



The last Line of defence! Forest fires are a real threat to life and property in Lyre



Jennifer and Tom Davis on a successful visit from the United States to discover their connection to the O'Sullivan's (Dan Paddy Andys) and the Harringtons of Ballyrehan, Lyreacrompane and Ballincollig. (Initial contact was made through Lyreacrompane.com)

Lyreacrompane & District Journal No 10

We are delighted to be able to bring you the eighty page 10th edition of the Lyreacrompane and District Journal. We are proud that the Lyre area has a past and a present that is worth recording for the future. We think you will enjoy what we have included in this issue and, as always, the collection of material for the next Journal starts right now. Our thanks to all who contributed articles and photos, especially to Kay O'Leary for her tireless research of past events in the area and to the Local History Dept at Tralee Library. Special thanks, in these difficult times, to our advertisers. They help to make the Journal possible so please keep them in mind when you are purchasing during the year. (December 2011)



Kay O'Leary making a presentation to Billy Keane who launched Journal No.9

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Journal Cover Designed by Shane Harrington

OUR HAPPY TIME IN LYREACROPANE

Sr Elizabeth Starken

In an address given by C.S. Andrews, Managing Director of Bord na Mona, in April 1954 we find the following interesting piece of history.

Sir John Purser Griffith was one of many involved in research and development of peat in Ireland at the end of the 19th century and into the 20th century. He had himself gone into the turf business and after experimenting with some semi-automatic machines at a bog which he acquired at Turraun, Co. Offaly, he purchased in 1924 fully automatic machines, built a power house using turf and produced machine turf of first class quality which secured a considerable market even at that time. When the Turf Development Board was formed in 1935 Sir John Purser Griffith generously handed the entire plant and stock over to it at a nominal sum. His experience at Turraun in the drainage of bog and the operating of machines is the basis on which the Turf Development Board (subsequently given statutory authority as Bord na Mona) worked.

This is both interesting and exciting for the Starken family because it was to the above bog at Turraun that Harry Starken first came with the machines from Germany. In the early 1940s Bord na Mona began turf cutting in Lyre. In a young country finding it's way politically, socially and economically it was a great source of hope for the

people. It provided much needed employment and income in hand for hundreds if not thousands of young Irish men. Harry Starken was transferred to Lyreacrompane in the early 1940s with the responsibility of maintaining the machines. We vaguely remember the long journey South from the Midlands. No doubt we asked many a time; "Are we there yet?" Our new home had a green tiled roof, two bedrooms, sitting room, a tiny kitchen and bathroom. The hallway served as a football ground in the wet weather. We lived on the banks of the Smearlagh River close to the Bord na Mona works. Bill Nolan's shop was just up the road from us and at that time Gormans were our nearest neighbours.

It didn't take long to settle and to get to know the people of Lyre - a welcoming warm-hearted people. We had no problem getting into the National school. Our first teacher was Mrs. Sheehy of Cloghane. She came to school every day in her pony and trap and 'parked' the trap in a shed close by. Gabriel remembers well the morning the pony bolted and all the occupants landed in the ditch- nobody hurt luckily enough! Master Paddy O'Sullivan was the Principal and Mary Anne Nolan was the third teacher.

Later in our time Master Leo Stack from Duagh taught in Lyre. As well as the lessons we honed our football skills with Leo. Gabriel remembers Master Stack travelling from Duagh every day in a Baby Ford car. In Gabriel's class were John

Costello, John Keane, John Neville, Teddy Cronin, Margaret Buckley, Mary Roche, Brendan McKenna, Eilis Gorman and others who have slipped from memory.

Football was a very important part of our lives. We tested the fields all around us—Doran's inch, Molyneaux's field beside us, Halloran's inch, and the field behind the Church and in Roche's "Racecourse" for the big important matches. The football was housed in McCarthys, and there it had to be returned at the end of the day. John Davy Nolan, Patrick Brosnan and Tom Naughton trained us well. We played in the North Kerry League and seven asides. Needless to say we didn't bring home any silver! We earned the price of our jerseys and socks footing turf. Money was scarce and we knew it!

We fished the Smearlagh regularly and spent most of the summer swimming - that is when we weren't footing turf. Summers were always good long ago!! Barefoot was the norm-saving the shoe leather. The Listowel Races were always great. Three days of bliss. No school. Summertime was Ballybuniontime - in the sea every Sunday - except when there was a match on radio. We had our priorities. Candles and oil lamps provided the night lights-no flicking of the switch in Lyre those days! Drawing water from the wells around us, especially Sweeney's and Nolan's, was a task for all the children after school every day. The four shops -Nolans in Lyre and Carrig, Dorans across the river

from us and McCarthys provided all we needed through the week. On occasions big shopping was done on a Saturday in Tralee or Castleisland.

The big day in Lyre was the opening of the new Church, fifty years ago now and it seems like yesterday! Pat remembers being an Altar Server in the old Church and the segregation of women and men still lingers in our memory.

There has always been a great sense of community among the people. We had little, but we worked together and everyone helped everybody else. The Meithil was a strong reality in Lyre. Cutting the turf, saving the hay, picking the 'spuds' going to the creamery or going to the fair with the cattle were the

concern of all. Harry Starken made a big contribution keeping the ploughs, the rakes, the mowing machines and the sewing machines in working order. The little baby Ford did many an errand...births, hospitals, funerals and other emergencies... and we could go on and on...

Our lives were grounded in the bog. We lived the rhythm of its seasons. The bog gave texture to our lives, and we were formed and enriched by its hardships, its wealth, and its beauty. I take another few lines from that lecture of 1954 quoted at the beginning... *In one bog operated by the Board in North Kerry the position of cultivable cutaway has almost been reached and in three years hence a fully drained cutaway bog of 500*

acres will be ready for forestry.

And so in 1958 it was time for the Starken Family to pull up roots deeply planted and to return to the Midlands where Harry Starken continued to work on Boora bog Co. Offaly. We will never forget the people of Lyreacrompane for their kindness to us. After 50 years absence we are always delighted to return, to make connections, to meet old friends and to savour again something of the peace and tranquillity which so enriched our lives there. We really enjoyed Earth Day in 2008 and look forward to the next big event. To all of you who continue to engender life and hope in so many ways in this special place we send our warmest greetings.



**Starken Family - Back Row: Gabriel, Frank RIP, Hal, Brian, Patrick
Front Row: Sr. Elizabeth and Marie.**

LAMENT FOR THE HALFDOOR.

Bridie Quille.

As Ireland has become more modern any new houses being built today reflects the new wealth in society and a change in tastes. This, of course, is perfectly understandable and perhaps it shouldn't be any other way but some things you do miss. A friend was recently lamenting the virtual disappearance of the old half-door and recalling its simple virtues in the days pre double glazed picture windows and controllable central-heating and my friend and I recalled with fond nostalgia the row of houses in Pound Road on your way in to Castleisland with their magnificent array of half-doors. What an entrancing sight.

And the pathway down by Spur was another example of an unforgettable era. In earlier times the windows of little houses and cottages didn't really admit much light. They were invariably small, with even smaller panes, and successive years of painting the wooden frames usually meant they couldn't easily be opened. Besides, which the closed window in all seasons of the year was a perfect draught-excluder the opening of the top half-door let in extra light during the day and how easy it was to swing and adjust to establish a nice balance between required daylight, cool air and unwanted gales.

And it was also the perfect controller of both livestock and infant children. With so

many cottages maintaining hens and geese and sometimes goats and pigs in the yard, these could be kept out of the house with the bottom half shut and the top half open to keep an eye on them. When the lady of the house finished making bread, she'd put her hands out over the half-door and rub them clean and have the hens fighting outside for the flaky droppings of flour. Mind you, I've seen bold hens flap up and perch on the half-door peering in for more. But it was highly effective too in keeping the little ones safe inside whilst still allowing the light and air flow in.

How many families have old black and white photographs of parents or grand-parents smiling out over the half-door from within the house. It's a sad fact that apart from the old houses, the half-door is all but gone but we are left with great memories of a great era and of Bridie Gallagher singing "The Half-door".

*"She looked at him with a roughish eye
She said sit down and rest a while
Since you came back from Erin's Isle
We never close the Half-Door
'She said now Sean you'll have to stay
while I wet a sup of tae
Then you can be on your way
and I'll take up the half-door.
She didn't have to ask him twice,
Her currant cake and tae was nice,
Before he left he kissed her twice,
as she leaned across the half-door."*

Johnny Moriarty (late of Lyre and Listowel), Thalassa Lodge, Ballybunion, Co Kerry) – June 5, 2002 (peacefully) at home. John (Bookmaker), founder member of Bord na gCon, past Captain and Trustee of Ballybunion Golf Club and past Chairman and Director of Listowel Race Committee): to the inexpressible but accepted grief of his loving wife Terry and much loved children Edmund (Tralee), Elizabeth (Germany), John (England), David (Navan), Angela (Abbeyfeale), Anne (Dublin), Ruth (Tralee) and his fourteen loving grandchildren, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, nephew and his sincere friend, John Carey and his many friends RIP. Requiem Mass to-day (Friday) at 11.30am at St John's Church, Ballybunion. Funeral afterwards to the adjoining cemetery. (Irish Times, June 7 2002)

In the Stacks...

It was in the Stacks Mountains that John B discovered the Holy Ghost was born in Lyreacrompane. "Some people claimed 'twas Glin", an old man told him, pointing at a mountain, "and more say 'tis Clonakilty, but 'tis up there he was born".

And it was in the Stacks Mountains that John B learned the ballad, *The Road to Athea*, a verse of which he often quotes...

*We arrived in Athea at a quarter to one;
And up to the clergy we quickly did run;
'Twas there we were married without much delay;
And we broke a spring bed that night in Athea.
(Irish Times Nov 24 1998)*

**Lucy Anne
Thompson v.
Patrick and
Michael Ahearne.**
Irish Times, Dec 1 1881

COMMON PLEAS DIVISION.

Before Chief Justice
Monahan and Mr. Justice
Harrison.

This was an action for the recovery of the lands of Knocknaglough, situate mid-way between the towns of Listowel and Castleisland, in the county of Kerry. Mr. J. C. Lane moved for liberty to substitute service of the writ of summons.

It had been attempted to effect personal service, for which purpose the process server proceeded towards the lands under an escort of military and police, but was intercepted by a deep dyke, which had been dug across the road, into which some ambulance wagons fell, and several soldiers were severely injured.

The locality is mountainous and rugged, and no process server could now be got to act in it. The Court granted liberty to substitute service through the post, and by affixing a copy of the writ on the market house at Listowel.

**Moonlighters and
"Daylighters"
around Castleisland
in the late 1800s.**

At a special Petty Sessions held yesterday in Castleisland a young man named Thomas McCarthy was charged with posting threatening notices. Constables Price and Hourigan said that the prisoner was in the act of posting up the following notice when they arrested him – "Take notice that any person seen going to or speaking to D.J.Reidy, the bloody informer, by the God of Heaven, he and they will get the death of Herbert the Tyrant, in spite of the peelers in Kerry. This is the second and last warning to be given. Death will be the next. (Signed) Captain Moonlight. By order, I.R.B."

Under this notice was the shape of a coffin marked "last suit", the shape of a gun above. The case was adjourned and bail refused.

The Kerry Sentinel reports that at about 11 o'clock on Sunday a party of seven armed and disguised "Daylighters" visited the house of a man named Michael Scanlon, a gamekeeper to Miss Lucy Thompson and demanded possession of a gun. Mrs Scanlon and her son, a young lad, were the only occupants of the house at the time and on seeing the "Daylighters" she ran into the room where she knew the gun to be and closed the door, at the same time calling on the little boy to run for the police. He immediately ran off and one of the party fired two shots after him for the purpose of frightening him. He, however, continued to run

in the direction of one of the police huts which are situated some two miles on either side of Scanlans house. Meanwhile the party fired seven shots inside. When the men found that Mrs Scanlon would not open the door they procured a crow bar and smashed it open. They seized the gun and then decamped.

What appears to have been a very determined encounter took place between police patrols and a party of Moonlighters at Caheragh, a short distance from Castleisland on Tuesday night. Shortly after 7pm three patrols left Castleisland and proceeded in the Caheragh direction armed with revolvers and lay in wait there in ditches at either side of the road. About 10 o'clock they heard the Moonlighters coming towards them through the fields and the men walked into the trap set for them.

A severe struggle, it is stated, then took place and three of the men were arrested on the spot. The others decamped in different directions. In the struggle two shots were fired by the Moonlighters at the police. Those of the Moonlighters who had fled in the first moment of surprise had by this time returned and fired other shots at the police and the police returned fire. Immediately after the occurrence the police arrested five other men. The prisoners were brought to Castleisland before Mr Considine, resident magistrate, and remanded. A considerable amount of ammunition was found at the house of some of the prisoners.

Trekking, Turbary and Turbines.

(Or Boots, Bogs & Blades)
Tomás Crowley

We've only done it twice but already it seems like a long-established tradition. It seems as though we can find our way there blind-folded (probably true!) and we already know that 16th March next is a Friday and so another good week-end is in prospect.

It started when Dan Devane took a few of us around the lovely walks developed by the local community in Lyreacrompane. The Tuesday group had already sampled the tracks installed to service the wind turbines around Ballincollig Hill and Kilmore Hill. I suppose it was inevitable but of course it still took the Alderwood Agitator to pose the question – Why not walk from Leith to Lyre?

16th March 2010 and the first trip tested us to our limits!

The text went out as usual and an enthusiastic group of 15 boarded Peters bus to be taken to the start, up past Leith under the bulk of Cruisline. We use the turbine track to access Ballincollig Hill. The strange name somehow reassures our much maligned Cork contingent and there is much good humour in spite of deteriorating weather conditions. The natural "lie" of Ballincollig Hill soon returns us to the Maugha road. A kilometre and a half or so on the tar and we swing left at a small bridge onto an older track heading into the Stacks Mountains and towards Maghanknockane. The minor cul de sac road coming up from the Kilflynn direction is reached in good order, although two of the

group are temporarily disconnected as they take a subsidiary track in error. On reaching the road we swing right before bearing left after a few hundred metres and crossing open bog to gain the turbine tracks serving the wind farm on Beennageeha Mountain.

Wind turbines are visually obtrusive, noisy at close quarters and seem to contribute little to the economies of the local communities in which they are placed. Nonetheless they are a Godsend if walking in poor terrain and/or in challenging weather conditions and there may be potential to use them to promote safe walking in areas otherwise limited in this regard.

In our case the track takes us quickly to the eastern end of Beennageeha Hill and the open bog land again. The night has really closed in by now, with misty rain further reducing visibility. We progress along super-saturated ground towards Muingatlaunlush, but now our challenges really present themselves. We are confronted with an increasingly insidious feature of "disadvantaged" rural countryside. Forestry plantations are now round about us and there is no discernable route to Lyreacrompane. We decide to take a direct compass bearing for the old Bord na Mona turf loading platform at Carrigcannon as the map shows this direction to be forest free. After a few hundred metres we come to a gate at the end of a fine new track. A few of the group seize on this as an easy way out but it takes us at right angles to our direction. However, now the compass is king and we mere subjects to

its regal bearing and so we maintain a heading for Carrigcannon. The ground becomes incredibly difficult to negotiate and the head torches frequently pick out one of the crew sliding into, or scrambling out of a bog hole, break of briars or some morass of heather and furze! Even more incredibly a dark fatalistic good humour is maintained and all are content to do whatever is needed to maintain progress.

After what seems like forever the compass delivers on its promise and pours us onto the main road at Carrigcannon. From here the "gain for the pain" is a close prospect and Roche's' Four Elms public house is easily reached.

We have phoned ahead to avoid "ambushing" the good people of Lyre as they begin to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. But the reception we receive is welcoming and generous to a fault. We are wet and bedraggled and need to freshen up and change into "party clothes" in the pub facilities. But the commotion is taken in their stride by the community, and we are presently surprised to be plied with a huge selection of sandwiches, compliments of the Dan Paddy Andy Committee, as we turn to the business of fluid replacement after our long trudge from Leith. The sandwiches soon replace our depleted energy and put us in the mood for dancing. Stevie is playing and singing up a storm near the front door and we have no trouble tuning into his rhythm. Before long most of the walkers and locals alike are on the floor and sets, jives and foxtrots are interspersed with frequent trips to the bar. In general the community are bemused by what we have done, with

the younger members almost incredulous that we should willingly decide to head for Lyre and forsake the attractions of Tralee. But we have an affinity with communities such as these and we chat about the difficulties they face in trying to maintain the vitality of what is a very worthwhile social and physical environment.

The dancing continues until very early in St. Patrick's morning despite almost sliding (literally!) to a halt earlier when moisture on the dance floor makes the activity unsafe. I am amazed that such a fine bar should suffer from condensation problems but further investigation reveals a more esoteric cause! One of our group (with strong local connections!), has failed to realise that leaving his change of clothes in the bus - *due to arrive at the end of the night* - is not a smart move to make. By dancing in his bog-sodden boots, he discharges water on the dance floor with each rhythmic step! Once again the good people of Roche's bar take it in their (rather than his!) stride, and safe

dancing is soon restored by dint of some vigorous mopping!

All too soon the bus arrives and we must face the road home to Tralee. We thank our hosts, apologise for intruding on their celebrations and threaten to return in twelve months.

16th March 2011, and we are as good as our word. A little judicious reconnaissance in the meantime means that we now have a fine route to Lyre down to an art! The real clincher is the discovery that the fine new track seen at right angles to our course on the maiden trip shortly turns left and runs parallel to our original course! Most of the falling and rising was done with this hidden just to our right in the fog! This time Lyreacrompane is easily reached (we even have a choice of approaches to the Four Elms at the end!).

On arrival we stop at the memorial to the matchmaker Dan Paddy Andy, with its intertwined wedding bands and bronze bust of the soft-featured man of the triple name. We read the evocative words of the great John B.

"As we roved out to the land of Lyre, and the old grey world was turned to fire, in the month of May in the morning." Ah yes, we think it even holds true in the month of March in the glooming!

Our group is bigger, with some, perhaps traumatised by the drama of the original expedition, passing up the walk but making sure to be in Lyre when the entertainment starts! In spite of our now significant presence the welcome is even more fulsome, the interaction with the community more engaged and the dancing more vigorous than before.

We drink, dance and chat the night away before departing over the Ivy Bridge in the early hour with more fine memories of Lyre. Kay and Joe must get little rest as a look on the website, www.lyreacrompane.com, on St. Patrick's morning finds their excellent photographs already in place to confirm, or in some cases restore, images of a wonderful night! Long may such nights continue!



Walkers and locals celebrating St Patrick's Eve, 2011, at the Four Elms in Lyre.

The Dan Paddy Andy Festival Committee is holding the 2012 Eve of St Patrick Day celebrations at the Four Elms on Friday, March 16. www.lyreacrompane.com will carry more details later.



Photos from the 2011 Dan Paddy Andy Festival



Some photos from the Dan Paddy Andy Festival 2011 and on the right Colm and Thomas Flynn at the plaque marking Dan's old homestead at Renagown.



One of the last nights at the old Four Elms before it was demolished.

Christmas Long Ago.

In December 1996 Deirdre Walsh carried the following interview in the *Kerryman* with Denis Nolan from Lyre. "Densy", as he was affectingly known, was a tailor.

Denis Nolan from Glountane, Lyreacrompane thinks all the fun has gone out of Christmas. "I can remember a lot about Christmas from about the age of seven. Christmas was a big treat in those days, because the excitement only went on for a week. Now it starts in October and goes on right to the end of the year," he said.

Denis recalled the old custom of shopkeepers giving what was called "a Christmas box" to their customers. "You'd get a pound of tea and maybe half a stone of sugar or bottle of whiskey in the box. Every family would get one from their shop", he said. "I remember walking to midnight Mass on Christmas Eve and seeing all the candles in the windows. It was beautiful. There's nothing like that nowadays".

Denis remembers that most people didn't have much money long ago, and Christmas presents were often scarce. "All you'd get in your Christmas stocking was a couple of tin whistles and a sixpence. Our parents didn't have much money but there was always plenty of food in the house." The best thing about Christmas long ago, Denis believes, was the social side of it - people calling to each other's houses. "Every house would get in a jar of porter and the house would be full every night with visitors and family, telling stories and singing songs. And then the next night, everyone would go to a

different house in the area." He thinks the younger generation don't really appreciate the true spirit of the festive season. "There was always peace and happiness and every one was friendly and got on with each other in those days. That seems to be gone too I'm afraid", he said.

Great Craftsmen in Knocknagoshel.

Cobbling, smithwork, a small amount of tailoring and carpentry still live on in this district. Best cobbler of the old days was Dick Breen, whose skill for making strong boots for work on the land was widely well known.

The village possessed two forges but with the advent of rubber tyres and the consequent fall in the use of the common wheel, work soon slackened. The most famous Smiths were Charles Begley, John Murphy and Tom Begley of Ballincartin.

The Tailors of the village were Dan Murphy, Charles Hartnet, Jim Griffin and Tom Horan each of whom had several men, including journeymen, employed for most of the year. These journeymen went from place to place receiving a few days work from the local tailor and a "tip" for the road. Some would remain for months and others just long enough to earn cash to take them to the next town.

Carpentry consisted mainly of cart making along with an odd piece of furniture. The names of Daniel Carmody and Tom Broderick will always be associated with wheel making in this area. Others were; Tom Piggott, J Roche and P O'Sullivan who were well known builders of haysheds. (*Kerryman March 27, 1971*).



The late Denis "Densy" Nolan

Maurice Nelligan

The grandfather of Maurice Nelligan the eminent heart surgeon who died in October 2010 came from Duagh. Davy Nelligan was the head teacher in Templeglantine NS in the 1870's until he retired in 1921. Davy was married to Lizzie Mullane from Doonakenna, Templeglantine. Lizzie also taught at Templeglantine NS. Davy & Lizzie lived in the teacher's residence attached to the schoolhouse. Their son Seán, Maurice Nelligan's father, was a Marconi wireless operator. Maurice's uncle David was a spy for Michael Collins. He wrote about his exploits in 'The Spy in the Castle'. He went on to become chief superintendent with Garda Siochana when it was set up in 1922. But when Fianna Fáil came to power in 1932 David was relegated to a minor job in the Land Commission.



Davy Nelligan

Adrian (Aidie) Maria Marsham

Adrian and I first arrived in Lyreacrompane in 2003. We travelled from Tralee to visit our friend Jo who had recently moved into the area. We set out to find her, following her directions to the letter. Well, we did not find her exactly but we found the 'house' known locally as Matt Doran's cottage. The door was unlocked so we went inside to find house martins in residence and no sign of the human occupant. The landscape, though beautiful, was wild and uninviting. We wondered how Jo could live up here. The following year, while visiting again, we looked at each other in amusement as Jo informed us that she was selling the site next to the cottage and that it might just suit us as we were planning to move back to Ireland. I thought the area was too remote but Aidie took a different view and as time moved on we decided to buy the site and take our chances in Lyre.

By 2005 the foundations were down and the die was indeed cast. And so we, the newly wed Mr and Mrs



Adrian Marsham

Marsham, arrived in Lyre, lock, stock and barrel at the end of July 2006.

Unfortunately, the building took much longer than anticipated and we ended up renting a house in Listowel for five months and did not move into our new home until the 3rd of March the following year.

We were very happy to settle down. It was so quiet and it took some getting used to but the natives were friendly and we felt at home straight away. Adrian was delighted with the wide open spaces and loved to ramble the roads and chill out. The ancient unspoilt spirit of the place suited him and he felt a sense of belonging to it.

Adrian had already joined the Listowel Folk Group and hardly ever missed a practice session with them on Thursday nights or the folk mass on Saturday nights in St Marys. He managed to get some part time work with the Irish Heart Foundation overseeing the maintenance of their Sli na Slainte walks in Kerry and neighbouring counties. He was also busy studying for his Diploma in Social Integration and Enterprise at UCC.

Adrian had always been very much in tune with his Irish heritage through his mother who came from Tuam in County Galway. The rest of 2007 was spent busily settling in and sorting out the house.

At Christmas we had a gathering of our family for the celebration of the christening of our grand-

daughter, Mai, at the Sacred Heart church, Lyrea. We had a full house of family, neighbours and friends. It was a very special Christmas.

In the spring of 2008 Adrian started to feel unwell. He was treated in Kerry General Hospital in May. We thought everything was alright and that he would feel better soon. He went in to KGH again in early September where it was discovered that Adrian had a mass in his chest that was later diagnosed as cancer. We prayed for a miracle but it was not to be. After a six weeks stay in hospital he was happy to come home at last. He was just so contented to be back home in Lyrea relaxing in front of the fire; far away from the busy hospital wards.

A few days later he was readmitted to KGH and his gentle soul passed away peacefully in the early hours of October 16th. It was comforting to know that the few days at home in Lyre were a great joy to him. It sustained him for the journey ahead.

Adrian was a planner. He had ambitions and dreams and hopes and aspirations for the future ahead. Life was really only beginning. His childhood was spent amongst the Irish enclave centred around the Sacred Heart Church on Mere Road, Leicester.

He rests now in the tranquil burial ground near the Sacred Heart Church in Lyreacrompane. It was his wish to be buried there. He is, for evermore, a part of beautiful Lyreacrompane as he used to call it.

From Glashnacree to Washington DC.

Angela Quill Henderson

The search for my family history began in the year 2000. Perhaps it was the beginning of a new millennium or else the approach of another birthday that made me decide to keep a record of my ancestry. On a visit to the Church of the Sacred Heart in Lyreacrompane I climbed the spiral staircase to view the stained glass windows that were supposed to have a connection with my family. The magnificent colours were particularly vivid on that day. I tried my best to take photos – one step too far and I would end up on the floor below!

The inscriptions led me to names I had only barely remembered my uncle Mike talking about. I decided I would try to find out about these people; where did they go and where were they buried? The window inscriptions refer to Laurance Quill, his siblings Johanna, Julia, Nellie, James, Margaret and Mary. I knew that some had immigrated to the States during the middle of the 1800s so, when we got a computer I started my quest.

On joining a genealogical website I was able to find Census records, data on immigration dates and even the names of two ships that carried my ancestors to, probably, a better life on the other side of the ocean. Laurance had become a policeman in Washington DC and the siblings were all

in the general area as well. Through the internet I was able to contact a cemetery in Washington that had records of Laurance, Johanna, Nellie and Mary.

I wondered if one day I could make the trip to see the plot for myself! Little did I know that my wish would come true sooner than I had imagined! 2003 saw me arriving in Washington, going to Mount Olivet Cemetery and actually touching the monuments that read:

- **Laurance Quill, a native of Glashnacree, Co Kerry, Ireland, died 23 June 1916.**
- **Julie Quill McCarthy, a native of Glashnacree, Co Kerry, Ireland, died August 14, 1914**
- **Ellen A Quill, a native of Glachnacree, Co Kerry, died January 20, 1923.**

Johanna died on March 8, 1943 and is also buried in the same plot but, unfortunately there is no inscription for her. All were single except for Julia but she left no issue.

Another sibling, Daniel, also settled in Washington and worked as an attendant at St. Elizabeth's Hospital where he was joined by Laurance in later years. Daniel did return to Ireland in 1900 and married Ellen McElligott from Coolnaleen on February 6, 1904. Unfortunately he died quite young in 1913. Timothy remained on the farm and married Bridget Reardon of Knocknaghlough, Lyreacrompane on February 2, 1915. Later they moved to Ballybunion c. 1938 with my father Timothy, sisters Hannai Mai and Margaret

(Peggy) and brother Michael. Only one survives today, namely my Uncle Mike, in his 80s and now living in Nottingham in England. The cemetery in Kilshinane is the resting place for siblings Daniel, and Timothy. Two headstones mark the memory of a family that are scattered from Glashnacree to Washington DC.



ALL KINDS OF EVERYTHING

Compiled by **Joe Quille**

In Ireland the small friendly local shop is rapidly becoming a thing of the past because nowadays we buy most of our food in supermarkets. Did you know that our fast efficient Supermarkets were the brainchild of an enterprising American grocer Clarence Saunders? Clarence, who worked in an American grocers shop noticed the customer had to wait in a long queue while the food was put on scales, weighed, wrapped and then paid for. This took quite a long time. One day Clarence thought of a better way. Why not weigh and wrap the food first and then put it on the shelves. Then customers could help themselves. In 1919 Clarence Saunders opened the World's first self-service supermarket in Memphis, Tennessee.

Nash's Red Lemonade.

In Ireland lemonade is a popular summer drink - that is when we do get a summer. Known as water imperial, lemonade was first drunk in the 1400s. Lemonade didn't really catch on until the 17th. Century, when it was first mentioned in a play, "The Parsons Wedding", written by a friend of the famous diarist, Samuel Peppe. However, lemonade remained a fairly ordinary, unexciting, drink until 1792 when F Priestly put the first fizz in to lemonade. John Grattan, an enterprising young Dublin chemist brought Priestly to Ireland. He set up a shop in Belfast's busy Corn market where he

made ginger ale, lemonade and soft drinks. In Belfast also Mr Cantrell produced refreshing aerated waters with his friend Henry Cochrane and so began the renowned Irish firm Cantrell and Cochrane (C&C).

At one time there were 5,000 lemonade factories in America. To day these are considerably reduced. In modern Ireland special diet lemonades containing artificial sweeteners instead of sugar are big business.

Most of my life has been served behind bars - public house ones that is - not the other kind and I've had ample time to sample the different brands too numerous to mention but for me there was none to compare with Nash's Red. It had, in those years of the 60s and 70s, a flavour unequalled by the rest, and that is the highest accolade I can give it.

Did you Know?

The term Cloud Nine means to be happy or pleased is derived from different types of cloud segregation in the US weather bureau, which were divided into nine separate types - No 9 being the highest in the sky. So to be on Cloud 9 means to be highest up.

Lightning is a huge spark of electricity. Thunder is the sound made by the air as it is suddenly heated up by the lightning. They both happen the same time, but light travels faster than sound, so we see the lightning first and then hear the thunder. When lightning flashes from a cloud to earth it takes the easiest path. It is always

attracted to the highest point in the area which is often a tree.

The United States of America's nickname "Uncle Sam" was derived from Uncle Sam Wilson, a meat Inspector in Trog, New York. Wilson's "US" stamped on meat barrels prepared for the US army was interpreted by some workers to stand for their boss "Uncle Sam". The legend grew in newspaper cartoons and during the civil war the figure of Uncle Sam took on the appearance of President Lincoln.

Left Handed People

Research reveals that left handed people are more intelligent than those who are right handed. Just one in three are left-handed, yet it is reckoned there are more geniuses among them than those who use their right hand. Left handers have a higher intelligence and use words more creatively. They excel in music, song and writing. Some famous left-handers include Barack Obama, Gerald Ford, former tennis player Jimmy Connors, Paul McCartney, Bob Dylan and Charlie Chaplin. But it must also be noted that some infamous left-handers included Billy the Kid, the Boston Strangler, and Jack the Ripper. For hundreds of years it was widely believed that the devil was left handed and that he baptised his followers with his left hand.

The Pill

The pill was invented in 1951 by the American, Gregory Pincus of the Winchester Foundation for experimental Biology

Masschuesess and John Rock. These doctors worked for five years to develop a definitive contraceptive that would be without danger - safe, simple, practical, suitable for all women, and ethically acceptable for the couple. The initial clinical tests were performed in 1954, and the first large scale experimentation took place in 1956, in San Juan, Puerto Rico with 1,808 female volunteers. The first pill to be marketed was Enovrd 10 manufactured by G.D.Searle Inco Illinois.

Useful inventions

The Domelar manufactured in Chicago 1913 was the

first functional household fridge. In 1918, Nathaniel Walesm, an American, designed a device that was widely marketed under the name Kelvinator. The Swedes, Carl Muners, and Balzer Von Platen succeeded in constructing a silent and functional refrigerator. They filed their patent in 1920, and developed a condenser device in 1929. The U.S. Company, General Electric manufactured a hermetically sealed unit, and in 1939 it introduced the first dual temperature fridge. This allowed frozen foods to be kept in one compartment.

The Milking Machine.
The invention of the milking machine dates from the 19th Century. The first model was made by an American, I.Q.Colvin in 1862. After this, in 1889 the Scotchman, William Marchland, developed a constant suction machine. On the 23rd, March 1977 the Swedish Company, Alfa Lavel, patented an entirely automatic milking system and the only manual operation was to attach the caps to the udders. A single farmer could now milk a large number of cows at the same time.



**Billy McKenna
Knockalougha School 1956**

Billy played with the Sliabh Luachra Comrades which included Johnny Leary, Mick Duggan and Tim Kiely. He also played with The Ramblers along with Dan Herlihly and Timmy O'Connor. The groups played mainly in Cork and Kerry. They were recorded by Ciaráin McMahuna in 'Down the Country' and they went to a studio in Dublin to be recorded in *The Best of Kerry* album. Billy mainly played the flute but can play trumpet and accordion. His father William played the fiddle.



William McKenna, Knockaunebrack, Lyreacrompane and Mary Culhane, Kinard, Glin, Co. Limerick who married in Sept 1944. Mary's uncle was married to Williams's cousin in NY. William McKenna's mother was Margaret Sullivan from Caherciveen - they were known as the 'Mar' Sullivans. Willian and Mary were the parents of Billy (in the photo on the left)

**Eileen of
Enright's Bridge
A Lyre woman's story.
Fr Pat Moore PP**

When Eileen Enright left Lyreacrompane National School in 1959, she left empowered by her teachers, Mrs Sheehy and Master Hannifin to take on anything. It meant cycling the untarred road down to Smearlagh bridge and then into Listowel for secondary schooling. She knew every pot hole on that road. Then after a while in their Convent in Ardfert she was invited to California by the Auburn Mercy Sisters. It was and is mission territory. There she studied in the San Francisco College for Women (now the University of San Francisco) and trained to be a teacher. A large part of her life was now spent teaching and being principal for twelve years. Then she was associated Superintendent for schools in Sacramento before becoming Chancellor of the Diocese of Sacramento. A first for a woman!

While there she helped out in bringing "Cristo Rey" to Sacramento. As you may know there is a lot of wealth and a lot of poverty in America. We do not see much about poverty but it is there and real and growing. Cristo Rey is a school project started in Chicago and is now in 24 cities in the U.S. It gives children from deprived backgrounds a chance to go to a high school with a difference. Four days they are at school but on one day a week they are bussed out into a business place to work. Before they go they are trained in hygiene, dress, and office work. These are not common sense for people if you were not reared with them. Small class sizes and this experience mean that

they leave to be employable. Furthermore each pupil gets a sense of worth, an attitude that makes them want to get back on the horse after a knock. They describe the school as giving them a feeling of family though the lessons are often hard.

Eileen Enright is President of Cristos Rey in Sacramento. She co-ordinates all the good work going on and has a forensic approach to the school. She knows all the staff and 250 students personally, their story, she knows everything from buying and maintaining a bus to the price of bread. She has to balance the budget but in a way that has put people first. I was lucky enough to experience this at first hand and what amazed me was how well known and respected she is for her work in the States and how much has been written up on it.

Inspired by growing up in Lyre a recent article on Eileen shows how much she draws on her early education here among us. "Moltar í agus sin in ar dtost" as they say in Irish (she is praised even when we are silent). I toured Cristo Rey with Eileen, she starts work at 6.30am and

she has energy for the rest of the day. She told me:- "It is rewarding to be at Cristo Rey every day. I am humbled by the students and their families. This isn't work - it's a privilege".

Public Auction

Bungalow and plot of land
(one rood and 20 perches)
By Bord na Mona at Glountain
January 16 1960

The house in the above notice which appeared in the Kerryman fifty years ago became the home of John Joe Nolan. John Joe Sheehy described him in a verse.

*Down in Glountain there is an
old Defender
He has so many names I can
hardly remember
They call him the "Council"
and John Joe Sean
And He's known as the "Bord"
all over Glountain*

According to John "Davy" Nolan he was called the "Bord" after a comment he made about a priest who had intervened in a strike that took place in Bord Na Mona.

"Council" wasn't convinced of the impartiality of the priest and concluded that "The priest and the Bord are all the one".



Sr Eileen Enright (on left) with her sister Joan Roche

GAA Bits and Pieces **Compiled by Joe Quille**

The game of football may date back to the Middle Ages in Ireland. In 1338 a football match was played on the frozen Liffey and 400 years later a football game is again recorded on the frozen Dublin river in 1740.

In Ireland the National game of hurling has been played for over 2,000 years and features in many ancient legendary tales. A hurling match preceded the battle of Moytura near Cong, Co. Mayo about 1272 BC. In 1367 hurling was forbidden by the statue of Kilkenny and in 1527 the statue of Galway also banned the game of hurling.

Following the devastation caused by the Great Famine Gaelic games almost disappeared in Ireland. In 1879, some thirty years after the event the athletes, Michael Cusack, a Clare born teacher, and PW Nally from Mayo took a stroll in the Phoenix Park. They discussed on that occasion the revival of Irish games which brought about the birth of the Gaelic Athletic Association on the 1st of November 1884 at a momentous meeting held in Hayes Hotel, Thurles. The 37 year old Michael Cusack was elected Secretary, and the famous athlete Maurice Davin became President. National figures, Archbishop Thomas Croke of Cashel, Charles S. Parnell and Michael Davitt were the Association's first Patrons.

Those who never won an All-Ireland are spoken of with fondness. In football, Dermot Flanagan (Mayo),

Charlie Gallagher (Cavan), Eugene Hughes (Armagh), Frank McGuigan (Tyrone), Brian McEniff (Donegal), Sean O'Connell (Derry), Liam McHale (Mayo), Gerry O'Malley and Dermot Earley (Roscommon), Joe Kernan (Armagh), Packy McGarry (Leitrim), Sean O'Connell (Derry) and Kerry's Tom Prendergast.

Hurling is no different. Stars like Gary Kirby, Ollie O'Connor and Leonard Enright (Limerick), Ger Loughnane and Seamus Durack (Clare), Noel Dromgoole (Dublin), Joe Sammon (Galway), Mattie Forde (Wexford), Josie Gallagher and Joe Sammon (Galway) have never won an All-Ireland senior medal.

The All Stars. In the spring of 1971 four GAA writers met in Dublin to discuss the chances of reviving an awards scheme from the 1960's, whereby the country's best hurlers and footballers - in their respective positions - were honoured on an annual basis. That fruitful meeting led to the founding of the GAA All -Star scheme.

A selection committee of ten writers and broadcasters picked the first teams and Carroll's cigarette company became the sponsor, a position they held until 1979. And so on December 15, 1971, Offaly hurling goal-keeper, Damien Martin, took his place in sporting history when he accepted the very first GAA All-Star award. The others were, Tony Maher (Cork), Pat Hartigan (Limerick), Jim Treacy (Kilkenny), Tadgh O Connor and Mick Roche (Tipperary), Martin Coogan,

Frank Cummins and Eddie Keher (Kilkenny), Francis Loughnane and Michael 'Babs' Keating (Tipperary), Mick Bermingham (Dublin), Ray Cummins (Cork), Eamonn Cregan (Limerick) and John Connolly (Galway).

GAA Trivia. In the first All-Ireland football final Limerick Commercial beat Young Irelands Dundalk. In the early years counties were represented in the All Ireland series by their club champions.

The only footballer to win an All Ireland medal in a 60 minute and 70 minute final was Brendan Lynch Kerry. Five Delaney brothers played for Laois in the 1936 football final when they were beaten by Mayo. Their Uncle Tom was in goal. When Dublin won the All Ireland in 1906 and 1907 they had players from 10 counties but none from Dublin itself!

Michael Cusack became the first General Secretary of the GAA in 1884. There were 14 General Secretaries after Cusack including Luke O'Toole and Padraig O'Caoimh until Sean O'Siochain (1964-1979) when he became Director General. Liam Mulvihill (1979-2008) succeeded O'Siochain and Padraic Duffy became Director General in November 2007.

Limerick's seven hurling crowns were won over six decades. The only decade they won two titles was the 1930's (1934 and 1936). The county has taken only one All-Ireland in the last 69 years -1973.

Clare went 81 years between their All-Irelands. The longest number of years to have passed between a county winning All-Irelands Football finals is 115 years. Limerick footballers won their second crown in 1896, but haven't been able to add another up to 2011. But Kerry hurlers can better this. The Kingdom landed their only title 119 years ago in 1891.

Kerry's hundredth Football All-Star was Marc O'Shea (2006). A year later Marc, together with his brothers

Dara, and Tomas became the first set of brothers chosen on the same All Star football team.

It was not until 1999 that a goalless All Ireland senior hurling final was played. Cork beat Kilkenny (0-13 to 0 - 12).

In 1924 fans paid five shillings to sit in the newly erected wooden Hogan Stand. A new scoreboard on the Railway end was used that year for the first time.

Mick Crowe from Limerick

refereed 9 All Ireland Senior Finals (7 in hurling and 2 in football).

The GAA produces 45,000 match programmes for each of the All-Ireland senior finals. In November 1913 the name "Croke Park" was used for the first time. In 1896 the height of the crossbar in GAA games was lowered from ten and a half feet - to eight feet and the first County Board to be established was Wexford in 1886.

Duagh – 1960 North Kerry Senior Football Champions



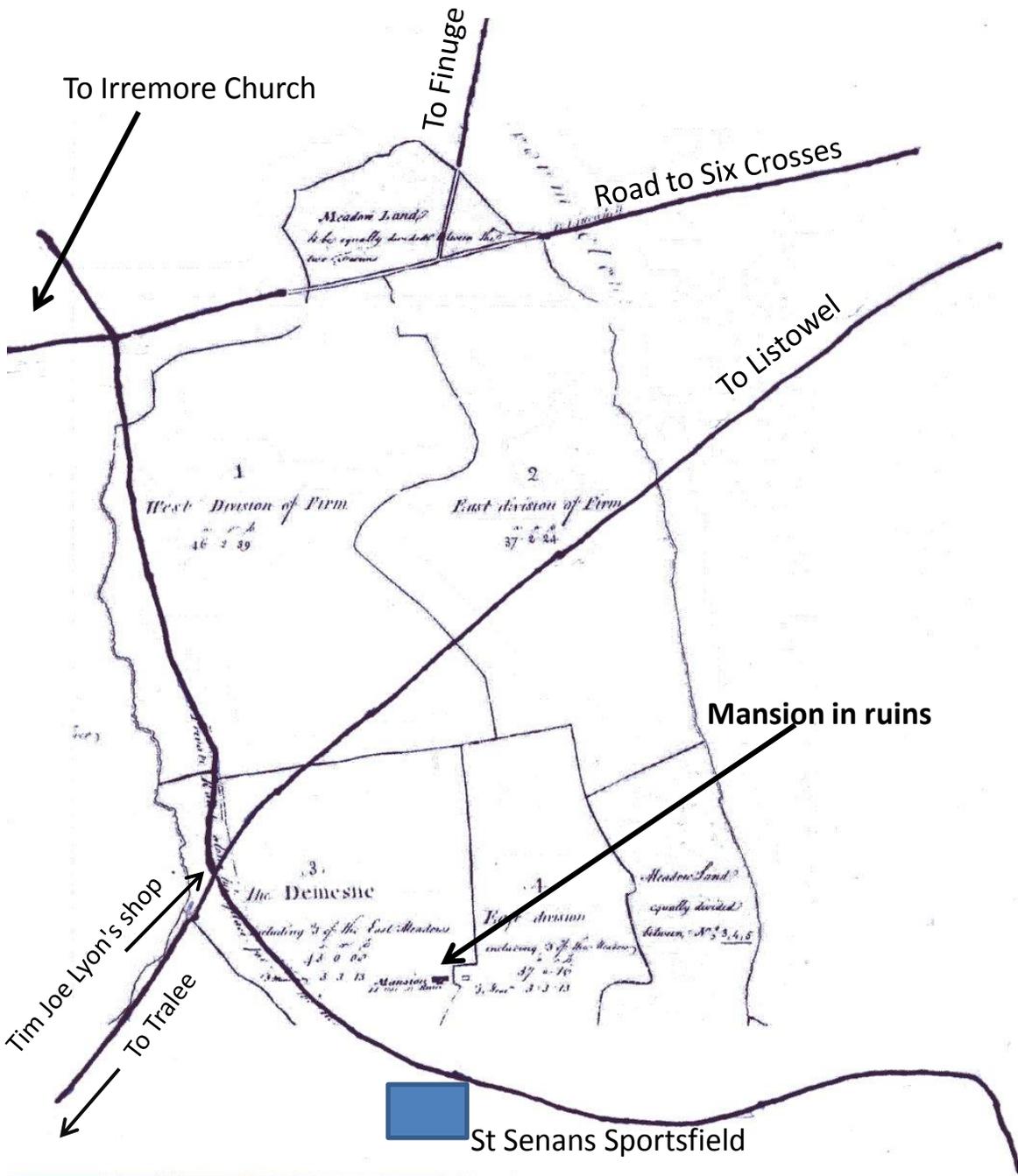
Back – Billy McCarthy, RIP, Lyre, Timmy Joe Brandon, Kilmorna, Dan McAuliffe, RIP, Duagh Village, Jimmy McNamara, RIP, Derrindaffe (wearing cap), Pat Dillon, Trienearagh, Jack Buckley, RIP, Lyre, Fr. Vincent O'Connell, Moynsa, Matt Dillon, RIP, Trienearagh, Dan JD Keane, Kilmorna.

Front – Timmy Nolan, RIP, Trienearagh, Brendan McKenna, Lyre, Pat Joe Heaphy, Duagh Village, Tom Nolan, Captain, Trienearagh, Billy Doran, Lyre, Patsy Larkin, Larkins Cross, Patsy McNamara, RIP, Derrindaff, Kevin Dillon, Trienearagh.

Three Dillon brothers, Pat, Matt, Kevin, played on the team.

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 Updated regularly

Mansion in Mountcoal



The map above is of Mountcoal in the late 1700s. We have overlaid it with the network of modern roads to show it in today's context. It shows a mansion in ruins in a field across the road from St Senans Sportfield set in an area called the Demesne.

Cycling through Lyreacrompane

Kieran Stafford

I left Kenmare this morning with a smile on my face. Josephine had not charged me for the B&B and indeed she even made a generous donation as did her other guests. If you are ever in Kenmare, stay at Cloghereen Cottage, Josephine is one of life's good people.

Out from Kenmare I headed for Killarney over the MacGillycuddy's. When you do this type of journey on foot or on a bike, you really realise how beautiful this place really is. The scenery up in those mountains kept my mind in the clouds and away from the physical pain that I was enduring trying to push that bike up nine miles of a climb. Coming down the other side I stopped at Lady's view for coffee and a chat with some tourists, I even persuaded one of them to take my picture.

I got to Killarney and cycled a little through the National Park, went down to Muckross House and then the Abbey and drove the jaunty's mad cycling on their trails. Anyway it was too touristy in there for my liking so I hightailed it through the town and headed on for Farranfore. It was here that Mid-West radio rang me and did a slot recording with me which they are airing throughout the day - very cool and very good of them.

I tried to get off the main roads today because I was being murdered by the non stop traffic and today was my first day to battle the lorries, sweet Jesus the lorries!!! They mow you down at speed, so dangerous, especially on Ireland's main roads with no hard shoulders.

At Castleisland I decided to go cross country to Listowel. On the map I noticed a backroad route that took me more or less straight to Listowel, the map had a small hill drawn along the route so I was expecting some minor climbing - that aint what I got though. What followed were the three single most horrific climbs that I have ever cycled - ever! (Later at Jim and Nora's in Listowel, Jims son told me that the hill is known locally as Lyracrumpane and the first climb is classed as a professional cycling grade 1 climb. Anyheeeeww, I did not cycle the dam thing. I aint got no racer, I have a big heavy bike with big heavy panniers so I pushed the bike for some of it - even trying to walk the climb nearly killed me. I cycled the other two climbs though in "air" gear.

The weather caught up with me today, I met thunder and hail coming out of Killarney and when I was up in Lyracrumpane, I ran into two heavy showers. I invested in a new cycle jacket last week and it was tested today. It works well, totally waterproof and fully breathable. Well worth the money.

I'm at Jim and Nora's in Listowel now for the evening. Just had a shower and rejoined civilisation. God it feels great, and wouldn't you know it the sun has not stopped shining since I got myself indoors. I'm gonna walk into town later for some food, need high protein nosh as I am burning 1500 calories each day according to my cycle computer. Bye bye spare tyre - hopefully. Weather forecast for tomorrow is awful and I am still plagued with that head wind, but hey - I'm happy singing along there to myself on that bike.

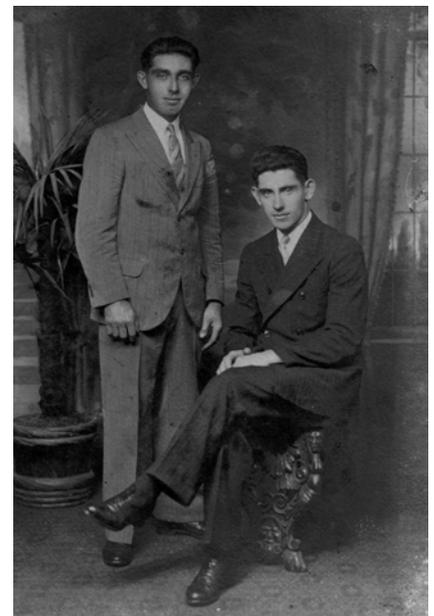
www.kieranstafford.com

Listowel Petty Sessions

Nov. 1918. *Kerry Sentinel*.

Constable Scully summoned a man for not having a light attached to his donkey's car. The defendant who did not appear had, the Constable stated, the lamp on the car and the candle in his pocket (laughter in court). The defendant was fined 2s 6p and costs.

John Carroll, bailiff, summoned a man named Flaherty for abusive and threatening language. Carroll stated that on the night in question he was employed at Tierney's Merry-go-round in the Square when Flaherty wanted to get up on it while it was in motion. He (Carroll) prevented him from doing so and the defendant and others with him called him a bailiff, (which he was!!!) and threatened him. Flaherty was bound to the peace.



Paddy & Gett Fitzgerald Carriggannon

**SEASONS
GREETINGS TO ONE
AND ALL.**

On the road with the Irish Rambling House

Helen Schisas, Brisbane

I had always thought it would be a wonderful experience traveling with the Irish Rambling House. As my brother Joe, along with Kay O'Leary run the Tour, I let it be known to them that I would like to go. To do this meant timing a visit home from Brisbane with their annual Tour of Britain tour dates.

So on the 14th of October, 2010, I set off on the 12,000 miles to Ireland and after a couple of days relaxing and catching up with family, it was time to hit the road to England with the Irish Rambling House.

On Tuesday night the Kerry contingent; Joe, Kay, Billy Donegan from Causeway Michael Mangan from Lyreacrompane and myself were booked into the Railway Hotel in Limerick, as we had to meet the rest of the group at Colbert Station at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Got up at 3 o'clock and as there were no tea making facilities in the rooms we all gathered in my room. Kay had brought the electric jug from home and also some scones. It was pretty crowded in there as the room was small and you can imagine five of us and also our luggage for the tour. The excitement had started.

At 3.45am we went down to meet the rest of the group, who were turning up. There were still a couple of hours to sunrise but everyone was in great form. Mick Loure arrived with the coach

which had been packed with props and sound equipment the night before. All we had to do was put away our bags and cases and hop aboard. We were on the way. I got introduced to a few people and I could see that it was going to be a fun tour as everybody was so happy and friendly.

It took about three hours to get to the Ferry at the North Wall in Dublin and then we had to wait for a little while. The Coach had to be parked below decks and we all invaded the upstairs deck. As soon as we arrived there the fiddles and accordions were out and the young musicians started a practice for the shows. The music and songs were mighty and the other passengers on the Ferry were surprised and delighted and started taking photos and clapping along with the music. We all had some breakfast on the ferry and then some played cards while others did their own thing. We landed at Holyhead in the morning and scrambled back on the Coach again to make our way to the first Concert which was in Derby.

Derby

The trip across the top of Wales and down into the centre of England was lovely and some people on the coach were snoozing – catching up on lost sleep. As we got into Derby Joe was up front map reading and then we saw the bridge and the sign that said "no vehicles over 3 ton". We must be ten times that! Hard left and pull up. Mike the driver gets out a sat-nav and follows its directions for ten minutes – back to the same bridge again! So it was hard left

and pull up again. Joe phoned Mary Murphy, our contact in Derby and she sent husband Jim to the rescue. We met him as arranged at a roundabout and followed his car – and Daja Vu, back to the same bridge! Jim couldn't explain the sign so we decided to take a collective deep breath and drive over it. Such dread and excitement all at once!

Well we lived to tell the tale and the concert at Derby was fantastic. The hall was packed and the atmosphere was brilliant. That was my first time seeing an Irish Rambling House concert live and, boy, was I impressed and proud to be associated. The exiles were so appreciative and wanted to meet and talk to everyone in the tour party. The show certainly brought back memories to them of home and long ago.

Well, we booked into our Hotel rooms after the show and I was sharing with a lady called Chrissie. (Chrissie is the lady that tells the funny stories). She was the best roommate I have had and we had a lot of laughs. We were even warned by the hotel person to keep the noise down not to disturb the other guests. Us mature ladies !!!

Birmingham

The tour was back in the Birmingham Irish Centre after many years. Getting into the city did not require us to go by way of Spaghetti Junction but I reckon the Centre City Loop was a bigger challenge. The Britannia Hotel is in the dead centre of town – a pedestrianised shopping area but Joe's map got us

to the door. After a couple of hours shopping it was time to head for Digbeth and the show. The hall was packed and the audience was just fantastic and thoroughly enjoyed the whole experience. The musicians, dancers and singers were mighty. I hurt myself laughing at the stories of eighty one year old Paddy Hynes and Chrissie Roche. I helped setup and sell the DVD's and tickets, (getting professional by now). After the show it was all hands on deck to dismantle the props and all the sound gear and get it all into the luggage compartment under the coach. Then it was back to the hotel for a sing-song and bed. We had an early start in the morning.

We arrived in London early for a matinee performance on the Friday at the Haringey Irish Centre. The place was already filling up as we set up the stage. Eileen, the main organiser, and her helpers were absolutely fantastic, treating us with the tea and coffee, biscuits and sandwiches. I fancied a sandwich but when I went to pick it up an older woman told me "they are really for the men, dear" and the biscuits were for the women but I got my sandwich anyway. (The old ways haven't changed among the exiles). We had a great laugh.

Mike Mangan helped Eileen on the door and I have never seen such dedication as to how he was pushing them along to buy the raffle tickets. In England there is a habit of buying tickets for the raffle on the way in. Mike does a great job. I

helped set up the stage and sold the DVD's and CD's. That was exciting as I got to talk to a lot of people and they were all saying how much they loved the show. It was a packed house and the cast on stage were fantastic. After the show we had more tea and then we packed up and went back to our hotel. We hated leaving our new made friends.

Now it was on to the Chiswick Moran Hotel. This was a beauty. I was beginning to feel like a celebratory. Even Michael Mangan, who had worked in hotels in New York, was impressed. Apparently, when in London, Kay always books the Crown Moran in Cricklewood but this time it was already booked out for the annual London Kerry Association Dance. However, this turned out to be a nice co-incidence as we had no concert that night and were free to go along to the dance. Anyway, Mike Mangan was on a mission – to ask the Rose of Tralee, Clare Kambamettu, who was attending the function, to open the Dan Paddy Andy Festival 2011. First we had a lovely dinner at our hotel and then Kay, Joe, Billy, Mike and I piled into a taxi for the trip across town to the Crown. And the craic was definitely good that night. We were rubbing shoulders with the good and great of the Kerry GAA. And then Mike spotted the Rose of Tralee, Clare Kambamettu, and made a beeline in her direction with the rest of us trying to keep up. It was like a meeting of old friends. Mike had met her previously in Tralee when he won the title of "best dressed man" at a

Rose of Tralee event. That was the highlight of our night. She is such a beautiful person and so down to earth and she agreed to open the Festival.

Then it was back to dancing and I did my best in a couple of waltzes. Didn't do too badly until I got dragged into a Siege of Ennis. Talk about being danced off your feet. I was going at least two different directions at once! My head was still spinning as we headed back to the Cheswick Moran at 2 o'clock in the morning. Our next concert was in Harrow the next night so we had a free day to do as we wished.

We went to check out the shops and had lunch and did some shopping of course. Some of the young ones decided to go into the city but were late coming back. Panic station as it was getting so close to the show! Finally they arrived and what a rush. We were setting up the stage and the people were already arriving.

That was a special night for me, I met my first cousin and his wife whom I had never met before, it was so exciting as I didn't know they were coming all the way from Southampton. I also met Kathleen Lynch whom I had known since I was very young. Kathleen was from Banemore but I hadn't met her for many years. We used to play together when we were kids. My nieces Linda and Deirdre and little Aleena came also. What more excitement could you have in one day?

Well the concert hall was booked out again. Kay introduced the show at the start as usual and at the end Joe introduced all the entertainers on stage to the audience.

I was becoming professional now at selling the DVD's and CD's, with the help of Kay and Mike of course. I was only too delighted to help bring in money that helps to bring such a fantastic show to the exiles each year.

Manchester

On the road again for our last show. This was a smaller venue but our musicians, singers, dancers and storytellers still put on a great performance and it was enjoyed by all. Back to our hotel and packed for departure next morning early. Next day the trip

back to Holyhead was very scenic, and I have lots of photo's taken from the bus window.

We had some time to walk around Holyhead before the ferry left, then back on board and we had music and song from the group. Everyone enjoyed it and lots of passengers even got up and danced.

Played some cards and just relaxed, finally arrived at the dock and back on the coach to make our way back down to Limerick. Doris sang for us on the bus and Chrissie got up and danced in the aisle. The young crowd at the back wrote a song about the Tour and sang it. Joe videoed it while Billy Donegan held up a light in the darkness as we sped towards home. You can also see the clip on

You Tube - just go to www.youtube.com and search for *Irish Rambling House*. The musicians also played plenty of tunes. We were entertained all the way back.

We arrived in Limerick that night and unloaded the coach in the wet to make the trip back to Lyreacrompane. It was midnight when we arrived and we were all pretty exhausted.

What an experience! The people on the tour were fantastic and I will never forget the Irish Rambling House Tour of Britain that I participated in. So much so that I intend coming back for another tour - if they will allow me.????

Thanks to all who made me feel so welcome.



At the Kerry Association Dance in the Crown Moran Hotel, Cricklewood were Helen Schisas, Billy Donegan, Kay O'Leary and Michael Mangan with Rose of Tralee, Clare Kambamettu.

If you don't hear it with your own ears or see it with your own eyes don't invent it with your small mind and share it with your big mouth.

Best Wishes to Lyreacrompane & District Journal from

Jimmy Deenihan TD

Minister for Arts, Heritage and the Gaeltacht



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Kerry's Highway

Robbery

The Coolanelig incident Kay O'Leary

At 10.30 on Monday June 2 1913 the Bank Manager of the Provincial Bank Listowel, Mr. John Chambers and his assistant, Mr John Ross, left Listowel on a side-car driven by Thomas Hartney to go to the sub branch of the bank in Abbeyfeale. Normally this sub branch only opened on Mondays and fair days. A calf fair was held in Abbeyfeale on that day.

It took them about one hour to reach Coolanelig as the road from Listowel to Abbeyfeale was uneven. As the men reached a place known as Burns Wood, Coolanelig, Duagh the attack happened. The masked raiding party were waiting in a side track, a clear space left by the felling of trees, between the public road and the river Feale. The raiders jumped out and ordered Chambers and Ross to put their hands up while pointing revolvers at them. John Ross was ordered off the side car by the raiders who used very bad language and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not hand over the money. Then John Chambers was ordered off the side-car and to hand over the key of the cash box. Ross was forced to open the black cash box which was in the front of the side car. It contained £400 in £5 notes, £300 in £1 notes (all provincial bank notes) £40 in gold half sovereigns, £40 in silver, 5s in copper, books and some bills. Chambers and Ross

pleaded with them not kill them and to give them back the cheques and books as they were of no use to them. The raiders then cut the horse harness attached to the side car and they drove the men at revolver point in the direction of Duagh before taken off, still masked, across the river Feale in the direction of Purt, Abbeyfeale with £780 5s sterling. At Scrahan Chambers and Ross met a man with a horse and cart been driven to the fair in Abbeyfeale. They got a lift on it to Duagh where they met Sergeant Lyam and Constable Kelly. John Chambers then got a car from a man named O'Connor and drove to Listowel where he reported the robbery to District Inspector Walsh.

After the police were alerted an exhaustive search of the area followed with police from neighbouring districts been called in to help but they failed to find any of the stolen money. The Listowel bank remained closed that day while investigations were taken place. A reward of £100 was offered by the Provincial Bank for information.

On Tuesday 3 at 7pm District Inspector Walsh, Head Constable Larkin, Sergeant Costello with police from Duagh and Abbeyfeale under Sergeant Glynn, Abbeyfeale arrested and charged five men, Michael Kelly Rylane, Duagh, Co. Kerry; Michael and John Sheehy Kilcarra, Duagh, Co. Kerry; Aeneas and Michael Curtin Knockcoolkeare, Co Limerick with robbing John Chambers. The five men had been identified by Ross from a line up. The

prisoners pleaded not guilty. But John Ross had also identified another man from the line up as been one of the robbers but this man turned out to be a respectable cattle dealer from Co. Limerick and he was released immediately. Four more men named Curtin from Mountcollins were brought to Abbeyfeale barracks for questioning. On Wednesday, June 7, James Curtin, Glencarney, Rock-chapel, Co. Cork, a farmer, was arrested in connection with the robbery and taken to Abbeyfeale barracks. Later he was transferred to Listowel barracks by District Inspector Galway Foley and a police escort.

The robbery was the main topic of discussion not just locally but across Ireland. It had been forty years since a bank manager had been robbed at gun point in Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. Suspicions and opinions were freely heard and one suspicion was that it was a Yankee initiative that had engineered the raid. Another suspicion was that when the prisoners were taken from Tralee to Listowel an attempt would be made to rescue them.

The following Sunday, June 8, at first mass in Abbeyfeale the very Rev Canon Lee PP addressed his congregation, from the pulpit, saying he regretted to have to allude to the event but seeing that the highway robbery had happened so close to Abbeyfeale it was his duty to do so. He said that the occurrence had aroused a feeling of horror and indignation throughout the county. He was of the

opinion that every right minded man should condemn it and that such a crime was rare in Ireland. He compared the raid to the type of happening in the wild prairies of America, the gold rush in Australia or something that would happen in a wild savage place. He also warned his parishioners to be careful not to judge men publicly even if they had been arrested. But he declared it was his burdened duty to declare that even though it happened close to Abbeyfeale it had nothing to do with the place. "Not one man in the parish was suspected of the robbery and that Abbeyfeale people had no sympathy with an outrage that brought the blood of shame to their cheeks, pain to their hearts and discredit to their country and that if such a crime were to go unpunished there would be no protection for life or property. If only people had more moral courage then crimes of this revolting character would be less frequent", he concluded.

Rev C. Halpin officiated at the ten o'clock mass in Abbeyfeale and likewise he also condemned the raid. He also emphasised that the assault had no connection with the county, the parish or the diocese!

On Friday June 13 the prisoners, handcuffed in pairs, were brought from Tralee prison to Listowel by train under a heavy police escort. At each station along the line to Listowel constables with rifles were on the platform before the train arrived and they positioned themselves

outside the carriage in which the prisoners and their escorts were in until the train pulled out. They were met at Listowel Station by sixty armed constables under Inspector Walsh. Before the prisoners arrived at the station a large crowd had gathered there as there was a high level of public interest in the case. The prisoners were taken across the footbridge to the exit from the station and onto the courthouse for the hearing. The Magistrates on the bench were Messrs E.M.P. Wynne RM, Tralee, John McAuley and John Hartnett. Every available space in the courthouse was occupied. The prisoners were placed in the dock surrounded on all sides by police, some armed with revolvers and some with rifles. District Inspector Andrew Walsh Listowel said he would not be producing evidence against Michael Sheehy and James Curtin to connect them with the robbery and he asked for them to be discharged. They left the dock to be greeted by several friends in the courtroom. Charged with the robbery on the day were Michael Kelly, Rylane, Duagh, a farmer. John Sheehy, Kilcarra, Duagh, a labourer. Aeneas Curtin and Michael Curtin, Knock-coolkeare, Co. Limerick, labourers. They were all charged with having revolvers, violently assaulting John Chambers and John Ross with intent to stealing and stealing the sum of £780 5s sterling the property of the Provincial Bank of Ireland. John Ross was the first witness called. Mr. Chambers had to leave the courtroom when Ross

was been examined and cross examined. Following the questioning of John Ross the case was again adjourned. The four charged prisoners were then remanded to Tralee Gaol. They were conveyed under police escort to the station and put on the twenty to nine train to Tralee.

Further adjournments of the case took place on Saturday July 5 and Saturday August 9. On Tuesday August 12 Mr. Charles Morphy, Crown Solicitor, Tralee said he would not be producing evidence against John Sheehy and he asked to have him discharged.

When the case reopened on Saturday August 16 John Chambers was first to be called. He was followed by Daniel O'Shea, Ballymac-jordan. In reply to Mr. Morphy Michael O'Shea said he was a labourer and he lived about a mile from Abbeyfeale. On June 2 he had been in Abbeyfeale town. On the way there he stopped at a place known locally as 'Mrs. Broderick's gate' on the road leading to Cooleanlaig he looked back. When asked if he saw anyone on the road? After hesitating he said "I did, Michael Kelly of Rylane". He said Kelly shouted at him to wait for him and they walked together to Abbeyfeale where they parted near the Chapel. When asked by Morphy what time they met? Daniel O'Shea said he could not recall the time. But in a statement O'Shea had previously given to Sargent Glynn, he claimed to have met Michael Kelly between eleven and eleven thirty on June 2. Daniel O'Shea now

said he may have been drunk when he made the statement as he had been in Abbeyfeale twice that morning. Mr. Morphy then read Daniel O'Shea's signed statement to him. He was again asked if he was drunk when he signed it and he responded "no". Morphy again asked O'Shea if his statement was true? He said "no". When asked what was wrong with it O'Shea said he was drunk and had given the wrong time to Sergeant Glynn. The Chairman said "you just said you were not drunk". There was so much laughter at Daniel O'Shea's responses that the judge threatened to clear the courtroom if there was anymore interruptions, as people had not come there to be entertained. Mr. Morphy said it was a shocking state of affairs that people should come into court and sympathise with an outrage of this kind.

Thomas Hartney, the car driver on the occasion was next called to the stand. He gave a description of the robbers but said he could not identify any of the prisoners as been part of the ambush party as he was more worried about his horse. Margaret Doody who lived at Moynsa was then called. She could recall seeing Michael Kelly on the day but could not recall the time. Sargent Michael Costello was then examined. He stated that on June 3 he saw Michael Kelly and Michael Sheehy in custody at Duagh police barracks. Afterwards he went to Kelly's home in Rylane to search it. He found three revolvers, ammunition and trousers

with part of the left leg wet, as if it had been in water. He also found a letter on a press in Kelly's room from Michael Curtin, Mountcollins. Also called for questioning was Constable Thomas Ashe and Constable McAuliffe Abbeyfeale, Tom Ryan Shopkeeper Abbeyfeale, Richard Fitzgerald Knockbrack a farm employee, John Crowley Dromtrasna a farmer's son and Garrett Sweeney a labourer living at Dromtrasna.

At the Munster Assizes, Cork, on Monday December 8 1913 at 1 o'clock before Mr Justice Maloney, Michael Kelly, Aeneas Curtin and Michael Curtin appeared charged with the assault and robbery of John Chambers and John Ross at Coolanelig on June 2. The Attorney General, Mr. RM Hennessy KC and Mr. JM Fitzgerald (instructed by Dr. H. Whyne, Crown Solicitor, Cork) prosecuted. Mr. EJ McElligott KC, instructed by Mr. HJ Marshall, Listowel, appeared for Michael Kelly. Mr. MF Healy, instructed by Mr. HJ Marshall, Listowel, appeared for Aeneas and Michael Curtin. The twelve members of the Jury were Joseph Harty (foreman), William Brown, Joseph Kelly, James Birell, William Johnson, George Graham, Frederick Booth, William Long, Thomas Winstanley, Albert Gibbons, Richard Williams and William Williams.

Opening the case for the crown the Attorney General said the Jury were about to try a very important case from County Kerry - a county that was playing a very big part in the present

Assizes. They had just finished hearing a three day case on Saturday in which three men from that very same county had been found guilty of a shooting at Firies. The Attorney General then described the attack and robbery on the Provincial Bank manager and his assistant going through the evidence against the prisoners in detail. John Chambers, John Ross, Denis McCarthy, Engineer, Sergeant James Glynn and Daniel O'Shea were examined for the crown after which the case was adjourned and the jury were locked up.

When the case resumed Mr McElligott addressed the jury for Michael Kelly and Mr. Healy for Aeneas and Michael Curtin. Mr. Justice Maloney in his charge to the jury said that they should consider each prisoner separately and that they should ask themselves first was Aeneas Curtin then Michael Curtin and then Michael Kelly guilty. The jury retired at ten minutes past four and returned to the courtroom at twenty minutes to six when the foreman announced that the jury found Michael Kelly and Aeneas Curtin guilty but they had disagreed with regard to Michael Curtin. Judge Maloney then addressed the jury - "Well gentlemen you have given the greatest possible attention to this case. I know you have considered everything about it. As regards Michael Curtin maybe I should ask you to again retire ... " Mr. Hennessy intervened, "No my lord. I quiet appreciate that the jury did not agree

about Michael Curtin" and he proposed that it be referred to the Attorney General. Judge Maloney agreed. Following the consultation Michael Curtin's case was adjourned. It was agreed to allow him, Michael Curtin, out on bail if he could provide two sureties by next morning. The prisoners were then removed from the court.

Michael Kelly and Aeneas Curtin, found guilty the previous evening, were sentenced to six years penal servitude each. Michael Curtin's case, which the jury had disagreed on, was granted bail until the next Assizes sitting in Co. Kerry.

According to Tralee Prison records both Aneas Curtin and Michael Kelly entered Tralee Jail on 10 December 1913. Aneas Curtin was 31 years, 5' 8¼" and weighed 157lbs. Michael Kelly who was 46 years weighed 176lbs and was 6' 1½". According to the jail records they were both still incarcerated in 1917 so it would appear that they served their full sentence.

In January 1914 at the opening of the Hillary Quarter session in Listowel the County Court Judge Dromgool offered his sympathies to the family of the late Mr. Charles Morphy, Crown Solicitor, who had died suddenly.

There was widespread unease at the way the prisoners had been identified. Demonstrations were held in North Kerry demanding justice and looking for the prisoners to be freed and returned to their homes. As a result of Justice Maloney observat-

ions an authorised inquiry was held by the Inspector General of the RIC at the Listowel Barracks on Friday January 2 1914 into alleged irregularities in connection with the identification of the men charged with the highway robbery of the Provincial Bank officials on June 2 1913. The inquiry was not open to the press.

The Spring Assizes for the County of Kerry was opened on Wednesday March 11 at 12pm by Lord Chief Baron Pallas accompanied by the High Sheriff, Captain R.A.B. Chute at Tralee Courthouse. The twenty one member grand jury were then sworn in. When his lordship addressed the jury he told them "Seven cases are down to be heard including the Kerry Highway Robbery case in which three people had been charged at the Cork Assizes. Two were found guilty and the jury disagreed on the case of Michael Curtin". He also told them "that the six other cases were of a very ordinary description - all the type they were well used to dealing with at every Assizes and should not give them any trouble". Having dealt with these cases the jury retired.

When the Assizes resumed on Thursday at 10am the case against Michael Curtin was heard. Mr. P Lynch KC, Mr. BM Hennessy KC and Mr. WF Kenny KC (instructed by Mr. DM Moriarty CS) appeared for the prosecution. Mr. MF Healy (instructed by Mr. HJ Marshall Solicitor, Listowel) appeared for Michael Curtin. Mr. Hennessy opened the case. He reviewed the facts of the case which were

already well known. John Ross was then put on the stand. He stated that he had been employed by the Provincial Bank for about thirteen months and he did not wish to change anything in his statement and all his evidence was correct. He was then cross examined, at length, about the identification at Listowel Police Barracks. He was followed by John Chambers and his evidence agreed with that of John Ross. He was not cross examined. Next to the stand was Tom Hartney followed by Sergeant Michael Costello, Listowel. Head Constable Thomas Walsh, Listowel, was examined about searching Michael Curtin's house and the arrest of several members of the Curtin family. Mr. Healy and Mr. Lynch addressed the jury before Lord Chief Baron reviewed the evidence. The jury retired and returned with a verdict of 'not guilty'. His lordship said that he entirely agreed with the verdict.

In April 1914 Mr. John Chambers, Manager of Listowel Provincial Bank was transferred to the Skibereen Branch and he was replaced in Listowel by Mr. PA Joyce. John Ross was transferred to the Enniskillen Branch.



Lisa Nash and friends check out the last Lyre Journal

The Life of W.H O'Connor



W.H O'Connor was born on the 19th of December, 1878 on a farm at Coolnageragh, Scartaglin. He went to Kimberley, Cape Colony, South Africa in 1897 and was there during the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902. Kimberley was besieged by the Boers for 126 days from October 1899 to February 1900. W.H. Worked as a mining engineer for De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd, installing and maintaining machinery in the vast diamond mines for adjoining townships Kimberley and Beaconsfield.

W.H. at the same time worked for a builder, learning building skills; He purchased land and built a number of bungalows, naming them "Emerald Villas", for rent to diamond miners. These houses still stand. He also built a house for his own use, with Veranda surrounding; W.H Continued working for both De Beers and the builder, so for a few years he held three jobs and worked 20 hours a day.

W.H O'Connor married Julia Blennerhassett of Tralee on the 2nd of March 1905 at St. Augustine's Church, Beaconsfield, Kimberley. Julia had visited her brother Authur Blennerhassett in

South Africa in 1904, being met off the ship by her future husband. She stayed in South Africa as a Red Cross nurse. There, she married, and Nellie, her first child was born.

The giant South African diamond mining company, De Beers, where W.H worked as a mining engineer, had been formed in 1888 by Cecil Rhodes (1853-1902), the financier, statesman and empire builder who was Prime Minister of Cape Colony from 1890 to 1896 and the first governor of the De Beers Company. Julia Blennerhassett was during the 1900's, nurse and companion to the mother of the Governor of De Beers. They became friends, she being married from the Governor's house and leaving for her wedding in his horse-drawn carriage (The name of this Governor is uncertain, but he had a daughter, and also a son named Neville).

W.H returned to Co. Kerry in 1907 with his wife and child for a holiday, but stayed on. He went back to South Africa briefly to sell their house and on his final return to Kerry, purchased a substantial part of the family farm, Coolnageragh, from his mother (This land he later sold to Mr. Breen, whose family still work the farm). The remaining part of the family farm later passed to his brother Con. W.H. Purchased the Castleisland grain mill (then water driven) by the river at Tonwee; also a house and business named The Fountain Warehouse (which contained a drapery shop ect. And "The Fountain

Bar") opposite the old market house and drinking water fountain in Lower Main St., Castleisland. The Fountain Warehouse was managed by his wife Julia until it was burnt in 1921.

"W.H. O'Connor", "millers, merchants, drapers, outfitters and importers" was formed in 1919, milling and selling the highest quality animal feedstuffs to the Munster farming community as "Rhyno Balanced Rations". The mill became known as "Rhyno Mills". In 1940, the business became a limited company "W.H O'Connor Ltd". W.H purchased farms at Ballygree, off Powell's road in Castleisland, and in 1935 at Commeen House in Carrigaline, Co. Cork.

A Republican by inclination, in 1914 W.H O'Connor became Chairman of the "Castleisland Volunteers". Prominently identified with the Sinn Fein Movement of that time, he was one of the first local judges of the Republican courts, and spent some time during the troubles in hiding, a fugitive from the British authorities. W.H is mentioned in the book "Kerry' Fighting Story 1916-21", published by "The Kerryman Ltd" of Tralee.

Being a fluent Irish speaker, his house and business "The Fountain Warehouse" displayed his name outside in Irish. In 1921, this property was burnt, with two other republican - owned buildings in the town by the Black and Tans as reprisal for the shooting of two RIC (Royal Irish Constabulary) guards out-

side Castleisland parish church. The shooting, by men on motorcycles wearing trench coats, was witnessed by his wife Julia and daughter Peggy as they left church after Sunday mass. The irony of this event is that one of the RIC officers who died was a good friend of W.H's wife.

Following the burning of the house, the family lived for about seven years at Artane lodge, on Puckstown Road (now Collins Avenue) in Donnycarney, Dublin. During this time, Julia managed a retail drapery shop in Talbot St., Dublin. Artane Lodge was later sold and demolished, the land being developed as a Dublin suburb.

Julia O'Connor sought, through the courts, compensation for the burning of their house. Compensation was paid by the British authorities and a new house was built on the same site, a 3 story, 12 bedroom house with drapery and grocery business beneath, also a small lounge bar preserving the old name "The Fountain Bar". Building was completed in 1927, when W.H named his new home "The Kingdom House", after "The Kingdom of Kerry". Julia managed the retail business at their new home and was a director of W.H O'Connor Ltd.

"The Kingdom House" was a large home of great Character; among it's

features was "The Crow's nest", a roofed platform above the house, open at the sides, providing wonderful views of Castleisland town and surrounding countryside; also a flat roof for leisure activities and a snooker room. At the rear were several barns, a greenhouse with grapevine lovingly tended by Julia, and a large yard always full of hens, geese and turkeys.

"The Kingdom House" was sold out of the family in 1984, sadly much changed, with shops and yet another "Fountain Bar" installed beneath.

www.rhyno.ie/wh-history.htm



James & Maureen Moloney, formerly of Dromaddamore, Lyreacrompane and now Ashbourne, Co. Meath were presented with a replica of the Sam Maguire in Cavan Crystal. The presentation was made by the Donaghmore GAA Club, Ashbourne on the occasion of James retirement from the club and their 60th wedding Anniversary in 2009. On the right; James and Maureen on their wedding day.



**Now is a good time to plan a visit home in 2012 for the Dan Paddy Andy Festival
August Bank Holiday Weekend – 3rd to the 6th.
Watch out for details on WWW.LYREACROMPANE.COM**

Conflict in Knocknagoshel

Bands belt it out

They took their music seriously in Knocknagoshel in those years – too seriously perhaps! August 1913 saw an unusual case come up before Mr. E. M. P. Wynne, R.M., presiding at a special court in Castleisland. The subject was assault arising out of a dispute between members of rival Fife and Drum bands in Knocknagoshel. Timothy Warren was up for using abusive and threatening language towards C.D. O'Connor on May 18. Mr O'Connor stated that he was a publican and on the day, mentioned Warren said that if a man owed him 10s he would process him for a pound. Warren, being already bound to the peace in sums of £10 and two sureties of £5 each was ordered to find sureties himself in £30 and two sureties of £15 each.

Timothy Warren had a cross case against C.D. O'Connor for a similar offence on the same date. In his evidence he said that O'Connor said he was the cause of his father's and mother's deaths. O'Connor was bound to the peace himself in £10 and two sureties of £5 each.

Michael Browne, Ballinacurtin, Knocknagoshel, summoned John Morrissey, Ahane, David Connell and John Doody junior for assault on May 19. After hearing the evidence, Mr. Wynne convicted Morrissey of assault and fined him 5s and bound him to the peace.

David Connell was dealt with likewise. The case against Warren was dismissed, there being no evidence that they assaulted Browne. In a case brought by Richard Shea, Ballinacurtin, John Doody was fined 5s and would have been bound to the peace if present. In the same case John Morrissey, Timothy Warren and David Connell had assault charges dismissed.

But this was all handbag stuff when compared with incidents later on the night of May 19. At a gathering at the Cross at about 10.30pm Michael Browne struck Timmy Warren with an iron bar. John Morrissey went to his assistance and Richard Shea struck him from behind. Morrissey wound up in Tralee Workhouse Infirmary where he had to have two and a half inches of bone removed from his skull due to a blow from an implement. He survived. On the same occasion, Michael Browne was seen firing shots from a revolver!



The late Judge Bob Aherne who found his roots in Lyreacrompane through www.Lyreacrompane.com and opened the Dan Paddy Andy Festival in 2008

Tommy Flanagan RIIP



Pictured above at the 2011 Dan Paddy Andy Festival is the late Tommy Flanagan with Rose of Tralee, Clare Kambamattu. Tommy travelled from Dublin to the Festival each year to entertain us with his *Tommy's Country Road Show*. He travelled regularly to the continent with the biggest names in Country and Irish music where he was the warm up act for them. Tommy got on well with everyone and was looking forward to being back with us to celebrate the 15th Festival. Ar dheis dé go raibh a anam.



Ballythefireside

**Oh the heat of the fire
and the warmth of the people
and the snugness of the
place**

**The crackle of the flame
puts a glow on the face
Heats up the tongue
and out flow the tales**

**Of gallivanting and
blackguarding
rustling cattle and sheep
Walking home from
Ballybunion
after a court and a sleep**

**Affairs of the nation
or those of a saint
From high ground or low
sure the devil who cares**

**Of priest or parishioner
Good Samaritan or thief
Makes no difference
whatsoever
all get the same treat**

**Of glory and fame
No matter the game
Victory and celebration
defeat and shame**

**No need for a reason
t'will not be treason
Imaginations are boundless
all are fair game**

**You'll not hear no better
in the vales of mankind
When it comes to
enlightenment
Ballythefireside is without
peer**

**Ah can't I see by your eyes
you've absorbed much
tonight
Sure t'was all true and great
and entertaining no doubt**

**No exaggeration, no lies
no insincerity or jeer
Nothing but the truth
will you ever hear**

**And if you believe that
then God blesh you my dear
Of what entered my ear
I'd be careful what I'd repeat**

**Ballythefireside alights the
world
Again tonight**

Brendan Hegarty Co Donegal

Lovely Young Ladies in Lyreacrompane

By John Duggan from Co Longford.
(Submitted by Thomas F Leen, Clounainetagh)

If you're ever in Kerry with nothing to do
And you're not into Football or drinking strong brew
There's a grand little place that I'd love you to see
A few miles off the road from Listowel to Tralee.
I will always remember the day I called there
I was making my way from Killorglin's Puck Fair,
Having sold a few sheep from my little red van
I just sought some diversion in Lyreacrompane.

Where the lovely Stack Mountains are pretty and fair
You can smell the sweet heather and breathe the
fresh air.
You can dance and be merry from dusk until dawn
With the lovely young ladies in Lyreacrompane

In a quaint little tavern I sat myself down
With a few lads from Lyrea and famed Renagown.
And there by the fireside who did I see
It was Dan Paddy Andy himself and John B.
Old Dan was a matchmaker most of his life
And 'twas many a man he fixed up with a wife.
I was heading for forty the following year
So I thought to my self – have a word in his ear.

Where the lovely Stack Mountains are pretty and fair...

It was plain and direct the advice that I got
So I left and went over the road in a trot.
'Twas a grand summers evening I picture it still
As I stopped at a bridge at the foot of a hill
Then over the road came a vision so rare
Of a lovely young lady with long flowing hair
She was driving her cows and was shushing them on
And I bade her "Good evening" in Lyreacrompane.

Where the lovely Stack Mountains are pretty and fair...

Well, it's strange what will happen when traveling
through life
For that lovely young lady has long been my wife.
I was not a believer in love at first sight
Oh, but Dan Paddy Andy had proved to be right
For an arrow from Cupid went straight through my heart
And from that day to this we were never apart.
And although she is older and the years have passed on
She's the loveliest lady from Lyreacrompane.

Where the lovely Stack Mountains are pretty and fair
You can smell the sweet heather and breathe the
fresh air.
You can dance and be merry from dusk until dawn
With the lovely young ladies in Lyreacrompane

DROMADRA'S RUNAWAY BOG

Pat Brosnan

A couple of years ago the bogslides in the Maugha and Stacks Mountain area made national headlines in the video, audio and print media when stretches of the hillside bogs started to move eastwards leaving a trail of damage in it's wake. By all accounts thousands of tons of bog mould, mud and silt was alleged to have done considerable harm to fish stocks in the local rivers, including the river Smearlagh that flows through some Lyre townlands.

There were also similar happenings in areas of Galway in recent years where wind farms had been installed which had disturbed the natural equilibrium of the boglands particularly those situated on hilltops or hillsides. Not surprisingly these developments caused a certain amount of concern to those people living in some of the localities where the bog movement had occurred.

Because of the widespread media coverage of these events the consensus appeared to be that the basic cause of the bog movements in recent times was the introduction of heavy machinery and heavy vehicles that were used in the erection of the turbines as well as the cutting through the bogs that were made in the provision of roads into the wind farms. So a lot of the more recent causes of bogs shifting would appear to be artificial or man made.

However if we can turn our minds back to a time that many of a generation that came before us used to remember we will be aware that some of the disastrous bog slides that had occurred in those times were purely natural occurrences when there was an accumulation of the factors which caused the marshlands to shift.

One of these tragic disasters occurred in 1896 during the late nineteenth century in Tooreenamult a townland in East Kerry, where a large tract of bogland swept down in a torrent from the surrounding hills into a valley where the Donnelly family lived. It was during the Christmas period and the family retired to bed as usual unaware of the terrible calamity that was bearing down upon them. Their house was overwhelmed in the raging flood of water, bog mould, mud and lumps of bogdeal and all the family as well as their livestock and fowl were killed. One of their girls was on a Christmas visit to her aunt on that fateful night and she was the only survivor of the family. When the neighbours looked out on the following morning they were met with a scene of devastation which they were never likely to forget.

At the time my mothers home in Knockacorrin was only about four or five miles away from Tooreenamult, so she often told us some of these stories about it. A few years ago a memorial to the Donnelly family was erected to mark the place where the tragedy occurred.

Before that time in the year 1880 during the month of August my native townland of Dromada had its own runaway bog. To understand the exact location of this natural upheaval it is necessary to explain the geography of the township. It had been divided into three separate entities for various purposes. Dromadamore West, Dromadamore East and to the north Dromadabeg. The massive bogslide occurred in the far south eastern corner of the townland and as well this was the furthest south east point in Duagh / Lyre parish just across the Tooreenard border which was a part of Knocknagoshel parish. Even in our very young days we had heard of the Runaway Bog and there were many weird and uncanny tales told about it being haunted which often scared us. This however did not deter us from going to visit there and explore the terrain when we grew older and became curious about it.

But even on a bright summers day when we took our dogs for a long stroll in that direction, looking down on the Runaway Bog deep in the valley from the surrounding hills it still looked to be a gloomy and forbidding place, but then nevertheless we went to visit on occasions the exact place where the major eruption occurred and where it left behind a residue of quagmires and dark pools of bog water which could be seen from a distance and which could still be treacherous if someone ventured too near to those swamps where the ground was still shaky.

By all accounts on the August day that the bog moved there was a violent thunderstorm in the area together with a deluge of rain. Fortunately there was nobody out along the valley on the day minding cattle or sheep - a fairly common practice at the time.

This was known as boolying in those far off times hence the name Boola in various places around the country. Thankfully there was no loss of life but some animals were swept away in the torrent. It was believed that a bolt of lightning hit the ground around marshy terrain and started the slide which gathered momentum and fresh material as it coursed along with the slightly sloping ground and spilled out into the local Tullague river.

The first casualty of the raging flood was the little one arch bridge at Tooreenard. As the landslide headed east and spilled out into the Owbeg River the next landmark to go was Talbots Bridge beyond Headley's Bridge. Before the massive torrent reached the river Feale Bateman's Bridge was also swept away. Many salmon and trout had been killed along the tributaries but, by all accounts, some of these were picked up and sold in Abbeyfeale. It is believed that the last remains of the huge landslide was washed up along the low lying banks of the Feale near Kilmorna.

It was surely a coincidence that the runaway bog, which started out on its sixteen mile journey from the extreme south-east

corner of the Duagh/Lyre parish to finish up on the far north-west of the same parish after the devastation that it had caused, particularly in the Knocknagoshel area. It is many years since my last sighting of Dromada's runaway bog but the fascination in which it held us in our younger days remains an abiding memory.

Policemen Dismissed

*Listowel correspondent
Kerry Sentinel June 29 1889*

A short time ago an inquiry was held in the police barracks here by District Inspector Graves, W H Rice and J C Hickie into charges preferred against two policemen named Murrigan and Fitzgerald who were up to this on protection duty at Knockalougha. There were three charges against Constable Murrigan and one against Fitzgerald. The charges against the former were that on the 17 May last he carelessly guarded a man whom he was protecting named Matthew Dillane. Secondly, entering a public house while on duty, he not being required there in the execution of his duty and thirdly, for drinking in said public house.

The charge against Fitzgerald was for entering a public house and drinking therein while on duty. Mr. WC Hickie, D.I., acted as official examiner.

As is usual in such cases your correspondent was obliged to give an undertaking that he would not publish the proceedings until such time as the decision had been received.

Several witnesses were examined, but the principal was Sergeant Gailigan who disposed to having received instructions from Head Constable Stretton, in consequence of which he went over to Collopys's and saw Constable Murrigan sitting down on a form with his arms around the waist of a young woman named Joanne Dillane.

He saw Constable Fitzgerald down the Bridge Road about sixty or seventy yards with Dillane. He did not consider that Constable Murrigan was affording Dillane any protection at the time, being in a public house about sixty yards away from him. Sergeant Hooks accompanied him as far as Conroy's corner and went back down and ordered Fitzgerald up to the barrack and took charge of Dillane himself. He subsequently paraded the two men and told them he would report them.

The decision has now arrived and is practically that both constables are dismissed.



**Cousins meet in Harrow.
Kitty (Harrington) Nair
and Helen (Harrington)
Schisas**

Gunshots in Dromada – Protest in Duagh Researched by Joe Harrington

Thomas Fitzgerald, of Lyracrumpane, was charged in custody with, on the 30th September 1913, at Dromadamore, unlawfully firing gun shots into the dwelling house of Patrick Moloney with intent to kill. Sergeant Duignan, Lyre, deposed to arresting the prisoner on the above charge, but as he had not, after making due enquiries, ascertained any information to connect him with the offence. Mr A Walsh, DI asked his worships to discharge the prisoner which they did.

Three weeks after this incident a public meeting "of very large dimensions" was held in Duagh. According to the *Kerry Sentinel* of October 25, 1913, its purpose was to condemn "an outrage of a most unusual and, at the same time, diabolical character which was perpetrated at Lyrecrumpane." The outrage, which aroused so much horror and indignation, was as described above, the firing of a shot through the window of Patrick Moloney's house. Patrick was a Rural District Councillor and his house was being used by Rev. Fr. J Beasley, P.P., to say Mass in the absence of a chapel in the area. The Glen

Schoolhouse, which had been used for Mass, had closed as a school two years previously and Lyre's new church would not be open until the following year - 1914.

The public meeting was organised by the Duagh Branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (the fourth largest branch in the country). After last Mass the whole congregation marched in procession to a specially built platform at the top of the village which was bedecked with national emblems. They were led by the "splendid" Fife and Drum band of the Ancient Order which was conducted by instructor, Mr. Salmon.

The *Kerry Sentinel* lists about one hundred notables on or around the platform apart from the general public. These included Rural District Council members F.C. O'Keefe, J.J. Sheehy, P Moloney and T. Relihan. National Teachers present were T. Molyneaux (Lyre), J. Mahony, Ed Stack, J. McCarthy and J Carey. The paper went on to relate how the arrival of Rev Fr Beasley "was the signal for a long continued round of applause by the people who insisted in repeating it again and again". Amidst enthusiastic cheers Fr Beasley addressed the gathering as follows.

"My dear people, I thank you for inviting me here today... to preside over this large and important meeting... in order to protest against an outrage that has shocked and pained the people of the parish. If there is one thing more than another

for which Irish men are remarkable and for which they may be pardoned in taking a legitimate pride it is for being kind and neighbourly (hear, hear). You all know how much our kind hearted friend, Mr Moloney, is respected for these qualities that go to make a good Irishman. He is popular without seeking popularity (cheers for Mr Moloney).

"It is an outrage, not against him alone, but against the whole community, especially against the good people of that part of the parish where it was committed (hear, hear). The outrage is blacker and more painful from a religious point of view. Here is a house which should be particularly sacred to every Catholic who loves his Faith. In it Sunday Mass was celebrated for the people of the district... The Mass is the great sacrifice of the New Law, the bedrock of our faith. It was the love for the Mass that made the Catholics of our country face privations and persecutions of every kind in the Penal days (hear, hear). They gathered around the priest at sacred spots in the mountains and glens and while he offered up the Holy Sacrifice they knelt down in humble adoration around the altar.

"What would those who have gone before us say if they were alive today of an outrage at a house in the mountains of a parish in which Mass was celebrated for the people? Could they imagine how anyone could be so lost, so dead to the fear of God and to the reverence due to Him, as to commit such a crime? If such an outrage was committed in France at the bidding of a French infidel, what would be your horror? How much worse is it not when committed at home by persons who style themselves

Christians?

"My dear people, we would be unworthy descendents of our catholic forefathers... if we did not condemn and repudiate this outrage in the strongest language at our command (hear, hear). While we deplore and condemn it, let us be merciful, let us hope and pray that who ever has given way to the temptation of the devil as to perpetrate it will repent and resolve never again to be guilty of such a cowardly and disgraceful deed (cheers).

"We are on the eve of a great triumph for our country, victory is almost in view, the government of the country will be soon, please God, in the hands of the people of Ireland (loud cheers). Let us show our fitness for it, and that we are worthy of it, by our respect for God, for our neighbours, and for everything that would be to the credit of our race at home and abroad (loud cheers).

"The eyes of the world are on us at present, we are still on our trial, let us show that we are not what the enemies of our country represent us to be, but that we are patriotic, just, straight-forward, honourable men (cheers). It is righteous men who shall make our land a nation once again (cheers). Let us feel a pride in our native county, the good old Kingdom, and when Home Rule comes let us be able to prove that amidst all the flags that

shall be unfurled the flag of Kerry shall be unstained and unsullied" (prolonged cheers).

Mr F.C. O'Keefe, President of the Duagh Ancient Order of Hibernians, then proposed the following resolution :- "That we, the people of Duagh, in public meeting assembled, desire to express in the strongest possible manner our condemnation and abhorrence of the outrage committed at a house in the parish at which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated on Sundays for the parishioners and which is occupied by a gentleman who has earned and enjoys the respect of those around him; that we are sure the conduct of the miscreant or miscreants has met with no sympathy and we trust this district will never again be disgraced by such a foul deed? (hear, hear).

Mr O'Keefe paid tribute to Mr Moloney into whose house the shots were fired and said that "Personally and from a Nationalist point of view there was no better or truer Irishman." He wound up what was described as an eloquent speech by assuring the respected Rev FR. Beasley that he had the full and practical sympathy of the whole community with him (loud applause).

Mr James O'Sullivan, Trien, also condemned the outrage at "black" Lyre. Mr J.J. Sheehy seconded the resolution which was passed amidst applause.

Mr W.L. Fitzgerald, Listowel UDC, who had a prominent place in the platform, addressed the crowd. "I

am reminded of the part our clergy played when the cloud of sorrow was hanging over the land in Wexford, when Father Murphy let his gallant pikemen who :-

*Fought like tigers brought to bay,
And Wexford proved her promise well,
In many a bloody fray* (loud cheers).

"Fr Murphy," continued Mr Fitzgerald, "was the guide, philosopher and friend of his people and thus gained their undying affection and the reception which you extended here to Fr Beasley today and the enthusiasm which pervades this assemblage of all that is good and noble in the parish are signal signs of the deep regard and affection in which you hold your beloved pastor". (loud cheers for Fr Beasley).

Fr Beasley brought the meeting to a close by thanking the Ancient Order of Hibernians. "The Hibernians are undoubtedly a power in the country and a terror to the enemies of Ireland (cheers). In using their deservedly great power to check and stamp out crime, no matter from what quarter it comes, they are only following the traditions of their order (cheers).

"Gentlemen, in that way they are serving the best interests of Ireland (hear, hear) and helping us to prove that no race or people are better fitted to govern themselves than the people of Ireland (loud and long continued applause)."

When the assembly dispersed the band returned to the AOH hall where, the *Sentinel* reported," a most pleasant evening was spent by the members and invited friends."



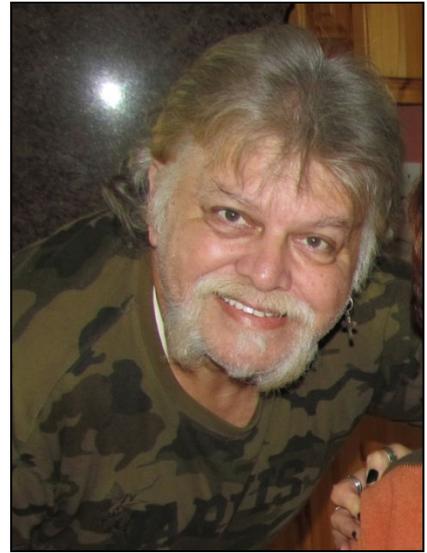
Altar Servers at Christmas Eve Mass 2010 in the Community Centre and on the right the late Edgie Lyons and Lizzie Nolan.



Pictured with Jimmy Roche: Libby, Denise, and Sheelagh daughters of Denis Casey who worked at Bord na Mona, Lyreacrompane. On the right the late Mary Scanlon, Maugha and Paddy O'Leary Dromadamore.



Tralee Tag Rugby 2011 plate winners including Lyre team members Mike Nash, Eirn & Michael Lyons & Eilish, Annmarie & Seán Dillon.



Ger and Breda Walsh and Frances Sugrue enjoying breakfast outside the Grand Hotel Tralee and on the right Nick Schisas, from Brisbane, on a visit with his wife Helen Harrington.



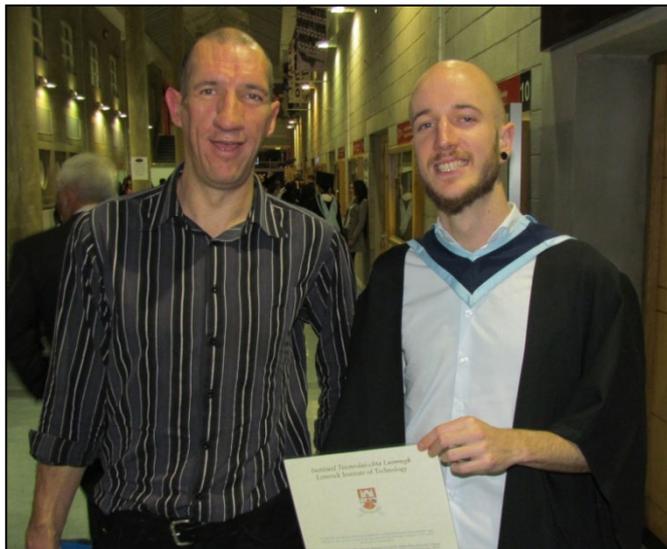
Celebrating the awarding of the 3rd Green Flag at Lyre School are Joan Roche, Brigid Naughton, Betty Canty, Tim Nash, Pat Keane, Jimmy Roche, Imelda Murphy and Mike Fahy



Seán Murphy, Mary Valentine, Connie McMahon, Kate McMahon, Albert Roche, Joan Murphy, Amanda Carmody, Patricia Naughton & Marie Nolan. Right: the late Jer Long and John Connell.



Lyre Comhaltas Dancers early '90. Back Eilish Dillon, Emma Leane, Emma Johnson, Amanda Carmody. Front Sonya Hannon, Eileen Long, Christina Long & Mary Gleeson. Right: Patricia Naughton & Caitriona Lyons front and Conor Walsh & Labhrás Long at the back.



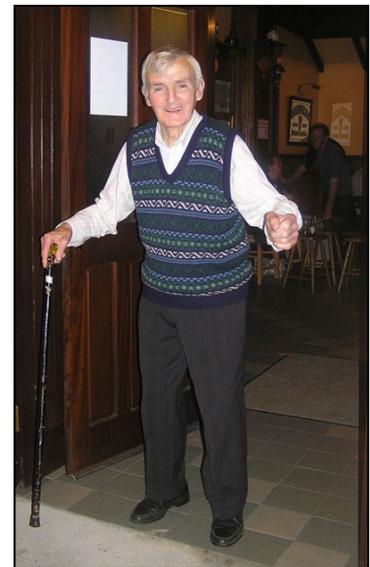
Shane Harrington at his graduation from the Limerick School of Art and Design with brother James. On the right Joe Harrington and Tom Nash visit the grave of Tom Nash, Spur (Tom's father) who emigrated to Sydney in the 1920s



Admiring the new arrival, Kate, a daughter to Tony Lyons and Jenny Lyre and London, and on the right Bernie Connell and Bill Murphy.



Ramblers and the Irish Rambling House Coach outside the Crown Moran in Cricklewood and on the right, Kay O'Leary and Joe Harrington making a presentation to Danny O'Sullivan of Kells, Co. Kerry and England, sponsor of the Irish Rambling House Tour of Britain, at the show in Harrow 2011



Kate Murphy & Dolorous McKenna staffing the election booth at Lyre NS and on the right is the late Bill Curran

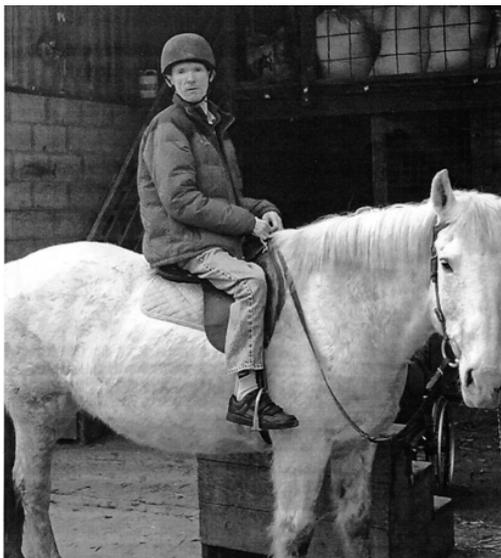


Locals at the late John Neville's wedding and on the right Elisa Greaney and her niece Anna Fahy at the third Green Flag celebration at Lyreacrompane National School.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Compiled by Tommy Quille - Answers at bottom of page.

- 1 - Which event in the Olympic Games is named after a famous battle?
- 2 - How many great Grand-parents does one have?
- 3 - What was Wolfe Tones first name?
- 4 - Who in 1987 became the first sportsman to have been made a Freeman of Dublin?
- 5 - Name the Spanish saint who was the founder of the Order of Jesus (The Jesuits) ?
- 6 - The band "The Saw Doctors" come from which Irish county?
- 7 - Name the actress who played Basil's long-suffering wife "Sybil" in Fawlty Towers?
- 8 - Name the Quiz that brought together top college teams hosted by Kevin Myers?
- 9 - Which year in the 1970's is called the year of "The three Popes"?
- 10 - How was Wild Bill Hickok occupied when he was shot in 1878?
- 11 - How many are left after a baker's dozen is deducted from a gross?
- 12 - What horse named after an ancient city won both the English and Irish Derby?
- 13 - In which British paper did the first crossword puzzle appear in 1924?
- 14 - Which profession has produced the most US Presidents?
- 15 - What type of horse race is a Bumper race?
- 16 - What is the normal temperature of the human body?
- 17 - Which surname is most common in Cork and Kerry?
- 18 - What would you do to serve a wine chambre?
- 19 - What was the name of Richard Carpenter's sister who died from leukaemia?
- 20 - How is the Olympic Torch lit?



On the left; Tommy Quille on his charge and on the right, Joe and Bridie Quille at the Jerry O'Dea's Social in 1978

QUIZ ANSWERS .

1 - Marathon. 2 - Eight. 3 - Theobald. 4 - Stephen Roche. 5 - Ignatius. 6 - Galway.
7 - Prunella Scales. 8 - Challenging Times. 9 - 1978. 10 - He was playing poker. 11 - 131
12 - Troy. 13 - Sunday Express. 14 - The Legal Profession. 15 - One for Amateur riders.
16 - 98.4 17 - O'Sullivan. 18 - Bring it to room temperature. 19 - Karen. 20 - By the sun's rays at Olympia in Greece.

Looking for your roots? WWW.LYREACROMPANE.COM may be able to help. We will put your message on "Your Page". It has worked for others. E-mail: lyre@lyreacrompane.com

Best Wishes to Lyre Journal

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**Best wishes to the
Journal**

Remember the Bands?

The year 1971 certainly fitted into the era of the Showbands. Every village and town in Ireland had or was hankering after a ballroom or two. The popularity of the dances was not lost on business people who saw the vast numbers advancing on the ballrooms to see their favourite Showbands as good for business. Local shops, petrol stations and bars all benefited from the spin-off. The demand for Showbands was often

frantic as the ballroom owners and promoters vied to feature the latest and the greatest available. Forty years on can you recall those show-bands or have you heard your parents mention them. The following are some that frequented Kerry that year.

The Hoot'nannys, Frankie Carroll and the Ranchers, The Bandits, Johnny Regan and the Tumbleweeds, Dermot Hegarty and the Plainsmen, Pat Lynch and the Airchords, Larry Cunningham and the

Country Blue Boys, Bluebell Quintet, The Moonbeamers and the Clipper Carlton.

Dan Duggan and the Savoy played at the Abbey in Abbeyfeale, the Astor in Castleisland was closed for the month of February for renovations and the Country Hillside played for a Biddy Ball on February 4, 1971 in Miltown. The lead singer with the band was Billy Donegan who presents the All-Irish music Show on Kerry Radio every Sunday morning.



Helen Keane and Patrick Brick meet up with Brendan Boyer at the Mount Brandon Hotel in Tralee

Exiles voting rights.

There has been much debate on the issue of exiles getting the right to vote in Irish Elections. All parties seem to be in favour of it but still nothing happens. It is interesting to note that there is a website that allows exiles to record their preferences in Irish elections but of course these are not taken into account in the real count. To see how the exiles might have voted go to www.ballotbox.ie

Lyreacrompane Notes 1960

The Christmas holidays for Lyre schoolchildren were tinged with a little sadness as the closing of the school also marked the end of 44 years of devoted service to the teaching profession by Mrs. Hannah Sheehy, Clahane. Of these forty-four years forty were spent in Lyre and four in England. In these notes it would be impossible to do adequate justice to the outstanding capabilities of Mrs. Sheehy who taught two generations of Lyre pupils in the best tradition of her noble calling. As a teacher of infants first and second classes she had the unenviable task of moulding the minds of the future men and women of Lyre. In this respect, she succeeded admirably and the locality will forever be indebted to one who was greatness personified. Her departure from the profession she adorned so efficiently will be genuinely regretted not merely by those who were privileged to teach with her down through the years but also by hundreds of Lyre men and women at home as well as by those whom destiny has scattered throughout foreign lands. All I know will join with me in wishing Mrs. Sheehy countless years of happiness in her retirement – a reward which she has so richly deserved.

Mrs. Sheehy, who is mother of Rev Fr. Kevin Sheehy OSA Northern Nigeria and Sr. Kenneth CP, Rhode Island, was the recipient of a presentation in the form of an armchair on behalf of the pupils and fellow

teachers, Mr. D Hannafin and Miss M Nolan. (Jan 2 1960)

Lyreacrompane Notes Congratulations to Mrs Behan, a native of the Parish, on her appointment at Lyre school. Mrs Behan succeeds Mrs Sheehy who retired recently. (Jan 16 1960)

Local schoolchildren had a pleasant surprise recently when the trophies won by Kerry last year were brought to the school. The Principal at Lyre school is Mr. Dermot Hannifin former All-Ireland Kerry footballer.

Congratulations to Mr Jack Naughton, Glashnacree whose dog, Dawn Dreamer, won a stake at Abbeyfeale coursing.

Following a holiday spent with his parents Mr. John Costello, Lyre, has returned to the USA.

Mr. Tony Nolan, Carrigcannon, has returned to Germany to rejoin the US Forces after a holiday at home. (Jan 30 1960)

The popularity of the **local drama group** was fully demonstrated at the school on Monday night when before a record attendance they presented an entertaining concert which was the climax of months of earnest preparation. Highlight of the programme was a three hour comedy, in which the group gave an all round polished performance. It is no reflection on the other members of the cast if I single out the name of Jerry Long for special mention. Jerry has given many fine performances but none greater than on

Monday night when his antics virtually brought down the house. Jimmy Roche, Nellie Sheehy and Ted Cronin also provided some amusing interludes. The remaining members of the cast, Bridie Long, Mary Roche, Jack and Margaret Buckley did more than their share in making this a most memorable production.

In the supporting comedy items were contributions by Jimmy Roche, Betty Broderick, The Somers sisters, Brendan McKenna (songs). Catherine Canty, Nora Doran, Nellie Sheehy, Kathleen Halpin and Tom Hickey (step-dancing). The accompanists were Tom Doran (accordion) and Jerry Long (violin). The producer was Fr. McSweeney and J Walsh acted as compeer. (Feb 6 1960)

The marriage has taken place at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, Wolverhampton, England of Mr. Edmond Sweeney, youngest son of the late Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Sweeney, Lyreacrompane and Miss Josephine Griffin, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs David J Griffin, Castleisland. Bridesmaid was Miss Moira McHugh, Cavan and bestman was brother of the groom, Mr. Michael Sweeney.

Congratulations are once again extended to Dan McAuliffe, Duagh who has been selected to play for the Rest of Ireland against the Combined Universities in Croke Park. (Feb 27 1960)

Spur

The ash tree grows amid the ruins and spreads its branches wide
And shades the spot where dancers housed and music was enjoyed.
'Twas there my mother, Julie, danced and taught Bill Curran too
At Walsh's house, that to this day, thought ruined, is still called "New".

Across the lively stream outside Ned Connor's house did stand
And still they lie; the stepping stones he put there with one hand.
The decades pass and still they give a place on which to thread
They stand against the years of floods in memory of Ned.

And at the joinings, further down, my memory takes me back
To view that cosy little house of Kate and Johnny Mac
And further down again along the banks of Glashniore
I still recall Pat Kirby bold stand at his old half door.

The Naughton's too lived by the stream beside a waterfall
And you were welcome at the house when ever you would call
And Tim and Ellie Mary lived so snug beneath their thatch
And there was welcome in their smile when you would lift the latch.

And at the Nash's homestead the sign above the door
Still marks the year that Tom set sail to far Australia's shore.
From there my mother journeyed out the river track to school
As seven times it crossed the stream to dodge each gleaming pool.

The footbridges, the stepping stones, the rough and winding track
The trout and salmon in the stream; the turf bank brown and black.
Those times are gone forever now and memories may blur
But still they rattle 'round my head; those images of Spur.

Joe Harrington 28/01/2011



Sheila Hinchliffe (centre) whose late father, Jack Nash, emigrated to Southampton from Spur with son Bob Dixon and his wife, Lin meet cousins Joe Harrington and Helen Schisas at the Crown Moran in Cricklewood.

Lyre Notes 1971

School transport

Mr Joe Doran of Carrigcannon has had his tender accepted for the local school transport service which gets underway next week. (*Kerryman Jan 23, 1971*)

Off to Meath

Three farmers from the district will soon be involved in the very interesting experiment of communal farming undertaken by the Irish Land Commission. Mr Timothy Dillon of Derrindaffe, his brother Mr Patrick Dillon of Gortacalahane, Mr Michael Kelly also of Gortacalahane and his brother-in-law, Mr Patrick Barton, a west Kerry man, will be transferred to a 200 acre farm in Athboy, Co Meath. Here they will work in a joint capacity which means pooling their profits for a trial period of seven years. (*Kerryman Jan 23, 1971*)

Sympathy

Sympathy was extended during the week to Mrs Mai O'Connor, Lyre, on the death of her brother, Mr Thomas Murphy, Knocknagoshel. (*Kerryman Feb 13, 1971*)

Thomas Countney RIP

The death occurred suddenly in Leicester, England, of Mr Thomas Countney, a native of Laccabawn, Castleisland.

Mr Courtney was well known in this district where he spent some of his early days and where he has many family connections (*Kerryman February 13, 1971*).

Lyre Dogs

Mr Tadhg O'Connor of Knocknacurra has sold his very promising young dog, "Renagown" for £600. Yet another local dog, "Smearlagh Side", the property of Edmond Galvin, Bromadra, has reached the semi-finals of the Produce Stakes in Clonmel. (*Kerryman May 21, 1971*).

Holidays

Home for a short visit is Sr Fidelma (Moloney) who has spent some years in Letchworth, Herts, and is now on the teaching staff in St Teresa's College, Mote, Co Westmeath. (*Kerryman May 1, 1971*).

Left for England

Brothers Billy and John Keane, Sons of Mr and Mrs Jerry Keane, Glashnanoon, left for England during the week. (*Kerryman May 29, 1971*).

Carnival Queen

Miss Nora Mary Kelliher was selected Carnival Queen at the opening dance held in conjunction with the Lixnaw Carnival last Friday night weeks. Nora Mary is an office assistant and daughter of Mr and Mrs Richard Kelliher, Banemore. (*Kerryman May 29, 1971*).

Making music

Among a group of musicians from North Kerry who will be travelling to Dublin to take part in the Fleagh Nua will be Eamon Sheehy, John Sheehy and Tom Doran. The Fleadh will be directed by Rev. Fr. Aherne, a native of Moyvanne. (*Kerryman May 29, 1971*).

Marriage

The Marriage took place in Duagh Parish Church of Mr

Michael Meehan, the Six Crosses and Joan Teresa Doran, daughter of Mr and Mrs Patrick Doran. (*Kerryman May 15, 1971*).

Passing on

The death has occurred of Mr Brian Lynch, Maugha. There was a large gathering at the removal of the remains to Ballymacelligott Church and afterwards to the new cemetery in Clogher. The death has also taken place in Norristown, USA of Mrs Mary Molyneaux (nee Lyons) wife of Mr Jack Molyneaux, Glountane. (*Kerryman May 15, 1971*).

Dancing to success

Pupils from the Hickey School of Dancing, Lyre, had considerable success at the Feis held in Duagh on Sunday. They were; Nora Shanahan, Anne Keane, Bridie Mai Sommers, Geraldine Lyons, Karen Walsh, John McKenna, Bernie McKenna, Mattie Carmody and Michael McKenna. (*Kerryman June 5, 1971*).

Nurse of the Year. Sister Mary Rose (Gleeson), a native of Lyre, has been chosen as Nurse of the Year at Whittington Hospital, London. (*Kerryman June 12, 1971*).

Stephen Galvin The death took place of Stephen Galvin of Gortacalahane at the age of 90. The funeral took place to Duagh Cemetery. (*Kerryman July 3, 1971*).

Teaching post taken up. Congratulations to Kathleen Dillon who has completed her training as a National Teacher. She is a daughter of Mr and Mrs William

Dillon, Glenderry. She has taken up a teaching post in Wicklow. (*Kerryman Sept 11, 1971*).

Final Vows. One of three Irish girls who pronounced their final vows in the Convent of Mercy, Auburn, California, is Sr. Eileen Enright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Enright, Glashnanoon. She will now be engaged in teaching in the Diocese of Sacramento. (*Kerryman Sept 11, 1971*).

The death has taken place at an advanced age of Mrs. Hannah Dillon (nee Carmody) who was a native of Glashnacree. (*Kerryman Sept 11, 1971*).

The death took place at his residence of Mr. Edmond O'Connor, a native of Knocknacurra (*Kerryman Sept 1971*).

Holiday over. Going back to England after a holiday at their home in Muingwee is Mr. Jack O'Donoghue and his son Anthony. Jack was a local postman for a number of years until he and his family settled in London. (*Kerryman Sept, 1971*).

Wedding. The wedding took place in New York of Miss Mary Christine Roche and Mr John Joe Leonard. The best man was Mr. Ml. Murphy and the bride was attended by her sister, Mrs Rebecca Roche. The groom is a vocalist with the evergreen Showband in New York. The couple spent part of their honeymoon at the bride's home in Carrigcannon. (*Kerryman Sept, 1971*).

Duagh Carnavil closed on Sunday night. The open polka competition final was won by Ballyheigue on Friday night and the confined final went to Jack Molyneaux and his group on Sunday night.

The funeral has taken place of Timothy (Oathy) Horgan. He was laid to rest in Kilflynn. (*Kerryman Sept 18 1971*)

The Death occurred of Mr. John McCarthy of Glashnacree. There was an exceptionally large gathering at the removal of the remains to Lyre Church. Burial took place in Duagh. The death also took place on the same day of Mr. John Joy of Meenanare, father of the late Mrs. John Naughton of Glashnacree. There was also a large attendance at the funeral to Duagh Cemetery. (*Kerryman June 12, 1971*)



**Bill & Margaret Nolan
Adare, Co. Limerick**

Garda Billy Nolan, Carrigcannon, son of William Nolan and the late Mrs Nolan completed his depot training as a Garda and took up duty in Limerick.

He is brother to Nelius Nolan, Lyre Post-master. (*Kerryman Feb 13 1960*)

At 1971 Prices

Prices of some items at **Cliffords Household Sales**, 31 Castle St. Tralee on August 21, 1971 were ...

GEC Family Fridge	- £20
Bosch Fridge	- £45
Bosch Deep Freeze	- £85
LP records	50p
Transistor Radios	£11
Tape Recorders	-£15
Record Players	- £12
20 inch TV sets	- £20
Portable TV	-£75
Auto Washing Machine	-£99
Novum Twin tub	-£49
Spin Dryer	£25
Simplicity Elec Cooker	-£26
Jackson Super	-£65
Kosangas Cooker	- £10
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Billy Nolan with Tom Carey at Listowel Races in 1951. In the background is John (Davy) Nolan.

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Snowy Mountains Trip

Joe Harrington

As our flight descended through the eucalyptus-induced blue haze of an Australian sky a glance out the window instantly took us back to our own Stacks Mountains twelve thousand miles away. On the distant skyline sat a group of wind turbines looking as out of place as they do on the rolling blanket bog of North Kerry. Almost lost in the vast Australian landscape and viewed from five thousand feet they looked unlikely to have much influence on the efforts to save our environment.

The image passed and we were quickly on the ground with all day in front of us to visit the capital city of Australia and the countryside to the south. The girl who introduced us to our hired car at the airport must have had serious reservation about leaving us out of the Hertz compound. Believe me automatics are not automatic. It took a while and a couple of efforts by me to propel Kay through the windscreen before I realised that I would have to make my left leg redundant and away from the brake if we were to make any progress towards Melbourne over the next few days.

We had gathered from a fellow traveller on the way down from Brisbane that the Telecommunications tower on Black Hill offered the best views of Canberra. And how right he was? Called after a local

aboriginal tribe this planned capital for Australia was started in 1913 following the failure of Melbourne and Sydney to agree which of them should host the Federal Parliament. After a slow start it has now grown to be an impressive city.

Later as we were videoing the Capital Building from closer range we were quickly approached by a policeman on a bicycle concerned that we weren't "trying to set up a rocket launcher!" Soon we were tracing his ancestry back to Ireland and he cycled off with a promise to visit sometime.

Now we are on the road to Cooma. Forty years after I first travelled that road on a motorbike I can see why it had always remained as a vivid memory. It is a bright land of scorched appearance softened by groves of trees and dotted with isolated homesteads. The small wind turbines that pump water are picturesque and fit into the scene unlike those that have invaded our Kerry hills.

Cooma hasn't changed much over the years and we stop for a break at a bar. The young bartender has an opinion on everything and sums up all that goes wrong in the town with "That's our Council for you!" But we must move on. We are now heading west and with sunset at around 6pm we are anxious to get to our accommodation in Jindabyne. The countryside has become much more hilly and we note the warning signs that advise of the danger of Kangaroos crossing. There is ample

evidence littering the roadside that some didn't make it.

Hotel Jindabyne was more Motel Jindabyne and the town was quite. The sunset on the lake glistened on the spot where the town once stood. Old Jindabyne was one of a number of towns which were sacrificed to the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme when streams were dammed and valleys were flooded. Parts of the old town can be seen when the lake levels are low. On the Lake shore is the imposing statue to Paul Strzelecki who first explored the area, placed there by the Polish Community. A little further on stands a memorial to the Irish who worked on the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme. It employed over 100,000 people from over 30 countries in its construction. It took 25 years to build - from 1949 to 1974 - at a cost in today's values of six billion Australian dollars.

The scheme interlocks seven power stations and 16 major dams through 145 kilometres of trans-mountain tunnels and 80 kilometres of aqueducts. The scheme virtually reverses the flow of the Snowy River from its natural course toward the ocean to the east and directs it inland. Apart from the production of electricity the Scheme provides water security to the Murry-Darling River basin for an irrigated agriculture industry worth about \$5billion per annum, representing more than 40% of the gross value of the nation's agricultural

production. On the other hand there are ongoing concerns over the environmental damage arising out of the reduction of the Snowy River's natural flow by 99%.

We are now skirting Mount Kosiasco, Australia's highest mountain at 2229 metres, as we head west along the Alpine Way for Thredbo. Along the way we have to stop at a toll boot where we pay a small charge which goes towards the upkeep of Kosiasco National Park which we are just about to enter. Thredbo, clinging to the side of a mountain, comes alive in the Australian winter when it becomes the skiing Mecca of the southern continent. When we got there the place was busy enough even though the prospect of snow was still some way off. Never the less we hopped on one of the open ski chairs and over a mile later and at a more rarefied altitude we hopped off at Australia's highest restaurant - The Eagles Nest. Fanning out below us were the ski runs ready to receive their carpet of winter snow but now providing a down hill mecca for mountain bikes.

Back on the road we are heading towards Tom Groggin Station, reputed to be the home of the Man from Snowy River made famous in Banjo Patterson's epic verse of the same name. Today it is an isolated bend on the long road to Khancoban. The countryside here is spectacular. It was Good Friday and it's taken seriously in Australia. The town, already small enough,

was practically deserted. The man at the only store open told us that Khancoban was a town that arose out of the influx of people working for the Snowy Mountain Hydro Electric Scheme on the Murry Number 1 power station just back the road. At one stage there were over 5,000 people camped in tents and other assorted accomodation in what is now the town park. On a smaller scale it reminded us of another place over 12,000 miles away in the Glenaruddery Mountains when people came from far and wide to work the turf on Bord na Mona's fuel producing operation from the 1930s to the 60s.

We were now heading out of New South Wales and the road took us over the famous Murray River. One thousand, six hundred miles in length, the Murray rises in the Australian Alps and combines with the Darling to drain one seventh of Australia's land mass. Compared with other rivers of its size the Murray Darling carries much less water and due to natural droughts and the taking of water for irrigation it can actually go dry although this is very rare.

Seeing the Murray River took Kay back to her school days but there was no Darling River!!! When she was learning about them it was always referred to as the Murray Darling River by the teachers. The meeting with the Darling was further downstream.

In Corryong everyplace was closed. We went to see Jack Riley's grave - The Man from Snowy River.

Sitting at Jack's grave in the fading light lines from Banjo Patterson's epic verse come to mind.

*"He sent the flintstones flying but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timbers in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat,
It was great to see that mountain horseman ride,
Through the stringy bark and saplings
On that rough and broken ground
Down the mountain at a racing pace he went
And he never drew the bridle 'till he landed safe and sound
At the bottom of that terrible decent."*

Jack Riley was born in Ireland in 1841. He arrived as an emigrant in Sydney at the age of 13. Jack went on to become a fearless horseman in the Snowy Mountains. For many years he lived at the place we already mentioned - Tom Groggin in North Victoria. He died in 1914 and he is buried in Corryong where he is commemorated annually in the Man from Snowy River Bush Festival. We regretted that our trip did not coincide with that Festival.

After leaving Corryong we ran into a thunder and lightening storm - and beautiful rainbows. They were so bright compared to the rainbows at home. We headed on for Tallangatta to get something to eat. We were starving. Once again everyplace was closed for Good Friday. We spotted a chipper/take away.

It was the only place we saw people around – it must have been feeding the town. Food, glorious food and then we headed for our accommodation in Beechworth.

Next morning saw us on the Myrtleford Road. We passed some burnt forest and went through the city of Bright. There were lots of garage sale signs up. It seems to be what Australians do on Saturdays. We turned at Germantown for Mount Beauty. At Sullivan's Lookout a biker told us the way to Yackandandah - a beautiful heritage town full of antique shops. We had our dinner at the Star Hotel and headed for Kelly Country via Wangaratta.

Glenrowan is all about Ned Kelly. The main street of this little town just off the Hume Highway is dominated by a 12 foot statue of Ned. We had some tea and scones at Billy's Tea Rooms. We resisted availing of the reenactment show of the Glenrowan siege and instead bought a CD of songs about Ned Kelly by a local called Eureka Smith.

Ned was the most famous of the Australian Outlaws and his father was a convict from Tipperary. Ned's mother was jailed following an incident with a policeman and this brought Ned into conflict with the law. With his brother and a couple of friends he robbed banks in northern Victoria and across the border in New South Wales. It was during his raid north of the Murray River that Ned wrote his famous Jerilderie Letter. The 8,000 word document

shows elements of Irish republicanism, and recollections of the injustices of the convict era, merged with accounts of the hardships, poverty and police harassment of his own time in Victoria. Of the Irish he wrote,

They were transported to Van Diemens Land to pine their young lives away in starvation and misery among tyrants worse than the promised Hell itself. All of true blood, bone and beauty, that was not murdered on their own soil, or had fled to America or other countries to bloom again another day were doomed to Port Macquarie, Toongabbie, Norfolk Island and Emu Plains, and in those places of tyranny and condemnation, many a blooming Irishman, rather than subdue to the Saxon yoke, were flogged to death and bravely died in servile chains, but true to the shamrock and a credit to Paddy's Land.

Some accounts of what became known as the Kelly outbreak claim that up to 800 men were willing to ride with Ned in a challenge to the authorities but in a confrontation with the Kelly gang at Stringy Bark Creek three police officers were killed and the Australian Government passed special legislation to deal with the situation.

On Saturday, 27 June 1880 a final violent confrontation with police took place at Glenrowan. The Kelly Gang took 60 hostages in the Glenrowan Inn. A siege followed and in the ensuing battle with police three gang members were killed.

Kelly, attired in home-made metal armour, was shot in the legs and captured. Despite mass protests of up to 8,000 people, he was hanged for murder at Old Melbourne Jail on November 11, 1880. His last words were 'Ah well, I suppose it has come to this'.

Like Ned, we now headed south on the road to Melbourne – but to a much happier ending to a fabulous journey – a lovely reception from Mary, Seamus, James and all the second and third cousins and to the music and song of Paddy and Eileen.



Geraldine and Joe Finucane relaxing at the Four Elms. Below musician Lorraine Nash displays her All-Ireland medals.



Damn the Dam

The summer of 1971 saw the Listowel Urban District Council expressing concern at proposals to impound or extract water from the Feale and the Smearlagh rivers. A national newspaper had carried a report that the County Manager had stated that a survey on the availability of fresh water supply for industry in the Shannon Estuary was carried out and as a result it was recommended that the water be taken from the river Feale to supply the area between Ballylongford and Foynes. The report recommended four stages of development... (1) an abstraction at Listowel would give 7.8 million gallons of water per day; (2) An impoundment of a supply at Lyreacrompane would yield 8.2 million per day and stages three and four would involve a further impoundment just above Listowel Bridge and at Abbeyfeale if necessary – making a total abstraction of 35 million gallons per day.

Mr Thomas P Walsh, who raised the matter in the form of a notice at the monthly meeting of the Listowel Urban Council, said that what had to be considered by the UDC is the effects any further abstraction of water would have on Listowel town. "It is my view that any further depletion of the flow of water in the river Feale would result in serious pollution from our sewers and could be the cause of the loss of industry to the town not to mention the effects on angling tourism.", said Mr Walsh.

Mr. M. L. O'Connell, presiding said Mr. Walsh had raised an extremely important point at the right time and the Council should get expert advice on it.

The idea hasn't gone away you know.

In the mid 1970s Kerry County Council looked at the possibility of sorting North Kerry's water needs by damming the Smearlagh. Test drillings were carried out but the project never went ahead. In 2006 the Council had another look at the water needs of Kerry. The following is taken from the Public Consultation document it issued then

PUBLIC CONSULTATION – Kerry Water Services Investment Programme (Draft Assessment of Needs Report 2006)

In 2003, the Department of Environment, Heritage & Local Government (DEHLG) requested Kerry County Council to prepare an Assessment of Needs for Water Services Investment which would identify the medium term requirements of all the Local Authorities in one consolidated list. This was duly done and an Assessment of Needs was adopted by the members of Kerry County Council in November 2003. Substantial works are in train as a result. Local Authorities have been requested by DEHLG to prepare updated assessments of water services needs in view of the scale and pattern of demographic and economic developments in recent years and to provide an input into the next National Development Plan.

The water Services Department considers that the most pressing short terms needs of the county are to:

- Meet our statutory requirements to provide water that meets the

standards of the Drinking Water Regulations.

- Improve the water supply and wastewater infrastructure in the areas which are under the greatest developmental and/or environmental pressures.

- Provide County Strategic Studies for the future development of the water and sewerage infrastructure and that the key medium to long term needs are:

- The planning and provision of the Smearlagh dam which is needed to provide a long term secure high-quality water source for North Kerry, and is especially significant in view of the potential of the Ballylongford land bank for development. (Cost of site investigation would be just under one million and the cost of construction would be €35m.)

- A roll-out of the projects identified by the strategic studies.

Dáil Éireann - May, 1950

Mr. Spring asked the Minister for Lands whether he is aware that Mr. Jeremiah O'Connell, Glenderry, Lyreacrompane, Listowel, County Kerry, offered to sell some acres of turbary to his Department; and, if so, if he will now state whether it is the intention of the Land Commission to purchase this land with a view to dividing it between the people in the district who are applicants for turbary.

Mr. Blowick: The Land Commission has no proceedings in respect of this turbary. I will ask them to investigate the matter and expedite their decision.



What is NKRO?

NKRO is a coming together on a voluntary basis of the villages of North Kerry with a view to promoting and preserving our culture, heritage and history. We are affiliated to Ireland Reaching Out and we cover the following parishes: Listowel, Finuge, Ballyduff, Lisselton/Ballydonoghue, Ballybunion, Duagh, Asdee, Ballylongford, Tarbert, Lyre-acrompane, Knockanure, Moyvane/ Newtownsandess, Kilflynn and Lixnaw.

However, if anyone outside of these places asks for our help in researching ancestors we will do our best for them. We also hope to connect all North Kerry people worldwide with their Kerry home.

How will we do this?

We are collecting old photographs, testimonies, documents, oral histories, stories and poems and to making them available to everyone on our website www.northkerryreachingout.com

We intend to update the site regularly with news and happenings from North Kerry. The NKRO site will not replace the excellent existing local sites. It will link to them.

Some of our members will be trained in the use of online and other resources in genealogy and heritage in Listowel in the coming months. We hope to be able to help people who contact us to trace their North Kerry roots.

We will organise a week of welcomes in 2012. We will invite people who have a link to North Kerry to come and enjoy a week among their own people. We hope to lay on a feast of Irish culture with concerts, craft

demonstrations, matches, turf cutting and much more.

Who will pay for all this?

People will give their time free gratis. The spirit of volunteerism is essential to the success of this venture. Already we have about 50 volunteers researching, collecting, blogging, photographing, fundraising etc.

We hold raffles at our Irish culture nights which we are currently holding on every second Friday in venues around North Kerry and a date for you diary -We shall hold a fund raising dance at the Listowel Arms Hotel on St Patrick's Day, March 17 2012, from 3.00 to 6.00pm. This is a great day to get together with family, relations and friends and celebrate our Irish Heritage.

How do I join?

We welcome anyone who is interested in the project to our meetings in The Seanchaí Centre, Listowel. We can be contacted at nkreachingout@gmail.com



**Lyre ladies enjoying the Dan Paddy Andy Festival
Brigid Naughton, Julie Ahern, Maureen Ahern and Kathleen O'Connor.**

See you at the North Kerry Reaching Out fund raising dance at the Listowel Arms Hotel on St Patrick's Day, March 17 2012, after the parade.

THE AL ROCHE MEMORIAL CUP.

Joe Quille

The story of the Healy Cup acquired by the Lyre GAA, of which I was Secretary in the early 1950s, is well documented in previous Lyre Journals particularly so in the Journal published in May 1990.

Briefly the cup was named in memory of Con Healy Tralee, a friend of mine when I worked there. Con was a member of Kerry's first All Ireland winning team of 1903 and in 1952 we invited his surviving colleagues, Moss McCarthy. Dinny Curran, Dinny Breen and Jamsey Gorman to Carrig for the district league final of that year between Smearla Rangers and Carrig Sarsfields, the inaugural year of the Healy Cup, and to this day I treasure the memory and privilege of introducing these legends of Kerry football to the huge crowd in Carrig that day and the subsequent presentation of the cup by Maurice McCarthy to a delighted John "Davy" Nolan captain of the winning Carrig Sarsfields team.

On a personal note a memorable day was crowned by my first official date that evening at Clahane Cross with Bridie Long, now my wife of over 40 years of wedded bliss.

Around 1954 I had with deep regret to relinquish my association with Lyre GAA as I had got a job outside Bray in Co Wicklow but still my heart was in Lyre and I had envisaged that maybe under 18 football could be

organised in Lyre and for this I had another cup in mind by now I had moved to Limerick and was working in the Bar trade. There I met a Corkman Jack Hallinan who became a great friend. Jack was Area Manager of Beamish and Crawford and was a personal friend of Al Roche.

One day I told Jack of my plans for under 18 football in Lyre with a cup for the winners called the AL Roche Memorial Cup with the kind permission of the Roche family. Jack was very enthusiastic about the idea and was most generous. I got other contributions from Browns and McElligotts of Castleisland and permission from the Roche family and so the Al Roche Memorial Cup became a reality.

Sadly, the original intention that the cup be presented for minor football in Lyre did not, for some unforeseen circumstances, materialise, and for me that was a matter of deep personal regret believing strongly in the saying that the minors of today are the seniors of tomorrow.

But the story has a happy ending. It was presented to Lyre's own legend Billy Doran, Chairman of the North Kerry Board, for senior football competition.



Remember the big freeze?

Gone with the wind

Irish Times Letters Page of July 13 1984 carried the following letter regarding John B Keane's publication of *Dan Paddy Andy - The Man of the Triple Name*.

Sir,

Mr. Keane has treated with sensitivity, sympathy and understanding the community exemplified by "*Dan Paddy Andy*". He will be glad to know that the wild music of the contrary rivers is not forgotten and that remembered too are the shadows of the clouds that raced like wild ponies across the brown uplands.

We who come from that community owe a love of song to the soil and the sky of Lyreacrompane but we are duty bound to register resentment at a condition that contributed to its degradation and decimation. That condition was a lunatic version of Irish nationalism.

If John B Keane did nothing else but produce the *Man of the Triple Name* his reputation would be assured. With *Dan Paddy Andy* he has brought music, song and laughter to what in other hands would be a bitter requiem for a generation that's gone with the wind.

Joe Carey
Galway

Have you seen the song and video of Knocknagoshel on the Hill on You tube?

Some earlier Journals are still available Tel 068 48353

Some lighter moments **Submitted by Joe Quille**

A footballer kicked a vital penalty over the bar during a cup final in Somerset, after a supporter of the opposing team "flashed" her breasts at him from behind the goal. The incident took place during a penalty shoot out in the match between Norton Hill Rangers and Wookey. As a Norton Hill player prepared to take his 'spot-kick' the woman lifted her shirt and the ball ended up in the car park. As a result Wookey won the match. So be careful you penalty takers. It could be you.

Over the moon

The best all round flying record for a cow is held by an Iowa Guernsey named Fawn. On May 9 1962 Fawn made her maiden solo flight. Swept up by a tornado, the cow went through the air with the greatest of ease, landed safely a half mile away in a neighbouring patch, lingering long enough to have an affair with a Holstein bull, and eventually wandered back to her home pasture and in due time gave birth to a calf.

Five years later, in January 1967, Fawn was out grazing when another tornado swooped her up. A passing bus load of startled tourists saw Fawn flying at a goodly altitude. She went over the tourists heads for some distance on the opposite side of the road, and landed safely on her four feet once more. After that she was allowed no more flying time. When ever a storm warning came she was always hustled into the shelter of the family farm. This veteran of the wild blue yonder died in prosaic retirement in Scott County on July 25th, at the venerable Cow-age of 23.

Humour

A man from Lyre went to a psychiatrist and said, "I keep thinking I'm a horse". "I'm sure I can cure you" said the Psychiatrist, "but it will cost you a lot of money." "That's no object" said the Lyre man." I've just won the Grand National".

A customer goes into a bar and orders a whiskey, then asks for water. and then asks for ice. The barman said. "There's no difference between ice and water.

Customers replied, "Try telling that to the Captain of the Titanic."

"I want a separation, the man told his Solicitor "My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months." Maybe you'd better think it over", suggested the solicitor, Wives like that are hard to come by these days."

In 1996 Sue-Evan Jones from Yale, near Bristol failed her first test - after taking 1,500 lessons over 26 years at a cost of £118.000. "

Lenny Lenihan a scrap-metal dealer from the Bronx was barred from driving 633 times between 1990 and 1994.

In 1012 Theodore Roosevelt was shot in the chest while making a speech. He finished his speech before having medical attention.

Walter Moncfton worked for King Edward III) later Duke of Windsor) voluntarily for 25 yrs. His reward at the end was a cigarette case with his name spelt incorrectly.



The late Dan Brosnan playing at the old Four Elms and on the right the late Fr. Jim McElligott, who was a founder member of Lyre Community group pictured at the first Lotto Draw with Pat Carmody and Mick Naughton at the new Four Elms.

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Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan

'Last of the great Irish Matchmakers'

Kay O'Leary

I have uncovered some extra genealogical background on Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan's family so I'm updating the account that I first published in 1998.

Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan the 'Lyreacrompane Matchmaker' was born at home in Renagown on the 27 December, 1899. He was the second youngest of four children born to Patrick and Bridget O'Sullivan. His mother was the former Bridget Geaney, Reamore, Kilduff. Reamore is three miles from Renagown Cross on the Lyreacrompane/Tralee road. Dan Paddy Andy's parents Patrick and Bridget married on the 2 March 1896. Their sponsors were Andrew O'Sullivan and Bridget Horan, Renagown. Dan Paddy Andy had two half-brothers and a half-sister, Andrew 9 January 1891, Patrick 16 March 1886 and Bridget 19 September 1889, as Dan's father, Patrick, had previously been married to Margaret Keane from Mullin, Scartaglen.

Dan Paddy's half-sister, Brigid, emigrated to the US and arrived in Boston on 24 May 1911. She went to St. Louis, Missouri to live with her brother Patrick. She married Thomas Davis from Ballyrehan, Lixnaw on 27 June 1914 in St. Louis. They had three sons Thomas, John and Patrick. All are deceased. Brigid died on 28 May 1967 and is buried in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis. Thomas died on Sept. 10, 1970 and is buried with Bridget. Thomas Davis, Brigid Sullivan's husband, was a Great Grand uncle to Joe Harrington (Editor). Joe's Great Grandmother was Kate Davis from Ballyrehan.

Dan Paddy Andy was christened Daniel. He was baptised by Fr. Jer Lawlor P.P. at Clogher Church, Ballymacelligot on the 31 December 1899. His Godparents were Catherine Sugrue and Jeremiah Sugrue.

Daniel's Paternal Grandparents were Andrew and Helen O'Sullivan, Renagown. His Maternal Grandparents were Patrick and Catherine (nee Sugrue) Geaney, Renagown. In an area

where there would be many families of the same name living and in order to differentiate between them locals would refer to them by adding on a parent/grandparent name. There were other O'Sullivan families living at Renagown so Dan became known as **Dan Paddy Andy** (Paddy was his Father, Andy his Grandfather).

Early Years

The O'Sullivan homestead was adjacent to Renagown National School, where Dan Paddy Andy attended to receive his primary education until he was fourteen years of age. Renagown National School opened in 1894 and closed on 30 June 1971. Dan Paddy registered as pupil number 90 on the 11 July 1904 and left it on February 14 1914. His brother, Denis and his sisters, Mollie and Ellen, also had an excellent school attendance record.

In those times few children went on to second level education, especially in rural areas, where they lived miles from second level institutions and had no means of transport. The options available to those that did not continue in education were either to emigrate or go into manual service with farmers. The annual hiring of these workers took place during February. Dan Paddy Andy's first hiring into manual employment was by a farmer in Galbally, Co. Limerick. As Dan Paddy found him to be an extremely mean man, he only remained with him for a year. Dan's brother, Denis, joined the Garda Siochana and was stationed in Doolin, Co. Clare and in Limerick. After retiring from the Gardai Denis and his family resided in Killarney. Dan's sisters, Mollie and Ellen both emigrated to America to seek employment. Mollie married Richard Halpin, Listowel and Ellen married Michael Begley from Castleisland. Ellen ran a Tea House business in Manhattan, N.Y.

After some years of working with farmers, Dan returned home to help run the family farm. The main source of income for the family came from their milch cows. Dan supplied milk to Lyreacrompane Creamery. His number as a milk producer was 157. Lyreacrompane Creamery opened in 1935 and closed in 1978. Dan also kept a horse, for the dual purpose of working the farm and as a means of transport. He also sold turf to supplement his income. At that time this was the general custom in the locality.

An Independent Player

In 1918 a local volunteer company was

enrolled in Lyreacrompane. Dan Paddy Andy along with many other locals enlisted to fight for Irish freedom. Prior to enlisting as a Volunteer, Dan Paddy Andy had acted as a scout, on look out for the Irish Republican Army. He delivered numerous messages between the various columns, sometimes on horseback. During the Civil War period Dan was a prominent member of the IRA and it is said that he had many lucky escapes at the time.

One of Dan's lucky escapes was on a very wet day when he was taking some powder to the headquarters in Tralee to be tested. At that time the Volunteers had ample supply of shotguns, but no cartridges or powder to fill the empty shells. Therefore, each company made its own powder. This powder was made from charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre, dampened and dried out. The drying out of the powder was a hazardous operation and led to many accidents. Dan's clothes got so wet that he stood with his back to an open kitchen fire to dry himself. The powder in his back pocket soon exploded, ripping Dan's trousers and scorching his posterior.

Dan Paddy Andy contested the Kerry County Council Election for the Tralee area on Thursday the 28 June 1928. He was one of eighteen candidates contesting a ten-seater constituency. He stood as an Independent candidate and was nominated by Francis O'Connor of Cragg and Timothy Horgan of Rathanny. Dan Paddy Andy received 75 votes - a good result for an independent candidate.

Settling Down

Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan married Catherine (Kate) O'Brien, Gloundaigh, Currow, on the 29 April 1930. The nuptials were administered by Fr. J. Lyne at the church of the Immaculate Conception, Currow. Dan's best-man was his neighbour James O'Connor, Renagown and Kate's brides-maid was her sister Abina.

Catherine (Kate) O'Brien had emigrated to America in 1921. She returned home for Christmas in 1929. While doing some shopping in Castleisland she went into the 'Snug' of a local public house. While there an old family friend in the company of Dan Paddy Andy arrived on the premises. Introductions took place. Kate did not return to America at the end of her holiday as Dan had proposed to her.

Kate's father Jimmy was a farm labourer and her mother was the former Mary Coakley from Kilcummin. Kate came from a family of nine,

five boys and four girls. Her sister and bridesmaid Abina (Abbey) married Albert (Al) Roche, proprietor of Roche's Public House, Lyreacrompane. Her sister Margaret married Michael Murphy, Gortacappal, Scartaglen. Kate's sister, Mary, married Charles Holjes and lived in New Jersey, U.S.A. Her brother Paddy married Nell Breen and lived at the Black Banks, Brosna. Kate's brother Dan married Delia O'Neill, Kilcummin. Her brother Edward (Ned) did not marry and emigrated to New York. Her brother James was killed in the 1st. World War. He is buried at Calvary Cemetery, Queens, N.Y. Her brother Timothy (Tadgh) never married and was the last of the family to live in Gloundaigh where he died in the 1950's.

After their marriage, Kate and Dan Paddy Andy lived with Dan's parents, Bridget and Patrick at Renagown. Dan's parents signed the family home and farm over to them but they maintained the southern room in the house for the duration of their lifetime. Likewise, when Bridget and Patrick had married on the second day of March 1896, they moved in with Patrick's parents Andrew and Helen O'Sullivan.

The O'Sullivan Home, Renagown

Dan Paddy Andy's father, Patrick died in 1940 and is buried in Scartaglen (four miles from Castleisland) in the O'Sullivan family grave. His mother Bridget died in 1945 and is buried at O'Brennan Cemetery, Kielduff, with her parents Catherine and Patrick Geaney.

Dan Paddy Andy and Kate had a family of six, one daughter Mary and five sons Paddy, Jimmy, Andrew, Daniel Junior and Johnny. Their children also attended Renagown National School. The children's registration numbers from the Department of Education records were, Mary 245, Paddy 238, Jimmy 244, Andrew 247 and Johnny 262.

The year 1942 brought great sorrow and heartbreak to the O'Sullivan family. Two of their children got Diphtheria and passed away. Andrew died on 11 March at the age of seven and Daniel Junior died on the 11 November at the age of four. Both children were laid to rest in Kilbannivan Churchyard, Castleisland.

Dancing to a different tune

Cross road dancing was popular in the Lyreacrompane district as was the case in most rural areas and Dan Paddy Andy, been a man of vision, saw an opportunity of introducing a dance hall. At that time Dan

was of the opinion that if he erected the hall close to a main roadway it would be more successful. So Dan opened his first Dance Hall, the "Palladium", in 1935. This hall was built on Shanahan's land near Fahaduff Cross. Fahaduff is in the Castleisland Parish and is seven miles from Renagown Cross on the Castleisland/Abbeyfeale road. However, this dancehall was not a success for Dan because of the opposition of the local clergy.

Fr Fitzpatrick, P.P. Castleisland took a fierce dislike to both Dan Paddy Andy and to his dancehall. He was of the opinion that Dan's hall was an abode for sin. At Sunday Mass Fr. Fitzpatrick P.P. would stand on the pulpit and lecture his parishioners about Dan Paddy's dancehall, warning them to stay away from it. He would say, "A wild man from the mountain, a man with a triple name has descended upon us". At that time the clergy's influence dictated the people's way of life. The parishioners obeying the parish priest, shunned the dance hall and, as a result, it closed the same year it opened, 1935. Dan Paddy Andy removed both the iron roof and the wooden floor from the hall at the time.

In 1936 Dan Paddy erected a dance hall at the Renagown Crossroads, here he utilised the iron roof and wooden floor he had removed from the "Palladium" hall at Fahaduff. There was a small shop attached to the hall which Paddy McElligott managed.

The entry charge to the hall was three pence. It was mainly local musicians who played there, Dan Brosnan, Dan Canty, Tom Doran, and Ebbie Somers. On occasions, Paddy, Dan's son also played there. The fee paid for a night's music was normally 5 shillings. The most popular dances at that time were the Half Set, the North Kerry Polka Set, the Old Time Waltz, Hornpipes and Reels. Once again Dan came under strong opposition from the clergy, especially for holding dances during Lent. Fr. William Ferris, Clogher, Ballymacelligott, did his utmost to close the hall but "an independence of thought" prevailed with the people of the Stacks Mountains and they continued to support Dan Paddy Andy. The Renagown Dancehall was a very successful venture and many a romance blossomed there. From time to time plays and films were also staged in the hall. It prospered for twenty two years and closed in 1958.

The Emergency 1939 – 1945

On September 1 1939, Germany attacked Poland and then continued to invade other

European countries. More than fifty countries took part in the war and the whole world felt its effects.

Most governments had to ration the amount of consumer goods each person could use. The Irish Minister for Supplies introduced ration books to facilitate the equitable distribution of commodities which were in scarce supply. Ration books for newborn babies were also introduced. When the birth of a baby was been registered a ration book was handed over.

In Ireland in July 1944, the weekly tea ration was a half-ounce per domestic customer. Workers employed on a County Council turf scheme were given an extra weekly tea allowance. In May 1941 workers employed on a Kerry County Council turf scheme on Dromaddamore Bog, Lyreacrompane, were earning 35s for a 54 hour week.

A Compulsory Tillage order was also enforced. All landholders who had five or more statute acres of arable land had to cultivate quarter of it. Anyone who failed to comply with the compulsory tillage order was liable for £500 penalty and/or imprisonment.

During this period some divisions of the Irish Army came to Lyreacrompane to harvest turf. They first camped at Muingnaminnane, but the surface conditions were wet so they moved their camp to a field at Renagown Cross. This field belonged to Dan Paddy Andy and it was known locally as "Pairc an Bothair" (The road field).

The Irish Army had a Public House within the compound and Baileys, publicans from Tralee, operated it. Locals were allowed access to both the Army Billet and the Barracks. The Army Chaplain, Fr. Michael Murphy, Cork, performed the First Holy Communion Service for the children of the Renagown locality. During this period the Renagown Dance Hall flourished. It became known far and wide. In fact Renagown Cross became known as "Dan Paddy Andy's Cross" and is still referred to as such to day. The hall closed in 1958 when cars became popular in the district and the crowds attending the hall began to decline.

Matchmaker, Matchmaker make me a match

In times gone by rural areas had their own Cupid. This "Cupid" didn't carry an arrow or a heart but his philosophy was the same - he brought people together. He was the

"Matchmaker".

The skill of the Matchmaker was often called upon when people lived miles apart and had little chance of meeting. The Matchmaker may be approached by either a lad looking for a 'good woman', or a girl's father looking for a 'suitable husband' for his daughter.

When the Matchmaker would have prospective partners in mind he would arrange a meeting between both parties. With the help of a bottle of whiskey the banter and bargaining would begin. Ultimately the question of the dowry would be raised and if it wasn't enough a few cattle would be thrown in to make up the shortfall. When the question of a 'dowry' was settled, the land would be inspected. This was known as 'stepping the land'.

Girls often spent a number of years working, as domestic servants, in America, to accumulate a 'dowry'. Some of these girls then returned home to Ireland with a 'dowry' - enough to allow her marry into a farm. Often sisters of the groom's utilised this same dowry to enable them to marry. It often happened that the same "dowry" was recycled many times.

Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan was Ireland's best-known matchmaker. He made his first "match" in 1932. As the years passed Dan Paddy Andy's reputation as a Matchmaker grew. In one of the many interviews Dan Paddy gave to the Press in the 1960's, he maintained that he had arranged over three hundred successful marriages.

People in search of a partner would call to his home at Renagown. Having reviewed the person's situation, Dan Paddy Andy would go through his 'register' of suitable partners. His wife Kate would explain that Dan Paddy Andy was "a marvel; he keeps hundreds of names in his head and he always knows which is just the right one to suit".

Dan Paddy Andy proudly boasted that not one of the matches he arranged over his thirty years as a 'Matchmaker' had gone wrong. Dan Paddy said "I credit this to the precaution I take to ensure that the couple's suit one another, the couple must be sincere in their desire to get married and they must respect one another. I do my utmost to make sure there will be no regrets".

Dan Paddy Andy's main yardstick in measuring the success of a marriage was the

number of children born to the couple. One child meant success, but a large family indicated that the match had been fruitful and that fact was most gratifying to the 'Matchmaker'. When Dan Paddy Andy was questioned about the financial arrangements for a match, he replied, "Usually I get a pound or two which is regarded as introduction money. This would be followed by a small sum of money if a marriage takes place and when the first child is born to the couple". Dan Paddy Andy arranged his last matches in 1962, one in East Kerry and the other in North Cork.

The Final Years

Although Dan Paddy Andy was less than six feet tall he was known to be one of the strongest men in the Lyreacrompane district. He had a great wealth of knowledge regarding the Stacks Mountain region. His great love of the river Smearlagh was well-known. He often swam and fished in the river as a young boy and as a man. The river Smearlagh is approximately twenty-five miles long. It flows through most of the townlands of Lyreacrompane and joins the river Feale at Inchamagillery, Duagh.

Mary, Dan and Kate's daughter, emigrated to New Jersey in 1950. Initially she lived with her aunt Mary. Later, her brothers Paddy and Jimmy followed her. Dan Paddy Andy and Kate signed the family home and farm over to their son Johnny on May 19 1965, but they maintained the North Western room for the remainder of their lives.

During the latter years of his life Dan developed cataracts in both eyes. He was known to have worn spectacles with extra strong lenses to aid his failing vision. For the last few years of his life he was in receipt of the Blind Pension Allowance. Dan Paddy Andy died, where he was born, at the family home at Renagown on the 25 March 1966 at the age of 66. His remains are interred in Kilbannivane Cemetery, with his beloved sons Andrew and Daniel Junior, who died in 1942.

Following Dan Paddy Andy's death, his wife Kate followed her children to America. She died on the 28 March 1973 and was laid to rest in the 'Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Valhalla, New York. The O'Sullivan family erected identical black granite headstones over the graves of their parents. Johnny sold the O'Sullivan homestead and farm in 1967 and he also emigrated to America.

One of the many books written by the late JB Keane was *The Man of the Triple Name*. This book dealt with the humorous side of Dan's life. John B spent the summer holidays of his childhood at Sheey's in Renagown where he got to see how Dan Paddy Andy operated as a Matchmaker. The book was also published in Irish under the title *Dan Phadai Andi*. The play *The Matchmaker* by John B Keane was based on Dan Paddy Andy's career.

The O'Sullivan's first came to Renagown about 1850. The Landlord of Renagown was Mr.

Charles Blennerhassett. Dan Paddy Andy's grandfather, Andrew, was employed as a gamekeeper by the Blennerhassett family. In April 1889 Patrick O'Sullivan acquired one hundred and three acres, one rood and thirty-nine perches along with part of a commonage.

Today, unfortunately, no member of the O'Sullivan family resides at Renagown, but they are warmly remembered in the Lyreacrompane district.



**Back Row L to R DPA, Mary, Kate.
Front Row L to R Patrick, Daniel, Andrew, Johnny, Jimmy.**

2012

In 2012 the Dan Paddy Andy Festival Committee will be holding the 15th Dan Paddy Andy Festival. When we started back in 1998 we were unsure of how it would go. But we are very proud to have being so successful especially being a rural community, without a village. Even though it is not a matchmaking festival people have ample opportunity of meeting that special someone during the four day event. Thanks to everyone who support our festival.

We look forward to meeting you at this year's festival.
August 3 to August 6

Watch out for festival details on www.lyreacrompane.com

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Odds and Ends

A daring armed robbery was carried out at Lyreacrompane Post Office, a few miles from here (Listowel) at 10 o'clock this morning as a result of which £15 was taken. Shortly after the money had been lodged in the office for the payment of the old age pensions, a man armed with a shotgun and having a muffler around the lower part of his face, entered the building and ordered Mr. Con O'Donoghue, post master, and three old age pensioners who were present at the time to put up their hands and hand over the cash, remarking: "This is a general thing today." After taking possession of the money the raider, who is believed to be a stranger to the district, was seen to take a cross-country route.

(Irish Times, Nov 17 1934)
At that time the Post Office was situated next to Pat and Breda Carmody's home in Knockaclare.

A totally different world

"Different... different... a totally different world. I didn't know it in the 1950s when I started writing seriously but I was recording faithfully a life that would disappear forever. The characters are true to their time and place. I was one of them. They're all gone now..."

"They" are his (Keane's) beloved, staunchly independent people from places like Lyreacrompane, the Ivy Bridge, Renagown, Dirha West and Boithrin Dubh "Out the road", who prided themselves on their music, their turf, their

cattle, even their cabbage, in that "mystical past".

"And the saddest thing of all is that so many passed on without leaving anything behind them; people with marvellous stores of stories and songs and anecdotes... It all went down with them... It was the reason I became a playwright. I don't have any doubt about it." (John B Keane)

In Lyreacrompane Keane found "a very tranquil loveliness, dominated by varying shades of brown which gave it a muted quality, except for the hundreds of streams which churtled all day and all night, wilder than the more placid waters of the Feale back in Listowel to which they contributed." Most important of all for Keane was the language spoken there: an eloquent mixture, half Irish, half English.

"Commonplace language seemed to be outlawed there. Every phrase was coloured and filled with subtleties. The language I encountered in the Stacks Mountains had an extraordinary influence on my early plays and on my own speech thereafter. For all its raciness, it is still a very measured language". (Irish Times April 4 1996)

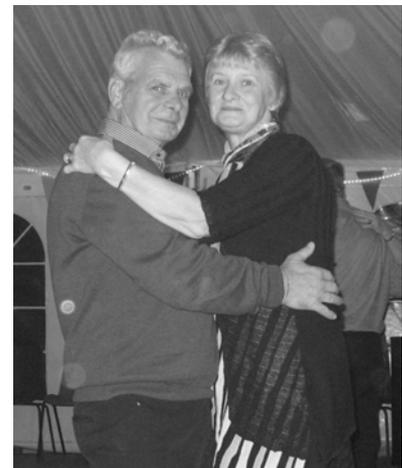
1962 wages

Dáil Éireann - 10 July, 1962 - Wages of Road Workers. Mr. Dan Spring asked the Minister for Local Government the present rates of wages paid to road workers by each county council.

Mr. Blaney: As the reply is in the form of a tabular statement, I propose, with

your permission, a Cheann Comhairle, to circulate it with the Official Report. (In the case of Kerry the weekly wage was £7.)

Although all the big Festival events ended last night there is a busy week ahead for Geraldine Fitz-Gerald from Boston, the Rose of Tralee. Tonight she will be guest at a dance in Listowel and will be conveyed in a cavalcade to the ballroom. On Sunday she will be guest at a dance being run in Kilgarvan by the Kenmare NACA. On next Wednesday night the Rose and her attendants will be guests at a dance in Brosna, the next parish to Lyreacrompane in North Kerry, where another of her grandparents on her father's side came from. (September 6 1963)



Tommy and Eileen Moran take to the floor at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival



Mary Mangan browsing Journal Number 9.

O'LEARY and MOLYNEAUX (*From History of Scott County, Iowa 1882*).

Dennis O'Leary, one of the pioneer settlers of Clayton County, Iowa was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in July, 1811, and was a son of Patrick and Mary (Courtney) O'Leary.

He left his native country in 1847 for the United States, coming via Quebec to St. Louis, Mo., where he was employed in a wholesale grocery store for six and a half years. In 1845 he married Elizabeth O'Sullivan, who was born in Ireland in 1820. To them have been born nine children, five living - John, Dennis, Daniel, Margaret (now the wife of Daniel Haggerty), and Mary.

In 1852, Mr. O'Leary purchased the land where he now resides, and in 1853 moved his family on to it. His first cabin was 12 x 16, made of poplar poles, and crooked at that. They had brought with them some fine furniture from St. Louis, and among it was some high post bedsteads. His cabin ceiling was either too low, or the bedposts too long, and he was forced to cut holes through the floor to make room.

Mr. O'Leary owns a fine property and home, and is classed among the well-to-do farmers of that county. He has owned 412 acres of beautiful prairie land, a portion of which he has divided among his children.

In politics he is a Democrat, and an ardent worker against all whisky traffic. He has had some experience in traveling over the wild prairie, having twice been lost - once was saved by letting his horse have the rein, and once by

his faithful dog, which took him home.

John Molyneaux was born in the county of Kerry, Ireland, June 24, 1827. In 1849 he left the land of his birth for America, and landed at New York City; from there he went to Dutchess Co., N. Y., where he remained two years, then returned to New York, and clerked in a wholesale grocery store for nearly four years and then went into that business for himself. Two years later he located in Davenport, Iowa.

He remained in Davenport Township engaged in farming for nine years, and in 1857 came to Winfield Township. Since his arrival here he has bought three farms, the first consisted of 30 acres on section 16, for which he paid \$2,000; the second contained 80 acres, for which he paid \$3,000; the last contained 40 acres valued at \$1,400. Besides these farms he owns 10 acres of timber land in Clinton County. He was married to Mary Sullivan, Aug. 1, 1853. She is also a native of County Kerry, Ireland, and was born Dec. 25, 1829.

Of 10 children born of this union, eight are living - Margaret, born Oct. 8, 1855, married D. J. Buckley; Henry, born Feb, 4, 1860; John, March 6, 1861; Michael, Dec. 7, 1862, is a graduate of the Davenport Business College; Catharine, born July 8, 1864; Ella, March 26, 1867; Daniel, March 25, 1869, and Julia, March 31, 1871. The family are members of the Catholic church.

Mr. Molyneaux has served his township as trustee for five years, and school director, the same length of time. He has been twice elected justice of the peace, but failed to serve.

First Kerry Supporters Group???

Letter to the Editor, Kerry Sentinel Oct 13, 1913

Sir, As an old Gael I would make an urgent appeal to the friends and supporters of the members of the Kerry Football Team. We are proud of the great contests they have fought and won in near and distant parts. But may I ask what practical support have we given to the men who, at great inconvenience to themselves and their families and at great loss of time, have risked many an accident or disablement for life, all for the honour and glory of making Kerry the premier football county?

Kerrymen, at home and abroad, were proud when over twenty years ago Ballyduff and Kilmoyley hurlers won the Championship of Ireland at Clonturk Park in Wexford. I will always remember with pride the words of Michael Cusack on that occasion. He said to me - "Flavin, I have never seen a finer exhibition of hurling in all my life. You ought to be proud of Kerry".

What was said of the famous Kerry hurlers can be repeated time and again about our football team. Let us all give practical evidence of our loyalty to the heroes of so many hard fought victories by subscribing generously to a presentation fund that will do honour to our county and simple justice to the men who have sacrificed so much for the honour and glory of our grand old Gaelic pastimes.

Yours sincerely

M.J. Flavin
The Rock, Tralee.
P.S. I will willingly give £1

They were talking about us in New Zealand...

A terrible outrage is reported from Co Kerry. A party of Moonlighters called upon a farmer named Kirby, residing at Tralee and shot him dead in the presence of his family. (*Reuters Telegram London Nov 8, 1887*).

Walsh – Moran. On the 15th instant, in the Catholic Church, Palmerston, by Rev, E. Royer of Naseby, Mr Edward Walsh of Listowel, Co. Kerry to Miss Catherine Moran of Carimore, Co Mayo, Ireland. (*1874 October New Zealand Tablet*)

On October 17, of disease of the lungs, after a long illness which he bore with Christian patience, Mr James D Talbot, late of Brosna, Co. Kerry, Ireland, in the 29th year of his age. (*Daily Southern Cross Oct 19 1865*)

Duffy – Murphy. On 29th June, at St Joseph's Church, Hawera, by the Very Rev. Father Mulvihill, John Duffy, Pihama, to Bessie, fourth daughter of Denis Murphy, Castleisland, Co Kerry, Ireland. (*Hawera & Normanby Star June 29 1896*)

Enright – At Mrs Griffin's Railway Hotel, Nightcaps, on August 14, after a brief illness, Jeremiah Enright, native of Listowel, Co Kerry, Ireland; aged 40 years - RIP. (*New Zealand Tablet August 21 1896*).

The number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1891 was 59,868, a decrease of 1,567 as compared with

1890. The average proportion of emigrants to 1000 of the population was 12.7 for the whole of Ireland. The highest County average was 27.4 for Kerry and the lowest was 4.4 for Co Down. (*N Z Tablet Sept 9 1892*)

The new Mayor of Beaconsfield, South Africa, Mr. John Molyneux, is a native of Kilfeighney, County Kerry. He is about 38 years of age He commenced life in Tralee as a grocers assistant, and 16 years ago he emigrated to South Africa, settling at Beaconsfield Diamond Fields, where he amassed considerable wealth, and now owns an extensive and successful business. The Mayoress, Mrs. Molyneux, formerly a Miss Griffin, is a native of Ardfert, Co Kerry. Mr Molyneux is the first Irishman and Catholic who has filled the civic chair of the city of Beaconsfield. (*NZ Times April 27 1899*)

A landowner in Ireland named Considine, who look 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 very poor, come 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 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 that field there at night, you would scarcely find her in the morning". "Bedad, your honour"

replied the Kerryman, "there's many a part of my own county where, if you left a heifer out at night, the devil a bit of her you'd ever see again!" (*Tuapeka Times Feb15 1896*).

The Kerry peasants need no longer seek to be admitted as members of the Royal Irish (Regement). They are boycotted by the authorities, not because Kerry men in the force have failed in their duty, but on account of the bad name the county has got. The fact is revealed by private circular duly sent out. (*New Zealand Tablet, April 22, 1887*).

Married at the Catholic Church, Gorden, Gore, on Wednesday, January 29, 1890, by the Rev Fr Newport, Michael, eldest son of Edward Leen, Kilmore, Co. Kerry, Ireland, to Johanna, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Holland, Askeaton, Limerick, Ireland. (*New Zealand Tablet, Feb 7 1890*).

Missing. Martin Reidy, native of Listowel, Co. Kerry; left home many years ago; last heard of in Australia; heard of recently in the South Island, New Zealand; most anxiously sought by his father. (*New Zealand Tablet Aug 27, 1908*).

The secretary of the Lixnaw Branch of the National Land League has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for intimidating Norah Fitzmaurice, widow of James Fitzmaurice, who was murdered for taking up an evicted farm in Co. Kerry. (*New Zealand Tablet June 2 1904*)

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 etc.

My motto; "Nothing fancy, just hard work"

Maglass, Ballymacelligott, Tralee.

Tel 066 7137192 or Mob. 087 2845575

e-mail: pmccarthy1@eircom.net

Wishing the Lyreacrompane Journal the very best.

Roches Four Elms
Carrigcannon, Lyreacrompane.
Tel 068 48180



Always a welcome at the Four Elms



Sinead Behan feeds a lamb and on the right Caoimhe and Odhran Lyons feed "Danny"



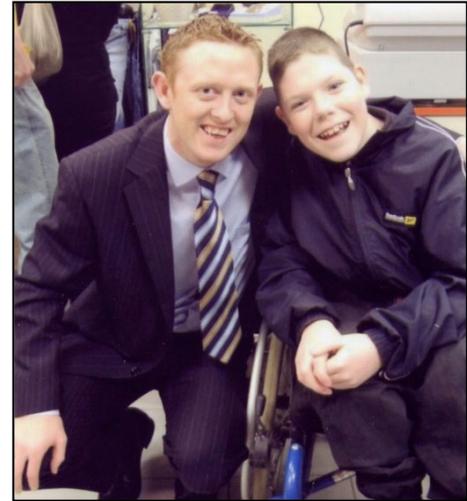
Jimmy Deenihan and friends stride out on a walk in Lyre and on the right Bill Murphy home on a visit from the USA and brother Tom pictured near the old Glen Schoolhouse



Dick and Patricia O'Brien on the banks of the Smearlagh River in Dromadamore where Dick's grandmother, Black Bidy, used to camp when in the Lyre area in the 1940s and 50s. Left, another famous victory for the Byrne family – Mary receives the cup.



Mike Quinn, Lyreacrompane and Grainne McEnery from Co. Clare celebrating after they were declared winners of the 2011 Top Part West Coast Rally. On the right cousins Mike Keane & Niamh Nolan on their First Holy Communion Day.



The late Andy and Peg Connell with nephew John O'Regan from Leicester. On the right Mike Lenihan with Colm the 'Gooch' Cooper.



More Festival photos

The Listowel Writers' Week

The Healing session

Mattie Lennon

The Angelus bell o'er William Street put people at their ease.
Though signs of irritation showed in the queue outside
John B's.

The man beside me shuffled; his face was stern and dour.
"With the Sergeant that's in charge here now, we'll be here for
half an hour."

When the bolt was drawn, with a stifled yawn,
the landlord scanned the scene.

"I'm stuck" says he "will you do MC"?

'Twas the voice of Billy Keane.

The author of "Our Rivers" was quickly in full flow
With Jim Gornall and his small flute (It's called a Piccolo.)

We had farmer-scribes from Breffni and teachers from Mayo.
Some looked like Priests in mufti (But you wouldn't really
know.)

There were busmen-poets from Dublin who knew the "Jimmy
Riddle."

And singers wearing mini-skirts that wouldn't dust a fiddle.

Mike Gallagher, reciting, wore a Western Seaboard grin.
Tom Donovan whispered strategies in the ear of Mannix Flynn.
And that woman from West Limerick with a bust above the
norm,

I think she misinterpreted when I asked her to perform.

A man who worked for CIE read prose about rails and sidings.
When I introduced a poet from Tipp I got mixed up in the
Ridings.

Mallow men and Tralee lads would send each other up.
With some things left unmentioned (Like the Sam Maguire
Cup.)

A Minnesota actor was delighted with my touch
But a lad from near Dungarven said, "You curse too fucking
much."

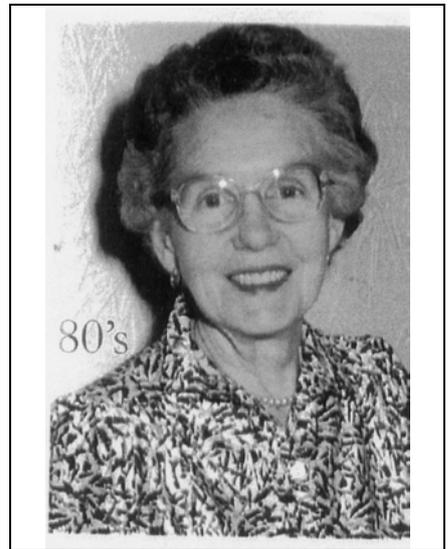
Retrospective FF bashing from Biffo through to Harney.
When John Sheahan entered with his Strad I pretended he was
Barney.

The others all could come and go, which put me in a rage;
I wouldn't get a break at all, I couldn't leave the stage.

If someone reads an epic poem sure I could walk away,
Relax for maybe half an hour, an' have me cup o' tay.
Christ. That won't bloody happen; I'll stick it out instead.
Then Pat McDermott rescued me; He'd do "The Slatted Shed."

The rest went very smoothly with Sonnets and Haikus
With the odd race-goer filtering in with non-poetic news.
The Healing Session over (With its myriad acts and strands)
Except in one dark corner; the laying-on of hands.

Those things can last 'till Monday and keep you on a high
But without cop-on will ruin you and leave you high and dry.
I knew 'twas time for wind-down. I needed to get real
When I tried to pass a squad car on the road to Abbeyfeale.



Bridie Murphy (nee Canty)

August 1, 1915 – March 1, 2011

Bridie was born in Lyreacrompane in 1915 to parents Pat and Catherine (nee Moloney) Canty. Two of Bridie's siblings who lived in Lyre were Dan Canty (Forge) and Mary Doran (Shop). Bridie lived most of her life in Cork City where she met and married William Murphy. They had four children.

Bridie emigrated to London in the mid sixties. She embraced life in London though she always kept in touch with home. She returned, along with her family, to Lyreacrompane in 1995 to celebrate her eighty birthday.

Bridie passed away on March 1 2011 and she was cremated at Breakspear Crematorium on Thursday March 10, 2011. Ar dheis dé go raibh a h-anam dílis.



Ladies Gaelic Football in Australia

Carol Collins, Athea

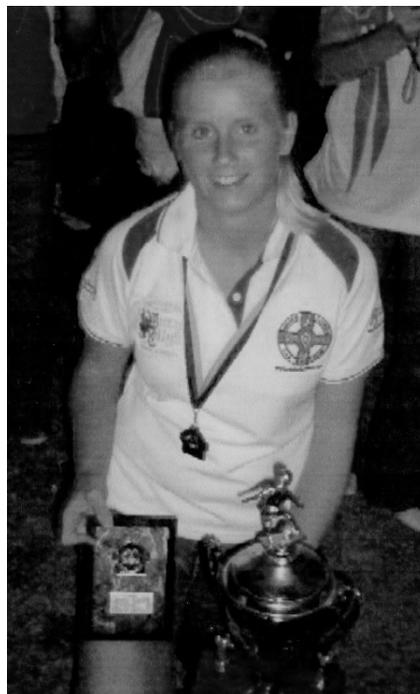
1991 witnessed the dawning of a new era with the commencement of Ladies Gaelic football in Australia. Leading the way was the Michael Cusacks Gaelic Football Club who formed the first ladies team in NSW. Instrumental in this groundbreaking initiative in Sydney were Cusack diehards- Therese McHugh from Galway and Liz Quaid from Limerick to name but two. Since then Michael Cusacks Ladies have enjoyed unequalled success in all NSW competitions and have been very lucky to have had excellent coaches as Daveena Doyle from Sydney and many others.

Before 1991, Gaelic football was considered a man's game in every sense - a tough physical sport that seemed well beyond the capabilities of women. Women's participation was deemed to be in the role of spectator, cheering (not too loudly) their heroes. Nowadays, such is the attraction of women's football that many players who normally competed in other sports such as Australian rules and rugby now play what is considered by many to be the best field sport for women with a minimal risk of injury due to the fact that the rules prohibit intentional contact.

Ladies football in Sydney has been a great success for some years now and it continues to get better and all non-Irish girls who play

it absolutely love it. Rules are similar to men's football with the main difference being that ladies can pick the ball directly off the ground and there is less physical contact and tackling in ladies football. Michael Cusack ladies football team benefited from the multitude of backpacking female footballers who arrived in Sydney in the 90's and the team continues to set the standard for ladies Gaelic football in NSW.

Ladies Gaelic football commenced much earlier in Ireland with a number of counties laying claim to being the cradle of ladies Gaelic football. There is a suggestion that a parish league organised in County Clare in 1926 was the first ladies football competition. It lasted for couple of years but gradually faded away.



Carol Collins

The 60's seemed to provide the first real evidence of this "new craze" as it was called at the time. Girls were no longer content to

stand aside and view the proceedings from the sideline and games proper commenced in the 60's. The 70's and 80's saw more girls playing ladies football. Meetings were held, clubs were organised and the first Ladies All Ireland Final was held in 1987 when Tipperary became the first county to receive, what over the years has become a coveted prize, "The Brendan Martin Cup".

The long trek up to San Remo, north of Sydney was very worthwhile for Cusacks Ladies on Sunday, March 26, 2005 as they successfully defended their title by beating a gallant Clan na Gael team to win their 11th Central Coast Trophy. The first game of the day against Clan na Gael showed the depth of the Cusacks squad and they were unlucky to run out losers by 1-1 to 0-5.

Next up was a game versus Irish Australians and this is where the ladies in red showed that they were up for the challenge by winning by a margin of 2-10 to 0-0. All was now set for a final against arch rival Clan na Gael. It was the second last game of the day and the heat had lessened somewhat. In a very tight first half Clan had the edge. They scored a goal in the first few minutes, which unsettled Cusacks, but this was followed by a sensational save by Cusacks goalie Ruth Cahalan. The score at half time saw Clan leading by 1-1 to 0-1.

The second half opened well for Cusacks with Daveena Doyle and Carol Collins getting the upper hand at

midfield and supplying good balls to the forwards. Aine McElroy capitalised on this and scored a great goal to bring Cusacks back into the game. Marie Hickey added a great point and then the deluge commenced with two brilliant goals by star full forward Marie Keating and another by Mary Shortall. Clan fought back and scored a goal at the other end. Cusacks then showed their real fighting spirit, their team commitment and their determination to win this game. The tireless running of Angela Gordon and Verona O'Driscoll, the strength in defense of Rosin Cooper and Catherine

Nugent and the never-say-die Deirdre Fitzpatrick and Helena Power was admirable.

The team captain was Bernie O'Donnell and the coach was Paudi Cooney. Carol Collins was the worthy winner of the best and fairest trophy. The Cusack squad was - Aine McElroy, Angela Gordon, Angie Whitmore, Ann Curtin, Bernie O'Donnell, Carol Collins, Carol McNicholas, Catherine Fitzgerald, Colleen Lambe, Catherine Nugent, Daveena Doyle, Deirdre Fitzpatrick, Edel Clarke, Eimear Foxe, Emma Kirk, Fiona Boyle, George

Edwards, Grainn Ni Chorcaigh, Helena Power, Joanne McDonald, Lorraine Whelehan, Marie Hickey, Marie Keating, Mary Shortall, Noelle Gibney, Roisin Cooper, Ruth Cahalan, Sharon Real, Siobhan Toolan, Stefanie Kuhlee, Tanya Carroll, Verona O'Driscoll and Yvonne Rooney.

This is a slightly abridged version of an article that first appeared in the Athea Parish Journal 2006. Carol Collins' grandparents were the late Bridie and John Joe Sheehy from Lyre.



The late John Neville meets one of his football idols, John Egan, who was guest of honour at the Kerry Supporters GAA Social 27 Dec 1999. In the photo from left to right; the late Dan Joe Murphy Duagh, Mike McKenna, John and John Egan, Mrs. Egan and John O'Connell

Holiday cottage for rent.

**If you would like to visit Lyreacrompane for the Dan Paddy Andy Festival or at any other time and need to stay locally contact
Tel 00 353 (0)87 285 3570**

Gay Husband Deceives Wife

Dear Melina, My problem is that my Royal Masque keeps disappearing. Nobody will own up but I have my suspicions. Every time my husband has a night out with the boys, he looks marvellous next morning – not a trace of facial hangover – and more of my Royal Masque is gone. I can't keep a jar in the house. What should I do?
(Signed) Desperate.

Dear Desperate. Your problem seems to be that there is not enough Royal Masque in your household. This is no problem at all. Melina make enough Royal Masque (containing Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee) to keep all the faces in Ireland fresh, uncrumpled, and unlined, muscles toned up, tired tissues revitalised. Your husband seems to have arrived at the use of reason – why not give him a jar of his own? It costs 5/6; he'll pay 10/6. (Signed) *Melina*

Stockist; Hartys Pharmacies Rock Street and Castle Street, Tralee.

**Advertisement from *The Kerryman*,
Saturday, February 13, 1960**

Unsuccessful raid in Gortaclohane

On Feb. 11th, four bailiffs, protected by about 40 police, under the command of District Inspector Rice, proceeded to the property situated in the town land of Gurtaclohane, in the Parish of Irremore, for the purpose of seizing the tenants stock for the non payment of rent. The foray was unsuccessful.

The tenants - Mathew Dillane, Matt M. Dillane, John Dillane, Mr. John Dillane, James Lyons, Denis Kennelly, Ned Dillane, Timothy Kirby, Batt Dillane and John Sweeney - had removed everything of value beyond the reach of the brigands. (1887 *County Kerry*)

How a poet saw us

*Abbeyfale is mane auld place,
Kilmorna wouldn't grow a haw
Lyreacrompane is the lasht place of all
BUT ME F***, DUAGH?*

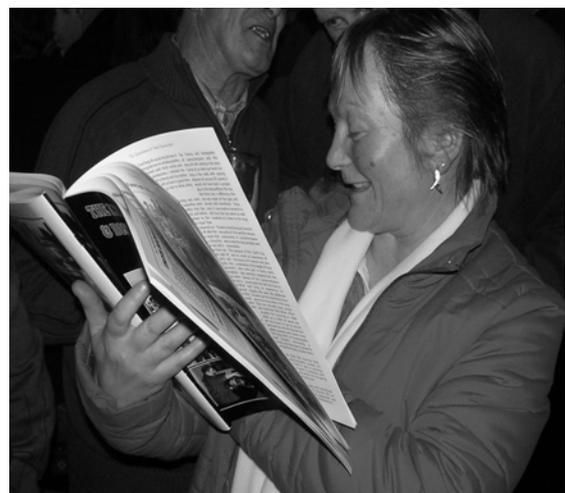
(A quote from poet Michael Hartnet
on being denied drink in Duagh)

Don't Look Back -

As you travel through life there are
always those times
When decisions just have to be made,
When the choices are hard, and solutions
seem 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 a
direction that carries you toward 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!

Death of Mrs Prenderville, Rathea.

The deceased lady was the widow of the late Mr John Prenderville, one of the most highly respected farmers in the district and mother of Rev J.J. Prenderville, P.P Kerus City, Los Angeles. She was laid to rest in Kilshenane. The Clergy who conducted the burial service were – Rev J. Dillon, P.P. and Rev P. Maher C.C. Lixnaw; Rev C. O'Sullivan C.C. Listowel; and Rev J. Galvin, Gortaclohane. The chief mourners were Rev Prenderville, Los Angeles; Edmond, James, Thomas, and Maurice (sons); Mrs Galvin, Maggie and Bridie (daughters); Masters Jack, Eddie and Mossie Prenderville and Jack Galvin (Grandsons); Mrs K Sullivan (niece) and Michael Galvin (son-in-law). Feb 21, 1914. (Many people will remember Pike Dispensary at the Prenderville homestead).



Mary Buckley at last Journal launch

Duagh up and doing... Listowel asleep.

(Duagh Notes, Kerryman. January 10, 1914).

"A Stranger" writing in your Listowel Notes asks what is Duagh, among other places, doing in regard to the Volunteer Movement and calls on the officers of the Listowel Force to organise a Volunteer Force in Duagh. Now, for this gentleman's information, there was a Volunteer Force started in Duagh on November 23, 1913 which, according to reports in the press, was a full month before it was even thought of in Listowel... Duagh was up and going in the Volunteer movement when Listowel was asleep.

The Duagh Volunteers, which number upwards of two hundred, hold route marches every Sunday night, headed by the new Hibernian Band and they have arranged for a route march to the capital of North Kerry on Sunday next when "A Stranger" will have an opportunity of seeing for himself the strength and respectability of their force. Without fear of contradiction I can state that it would not be easy to find another body of young men as loyal and devoted to the National Cause.

There is a branch of the Hibernians in Duagh which is a credit, not alone to Kerry, but to Ireland. This fact was amply proved at

the Fr Casey Anniversary in Abbeyfeale on December 29 when the Duagh Hibernians, to the number of 200, turned up there in processional order, headed by their new band... creating a most favourable impression.

Bravo, Duagh

(Listowel Notes, Kerryman Jan 24, 1914. Reply by "A Stranger"

On last Sunday, as promised, the Duagh Volunteers marched to Listowel. They were headed by about fifty horsemen and the sight was both imposing and impressive – one we shall not forget for some time. Then came the fife and drum band followed by about 150 men on foot. They marched in regular order into the town where the band played some choice national airs.

The boys of Duagh have set a noble example to the other parts of North Kerry and I hope it will be followed by them. If other parishes organise in similar lines it would be a great driving force.

Volunteering has many advantages and it would be wise and useful for all young men to join. It helps to discipline the lives of people and that in itself is a worthy consideration.

I again apologise to the Duagh Volunteers and I congratulate them on their display on last Sunday. It was worthy of the cause and of the men. More power to your arms!

A verse for the Duagh Volunteers.

(to the air of O'Donnell Abu) written by "A Stranger"

The son is now shining in dear old Kilcara

The sound of sweet music is heard on the gale

Onwards Duagh Volunteers are advancing

On for the march to Listowel by the Feale.

On with our army then

Fight for Home Rule again

Sons of those men who have never known fears

On 'gainst the Carson Crew, Noble is the work you do

Onwards to victory, Duagh Volunteers.

The most Rev Dr. Cunningham, Bishop of Arkansas, USA, has been recently on a visit to relatives in Abbeyfeale. Our correspondent, who is a near relative of Dr. Cunningham, writes to say that the said relatives, the Bishop's sister and the mother of our correspondent, Mrs. Harrington, live at Irramore in Co. Kerry where his Lordship and another American visitor, Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald, were entertained with true Irish hospitality. *(New Zealand Tablet Nov 9 1905).*

An old and highly respected resident of this district passed away recently in the person of Mr. John Mulvihill, at the age of 94. John, a native of Listowel, Ireland, arrived in New Zealand nearly half a century ago and settled almost immediately in Otahuhu, where he has since resided. He was always noted for his generosity in Catholic Church matters. *(New Zealand Tablet June 3 1909).*

Visited by Moonlighters

Kerry Evening Post
March 28, 1885

A few nights ago a disguised party broke into the dwelling house of a farmer named John Joy, residing in Knockalougha, about eight miles from Listowel and carried away a gun which they found hanging over the fireplace in the kitchen. Joy and his wife were just after retiring to rest leaving two servants in the kitchen with some young children, preparing to go to bed. The party had their coats turned inside out and wore coloured handkerchiefs tied across the lower part of their faces.

They next visited the house of Patrick Walsh of Dirk and demanded money for ammunition. Having got one pound they decamped probably for the purpose of having a "jolly spree", but not until after they had fired some shots outside the door. The next house "visited" was that of a man

named Fitzgerald of Meenahorna where they made a similar demand but with less success for Fitzgerald refused to give them any money. The houses of Catherine and Francis Keeffe of Meenscovane were next visited. Fortunately for their occupants they had not much money within and the "Moonlighters" were content with receiving 3s 6d in the house of the former and 7s 1d in the latter. A party of constabulary from Listowel visited the scenes of the outrages but no arrests have been made.

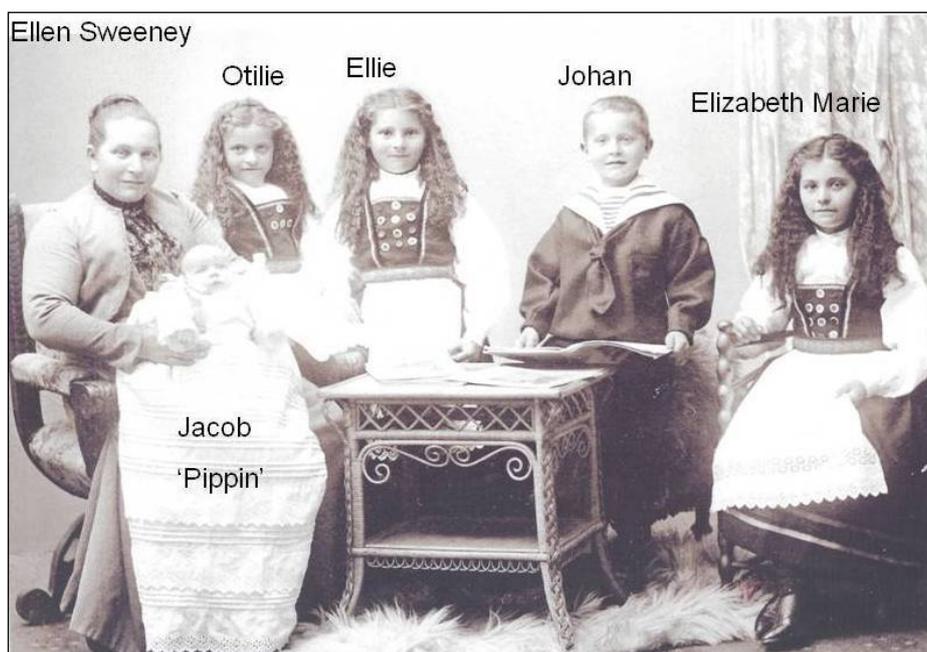
Boycotting at Gortacalahane

December 17, 1880

A Listowel Correspondent writes: - A farmer named James Gallivan, residing in Gortacalahane on the property of Mr George Hewson, J.P., is the first to have been subjected in this neighbourhood to the system of "Boycotting" now becoming so prevalent through out the country. It

appears that Gallivan took position of a farm from which his neighbour, a man named Shanahan, had been, it is said, unjustly and capriciously evicted about twelve months ago. If the circumstances of the case, as recently described in the local press be true, the eviction was certainly one of unusual hardship.

The supporters of the Land League, now so numerous everywhere, look on the action of Gallivan in taking his neighbours farm as most inexcusable and they are taking steps to bring him to a sense of his duty. Already his servant boys have left his employment and on the last market day in Listowel the butter and milk which he brought for sale could not be sold, as every intending buyer was cautioned by the public bellman not to have anything to do with Gallivan's goods and this caution was readily acted on in all cases.



Ellen (Sweeney) Jacobsen, originally from Gortacloghane and who married a Norwegian, pictured with her family in 1904

Ras Prince Monolulu

Colorful characters are always appreciated and so it was in the case of Ras Prince Monolulu when he visited Listowel Races in 1959. Ras, who was born Peter Carl Mackey in the Caribbean in 1881, first sprung to fame because of an extraordinary coup in the 1920 Derby. Virtually alone among tipsters he plumped for 'Spion Kop' the 100 to 6 outsider which romped home in record time to win him £8,000 - a fortune in those days.

After that no major race meeting was complete without the colourfully dressed tipster whose catch cry was "I gotta horse". He sold his tipping sheets in envelopes and unlike some of today's TV tipsters he was funnier, louder and considerably more accurate with his tips!



Ras Prince Monolulu whose catch cry was "I gotta horse".

Prince claimed he was a tribal chief from Abyssinia but a birth cert later disproved that claim. He started life as a sailor but re-invented himself as a Prince after being press-ganged aboard an American ship in 1902. He was told princes were important people, and he figured that as a prince he wouldn't be shanghaied again.

He was soon off round the world, eating fire in a travelling circus, working in Germany as a model and boxing in France, pretending to be an opera singer in Russia, and becoming a fortune-teller in Italy. He was interned in a German camp during the First World War.

In 1936 he achieved a slice of immortality - becoming the first black person to appear on screen on the very first day of British television broadcasting. He himself estimated that between 1919 and 1950, he made and lost up to £150,000 on the Turf, and while his health and fortunes declined in the late 1950s he was still a much-loved character. He appears briefly in the 1952 film Derby Day.

Prince Monolulu was always a bit of a ladies man and was believed to have fathered many children and married several times. Once was to the actress, Nellie Adkins on the 21st August 1931. When he died on the 14th February 1965 at the age of 84, many newspapers carried full obituaries of this amazing man.

Midwife for Duagh.

At a meeting of the Rural District Board Mr Sheehy moved in accordance with notice that a salary of £30 per annum be fixed for the Duagh Midwife. After some discussion £25 was fixed on the motion of Mr Dineen. Mr Sheehy then moved and Mr Martin Mulvihill seconded, that the electoral division of Duagh, Trieneraght and Moynasta be the area of the new district.

On the proposition of Mr. Sheehy, seconded by Mr Mulvihill and supported by Mr F.C. O'Keefe, it was unanimously decided to appoint Mrs Dillon of Duagh, a duly qualified midwife to the position.

War time Wedding



Julia Nash, Spur and Christopher Harrington, Ballyrehan, near Lixnaw on their wedding day in Leeds on June 17, 1944.

Best Wishes to Lyreacrompane Journal
Looking forward to a good read.

Michael Lyons
Plumbing & Heating Contractor
12 Oakpark Demesne, Tralee
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Best of Luck to the Lyreacrompane Journal

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- 11 Live at Jurys
- 12 Christmas at the Irish Rambling House
- 14 Stonehall
- 15 Live at the Galtymore



The Smearlagh Side

(Newly-composed Ballad) Air: Sliabh Luachra Side. Written by **Pat Brosnan**

There's a spot in County Kerry that's the finest ever seen.
With it's streams and hills and mountains guarding valleys rich and green,
The people there are kindly and they speak with love and pride.
Of their pleasant land so fine and grand down by the Smearlagh side.

It would be worthwhile to visit there in the early months of spring.
To hear the thrushes warbling and the lovely skylarks sing
The cuckoo's call so loud and clear it sounds both far and wide.
As he soars on high up in the sky down by the Smearlagh side.

There are music men who once lived there whose names we now recall
Dan Brosnan and Tom Doran in Dan Paddy Andy's Hall.
But some present day musicians there are as good as ever tried.
When each night and day their tunes they play down by the Smearlagh side

When brave young men they took up arms to fight the foreign foe,
Those gallant volunteers they left their enemies lying low.
The Black and Tans and Auxies knew they had no place to hide
As the Fenian men from hill and glen marched down by Smearlagh side.

Many boys and girls there have left their native land,
When emigration took them from their kindred dear and fond.
An exile's lot they had to share across the ocean tide.
When they did roam far from their home down by the Smearlagh side.

If you come to this enchanted land you're surely going to find.
A warm and friendly welcome there from people true and kind
And in conclusion bless you all may the Lord your footsteps guide.
With a fond farewell from those who dwell down by the Smearlagh side.

The Twelve Days of Christmas

From 1558 until 1829 Catholics in England were not permitted to practice their faith openly. During that time the twelve days of Christmas was written as a catechism for Catholics. It had two meanings, the surface meaning plus a hidden meaning known only to Catholics. Each element in the carol has a code word for a religious fact.

The partridge in a pear tree was Jesus Christ.

Two Turtledoves were the old and new testaments.

Three French hens stood for faith, hope and love.

The four calling birds were the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke & John.

The five golden rings recalled the first five books of the Old Testament.

The six geese a-laying stood for the six days of creation.

The seven swan's a-swimming represented the sevenfold gifts of the holy spirit, Prophecy, Serving, Teaching, Exhortation, Contribution, Leadership and Mercy.

The eight maids a-milking were the eight beatitudes.

Nine ladies dancing were the nine fruits of the Holy Spirit, Love, Joy, Peace, Patience, Kindness, Goodness, Faithfulness, Gentleness, and Self Control.

The ten lords a-leaping were the Ten Commandments.

The eleven pipers piping stood for the eleven faithful disciples.

The twelve drummers drumming symbolised the twelve points of believe in the Apostles Creed.

The actual Penal Laws

Garrett Roche, New York.

The following is from a book called "The Story of the Irish Race" which was written by Seamus MacManus. It was first published in 1921. I thought you might consider it for the journal. The excerpt is wholly made up of the actual Penal Laws set up against Irish Catholics in 1698.

Irish Catholics are to be protected in the free and unfettered exercise of their religion provided amongst other things that:

He is forbidden the exercise of his religion.

He is forbidden to receive education.

He is forbidden to enter a profession.

He is forbidden to hold public office.

He is forbidden to engage in trade or commerce.

He is forbidden to live in a corporate town or within five miles thereof.

He is forbidden to own a horse of greater value than five pounds.

He is forbidden to purchase land.

He is forbidden to lease land.

He is forbidden to accept a mortgage on land in security for a loan.

He is forbidden to vote.

He is forbidden to keep any arms for his protection.

He is forbidden to hold a life annuity.

He is forbidden to buy land from a Protestant.

He is forbidden to receive a gift of land from a Protestant.

He is forbidden to inherit land from a Protestant.

He is forbidden to inherit anything from a Protestant.

He is forbidden to rent any land that is worth more than thirty shillings a year.

He is forbidden to reap from his land any profit exceeding a third of the rent.

He cannot be guardian to a child.

He cannot, when dying, leave his infant children under Catholic guardianship.

He cannot attend Catholic worship.

He is compelled by the law to attend Protestant worship.

He cannot himself educate his child.

He cannot send his child to a Catholic teacher.

He cannot employ a Catholic teacher to come to his child.

He cannot send his child abroad to receive education.

Potholes of Lyreacrompane.

Remember this verse by Peter Howart of Castleisland? Gay Byrne read it out on his morning radio programme a couple of decades ago. Twenty years later is there a danger of the verse becoming relevant again?

I've travelled this planet around me
From Shang-hi right down to Cape Horn,
But nothing I've seen can amaze
Like a sight up near Lyreacrompane.
It 's there in the middle of the highway,
For everyone passing to see,
The best in the Kerry collection,
A pothole of the highest degree.

It's a place for a family outing,
And tourists queue up in their cars,
These visitors bring along picnics,
Then sit there and watch it for hours.
How far is it down to the bottom?
Is the question that many folks pose,
And though there have been many guesses,
The answer is nobody knows.

They sent out a Council surveyor,
To make out a fancy report,
But when it came down to the measuring,
He found that his tape was too short.
The naturalist comes to the Kingdom,
To study the natterjack toad,
But mountaineers come down to Kerry
To abseil this hole in the road.

These people with telescope lenses,
For viewing the moon and the stars,
Go in rapture at large lunar craters,
But these holes have nothing on ours.
So the next time they launch a space rocket
For filming the Plutonic dawn,
They should try and lasso a spare planet
And tow it to Lyreacrompane.

For look at that planet called Neptune,
And measure it up pole for pole,
You will find that it has the dimensions,
To fill up this Kerry pothole.

Joe's Country Kingdom

You can listen to Country and Irish music on the internet 24/7 on

www.irishcountrymusicradio.com.

Joe Harrington's programme –

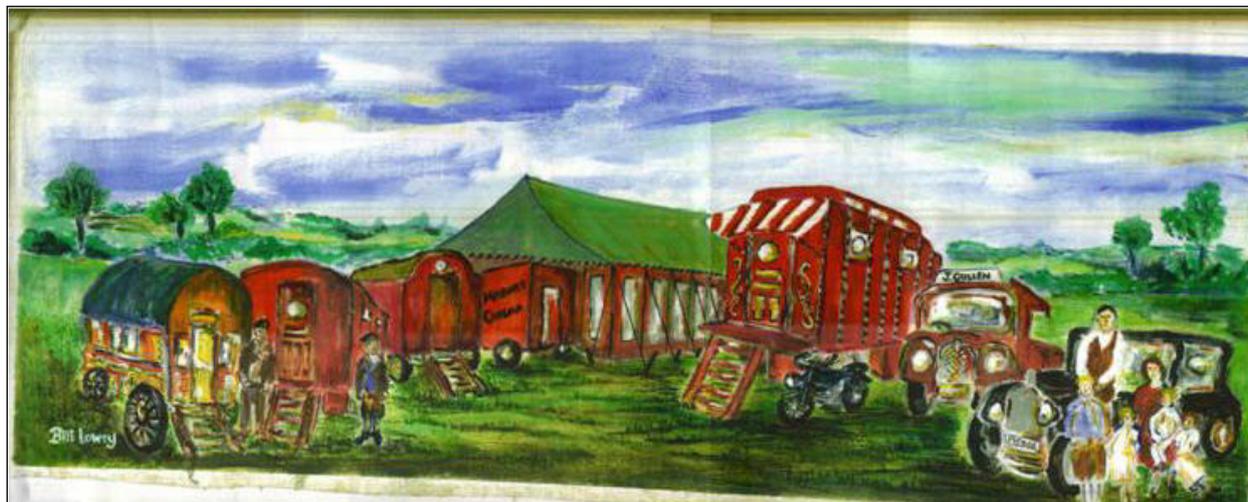
Joe's Country Kingdom

is on Tuesday's, 8 to 11pm (Irish time).

Pass the word on to the exiles.

Roll up, roll up!!!

A couple of years ago Bill and Phyllis Lowry called to the Four Elms and introduced themselves to Jimmy Roche. It had been 62 years since Phyllis was last in Lyreacrompane. She was a young girl in 1943 when her family brought their show, the Jack Cullen's Magnet Cinema and Concert Company, to Lyre to entertain the locals. They set up camp and Bill has depicted, in the painting below, the scene as it may have looked beside the Four Elms all those years ago. With war still raging in Europe and indeed around the world, the vehicles, radio and photographic equipment on display must have greatly impressed the people of Lyreacrompane. Phyllis and Bill, who is a retired art teacher, live in Bunratty, Co Clare.



Some photos from the Dan Paddy Andy Festival



Coillte Teo South West Community representatives on a visit to the Lyreacrompane area 2011. Missing from the group is the Lyreacrompane representative, Joe Harrington, who took the photo.



A group of French students on the Dan Paddy Andy Bog Walk in the spring of 2011. The students were from the north of France and stayed in Billeragh House at the Six Crosses. Their trip to Lyre was their first experience of bogland they were met by Joe Harrington who acted as guide and introduced them to the general history of the locality. They learned how blanket bogland was formed and how to use a sleán.