nolan, Mary Nolan, John O'Connell, Nora O'Connell, Thomas O'Connor, Hugh Roche, Rebecca Roche, Albert Roche.

Cloughboola

Denis Browne, Ellen Browne, James Browne, Lizzie Keane.

Dromaddabeg

Margaret Cronin, James Cronin, Daniel Mahony, Jeremiah Moloney, Mary Moloney, Michael D Moloney, Bridget Moloney, Michael Snr. Moloney, Nora Moloney.

Dromaddamore

Julia Brosnan, John Brosnan, Pat Brosnan, Hannie Brosnan, Kate Brosnan, Michael Brosnan, Bridget Browne, Maurice Brown, Michael Browne, John Cahill, Hannie Cahill, Daniel Connor, Jeremiah Connor, John Cotter, Patrick Cotter, Margaret Cotter, Kate Cotter, Jeremiah Cotter, Mary Cotter, Ellie Cotter, Jams Jnr. Cotter, Ellen Donoghue, John Donoghue, Mary Donoghue, William Fitzgerald, Julia Houran, Bridget Houran, Timothy Leary, Mary Leary, Kate Lynch, Ellen Lynch, Cornelius Lynch, James Lyons, Denis Lyons, Julia Lyons, Thomas Lyons, John Lyons, Thomas Lyons, Kate Lyons, James Lyons, John Mahony, Kate Mahony, Nora McElligott, Lizzie McElligott, Patrick McElligott, Mary McElligott, Michael Moloney, Pat Moloney, Katie Moloney, Ellen Moloney, Jeremiah Moloney, Hannah Moloney, Annie Nolan, David O'Connor, Margaret O'Connor, Nora O'Connor, Pat Sheehy, Julia Sheehy, James Sheehy, Cornelius Sullivan, Kate Sullivan, Con Sullivan.

Glantaunyalkeen

James Cotter, Maurice Cotter, Johanna Cotter, Johanna Dillane, Mary Dillane, Patrick Dillane, Nora Dillane, Michael Dillane, Michael Molyneaux, Maggie Molyneaux, Nora Molyneaux, Edmond Molyneaux, Mary Molyneaux, Bess Nolan, James Nolan, James

C Nolan, Mary Nolan, Lizzie Nolan, William Nolan.

Glashanacree

Michael Carmody, Mary Carmody, Jeremiah McCarthy, Kate McCarthy, John McCarthy, Mary McCarthy, Agnes McCarthy, Jane McCarthy, Michael Naughton, Kate Naughton, Thomas Quille, Timothy Quille, Bridget Quille, Margaret Quill, Denis Scanlon, Ellen Scanlon.

Clashananoon

John Ahern, Pat Ahern, James Ahern, Nora Ahern, Mary Ahern, Ellen Connell, Daniel Connell, Mary Connell, Mary Connor, Thomas Dillane, Johanna Dillane, John Dillane, Mary Dillane, Johanna Enright, James Enright, Batt. Enright, Catherine Enright, Kathleen Enright, Madge Enright, Thomas Enright, Pat Enright, Ellen Fuller, William Keane, Ellen Keane, Margaret Molyneaux, John Molyneaux, Maggie Molyneaux, Charles Molyneaux, Edward Molyneaux, David Murphy, Mary Murphy, Hannie Shannahan, Michael Shannahan, Michael Shannahan, Maurice Shannahan, Pat Sullivan, Ellen Sullivan, Mary Wilmot.

Glountane

John Murphy, Ellen Murphy, Daniel Murphy, Ellen Murphy, Mary Nolan, Con Nolan, Mary Nolan, Thomas Nolan, Thomas J Nolan, Anne Nolan.

Knocknaglogh

Michael P Ahern, Mary Ahern, Michael M Ahern, Thomas Ahern, Ellen Ahern, Michael John Ahern, Jeremiah Ahern, Hannie Ahern, John Ahern, Edmond Fitzgerald, Mary Fitzgerald, Mary Fuller, Jeremiah Hickey, Michael Hickey, Michael Hickey, Elizabeth Hickey, Johanna McKenna, William McKenna, Julia McKenna, Michael Quille, Anne Quille, Daniel Whyte.

Lyreacrompane

Thomas Buckley, Bridget Buckley, Pat Canty, Kate Canty, Pat Connor, Mary Connor, Michael Connor, Daniel Connor, Michael Costello, Kate Costello, John Costello, Mary Costello, James Costello, Daniel Costello, Bridget Costello, Timothy Curran, Lizzie Curran, John Curran, Pat Dillane, Maggie Dillane, Matt Dillane, Maggie Dillane, Bridget Dillane, Hannah Dillane, Matthew Doran, Minnie Doran, Hanoria Doran, Bridget Doran, Thomas Doran, Patrick Doran, Patrick Gleeson, Minnie Gleeson, John Kelliher, Kate Kelliher, Patrick Kelliher, Jeremiah Long, David Lynch, Ellen Lynch, Michael McElligott, Kate McElligott, Michael Moloney, Lizzie Moloney, Lizzie Molyneaux, Denis Nolan, Mary Nolan, Maurice Scanlan, Daniel Sweeney, Norah Sweeney.

Knockalougha

Mary Casey, Denis Cronin, John Cronin, Maurice Cronin, John Cronin, Mary Cronin, Matt Dillane, Mary Dillane, Denis Downey, Ellen Downey, Jane Enright, Maurice Enright, James Griffin, Johanna Griffin, John Hickey, Margaret Hickey, Michael Hickey, Winnie Hickie, William Joy, Brigid Joy, Mary Joy, Maurice Joy, John Joy, Mary Joy, Bridget Joy, Kate Joy, Kate M Joy, Pat Joy, David Joy, John Joy, Maurice Joy, John Jnr, Joy, Kate Lyons, James Lyons, Jeremiah Lyons, Lena Lyons, James Lyons, Rita Lyons, Jerry Lyons, Maurice Lyons, Edmond Nash, Kate Nash, Pat Nash, Bridget Nash, John Nash, Mary Nash, Edward Nash, John Nash, Pat Nash, James O'Donnell, Ellen O'Donnell, Pat O'Donnell, John O'Donnell, James O'Donnell, Hannie O'Donnell, Michael Snr. Riordan, Garrett Riordan, Hannie Riordan, Pat Shanahan, Margaret Shanahan, Michael Shanahan, Patrick Shanahan, James Shanahan, William Walsh, Mary Walsh, Hanoria Walsh, Norah Walsh.

Knockaunbrack

Mary Ahern, John Ahern, Michael Cunningham, Robert Cunningham, Daniel Cunningham, Mary Cunningham, Thomas Doody, Maurice Doody, Con Hickey, Mary Hickey, Thomas Hickey, Mary Hickey, Agnes Hickey, Ellen Hickey, Ellen Hickey, James Hickey, Thomas Hickey, Thomas Howard, Matthew Kennelly, Maggie Kennelly, Kate Kennelly, Timothy McKenna, Bridget McKenna, William McKenna, Margaret McKenna, Michael McKenna, Bridget McKenna, Mick McKenna, Mary Murphy, William Murphy, Kate Murphy, Nora Murphy, Cornelius Murphy, William Murphy, Denis Murphy, John Murphy, Maggie Murphy, John Nolan, Mary Nolan.

Knockaunnaon

William Dillane, David Dillane, Bridget Dillane, Ety Dillane, Johanna Dillane, William Dillane, Matthew Doran, Mary Doran, William McKenna, Johanna McKenna, Mary McKenna, Julia McKenna, Daniel Whyte.

Knockaclare

Julia Buckley, Patrick Buckley, Hanora Buckley, Humphrey Connor, Edmund Costello, Norah Donoghue, Margaret Donoghue, William Edgeworth, Bridget Edgeworth, John Herbert, Bartholomew Horgan, Hannah Horgan, Mary Joy, John Naughton, Deborah Naughton, John Naughton, Thomas Jnr. Naughton, Mary Naughton, Jeremiah Naughton, Thomas Naughton, Ellen Naughton, Bridget Naughton, Mary T Naughton, Thomas Naughton, Mortimer O'Donoghue, Johanna O'Donoghue, Cornelius

O'Donoghue, Mary O'Donoghue, Cornelius O'Donoghue, Patrick O'Donoghue, John O'Donoghue, Thomas Roche, Johanna Roche, John Roche, Catherine Roche, Hannah Roche, Julia Roche, Julia Walsh, Margaret Walsh, Dennis Walsh.

Banemore

Maurice Barry, Bridget Buckley, Edward Buckley, Hannah Buckley, Hannah Buckley, Jeremiah Callaghan, Martin Callaghan, Catherine Canty, Timothy Canty, Julia Canty, Hannah Costello, John Costello, Michael Dowling, Michael Fenaghty, Jeremiah Fenaghty, Margaret Fenaghty, John Fenaghty, Mary Fenaghty, Margaret Fenaghty, Eugene Fenaghty, Denis Finucane, Mary Finucane, Denis Fitzmaurice, Margaret Fitzmaurice, Thomas Fuller, John Fuller, James Fuller, Norah Fuller, Jane Hussey, Patrick James, Mary Jane James, Patrick Kelliher, John Kelliher, Bridget Kelliher, John Lynch, Ellen Lynch, Daniel Molyneaux, John Molyneaux, Hannah Molyneaux, John Jnr. Molyneaux, John Mulvihill, Margaret Mulvihill, Patrick Murphy, Edmond Murphy, Michael Murphy, Hannah Murphy, John O'Brien, Margaret O'Brien, Patrick O'Connor, Laurence O'Connor, Margaret Purtell, John Purtell, Mary Quilter, John Quilter, Denis Quilter, Mary Quilter, Nora Quilter, Garrett Stack, Deborah Stack, Ellen Stack, Mary Stack, Michael Stack, Patrick Jnr. Stack, Thomas Stack, Daniel Sullivan, Edmond Sullivan, John Sullivan, Michael Whelan, Bridget Whelan, Maurice Whelan, Edward Whelan, Hanora Whelan.

Bramaddra

Edmond Galvin, Catherine Galvin, Denis Hickie, Mary Hickie, Jeremiah Hickey, Edmond Howard, Patrick Kirby, Deborah Kirby, Patrick Jnr. Kirby, Timothy Kirby, Mary Kirby, Patrick Lynch, James Lyons, Patrick Jnr. Lyons, Hannah Lyons, Catherine Lyons.

Cloghaneleskirt

James Costello, Michael Costello, Daniel Costello, James Costello, Edmond Connor, Michael Dillon, Ellen Dillon, Patrick Moran, Edmond Moriarty, Hanoria Moriarty, James Nash, Anne Nash, Maria Quill, Margaret Quill, Lizzie Quill, Thomas Quille, Elizabeth Quille, Mary Reidy, Molly Reidy, Edmond Sheehy, Hannah Sheehy, Pat Sullivan, Mary Sullivan, Batt Sullivan.

Cloghaneagleragh

Timothy Horgan, John Horgan, Michael Sheehy, Hannah Sheehy, Margaret Sheehy.

(Compiled by Kay O'Leary)

REGISTER OF ELECTORS 1926 & '27

Gortacloghane

Ellen Connor, John Michael Dillane, William J Dillane, Mary Dillane, Tom Dillane, Margaret Dillane, Thomas Matt Dillane, Johanna Dillane, Matthew Thomas Dillane, Catherine Dillane, John Matt Dillane, Hanora Dillane, Bridget Dillane, Johanna Dillane, Thomas B Dillane, Mary Dillane, Bridget Dillane, Edmond Dillane, John Dillane, Catherine Dillane, John Thos. Dillane, John Dillane, Mary Dillon, Catherine Galvin, Stephen Galvin, James Snr. Galvin, Hanoria Galvin, Rev. James Galvin, Annie Galvin, Catherine Galvin, Ellen Galvin, Mary Galvin, Michael Halpin, Cornelius Halpin, Patrick Kelly, John Kennelly, Catherine Kennelly, John Lyons, Johanna Lyons, James Lyons, Catherine Lyons, James Lyons, Annie Lyons, Hannah Lyons, Denis Lyons, Denis Leonard, John Leonard, Richard Murphy, Catherine McKenna, Patrick McKenna, Denis McKenna, Catherine McCarthy, John McCarthy

Hurley Murder

 ("From the Irish American" July 1887)

At half past ten o'clock on Monday night June 13th. a servant boy named Jeremiah Hurley, was shot down dead at Boulacullane, near Farranfore, by a party of armed men who visited the house of Mrs Burke where Hurley was employed. The murder is believed to be not agrarian (relating to the holding or owning of land).

Michael Burke, the man's master, met his death under questionable circumstances recently, and the present crime is said to be an act of retaliation. Two arrests have been made. It seems Hurley was dragged out of the house and shot dead, eleven bullets being found in his body. At the inquest an open verdict was returned, some of the jury refusing to bring a verdict of wilful murder. No further arrests have been made, but the two men first arrested are still in custody.

On June 29th. the two men, Ulick O'Sullivan and Thomas Harold, who were charged with participation in the murder of Hurley at Boulacullane, near Farranfore were brought up at Farranfore before Mr. McDermott, Killarney. The prisoners had engaged for their defence Mr. Charles J. Murphy, solicitor, Tralee. No evidence was gone into, and on the application of police a remand was granted on the ground that no further evidence would be forthcoming. The prisoners were again removed to the county jail.

Lyre Church under construction in 1956

Below Bishop Bill Murphy and John Neville



Not for the first time

With the establishment of the new North Kerry/West Limerick constituency it is interesting to note that in 1922 the then constituency of Kerry and West Limerick returned the following unopposed.

Pierce Beasley, James Crowley and Finian Lynch who were all Pro treaty Sinn Fein.

Patrick Cahill, Conor Collins, Thomas O'Donoghue, Edmund Roche and Austin Stack who were all Anti treaty Sinn Fein

The Shefflin Connection

Sometime in the second half of the 1800's James Moloney, Drommadamore, married Ellen McCarthy from Maugha. They had a family of seven, three boys and four girls. One boy, Denis, became a priest, he went to Australia. He died in Perth in 1919 aged forty. Brigid (1887-1957), Denis's sister went out to Australia. There she met & married Mick Dunphy from Kilkenny in 1914. Brigid made her own wedding dress. Some years later Brigid redesigned her wedding dress into four Holy Communion dresses. After Mick Dunphy's brother passed away Brigid & Mick came back to Kilkenny in 1922 to work the family farm. They had a family of fourteen, ten girls & four boys. Six of the girls had been born in Australia. Five of the girls became nuns. Two daughters, Bessie & Noreen married Waterford men. Bessie married Verricker & Noreen married Charman. Another daughter, Esther went to England. The eldest girl, Alice, married Thomas Shefflin, they had a pub in Ballyheale. Alice & Thomas had four Sons. One son, Henry, married Mai Fitzgerald from Waterford and they are the parents of Henry Shefflin Jr. – The Kilkenny Hurler.

Submitted by Catherine Moloney McGillicuddy



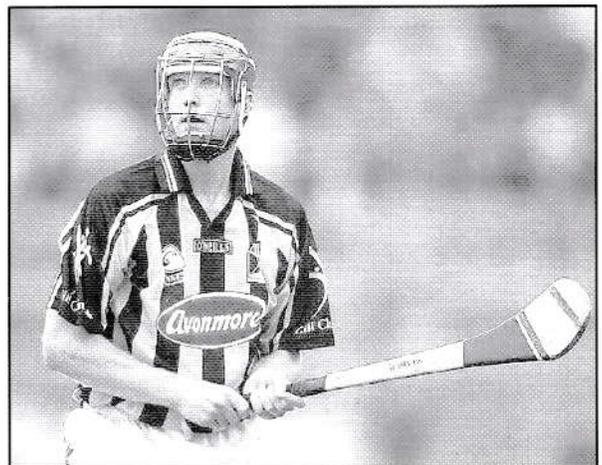
Brigid Moloney Dromaddamore and Mike Dumphy, Kilkenny on their wedding day in 1914



Henry Shefflin and Deirdre O'Sullivan on their wedding day March 2007

King Henry

It is easy to see why Henry Shefflin is called King Henry. Hurler of the Year on at least three occasions Shefflin's scoring prowess has earned him a place on the top ten list of all-time scoring greats in hurling. He is currently in second position behind fellow Kilkenny great Eddie Keher and ahead of former Cork huler Christy Ring. The Ballyhale Shamrocks man has nine Leinster titles, six All-Ireland titles and four National League medals and has been chosen as an All Star on eight occasions.



From Lyre to Alix

In a previous Lyreacrompane Journal, Kay O'Leary wrote about Sam Hurly who was born at "The Barracks", Lyreacrompane and for whom, in popular belief, the Glen School was built. Sam immigrated to Canada in 1911 and, in researching the article Kay succeeded in making contact with his relatives. Sam had gone to Alix, in Alberta, Canada and died in 1951 in Toronto. How Sam Hurly and other relatives wound up in such an obscure part of Canada is not yet clear. The following is a little bit of information about the place.

The village of Alix was named after Mrs. Alexia Westhead, a pioneer rancher and first woman



settler of the district. The first settlers in the district were English speaking and filed homestead leases after their arrival in the early 1890's. The majority of settlers came from Eastern Canada to Lacombe by railway and travelled by oxen, team or foot to their destinations, which included Alix. Their supplies had to be freighted from Lacombe, a distance of approximately 25 miles.

Among these early pioneers were Edward and Walter Parlby, Joseph Todd, J.R. Mackie and F.R. Mitchell. The early settlers carried on for almost 14 years before the village was established. Joseph Todd, owned the land on which the village now stands and for a short while, the settlement was called Toddsville.

The most historical figure associated with Alix is Irene Parlby, one of the "Famous Five". This group of five Alberta women were plaintiffs in a court case that argued women were indeed "persons" under the British North America Act and thus entitled to be named to the Canadian Senate. It was a landmark case in the long struggle by women to achieve political and legal equality in Canada.



Born in England in 1868, Irene Marryat came to Canada in 1896. An old family friend, who had immigrated to Canada, invited Irene to visit her on a farm near what would become Alix, Alberta. Irene accepted and soon after met and married Walter Parlby.

When she died in 1965 at the age of 97, the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada moved quickly to recognize her as a person of national historic significance. This was based on her role in the Persons Case, but also for her work as a legislator and her distinguished service in the fields of "education, social welfare, and legislative reform."

Since 1979 the local lake has a Loch Ness-type monster referred to as "Alix". Many speculate that it is actually an alligator released when the pet grew too large to manage – a hardy animal indeed in winter temperature of minus 20 !!!

The Population of Alix is about 800.



Alix, Alberta to-day

1911 CENSUS HEADS OF HOUSEHOLDS

Compiled by Kay O'Leary

Carrigcannon

Catherine Connor, Michael Doran, Thomas Fitzgerald, James Moloney, Andrew Nolan, James Nolan, Denis Lyons, Charles Collins, Anne Sheehy, Mary Doran, David Nolan, Catherine Sullivan, Edward Carey, Hugh Roche.

N.B. Catherine Connor was a Shopkeeper.

Lyreacrompane

James Costello, Thomas Dowde, Daniel Lynch, Thomas Buckley, Timothy Curran, Patrick Canty, Daniel Sweeney, Michael Costello, Thomas Molyneaux, Johanna Scanlon, Denis Nolan, Michael Lynch, John Kelliher, Mathew Canty, Mathew Doran, Patrick Connor, Edward Dillane.

N.B. Mathew Canty was a Blacksmith, 48 years and single.

Cloghboola

Jeremiah Browne, Robert Browne, Dan Browne, Patrick Keane.

Dromaddabeg

Michael Moloney, Daniel Moloney, Ellen Moloney.

Dromaddamore

William Cotter, Michael Cotter, John Cotter, Cornelius Sullivan, James Cotter, Thomas Lyons, Timothy Brosnan, Patrick Moloney, James Moloney, John Sheehy, Maurice Brosnan, Ellen Donoghue, Patrick Brosnan, Thomas McElligott, Andrew Nolan, Catherine Lynch, John Mahony, Patrick Kennedy, Denis O'Leary, Bridget Brown, Thomas Connor, John Connor, Denis Lyons, Julia Horan.

Glountaunyalkeen

John Murphy, Cornelius Nolan, John Dillane, Maurice Cotter, Michael Molyneaux, John Nolan, Eliza Nolan.

Gortacloghane

John Lyons, Bartholomew Dillane, Michael Halpin, Dennis Kennelly, Thomas Dillane, Mathew Dillon, Mathew Dillon, Catherine Galvin, James Galvin, Patrick Kelly, Daniel Sweeney, John Dillon, William Dillon.

Glashnacree

Michael Carmody, Daniel McCarthy, Denis Scanlan, Timothy Quille, Michael Naughton.

N.B. Timothy Quille is described as living in Glashnacree National School.

Glashanoon

Daniel O'Connell, Thomas Dillane, Maurice Enright, Bartholomew Enright, Patrick Sullivan, David Wilmott, John Molyneaux, Timothy Curtin.

Knocknaglough

Ellen Fitzgerald, Michael Quill, Michael Hickey, Thomas A Ahern, Michael P Ahern, Michael J Ahern, Michael M Ahern.

Banemore

Edward Canty, James Fuller, Thomas Buckley, Michael Whelan, Patrick O'Connor, Patrick Murphy, John Lynch, John Mulville, Patrick Stack, Garrett Stack, James Daughton, Margaret Gleasure, Mary Lynch, Jeremiah Finerty, Daniel Costello, Anne Finerty, Thomas Purtel, Jeremiah Finnerty, Thomas Hussey, Denis Finucane, Jeremiah Callaghan, Maurice Barry, John Finnerty, John Finnerty, John Quilter, Michael Dowling, Patrick Kelliher, John Molyneaux, Daniel Sullivan, Johanna Quilter, Edward Sullivan.

Braumaddra

Patrick Lyons, Mary Sullivan, Maurice McElligott, Edward Gallivan, Timothy O'Donoghue, Denis Hickey, Thomas Sweeney, Patrick Kirby, Thomas Sweeney, Edward Gallivan.

Knockaclare

Thomas Roche, John Walsh, Mortimer Donoghue, Cornelius Donoghue, Julia Buckley, John Naughton, Thomas Naughton, Patrick Costello, Martin Costello, William Edgeworth, Daniel Joy.

N.B. In 1911, Margaret Buckley, Mother in Law of Julia Buckley was 100 years. She was born in Co. Limerick and described her occupation as Nurse.

Also, Cornelius Donoghue was the Postmaster. Cornelius & his wife, Mary, had no children but Humphrey O'Connor, Nephew, was living with them. He later became postmaster for Lyreacrompane.

Rights of Way

Joe Harrington

From today's seemingly violent society we sometimes hark back to the times when everyone was neighbourly. The door was on the latch day and night and the neighbours rambled in for a friendly chat or a game of cards when the days work was done. How accurate is that picture of the days of long ago?

Clearly the number of murders and other violent crimes was not at today's level outside of incidents of political unrest. However, neighbours were regularly at odds. Offence was easily taken and often little consideration was taken of the other person's point of view. The attitude taken by the "Man of the House" had to be rigidly adhered to by every member of the family.

The disagreements with neighbours were often about rights of way. Even up to recent years irrational disputes regularly arose on this issue but it was easy to see why they happened long ago. In the era before tared public roads areas like Lyreacrompane were a maze of boreens and paths. These traversed the moorlands and fields between houses situated in practically inaccessible areas, the local church and shop and to the roadway leading to the nearest town.

These paths had names, most of which have been forgotten. The Cassan Ban ran from near John Neville's in Carrigcannon to Cnoccaun. Another from Carrig to Knocknagoun ran along the top of a ditch for quite a distance. This was the long path to mass and everywhere else for the

O'Connor family who were known as the Tadgys, the Mikies and the Tops (who must have been the furthest up the hill in Knocknagoun).

By their nature these pathways passed through several properties. The right to walk these paths had two aspects. At a practical level to be prevented using the path would be like closing the Listowel - Castleisland road today! Movement was already difficult and pathways always followed the most direct route. To have to develop an alternative path involved inevitable hardship.

The second aspect was more political in the sense that any threat to limit freedoms brought out the anti-British, anti-landlord feelings that people harboured from the past. People saw any such restrictions as harking back to times of oppression when it wasn't always possible to do much about abuse. The rebel in them came out and disagreements got completely out of proportion.

Many good stories could be told about rights of way disputes in Lyreacrompane but it's a bit early to do so just yet. For the moment we'll spare the blushes of the living.

Some of the disputes that arose over rights of way related to practical problems. Before the advent of the electric fence or even barbed wire the hand constructed ditch was the only method of corralling animals. Pathways were open invitations to cattle to stray. Putting up a gate was the answer but if relations were bad over some other issue then those using the path would refuse to close the gate. The retaliation would follow. The

landowner would tie the gate shut and then the real drama that would be spoken about in the community for weeks - the gate would be removed under cover of darkness!!! The culprit wasn't always the obvious one. Some bright boys, hungry for a bit of diversion in those innocent times, would spot the opportunity to wind up the dispute.

These types of disputes gave local verse writers like John Joe Sheehy ideal material for their humorous compositions. One of these referred to happenings in the Spur area and included the following lines...

*"Jim Nash's name no more we'll hear
Ann Lane she can't be seen,
And Julie's roar will be heard no more
Going down Long's old boreen."*

What ever that was about was soon forgotten as my memory of Jer senior and Julie was as great friends.

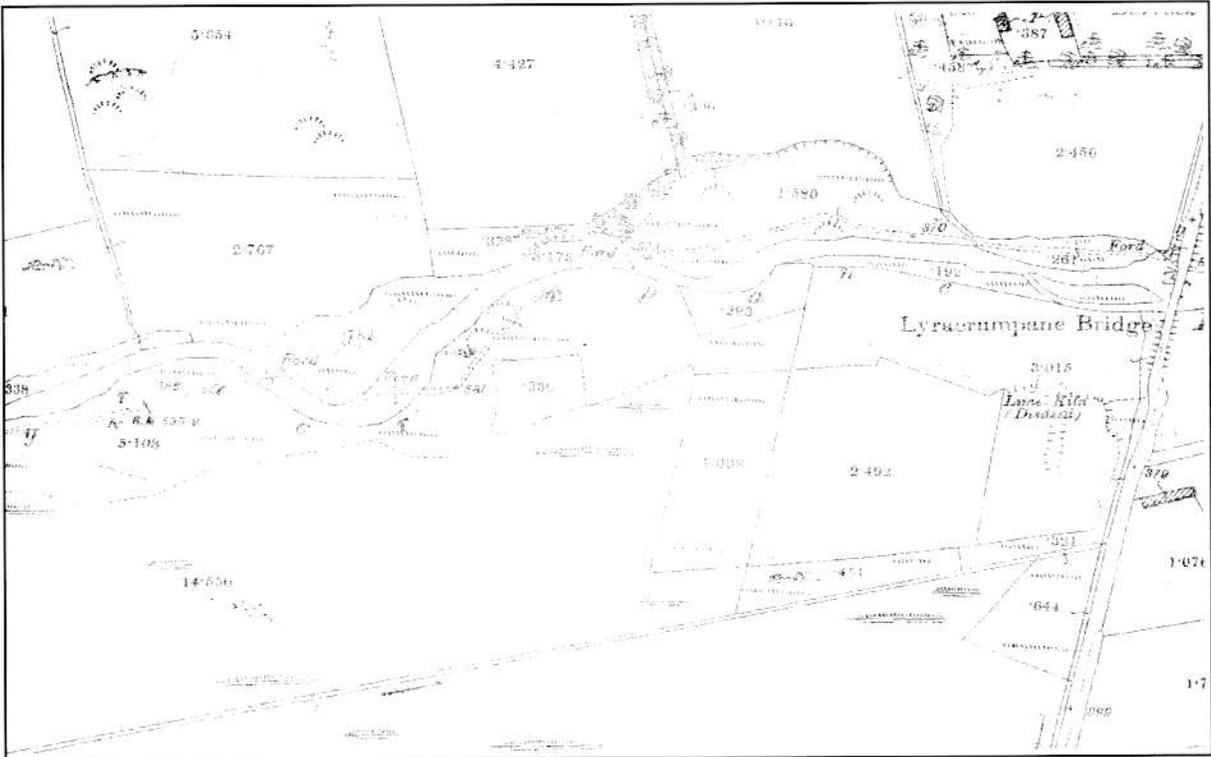
Spur was a good example of the problems of movement in those far off times. The houses had been built there in the late 1800s and the early part of the last century - for the most part on the edges of commonage. The setting was idyllic but the map shows the difficulty the people had in travelling to and from their houses. This was the same track used by the people of Cloughane even further in towards Beennageeha. To get to Spur requires fording the Lyreacrompane River at least four times (one of these crossings is off the map printed here). To get to Cloughane requires a further two crossings.

We have already mentioned two paths in the Carrig area. Another in that direction was

from Bill Curran's to a well in the mountain just outside Nora Walshe's field in Spur. Another was from John Kelliher's on the Lyre/Banemore border east to Lyre's Meadow which had an

isolated house in the middle of Roches mountain (near the source of the Glen that divides Lyre from Knockclare. A path I often travelled to fetch water was from a style at Jerry Long's

to a well on the banks of the Lyreacrompane River opposite Paddy Kirby's house. This path went through what we called Dillane's rea and Dillanes inch.



The Keeper of Sing Sing

We were delighted to get the photo of John Joe Sheehy below from Phil Sheehy (Naughton). The Dromadda man was the Principal Keeper in Sing Sing prison for many years. We carried an account of his career in a previous Journal.



Left: Hannah and John Joe Sheehy. Right: Phil Naughton, bridesmaid and Tom Lambe, best man at the wedding of Jane Costello and Andy Lambe, Laois in December 1961

50 Years Of Lyre Church



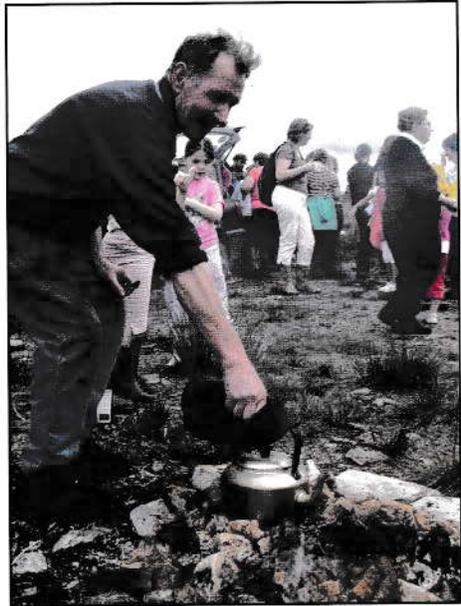
Kathleen O'Connell, Bishop Murphy, Breda Keane, Joanne O'Connell and Fr Declan O'Connor



Sr Elizabeth Starken meets Molly Dillon and Sr Elizabeth Roche



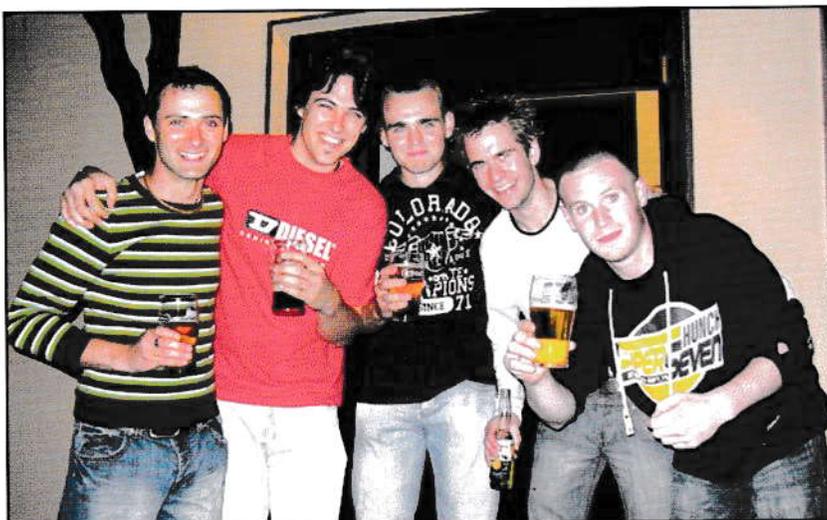
Eileen and Ned Murphy with the Lyons family from Ballingarry and Knocknaglough



Tom and Aoife Trench play the music while Pat Quinn gets the 'tae' ready during the Bog Walk



Eddie & Helen Linnane, Máiread Joyce, Sean Keane, Dan Joyce & Mai Keane. Sonny Breen & 'Spot'



A bunch of the lads at the Four Elms while Helena Enright and Babel Dowling pose for the camera

Recollections of a Correspondent.

Pat Brosnan

Away back in the summer of '49 an idea came to me that it might be possible to have a news column from the Lyreacrompane area published each week in the **Kerryman** newspaper. After contacting the newspaper's office in Tralee I was given the go ahead and in September of that year the original '**Lyreacrompane Notes**' began to appear. My first tentative steps had been taken into the world of journalism. Naturally, at the time, it was a wonderful experience to see my work in print for the first time.

By Christmas my column was being published regularly but not without its early hiccups. People were quick to spot mistakes or exaggerations and quicker to draw them to your attention. A correspondent must learn to distinguish fact from fiction and watch out for the far fetched yarn intended to raise a laugh at the expense of someone else. One must also be able to tell the difference between public interest and private curiosity.

Around 1952 the **Limerick Weekly Echo** asked me to contribute news items from the Knocknagoshel, Duagh, and Lyre area. This was easy enough at the time as I travelled those areas in my full time job with the New Ireland Assurance and Irish National insurance companies.

My part-time newspaper jobs brought me in contact with some fine people such as Dan Nolan and Con Casey of the **Kerryman** as well as others of the management and staff. Also there was Ted Gale,

manager and editor of the **Limerick Weekly Echo**, as fine a person and as good a journalist as one could ever wish to meet. Ted later switched to the Limerick Leader and this was an important factor in getting me the position of Athea correspondent with that paper in 1971. Ted's death at a comparatively young age was deeply regretted by all in media circles when we attended his funeral service in the little Protestant Church in Clonlara as we felt we had lost a good friend. Ted, of course, was father of Jan O'Sullivan, the present TD for Limerick East. My roll as correspondent with these papers ended in May 1957 on my departure to work in England but, nevertheless, my contact with both papers was kept up with numerous unpaid contributions.

After my own emigration to England others were assigned to writing **Lyreacrompane Notes** in the **Kerryman**. Joe Quille did so for several years as did the late Bridie Sheehy and Mary Leane.

In the early '60s the monthly '**Taxpayers News**' was published in Co Kerry by County Councillor, the late Charlie Lenihan and edited by Con Houlihan. My own contribution to this newspaper was a series of articles titled '**The Call of the Bright Lights**' about Irish emigrants in England during that particular time.

There was little money to be made out of writing for newspapers based in Kerry and Limerick during that period but still it provided a little extra income for something we like doing anyway. Around the late Fifties some of my writings, poems and articles were published in the

'Shannonside Annual' as well as in '**The Limerick Weekly Echo**'. On returning from England in 1967 and settling with my family in Athea some of my articles were published in the John B Keane page in the **Limerick Leader**. Then, as mentioned earlier I was appointed as Athea's local correspondent for the Leader in 1971 – a position still retained by to the present day. Payment for supplying local notes has much improved in the meantime. During the 1970s I made a return as Athea correspondent with the **Limerick Weekly Echo** under editor Arthur J Quinlan until that paper went out of circulation some years later.

Since the mid '70s much of my writing efforts have been devoted to writing poetry and articles which have won prizes in various competitions including those in RTE and others at different times. Ballads which I have written have won county, Munster and All-Ireland Comhaltas new ballad competitions on many occasions. Some of my writings have won me cash prizes on occasions but most who like to write certainly do not do it for the financial rewards alone.

My book of **Limerick Limericks**, all my own compositions, was a great success with a second edition now very much in demand. I have also written for papers which are now out of circulation such as the **Limerick Times** and the **Limerick People**. There was also a stint doing West Limerick News Round-up on the former **Radio Limerick**. I also wrote the Athea Notes for **Kerry's Eye** before it ceased carrying local notes. Since the **Athea District News** was first published some years ago it has carried my weekly current affairs column, '**Pat's Corner**'

To be successful at writing one has to be interested and dedicated to perfecting every writing task that one undertakes. Those who write on controversial subjects must be honest enough to express his or her own opinions and not merely give views that everyone is certain to agree with. If there is no fire in a controversial article people become quickly bored and most likely stop reading it. News reporting is a different matter and has to be factual.

There are times when criticism of writers can turn nasty with anonymous letters sent to your editor or to yourself. They can be full of verbal abuse from cowardly individuals sniping from behind non-de-plumes. Thankfully those pathetic creatures are few but we all know they do exist. Being a newspaper correspondent carries responsibilities and hearsay or rumour in a parish

must be submitted as such and not as fact. One must also be aware of libel.

There are a few basic rules for any one taking up the job of local correspondent. Double check things. If in doubt use the prefix "alleged". Generally do not use the personal capital "I" and treat people you are interviewing with courtesy and respect. Naturally, meeting the newspaper deadline is vital as nobody will want to read yesterday's news a week later.

Sitting here at my table, pen in hand I look out my window towards the south from Knocknagorna during these early spring days of 2008 and watching the snow covered hills of Keale, Coole East and, would you believe it, Athea's own Dromada in the distance. The scene recalls to me another time, another place, almost a different world in the distant past writing Lyre notes for the

Kerryman sitting at my table in Dromadabeg and glancing up occasionally at the snow-covered hills of that other Dromada where my long career as a newspaper columnist first began. But now it is time to go along to attend to family affairs, commitments to local and county organisations, meetings of one kind or another and newspaper deadlines to be met. So, even in the twilight of my time as a press correspondent there are still many things that keep me on the go though maybe that little bit less than in past years. So, to conclude and finish, here is a short excerpt from a beautiful poem by Robert Frost...

*"The woods are lovely, dark and deep
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep"*



Pat and Gabriel Starcken back on a visit to Lyre for Kerry's Earth Day Bog Walk

Local casualties in World War 1

*BAGNEUX BRITISH CEMETERY,
GEZAINCOURT - Somme*

Hurly Private John William,
69238. 1st Bn. Otago Regiment,
NZEF. Died of wounds, received
at Bapaume, 28th August 1918.
Age 25. Son of John &
Georgina Hurly, 45 Esplanade,
Petone, Wellington, New
Zealand. Native of
Castleisland, Co. Kerry.

POZIERES MEMORIAL - Somme

Leen Private Daniel, 10664.
"B" Coy. 2nd Bn. Royal
Munster Fusiliers.
21st March 1918. Age 19.
Son of Daniel & Margaret Leen,
Garrynagore, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry.

NEWPORT (ST. WOOLLOS)

CEMETERY - Monmouthshire
Molyneaux Private Patrick,
8986. Welsh Regiment. Died
of Sickness 21st April 1917.
Age 41. Son of Thomas &
Johanna Molyneaux. Served in
the South African Campaign.
Born at Duagh, Co. Kerry.

*MIKRA BRITISH CEMETERY,
Kalamaria*

Sheehy Sergeant Michael,
26742. 13th Heavy BTY. Royal
Garrison Artillery. 19th July
1918. Age 43. Son of Martin &
Anne Sheehy, Carrigcannon,
Lyreacrompane, Listowel.

*BELLACOURT MILITARY
CEMETERY, RIVIERE -
Pas de Calais*

Lyons Sergeant Patrick John,
11328. "Z" 30th Trench Mortar
Bty. Royal Garrison Artillery.
7th December 1916. Age 35.
Son of Mr. & Mrs. John Lyons,
Knockalough, Co. Kerry.
Husband of Mrs. Lyons, 46
French St., Southampton.

LOOS MEMORIAL - Pas de Calais
O'Brien Private Richard, 3809.
2nd. Bn. Royal Munster
Fusiliers. 9th May 1915. Age
35. Son of John & Haonoria
Coffey O'Brien, Kilcarra,
Duagh, Co. Kerry.

O'Brien Private Timothy,
4366. 2nd Bn. Royal Munster
Fusiliers. 11th May 1915. Age
33. Son of John & Haonoria
Coffey O'Brien, Kilcarra, Duagh,
Co. Kerry.

*SAILLY-SAILLISEL BRITISH
CEMETERY - Somme*

Jones Private William, 7121.
1st Bn. Irish Guards. Killed in
action 16th March 1917. Age
42. Son of Hugh & Bridget
Jones, Listowel, Co. Kerry.
Husband of Annie Jones,
Edgware Rd. London.

*St. PATRICK'S CEMETERY,
AMIENS - Somme*

Danagher Private W, 7529.
3rd. Reserve Bn. Irish Guards.
19th July 1917. Age 21. Son of
Patrick & Mary Danagher, Feale
View, Listowel, Co. Kerry

**Researched and Compiled by
Kay O'Leary**



Kay O'Leary at Croke Park

**Get your calculator out.
What is 111,111,111
multiplied by 111,111,111
The answer is as simple as
12,345,678,987,654,321**

Allcock's Plasters

The public are informed these celebrated plasters have been established 25 years (Patented US 1845). It is claimed they restore the electrical condition of the part where applied, by which pain and disease action cease. But we really know little on this subject because the properties of medicinal agents can only be known by experience and this has taught that whenever Allcock's Porous Plasters are applied they do good, often restoring the withered hand, removing the unsightly limp, lengthening the shorter leg and restoring the lame to walk. If you have a weak spot on your body try a plaster. The cost is small. They have greater cures than they ever achieved by the most costly application
(New Zealand Herald 9 April 1873)

Don't look back

As you travel through life there
are always the times
When decisions just have to be
made
When the choices are hard and
solutions are scarce
And the rain seems to soak your
parade

There are some situations where
all you can do
Is simply let go and move on
Gather your courage and choose
your direction
That carries you towards a new
dawn

So keep putting one foot in
front of the other
And taking your life day by day
There's a brighter tomorrow
that's just down the road
Don't look back! You're not
going that way!

Smearlagh Lake **Chating with Bertie Enright**

It must have looked a little like Texas in the days of the oil rush. The machine that woke the people of Lyre on a morning in the mid 1970s certainly looked like it was capable of striking black gold. But its mission was a little less daunting. It was busy taking cores of soil out of the ground for soil sampling. The possibility of building a dam across the Smearlagh was being investigated.

From the late 60s onwards Kerry County Council had been looking at the possibility of using our local river to supply the growing water needs of North Kerry. The steep sided Smearlagh valley in Lyreacrompane seemed the ideal place to create a large reservoir and at several hundred feet above sea level it would supply adequate pressure for a major water scheme. The formation of the new lake would mean abandoning the school road and making a new one to run from Brendan McKennas to just above (south) of the Post Office.

The Council plan was for an earthen dam and the first task was to check for the best location for this embankment. It would have to rest on solid rock. Fairclough Civil Engineering from Manchester was selected to check the terrain. The company sent over two of their employees, Billy Porter who was originally from

Dublin and Jimmy Lally who hailed from Knock in Co Mayo.

The first port of call was near the post office but operations soon moved to a more likely spot on the land of Bertie Enright. It was here that the major drilling was carried out. Bertie recalls that the two lads were booked into the Listowel Arms but that did not last long. Billy couldn't eat in hotels so they procured a mobile home and moved it on to the site. They were now ensconced a lot closer to Roches and Billy had no problem cooking up and putting away a steak after a night at the Four Elms.

While Billy set his own agenda there were occasions also when he was caught out. Bertie recalls the time he and Jimmy painted "IRA, No work here on Sundays" on the machine for Billy to find when he arrived. Billy was allowed to sweat about who might be watching him from behind the ditches for a while before being left in on the joke. A more serious incident for Billy happened in Dublin when he was attacked in Dublin. He was a man well able to take care of himself but he was jumped from behind and taken by surprise.

The soil cores procured during the week were transported for analysis to Manchester in a van that came over especially for them. For each hole made the landowner got £25 and

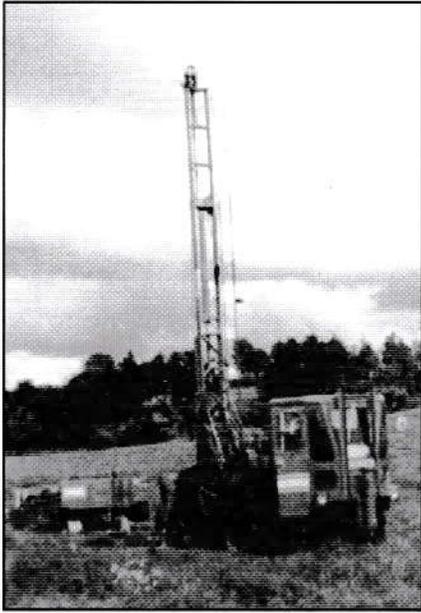
the Enrights got £100 for a particularly large one. Billy and Jimmy certainly brought life to the area and the project received a lot of curious visitors and a lot of politicians made sure that, for a while, they would bask in the glory of such a unique undertaking.

The work went on for about three months followed by some further testing at Ardydonegan. The results showed that in inordinate amount of sub soil would have to be removed in order to place the dam on a solid foundation. Perhaps the more limited earth movers of the time made the project uneconomic. With the earth movers of today it would be hard to imagine any problem doing that job now.

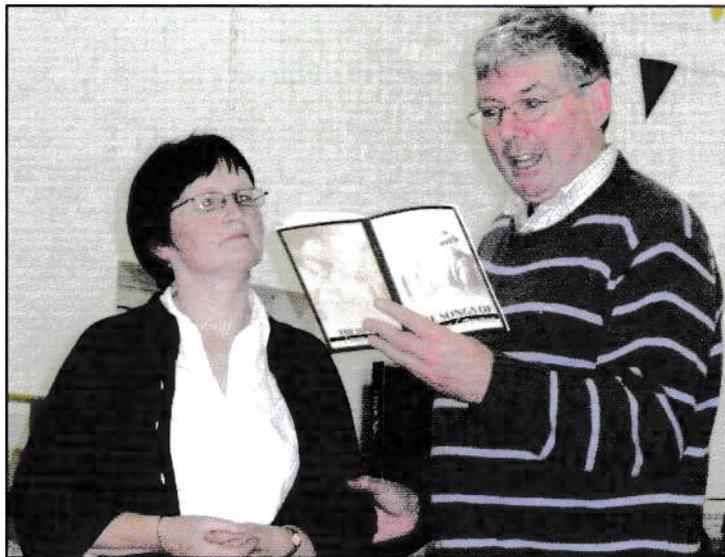
After all the years the damming of the Smearlagh is still on the Council's long-term plan. It is envisaged that it would be needed to meet future needs arising, in particular, from industrial development in the Ballylongford land bank and in the general Shannon Estuary. With the economic down turn now been experienced that day seems to have been pushed into the dim distant future. But that does not stop the people of Lyreacrompane from, every now and then, imagining themselves sailing their own boat around the Smearlagh Lake. In fact one resident has already called his house 'Lakeview'!!!

Hard to believe

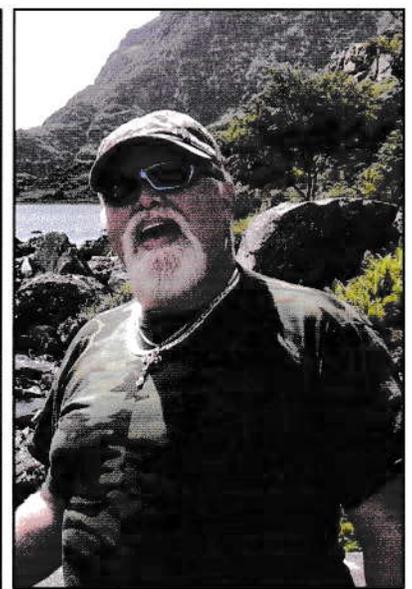
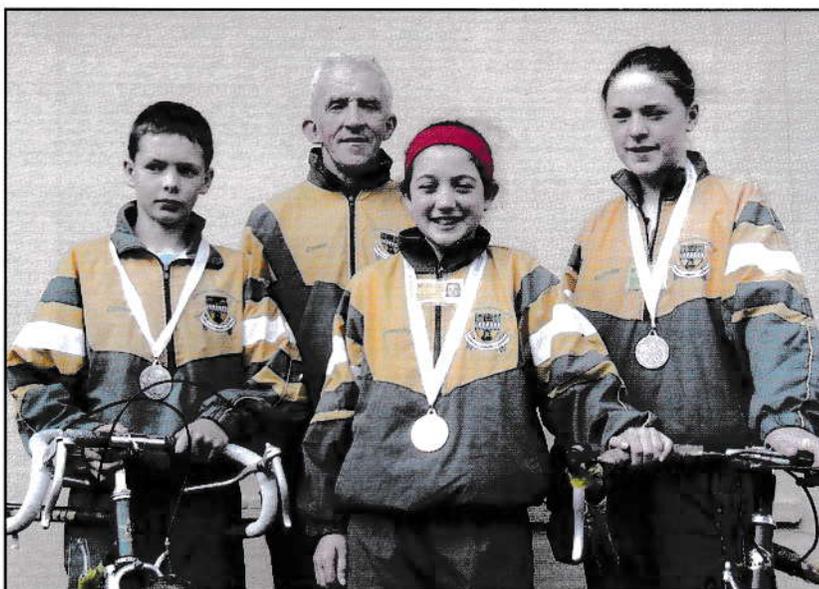
Area of Kerry = 1800 sq. miles = 50,181,120,000 sq feet. The population of the world is 6,602,224,175. If all the people of the world lived in Kerry they would each have 7 and a half square feet. If they all laid down on their side (6 feet x one foot 4 inches) they would just fit in Kerry. But how would we get them all in through Kerry airport to prove it?



On the left; Surveying for the Smearlagh Dam in the 1970s and on the right James Nash on a visit home from Melbourne in the summer of 2008 after many years links up with Ken Twamley



At the launch of the Thade Gowran Book and CD in Duagh in 2007



More success for Duagh Lyre Community Games and who is the yodeler?

Twenty five years of priesthood

Fr Pat Moore PP

After turning fifty and marking 25 years of priesthood I wanted to put something on this page that might make your heart feel the gratitude I feel for all that I experienced lately. The occasion caught up

on me, friends and community made it happen and now I feel grateful for so many blessings.

I feel as if my faith has been boiled up again, making me realise the foolishness it is to see each other as separated from God or each other. Christ makes a difference to our lives when I feel the love of God and humanity and empty

myself of self interest.

Thank you for taking the time to contact me at this special time. May you feel the support and affirmation I now feel at significant moments that all of us acknowledge at different times. For none of us can paint a too wonderful picture of God!
Dial inn I gconaí.

John O'Donoghue, my friend, has written of the Priest:

*'A Priest is someone who inhabits frontiers.
He is called to serve at the threshold
where darkness meets light, where fear meets hope,
where death meets life, where fact meets possibility.
He is claimed in an ancient way for a special solitude
in which these thresholds become visible;
his priestly instinct is to keep them open
so that the eternal transfiguration of life may continue.
Consequently, it is at the heart of the Eucharist
That the priest is most himself.
There in word and offering he gathers the smithereens
of disappointment, loneliness, suffering and hunger
to be transfigured into the very bread of eternal life.
In the vast silence of the Eucharist the priest opens the shy threshold
where the healing of heaven may flow on to the wounded earth.
The priest is called to an on-going innocence
and a special trust in the silence sacrament of life.'*



Pat O'Donoghue, brother of the late John with Fr Pat Moore at the opening of the Smearlagh Way walk while on the right Fr Pat holds the Ciborium found in Ardydonegan bog in 1923. In 1979 it was used at the Papal Mass in Galway when Pope John Paul visited Ireland.

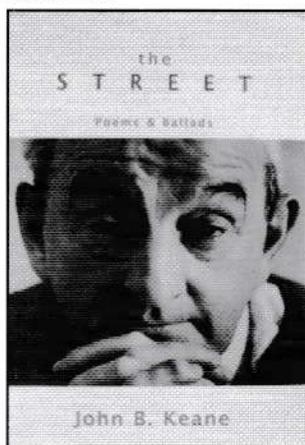
John B

By **DESMOND RUSHE**

(Published: September 25, 1983, in the New York Times)

If you play an identify-the-surname game in Ireland, and ask what name follows Garret, many people will automatically say Fitzgerald.

For the name of Dr. Garret Fitzgerald, the Irish Prime Minister, is, inevitably, well known. But if you ask what follows John B., a great many more people will immediately say Keane. It is, perhaps, a typical Irish phenomenon that the name of a writer will ring a bell more loudly and clearly than that of the head of government.



John B. Keane is himself a phenomenon. A lanky, 55-year-old extrovert with a gift for words, spoken and written, he exploded on the Irish scene in 1959 with the pyrotechnic color of a Roman candle, and he has never been out of the limelight since.

The first of his 20 full-length plays, "Sive," was rejected by the Abbey Theater, but when it was presented by one of Ireland's best amateur groups in competitive festivals, it swept all before it. For a work which had never been professionally

performed, it became an astonishing box-office success. The story of a young girl matched against her will with a rich and doddering farmer, it was a mixture of melodrama and tear-jerking sentimentality. "Sive" had nostalgic echoes of another Irish writer, the prolific 19th-century master of melodrama, Dion Boucicault, and it became a favorite of amateur troupes, with scores of companies playing it to delighted audiences. Later this week, Mr. Keane makes his bow before a New York audience with "Big Maggie," a play about a formidable woman who must adjust to becoming her own person after her husband dies. As staged by Donal Donnelly, the production opens Wednesday at the Douglas Fairbanks on New York's Theater Row.

If "Sive" became the darling of the amateurs in 1959, "Big Maggie" became the darling of the professionals 10 years and 14 plays later. Six leading Irish actresses have played the title role in a succession of revivals, and the play is credited with having notched up more aggregate performances than any other in modern Irish theater - even the most popular of O'Casey's.

While melodrama may be looked upon as a poor relation, Mr. Keane views it as the very core, the very base of theater, and it is never far from his playwright's mind. It has, he says, particular relevance to his own locality in North Kerry "where life as we live it is slightly larger than elsewhere." Much of what emerges in his writing is a distillation of what he hears, and some of the characters he creates are amalgams of the farming folk who frequent the bar he purchased in Listowel,

County Kerry, in 1959. Indeed, Mr. Keane is both playwright and publican. When he himself is not behind the counter, customers are served by his wife, Mary, or one of their four children. It is a small pub, intimate and full of quiet, quaint talk.

Mr. Keane was reared in the Stacks Mountains a few miles south of Listowel which is, in turn, a few miles south of the estuary from which the River Shannon empties itself into the Atlantic. He grew up in a time when there was no radio or television; when everyone believed in the banshee, the woman of the fairies whose wailing preceded deaths in particular families; when the only newspaper was the local weekly and when a resident match-maker, Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan, did a lively business arranging marriages. The "rambling house," where people gathered to talk or play cards, was a social institution in every Irish parish, and the news and stories swapped in it lost nothing in the telling. Embellishment and exaggeration were expected elements, and the language used was rich. It remains so today.

"It is a blending of bardic Irish and English," Mr. Keane explains. "When the old Irish system disintegrated in the 17th century, the language used by the poets and in the courts of the chieftains fused with English, and gave birth to the lovely, racy, colorful, often profane, often profound dialect you find in North Kerry. It is a forceful and beautiful language, and sometimes when Americans visit my pub, they ask, 'Are they speaking Gaelic?' I say, 'No, they are speaking Gaelic and a mixture of Elizabethan English

- classical English, not English as we know it.' It is remarkably colorful, incredibly expressive." He himself is most dependent on language, and if he distorts it for reasons of personal predilection, he sees no harm. For, he says, when a vision is not distorted, you see ordinary things. And so he eschews the discipline which is so necessary to the high art of the theater and lets himself get carried away by language. "I am so enmeshed in it, so enraptured by it that instead of me using language, language tends to use me," he adds.

In "The Playboy of the Western World" and other plays, J. M. Synge was expert in the employment of colorfully exaggerated language, and so was Sean O'Casey in his treatment of Dublin slum life. Mr. Keane cannot be compared with either, however. He is, essentially, a folk playwright, and the natural successor to George Shiels, an Ulster writer who provided the Abbey with a series of popular successes in the 1930's and 40's.

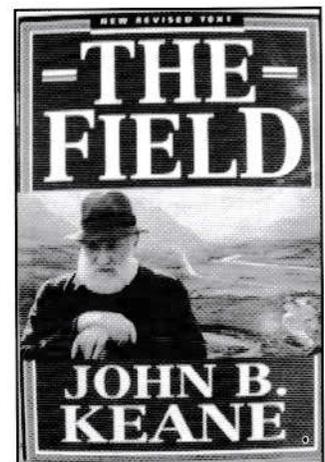
Shiels dealt with rural life, and coated the greed, spite and petty meanness of his characters with a sugaring of kitchen comedy. Mr. Keane is in much the same territory, but he is more innovative, daring and earthy and he has expanded his themes of avarice, sexuality, inhibition, hypocrisy and taboos into urban settings. One of his favorite themes is the character of Irish womanhood, which he inclines to idealize.

Of Irish women, he says: "They have a unique mystique that utterly defies analysis, particularly their sexual mystique. And herein lies their great mystery. Women hold the key to any sort

of relationship, but many Irish women throw away the key. Why? Perhaps it is because of the way we have tended to enshrine them and, perhaps, because of their own resultant ignorance and inhibition."

The traditional Irish woman he sees as a slave to husband and family - a fine thing but not worth its purchase price of slavery. And the modern middle-class Irish woman reminds him of a sports car capable of doing 150 miles per hour, which has never been driven at more than 50. He wants women to liberate themselves by getting off the pedestal on which the Irish ethos has perched them, and to fulfill themselves more. "I'm not saying they should transform themselves into libertines in the bedroom," he explains, "but they should live life more fully and commit their sexual aspirations to actuality". He considers Margaret Polpin in "Big Maggie" one of his truest, nearest-the-bone characters. She is resolved to get the taste of marriage out of her mouth as the first clods drop on her husband's coffin. Maggie is an embittered matriarch determined both to find the freedom and self-expression denied her in her married state, and to protect her children from the frigid dependence which ruled her life. The predominant factor in Mr. Keane's success can be traced to his pub and the quaintness, the quirkiness, and the color of the language spoken by his patrons. The idiom is in his own bone marrow. He describes how a pint should be pulled: "The best man to draw a pint of Guinness is the man who drinks a pint of

Guinness," he says. "You cannot hurry a pint. You fill the glass about three-quarters full and let the creamy froth settle. Leave it until it has a consistency of such that you can trot a mouse across the top of it without his feet sinking. That's the consistency it needs. Then you fill it up to the very top and leave it for a good period. It takes roughly six to seven minutes to pull a good pint, whereas in many pubs, you go in and they put up a pint in 30 seconds flat. If it is done the way I do it, the cream will stay on the top until it gets to the very bottom." While the creamy froth is settling, there is talk to be listened to and people to be observed. A woman comes in after visiting a brother who is very ill in hospital, and when she is asked how the patient is, replies, "The poor creature would bait a mousetrap - nothing left." Someone is asked how a newly married wife is making out and the reply is, "Powerful. She's a man by day and a woman by night." A farmer gives a recipe for the flu: "Hang your hat at the end of your bed, get a bottle of Paddy Flaherty's whisky and keep drinking till you see two hats. Get up then."



His customers come from places with names which, he observes, "are better sung than spoken": Glounsharoon,

where he was reared; Lyreacrompane; Raenagown; Glounamucmae; Coolnaleen; Inchamagillareevy and Glasmachree (in translation, "little stream of my heart"). The names he gives his characters are equally colorful: Thomasheen Sean Rua, Dick Mick Dick O'Connor, Dawheen Timineen Din and Pat Paddy Plant. All are authentic, part of the scene.

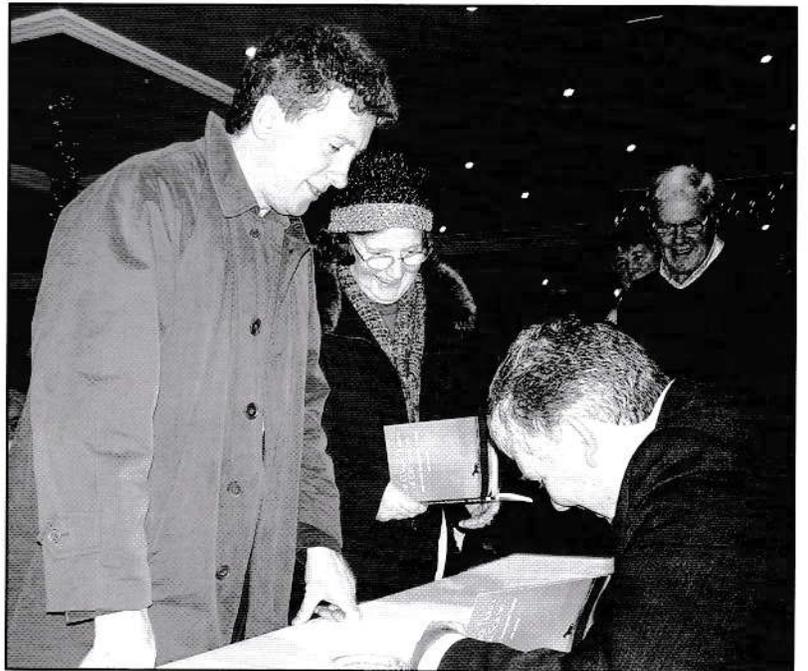
"It would be unthinkable for two farmers who meet in my public house of a fair day to exchange ordinary terms of speech," Mr. Keane says. "They will never call a spade a spade: it just isn't done." A customer who wants another pint will not ask for it directly; he will say instead, "Banish the daylight from that glass." Or quizzically regarding the disappearing stout, he may say, "If you're a ghost, appear again." And he recalls a farmer being pressured into making a will. The farmer, he says, called for paper and wrote, "I, Tom Daly, being of sound mind, drank every penny I had". The North Kerry folk whose richly imaginative idiom Mr. Keane reflects in his plays and humorous essays are a sensitive people, but they are also rock-like and gritty, as they must be to survive. Nor are they without an innate shrewdness, as revealed in a typical Keane story relating to the matchmaker Dan Paddy Andy, who professed to be devoid of vision so that he could draw the pension for the blind.

One day, said Mr. Keane, Dan Paddy Andy was in Tralee and was observed by the pensions officer to enter a movie theater for a matinee. The officer entered also and sat down beside Dan. Neither spoke for a long time, until Dan said to the officer, "Excuse me, sir, will we be landing soon?" "Landing where?" asked the pensions officer. "Isn't this the bus for Castleisland?" inquired Dan.

Colorful, shrewd and resourceful. And for John B. Keane a marvelous source of raw material.



Liam Lynch with Liam Junior from Memphis, Tennessee with Mary Dowling visiting the Crib in Lyre Church 2007



Mary Keane and her son Billy at the signing of Fr Moore's book



Part of the Ladies race at the Lyreacrompane

FROM ST. LOUIS TO RENAGOWAN

As a young man growing up in a very Irish section of New York City, I always dreamed of visiting Ireland someday. After all, I was named for Brian Boru! After retiring from a teaching career, for the past few years I have been researching my Irish roots. I had always known that all of my grandparents had immigrated to the United States from Ireland but as a young boy, and later as a young man, sadly I was too busy with my own affairs to ask questions of them about their early lives. Questions such as "what it was like growing up in Ireland?"; "what relatives still remain there?"; "what it was like to leave the county of your birth knowing that quite probably you'll never see it again?" - and not one of them did, although my mother's mother Hannah McEntee (nee O'Connor) came close. Hannah, at age 75, with her younger sister Nellie, sailed from New York City in 1958 on an ocean liner bound for England and then Ireland. The sisters had planned on spending a week or so in Ireland visiting relatives in Lyreacrompane and Renagown but Hannah fell ill in England and had to be flown back to New York, never to set foot again on her native soil.

Unfortunately for me, both my grandparents and my parents had passed away by the time I had gotten interested in learning more about my ancestry, so I was limited in getting answers to my questions. I attended a few genealogy conferences,



**Back: Brian Hickey, Peter O'Connor and John McCarthy.
Front: Phylis Hickey, Marie O'Connor and Frances McCarthy**



**On their wedding day in 1913: Hannah O'Connor, Renagown
and John McEntee Kingscourt, County Cavan.**

did some research on-line, corresponded with several relatives still living and shared what family data we had. One day, my wife tried "Lyreacrompane, Ireland" on the internet to see what might come up. What came up was the wonderful "Lyreacrompane.com" site, with beautiful pictures of the countryside, news of the Dan Paddy Andy Festival, correspondences from residents and former residents of the area, etc. I used the site to make e-mail communication with Joe Harrington and Kay O'Leary and from them learned that an O'Connor (Frances McCarthy nee O'Connor) was still in residence at the O'Connor family homestead at Renagowan Crossroads. I couldn't believe my luck! I now had a family member with whom I could make contact with in Ireland itself.

In October of 2007, I wrote to several genealogy centers in Ireland itself, giving them what information I had found in my research, and asking them (for several Euros, of course) to do further research. The Louth Genealogy Centre told me that my great-grandparents John Hickey and Rose Hall were married in Clogherhead, County Louth, and that my grandfather Thomas Hickey was baptized there as well. I e-mailed St. Michael's Church in Clogherhead asking for photocopies of the wedding and baptismal entries from the parochial records. The pastor, Father Paul Clayton-Lea, and I corresponded a bit via e-mail and he sent me the photocopies I had asked for. In his last e-mail in January 2008, he wrote

that "if you or your family are ever to find yourselves in this part of the world, I hope you will call and I can show you the originals." When my wife saw that, she said "it's a message from God! We're going to Ireland!"

And that was that. I wrote to Frances McCarthy telling her we'd be in Kerry in the latter part of May and off we flew to Ireland, arriving at Dublin airport on Thursday morning, May 15th. Our visit in Ireland had to be limited to two weeks due to other family commitments.

We planned on mixing sightseeing and genealogy on our visit. So we spend a few days visiting Clogherhead and talking with Father Paul, then three days visiting several McEntee families in Kingscourt, County Cavan, where my maternal grandfather John McEntee was born. John and his family came to New York City in 1892, there he met Hannah O'Connor, married her in 1913 and the couple had three children, their first child being my mother Ann. We next traveled west to Achonry in County Sligo where my paternal grandmother Mary Bridget McGuinn was born. We were able to find the McGuinn family home and the forge where my great-grandfather Charles McGuinn worked as a blacksmith.

We then traveled down the west side of the island, touring Connemara, Galway, the Burren, the Cliffs of Moher, then through Limerick and on to Kerry. My heart started beating rapidly when I saw the

signpost "Ladhar an Chrompáin, Lyreacrompane, 10 km" We arrived in Lyreacrompane on the afternoon of Saturday, May 24th, stopped at the Post Office/Nolan's for directions and soon found ourselves knocking on the front door of John and Frances McCarthy's home in Renagowan. Frances was very surprised to see us, she wasn't expecting us till the end of the month. Now our original travel plans had called for us to visit Dublin for four days, then going off on our tour of the island. On the flight over we decided we wanted to see more of the "real" Ireland, outside the cities, and so put the tour of Dublin off to the last. But we had failed to update Frances on that fact, and we arrived about four days ahead of when she was expecting us. But that made little difference. We were welcomed like kings. We met husband John, daughter Tracey and son John and then spent several hours chatting about our families and trying to figure out exactly how Frances and I were related.

James and Ellen O'Connor of Renagowan had ten children: Dan, Norah, John, Bridget, Mike, Margaret, Kate, James, Hannah, and Nellie. I'm not sure of the birth order of the children but I do know that my grandmother Hannah and her sister Nellie were the two youngest. The O'Connor children emigrated to the United States with the exceptions of daughter Kate and son John. In the 1911 English Census I found James and Ellen, both 74, living in Renagowan with daughter Kate (Catherine). Son John had married a Julia, lives nearby his parents, and has children Ellie,

Mary (Molly) and James, son Dan is born later. John's son James marries a Catherine Reidy and the couple have eight children with Frances and her brother Peter being the two youngest. So Frances and I compared family notes and concluded that we are second cousins and that James and Ellen O'Connor were our common great-grandparents. My genealogy pursuits had paid off in ways I had never expected: a heart-warming trip to Ireland and the meeting of a cousin I didn't know existed!

The next day, Sunday, we all piled into John's car, went to Mass at Immaculate Conception Church in Cloger, visited the graves of Frances's Mom and Dad, then off to a delicious family dinner at Fitzgerald's in Abbeyfeale. Frances later took us to see the grave of her grandfather (and my grand uncle) John O'Connor, buried in Knocknagashel. We spent several more hours that afternoon trading stories about our lives and families. After a brief tour of the Dingle peninsula, we returned to the McCarthy home on Monday evening for a treat that few tourists enjoy: a home-cooked Irish meal. My grandmother Hannah O'Connor was a wonderful cook; her Irish soda bread was one of the joys of my younger days. And the meal that Frances provided us that night would make my grandmother proud. Later, we were joined by Frances's brother Peter O'Connor, his wife Marie, son Danny, and daughter Siobhan. Kay O'Leary stopped by to photograph the scene for the website *Lyraecrompane.com*. Our meal and family storytelling lasted far into the night. Frances insisted that we stay

over the night but we said we had to leave and at least get a start on the trip to Dublin. Our planned four day tour of the capital city had now shrunk to a day and a half visit but what a fantastic tradeoff. We had tasted the warm hospitality of an Irish family and could bring back to the States no finer memory.

Kay O'Leary had given us several back issues of *The Lyraecrompane Journal* and, back home in St. Louis, Missouri, on reading them I learned that Jimmy O'Sullivan, son of Dan Paddy Andy, owns a pub in Rockaway (an area of New York City). The pub is called the Kerry Hills Pub (Dan Paddy Andy's) and is located on Rockaway Beach Boulevard at 115th Street. What a small world! In the 1940's, '50's, and '60's, my grandmother Hannah O'Connor McEntee ran a rooming house on 115th Street, a few hundred yards from where Jimmy, years later, would open his pub. Hannah's older sister Norah, who married a NYC cop, Frank Curtin, also owned and operated a rooming house on the same street while Hannah's younger sister Nellie owned and operated her rooming house two blocks

away on 113th Street. (One can see why for many years this part of New York City was known as "Irishtown"). And to think that the O'Connor and O'Sullivan families lived but a stone's throw from each other in Renagown! Small world, indeed.

My wife Phyllis and I brought back to St. Louis marvelous memories of our journey to Ireland. Our many photos do an inadequate job of capturing the lush greens and scenic beauty of the land. And there are very few vistas anywhere in the world as breath-taking as the Cliffs of Moher or the Conor Pass in Dingle Peninsula - but what we remember most was the warmth and delight of the people we met. We were treated as family the moment we arrived in Ireland. And in no place were we more warmly cared for than in Kerry. Our thanks to Frances and John McCarthy and their family. You have given us something more valuable than photos, you have given us part of yourselves and we shall treasure that gift for always.

Best wishes to all!

Brian Hickey



Donncha O'Dulaing, Mary Byrne and the late Garry McMahon at a Bóthar fundraising event in Duagh

Photos from John Nolan



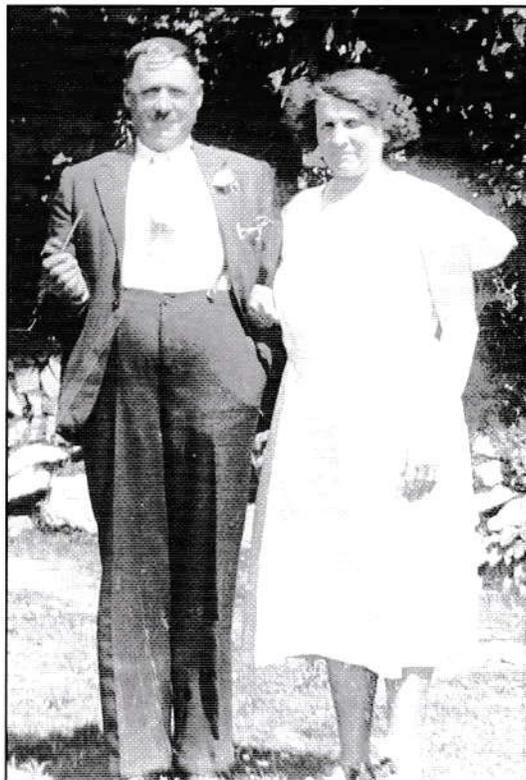
Sr Sebastian, Mary Anne Nolan, (sister of Eileen Nolan-Gorray, bottom left and aunt of John Nolan) who went to South Africa in 1900 at the age of sixteen to join the nuns. John remembers a letter written by her to his father, Davy, in 1932 urging that a candlelight procession be organised up the "Avenue" to mark the Eucharistic Congress. The "avenue" in question is the boren from the Carrig road (Paddy Dorans/ Patersons) to John Nolan's old homestead. There is no record of such a procession having been organised!!!



Sisters Mary and Bridie Lyons



Jerry Lyons who was John Nolan's uncle on his mother's side. Jerry, who worked at Mick Sheehy's, Clahane, for a year before he immigrated, lived in New Jersey and his son Jerry, a former police officer, has visited the Lyre district in the past.



Pat Gleeson and Eileen Nolan-Gorray (an aunt of John 'Davy' Nolan). This photo was taken during a visit home by Eileen in the late 1930's. She lived in 1310 Clay Ave, The Bronx, New York where she was married to a German.

Listowel Petty Sessions 1897

Before the Hon, J. French, R.M. (presiding), and Mr. P. H. McCarthy, J.P. John O'Connor, Meen, was fined 10s and costs for being drunk and disorderly. John Ahern for allowing an ass and cart on the public streets on the 22nd December, without having anyone in charge, was fined 5s and costs. For being drunk in charge of a horse and cart Maurice Lenihan was fined 5s.

Margaret Walsh, Forge Lane, charged Michael Flynn with abusive and threatening language. The defendant was bound to the peace for twelve months, £5 of his own and two sureties of £2 10s each. Flynn charged Maurice Walsh, the husband of the last complainant, with assault. The case was dismissed, as it appeared the defendant interfered when Flynn was abusing and threatening his wife.

A number of parties were fined the usual sums for drunkenness during the holidays. Some cases were adjourned to convenience Mr. Creagh, solicitor, who was absent.

The Kerry Sentinel, 2 January



Kathleen Hart from Australia meets cousin Nancy Tangney in Ballygarry House

Radon Health Mines

Some people say radon gas is bad for you. This radioactive gas, a natural by-product from the earth, plagues real estate sales in most parts of the US. People living in basement rooms can almost see the hands of the atomic clock moving towards their personal zero hour. But there is a clear divergence of opinion about radon in the mountainous mine country between the towns of Boulder and Basin, Montana.

A half-dozen defunct gold and uranium mines south of Helena, Montana, attract ailing tourists, who bask in radioactive radon gas and drink radioactive water to improve their health. Each summer, hundreds of people, many of them Amish and Mennonites, come to the radon health mines to relax and treat arthritis, lupus, asthma and other chronic cripplers.

With colourful names like the Sunshine Health Mine, Free Enterprise, Earth Angel, Radon Tunnel, and the Merry Widow, the mine shafts tout radon levels as much as 175 times the federal safety standard for houses. Yet, visitors claim miraculous recoveries and disease remissions in the damp, cool passages. Some have arrived in wheelchairs, then walked out on their own.

The health mines opened in the early 1950's when little was understood about the health and hazard aspects of atomic radiation. One claim is that the gas stimulates the nerves and helps the human body heal itself.

The typical vacation at a radon

health mine lasts a week or two. Visitors are recommended to sit in the mine two or three times a day, until they hit the maximum annual exposure level designated by the state. The permitted total visit is determined by the radiation level of the particular mine. The average visitor is 72 years old. The mines appeal to "plain people," such as the Amish or the Mennonites, because of the "natural" healing aspects, the lack of commercialisation, and the relatively low cost-per-hour for treatment sessions.

During Roadside America's visit to the Sunshine Radon Mine, we found several people in the back of the mine, playing cards, reading worn paperback novels, assembling jigsaw puzzles. When we walked in, they all turned in surprise, as if they were waiting down here for the Apocalypse, and were stunned to see more survivors.

Side niches of the passage contained bunks, comfortable chairs, and shelves of books and board games. An eerily lit fountain of water bubbled in one room.

Health mine owners generally scoff at public health scares about radon -- but they do bar entry by pregnant women or children (just to be sure). Note: Our video recording was not fogged by the radiation, and we are still alive.

Another reminder! Dan Paddy Andy Festival

Dates for 2009
Friday 31st of July to Bank
Holiday Monday August 3rd



Verses of an exile

A few years ago while on an Irish Rambling House Tour of Britain we were given the following verses by an elderly man, Charlie Conway, a native of Castleisland at our show in Huddersfield.

80th Birthday

Today, dear Lord, I'm 80
And there's much I haven't done.
I Hope, dear Lord, you'll let me live
until I'm 81.
But if I haven't finished
All that I want to do
Please let me stay a wee while more
Until I'm 82.
There's places I want to visit
And much I want to see
Do you think that you could manage
To make it 83?
In fact, the world is changing fast
And there is so much in store
I'd like it very much to live until I'm 84.
Who knows what new inventions
Will be enjoyed by those alive
So if it's all the same to you
Can I stay till 85?
Progress will be making
The world a wondrous mix
So I'd like to see what happens
When I turn 86.
I know, dear Lord, it's much to ask
And It must be nice in heaven
But I'd really like to stay until I'm 87.
I know by then I won't be fast
And sometimes will be late
But it would be so pleasant
To be around at 88.
I will have seen so many things
My memories will be wine
So it would be a shame to leave
At only 89.
I've just one thing more to ask.
Dear Lord, I ask you kindly
If you could see your way clear
To let me live past 90.

Charles Conway, Castleisland
My Old Home In Pound Road

Oh God be with my childhood days
I wish them back once more
To roam again through pleasant scenes
As if those days of yore
If I were young again
I'd never ask to go
From my friends and loving parents
And my old home in Pound Road

'Twas foreign gold that tempted one
To cross the deep blue sea
And settle on a distant shore
Far from my old country
Though many scenes attracts one
I'd leave them all to go
To the comrade of my youthful days
And of old home in pond Road

I'll go back in Summer time
When the birds sing in the sky
And the little flowers adorn the fields
That in by memory lie
To roam again the winding lanes
And feel the soft winds blow
And sit beside a turf fire
In my old home in Pound Road

*Composed by the late Michael Conway
Castleisland 60 years ago*

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one
I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles
when life is done
I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly
down the ways
Of happy times, of laughing times and
bright and sunny days
I'd like the tears of those who grieve, to
dry before the sun
Of happy memories that I leave when life
is done.

C Conway, Pound Road, Castleisland

The above photo of Charlie Conway is from John Reidy's page in the Kerryman where, with regret, we learned of Charlie's passing.

Before the Boat

Helen (Harrington) Schisas

On a recent visit home to Ireland I met my old pall Terri Kelleher, Terri lives in Co Meath and I live in Brisbane so there was a lot of talk time to catch up on. We were next door neighbours and school pals and subsequently fellow workers in Dingle and London before we went our separate ways.

I finished at Lyreacrompane National School when I was 13. I think Terri was even younger. To carry on in education I would have to cycle the nine miles to Listowel Tech or Convent school. These were the days before school transport and while my two older brothers had peddled the long road to and from town it was felt that it was too tough a trip for a slip of a girl like me.

The usual option for many of my generation, especially those of us living in out of the way rural Ireland was the boat – not down the Smearlagh but across the Irish Sea. However, I was saved the immigration route, for a while any way, by Norah O'Sullivan from Banemore who was in the process of becoming a nun. The position on offer was in West Kerry. The only stipulation was that I learn Irish as part of my work and risk or perhaps seek the nun's habit. I was heading for Colaiste Ide as a 'domestic'.

The hackney driver was John Lynch of Banemore. My mother came along and tried to humour her reluctant off spring. Terri's mother had the same task and we really dreaded the prospect

before us and our worst fears were confirmed when we saw the gates of the convent close behind us. I already longed for the wilds of Lyre but it was to be six long months before I boarded a CIE bus heading east. The pay at 12 shillings a month was no great incentive either and anyway we saw none of it as it was sent directly to our parents.

I settled to my work along with a number of other girls from other parts of Kerry. A lot of young scholars had to be looked after and plenty of washing up was always on the agenda. I used to work downstairs with Sister Mary and Sister Anne and they were pretty good to us. The one job I really hated was scaling and cleaning the fish for Friday's dinner. We also had to pluck the chickens, but that wasn't as bad as the smell of the fish.

A major responsibility given to me was looking after a priest. He liked his breakfast and was particularly fond of grapefruit as a starter. Grapefruit had been scarce in Lyreacrompane and non-existent at my mom's but I quickly became an expert at slicing that exotic fruit just as he liked it.

Another new fangled invention to me was the bath with hot and cold water and made a nice change from the scrubbing I got at home in the tin tub in front of the range. But there was little diversion and plenty of religion at Colaiste Ide. Morning mass got the day going and it was down to the chapel for the rosary in the evening. There was one window of opportunity

between the rosary and our supper. We were allowed a half hour of TV which we tried to stretch a little more by an undignified scramble out of the church before all the 'trimmings' were quite finished.

I remember that my favourite programme was 'The Monkeys'. All the girls had their favourites and mine was Mickey. Romantic notions of him kept me going through the week and he probably played a significant part in steering me away from the convent life. I certainly spent more time thinking about exiting rather than entering the convent.

Any influences on me towards joining the nuns would have come from Sr Oliver. She was lovely and there was always that extra lolly or chocolate. When I came out to Australia years later I still kept in touch with her. On the other hand there was Sr Rosario. Now, there was the bad cop. She wanted me to go to confession every week and when I'd rebel she would get real mad. What sins could I have committed in the convent! I had nothing to tell the priest and I got worried that making up sins just to have something to tell must be a sin. It's a wonder I didn't get a complex.

There were about six of us sleeping in the dormitory - Mairead (an older lady) Maire Buckley (she became a Nun), Mary Horgan, Peggy Houlihan and Terri. We all got along together, and I guess just as well as we had no escape.

We were allowed to go to the

local shop on Sunday after lunch. This shop was run by the parents of Maura de Barra who became well known on RTE later. There we would buy our stack of sweets for the week and then march back to the convent again. I was made to play hurling, which I really hated but no matter what, even if you were dying, you could not get out of it. That must be why even today I really hate sport. I remember one year at Christmas time we met up with a wren batch down the town and joined them. We had a great time going around the houses singing the Boys from the County Armagh. I'm not sure if the nuns ever found out.

One incident they did find out about was an escape when

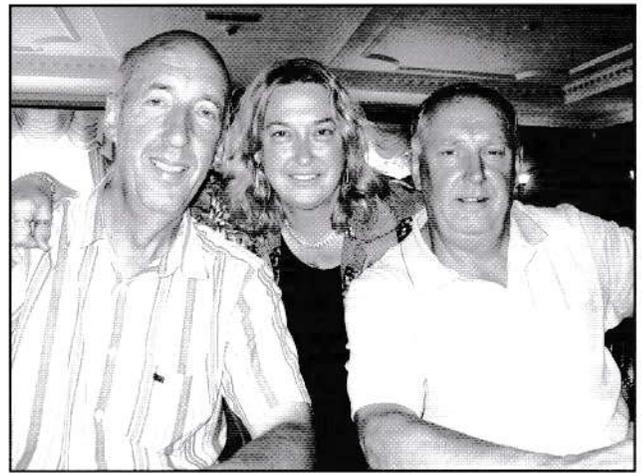
we slipped out to a dance. This was totally against the rules and considered an act of total rebellion punishable by dismissal. Detection was inevitable as it was one of the nun's jobs to check that everyone was safely tucked in for the night. When the alarm was raised there was total consternation. Nuns and staff were deployed to the highways and byways and a fruitless search ensued. When we finally arrived back under our own steam much later that night we were up for court marshal. The parents were written to and told to come and collect their wayward offsprings. For us there was to be no "Vocation". Appeals were made on our behalf and we were given another chance. I wouldn't

be surprised if our parents hadn't involved Tommy Mc or Dan Spring to pull some strings with the nuns.

For our part we weren't a bit happy with the outcome and planned to test the nun's patience with another bolt for freedom. However, circumstances intervened and my mother was going to work in England and decided to take me with her. Terri told the nuns that she was going to work in a convent in England and she and her sister Betty joined us on the boat to Hollyhead. The next time I meet Terri we will talk about our time in London and maybe there will be another article for the next Journal.



Helen (Harrington) Schisas with Terri Kelleher and with her brothers Joe and Brendan.



Tom Murphy with William (Bill) Murphy and Tom's son William. Bill lives in the USA and we know he keeps up to date with events at home through Lyreacrompane.com. On the right is Lin Dixon with husband Robert and his mother Sheila Hinchliffe on a visit to Lyre from their home in Southampton. Sheila's father was Jack Nash from Spur.



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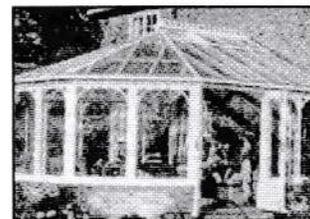
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Journal**

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Kerry County and Borough Directory, 1862

(From Thom's Almanac and Official Directory for 1862.)

KERRY, a maritime county in Munster.

Boundaries:

North - the estuary of the Shannon, East - Limerick and Cork, South - Cork, and Kenmare estuary, West - the Atlantic Ocean. Greatest length, N and S, 60 miles; greatest breadth E and W., 58 miles, comprising an area of 1,853 square miles, or 1,186,126 acres, of which 414,614 are arable, 726,775 uncultivated, 11,169 in plantations, 807 in towns, and 32,761 under water. The principal bays along the coast are Tralee, Brandon, Smer-wick, Dingle, Ballinskellig, and Kenmare estuary. The principal islands are Valentia, population 2,920, the Blasquets, and the Skellig rocks, on one of which there is a Lighthouse showing 2 fixed lights. The face of the country is formed of mountain ranges, intersected by deep valleys, with some level ground. The summit of Carran Tual, the highest mountain in Ireland, is 3,410 feet above high sea level. The lakes of Killarney are small, but peculiarly picturesque, and are now accessible by the Killarney Junction Railway from Mallow, on the Great Southern and Western line. The subsoil is slate and red sandstone, with limestone in the low districts. Iron ore abounds; copper and lead ores are found in many places, and mines are worked near Kenmare and Tralee. The coal veins of Duhallow run into the north eastern part of the county. Slate of a superior kind, and flag-stone are raised in great quantities at Valentia. The population in 1841 was 293,880; 269,406 in the rural, and 24,474 in the civic district; and in 1861 the total population of the county was 201,988, being a decrease of 91,892. The occupations are dairy farming, tillage, and fishing; the chief crops, potatoes, oats, and turnips.

The county is divided into 8 baronies - Clanmaurice, Corkaguiny, Dunkerron, Glenarought, Iveragh, Magunihy, Iraghticonnor, and Trugh-anacmy, and contains 87 parishes. The principal towns are Tralee, population in 1861, 10,191; Killarney, 5,187; Dingle, 2,251; Listowel, 2,273; Cahirciveen, 1,808; and Castleisland, 1,702.

The county is in the dioceses of Ardfert and Aghadoe: it returns 3 members to Parliament - two for the county constituency of 5,278; and

one for Tralee borough constituency of 244. It is in the Munster circuit. The Assizes are held in Tralee. The county is within the military district of Cork; there is a Barrack station at Tralee.

The net annual value of property in the county, under the Tenement Valuation Act, is £272,040.

Lieutenant and Customs Rotulorum.

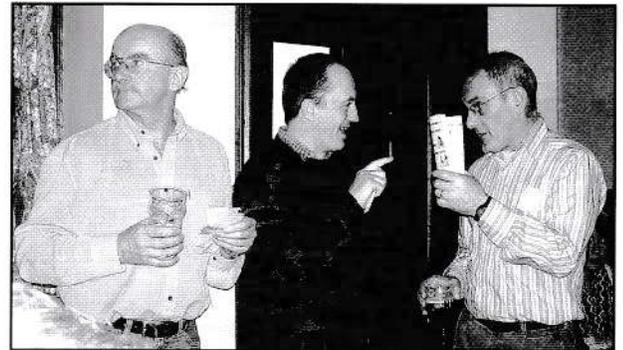
Col. the Right Hon Henry Arthur Herbert, M.P. (1853), Colonel of the Kerry Militia, Muckruss Abbey, Killarney; 3, Grosvenor Crescent, Belgrave sq., London, S. W.; Travellers' and White's Clubs, London.

High Sheriff (1861-62).

John Fermor Godfrey esq, Kilcoleman Abbey, Milltown.

Members of Parliament for the County.

Col. the Right Hon. Henry Arthur Herbert (1847), Muckruss Abbey, Killarney; 3, Grosvenor Crescent, Belgrave square, London, S. W. The Rt. Hon. Viscount Castlerosse (1852), D. L., Killarney House, Killarney; 53, Eaton-place, London, S.W.; Brooks's, Travellers', and White's Clubs, S. W.



Billy Nolan, Pat Keane and Pat Carmody debating the form

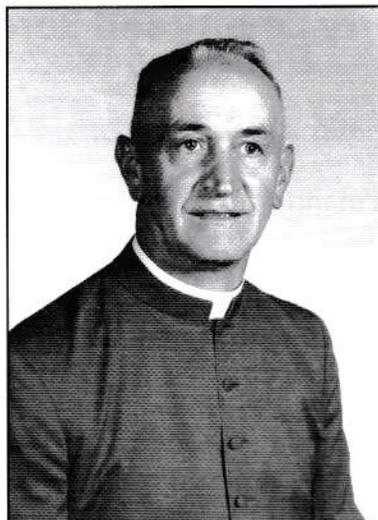


Sr Kathleen, Karen Trench and Fr Par Moore with the Spiritsong choir from the USA at Lyre Church 2007

Photos from John Joe O'Brien, Duagh



Babe, Johanna and John O'Brien



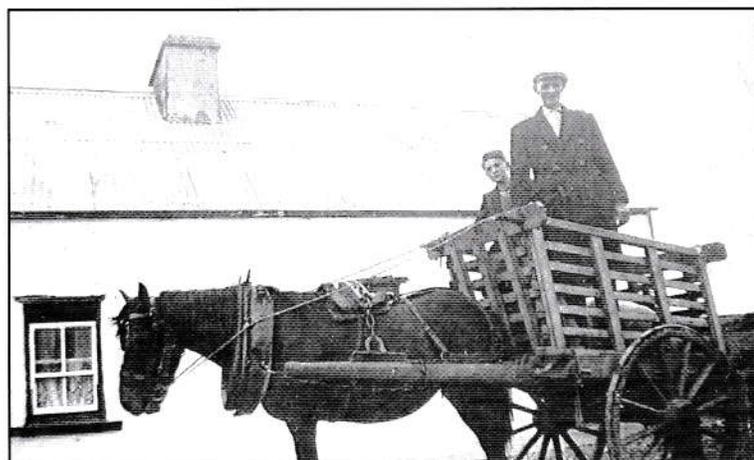
**Mons Pat O'Brien California
Uncle of John Joe O'Brien**



**Kit and Con Casey with Jerry O'Brien.
In front are Diarmuid and Juliet O'Brien**



Is this John Joe?



**Murt Donoghue on his way home from the calf mart
in Abbeyfeale (1960s)**



The O'Donoghues, Lybes

The Trouble With Ireland

My name is Garrett Roche and I am the great-grandson of a Moonlighter by the name of Jack Roche. I am sure you will have no record of him as he escaped on a ship to The Bronx, New York from Knocknagoshel mainly due to traitors who infiltrated the Moonlighters! He received credit for nothing since he fought his own way and was not wanted in Ireland due to the fact that if there were too many people like him, I can assure you Ireland would not be the mess it is today! Now, Jack's mother's maiden name was Joy and I see you have a Brigid Joy and a Robert Joy mentioned in the "Evictions" article on your site.

Let me state that I have traced my Roches and Joys (having changed from Joyce along the way) to being Travelers who came to Kerry from other counties. They fought and settled for quite awhile in Knocknagoshel and apparently were not wanted there! Even to this day, I see that the majority of people in the Knocknagoshel area do not even want to speak of or acknowledge the Roche Family to the slightest degree!

I am a dual citizen of Ireland and have lived on and off there over the years. I know exactly what is going on and why my great-granddad is rolling in his grave now at the sight of Ireland and the way most have given up and actually celebrate the hate of tradition every day! I still have direct cousins in Ireland to this day who are the greatest family I have! I am also extremely close with many of

the other Traveler families and plan on marrying a Traveler girl next year!

Ireland belongs to the Traveler and that is what all the land-grabbing was about in the first place! They were there before the land was even named Ireland by the Celts who invaded! I have also come to learn why I am treated like trash in public places when people here my American accent. It is because no one wants to be reminded of their guilt if they happen to be descended from traitors who forced people like my family out! My own mother remembers as a little girl my great grandfather saying "The only trouble with Ireland is the people that are in it!" Well, wasn't he right!!! There are only a few true Irish left in Ireland and they are some of the greatest souls I have ever met on the face of this cursed Earth! For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon!

In love of my ancestors,
Garrett Sean Roche

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Going one further.

A landowner named Considine, who took great pride in the condition of his estate, had at one time one of his farms to let. A man from the County of Kerry, where the land is poor, came to see it with a view of becoming tenant.

"My good man," said Considine "I don't think you are the man to take a farm like this. It is not like your miserable Kerry land where mountain sheep can hardly get enough grass to eat. You don't know how the grass grows here! It grows so fast and so high that if you left a heifer out in the fields here at night you would scarcely find her in the morning."

"Bedad, your honour," replied the Kerry man, "there is many the part of my own county where, if you left a heifer out at night, the devil a bit you'd ever see of her again!"

*Tuapeka Times, New Zealand
February 15 1896*

Code of a Statue

If a statue in the park of a person on a horse has both front legs in the air, the person died in battle. If the horse has one front leg in the air the person died as a result of wounds received in battle. If the horse has all four legs on the ground, the person died of natural causes.

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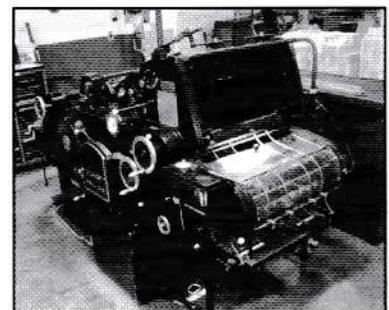
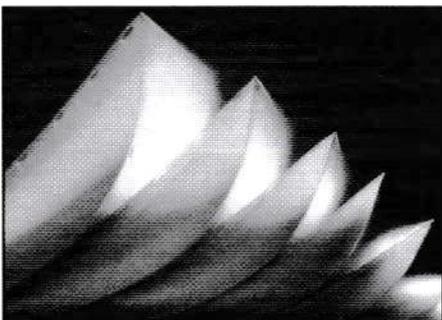
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Meaning of LADHAR AN CHROMPÁIN... (Lyreacrompane)

LADHAR - space between toes or fingers
- the cleft in a hoof - the fingered portion of a hand /a handful/a hand-grip - a natural fork or promontory/the land between two converging rivers or hills (hollow).

An ladhar mhór - *the big toe*
ladhar mine - *a handful of meal*
ladhar bóithre - *a road-fork / bifourchement*
ladhar leacha - *melting fork / one who intervenes with unfortunate results / a malaprop*

CROMPÁN = a twisted knotty beam of wood - a tree trunk.....a stump or root of bog timber...a block of wood... a dry lump in a bog or marsh.... a small holm....an eyot....a high river bank....an inlet of a river/a creek.....

Take your pick. What a pity we left d'oul' language go. Ladhar an Crompáin! A musical name - a song - and we aren't sure of the words! Take your pick. Do Rogha Fein

Brian Caball Tralee

King of the Windy Acres

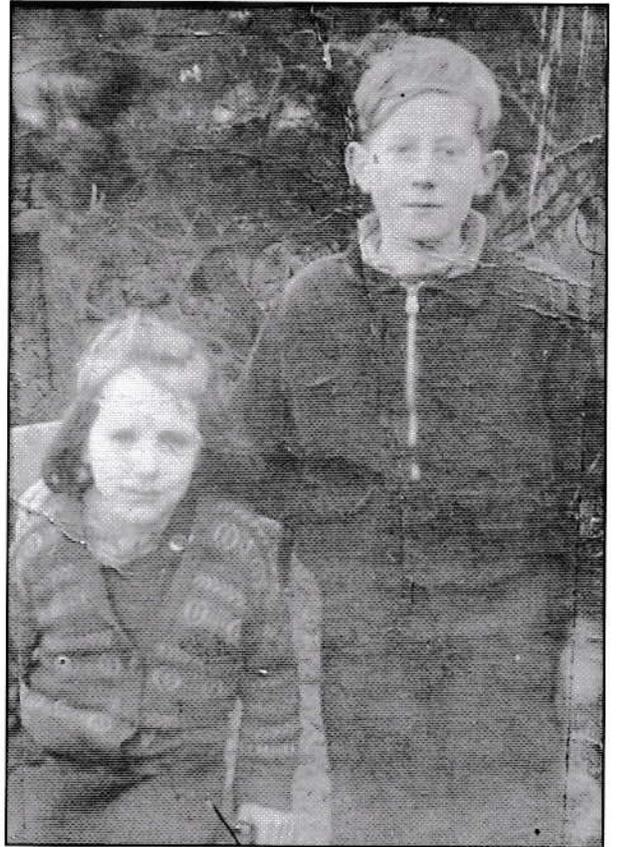
King of the windy acres all alone
A bachelor whose time has been and flown
Whose land has been his interest all his life
No time to go and find himself a wife

King of the windy acres can you face
Your longing for a woman's close embrace
To share your life with one who'll understand
And help you with your cows and sheep and land

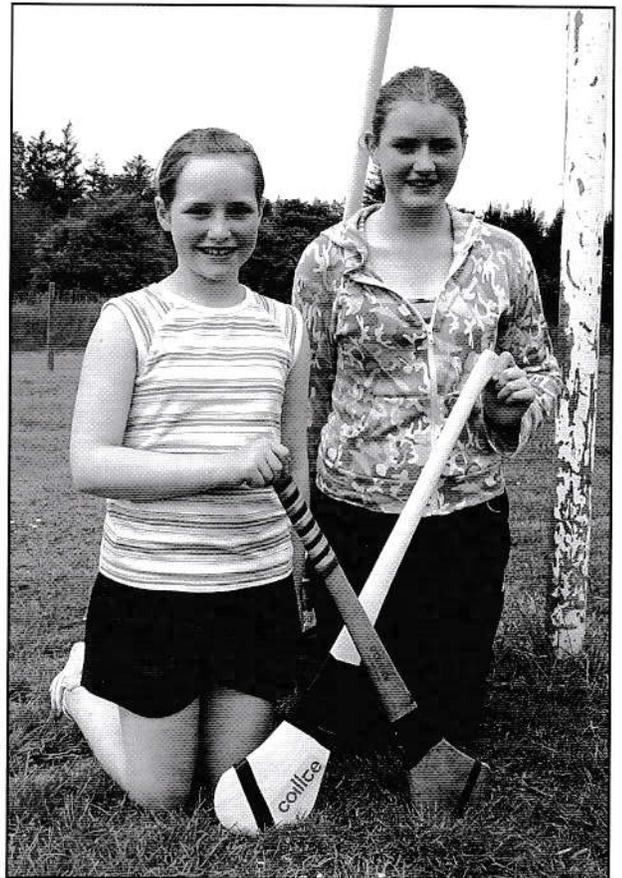
King of the windy acres you're growing old
But some girls you know are starting to make bold
Love is within your grasp if you would yield
Your greater love for freedom, herd and field

King of the windy acres now's the time
Make up your mind while you are in your prime
Your choice is married life and wedlock joy
Or lonely freedom till the day you die

Pat Brosnan



Joan Enright (Roche) and brother Bertie



Ciara Buckley and Michelle Breen

Think about it

Submitted By Joe Quille.

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more but have less, we buy more but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.

We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life but not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbour. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We have conquered the atom but not our prejudice. We write more but learn less. We plan more but accomplish less. We've learned to rush but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less. These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits and

shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes.

These are the days of quick trips, disposable nappies, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer to quiet to kill. It's a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this article to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight or dump it

Remember to spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember to say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember to say "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again. Give time to love, give time to speak and give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

...and always remember life is not measured by the number of breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away.



Mike Quinn and Sean Enright after the 2008 Kerry Mini Stages Rally being presented with the Donal O'Flaherty Memorial Cup for best two wheel drive by Donal mother. They also got first in their class and fifth overall.

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About 50 years ago – How Many do you recognise?



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Tommy Quille.

- 1 What does the Latin word "Veto" mean?.
- 2 Who became the leader of Israel on the death of Moses?.
- 3 Who is the only President of the USA buried in Washington DC?
- 4 Name the GAA grounds in Ennis Co Clare?
- 5 Where were old age pensions first introduced?
- 6 Who is the patron Saint of Doctors?
- 7 Who was the first woman to be made Cabinet Minister in a Republic of Ireland Government?.
- 8 What replaced the 25 yard line in Rugby?.
- 9 In which country was the Game of Trivial Pursuit invented?
- 10 In darts which score is called "bed and breakfast"?
- 11 What was the first motor-car produced by the Ford Motor Company?
- 12 Which flavour of soup far outsells all others in Britain?
- 13 What was the name of Dorothy's little dog in the Wizard of Oz film?
- 14 Who was Vice President and President of America without being elected to either office?
- 15 What product did RCA introduce in 1953?
- 16 Name the only bird that can fly backwards?
- 17 Who had a hit with "Side Saddle" in 1959?
- 18 Which two fences are jumped only once in the Grand National?
- 19 For what form of transport did China report a two year waiting list in 1983?
- 20 In the sign language of Bookmakers at racecourses what odds are indicated by placing your right hand on your nose..
- 21 Did the potato originate in Sudan, Turkey, or Southern Chile?
- 22 Joe Harrington was elected Mayor of Limerick in which year?
- 23 Name the local pub in Emmerdale?.
- 24 Timbuktu was founded in 1807. Where is it?
- 25 If a plane left New York and flew due East what Capital City would it reach first?.
- 26 What is the most common cause of fungus disease in a greenhouse?
- 27 Who was the woman to present the first series of Questions and Answers ?.
- 28 If a clock in a mirror says ten to three, what time is it?.
- 29 What is the surname of the author who had a best seller with the novel "PS I Love You"?
- 30 Is New Zealand southeast or southwest of Australia?



Tommy Quille gives Bertie the thumbs up!

1 - I Forbid. 2 - Joshua. 3 - Woodrow Wilson.
4 - Cusack Park. 5 - New Zealand. 1898.
6 - St Luke. 7 - Marie Geoghegan Quinn
8 - The 22 Metre line. 9 - Canada. 10 - Twenty Six.
11 - The Model A in 1903. It cost 830 dollars.
12 - Tomato Soup. 13 - Toto. 14 - Gerald Ford.
15 - Colour Television. 16 - The Hummingbird.
17 - Russ Conway. 18 - The Chair and Water Jump.
19 - Bicycles. 20 - Two to One. 21 - Southern Chile.
22 - 1998. 23 - The Wolf pack. 24 - Mali, at the
Southern boundary of the Sahara. 25 - Madrid.
26 - Bad Ventilation. 27 - Olivia O Leary.
28 - Ten Past Nine. 29 - Ahern. 30 - Southeast.

QUIZ ANSWERS.



Tommy Quille (front right) with parents and friends at the launch of the Lyre Journal 2005

Kerry Priests in 1838 Parish Priests & Curates

Egan Cor, Dr.Bishop	Dunn John	Killarney
	Fitzgerald Edw.	Killarney
	Prendeville Ger.	Killarney
Buckley John	O'Sullivan, Denis	Liseldon
Barry, John	O'Halloran Jas.	Clounclough
Collins, Timothy	No Curate	Capaclough
Casey, John	Foley, Patrick	Keel
Carroll, John	No Curate	Ballinveher
Carmody, Thos.	No Curate	Glenbeigh
Donnelly, Edw.	Browne Wm.	Finey
Dunne, Michael	Buckley, John	Castletown
	Divine, James	
Fitzmaurice, Rich	O'Callaghan Chs.	Not listed
Fitzgerald, Edm.	M'Carthy, Flo.	Caherseven
Fitzpatrick, Patrick	Enright Michl	Millstreet
Falvey, Darby	No Curate	Glenflesk
Fitzsimons, Rich	Healy David	Kenmare
Fitzgerald, Thos.	No Curate	Abbeydorney.
Foley, J. Dr.	O'Sullivan Thos.	Dingle
	O'Sullivan John	
	O'Connor John	
Gallivan, Daniel	no Curate	Killgarven.
Haitnell, Timo.	no Curate	Duagh
Healy, Thomas	Hampston Jas.	Castlegreg.
Lynch, Thos.	No Curate	Dromid
Looney, James	Naughan, Rich.	Killorglin
	O'Connor, Bar.	
Long, John	No Curate	Newtown
McCarthy, Col.	Sheehan, Wm.	Corks
Moynihan, Corn.	No Curate	Currens
McCarthy, Danl.	Fitzgerald C.	Tarbert
McGhee, Thomas	No Curate	Valentia
McEnery, John D.D.V.G.	Fitzsimons ?	Tralee
	O'Sullivan Eug.	
Mahony, Jerm.	Brosby Denis	Listowel
McCarthy, Eug.	Collins Timothy	Causeway
	O'Sullivan Wm.	
O'Sullivan, Silv.	Tuomy John	Knockacap.
O'Sullivan, Mor	O'Sullivan Jas.	Ires
O'Sullivan, Jerh.	O'Sullivan Geo.	Prior
O'Sullivan, Michi	O'Sullivan Jerm.	Ballymacelligott
	Walsh, James	
O'Connell, David	No Curate	Castleman
O'Connell, Patk.	No Curate	Derrynane
O'Connell, Jerm.	Keane John	Iveamore
O'Leary, Jerm.	Fitzgerald Jas	Castleisland
O'Sullivan, Jerm.	Walsh James	Ardfert
Naughton, John	Naughton ?	Millstreet
Quill, John	O'Connell ?	Milltown
Quinlan, ?	Enright ?	Boherbee
Quinlan, ?	O'Halinan ?	
Sheehan, Tim	O'Donohoe John	Killcumin
Sheehan, Jerm.	Buckley Edw.	Glanyriff
Toohill, James	Shanahan, John	Brosna
Walsh, Michael	No Curate	Ballihey

EDUCATION IN THE DUAGH AREA

In the late 1800's the Board of Education built 6 national schools in the parish of Duagh. These schools replaced the hedge schools which were quite common throughout the parish.

In all 6 schools were built: Islandanny 1872, Derrindaffe 1873, Duagh 1876, Knockalougha 1879, Dromlegach 1893 and Lyreacrompane 1872. These were mainly simple two-roomed structures within walking distances of pupils' homes. In the 1960's pupil population in many of these schools dropped a great deal and it was decided to amalgamate the schools with the exception of Lyreacrompane National School and to build a modern central school, one of the first in Ireland, on a site adjacent to the school in Duagh village. The new school - St Bridgid's NS opened in 1971 when 280 pupils enrolled (146 boys & 134 girls).

Celebrating St Pat's

We hope that steps will be taken immediately to ensure that St. Patrick's Day will be observed as a National Holiday. The efforts of the Gaelic League in Dublin, Limerick, Cork and other towns in Ireland last year made the observance of St. Patrick's Day in their places such as did honour to our country and its Patron Saint. Since then the Feast has been made a Bank Holiday, and we hope that it will be fittingly celebrated in Tralee this year.

**(The Kerry Sentinel,
16 January 1904)**

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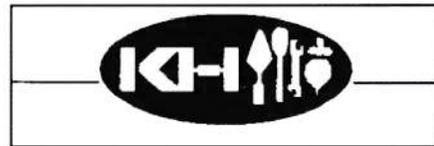


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*Looking forward
To a good read
of the Lyre Journal
over Christmas*



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Notes from the Past

By Joe Quille.

1952 FINAL Almost 1,000 people were in attendance at the Racecourse in Carrig for the District league final between Smearlagh Rangers and Carrig Sarsfields. At the time I was the Lyre GAA Secretary and we had purchased a cup in Tralee. At the time I worked in Tralee, and Con Healy, Rathass, was a personal friend and a member of the Kerry team to win the county's first All Ireland in 1903 (played in 1905.) It was decided that the cup would be dedicated to his memory and so the Healy Cup was born. A decision was also made that Con's surviving colleagues of that first All Ireland of 1903 would be invited to Carrig for the final. Maurice McCarthy, Dinny Curran, Dinny Breen and James Gorman graciously accepted the invitation.

The presence of the Scartaglin Pipe Band added considerably to the occasion. A more detailed report can be found in the first edition of the Lyre Journal 1990. But just to say briefly that Carrig Sarsfields were the winners 3-5 to Smearlagh Rangers 2—2 and there were scenes of unbridled enthusiasm when Maurice McCarthy presented the Healy Cup to John Davey Nolan. Carrig had some star performers, John himself, the O'Connells, Andy and Sean, Iggy and Ned Lyons, Jimmy Roche, the Carey's, Richard, Ned and JP and veteran goalkeeper Tim Neville.

Smearlagh Rangers had their stars in Humphrey McMahon, The Sweeney's, Peter and Martin, Charlie Collins, Pat Brosnan and Sean Healy later to win further fame in San Francisco. Georgie Weir, Tralee, was the referee and one of the umpires was John Mitchell's man Niall Sheehy, later to become a household name in Kerry football.

1956 The New Church

The new church in Lyre built by Fitzgerald Bros. Tralee, was opened with much ceremony by the Bishop of Kerry, Dr Moynihan, assisted by Very Rev Denis Moriarty PP. The church replaced the original structure built in 1916, which was meant to stand for 150 years or more but major structural defects gradually developed. Some stone, glass, and timber from the original Church was incorporated into the present Church.

1957 Vote of Sympathy. "It is not for us as members of a National Sporting Organisation

to either condemn or condone the activities which led to the untimely deaths of these two patriotic Irishmen," said Mr Pat Brosnan, Chairman, when he proposed a resolution of sympathy (passed unanimously) to the relatives of Sean South and Fergal O'Hanlon at the annual general meeting of the Lyre GAA Club.



Renowned Storyteller Paddy Faley and radioman, Joe 'The Kerryman' Quille, at a function in Athea

The following officers were elected. Patron, Very Rev D Moriarty PP., President, Albert Roche, Vice Presidents, Jerry P Moloney and Harry Starcken. Chairman, Pat Brosnan Vice-Chair, John D Nolan, Sec., JP Carey Delegates to North Kerry Board JP Carey and Pat Brosnan. Selection Committee, John D Nolan, Tom Naughton, P Nolan, Pat Brosnan, and Richard Carey. Team Manager - J Nolan, Team Captain, Iggy Lyons. Committee - Joe Quille, Jerry Long, T Cronin, D Sugrue, Darby Naughton, Jimmy Roche, F Ahern, Tim Neville and Dan Doran. Healy Cup Committee. President, Joe Quille, Chairman, Tim Horan, Vice Chairman, Jack McKenna, Secretary, Iggy Lyons.

Former TD Dies. Carrig born Dan Moloney who died while attending a reception for President Kennedy's visit in 1963 was in 1957 elected FF TD for North Kerry, having headed the poll. He was, however, to lose his seat at the next election and later became a Senator.

1968 Feb 24th, Macra Meeting. A very successful meeting for the purpose of forming a branch of Macra Na Feirme was held in Rathea. Mr Eamon Keane, Agricultural Adviser from Listowel, presided and the following were elected. President, Very Rev Fr Browne, Vice Presidents, Rev Fr Hickey and Rev Fr McCloskey, Chairman, John Walshe, Vice Chairmen, James Kennelly and John Joe Galvin, Secretary Maureen O'Connell,

Asst Secretary, Mary T Lyons, Treasurer, Kathleen Kennelly, PRO, Patrick O'Connor.

Wedding of the Year April 1968. Lyre's wedding of the year took place when Mr James Roche, well known licensed vintner son of Mrs A Roche and the late Mr Albert Roche, Carrig, married Miss Joan Enright, daughter of Mr and Mrs Pat Enright, Glashnanoon. The ceremony with Nuptial Mass and Papal Blessing at the Church of the Sacred Heart Lyre. was performed by Very Reverend T O'Sullivan PP, Duagh. Miss Christine Hayes (cousin of the bride) was bridesmaid and the best man was Garda Joe Carey (cousin of the groom). Seventy guests attended the reception at the Grand Hotel Tralee.

November 1979 Officers elected at the AGM of the Lyre Comhaltas were President, Rev Fr Harrington CC, Chair Mary Murphy, Vice Chair, Tom Nolan, Secretary, Jackie Walshe, Treasurer, JJ Healy, Auditor, Ned Murphy.

FEB 1975. GAA AGM There was a large attendance at the Annual General Meeting of the Lyreacrompane GAA Club which took place at the residence of Mary and Ned Murphy at the Glen. At the outset, Pat Brosnan and Joe Quille, Limerick, founder members of the club in 1950 were welcomed to the meeting. Officers and Committee elected were. President, Pat Brosnan, Vice President, Joe Quille, Chair, Jack Buckley, Vice Chair, Tom O' Donoghue, Sec, Christy Carmody, Asst Sec, Larry Long, Treasurers, Ned Murphy and John Neville. Selectors, Iggy Lyons Jack Buckley and P Dillon. Trainer, Jack Buckley. Delegates to North Kerry and County Board - Ned Murphy, Jackie Walsh, and John Neville. Committee, Tom Donoghue, D Nolan, Mikey Nash. Tim Nash, M Dillon, Sean Keane, Bill Curran, JJ Healy, Donald Sullivan, Pat Carmody, M Connell, Martin Leen, JJ Sheehy, Ned Nolan, J Callaghan, Michael Leen, J Dillon, Michael Nolan, and Oliver Nash.

1980 In August the death took place of Nora Barry Banemore. Nora enjoyed immense popularity with all sections of the community as was evidenced by the large attendances at the obsequies. In September the death of Mrs Albert Roche, Carrig, evoked widespread feelings of regret in the district and the large attendances at the obsequies was representa-

tive of all sections of the Community and was indicative of the popularity enjoyed by the deceased.

ST SENAN'S GAA 1981. St Senans GAA club held their AGM on March 3rd, and elected the following officers. President, Matt Canty, Vice Presidents, Mick Fuller, Charlie Walshe, S Kirby, C White, Jack Halloran and T Horgan. Chairmam, Robert Barry, Vice Chairman, T Dillon, Secretary, Tom Canty, Treasurer, Tom Connell, PRO, Mike Thornton. Senior Capt., John Horgan. Under 21, Gene Sullivan. Minor Capt., Tom Shanahan and Under 16, Alan Hayes.

1991. Tommy Launches Quiz Book.

In March a Quiz Book written by Tommy Quille was launched at the Greenhills Hotel Limerick, by RTE's Peter Murphy. The distinguished gathering included the Mayor of Limerick, Paddy Madden. Councillor's Joe Harrington and Jack Bourke. Fr Joe Young and family friend, Bill O'Keeffe, Governor of Limerick Prison. Although born in Limerick City, Tommy has strong local ties. His father, Joe, and his Mother, Bridle, (nee Long) come from Lyreacrompane. It was Tommy's second Quiz Book, and the entire proceeds went to the Limerick branch of Cerebral Palsy. Launching the book, Peter Murphy, the publisher of 15 Quiz Books, said, "I thought that after 22,000 questions I had come across them all, but that was before Tommy Quille came up with this book".

1992 The year marked the deaths in January of Sonny Falvey and Lizzie Nolan. In July, Ann Quille, Gortclohy died at the age of 98. In August there was further sadness in the district with the deaths of Paddy Doran and Joan and Paddy Enright.

Third Journal. There was a large attendance on Thursday May 28, at the Four Elms for the launch of the third Lyre Journal. Doing the honours were Marie Begley and Mary Conway, Radio Kerry, and also in attendance was John B Keane.

1993. On June 13th. Fr Gerry Keane, Rathea, was one of three North Kerry men ordained for the priesthood at a ceremony in Killarney On July 3rd, Elizabeth Quille, daughter of Christy and the late Mamie, was married to James Lane Limerick. The Ceremony in the Holy Trinity Church, Adare, was performed by Very Rev Fr Frank Moriarty, PP assisted by Rev Fr Jim McElligott CC Duagh.

In May the death took place of Kit Sheehy Renagown. Kit was one of the best known personalities in the district enjoyed well deserved popularity and this was reflected by the huge attendances at the obsequies on both occasions.

1994 In February the AGM of the Lyre Community Development Association elected the following. President, Fr Jim McElligott, Chair, Breda Carmody, Vice Chair, Kay O'Leary, Secretary, Larry Long, Asst Sec., Mary Leen, Joint Treasurers, Martin Leen and Mick Naughton, PRO, Billy Connell, Asst PRO, Tony Lyons, Committee, Gerard Brosnan, Johnny Nolan, Mick McKenna, David Long, Ned Murphy, Bridie Sheehy, Mary Donoghue, Mary Fealy, Jimmy Roche, Jerry Costelloe and Lil Mulvihill.

At their meeting in July the Association decided to donate £500 from their Lotto fund to Rwanda. March 1994 also marked the death of Sarah Twomey (nee Dillon). In June Tom Moriarty of Clahane passed away and in December so did Mike Keane, Rathea.

1995 In March the Lyre Development Association elected the following. President, Fr. Niall O'Mahony, Chairman, Pat Carmody, Vice Chair, Mary Nolan, Secretary, Larry Long, Asst Sec, Sean Keane, Joint Treasurers, Martin Leen and Christy Carmody, PRO, Jane Behan. Weddings. The marriage took place in the Sacred Heart Church Lyre, of Breda Quille youngest daughter of Christy, and the late Mamie and Pat Keane son of Kathleen and the late Mike Keane Rathea. The Ceremony was performed by Fr Gerry Keane (brother of the groom) assisted by Fr Niall O'Mahony, and Fr Mossie Brick. Catherine Long was bridesmaid and the best man was Mike Keane. In New York the marriage took place of Patrick Quille son of John Quille formerly of Clahane and Erin Casey.

1996 Obituaries. A wave of sadness swept through the locality when news spread in June of the death of Iggy Lyons, Carrig. Extremely popular with everyone, Iggy, could be described as a handy footballer, and was a star of the Carrig Sarsfield's team that beat Smearlagh Rangers before a huge attendance in the 1952 District League Final, the year that saw the introduction of the Healy Cup. (A comprehensive report appears in the first Lyre Journal dated May 1990.) Iggy went on to win a North Kerry league

medal with Lyre in 1955. Among his team mates were JP Carey, Jack Buckley, John Quille, Billy Buckley, and Willie Falvey.

The death of Paul Leen, Carrig, in May occasioned widespread regret. This was reflected in the huge attendances at the obsequies on both occasions. Chairman of Lyre FF Cumann for many years, he carried out his duties with honesty and integrity.

The locality was saddened by the death in August, of Mary Ann Nolan, who was a teacher of exceptional quality for many years. The death also occurred in 1996 of Sean Sheehy, formerly of Clahane, who died in Kildare. Sean, was for a number of years a Merchant Seaman, and in 1954 he purchased the Regal Bar in Limerick. Later he moved to Blarney, and subsequently to the Phoenix Park Hotel in Dublin. In April 1996, Lyre also lost Tom O'Donoghue and Peggy O'Donoghue. In May Ned Dillane and in August Moss Nolan. "Time passes Memories Stay. Let's think of them to day."

1997 On June 14, Fr Michael Carey was ordained in Holy Ghost College, Clonliffe, by Dr Desmond O'Connell, Archbishop of Dublin. Fr Michael is son of retired Sergeant JP Carey formerly of Carrig.

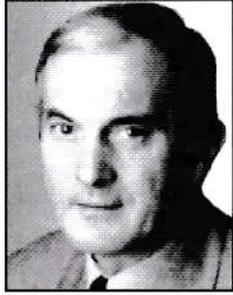
We had two elections in 1997, a General Election in June, and a Presidential Election in November. In the General Election the voting in Lyre was Jimmy Deenihan, Fine Gael (53) Martin Ferris Sinn Fein (20) Denis Foley FF (55) Tom McEllistrim FF (34) Dick Spring, Labour Party, (82) K O'Connell (0).

The Presidential Election. Mary McAleese (61) Mary Banotti (29) Adi Roche, (29) Dana (28) Derek Nally, (1).

1999 Lyre exiles in Limerick turned out in full force at the City Hall on March 2nd., to attend a pleasant function and presentation to Joe Harrington who had been elected Mayor of Limerick some time previously. In a short address to the gathering Joe Quille said the election of "One of our own" was something Lyre people at home and abroad would forever treasure. He also said that the Mayor's address of welcome to Bill Clinton when he visited the City was "His Finest Hour". He did his native Lyre and his adopted city proud on that historic day, said Joe.

Later a presentation on behalf of the Lyre exiles to Mayor Harrington was made by Tommy Quille.

Best wishes to the Lyre Journal from
Councillor Pat McCarthy



fine gael ★

As a councillor I am honoured to work on your behalf. If needed I will call to you. Please contact me with any issues of concern to you including Health, Education, Planning, Roads, Housing, Water Supply, Social Welfare and many others.

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Wishing the Lyreacrompane Journal the very best

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Always a welcome at the Four Elms

Photos submitted by Margaret Morris



Mattie Morris and Margaret Archer and on the right is Margaret's Dad, Tim Archer with Kit Cashel



Jack Costello with his donkey in Spur early '60s and on the right neighbour Bridie Naughton



Kitty Kelliher from Spur with the Archer family in Listowel

Sheehan Trip to Ireland, June 2007 **By Anthony and Liz Keane.**

When Kathleen and Patrick Wall returned home to the U.S. after a short holiday during Christmas 2006, they immediately began planning a return trip to Ireland, gathering together as many of the Sheehan relations as possible. They wanted other members of the Sheehan family to experience the warmth and friendliness of the Irish just as they had done. They planned a trip to last two weeks.

Patrick's mother was Nellie Sheehan, daughter of David Sheehan and Mary Sheehy of Cloughane, Knocknagoshel who emigrated to the U.S. in the early 1900's. Her brothers Jamesie and John and sisters Mary, Margaret and Lily also emigrated. Maurice, Nonie, Denny, Bridie, Patsy, Kitty and Davey remained at home.

Finally a large group including some friends came. Included in the group were Kathleen and Patrick Wall (organisers of the trip), Lily Dorricott (nee Sheehan), her daughter Beth Hughes and husband Glenn, Jack Sheehan (son of John Sheehan), his wife Kathy and his sister Peggy Ghysel, John Sheehan (cousin) and his wife Molly, Mary Harrell, (daughter of Maria Sheehan Flood) and her children Kevin and Nancy (Reynolds) among other relations and friends.

A special night was celebrated in Bunratty Castle on June 1st. It was Lily Sheehan Dorricott's 94th birthday! She was "Lady" of the Castle for the night. Her Grand-nephew, Michael Wall was "Lord" and she really

enjoyed herself. And just think that along with her daughter, Beth Hughes and husband Glenn she had flown into Shannon from Rochester, New York a few hours earlier, having been delayed five hours into the bargain! What a lady! And a whirlwind tour of the country was to follow!

They also went to Knockane Cemetery, Knocknagoshel to pay their respects. Lily's parents David and Mary (nee Sheehy), brothers Maurice, Denny, Jamesie, Patsy and Davey and sisters Nonie, Bridie and Kitty are all laid to rest R. I. P.

Lily stood at the doorway of her old homestead in Cloughane where her sisters Bridie and Kitty and brother Davey lived. Luke Keane, Knocknagoshel joined the group soon after to meet them. Accompanied by Anthony Keane, Meenscovane, they talked of old times, going to the bog, saving the hay, going to the fair. Luke then entertained the Yanks with a couple of songs before parting company.

The group then made their way to St. Mary's Church in Knocknagoshel where a Mass for the deceased members of the Sheehan family had been arranged with Canon Mangan. Many members of the group come from all over New York State: Rochester (home of the Sheehans) Geneseo, Vestal, East Amherst and Fairport. Others came from Chicago, from Wisconsin and from Milwaukee. Two dear friends of Patrick Wall, the Niermeyers wanted to visit Tipperary. David's relatives the Cournanes came from Ballycommon in North Tipp and they were most anxious to visit the place. Anthony decided to take them on Friday morning. It was a very successful trip.

On Friday evening June 8 Lily met with other relatives; Keanes from Rylane and the Collins' from Ballykenny, Stand. Lily went to visit her sister Kitty's dear friend Minnie Cahill from the Mall. Kitty and Minnie spent many a happy hour together.

Finally we must say that we spent the most enjoyable week of the summer of 2007 (with plenty sunshine) in the company of the most warm, wonderful, generous and thoughtful folks one could ever wish to meet. Please God our paths will cross again in the near future.

Seen here in the group photo on the next page are Top Row: David Niermeyer (friend), Florence Niermeyer (David's wife), Frank Pavwoski (Kathleen Wall's uncle), Joyce Pavwoski (Frank's wife), Susan Pinsonnault (Kathleen's sister), John Sheehan (cousin), Nancy Reynolds (Patrick's cousin), Jack Sheehan (cousin), Pat Pazerekas (friend), Lily Sheehan Dorricott, Jean Noble (Kathleen's friend), Mary Harrell (cousin); her mother was Maria Sheehan, Lily's sister, Molly Sheehan (John's wife) and Anthony Keane (distant cousin to the Sheehans).

Bottom Row: Kevin Harrell (Mary Harrell's son), Glenn Hughes (Lily's son-in-law), Beth Hughes (Lily's daughter), Kathleen Wall, Patrick Wall, Peggy Ghysel (Jack Sheehan's sister), Kathy Sheehan (Jack's wife) and Liz Keane (Anthony's wife).

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Left: Lyreacrompane NS First Communion Class 2008. On the right are Jack Nash and his wife Maud on their wedding Day, Jack came from Spur and lived in Southampton

Grant for new Lyre School

Dáil Éireann - 10 July, 1962

Mr. Spring asked the Minister for Education if he is aware of the condition of Lyreacrompane National School, Listowel, County Kerry, and what steps are being taken to provide a new school.

Dr. Hillery: A grant has been sanctioned by my Department towards the cost of erecting a new school at Lyreacrompane. The necessary working drawings and a specification are being prepared by the Commissioners of Public Works and it is expected that tenders for the erection of the new school will be invited at an early date. My Department has also sanctioned a grant towards the cost of works required to keep the existing school serviceable pending the erection of the new school.



Mary Byrne chats with Fr Moore at the signing of his book at the Listowel Arms. On the right Mary (nee Nash) and Seamus Orr from Melbourne with son Declan and Kim Nemeth who had come all the way to Kerry to get married at Christmas



Pupils and teachers at Lyreacrompane National School in September 2007

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A Day in the Bog

By Bishop Bill Murphy

Little did I think when I was in primary school that again in my later years I would be asked to write an account of 'A Day in the Bog or Lá sa Phortach! I think we wrote that essay every year and our teacher would warn us everytime not to end with "I returned home that evening tired but happy".

Anyway I could not truthfully have ended my essay in that way. During my primary school years my contribution to the day in the bog was bringing the tea to the meitheal. The task was not very demanding but the warm welcome I received when I arrived assured me of its importance.

However, on one occasion the welcome was anything but warm. It was a beautiful day in June and my father had assembled a sizeable meitheal to cut turf in Rae



Bishop Bill on the Sleán

Caol bog. As usual, my job was to bring the tea (in whiskey bottles covered with thick socks) and the sandwiches. I enlisted the help of a friend and my mother sent us off on foot in good time warning us not to delay along the way.

Alas! The warning was soon forgotten. The butterflies were particularly plentiful that day and very colourful and before long we succumbed to the temptation to give chase. Time and time again we downed our baggage and took off after the butterflies with the result that what was normally a forty-five minute journey took two and a half hours. Half a mile from our destination we caught sight of men standing on a ditch and waving us on frantically. Our reception that day was also warm – somewhat like the reception Jimín Mháire Thaidhg got when in similar circumstance he put a frog in Tadhg Mór's porter. What a blessing the mobile phone! Or, on the other hand, are they a curse? If we had one, would we not have missed the joyful experience of two hours chasing butterflies?

Saturday the 10th of May brought many memories back to me. A large crowd assembled in Lyreacrompane for Kerry Earth Day organised by the Diocesan Justice, Peace and Creation Committee and a local group. Various seminars and workshops were on offer. Many, including myself, signed up for the Day in the Bog experience. This was a day in the bog without the hardship and pain usually associated with such days. We began with a singsong (the cuckoo joined in) and then set off for the bank of turf. At various stages along the route Joe Harrington filled us in on

the history and topography of Lyreacrompane and the story of turf cutting in the area. Some of us tried our hand cutting a few sods with varying degrees of success. Of course, it would not have been a proper day in the bog without the tea. But there was a difference; the tea was made on the spot and served with barnbrack. However it was made or served it is still true that tea tastes as well nowhere as it does in the bog!

Thanks to the Diocesan Committee and to Fr. Pat and the vibrant community in Lyreacrompane who made the day possible and memorable.

The purpose of the Earth Day was to create an awareness of the beauty of Creation and also a realisation of its fragility. Those who took part in Kerry earth day certainly experienced the beauty of the Lyreacrompane countryside. We did not have to wait long to experience its fragility. We were all saddened to wake up one morning to hear about the bog slides in the area. That too brought back poignant memories. My father often recalled the morning in 1896 when as a child of seven he left the house to go to school and saw the whole Ownachree valley covered with black mud. The bog north of Gneeveguilla had moved, destroying a family and damaging property and land for many square miles.

Thank God, the moving bog in Lyreacrompane caused no deaths. But it was a warning that our earth is precious and fragile and needs our on-going protection and care.

May all groups and individuals who strive to nourish life on our planet be supported and blessed in their endeavours.

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Best wishes to the Journal

Johnny Nolan

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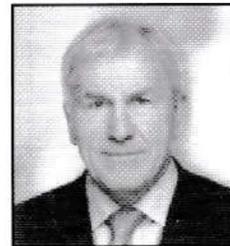
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**DÁIL QUESTIONS.
DEATH OF A DUBLIN
VOLUNTEER.
20 December, 1922**

TOMAS Mac EOIN: To ask the Minister for Defence whether he is aware that Volunteer James Byrne, of the Dublin Guards, was wounded in an ambush at Duagh, Kilmorna, Co. Kerry, on October 13th, that the casualty was reported in the *Sunday Independent* of October 15th, and that enquiries were made by this Volunteer's mother, Mrs. Byrne, of 3 Willbrook, Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin, at Portobello Barracks, and Army Medical Headquarters, Merrion Square, during the following week, but failed to elicit any information; whether the *Sunday Independent* of October 22nd reported the funeral of this Volunteer from Portobello Barracks, although no notification of his fate had been sent to his relatives; whether, in answer to further enquiries, Captain Stafford, the officer in charge of funerals at Portobello, told the mother on Monday, October 23rd, that he could not say if the lad buried was her son, and expressed the opinion that the soldier buried was either killed instantly, or else had died of blood poisoning; whether the same officer on the following day informed Mrs. Byrne's sister-in-law that the boy killed was Mrs. Byrne's son, and that he had made enquiries in Rathfarnham and had sent notice to the newspapers that an unidentified body was lying in the Barracks in order to enable him to get into touch with the relatives — statements of which no corroboration could be obtained in the newspaper offices or in Rathfarnham; whether, or subsequently, Army Medical

Headquarters undertook to communicate with Abbeyfeale, and then notified Mrs. Byrne that the boy who had been buried was not her son but a native of Kerry; whether upon enquiry being made at Oriel House, a message was sent by Mr. Frank Fagan that Mrs. Byrne's son had not been killed, but was in hospital, not so seriously wounded as to require to be brought to Dublin for an operation; whether enquiries were also made of Commandant O'Connor, at Beggars' Bush Barracks, who promised to communicate with Mrs. Byrne, but failed to do so; whether Mrs. Byrne was left without definite news of her son's death until she received on December 14th, in reply to an enquiry she had addressed to the Parish Priest, a letter from Father F.J. Harrington, C.C., Duagh, Kilmorna, Co. Kerry, stating that her son was wounded in the abdomen on October 13th, was removed in a motor ambulance to Abbeyfeale that night, and died half an hour after his arrival there; whether he will ascertain and communicate to Mrs. Byrne the exact facts of her son's death and burial, with an apology for the treatment hitherto accorded to her, and whether he will establish such machinery of identification and notification of casualties as will prevent in future such unnecessary suffering as was inflicted in this case.

General MULCAHY: On the 16th October, Capt. Stafford received from the British and Irish Steam Packet Co. the remains of Vol. James Byrne, supposed to have been killed in action at Duagh, Co. Kerry on October 14th. Records were looked up, and it was found

that there were several Volunteers of that name, and many of them on duty in Kerry. Exhaustive enquiries were made to ascertain the identity of this man, but without success. Notices were inserted in the Dublin evening papers that the remains of Volunteer Byrne were lying unidentified in Portobello Barracks. A large number of people visited the mortuary for identification purposes, but as the man was beyond recognition, identification was, presumably, impossible. The remains were kept in the mortuary until October the 21st, when they were buried in the Army Plot at Glasnevin, with full military honours. It is much regretted that Mrs. Byrne should have been caused any unnecessary pain. Everything possible was done to secure identification, but identification did not result. Enquiries have not yet been completed in respect of some of the details given in the question, nor as to what the final aspect of this matter is as regards identification.

Mr. JOHNSON: Can the Minister tell us whether there is any usual practice on the part of soldiers to wear some identification marks giving their number, or discs, such as the British soldiers use? It is a very important matter that relatives should, at least, know from the authorities when their friends have been killed.

General MULCAHY: It is not at present the practice. We have been able to identify all cases, I think, with the exception of this one. And, considering the difficulties we have been working under, I think that it is hardly fair to make a parade of this particular case. We really

have succeeded very well in meeting all the difficulties that have presented themselves to us in this matter, and very few people have anything like the cause of complaint that Mrs. Byrne has.

Mr. JOHNSON: The Minister will understand that, to Mrs. Byrne, it is just as important as if there were one thousand other people in identical circumstances.

General MULCAHY: That is quite realised, but it is, as I say, not appreciating the difficulties that we have been working under, and not appreciating what we have been able to do in these matters to make a parade of a question like this.

Mr. JOHNSON: I assure the Minister there was no intention to make any parade of the question, and I will ask if he will write to Mrs. Byrne and explain in a personal way the position, because she is very hurt over the matter.

General MULCAHY: I certainly propose writing to Mrs. Byrne when I have been able to clear up the final aspects of identification in this matter.

Journal Roll of Honour

The first Lyre and District Journal was launched by Sean McCarthy. He was followed by (No 2) President Mary Robinson, (No 3) Mary Conroy, Mary Begley (Kerry Radio) and John B Keane, (No 4) Jim Connolly. Rural Resettlement, (No 5) Gabriel Fitzmaurice, (No 6) John Reidy (Kerryman reporter), (No 7) Frank Lewis and (No 8) Joe Quille and Pat Brosnan

Bog Slide 1896

As the world seems to become smaller, we learn within hours of major events everywhere. We can view natural disasters like hurricanes and volcanic eruptions almost as they happen. Other events like earthquakes and Tsunami arrive on our television screens and newspapers almost as quickly as it would have taken the ink to dry a century ago. We thank our God for our good fortune as we cringe at our helplessness in the face of such devastation.

Imagine what it was like for the people of Knocknagheeha and the surrounding country-side when they awoke on the morning of 28th December 1896. Very soon those who looked at the mire and sludge that had been house and homestead to the Donnelly family thanked their God that at least they were awake to see the horror. The Donnelly home and all who slept therein had been swept off the hillside overnight. It seemed that both parents and their seven children must have perished somewhere in that forbidding sludge.

Imagine what it must have been like for 13-year-old Katie Donnelly when she returned from an overnight visit to her grandmother to find no trace of the home and family she had left the day before. In those days of poor communications and no engineering equipment, the neighbourhood set about the task of finding the family under vast tonnage of quagmire and laying them to rest. They could pray that amid all of this at least one child had been saved. Later they learned that a dog and a duck also survived.

Katie went on to complete her formal education in the Loreto Convent Secondary School, Killarney. From there she went to London, then to Manchester where she met and married Killarney man Paddy O'Donoghue. One can only imagine the emotions of this resilient young woman as she and her husband were blessed with the start of their family in Manchester. Knocknagheeha and its memories must have been reawakened with every toddle, smile and cry of their children.

They returned and built their home on the ground adjacent to where the Donnelly home had stood. There they added three more children to their two from Manchester and in due course Katie herself became a grandmother.

On 28th December 1996, Cumann Luachra along with those grandchildren and the wider community marked the centenary of that land-slip with a memorial to an event referred to locally as the Moving Bog Disaster.

More detail of this and other events can be read in the many issues of the excellent documentary and historical magazine Journal Cumann Luachra.

Tommy Frank O'Connor. Taken from his book *Pulse - Writings on Sliabh Luachra*

Dan Paddy Andy Festival Dates for 2009

Friday 31st of July to Bank Holiday Monday August 3rd



Summer Camp 1989 Run by Karen Walsh & Martin Trench. Front: Caitriona Lyons, Sarah Jane Monaghan, Sandra O'Donoghue, Bernadette Moloney, Matthew Moloney, Eilish Walsh. Back: Karen Walsh, Michael Lyons, Paul Walsh, Labhras Long, James Nolan, Conor Walsh, Martin Trench, Brady Monaghan.



Bishop Bill Murphy singing at the start of the Bog Walk during Kerry Earth Day 2008 in Lyreacrompane



Photo on the left from Ciss Kelliher.
Lyre School early 1970s
 Front: John Sheehy, Denis Brosnan, Jeremiah Shanahan, Andrew O'Connell, Richard Kelliher, Con Dunne, Mary O'Sullivan, Agnes Ahern, Cathy Shanahan.
 Back: Michael Collins, Thomas Nolan, ? Carmody, Mary Quille, Ann Keane, Mossie Keane, Karen Walsh, Marie Keane

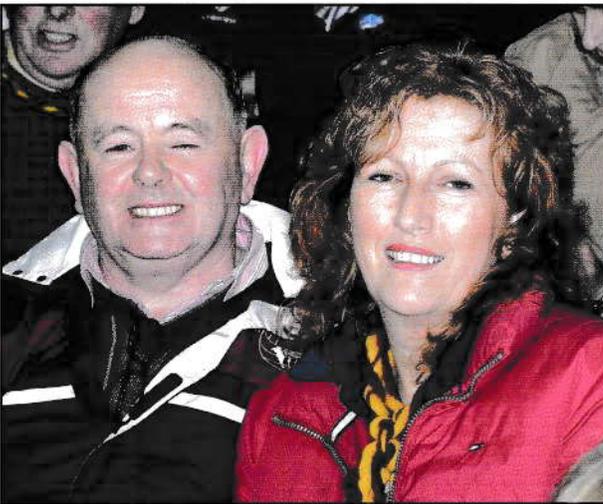
Planting Cutaway

Dáil Éireann - 29 May, 1958
 Planting of Kerry Cut Away Beg.

Mr. Moloney (Dan Jim) asked the Minister for Lands whether it is proposed to develop for forestry purposes the cut away bog area under the control of Bord na Móna at Lyreacrompane, North Kerry; and if he will state the acreage scheduled for planting, and how soon work will start.

Mr. Childers: Bord na Móna has agreed to dispose of cut away bog at Lyreacrompane to the Forestry Division of my Department for afforestation purposes. The exact area which Bord na Móna will transfer in the first instance has not yet been fixed but it is hoped that it will be possible to have a final decision in the matter at the end of the 1958 turf-production season. At this stage I cannot say when forestry work will commence at the area.

Club Final in Croke Park 2007



Our Day in Croke Park

What an honour and a privilege it was to be in Croke Park on Saturday, March 10, 2007. It was all made possible by Duagh Junior footballers who defeated all comers to reach the final of the All Ireland Junior Club championship. The magnificent Croke Park stadium stands as a monument to the pride Irish people have in their native games.

Standing on the Hogan Stand and looking out over the green sward as darkness closed in the shadows of mighty heroes from the past must have flickered across most of our minds. The titanic struggles, so vividly described by Micheál

O'Hehir and Micheál O'Muircheartaigh could be imagined as our gaze swung from the Canal End to Hill 16.

Then the powerful floodlights lit up the arena and another titanic struggle began - north against south, Kerry against Tyrone, Duagh against Greencastle. A mighty game of football. Two great sets of supporters. One winner. Coming back on the coaches did not feel like a retreat from a place of defeat. Duagh/Lyreacrompane parish was part of a great occasion thanks to John Dillon, the backroom team and our footballing heroes - the Boys from Duagh.

The Boys from Duagh

(Written by Joe Harrington 2007)

(Sung to the air of "The Bold Thady Quille")

You may talk of the footballing men of Finuge
The boys of Ardfert; those lads made of steel
But none can compare
With our own parish champions
Who come from the place
twixt the Smearlagh and Feale
They're down from the mountains;
They're up from the village
The bate of those buachaills no one ever saw
That lionhearted team
That has brought us such glory
Our footballing heroes; the Boys from Duagh

Chorus

We'll shoulder, we'll cheer them,
To victory we'll steer them
We'll shout "Up the Mall"
And we'll give them no law
For who ever will meet them,
There's few will defeat them
Our footballing heroes, the Boys from Duagh

The "Bear", Aidan Kelly, he is our proud captain
A leader of champions who hails from Lisroe
And the brave Kieran Quirke down from Coolinelig
Dashes on through the field for a good score or two
Colm Horgan and Eoin who's famed for his fielding
"Nan" Maher is game whether win lose or draw
The O'Brien's from the village,
John, Alan and Brendan
Are footballing heroes with the Boys from Duagh

Chorus

'Tis hard to get scores against men like John Halpin
Or pass Peter Sheeran, the find of the year
There's Diarmuid "The Gaffer"
Whose boots do his talking
And Lane and McMahon are men without fear.

Griffin and Kelly; they lord it at midfield
There's Aonghus and Colm with talent so raw
And Lybes own Tim Scanlon
Well known to the Cork boys
As the net rattling hero who plays for Duagh

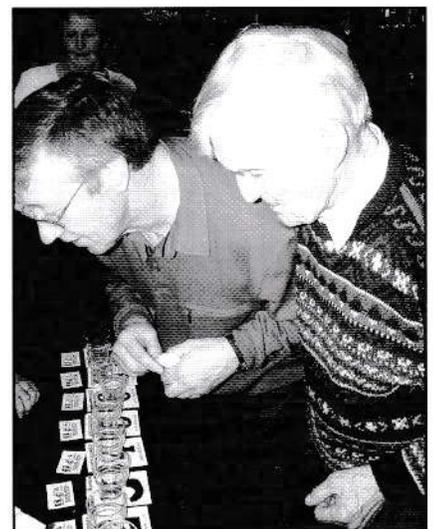
Chorus

Our trainer John Dillon with Eamon and Padraig
And Michael and Shane are youths we admire
There's mighty Tom Dillon so deadly from angles
And super sub Daniel who both come from Lyre.
He's brought us good fortune 'gainst all opposition
We speak of young Seanie, our mascot go breagh
For Na Piarasigh, Mount Sion,
The Cork and the Laois lads
All fell to our heroes, the Boys from Duagh

Chorus

We'll shoulder, we'll cheer them,
To victory we'll steer them
We'll shout "Up the Mall"
and we'll give them no law
In Croke Park 'twas an honour
To raise up the banner
For our footballing heroes, the Boys from Duagh

**Pat Ahern
and Bill Curran
consider
the odds**



27 December 06

Duagh Munster Champions

Brendan Larkin Irish Examiner

Duagh 1-9 Adrigole 0-11

DUAGH made it a clean sweep of Munster club football titles for Kerry by taking the junior crown in thrilling fashion at Killarney last Saturday. A pointed free by centre-back Thomas Dillon a minute from the end of normal time — his fifth in all — gave the Kerry champions the victory over an Adrigole side that deserved better for their incredible recovery from being five points down six minutes into this hugely entertaining final.

In near perfect conditions, Duagh couldn't have asked for a better start. With the towering figure of Anthony Maher giving them a firm grip on midfield, they stormed into a 1-2 to 0-0 after only six minutes and the Cork champions looked in trouble. The goal came in the second minute and there was an element of good fortune about it. Adrigole full back Shane Joe O'Sullivan slipped as he went to gather the ball which let Tim Scanlon in to lob the advancing keeper for an opportunist score.

Adrigole had no answer to the pace and precision passing of their opponents in those early minutes but, inexplicably, the Duagh challenge collapsed and the Beara side, taking inspiration from outstanding centre-back Darragh Carey and Brendan Jer O'Sullivan, began to claw their way back.

Picking up an amount of loose ball around midfield, Adrigole kicked over five points without replay to draw level and, with Duagh outclassed, the Cork

champions added three more to lead 0-9 to 1-3 coming up to half-time.

The Kerry champions finally got a point back when Thomas Dillon came up from centre-back to kick a close-in free which left Adrigole two to the good at the break. "Sometimes in a game scoring a goal early can work two ways. It can drive a team on or you can sit back on your backside thinking it was going to be your day. And I think that is what happened to us," said a jubilant Duagh coach John Dillon.

"Fortunately it came good for us in the end and it's a tremendous feeling to be champions of Munster. I'm not usually caught for words, but it's difficult to find the right ones to express how I feel and what this means to us. Despite having been cleaned out for most of the first-half we went in just two points down which was more than manageable, provided we played to our potential. Thankfully the lads got stuck in the second half and I feel we deserved our victory."

Whatever Dillon said to his charges at half-time, it worked. Duagh began the second-half as they did the first and were level by the 40th minute. Adrigole, who had owned midfield for most of the opening half, lost that vital area as Anthony Maher began to win most of the possession and with Declan Griffin a constant threat up front, the game developed into a thriller as the sides swapped points to be level on three further occasions. Extra-time looked on the cards, but Griffin was grounded after a tremendous run, and up came Thomas Dillon to point the resultant free which

was to prove the winner. One of the most experienced members of his team, Thomas Dillon also found it difficult to comprehend what Duagh had just achieved.

"Winning the county final was brilliant but this is beyond our wildest dreams," he said. "The fact that this was a Kerry versus Cork final made it that bit extra special. We knew Adrigole were a good team and that it was going to take something extra from our lads if we were to beat them. Midfield was always going to be the vital area and we said at half time if we didn't at least break even out there the game would go from us. Thankfully the lads pulled out all the stops in the second-half.

"One of Duagh's great strengths is their battling qualities. We found ourselves in similar situations over the last couple of years but through sheer hard work and effort we dug ourselves out of those positions and today was a case in point."

Adrigole coach John Crowley wasn't making any excuses but felt the long, hard season finally caught up with his charges. "We had a great year but came up a point short. The lads and our supporters deserve every credit. Hopefully we can come back in '07 for another go."

Scorers for Duagh: T. Dillon 0-5 (frees); T. Scanlon 1-0; D. Griffin 0-2; A. Maher, B. O'Brien 0-1 each. Adrigole: J. Goggin, BJ O'Sullivan (0-1 side line kick), KJ O'Sullivan (frees), PG O'Sullivan 0-2 each; K. O'Sullivan Greene, D. Carey, B. Goggin 0-1 each.

DUAGH: J. Halpin; A. Carmody, J. O'Brien, D. Nolan; K. Quirke, T. Dillon, P. Sheeran; A. Maher, J. Kelly; B. O'Brien, A. Kelly, D.

Griffin; T. Scanlon, D. Lane, E. Horgan. Subs: D. O'Donoghue for Scanlon; A. O'Brien for B. O'Brien.

ADRIGOLE: MP O'Sullivan; J. O'Shea, SJO'Sullivan, S.O'Sullivan Greene; J. Goggin, D. Carey, PB O'Sullivan; T.O'Shea, B. Goggin; K. O'Sullivan Greene, BJ O'Sullivan, G. Green; EJ O'Sullivan, PG O'Sullivan, KJ O'Sullivan. Sub: F. Carey for EJ O'Sullivan.

Referee: B. Tyrell (Tipperary).

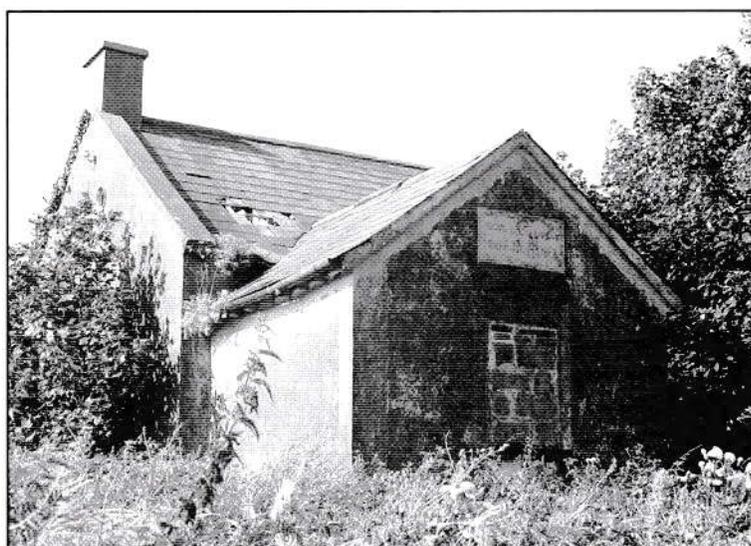
Enjoying the Duagh GAA Social



Signing on in Duagh

Dáil Questions 15 May, 1963

Mr. Dan Spring asked the Minister for Social Welfare whether, further to a reply of 13th March last, he has as yet completed his examination of the position of unemployed persons in the Duagh area, County Kerry, with a view to seeing whether a change is called for in the existing arrangements for certifying evidence of unemployment, and, if so, what were the results. Mr. Boland: I have now completed my examination of the position of unemployed persons in the Duagh area, County Kerry. As a result, I am having arrangements made, with the co-operation of the Garda authorities, to enable persons in the area mentioned to have evidence of unemployment certified at Abbeyfeale or Knocknagoshel Garda station instead of at Listowel where this will be more convenient for them.



Scoil Náisiúnta Drom Logac

**Fr Pat Moore recalls
Saturday March 10th 2007
When the Mall
went to
Croke Park**

It was so local and so different. There we were in Dublin bumping into each other like pension day at the local post office. We met, laughed and talked; meeting in hotels, checking in, drinking from plastic cups, it was surreal like walking into the television set. Was there anyone back at home we asked each other for the Mall appeared to be in Dublin?

Last Friday at 3p.m. when a huge crowd turned out in the village to wish our team well we felt how special the moment was. 'The Boys of Sweet Duagh' were heading for G.A.A. H.Q. Going through the parish each townland had registered its local heroes with billboards that lifted all our hearts. Flags flew everywhere making a North Kerry village like the home of the All Ireland Wexford hurling team for the colours are similar. Neighbouring Abbeyfeale was decked in our colours. On route to Dublin the flags flying on cars, and buses acknowledged fellow pilgrims. Buses went to the match not only from Lyreacrompane and Duagh but also from Abbeyfeale, Moyvane and Ballylongford/Asdee.

Then there was the gathering at City West, Jury's Croke Park and then into our Irish Coliseum at Jones Road. Text messages were flying; "Where are you?" Today we didn't want to end up in the Hogan Stand Premium level. We wanted to get as near to the players as we can. "If 'twas the All

Ireland Final?" said the smiling Dublin official "would you want to downgrade?" When the lights came on, we hardly noticed them at first. Then the magic happened for real. Two weeks ago the last game here was between Ireland and England. Now it was the turn of Duagh and Greencastle. Their names came up on the huge two million Euro screens. People visibly choked, and held back tears. Our village is now playing in one of the biggest stadium in the world. England versus Ireland in the last game, Duagh versus Greencastle tonight!

As the game starts, the lights get stronger, the night gets darker. It is difficult to imagine that there is a city outside the empty Hill 16. Night is as bright as day on the pitch. As Duagh take up a four point lead on the scoreboard, on the giant electronic scoreboards it is photographed for posterity. And the Duagh team play better than what their fans have ever seen them play before. They are a team and even when victory eludes them in less than a minute's injury play they are gracious in defeat. After Greencastle celebrate their victory on the Hogan Stand, the Duagh men come forward and clap their fans whom they have entertained and brought together so loyally. Because they do their best, their almighty best, we the fans want to let them know how the spirit soared in and through them as a team

Duagh would have beaten any of the teams in the intermediate final that followed our match on that night we consoled ourselves. "Call the Gardai," said another, "We were robbed!" These were the Band-Aids we started applying, tongue in cheek, to our damaged egos. But it was a sporting game - a

joy to see football excellence at club level and a reflection of the dedication, preparation and team work of these teams.

At the start of the second game I asked the Northern crowd around me who Eoghan Rua was seeing that their club was called after him. They didn't know, didn't remember Benburb in 1646. "Would he be a son of Dr Ian Paisley?" I enquired. They answered me he wasn't, They definitely knew what he wasn't but hadn't a clue who he was. As we rose to sing the National Anthem at the start of the second game our Northern friends froze and went silent as they turned towards the flag. I felt the Kerry-folk more relaxed as we sung the words of the national anthem in a language that our northern friends didn't understand "What holds us together," I thought "and what tears us apart?" Maybe an unworthy thought.

The 10th of March 07 is a date that is etched in the hearts of all that follow the Duagh team. For where you were born is the shell of your soul. They came from all over, by every means possible like homing pigeons to celebrate the local. For whatever is local can teach us what is best when we connect with each other.

Fair dues to Sean Kelly for opening up Croke Park for these games. 6,100 people were there last Saturday night. Hundreds gathered in Duagh on Sunday evening at 7 p.m. to 'welcome home our heroes' as the huge sign, bigger than the scoreboard in Croke Park, declared. Bonfires blazed in the rain, Church bells rang out and tears of joy and pride, tinged with disappointment, mixed with the rain on a night to be remembered.

The specially organised event was made memorable by well chosen words from the heart by men who are conscious of what they are handing on to future generations. They have become a team of thirty-two brothers we were told and their loyal fans were the extended family. That part of the evening finished with the local anthem,

"Come on the Mall and only the Mall.' For home is the hero.



Dinny O'Sullivan, Joe Harrington and Mike McKenna on the way to Croke Park

Selling Turf

In 1946 Billy McCarthy, Glashnacree, and his brother Dan were partners in the ownership of a lorry. Both of them were drivers. The registration number was IN 6198. Tax for it cost £12. Comprehensive Insurance was £13. Petrol cost £1.10s a gallon. Engine oil was £5 for a forty five gallon drum and it was Con Spring, uncle of Dick Spring, who delivered the oil. A 36x8 tyre cost £11. At the time the roads were so bad they were continuously changing the tyres.

They bought turf at £6 a load from locals. Christy Harrington and Bridie Sheehy's father Mick Barry sold a lot of turf to them. To buy the same amount today it would cost €500 (£350 approx). They delivered turf to the Tannery in Limerick City, the County Home in Newcastle West, the Creamery in Adare (Bishop Casey's Father was the Manager) and the Creamery in Patrickswell. On delivering the turf to Government institutions they had to get the log book signed to qualify for Government coupons to purchase petrol.

*Billy passed away earlier this year
RIP*



Cheering on the Mall



Kay O'Leary presents Martin Leane with a cheque from the proceeds of a CD produced by the Irish Rambling House. The CD included a song by Joe Harrington sung by Fr Moore, a song by Paddy Keane sung by the senior pupils of Duagh school, "Murray's Men" by Carmel Fitzgerald, and sung by the first and second class pupils and a song by Mossie Ahern sung by Mossie.



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*Best Wishes to the Lyre Journal
from*

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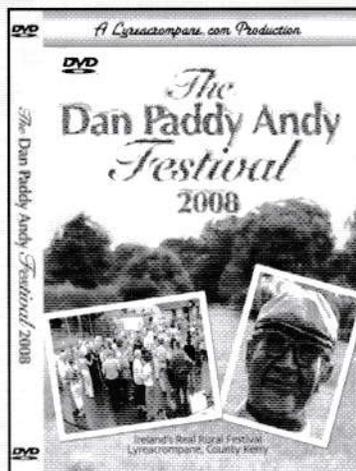
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How Old is Tommy Quille?

Someone asked me recently
"How old is Tommy Quille";
I told him Tommy's been around
Since the time of Jack and Jill.

Sure I remember that old rogue
Since he was a baby buntin
Don't let him fool you 'bout his age,
He must be thirty-something.

He must be more a neighbour said
Sure he has written books
He must be forty five at least
For that's the way it looks.

Another friend was passing by
And ventured for to say
Sure he's met every president
And Taoiseach of the day

He's met the Mayor of Limerick
And talked with Bertie bold
He may yet have to tell Judge Mahon
Of the secrets Bertie told.

He has featured on the radio
And has met the Tralee Rose
He must be sixty years at least
To have met the likes of those!

Now everyone knows Tommy
No matter where their from
Especially since appearing
On Lyreacrompane.com

But still the question lingers
That's very hard to dodge
But the answer must be 40
For it's written on the badge.

Joe Harrington 2008

**Each king in a deck of playing cards
represents a great king from history:**

Spades - King David
Hearts - Charlemagne
Clubs - Alexander, the Great
Diamonds - Julius Caesar

A Poem by Billy Collins

I ask them to take a poem
and hold it up to the light
like a color slide
or press an ear against its hive.
I say drop a mouse into a poem
and watch him probe his way out,
or walk inside the poem's room
and feel the walls for a light switch.
I want them to water-ski
across the surface of a poem
waving at the author's name on the shore.
But all they want to do is tie the poem to a
chair with rope
and torture a confession out of it.
They begin beating it with a hose
to find out what it really means.

YOU KNOW YOU ARE LIVING IN 2008 when...

1. You accidentally enter your PIN on the microwave.
2. You haven't played solitaire with real cards in years.
3. You have a list of 15 phone numbers to reach your family of three
4. You e-mail the person who works at the desk next to you.
5. Your reason for not staying in touch with friends and family is that they don't have e-mail addresses.
6. You pull up in your own driveway and use your cell phone to see if anyone is home to help you carry in the groceries.
7. Every commercial on television has a web site at the bottom of the screen
8. Leaving the house without your cell phone, which you didn't even have the first 20 or 30 (or 60) years of your life, is now a cause for panic and you turn around to go and get it.
9. You get up in the morning and go on line before getting your coffee.

***Wishing the people of Lyre and District
a Happy Christmas and a peaceful new year.***

From Martin Ferris TD & Cllr. Toiréasa Ferris



**Sinn Fein Offices
2 Moyderwell, Tralee
Tel 066 71 29545
29 Market Street, Listowel
Tel 068 24949**



Patrick Brown Ahern & Annie Henneberry on their wedding day in San Francisco, February 27 1908.



Mikey (RIP) and Shelia Carmody



Enjoying the launch of the Thade Gowran CD

Lyre Notes

June 1975

A strong community spirit is demonstrated in the locality in the renovation of St. Senan's Well, Kilsynan. Many people have been cured and consoled by these holy waters down through the years and the cleaning and decorating of the holy well is long overdue.

May 1975

Congratulations to Mr. John Brosnan, Dromadda, who won first place in the 2-row accordion open competition 16-18 years at the Limerick county Fleadh. John also qualified for the Kerry Fleadh in the same class at Ballyduff. A further achievement at this venue was when, together with Mr. Jerry O'Connell, Rathea, won the duet competition.

January 1975

Mr. Michael Kitt, T.D., Galway, who died recently had family links in the district. His maternal grandfather, the late Mr. Thomas Sheehy, was a native of Drommadabeg.

January 1975

GAA. The Lyreacrompane GAA Club will hold their annual general meeting at the Glen on Monday January 13 next at 8 o'clock sharp. All members and intended members are requested to attend.

At a recent meeting of the Lyre GAA Club Mr. Edmund Murphy was unanimously selected to represent the team in the USA on the excursion sponsored by the GAA. It was also decided at the meeting to hold a fund raising dance at the Manhattan Hotel on Saturday

April 19 at 8.30.

Best Wishes – The very best wishes are extended to Mr. Christy O'Donoghue who has left for England .

1975 Duagh Notes

The three farms formerly owned by T. Dillon, J Dillon & T Kelly were divided recently among seven local farmers by the Land Commission. These three farmers were chosen to participate in the first ever co-operative farming scheme to be practised in this country. They now reside in Co.Meath.

Have a Priest in your family It only takes 50 pence a week

(From a Kerryman of 1975)

Adopt one of our boys and have YOUR PRIEST who will pray for you daily, correspond with you regularly and whose priesthood studies you can help to pay for, with as little as 50 pence a week. Persons of means may prefer a pledge of £250 which gives a participation in all his training. Your contributing will mean another priest for God, YOUR PRIEST, and you will share in the blessings of the work you make possible. Write us and get a letter and a photograph from your adopted son and more information about our priesthood sponsorship plan. Please send all donations to : FR. JOHN Porter S .D B., Don Bosco College, Box 2303 Quito, Ecuador, South America, or c/o Bank of Ireland, Tallaght, Dublin.

Before the Mobile

Dáil Éireann - 10 July, 1962

Mr. Dillon: Would it be convenient for the Minister to indicate if there is any prospect of the appalling arrears of telephone applications in the country being reached? When he spoke on his Estimate, the Minister said about 10,000 people were waiting for telephones.

Mr. Hilliard: They are not the same 10,000 all the time, as the Deputy must know.

Mr. Dillon: No: but does the Minister anticipate any future date at which that backlog will be materially reduced?

Mr. Hilliard: The Deputy must realise that applications have been greatly accelerated over the past three years and that it is not the same 10,000 who are on the waiting list all the time.

I cannot at the moment give a clear indication of when the Department of Posts and Telegraphs will be in a position to deal effectively with the waiting list of applicants because I am not in a position to know when the trunk cabling schemes which are in hand at the moment will be completed but it is expected that by next spring we will be in a position to deal more effectively with the waiting list and keep it within manageable proportions.

Michael O'Sullivan

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Wishing all the best to the
Lyreacrompane Journal



Dan Kiely
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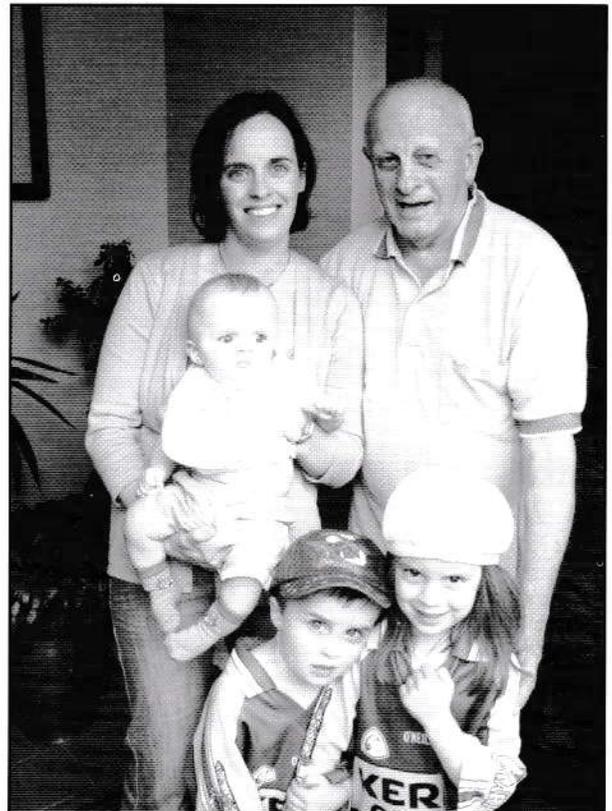
Member K.E.S.
M.C.C. 1979 – 2004
Senator 1987 – 2002

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At Glenageenty, west of Castleisland: In a deep ravine ablaze with furze in May 1962 John Reidy, son of Patrick Reidy and Grandson of Patrick Reidy, points to the place on their farm where Gerald Fitzgerald, the last Earl of Desmond, was captured and beheaded in 1583 after escaping the British in Muinganine. Mr Edmond Fitzgerald is in the foreground.

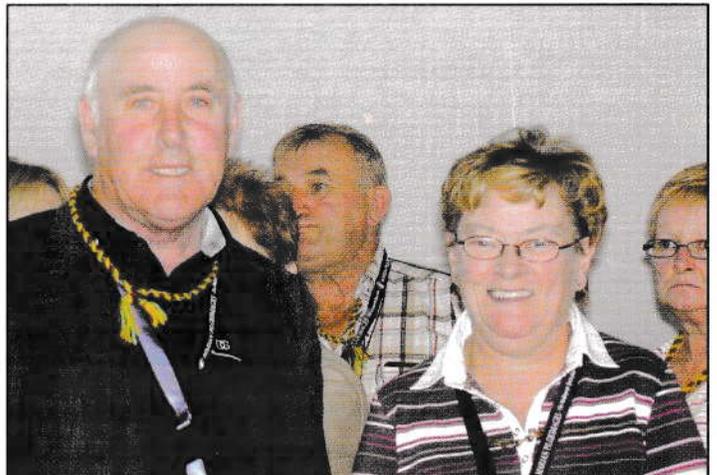
(From O'Keeffe Cois Maine)

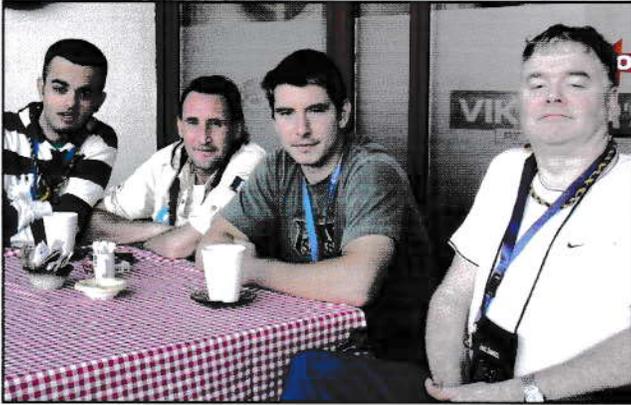
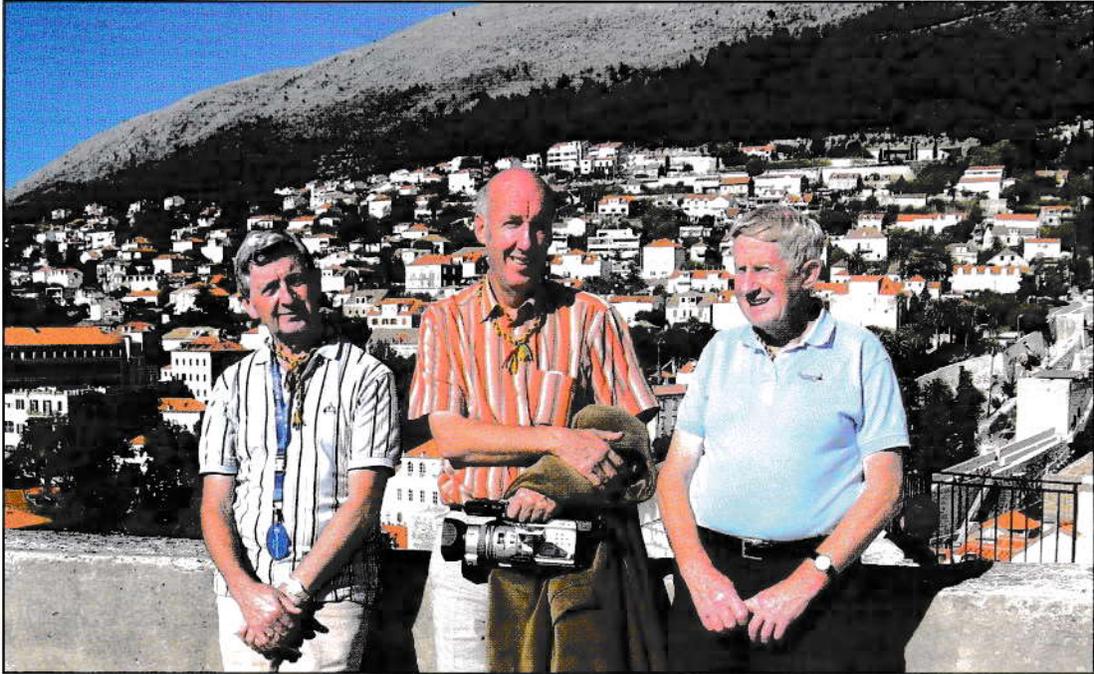


Yvonne Roche with children Abbie, David and James and their grand-dad, Jimmy.

Check out
www.lyreacrompane.com

Duagh/Lyre Parish Pilgrimage To Medjugorje 2007





Kerry Rose of Tralee, Laura Costello, with teacher, Eilish Dillon and Principal, Ciara O'Connor at the tree planting ceremony to mark the occasion of Lyre NS getting its Green Flag

The Spur I recall

(Bridie Quille)

Even though I lived across the river I'm not sure what the word Spur means. Even in the various dictionaries there seems to be divergence of views but it appears that the word Spur means a piece of land projecting from a mountain.

Spur means many things to many people, but as one from across the river I remember it as a vibrant place, its neat houses inhabited by hospitable people. Sadly, those days are but a distant memory. To day an eerie silence broken only by the gentle flow of the Clahane river pervades the scene, and one is forcibly reminded of happier times when the place was so alive.

It might be a friendly wave from Tom Naughton and his wife Mary Doody or perhaps a chat at the gate with Jack Costelloe. Strolling on you will exchange greetings with Maggie Walshe and Nora Kelliher. A few paces on you're sure to meet Kateen Lynch and Johnny Mac. On your travels through Spur one thing is inevitable and that's a meeting with its most colourful character Paddy Kirby, affectionately called "Keerby. We will have more about "Keerby "and the other residents as the story progresses.

To have grown up in a care free environment on the banks of the Spur river listening to the lark soaring overhead and the cuckoo on a distant branch was great. The tranquillity to be felt and enjoyed there would enrich anybody's spirit.

Love on it's banks.

It was on its verdant banks as a pre-teenager I found romance. A group from Clahane used Spur as a short-cut to and from Lyre school. Among them was Joe Quille. Joe and I were classmates from day one all the way through school. I suppose at that age attention to our books should have been our primary objective, and it was, but we found time too for youthful romance. This often came at a price and more than once Joe and some of the other boys were caught in the girl's playground which earned them three or four slaps from the very stern Master O'Sullivan. On another occasion Billy Buckley, our classmate, became the innocent victim. Billy often acted as "Postman" delivering notes in class from Joe and Tom Barry to myself and Kathleen Moriarty RIP. On this particular day the Master pounced and intercepted "The Postman" and the "post" There was hell to pay with the unfortunate Billy being an innocent victim of our love affairs.

The teacher's that followed Master O'Sullivan, Michael Lynch, Rathea, and Leo Stack, Duagh, were more tolerant of "young love," And while their mission was to make us learn, they would turn a "blind eye" to any extra curriculum activities.

Eventually came the end of our school days. A joyous occasion to be sure, yet tinged with sadness too, for the friends made during your school days will always be cherished.

"Neddy's Steps"

In a very short time after our school days were over, Joe and I resumed our affair. He had gone to work in Tralee, but on visits home we would often meet at another Spur landmark, 'Neddy's Steps'. In another era Neddy O'Connor lived at the edge of one of Mikey Nash's fields by the river. He had the use of only one hand, but it was he who put the stepping stones in the river where they remain to this day despite the best efforts of the floods of the Clahane river. The stones weighed up to eight hundred weight.

As I've said "Neddy's Steps" was sometimes the meeting place between Joe and I. Later it was romance on the double, with my sister Mamie and Joe's brother Christy joining us. They were eventually married and sadly in 1984 Christy was bereaved by the death of his beloved Mamie R.I.P.

Joe and I were married in Duagh on February 11th, 1965 and to think it all began on the verdant banks of Spur all those years ago. This coming February we will, DV, be celebrating our 42nd. wedding anniversary, as will my brother Jerry whom married Tersea Lynch, Maugha the same day.

Calling in

I am supposed to be writing the story of Spur, but as you have noted Spur and romance have been intrinsically linked. Coming from Clahane, the first house you met was Tom Naughton and his wife Mary Doody. They had three

daughters and a son. Nearby was Ellie Mary and her husband Timmy Archer. Their daughter Margaret is now living in Limerick City with her husband Mattie Morris and their family. Jack Costelloe was Ellie Mary's step father. He was married to Mary Leary who came from Ardrahan, Ardfert. Both Naughtons and Jack Costelloes houses were thatched and were always in pristine condition - a credit to the occupiers. Thatching then was quite an art and no better men to do an expert job than Tom Naughton and Jack Costelloe. On and across the river was the "New House". Lizzie Costelloe (nee Walsh) lived here with her two daughters Maggie and Nora, and her grand daughters Peggie Walshe and Kitty Kelliher. Both Peggie and Kitty now live in Listowel.

The "New House" and indeed Elly Marys were great places for music and often a dance, particularly on a Sunday afternoon. Even though the Gramophone was invented by Emile Berliner, a German immigrant living in Washington in September 1887, it was still in its infancy around Lyre and in Ireland generally in the 1930s and 40s. Anyway the gramophone was the main source of entertainment in those far off days at the "New House" and Elly Marys. Were these good people to return now how they

would marvel at all the different gadgets we have - the CD and cassette player, the mini disc player, the DVD recorder, the MP3 and of course the personal computer in all its variations.

The next port of call would be to Kateen Lynch who lived at the "Joinings" where the Clahane river meets Glosheore with her husband John McElligott, "Johnny Mac". Johnny originally came from Kilflynn. Kateen and Johnny were people that it was a privilege to know. Kateen never called my brother Jerry anything only "Darby". If I or Mamie were visiting she'd ask where is Darby? And she would have a good reason for the question. In her garden she had a bountiful supply of gooseberries and crab apples and she suspected, often with good reason that Jerry was on a raiding mission. Hence the question - "where is Darby?". But herself and Johnny were people whose likes we shall not look upon again.

Keerby's (Kirby) stories

The story of Spur would not be complete without the one and only Paddy Kirby, who with his wife Hannie and a lovely family lived in a house opposite the well in Dillane's Inch. The stories and yarns about Paddy are legion, and he was a good man to tell a yarn himself

often embellished as only Paddy could. Our house was, invariably, the meeting place in the long winter nights and Paddy was one of the many neighbours that would drop in. Stories were told about ghosts, fairies, piseogs and haunted houses. We heard about Jackie the Lantern and how he made people go astray in fields at night. People related how they went in a gap at night and could not find their way out, even though they knew the fields well.

We listened to these stories from Paddy and from others. We were young at the time and to say we were scared would be putting it mildly. When we would be going to bed Mamie would insist on looking under the bed. I'm not sure what she expected to find there but to tell the truth I was just as scared. There was no electricity in those times and the darkness added to the fear.

Looking back then on this sentimental journey through Spur and its great people reminds us that to know them was a unique privilege. They enriched our lives. In spite of the hardships of the era, the low prices for produce, the lack of amenities, the sheer volume of hard work, they were satisfied with their lot. The rearing of their families and their unshakeable faith were their priorities.

Centenarians

The death recently took place of Patrick M'Elligott, Lybes, parish of Duagh, at the age of 103 years, and of John O'Sullivan, Islandanny, at the age of 104 years. (*Kerry Sentinel*, 30 Jan 1904)

From Duagh to Waterloo!

By Paddy Lysaght

The first shot at the famous battle of Waterloo in 1815 was fired by a native of Duagh, one John Fitzmaurice, who was born in Knockavallig in June 1792.

Like many an Irishman before and after him, John Fitzmaurice joined the British army, and on the fateful day, June 16, 1815, he and his battalion were just beyond Waterloo, at the now well-known Quatre Bras. As his captain was detained in Brussels Fitzmaurice, now a first lieutenant had the good fortune to command the leading company of rifles. At 2 pm. on this very warm day he was standing on high ground when he saw a horseman, apparently in deep thought, coming up the road towards him. Lieutenant Fitzmaurice immediately saw that the horseman was none other than the Duke of Wellington. It is not known whether the Duke recognised Fitzmaurice or not, though they had dined together on at least one occasion and has once hunted side by side. Anyhow when Wellington recognised Fitzmaurice's uniform, the 95th Rifle Corps he called out: "Where is Barnard?" (Barnard was the battalion commander).

'Stop them'

Barnard was quickly found and when he galloped up the duke said to him in the presence of Fitzmaurice

"Barnard, Those fellows (Napoleon's troops) are coming on: you must stop them by throwing yourself into that wood". Barnard then ordered Fitzmaurice to take his company into the nearby wood to harass the Emperor's forces until the remainder of the battalion could be brought up. Just as Fitzmaurice's company was moving towards the wood (and I like to think that the Duke recognised him personally at this point) Wellington told him to go around a little hillock so that he would be sheltered from the enemy's fire. Fitzmaurice did as directed, and as soon as he saw that his men were in the wood, he took a rifle from one of his soldiers and fired a shot as a signal to his men.

That shot started it all and that briefly is how a man born and reared in Duagh began the great and eventful battle of Waterloo.

He was wounded in the thigh that day at Quatre Bras, for which he received one year's pay. Subsequently he received the Waterloo medal and the Hanoverian Order of knighthood. He was made a Major General in 1864.

This Duagh man's colorful career can best be told by a quotation from a letter he wrote to the Duke of Cambridge in 1858 seeking promotion and consequent increased pay.

Rifle Brigade

"Colonel Fitzmaurice'. he wrote "joined the rifle brigade in the peninsula in 1811 and served to the end of the war including the affair at the Mill of

Freixedas, action at Sabugal, battle of Fuentes d'Onor, sieges and assaults of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, action at San Millan and battle of Victoria-skirmishing in advance he there took with two riflemen the first gun captured that day and secured seven prisoners-pursued the enemy to Pamplona, under the walls of which the last gun was taken, battles of the Pyrenees, carrying the heights of Echalar and the fortified pass of Vera, defended an orchard in front Arcangues for a whole day with one subdivision, battles of Nivelles and Nive together with those near Bayonne. He served also the campaign of '15, led the advance guard at Quatre Bras, where he had the honour of firing the first shot, leg broken at the storming of Badajoz and severely wounded at Quatre Bras".

But after such a brilliant career in His Majesty's service his application was refused on a technicality. It was an injustice he never forgot. Undoubtedly Fitzmaurice was in the thick of things, especial during the peninsular Campaign. He was once found by a staff officer "covered in blood from head to foot, but fighting like blazes". When he was wounded at Badajoz he returned to his native Duagh, where he recuperated for a whole year. After Waterloo he again returned to his birthplace, but as his mother was then dead and the family dispersed, he soon left, never to return again.

In 1822 we find him in Valentia Island for a short while

raising a corps of Yeomanry there. He married Frances Watkins in 1824 when he was on half pay. Financial difficulties forced him to enlist for active service again and he and his battalion came to Ireland in 1827 and were stationed in turn at Clarecastle, Cashel, Fet-hard, Birr and Dublin. But they did not remain long. When he returned to England he held various posts in northern England and in London. In 1845 we find him one of the assistant commissioners appointed to carry out public works to alleviate the famine in Ireland. Again his appointment was of short duration, and he does not appear to have accomplished much. One gets the impression that he was a restless soul who could not remain glued to anything for very long.

Brilliant

Fitzmaurice was a brilliant linguist. He knew Latin Spanish, French, Italian and he must certainly have known Irish, though whether or not he was a fluent speaker is not known. He could quote Virgil and Horace freely. In his youth he went to school at Parsonstown, but was sent home from there when he was sixteen. From then on he was taught by a hedge schoolmaster, Mr. O'Sullivan, who often spoke of the grandeur of the O' Sullivan's "descendants of a hundred Milesian Kings". Apparently this O'Sullivan was an excellent scholar who imparted to young Fitzmaurice an abiding love of the classics. It was no easy

matter to have a reputation as a linguist, as Fitzmaurice had, in a regiment that had fought throughout Europe. It is comforting to think that a poor hedge schoolmaster from remote Kerry was the cause of it all.

He died in London on Christmas Day 1866, surrounded by his family. His last words to his son, shortly before he died were from Thomas Moore: "When shall Heaven its sweet bell ringing summon my soul to the fields above".

From The Kerryman January 10th 1975

Paddy Lysaght RIP

When I went to work in Limerick in the mid '60s one of my favourite haunts was the Treaty Book Shop in Catherine Street. This Aladdin's Cave of literature was appropriately underground – in a basement below a ricketystairs. At the time I was particularly interested in books that showed a printed date of pre 1900. The shop had a nice selection of these second-hand treasures. And I still have a few of them somewhere. The shop has long since closed. It was many years later that I came to realise that Paddy Lysaght was the owner of the Treaty Bookshop. Paddy had, in recent years, contributed articles to the Lyrea-crompane and District Journal. However, it wasn't until the day of his funeral that I realised that he was the man who provided for my browsing pleasure on many a wet Saturday morning all those years ago.

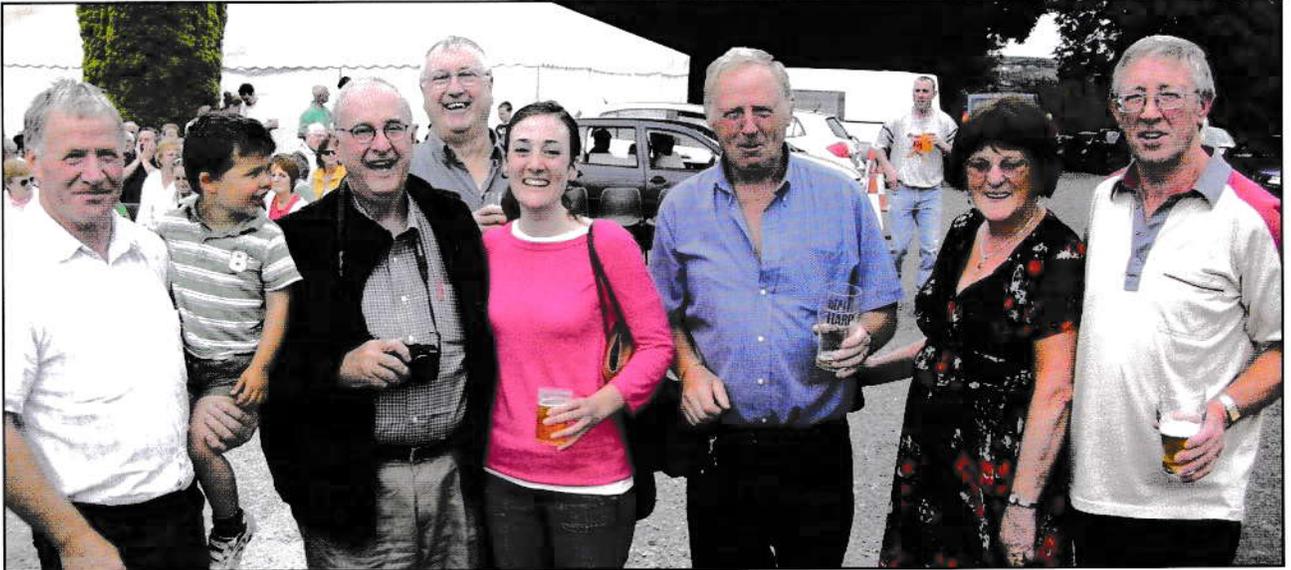
Paddy had a particular interest

in place names and their meaning, especially those around his native Duagh and hinterland. If you wish to know the meaning of any townland in that area a quick glance through some of the earlier Journals will enlighten you. We also carried extracts from Paddy's book on the River Feale and its tributaries. In it he traces each tributary from its source to the Feale and details points of interest along its banks. Being in the printing industry for many years with his brothers in the Treaty Press Paddy was good proof reader and checked a couple of the earlier issues of the Journal for spelling errors before it went to the printers. In doing so he often offered helpful (if at times, some-what severe criticism) of the style of some articles.

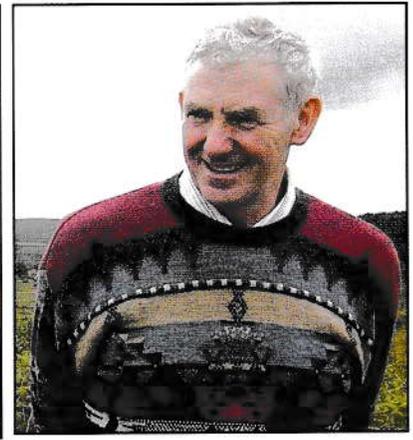
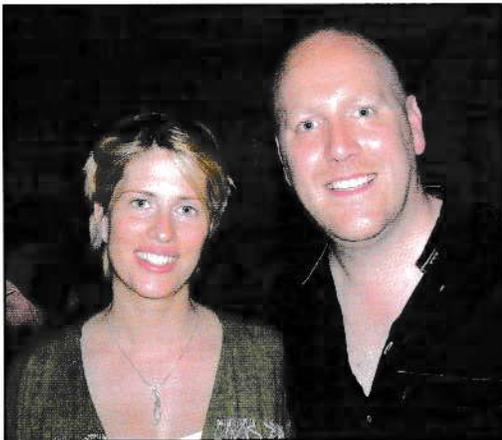
One of Paddy's books that I still have and enjoy is his **Comic History of Limerick**. Apparently he also wrote **A Comic history of Kerry**. I have never come across it but of particular interest to us is **Duagh: It's Story**. Paddy passed away in early 2008 and we extend our sympathy to his sons Sean and Liam and to all his family and friends in the parish and in Limerick.

Joe Harrington

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Bob and Katie Ahern from California meet more cousins at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival



Enjoying the Festival were Clare and Michael Duffy, Nora and John Casey (all back from London for the Festival) and Alfie Lyons

Moving Bog 2008



The Harris home is cut off by the moving bog



The Glashoreigh River and the road near Scanlon's house



Bishop Bill Murphy cutting turf with Michael Lyons during the Bog Walk which was part of Kerry Earth Day in Lyreacrompane 2008



Declan Orr whose mother is Mary (nee Nash from Spur) with Kim and Kim's parents on their wedding day in Tralee