

The Lyreacrompane & District Journal

Issue No. 7

2003

€10



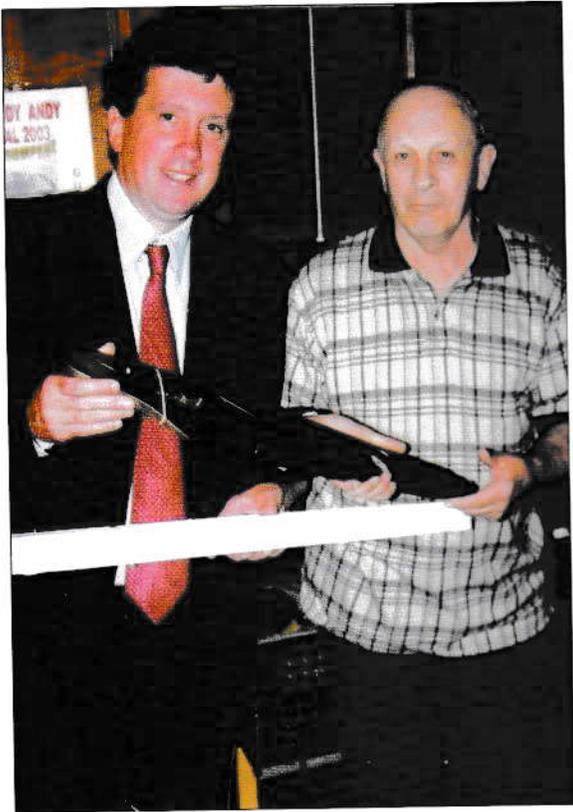
John Hurly 1833-1878
The Landlord of Lyreacrompane



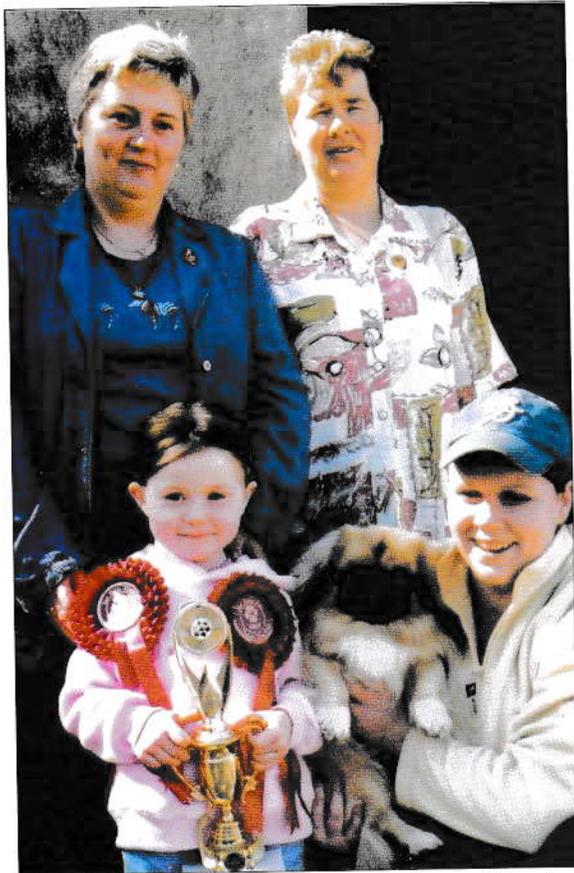
Dan Paddy Andy Festival 2004
July 30th-Aug 2nd. (August Weekend)



2003 Dan Paddy Andy Festival



Jimmy Roche making a presentation to Billy Keane (John's B son) who opened the festival.



Look what I got in Lyre!!! Overall winner of Lyre's first Dog Show Ina Kelly, Fenit pictured with her Dog. In the background Judge Margaret O'Sullivan and Dog Show organiser Mary B. Leane



LYREACROMPANE & DISTRICT JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 2003

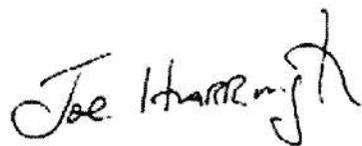
We are proud to present issue Number 7 of the Lyreacrompane and District Journal, the first one of this century. We hope you will enjoy reading it over the winter. This publication from our own area would make an ideal gift for those unable to get home for the Christmas Season. We're sure all Lyre exiles would appreciate a copy. To all people who, since our last Journal, have come to live in the general Lyreacrompane area, we extend "A Céad Míle Fáilte" and we hope that this Journal will give you an insight into the past and present of your new community. Perhaps next year you will write an article for it. The collection of material for the next edition starts now. A special thanks to all our advertisers, Tuatha Chiarraí Teo and all who have contributed articles and photographs to this Journal. In anticipation we also thank the many outlets that will sell our journal.

Since our last Journal Lyreacrompane has entombed its Millennium Time Capsule, celebrated Dan Paddy Andy with a couple of more successful Festivals and will do so again on the August Bank Holiday 2004. The area also has its own patch on the World Wide Web called www.lyreacrompane.com In fact you can send your articles and photographs to us at journal@lyreacrompane.com We hope this web site will make it easier for all Lyreacrompane exiles to keep in contact with and abreast of developments back home.

One of our constant contributors, John B Keane, has passed away since our last journal. John B made Lyreacrompane famous world wide and Lyreacrompane dearly misses him. Go ndéana Dia trócaire ar a anam.

Our last Journal (No.6) was launched by Castleisland Journalist John Reidy who follows in the footsteps of Seán McCarthy R.I.P. who launched Journal Number 1, President Mary Robinson (No 2), Mary Conroy and Máire Begley of Kerry Radio (with the humorous assistance of John B Keane R.I.P.) (No 3), Jim Connelly, Rural Resettlement (No 4) and Gabriel Fitzmaurice who launched Journal No 5.

Finally, I wish to thank the Lyreacrompane and District Journal Committee who are Kay O'Leary, Bridie Sheehy, Bridie Quille, Tommy Quille and John Joe Sheehy.



Editor

Acknowledgments: Local History Section, Tralee Library: The Kerryman: Kerry's Eye: Irelands Own:

N.B. Any of the material from this Journal cannot be republished without the written consent of the Editor or the author of the material concerned.

Introduction	1	The Thrasher from Lyre	64
Millennium Capsule	4	The Mill	64
Knockalougha School	7	The Locke Estate	65
Doran heads the Poll	8	Folklore Commission Items (1930s)	69
Champion of Champions	9	Bord ná Móna Back in Lyre	70
Duagh Lyre Community Games	11	Long Lost Brothers	71
Duagh School 1879	14	Keelduff Creamery Burned	73
Making History	16	Patriot and Policeman	75
Renagown School Revisited	17	Beyond The Hill	75
John B Keane	20	Slip Brakes	76
Fancy That	24	Visit from Writers Week	77
Christmas Video in Finuge	27	Irish Townland System	77
The Question Is	28	Limerick City	79
Every Day Phrases	29	Suppliers to Lyre Creamery	80
Where to Next	31	Amanda's Diary	81
Famous Timmy Dillion	32	William Nolan Carpenter	83
My Home in Sweet Lyreacrompane	33	From Clare to Here	84
The Life and Times of St. Senan	34	Cloughaneliskert Census 1901 & 1911	86
Night Attack on Lixnaw Hall	37	Cloughaneagleragh Census 1901 & 1911	87
Lenten Regulations for Kerry 1926	37	The Mountcoal Feis Troupe 1934	89
Molly Monsters Family	37	1762 Map	90
First Mass at O'Brennan	38	Lost in Lyreacrompane	91
A Pathetic Sight	38	1916 Petition to Split	92
Characters we met in America	39	Playing Fields around Lyre	97
Hurly's of Lyreacrompane	45		
Education Goes Indoors	61		



Lyreacrompane R.I.C. Baracks - now demolished (photo courtesy of John Joe Sheehy)



Lyre School (Girls) 1950 (photo courtesy of Chriss Quinn)

Back Row - L to R

Baby Ann Hickey, Lizzie Nolan, Mame Murphy, Elizabeth Starkin, Sheila Naughton, Mai Cronin, Blondie Roche, Joan Donoghue.

Middle Row - L to

Noreen (Bawn) McElligott, Jo Connell, Mary Sommers, Betty Loughlin, Eileen Keane, Bridie Horgan, Mary Horgan, Margaret Buckley, Mary Roche, Phil Hickey, Hannah Barry.

Front - L to R

Joan Enright, Bridie Moloney, Nora Donoghue, Mary Kane, Phil Naughton, Mary Donoghue, Kathleen O'Connell, Menia Cronin, Mary Kane, Chriss Connell.



Dan Paddy Andy Committee 2003

Front L to R Chriss Quinn,
Mary Mangan, and Phil Colbert.
Back: L to R Michael Mangan, Kay O'Leary,
Joe Harrington and missing from the
photograph are Jimmy and Albert Roche

Festival Dates 2004
August Bank Holiday Weekend

July 30th & 31st
August 1st & 2nd

LYRE COMMUNICATES WITH PARISHIONERS IN 2099

BY CON DENNEHY
Kerry's Eye 6th January '00

On New Year's Day the people from Lyreacrompane and District gathered at the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial to bury a sealed capsule that will remain buried until the last day of December 2099.

The large capsule was encased over ground in a special block & stone unit. The unit will now be used as a seat in the shadow of the monument erected in honour of Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan, the last of the great matchmakers, who died in 1966. Speaking to Kerry's Eye at the ceremony the PRO of the Committee, Joe Harrington, explained the idea behind the venture.

"We are not going to list the entire contents of the capsule but just mentioned a few items. We hope when the capsule is opened in 2099 that the contents will be a surprise and will reflect the life and times of this area as lived by people in 1999."

One item that is included in the capsule is a Millennium candle and the organizers are confident that the Lyreacrompane candle will be the only one in Ireland that will last for a 100 years.

The candle was lit at a family meal in the Parish over Christmas and a note wrapped around the candle has asked that the candle be lit at a family meal

in the parish in 2099. The candle is named the "Light of Lyre down the Centuries".

The contents of the Lyre Capsule reflect the life of the Parish and contain items from many of the groups and organizations in the region. The Gun Club has included a Clay Pigeon while the children from the local school have written a Christmas card to their peers in the year 2099.

The Committee is called FLAG, which stands for the Federation of Lyre Action Groups and is made up of representatives from the Dan Paddy Andy Committee, the Lyre Walks Group, Santa in the Forest and the Lyre and District Journal. The ceremony on New Year's Day also coincided with the birth of Dan Paddy Andy which took place one hundred years ago on December 27th 1899.

Among those present to witness and help at the burial of the capsule was Hanna Canty, who represented the oldest person in the Parish, while two weeks old Aisling Keane had the honour of being the youngest person to witness this historic event. A special plaque will shortly be erected on the front of the unit/seat (the seat over the capsule) with instructions on when to open the capsule.

On New Year's Eve the celebrations started with a Party at the Four Elms Bar and in mid December the Lyre and District Journal was launched by well known photographer and scribe John Reidy, from Castleisland. One of the features of the Christmas season was the visit of Santa to Lyre Wood, an event which is set to continue in 2000.



Capsule gets loaded for the future by the children of Lyre School



Mike Brosnan Killarney plastic welds the Capsule



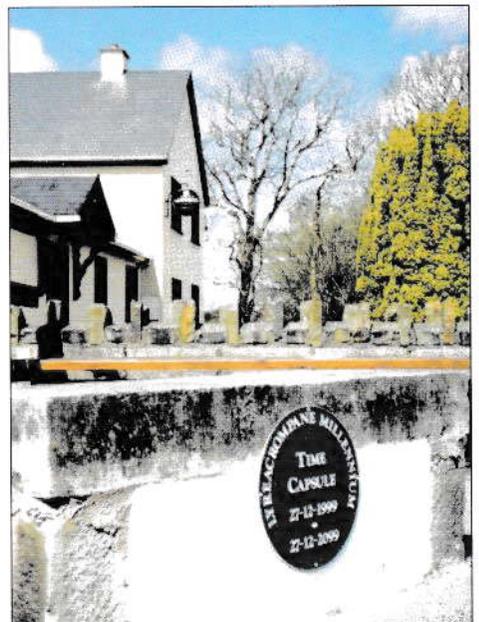
Entombing the Capsule L-R Tim Nash, Mick Naughton, Michael Lynch, Mark Patterson, Maurice Curtin and Joe Harrington



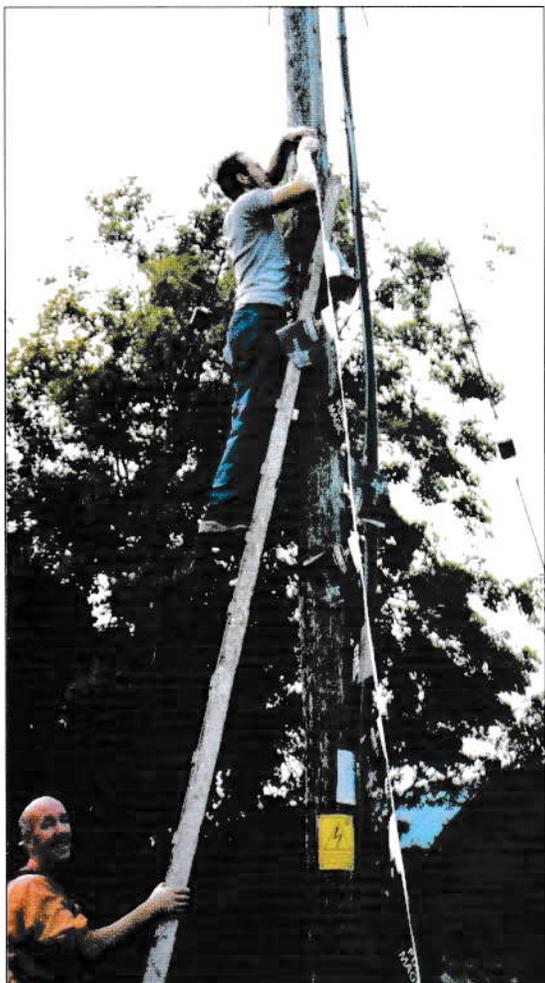
Instructions for the opening of Time Capsule in 2099



Pictured at the entombing of the Millennium Capsule next to the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial are L to R Mary and Eoin Buckley (Eoin was 9 weeks old), John Neville, Bridget Naughton holding the Capsule, Hanna Canty R.I.P. (Hanna represented the Senior Citizens of the District), Christy Quill, Breda Keane and her two week old daughter, Aisling, representing the youngest person in the district.



The Lyre Time Capsule
27-12-1999 to 27-12-2099



Preparing for the Festival, Michael Lyons gives a hand.



Joe Harrington makes a Presentation to Valentine Trodd, Bord na Mona, during the Dan Paddy Andy 2003 Festival.



'Confined to the Parish' winner, Fiona O'Sullivan Lyre and her dog



Erin and Caitriona Lyons enjoying the Festival



Knockalougha School

Some notes on the early days of Knockalougha Male School.

A 99-year lease was executed on the 14th of July 1878. The trustees were Rev Dean Maive (?), Rev L O'Regan and G O'Callaghan Esq. The guarantor was Richard Ronan Chute and the roll number was 11654. The building measured 28 feet and 6 inches by 15 foot and 9 inches by 12 feet and 9 inches high.

On the 6th of May 1880 the board of Works requested information as to why contractors were allowed to leave defects such as whitewashing, yard drainage, suitable keys for gates, out offices and latch for door of Boys Room. The reply referred to the "trifling defects" which it said would be remedied by the Manager who will sink a drain

south of the school grounds.

Thomas Casey was the teacher and he had a running battle with authority. On the 19th of October 1880 Thomas Casey was reprimanded on the low proficiency and unsatisfactory progress. A reduction of the results fee was threatened. Four months later he was even more severely reprimanded regarding the condition of the school and dismissal was threatened. Towards the end of 1883 the school was closed because of an epidemic. Scarletina was prevalent.

Complaints were obviously being made about Thomas Casey and a Catherine Lyons was informed that the Commissioners do not interfere in the private affairs of teachers. In the meantime the Commissioners urged that more attention be given to the Manual of Practical Farming.

Through the 1890s Thomas Casey was consistently in trouble over the condition of the school or bad examination results. On the 14th of June 1898 Thomas was severely reprimanded and fined £1 for neglect of timetable arrangements. It was claimed that he tampered with the school clock to conceal this when he saw the School Inspector approach. Although the Inspector caught him in the act he denied everything. A more serious penalty was threatened if again reported.

As the century drew to a close the Commissioners were concerned at the procedure for selecting monitors and specifically as to how a James Dower had been selected. The usual procedure was to select by way of a competitive examination from among pupils who had attended the school. Teachers' children were not to be given preferential treatment.

Obituary (1926)

Late Mr. Matthew Doran, of Lyreacrompane.

A very large and representative assembly paid the last tribute of respect at the funeral of Mr. Matt Doran, of Lyreacrompane.

Mr. Doran, who had for many years served the community as a Rural District Councillor and Poor Law Guardian, was universally esteemed for his benevolence. Genial and large-hearted, his memory will long be cherished.

At the funeral to Kilshinane, the principal mourners were, Mrs. Doran, (widow), Mrs. Doran, Mrs. McMahon (sisters in-law), Timothy and Willie Loughnane and Daniel Walsh (brothers in-law), Patrick, Matthew, Daniel and Thomas Doran, Thomas Walsh and Michael Stack (nephews), Ciss and Mary Doran, Mrs. Stack, Nellie Stack, Mrs. Sheehy, Ellie Anne, Margaret and Katy Walsh (nieces), William Stack (nephew in-law), Mrs. Michael and Mrs. Stack, Limerick, (nieces in-law).

Other relatives were Thomas and Mrs. Doran, William, James and Matthew Doran, Katty Doran, Mrs. Patrick Carey, Mrs. Mona Dennehy, Mrs. DH Leane, James Crowley PD, Patrick and Mrs. O'Connor, Michael, Daniel and Thomas O'Connor, DI O'Connor, Duagh, Michael and Mrs. Molyneaux, Mrs. Doody, Duagh, Thomas, John and Cornelius Fitzgerald, Patrick and Mrs. Canty, Michael B Moloney, Michael J and Mrs. Moloney, Patrick Moloney, Jerry and Mrs. Moloney, Mrs. McElligott,

Rathea, Daniel Lyons, Mrs. T Dillion, Duagh, Patrick Sheehy, Willie Nolan, Jerry B Moloney, Mrs. David Dillion, Mrs. J Sheehy, Mrs. T Sheehy, Mrs. Patrick Moloney, Derrindaffe, Jeffrey and Mrs. O'Donoghue, James D Moloney, Timothy and John Donoghue, Daniel and Mrs. Lyons, Rathea.

Also in attendance were Mr. J Crowley TD, Mr. TJ Walsh PC, Chairman Listowel UDC, Mr. Thomas Connell, UDC, and Mr. J Dennehy etc. were also present.

Wires were received from Thomas and Maurice Doran, London, brothers of the deceased, who were unable to travel owing to the general strike in England.

The Liberator 1926.

DORAN HEADS THE POLL

The Kerryman newspaper of November 10th 1934 carried the following report...

The many friends in London and North Kerry of Councillor Maurice Doran will be glad to hear of his success at the recent Borough elections.

He headed the poll with a very comfortable majority over that of his opponents in the Stamford Hill Borough.

Councillor Doran is a native of Lyreacrompane, Lixnaw, Co Kerry.

River Journey

Laura McElligott

I start upon the hilltop.
I am very weak and thin.
If I was in a battle,
I'd never ever win.

Now I'm getting bigger.
I'm getting kind of strong.
I pick up stones and rocks and twigs.
I sing a gentle song.

I am turning very slowly.
I pass through fields and towns.
Cows begin to drink from me.
I'm moving up and down.

I'm getting very wide this time.
I'm coming to my end.
I'm still very strong and wide,
As I turn every bend.

I see my finish and my end.
It's coming very near.
I'm the biggest I have ever been.
I'm in the sea.
I'm here.

Have a Blooming Brilliant Garden in 2004

Get your Summer
Bedding Plants from

**Joe Harrington
087 2853570**

*Also Shrubs & Trees
available all year 'round*



CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Hot-Rod racing it takes place be the weather fair or foul,
On a splendid track that has been laid down in Knockaneenaboul,
On an elevated mountain side with a far extended view,
Flanked by a grove of forest trees with their green and pleasant hue.

The mighty bulk of Brandon with the cloud upon its head,
The Maharees out jutting to where Mucklagh makes its bed,
And as your gaze it sweeps around by looking over there,
You'll see the broad Atlantic break against the coast of Clare.

The villages of North Kerry are plain for to be seen,
Ballyheigue, Ardfert and Causeway and the country in between,
Ballyduff, Abbeydorney and Lixnaw so verdant and so grand,
And Kerryhead stands sentinel at the end of Banna Strand.

The very best drivers in the land from Offaly and Clare,
From Waterford and Limerick, 'tis here they do repair,
They come from Cork and Kerry and Tipperary too,
And they scorch around this famous track at speeds of 92.

To be Champion of Champions is the aim for which they strive,
And the roaring of their engines can be heard in overdrive,
This title has 'til recently eluded our Kerry men,
Like the Powers and Dominic Connor and Carrig's Mickey Quinn.

And many more that I could name have failed this prize to clasp,
For the outside drivers every time have held it in their grasp,
But a Kerry challenger arose and seeing what was at stake,
He left them all from far and near a-toiling in his wake.

Right and left he passed them out and flying like the wind,
He hugged the corners every time and left them all behind,
Pulling up he passed the chequered flag, our hearts they swelled with joy,
As we cheered for Kieran Sheehy, the
Lohercannon Boy.



John Joe Sheehy

Kieran Sheehy 1960-2001

Looking forward to the Lyreacrompane Journal

Michael Sheehy

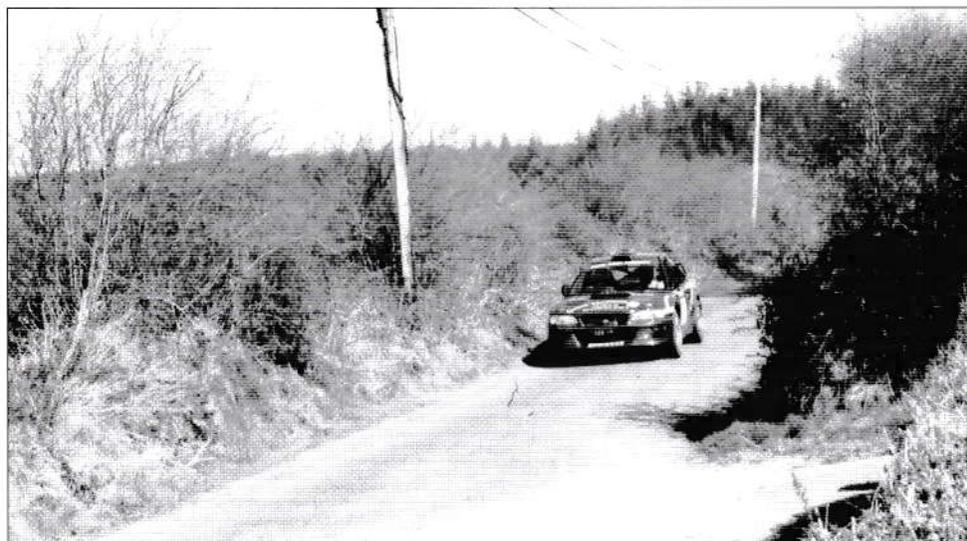
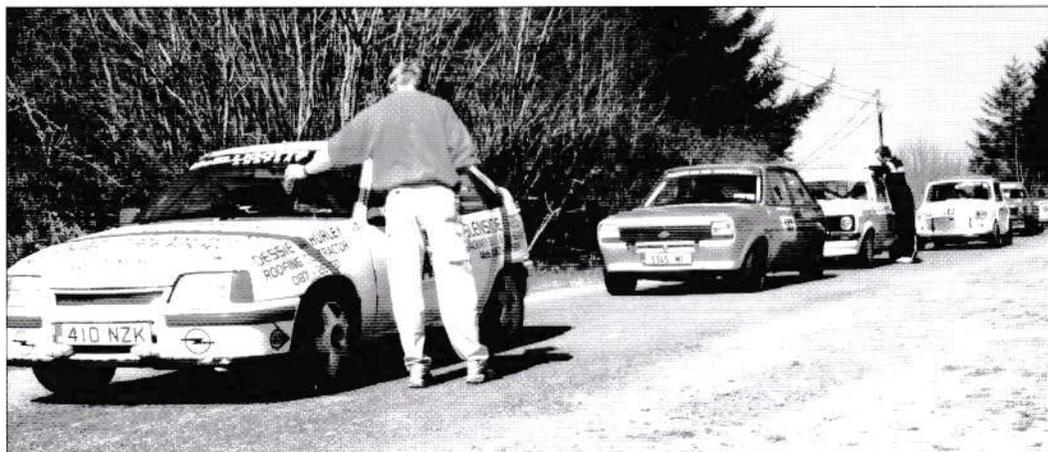
Knockbrack,
Ardfert

Electrical Contractor

Domestic, Industrial and Commercial

Tel 066 7134525

Rallying in Lyreacrompane Summer 2003



DUAGH - LYRE COMMUNITY GAMES

Saturday November 23rd 2002 will remain in our memories for a very long time. Our Community Games area of Duagh-Lyre achieved the signal honour of Kerry and Munster Champions and National Runner-up in the Area Participation Awards, which were held in Ballinasloe in Co.Galway.

This success was achieved in a relatively short period of time as Community Games started in the Parish in 1995. Among the pioneers behind this venture were Mike Carmody, Nelius Collins, Joan Nash, Mary O'Donoghue, Teddy Halpin, Ann O'Carroll and Mossy Kelly.

They were advised that success would be slow and it could take five or six years before a competitor qualified for the National Finals in Mosney. However a spark had been ignited within the children and teenagers of the parish. In the first and second year of participation Mike Nash of Lyre won Gold in Grass cycling at the County Finals. He then travelled to Mosney where he secured Bronze on both occasions. A truly fantastic achievement against more fancied opponents. Others to impress were Sarah Jane Monahan, Sandra O'Donoghue, Mary Burke and Breda Halpin who won County Gold in U-15 girls relay. We had many other medal winners during this early period. Loretta Maher showed her prowess in



'A Winner at the Races' - Bill Curran collects from
John Joe O'Brien

Fruity Fresh

Mountvane Fruit Ltd.

Wholesale Fruit & Veg

All the best to the Journal



Irremore,
Listowel,
Co. Kerry.
Ireland.

Phone: (068) 40101

Fax: (068) 40108

fruityfresh@eircom.net

Cuckoo!!

In 2003 the cuckoo was heard for the first time in
Lyreacrompane on Tuesday, April 29th

the cross country events as she qualified for the National Finals in 1997/98 winning team Gold on both occasions.

This success seemed to spur on the younger athletes and in **1999** a major breakthrough was made. Orla Lane won County Gold in girls U-10 200m and finished fifth in Mosney. John O'Brien won Gold and set a new county record in the boys U-16 High Jump. He won a Certificate in Mosney. Then our Girls U-17 Marathon team won County Gold and to cap a fine display Sarah Jane Monahan reached the National Finals in Mosney. This was just reward for Sarah Jane as she had been most unlucky the previous year in the 1500m final in Kerry when she had to contend with injury but still won Silver.

2000 saw our first breakthrough in team events as our girls U-13 Basketball team coached by Claire Sheehy won Silver in the County. Then the Boys U-13 Indoor Soccer team coached by Nelius Collins captured Gold for the first time ever after a sudden death penalty shoot out. A fantastic achievement, against some high-class opposition. They progressed to Munster and played Newcastlewest in the semi-final. Scores were tied at 1-1 when Edward Stack scored a fantastic goal only to be ruled out with a very dubious decision by the ref. With time almost up Newcastlewest made a burst forward. One of the players headed the ball on (free kick) for his team-mates to score the winner. Everyone expected it to be disallowed, but to their amazement, he allowed the goal to stand. A very cruel way to exit the com-

petition; however it proved to be a valuable lesson learned.

At the County Awards night which was held the following February, the area was awarded the Eoin Whyte Trophy for most improved area in Kerry and the Radio Kerry award for boys Indoor Soccer. This spurred the area on to more success in 2001. A huge increase in participation and a lot more involvement in team events meant a lot of hard work for the committee members. However the enjoyment more than repaid their endeavours. Our Adult & U-17 quiz team won Silver at County and finished in the Top Ten at the National Finals in Portumna Co. Galway. Then five athletes qualified for the Cross Country Finals in Mosney. Loretta Maher won Gold yet again as member of the Kerry team. In Grand Prix Road Cycling Kathleen Keane won County Gold and grabbed Silver in Mosney. A truly memorable occasion. Maire Dillon won Gold in Girls U-10 Hurdles and progressed to Mosney also. In team events tremendous success was awaiting us also. Girls U-12 won Gold in Outdoor Soccer and then captured Gold in U-13 Olympic Handball. Not to be outdone the Boys U-13 won Gold in Olympic Handball also. Both teams were coached by Johnny Lane and Claire Sheehy. They made it safely through the Munster Finals and in Mosney the girls won Silver and boys won Bronze. There were some notable performances from Daniel O'Donoghue and Peter Sheeran as they scored numerous goals. This success was achieved through a huge desire by the children to prove that they could compete at the highest

level, and was clearly evident in their commitment to training.

At the county awards night in February 2002 the area was honoured with the Byrne Family Shields for Boys and Girls U-13 Olympic Handball. AIB Shield for Girls U-12 Soccer and the big surprise on the night was the County Participation Award. The latter award recognises the hard work of all the committee and children as it rewards the area for taking part in the most events, both individual and teams combined.

2002 was another chapter as we had four athletes travel to Mosney for the National Cross County Finals. Aine Dillon won Bronze, James Keane and Maurice O'Connor won Bronze and Maire Dillon won Gold. What a haul from one weekend? New records were set within the county as our Girls U-13 showed a tremendous hunger for success. They annexed the Olympic Handball title again as well as Indoor Soccer and Basketball. A truly remarkable achievement as it covers three different disciplines. This bunch of girls also won the Cumann Na mBun Scoil Mini-Sevens title for Duagh National School. Two of them participated on the Kerry Mini-Sevens team. Aine McKenna played in Croke Park on the All-Ireland Semi-Final day when Kerry defeated Galway and Mary O'Keefe played on All-Ireland Final day. We also won Gold in Tennis U-16 and Team Gold in Boys U-17 Marathon. John Sheeran and Pdraig Dillon were delighted when their teammate Dan O'Connor won Individual Bronze also and made it to Mosney as well.

The girls had to choose one event in Munster and they opted for Basketball. They sailed through the Munster games and in Mosney they advanced to the Final against Oranmore of Galway but had to settle for Silver in a very tight game. At the County awards night last February the Area won the Byrne Family Shield for Girls U-13 Olympic Handball, AIB Shield for Girls U-13 Basketball, Lucozade Sport Shield for Girls U-13 Indoor Soccer, Kerryman Shield for 2nd in P.R.O. Award, Best Overall Area Award and Participation Award for Kerry. We also captured the Munster Area Participation Area Award as well as National Runner up. A truly remarkable year.

2003 began very brightly when our Adult & U-17 Quiz team won Silver yet again and finished sixth at the National Finals in Portumna Co. Galway. There has been huge success in the Art & Model making events also. Aaron O'Connor won Gold in U-10 Model Making while Pdraig Keane won Gold in U-16 Art. Pdraig was not finished yet and he duly won Gold in U-14 Grass Cycling. To keep him company in Mosney Emer Scanlon decided to win Gold in Girls U-14 Grass Cycling also and this made a memorable day in Tralee. On the Sunday Nigel O'Connor won Gold in U-10 Hurdles and his brother Maurice won Gold in U-14 Hurdles. This meant that three brothers had now qualified for the National Finals in Mosney, Aaron, Nigel and Maurice.

Fantastic!

The year is now drawing to a close and the area has already been notified that we have won the Kerry Participation Award for 2003 as well as the Best Overall Area Award. This means we will be travelling to Ballinasloe at the end of November and hopefully we can go one better than last year and capture that elusive All-Ireland Title. With the tremendous support that the committee has got from the people of Duagh and Lyrecrompane as well as the wholehearted endeavour from the children who participate each year it would be a great reward for all the effort if the title was heading to the Kingdom. The current committee is comprised of Jim Burke, Nelius Collins, Johnny Lane, Andy Keane, Liz Keane, Teddy Halpin, Ann O'Carroll, Ann Dillon, Joan Nash, Geraldine McNamara, Mary O'Donoghue and Mossy Kelly. Each year we run a range of fundraising activities, which range from Pub Quizzes to Donkey Derby race nights. The financial support from throughout the parish has been of immense benefit to the committee in arranging transport, playing gear, hire of training facilities and subsidising our competitors when they travel to the National Finals each year.

Many people ask the question, "What has Community Games given to our Parish?" The answer is very simple. It has given hundreds of children the opportunity to participate in a myriad of activities. An opportunity, they did not have heretofore. Many of them may not have been sport orientated and they got a chance to experience the thrill of compe-

tion through Art & Model Making, Variety, Choir, Set Dancing, Culture Corner, Projects, Quiz, Chess and Draughts. In all we take part in over forty different activities each year and in so doing we give each child an opportunity to find an activity that best suits their individual skills. It is of the utmost importance to give each child the opportunity to sample every activity and in so doing they can make a more informed choice at a later stage when they decide to concentrate on a single activity that they feel comfortable with. Community Games has also brought children from every corner of the parish, thus creating a more unified community through its work. At the end of each season we hold a local awards night and party for all the children. This has gone from strength to strength and has shown that all our children deserve to be honoured for their commitment throughout the year.

Long may it continue!

Johnny Lane.P.R.O.





Famous Bill McCarthy (courtesy of The Kerryman)

Jimmy Deenihan TD MCC

Finuge, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry

Tel: (068) 40154/40235 Fax: (068) 40383

Email: jdeenihan@eircom.net

Dáil Tel: (01) 6183352



Best wishes to the Lyre Journal

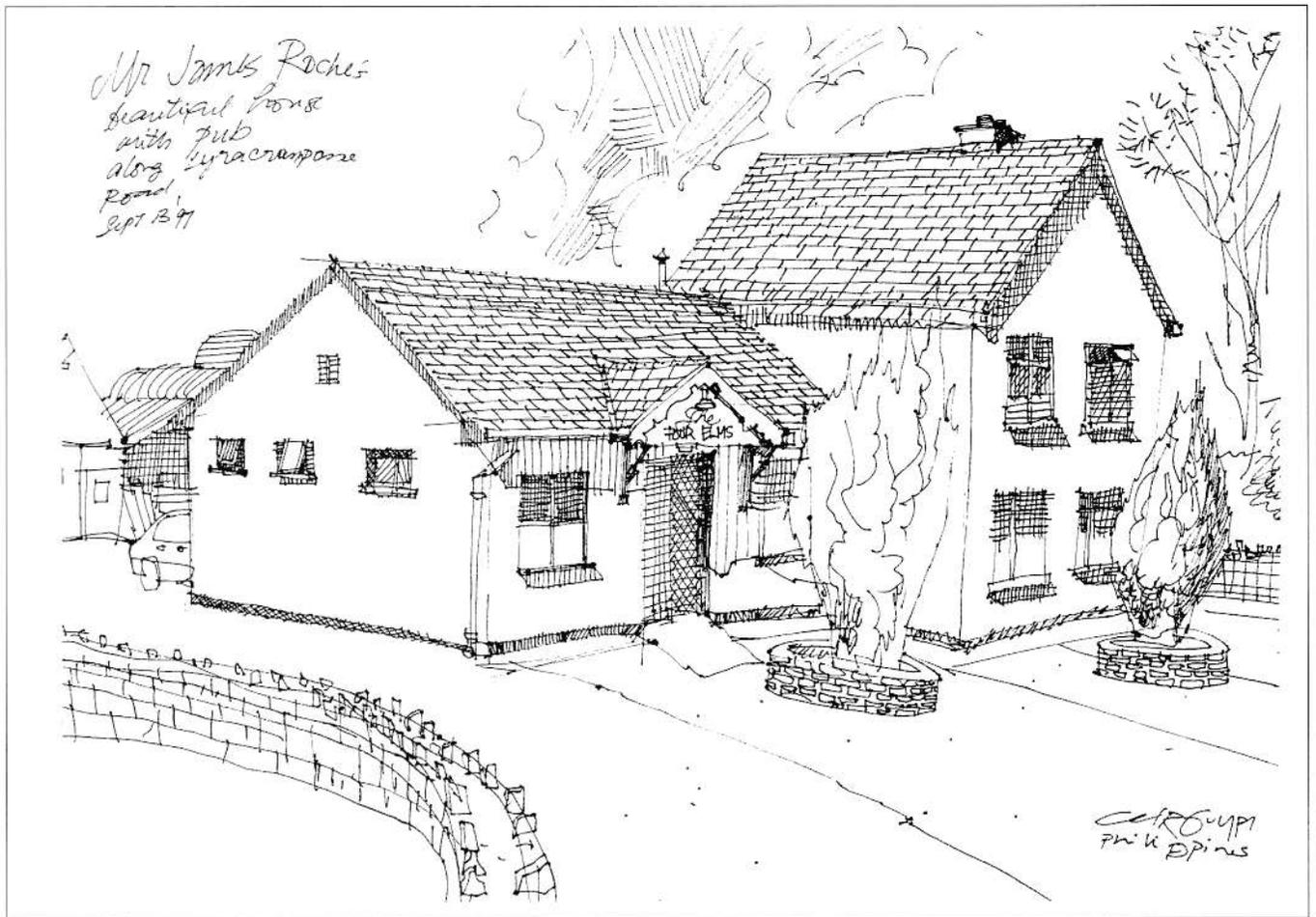
Duagh School 1879

In 1879 Duagh School had two rooms - one for boys and one for girls. The principal was Eliza O'Connor and the assistant was Annie Dower. The number attending the school rarely surpassed 70 - the average per quarter to justify the payment of an assistant. This seems to have been a protracted problem and Annie Dower's salary may have depended on charges made on parents by the Manager, Fr O'Reagan.

Along with her financial difficulties, Anne seems to have had health problems. On the 28th of February 1884 Miss Dower was noted as being absent "for a change of air". She passed away in 1887 and was replaced by Mary McCarthy who took up duty on the 4th of February of that year.

On the 26th of April 1881 the Principal was cautioned on neglect of explanation of reading lessons and deficiencies in spelling in first and second class. Singing was not taught in the school and financial constraints dictated that "the whitewashing of the school must wait".

On the 2nd of August 1887 the estimated cost of two new classrooms was £355 and the grant on offer was £236 13s 4d. Three months later the grant was increased by £30. On the 31st of January 1888 the manager was asked to explain why school was carried on in temporary accommodation during repairs. The archives do not contain his answer but in 1888 the new classrooms were completed and the grant paid.



The Four Elms Bar Lyreacrompane



Jimmy & Joan Roche

*"Looking Forward
to another
Lyre Journal.*

*It always gives us great topics
for conversation around
the Bar at the
Four Elms"*

**Best Wishes from
The Roche Family**

Making History

An historical church event 6,000 miles away has a Lyreacrompane connection. The dioceses of Sacramento in California is organising a synod - the third in its 114 year history. It has fallen to a local woman, Mercy Sister, Eileen Enright, whom Bishop Weigand appointed as director for synod preparation, to tell the world about it.

In the diocese's weekly paper "The Catholic Herald" Eileen said "that unlike the previous two synods the members of this one will have a majority of lay people. We are now in the last phase of preparation which is a process of bringing to the synod the various Parish Plans and the prospects of collaborative parish efforts, to help in setting diocesan priorities, goals and objectives".

"The synod will commence on October 11th 2004 and will culminate a process which has involved thousands of people in a great deal of surveying, consultation and discussion", Sister Eileen concluded.

The synod will be held in the Holy Rosary Parish Community Centre, Woodland. The Cathedral in downtown Sacramento, which was built by Bishop Patrick Manogue in the late 1880's, was closed for renovations in an elaborate ceremony by Bishop William K Weigand. The event was attended by Eileen's sister, Joan Roche of the Four Elms.

Joan who spent two weeks with her sister, Eileen, had a wonderful time and was particularly delighted to be part of the historical occasion in Sacramento.



Joan Roche, Bishop Willam K Weigand & Sr. Eileen Enright



Jimmy Roche and Dinny Sugrue at Listowel Races 1957

Found On

Albert Roche, publican, Carrigcannon, was summoned for a breach of the licensing laws on Wednesday, Nov 10th last at 11.15pm. Supt. Thomas Mulcahy prosecuted and Mr R A MacAulay, solicitor defended. Sergeant Culligan, Knocknagoshal gave evidence.

A fine of 10 shillings was imposed on the defendant with 20 shillings expenses. Fines ranging from two to three shillings were imposed on each of the six men found on the premises.

December 11th 1943

Renagown School Revisited

As we put together the Lyreacrompane Journal for 2003 we hear that Renagown Schoolhouse is up for sale. Sister Brigid Moloney has written about that school in the Journal and in this issue we carry a timely article in which she describes the school and the education that was imparted within its walls.

Four big high windows, two in the front wall and two at the back lights the room. The boarded floor has two wide arcs of big brass tacks. Long after, it dawned on me whence arose the expression; "Toe the line". Desks with inkwells now covered the tacks but lines we had in plenty. Along the hillside wall at the top was a big table, the teachers' amenity then a row of small desks for the infants. Right at the end was a tall glass case. Behind that wall, well divided, are two privies, earth closets, devoid of the customary furnishing. The 'Missus' would take a glossy little brochure with her but did not bring it back. An ornamental clock with the picture of a manor house and garden below the dial, hung on the gable wall.

The windows had deep ledges. The far one looked out west towards Meengenaire & Muimnaminnane. On this ledge at mid morning the Missus would place a mug with a beaten up raw egg in it. One day a cheeky scholar sneaked a look and a sniff. The egg was laced with "the water of life".

The Missus would do the roll call at 10am approximately and write the number of pupils present from the various classes on a board. At the top was the total. As the years went by it dwindled from forties to thirties. With the coming of winter we'd be asked to bring a sod of turf. Some parents preferred to bring a rail full. The turf was stored in the cloakroom.

Learning to Read

The Missus taught the infants reading by holding up letter cards. Then there were shiny booklets with pictures illustrating short phrases like "The cat sits on the mat". One day I took my book home. I wanted to read on unaided, but...could not. Vividly I can still remember the heart rending feeling, alone in our bedroom, I began to cry. Then resolutely I picked up the book again. Suddenly something clicked... I could read!!! A new and exciting dimension had come into my life.

In the small desks we learned to write. On our slates with the Missus leaning over us we formed the letters one by one. Then our first word; AND. I got to the middle of my slate. Suddenly a light dawned. Delighted, I put an S in front of the AND... SAND! Oh the pride and joy of it! On I went writing; sand, sand, sand down to the end of the slate. The Missus came back, stood behind me and... SAID NOTHING. It was a heavy disappointment but it taught me a lesson - as a teacher, never to omit a word of praise. Be slow to blame for children need their self-confidence to be built up. They need loving and

cherishing. Life can have crosses enough in store for them.

In first class, writing lessons began in earnest. We went right through the alphabet, using slanted cursive, beginning with; *A stitch in time saves nine, Build not your house on sand, Cool, calm and collected Do your duty come what may, Every picture tells a story, Fortune favours the brave, God helps those who help themselves, Heavy is the head that wears the Crown, Idle hands do the devil's work, Join Your palms and pray, Kind hearts are worth more than coronets, Look before you leap, Many hands make light work, Narrow is the gate to heaven, Over the moon, Pity the poor and afflicted, Questions do not always have answers, Ring out the old, ring in the new, Sin and sorrow are inseparable, The early bird catches the worm, Under the sun there is nothing new, Vanity breeds contempt, Waste not want not.* For obvious reasons X, Y and Z had no sequences.

Heedless

For addition there was a circle on the blackboard with rows of figures like sunrays around it. We sang out our tables over and over again. We did very small sums and it was then I began to listen to the reading lesson down in the Master's class. Dickens brought a tear to my eye. A bad report went home; Bridie was heedless; inattentive at lessons. A favourite book of my father's was Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. This was the book I kept on my lap under the desk dipping into it when the maths lessons were on.



Last mass at Renagown School 1988, Denis Mahony, Denis Kelliher, Frances McCarthy, John (Jnr) McCarthy, Rose Sheehy, Fr. Doherty, Tom Dowling (RIP), Tommy Sheehy.

Photo courtesy of Eileen Sheehy



Seán O'Connell and Fr. Curran

Photo courtesy of Chriss Quinn

The boys were better at maths than the girls especially when it was mental arithmetic. Eddy Sweeney's hand would shoot up with the answer or Tom "Nash" would be first to the blackboard to solve a theorem. The geometry equipment was stored in a drawer of the glasscase near the back wall. A peculiar sulphur-type smell issued when it was opened; a fact that puzzles me to this day. I did manage to cross the Pythagorus Theorem called the "Ass's Bridge" and even enjoyed Algebra.

Our history with the Missus consisted of short accounts of the lives of Patrick, Brighid and Colmcille. It was the time the Christian Brothers set out to rid our country of West Brit-ism. Our readers were compiled by them and published by Browne and Nolan. I felt so proud proclaiming that the Celts were a handsome, cultured people. Indeed the English by comparison were barbarians with "bushes tied around their waists". That day I came home and relayed it all. "Nonsense", my father said, "the English are decent people and their country is beautiful". He had seen it when travelling from Dublin to Dover on his way to Lourdes in 1913.

Fontenoy

From time to time the Master would read out passages of poetry and prose. These were all memorable. Canon Sheehan's novels we liked the best. He also read travel books and magazines. Copies of the latest songs and ballads would be brought to school. Rosemond Gleeson's were classics. A line of one

went" *We all got blue, blue, blind and paralytic drunk the night our house caught fire*".

Of course there were always the "come-all-yous". One day I was caught red handed copying out the words of "My Lovely Irish Boy" under the desk. The master picked it up and read it out. I wanted to plug my ears...

Sir Walter Scott also featured with verses such as;

*The stag at eve hath drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on
Mohan's rill
And deep his midnight lair hath made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.*

*But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled oe'r Benvoirleth's head
The deep mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way.*

We also had the Poem "Fontenoy"

*"On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloodied plumes, the Irish stand, the field is fought and won."*

One boy, Jim Sweeney from Broughane would lay down his life in another war that began and ended in Europe. Jim was gentle, sensitive and hardly cut out to be a soldier - but it was a job. The Master used to tease him that one day he would stroll down Broadway with his swallowtail coat and Caroline hat! His brother did and Mary his sister.

Evolution

For religious classes we had the catechism in English and Irish. The Missus helped with that. It had to be word for word. Exile across the Channel or the Atlantic lay in the future of so many that we had to be able to stand up for our beliefs and practice when mingling with scoffers and atheists.

The bible was then a closed book for most catholics. One fine summer's day I would call a red letter day in my life. I was around eleven years of age when Fr Ferris from Cloher came to inspect the teaching of religion. It was rumoured that he had some differences with Bishop O'Brien of the Kerry Diocese but he continued to visit schools. Having sent the teachers for a walk he told us the theory of evolution and set Adam and Eve in that scheme of things. It was many years later that I read *The Phenomenon of Man* by another priest, a Jesuit named Fr Teilhard de Chardin. The book got him into trouble with his superiors and he was banished to foreign parts. The reason for this was that, as in Fr Ferris's case, ecclesiastical superiors still maintained the theory that Adam and Eve were spontaneously created by God and not subject to gradual evolution like the rest of the universe. Fr Ferris had said it all in a more simple language.

At Fr Ferris's next visit we were asked to write down the names of the districts we came from and the names of the fields, wells, hills, gaps, streams, rocks and heaps of stones we knew or had heard about. Later he collected the notes and wrote a book. I

have, so far, not got my hands on a copy.

Music and song

We had other visitors too. One was a young man with a beautiful tenor voice. He soon had had us singing Old McDonnell. That day the rafters rang as never before. Another day three members of an itinerant repertory company, who were using Dan Paddy's Hall, came to entertain us. To guess by his foxy hair the younger man was a Sheridan. Throwing back his head he sang Molly Branigan which included the line "There's a hole in my heart you could almost roll a turnip in..." The sketch that followed was about a haunted house. The spooky part was re-enacted much time at home afterwards with a white sheet.

One afternoon an old man comes in with a violin case strapped on his back. I was spellbound. Never had I heard such wonderful music. For the first time in my life I experienced rapture. Wildly I looked at the end window in an impulse to escape. I closed my eyes. The old man's exit I did not see, nor have I forgotten. Since then I have often heard the Culin but never again with that fairy fort experiences.

There is much more about school life at Renagown in this article by Sr Brigid and we will carry it in the next issue of the Journal.

JOHN B KEANE

A Tribute from the Stacks Mountains The Evening Echo May 2001

Everyone knew John B Keane. Perhaps none did so better than the people of the Stacks Mountains. For us that was important but not as important as the fact that John B knew us. He saw Lyreacrompane and its hinterland and those who peopled the hills south of Listowel as a place and a people worth observing. He saw us as we were and told it like it was.

John B noted well the individual and collective characteristics of the people and how their environment brought out the rebel, the rogue, the strong and the hardness and the softness in them. The elements of disrespect for authority he pinpointed in some characters and the

undercurrent of a struggle for moral and sexual freedom against a conservative and domineering church which he highlighted made the people of the Stacks Mountains the unlikely heralds of a less oppressive society that Ireland has moved towards in the world.

This combination of a great writer and a people whose character so sharply exposed the human condition explained life and enriched lives far from the Smearlagh or Dan Paddy Andy's Renagown. The mirror he held up did not always reflect an image we were happy to see but the reflections created in his writings were accurate. He recorded forever the existence of a culture - a hidden Ireland - warts and all, which otherwise would have, at best passed unnoticed or a worst have been misunderstood as being backward

and having nothing positive to contribute.

John B carried out his work, not as a disinterested academic, but as a friend who valued a special partnership. Someone has said that Lyreacrompane will never be the same now that John B is gone. That may be so but thanks to his contribution we all, locally and nationally, know ourselves better and we can more ably be the way we want to be thanks to John B Keane.

At a personal level Kay and I have happy memories of the sense of occasion John B brought to journal launches, monument unveilings and the casual meetings with him in Lyreacrompane or Listowel. To his wife Mary, his family and his many friends we offer our sincere sympathy.

*Joe Harrington,
Lyreacrompane & Limerick*



2000 John B Keane R.I.P. and Joe Sheehy R.I.P. at the Ivy Bridge *Photo courtesy of Eileen Sheehy*

Strange Happenings Mark the Death of a Great Man

John B. Keane 1977

Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan, the great matchmaker and human being, drew the last of all of his breaths of a bitter March evening in the year of Our Lord 1966.

Nobody seems to be certain about the exact date of his birth but certainly it was before the turn of the century. On the day he died, the Smearla River was in good fettle with a banker of a flood which swept all impurities before it in readiness for the first of the spring salmon. These waited far down river in the Cashen estuary for the brown flood waters to subside. Dan would have enjoyed the Smearla on such a day, swirling pools under the sallies, the rich chuckling where its waters were deepest, the white-crested tumult, where its passage was roughest over black boulders old as time and the hundred other cadences high and low which all amount to beautifully orchestrated music when a man has a ear for river water.

Sounds

His obsession with the Smearla may well have arisen from the fact that he was never to fully discern the delicate colour and shapes of the Stacks Mountains. He therefore turned from the visual aspect of his environment to seek compensation in the songs and other sounds of the Smearla.

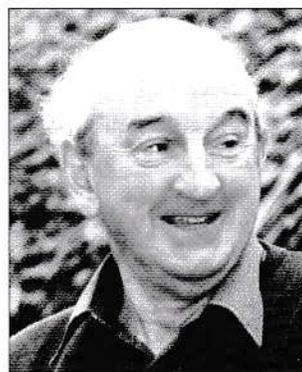
Dan died from heart failure. It had followed him in his declin-

ing years, restricted his movements to the houses of his immediate neighbours and confined him for the most part to his own hearth. He died peacefully and without any evidence of pain. For several years before his death he was in the habit of rambling to Martin Sweeney's house, which was only a short walk from his own abode. His wife, Kate, would accompany him part of the way and one of the Sweeney's would walk back with him. His sight was slowly; but surely deserting him around this time.

The Sweeney's loved his visits. He was a great storyteller and they would sit enraptured while he told and retold the tales which had made him a living legend. Always those stories would be coloured by whimsy and humour. That same humour of Dans' still remains in Renagown. It is part and parcel of every story and every exchange of words. It can be seen deep in the eyes of the people and ready to surface on the lips.

Barber

Martin Sweeney's brother, Peter, now in America, was Dan's personal barber. He was once filling in an employment form when he came to the question of trade if any. He was tempted to write "barber to his Excellency, Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan, Chief of



Renagown", but he changed his mind for it was more than likely that the prospective employers might not see the humour.

Peter Sweeney would shave Dan regularly and on rare occasions he would give him a haircut. Dan retained a fine head of curls to the very end and when people would remark upon this, Dan would always say "Them are the curls that brought Kate O'Brien off her perch".

It was Kate who found him dead. She had been in the haggard checking on her hens. She found him lying on his bed with a look of contentment on his face. Shortly afterwards the daughter of a neighbour and first cousin, Mary Hickey, happened to call by chance. She was dispatched at once for her father, Mickey, who, in turn sent word to the Sweeney's. Mickey Hickey and Martin Sweeney came at once. Then came Patsy Cremins and Connie Brosnan from Dromadabeg. The four between them washed, and shaved Dan and laid him out in his best suit. A messenger was sent to the presbytery in Clogher. Then the Litany was recited and before they rose from their knees, Father Murphy was on the scene.

Notified

It was now time for other matters. Martin Sweeney was dispatched to Al Roche's pub, two miles away, to order drink for the wake. Then America would have to be contacted and Dan's sons and daughter notified. This was done by Nelius Nolan of Lyreacrompane Post Office. Others had to be notified, friends and relations all over the countryside.

Recently I asked Martin Sweeney if he heard or saw anything unusual on the night that Dan died. "I did," said Martin. "I heard fierce pillalioing over Jereen Davy's inch and what cocks there were in Lyre crew till the stroke of twelve."

There were other happenings of significance. A light was seen in Kilbanavan Graveyard in Castleisland around the time Dan gave up the ghost. Martin Sweeney's car refused to start, a thing it never did before. Further up in from Renagown in the house of Din Joe Mahony of Muingnaminnane the cocks crowed in unison on the stroke of eight, precisely the time Dan gave over life. By Din Joe's own testimony a clock that had been going without failure for seventy-two years stopped and never went again.

Black cat

A black cat, owned by the Mahony's, ran under a bed and could not be coaxed out until it came of its own accord two days later. In Carriggannon, according to Joe Sheehy, the lights went out in two houses and stayed out till cockcrow. On the parapet of the Ivy Bridge in Renagown another light was seen. There were other happenings and from these accounts it will be gathered that the humour of Dan Paddy has not gone into the grave with him.

He was waked well and his children came to bury him. He was churched in Clogher, but it was in Kilbanavan in Castleisland that he chose to be buried. He had made this clear long before he died and it wasn't such a black day after all when they lowered him into the grave where lay the two young sons he loved so dearly.

In a niche in the East Wall of Kilbanavan there is a small cross

erected to his memory and to the memory of his sons. As I write these lines eleven years after his death one certainty begins to emerge and that is that there will be many books written about Dan. Already researchers are circulating around Lyre and more power to them. They will find their tasks to be enormously rewarding and if there will be outrageous stories attributed to Dan in the future it is well to remember that all great men have attracted the same kind of concoctions when they were safely under the clay.

Marriages

It would be a work of the greatest importance if somebody or some group were to record the four hundred marriages for which Dan was responsible and to determine as far as possible how the marriages worked out. The one failure, which he never denied, was not Dan's fault, although he would always insist that it was or, at least be willing to share the responsibility for the failure. To list these marriages against the social background of the period and to draw accurate conclusions would greatly help our society. It would be the most important sociological work ever undertaken in that vast area where Dan was sole matchmaker.

My own memory of Dan is an abiding one. We got on famously together from the first moment we met. I still see him plainly sitting on a small rock overlooking the Smearla leaning forward on his stout stick or standing hopefully on Sunday nights outside the hall in Renagown endeavouring to whip up business.

"Come on in boys. Plenty cotton here".

All the cotton, alas, was to go and when the girls go the boys

are sure to follow. Over the course of Dan's lifetime more than half the houses and holdings were to disappear altogether from the scene. He did his utmost to halt this devastating decline, but the odds were stacked too high against him. Still, let it be said to his credit that he never threw in the towel.

Young people

Today from Renagown alone there are nine young people travelling every morning to take up work in the Burlington factory in Tralee, six to Listowel to the huge milk processing plant and several more to other factories in Tralee and Listowel,

There were no factories in Dan's time and so the boys and girls had to go. He kept faith with the future however and it looks now that Renagown would, once again, be able to maintain a small dance hall if the people so wished.

Not long before he died, Dan was one-day conversing with John Moloney of Dromadda.

"I am the last of the Andy's here," Dan said. "My seed is scattered wide and doing well but this is my place and this this is where I want to make my goodbyes to the memory of my father and his father. I have left my stamp upon this place and upon these people and when I'm gone, as sure as there's a snipe in Raemore, there will be talk of me and my doings from time to time."

This article was contributed by Norah Carmody who had been asked by her uncle to mind it for him in 1977

JOHN B

Copyright Mattie Lennon 2002

Chorus

Before you went you told us
not to cry on that sad night.
"Let the show go on" you said
and then "goodbye".
We shouldn't question why you had to die
Before you went you told us not to cry

As Writer's Week had opened,
For it's thirty-second year,
Where poet and peasant mingle
To absorb Listowel's good cheer.
A cloud crossed hill and valley
From Carnsore to Malin Head,
As news went 'round our island
"The great John. B. is dead"

Chorus.

He who walked with King and beggar
Will lift his pen no more,
To bring out the hidden Ireland
Like no one did before.
He banished inhibitions
To put insight in their stead.
The world stage is brighter
But the "Kingdom's King" is dead.

The dialogue of two Bococs
Is known in every town.
Now the Ivy Bridge links Broadway
To the hills of Renagown.
While men of twenty emigrate
And Sharon's Grave is read,
Or a Chastitute 's forlorn
His memory won't be dead.

Chorus.

They stepped out from the pages
Of the Man from Clare and Sive
To walk behind his coffin
Each character alive.
His Soul, with One-Way Ticket
To The Highest House has sped,
And this world has lost a genius;
The great John. B. is dead.

Chorus.

This song has been put to
music by John Hoban.



John B Keane R.I.P., Eileen Sheehy and Joe Sheehy R.I.P.

Photo courtesy of Eileen Sheehy

**Best of luck
with your community journal
from
LISTOWEL CREDIT
UNION LTD.**

Established 1973

**Church St.,
Listowel,
Co. Kerry
Tel/Fax: (068) 21938**



Fancy That

Compiled By Joe Quille.

The reason why we can't see **colour** when it starts to get dark is that the cells in our eyes that react to coloured light called cones only work in bright light. Most of the cells in the eye see in black and white or grey, and these, called rods are the ones that work in the night. We blink to clean and protect our eyes. Each eye is covered with a thin film of salty water-so every time you blink, the eyelid washes the eyeball and wipes away dust and germs. The water drains away through a narrow tube in the nose. We also blink to protect our eyes when something comes too close to it. As blinking is so important, we do it automatically hundreds of times each day. In the 18th and 19th centuries before artificial light was invented people slept around nine to ten hours at night. Now most of us try to get by on just seven hours of sleep every night. In America, it is reckoned that ten per cent of traffic accidents are sleep-related and as many as twenty per cent of all drivers have, at least once, fallen asleep at the wheel.

To **eat humble pie** means to submit to humiliation. The less appealing parts of a deer that was killed in a hunt were given to those of lower rank and were for that reason called "the humbles".

In 1883 a volcanic eruption blew the Indonesian island of Krakatoa to smithereens. Over the whole world the dust thrown into the atmosphere caused the moon to appear blue for some

time. Occurrences like this are exceedingly rare, and they gave rise to the expression '**once in a blue moon**'.

For a long time 'Jack' was a traditional name for a sailor. It was this which gave rise to the expression '**I'm all right, Jack**'.

The veteran broadcaster Seán Óg O'Ceallachain, who has been bringing us the sports results every Sunday night since 1953, is probably the only person who played in an All Ireland final, refereed an All Ireland final, and broadcast an All Ireland.

Luck

In the 17th and 18th centuries, old Irish country folk were great believers in **signs**. For example, if a fork fell, it was the sign of a stranger, but if a spoon fell it was the sign of a lady visitor. If you were sitting at the fire and sparks flew out, this was a sure sign of money. There were also signs of good fortune - like finding a penny or a horse-shoe. If there was a shower of rain when a funeral was passing it was a great sign, because the soul would get to heaven much quicker. Signs were aids to help people through life. For example, a twist in a belt was a sign of a fight, as was an itchy nose.

To fall up the stairs was the sign of a wedding. If the two horns of a rainbow were in one townland it was a sure sign of death. Froth on a cup of tea was a sign of money and when people washed the sugar bowl it was a sign of a visitor that day. To throw a slipper after a party going on a journey was unlucky. It was also unlucky to sweep out the house after sunset.

"Uncle Sam" the nickname for the United States was derived from Samuel Wilson, a meat inspector in New York State. During the War of 1812 (the war during which the White House was burned) this man, who had the nickname Uncle Sam, stamped the letters U.S. on meat barrels prepared for the American army, and this was interpreted by some of his workers to stand for their boss "Uncle Sam" and so the legend grew.

Roman citizens used to fast on Saturday, while in other Italian cities they used to fast on Friday. When Saint Augustine came to Rome, he inquired as to which custom he should follow and Saint Ambrose delivered the one-liner that has become famous to this day. **"When in Rome do as the Romans do"**.

The Candidate

Back in Roman days, when a politician wanted to make a good impression on the voters, he wore white clothes. The Latin "candidatus," meaning a person dressed in white, later became synonymous with someone seeking public office, and this was how we got the word **candidate**.

In Ireland there's a wealth of old stories and folklore concerning **love letters**. The best day for writing love letters is Friday, as this day belongs to Venus, the Goddess of Love. Love letters should always be written in ink, not pencil and should never be posted on Sundays, the 25th December, 29th February or the 1st of September. It's an excellent sign if your hand trembles when writing a love letter as this shows your true strength of feelings. Accidentally blotting the

ink on paper is another gratifying sign which shows that the other person has you constantly in their thoughts.

When you receive a love letter, strange as it may seem, particular attention should be paid to the envelope. If the flap has come open or if the stamp is not of the correct value, then all isn't well. To test the sincerity of the sender of a love letter the recipient may set fire to it! If the letter burns with a tall bright flame there is no cause for concern. But should it flutter, then sadly, your love is doomed.

Nevertheless, it is considered dangerous to burn a love letter as this invites bad luck. And if old love letters must be destroyed, then it's better to tear them up. Always remember never propose by letter, as this means the chances of a long and happy marriage will be extremely slim.

Lucky Horseshoes

Ever wondered why little silver **horseshoes** are put on wedding cakes and why they are supposed to be lucky? Many years ago, St Dunstan, who was a blacksmith, was visited in his forge by the devil who asked for shoes to be fitted to his feet. Dunstan recognised his visitor. While fixing horseshoes to the devil's feet, he nailed the shoes to the wall to trap him. Although the devil tried to free himself his efforts were in vain. Before agreeing to release him, Dunstan made the devil promise he would never enter a place where there was a horseshoe on the wall. Later this was applied to wedding cakes.

What's In a Name?

When Frances Gumm came on stage one evening as a child singer. George Jessel the comedian unintentionally made a mess of the introduction. Forgetting the girl's real name he absent-mindedly called her **Judy Garland**. Only a short while earlier, he had sent a note to the actress, Judith Anderson, the note included the word garland.

Marion Michael Morrison went on to become one of Hollywood's greats. First however, he changed his name to **John Wayne**.

Doris von Kappelhoff was a promising singer and Barney Rapp her bandleader particularly liked the way she sang "Day by Day", so he renamed her **Doris Day**.

Buildings with a Difference.

Jules Undersea Lodge is an underwater hotel, five fathoms down in Bora Lagoon in the Florida Keys. A converted underwater research station it has a restaurant and two rooms, both with private baths, and can accommodate six guests at a time. Each room has a giant porthole to enable guests to observe passing fish.

The Ice-Hotel at Jukleasjarvi, Swedish Lapland, offers the ultimate in cold comfort - a building constructed out of ice where the average room temperature is minus four degrees centigrade. The beds are made from packed snow topped with spruce boughs and reindeer skins. The hotel melts every April and has to be rebuilt the following winter.

Some Con-Artists

In 1872 veteran prospectors Philip Arnold and John Slack bought some diamonds in Europe for \$35,000 and scattered them on land in Wyoming. They managed to convince the Bank of California in San Francisco that they had discovered a diamond field. Banker William Ralston paid them off with \$700,000, thinking he had struck a good deal.

Within the space of a few months in 1923 Scotchman Ferguson succeeded in selling three different London landmarks to gullible American tourists. He sold Big Ben for a £1,000 deposit, Buckingham Palace for £2,000 and Nelson's Column for a princely £6,000. He then fled to the United States where he leased the White House for 99 years to a Texan cattle-rancher at the knockdown rent of 100,000 dollars a year-the first year's rent payable in advance. His downfall came when he told an American visitor that, because of a widening scheme for New York Harbour, the Statue of Liberty would have to be dismantled and sold. He suggested that the statue would be perfectly suited to Sydney Harbour and the businessman was well on the way to raising the required 500,000 dollars when his bank became suspicious. Fergus was arrested and sentenced to five years in jail.

THE GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS™



WORLD RECORD

*Councillor Joe Harrington,
a member of Limerick City Council,
Republic of Ireland,
shook the hands of 8710 different people
in eight hours during the
St Patrick's Day Parade, Limerick
on 17 March 1998*

Keeper of the Records

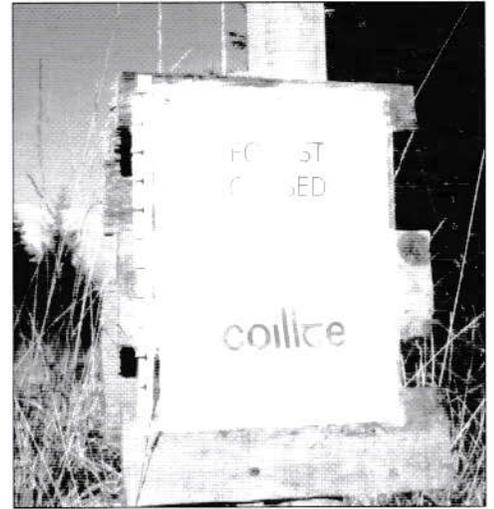
GUINNESS PUBLISHING

A stylized signature in black ink, likely belonging to the Keeper of the Records.

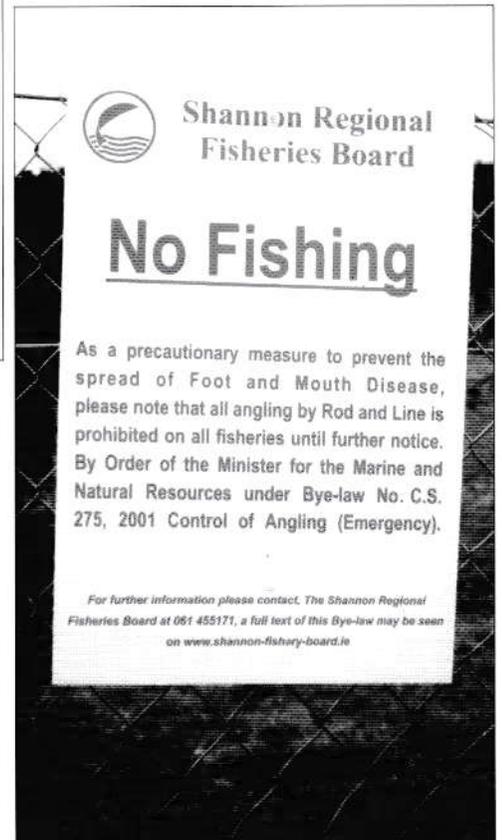
The record number of hands shaken by a politician at an official function was 8,513 by President Theodore Roosevelt (1858 - 1919) at a New Years Day White House presentation in Washington, DC, USA on 1st January 1907.

The above certificate show that our Editor did a little better ninety-one years later and what an appropriate day to break the record.

Foot & Mouth hits Lyreacrompane in 2001



**The signs
of the time!!**



Christmas Video in Finuge Pat Brosnan

Mid-February might appear to be an unusual time to celebrate the Christmas Season, but when Joe Harrington invited us to do the 'Christmas Video' at the Teach Siamsa in Finuge there was a big response from traditional performers both in Limerick and Kerry. It was a cold wet and windy night in February 2002 when we assembled in Finuge, but this did not dampen the enthusiasm of those taking part.

Frances Kennedy of Listowel, who is a native of Freemount North Cork, was Bean-a-Tí on the night. Frances is a well known singer and reciter and is also a member of the local Drama group. The Fear-a-Tí for the occasion was well known humorous storyteller Pat McAuliffe of Kilmallock. Pat, who is a member of Limerick County Council, was also prominent athlete in his younger days and represented Ireland as a medium distant runner in international events.

It was a great night's entertainment and we ourselves enjoyed taking part and contributing to this unique video. There was great music, songs, recitations and there was also some wonderful set dancing, as well as step-dancing and storytelling. There was a warm turf fire burning in the old fashioned open hearth with the kettle boiling and ready for making the tea.

We also had a good audience looking on at the whole perform-

ance and they too were very appreciative of the entertainment provided, especially watching it live. With all the Christmas decorations, the blazing turf fire and the friendly and jovial atmosphere it all appeared very authentic.

At the conclusion of the filming Joe Harrington thanked everyone who took part including Paul Kennelly who had the door of Teach Siamsa open and everything ready and also paid a tribute to the late Martin Whelan with whom earlier arrangements had been made about the loan of Teach Siamsa for the occasion. Towards the end of the night we were all treated to a lovely meal with tea, sandwiches and home made rasin cake, scones and apple tart.

Besides myself the following were the talented performers who took part in the making of the video; Frances Kennedy, Pat McAuliffe, Mick McConnell, Jim Connery, Aisling Neville, Doris Shire, Patsy Kennedy, Marian Walsh, Linda O'Meara, Deirdre Chawke, Mike O'Gorman, Mike Shinnors, David Enright, Breda Dundon, Linda Moran, Meave Moynihan, John Ryan, Jason Ryan,

Cameras; Patrick Donegan, Jeremiah Donegan and Philip Tindall

Special Effects; Philip Tindall.
Edited, Directed and Produced by Billy Donegan.

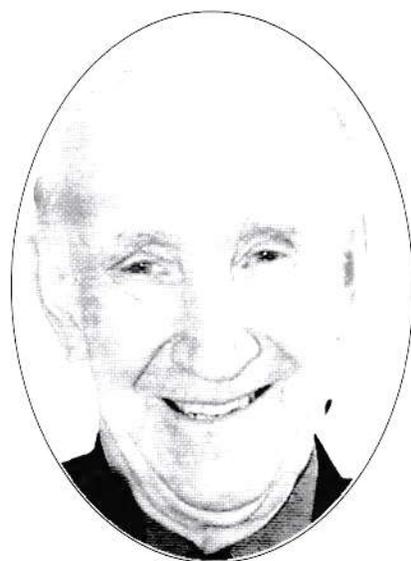
Special Thanks was extended to Mary O'Leary, Helena Foley, JP Horgan, Paul Kennelly as well as Siamsa Tire Committee.

The making of the video was organised and co-ordinated by

Joe Harrington and Kay O'Leary. The entertainment provided in this video is just as good as and perhaps even better than anything that R.T.E. might produce in the traditional context. To the best of my knowledge copies are still available and these would make an ideal Christmas present.

Footnote - There is a beautiful memorial to the late Martin Whelan in the form of a wall plaque at the Teach Siamsa in Finuge. Martin invited me on various occasions to recite, sing or read poetry there. He and other members of the Whelan family have been friends of ours for many years. His sister, Margaret O'Sullivan, is an esteemed neighbour of ours in Knocknagorna. Martin's unique contribution to the promotion of the Irish cultural movement is something which will always be remembered.

Ar Dheis Dé go raibh a anam.



*Pat Brosnan
Lyreacrompane &
Knocknagorna*

The Question Is ...

Answers on Next Page :

By Tommy Quille

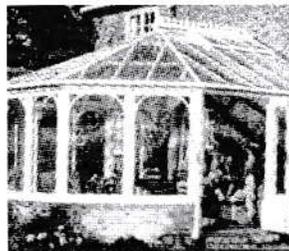
- 1-To charge a public official with improper conduct before a proper Tribunal is referred to by what name?
- 2- What is the name given to a male singing voice below a tenor?
- 3- Which US city is the centre of country and western music?
- 4- What is the name of the scale used to measure the magnitude of an earthquake?
- 5- A rich fruit cake covered with almonds is named after which Scottish city?
- 6- On what horse did Lester Piggott win his last St. Leger in 1984?
- 7- What is the life span of a turkey who evades the cooking pot?
- 8- Who played the part of John Boy in that old family favourite "The Walton's"?
- 9- Which aid to footwear was invented by Harvey Kennedy?
- 10- Name Kerry's captain when they won the Sam Maguire for the fourth time in a row in 1981?
- 11- In what year was the unmarried Mothers allowance introduced?
- 12- Who was responsible for giving us bank holidays?
- 13- Who won the first All Ireland SH final to be televised in colour?
- 14- Yellow and blue mixed together gives which colour?
- 15- In which year was the Breathalyser test introduced in the Republic of Ireland?
- 16- What is special about the phrase "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog"?
- 17- How many people were there in Noah's Ark?
- 18- A fenced field used for keeping horses in is called what?
- 19- In which Irish City is the treaty stone located?
- 20- Galway won the Sam Maguire cup three times in the 1960s. Enda Colleran was captain twice.
Name the other captain?

Best of Luck to our Local Journal

AHCON PVC CONSERVATORIES

Lyreacrompane, Listowel

Tel: 068 48279/48160 087 2682376



*Quality Conservatories
Built to your requirements
All associated work undertaken*

Every Day

Phrases

Bridie Quille.

Do you ever chance to wonder about certain phrases as to their origin?

Take **Bankrupt**, for example. Did you realise the term originated in Italy among the money-lenders? They used to lay out the money they had to lend on a "banco" or bench. When a member of this trade went out of business, his counter was broken up and he was hither to known as a bancorotto (lacking a bench). The word eventually anglicised as "bankrupt". In the 16th and 17th centuries in France, bankrupts were forced to wear green caps as a sign of their disgrace. The first law regarding bankruptcy was passed in 1543.

Spick and span is another interesting expression. It is one which originated among the weavers of old. When the cloth was taken from the loom, it was laid out on spikes and spannans, and a piece of material taken from this apparatus was referred to as being "spick and span new" Gradually the term came to be

Quiz Answers.

1- Impeach. 2- Baritone. 3- Nashville. 4- Richter. 5- Dundee. 6- Commanche Run. 7- 12 years. 8- Richard Thomas. 9- Shoelaces. 10- Jimmy Deenihan. 11- 1973. 12- Sir John Lubboer (later Baron Avebury) He promoted the Bank Holidays Act in 1871) 13- Tipperary. 14- Green. 15- 1969. 16- It contains all the letters of the alphabet. 17- Eight. 18- Paddock. 19- Limerick. 20- John Donne

applied to anything which was pristine fresh.

If we don't listen carefully to what is being said or don't want to listen we are **turning a deaf ear**. If we think a thing is confidential and should not be overheard we talk of the "walls having ears" Anyone who is inexperienced is said to be "wet behind the ears", the metaphor coming from the child who has to be reminded to dry himself properly after washing.

A Cock and bull story is a long rambling account which nobody believes. It dates from Aesop's fables where the animals talked to each other. The cock and bull were characters who finished off a cautionary tale by discussing its details. There was a later belief that an inn near London called the Cock and Bull where horses were changed was also a place where passengers exchanged stories while waiting.

Another phrase in common use is **A wild goose chase** to describe a fruitless quest. This was originally a dangerous exercise which was meant to unseat as many horsemen as possible. One rider would lead with the rest spread out behind him like geese in flight.

A dead duck is one that has failed or will do so. This comes from an old American saying, 'never waste powder on a dead duck'. The duck in cricket derives from the shape of a duck's egg which resembles the "0" against the players name and is said to be 'out for a duck'.

It's raining cats and dogs is always associated with heavy

downpours. This seems to be linked to ancient belief in mythology that cats were associated with rainstorms and dogs with high winds. Another explanation is that severe rainstorms in earlier times would cause floods and a number of cats and dogs would be drowned. After the storm had passed it would seem as if they had fallen from the sky.

As the crow flies is self-explanatory as the term refers to travelling in a straight line. A 'crowbar' was known simply as a 'crow' until the nineteenth century. One explanation of the name is that one end of the tool is shaped like a crows beak. Another suggestion is that it is a French derivation from 'cros de fer' i.e. irons hooks. The crow of iron from earlier centuries would seem to support the latter explanation. Crows and ravens were always regarded as birds of evil omen probably because their colour was associated with death.

Economical with the truth dates back to the 1800s when philosopher and writer Edmund Burke said "We practice the economy of truth that we may live to tell it longer" Also Mark Twain, US writer is reported to have said "Truth is a mighty valuable commodity, we need to be economical with it.

The eleventh hour simply means something being done at the last moment and alludes to the parable of the labourers, of whom the last "were hired at the eleventh hour".

Eyeball to eyeball means in close confrontation and the use of the expression dates to the

Missile crises of October 1962 when the Soviets placed missiles on Cuban soil. Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, speaking to an ABC news correspondent said "Remember when you report this, that eyeball to eyeball, they blinked first".

To call a spade a spade is to speak in a direct or plain manner. It is thought to have originated in the mistranslation from a Greek to a Latin proverb in the 16th century. The original meaning was "calling a boat a boat" The translator confused this with a similar Greek word which meant "to dig". The further translation into English became "Calling a spade a spade" instead of a "boat a boat".

To kick the bucket is a disrespectful way of speaking of someone's death. One explanation is that a suicide would kick away the bucket on which he was standing in order to hang himself. However, suicides chose other things to stand on besides buckets. Another suggestion is that pigs before being slaughtered, on reaching the market was suspended from a bucket beam. In their death throes they would "kick the bucket".

To stick to one's guns means not to be persuaded away from one's conviction and to stick to one's beliefs. In the same way, a soldier in battle, even though under attack, did not run away but fought on.

To spike someone's guns is to prevent someone's progress. In the 17th century a spike was driven into the touch-hole of an enemy's cannon to render it unserviceable.

To bite the bullet is said to have its origins in the 19th century when no anaesthetics were available to ease the pain of soldiers. The wounded man would be given a bullet to bite on to prevent him crying out or perhaps to ease pain. It now means "to accept pain without showing emotion".

To get the bullet means to be unceremoniously sacked from a job or jilted by a lover. In the days when officers were considered to be gentlemen, anyone who had deeply disgraced himself was handed a pistol with a single bullet in it to shoot himself



Mná na hEireann

In 1898 the vote in local government was granted to women. The following year 85 women were elected as Poor Law Guardians. Of these 31 became Rural District Councillors.

Five of the six women who sat in the first Dáil were relatives of men executed in 1916 or killed in the Anglo-Irish war. Mrs. Pearse, Mrs. Clarke, Mary McSwiney, Mrs. O'Callaghan, Dr. Ada English all had suffered the loss of their men folk and Countess Markievicz had been through the rebellion.

Bridie, Joe & Tommy Quille
(Photograph taken at Arás an Uachtaráin)

Where To Next?

By Joe Quille.

When invited by our esteemed Editor Joe Harrington, to write something for the current Journal I was trying to put into perspective a number of trips I had undertaken over a number of years, the most recent of which was a visit to Aras An Uachtarain.

There was on another occasion a visit to Kinsealy, the home of Charles J Haughey, and there was Florida in 1990. Perhaps not as important as any of these trips was my first visit to Croke Park in the mid-50s, yet it has remained a very pleasant memory. Maybe it was because at that time (unlike now) you could freely roam the actual playing pitch, setting the adrenalin flowing, with memories of great players like Roscommon's Jimmy Murray, Peter McDermott of Meath, Simon Deignan and John Joe Reilly Cavan, Pdraig Carney, Mayo, and Joe Keohane and Paddy Kennedy Kerry, to mention just a few.

I had a number of visits to Croke Park in later years in victory and defeat for Kerry yet that first trip in the mid-50s stands out - perhaps it was being out there on the pitch re-living again for a few precious moments the achievements of those stars of the past.

WITH CJ IN KINSEALY.

The visit to Kinsealy, the home of Charles J Haughey was before he achieved the notoriety of more recent times. Certainly there wasn't even a hint of a brown envelope. That visit came about through the good offices of

a good friend of ours, who of course knew a friend with the right connections, and hey presto we were on our way to Kinsealy. The visit to Kinsealy was extensively covered in the 1992 Lyre Journal. I must say it was an unforgettable trip. Everyone, including himself, were the essence of friendliness, and their courtesy knew no bounds. We were given an extensive tour of the Mansion and the estate. I know for a fact that Bridie derived great pleasure from sitting on his chair, and for a few fleeting moments perceived herself as the "Real Taoiseach". It was one of those rare moments when a camera would have been of priceless value, unfortunately, we hadn't brought one.

DISNEYWORLD

The trip to Florida was covered in the Lyre Journal No 2 May 91. It was a trip that Bridie, Tommy and I made in association with Shay Kinsella founder of the Limerick based Share A Dream foundation. Set up in association with Give Kids the World. Founded in 1986 Give Kids the World was set up to provide joyful experiences for children who have life threatening illnesses and whose wish was to visit Disneyland in Orlando, Florida. To be among such a courageous bunch of youngsters, suffering a variety of illnesses such as Cerebral Palsy, Cancer of the blood, and open heart surgery, was a chastening experience, and ones own problems -real or imagined - paled in to insignificance.

One of the most striking features of the trip was the care and concern of the Americans (black or white) for the handicapped. It was unbelievable. At the

Airports and all over Disneyworld just because there was a person on a wheelchair they were truly great. We could in this country learn a lot from them when it comes to people with disabilities.

ARAS AN UACHTARAIN

Of all the trips I have undertaken Florida definitely was the ultimate one but of particular pleasure also was a trip to Aras An Uachtarain in April 2000. Its not every day one has the privilege of visit the Aras, so we were delighted to get the invitation from Sean Murphy, Lecturer and GAA Historian, to do so and in the company of a party of about 20, Bridie, Tommy and I took off from Limerick.

The trip, though unevenful was totally enjoyable and relaxing, and our first stop on reaching Dublin was in Parkgate Street, at the watering hole of Ned Rae's. Ned had won an All Ireland with Limerick in 1973 (their last since then), and at Neds there was a big welcome for the Limerick contingent. There to greet us were Vera and George Langan. George was a Garda based at Headquarters in the Phoenix Park, and a native of Glosa, Athea and his wife was the former Vera Kiely from Rooska East, Carrigkerry. George had arranged a Garda escort for us, so like true VIPs we headed for the Phoenix Park and the imposing Aras which was formally the official residence of the British Viceroy in Ireland, and was built in 1751 by Nathaniel Clement.

In 1802 Roger Woodgate and later Francis Johnston transformed the original design of the house with the inclusion of the main Ballroom/State Reception,

and the magnificent stone south portico.

On arrival we were warmly greeted by the President's ADC and ushered in to the State reception room. This is where the President receives dignitaries and the many groups who are invited to meet her. After partaking of light refreshments we began our tour of this imposing residence.

One of the first things President McAleese did when she came into office in October 1997 was to make Aras An Uachtarain easily accessible to all, and its now open every Sunday. Anybody who wants to see the House and the Gardens can do so, the President told us that community groups of one sort or another come in their hundreds.

The Council of State room is breathtaking. Here there are portraits of all the past Presidents beginning with Dr Douglas Hyde. This is the room where the President host meeting's of the Council of State, the statutory body that advises the President.

The Presidential study with the Mesoil House ceiling is where she does most of her work, and it was here we had the pleasure of meeting her husband Martin. A man of great charm and courtesy, they have been married for over 27 years being childhood sweethearts, and she readily confesses that she would not have become President had it not been for the sacrifices he made for her along the way. A former accountant, he studied dentistry in his thirties, but gave up a successful career to help his wife to become President. He also has his own itinerary including speaking at Dinners and Functions usually

linked to furthering relations and contact between both sides of the border.

Our final visit was to the State dining room. That was built in 1849 for a visit by Queen Victoria. In it is a pair of early 19th century statuary fireplaces which were originally a gift to Archbishop Murray of Dublin from his flock, and were brought to the house by the first Governor General, Timothy Healy, who took up residence there after Independence in 1921, and it became home to the Governors General until the 1930s. In 1938 when Douglas Hyde became the first President of Ireland the house became Aras An Uachtarain --the home of the President.

And so it was time to take our leave and to say that it was a memorable trip would be an understatement. We left with warm memories of having met a very gracious lady with no airs and graces. It was a particularly happy moment for one member of our party. Tommy Quille was meeting his third President having met Patrick Hillery in Limerick in November 1990 in Limerick and Mary Robinson in Listowel for the launch of the second Lyre Journal in 1992.

In recent times I have been reading that President McAleese has yet to decide whether or not she will seek a second term of office as permitted under the Constitution. I hope she does, for in Kerry there is a saying --Ni Feicimid a Leithead Aris --We shall not look upon her likes again.

Epilogue.

Having these memorable trips behind me beggars the question

where to next? Maybe a visit to Dail Eireann when the deputies are at their most quarrelsome, the Great Wall of China, or Old Trafford, the Theatre of Dreams. Dream on Joe, dream on.

Famous Timmy Dillon

Little Timmy Dillon
Was born 4 months ago.
But there's something very
funny
That I think you'd like to know.

But first there's more about him,
He's very very small.
He lives just down the road
from me
To him I'm very tall.

I'm sitting in the pub right now
Writing down this poem.
His Mom and Dad are here as
well.
I am waiting to go home.

And now about his funny hair,
There's hardly none of it.
He's the hair of Johnathan
Lomu,
A tiny black bit.

If he grows up with hair like
this,
He'll be a famous boy.
He'll be a rugby player,
And he'll score every try.

Eddie will want him bought,
He'll buy him for a million.
He'll be the Irish teams wing
back,
He'll be Famous Timmy Dillion.

This poem and another in the
Journal were written by
Laura McElligott, Glenoe
when she was ten years of age.

How I came to write
"My Home in Sweet Lyreacrompane"

John (Jack) Molyneux who was bred, born and reared in Lyreacrompane married and settled down in Killeaney, Glin where he lived happily with his wife. Jack and I happened to work together from time to time. He had a great love for Lyreacrompane and the companions of his youth and very often related to me the events of his younger days there - so much so that I felt I had lived there myself. I thought it would be a pity to let it get lost without recording it in song and as Lyreacrompane had such a poetic, musical sound it impelled me to compose My Home in Sweet Lyreacrompane. Jack told me that when he sang the song and when the people of Lyre heard it they found it hard to believe that the writer, who had never been in Lyre, could picture it so accurately.

Paddy Faley (Glenbawn)

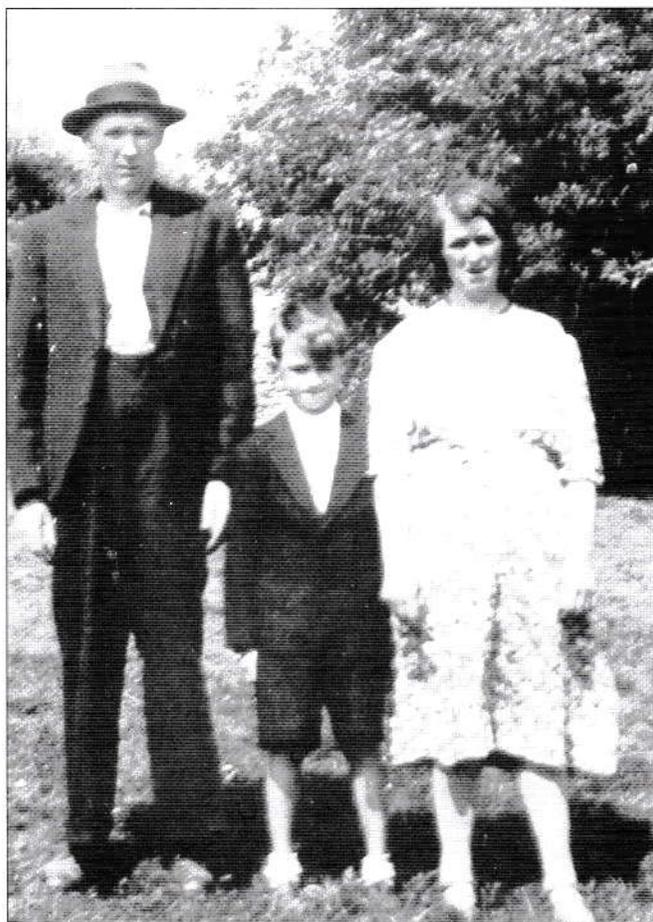
My Home in Sweet Lyreacrompane

Far away from my homeland in Kerry
I've been for a number of years
Although I'm contented and happy
My memory it fondly adheres
To that dear little spot by the Smearla
Where I first saw the light of the dawn
And spent the sweet days of my childhood
In my home in sweet Lyreacrompane.

Oh dear Lyre I can never forget you
No matter how long I'm away
In my mind you're as fresh as a daisy
Or the wind blowing in from the bay.
When Ireland was fighting for freedom
To her colours her true sons were drawn
And fought for the freedom of Ireland
And their homes in sweet Lyreacrompane.

The music and song at the crossroads
I can still hear so clearly today
As in fancy my mind often wanders
To those days gone so far, far away.
There on the flag floor in the kitchen
We often danced until dawn
God be with the dear days of my childhood
In my home in sweet Lyreacrompane.

In dreams I am sometimes awakened
By the Smearla that flows there beyond
Where I often fished in its waters
And fine catches of salmon did land
Those days are now gone forever
All the wealth of the world I'd pawn
If I could only return as a gorsoon
To my home in sweet Lyreacrompane.



1948 Tim, John and Mollie Neville

Photo courtesy of Chriss Quinn



**Fr. Pat Moore & Sonny Egan
On Knockanore at Sunrise on Easter
Sunday Morning 2003**

The Life and Times of St. Senan

by Mike Thornton

St. Senan is the patron saint of the district, which represents the top end of Lixnaw parish namely, Irremore and Rathea. So how did a Clareman come to be patron saint of this district? Let's go back in time and specifically to 488 AD when Senan gave his first bawl at Magh Lacha, four miles north-east of Kilrush, where a lake and an ancient church still bear his name. His father, Ercan, and his mother, Congella, were Christians and farmers. A curious tale is told that the birth of St. Senan was foretold by St. Patrick on top of Mullagh Fidhne (known today as Knockpatrick), as he blessed the land across the Shannon (Clare) and the land beyond to the West (Kerry).

St. Patrick was not yet finished his business in Limerick, and he never did manage to get to Kerry (rumour has it that his trusty donkey was stolen, as he prayed on top of the Hill of Knockpatrick). As he gazed across the mighty Shannon river to Clare, St. Patrick paused and said "there is a child in a woman's womb in your country who is chosen by the Most High to be a vessel of salvation. He shall lead millions of souls to the Heavenly Jerusalem and he shall be patron of Corca Baiscinn and of the Hy Fidhgente."

During Senan's youth there was a lot of tribal fighting going on in Clare. The local chief of Corca Baiscinn summoned all the able bodied men in the district to march with him against the dis-

trict of Corcamore. Plundering, pillage and killing were not to the liking of the young Senan so during the march he slipped away from the army and hid in a haggard. He fell asleep under a rick of straw. Soon the haggard was ablaze.

The owner ran to save his winter crop and found Senan fast asleep. The farmer and his family seized Senan, who admitted to being a member of the raiding party. Then a strange thing happened. As Senan spoke a strange light seemed to radiate from his face. They believed that God was with this young stranger and they released him.

Senan went back to farming for the next few years. One day he went to bring cattle from an outside family farm on the peninsula to the home farm. As he was rounding up the cattle the tide came in and blocked his way, cutting him off from the road home. Nothing for it only wait until the tide went out again. As it was getting late he called on a house owned by a man named Milgar and asked to be put up for the night. He was refused. He went back to the herd and prayed to God. His prayers were heard for the tide slowly ebbed before him, allowing him to cross safely onto the road home.

However, no sooner was he across than there was a thunderous roar and the tide closed back again. But something else happened that night also which was to change Senan's life forev-

er. Raiders visited Milger's homestead later that night, burning it to the ground, killing all the men, drove away the stock and took the women and children into slavery. When he heard this Senan broke his spear in two and made a cross out of it and declared that from that moment on he would serve God and God only. Take a look at Senan's Cross and you will see that it is constructed from a soldier's spear.

Senan's religious life started under the guidance of the holy Casidanus, at Irrus in Western Corca Baiscinn. Later he advanced to a monastery in Ossary under St. Natalis. He excelled in Canon Law and Theology. However, like all other monks, he had to do his fair share of work around the monastery. Being from a farming background came in handy as St. Senan's duties included keeping the young calves from sucking their mothers. They didn't have the modern set-up that the farmers have nowadays, so it was pretty rough going for St. Senan. In fact, he had to call on divine intervention to help him in his task. He drew two lines between the calves and the cows and thereafter he had ne'er a bit of trouble. You could say he invented the electric fence long before 'twas ever thought of.

During his time under St. Natalis, another incident occurred which propelled the name of Senan onto the front pages of the local paper. One day St. Natalis and St. Senan

were walking along a quiet country road when they came across a sad scene - the sight of a coffin being borne to its final resting place. It was the only son of a local woman. Seeing the two monks the woman beseeched them to revive her child. St. Senan took the child in his arms and prayed. The child rose and walked home with his delighted mother. The news travelled fast and far and wide. People flocked from all directions to touch St. Senan to be cured. St. Senan couldn't take the publicity and soon he took to the road and became a wanderer and a founder of monasteries. He travelled far and wide, to Ferns on the Slaney, throughout his native Clare, to Limerick, to Kerry, to Rome and Wales. But wherever he went his fame followed him. It seemed that there was no place that he could go to practice his prayers in solitude. However, help was at hand, as an angel took him to a hill overlooking the Shannon and pointed out Inis Cathaigh (Scattery Island). "Behold", the angel declared, "this island is kept hallowed in its pristine purity since the creation of the world. No sin has ever been committed therein, because a sea monster, the Cathach, has guarded it against the advent of men. Enter therein and build a church in honour of the Most Holy name of God and serve Him therefore the remainder of your days".

St. Senan responded immediately by saying, "the Lord's will be done on Earth and in Heaven". No sooner had he spoken those words than the angel and the stone, on which they stood, were transported onto Inis Cathaigh, to a hillock at the centre of the island. The hillock is still called

Ard an Aingil to this day. But the sea monster called The Cathach didn't take too kindly to the unwanted intruder. It rushed from its watery hold and made for Senan and the angel to devour them for breakfast. Senan raised his cross before the mad monster and ordered him to depart. Trace nor tidings of him was not seen from that day to this. Before departing the angel promised Senan that none of his followers would be drowned while crossing from the mainland to Inis Cathaigh.

However, news of Senan's landing on Inis Cathaigh reached the ears of the local King, Mactail, who was not very impressed that St. Senan had not asked his permission to set up house there. He ordered two of his servants to go to the island and inform St. Senan that the island was his, and he should remove himself forthwith. The servants came back with their tails between their legs. The king was furious. Next he sent his magician to drive St. Senan off. No go. Nothing for it now only to go there himself. Mactail gave St. Senan one final warning saying that if Senan wasn't off the island by the time he, Mactail, sailed back home, then he would have him thrown off the island and into the biggest hole of water he could find in the Shannon. Senan told Mactail that he would never reach home alive. Mactail's sons who accompanied him on the trip to Inis Cahtaigh, feared for their father's life, and begged him to ask St. Senan to forgive him and forget the whole thing. Mactail declared that he feared Senan no more than he feared "a bald russett ewe". Bad move Mactail. As he drove off in his chariot

from the shore of the Shannon, along the cliff road to his home in Corcamore, a bald russett ewe jumped out in front of him, causing the horses to go mad. Macail was thrown from his vehicle and plunged to his death into a deep hole in the Shannon.

Senan lived during the time of the second order of Irish saints and therefore, rigidly observed the rule proscribing woman from entering the confines of a monastery. St. Cannera who was a native of South-West Cork and who on feeling that her demise was approaching, wished to receive the last rites from Senan and to be interred in a grave on Inis Cathaigh as a consequence of a vision that she had. When she reached the island however, Senan declined to allow her to disembark but she was advised to go to his mother who lived not far distant and where she would be warmly received. Cannera persevered however and subsequently managed to persuade Senan to accede to her wishes. After receiving the last sacraments, she succumbed and passed away and was interred by the shore of Inis Cathaigh, where her resting place can still be pointed out.

St. Senan made his way to Kilshenane (Cill Seannain) during his travels. This is about two hundred and fifty yards from Kilshenane Graveyard. Local legend has it that he lit upon this spot while on the run from priest hunters. He hid out and for a pillow he used a green stone which left the print of his face on it. Afraid to come out of his hiding place he had nothing to eat or drink. He prayed to God for just one drink. Not long afterwards

he heard the ripple of a stream. St. Senan's Well was sprung. News spreads fast around here and it wasn't long before droves of people with various afflictions were calling to the stream looking for a cure. The water from the stream is especially good for those with sore eyes and sores of the skin. Anyone who is to be cured will see a white trout swimming on top of the water. Legend has it that a young blind girl was cured here, but she omitted to thank God and became blind again.

Homage is paid to St. Senan on March 8. Other days of devotion are the Saturdays before May Day, Midsummer and Michaelmas. Rounds consist of nine circuits of the well during which three rosaries are recited. Each rosary is begun and ended kneeling before the well. Most pilgrims bathed their hands and face in the stream in the old days. It is said that the water from St. Senan's well will not boil. Local lore has it that the priest hunters finally caught up with St. Senan, killed him stone dead (on March

1st 544 AD), quartered him and hung his body off a whitethorn tree, beside the stream. Red flowers only grow on that tree ever since. The locals cut him down and buried him in Kilshenane. (Clare folk will tell you that he is buried on Scatterry Island). It is a fitting tribute to St. Senan that the footballer's of the area proudly bear his name, as do the drama and youth clubs.



CASH CROP

Up to €500 per ha annual premium

Coillte now offers more ways for you to make money from forestry.

- **Farm Partnership - Earn a tax free income from your land**
- **Farm Forestry Management Scheme**
- **Pension & Savings Scheme - A unique kind of pension offered in association with FBD Investment Services.**
- **Private Planting - We plant and manage your forest for you.**
- **Land Purchase - Realise the value of your property**

**Freephone
1800 200 728**

coillte

farm forestry services
www.coillte.ie

The Thresher from Lyreacrompane

Davy Nolan from Carriggannon owned a thresher and it was with Davy that Dan Jim Moloney, a future TD, got his first job in 1926.

The thresher was in three parts and was shifted from farm to farm by horse. There wasn't too much call for Davy's service in Lyreacrompane. The Brosna area provided much better employment for a man with such technology and oats was the main crop.

It would appear that Davy, who was married to Cathy Lyons, bought the machine after losing his arm in a shooting accident. How he survived the accident at all is a mystery. Mikey Doran's father, Bill, took him to Tralee Hospital in a horse and cart.

Davy must have been mechanically minded to keep the thresher in good repair. There were no garages or Agri Machine Shops those days and the family got used to seeing the magneto near the open fire.

Apart from operating the thresher with only one hand, Davy also built a house and made all its furniture. This house is still standing beside Tom and Jemma Sweeny's new house.

John Davy recalls his father's threshing machine as seeming to be enormous when he was a child but in later years he had to slightly bend his head when entering the shed that used to house it.

THE MILL

John Ryan, Latteragh, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary.

There's a special day in all our lives, in our hearts we hold so dear.
It may be just a one off event or it may happen every year.
The special day I recall to mind, I can see it clearly still.
Was when all our neighbours gathered 'round, on the day we had the mill.

When the big steam engine turned in our lane, we would hear it snort and snore.

As it edged around the middle gate - it could take an hour or more.
When it finally reached the haggard it would always be quite dark.
So they manoeuvred round until, at last, beside the Rick they'd park.

Pat, the driver, and Mick the fireman to the kitchen would retire.
When they polished off a good hot meal, we'd all sit around the fire.
Mick sang some rousing ballads - the words I have them still.
We'd always have a great sing-song on the night before the mill.

In the morning long before the dawn, Mick had the coal fire burning red.
He'd fill the tank with water, and full steam was soon ahead.
'Round breakfast time the siren went, the men came o'er the hill.
With their pitch-forks on their shoulders, on the day we had the mill.

Like a football team upon a pitch, each man his place was found.
Some cutting shaves, some pitching straw, the rest were spread around.
My father always made the Rick, so neatly and so trim.
There was no one in the Parish that could build a Rick like him.

The neighbours helped my mother, in the kitchen they did toil.
To feed a gang of hungry men, a fine dinner they would boil.
From Daly's we would borrow chairs, from Riley's plates and knives -
But God help the child who would mention this - we'd be threatened with our lives.

In the afternoon the women came to fill their sacks with chaff,
And they were chased around the haggard - there was many a hearty laugh.
We always had the day off school, our ticks of chaff to fill -
We'd need a ladder to get into bed, on the night we had the mill.

Well, the combine now does all the work, there isn't half the fun.
The job it took ten men to do now can be done by one.
There's no communal spirit left, they've machinery of their own.
They're all so independent now, they don't borrow, beg or loan

I've attended many gatherings in strange places I've been.
But there's none of them could ere compare with this old traditional scene.

And I'd give all I own right now to be in the haggard 'neath the hill
To meet the friends and hear the yarns on the day we had the Mill.

First Mass at O'Brennan Cemetery

The following oration was delivered by the late Jerry Breen, the 'History man from Caher', on the occasion of the first mass celebrated at O'Brennan Cemetery on Sunday, November 5th, 1995 at 2.30pm. The celebrants were Fr Pat O'Donnell and the Very Rev. D J O'Doherty P.P.

My history is traditional, handed down from one generation to another.

I might as well start at the beginning. In the last century, musical instruments were unearthed locally and they are now in the National Museum in Dublin. They date as far back as 600 B.C. We can see by this that civilisation dates back here a long time.

Around 600 A.D. a young man named Brendan, who was born at Annagh, was ordained to the priest hood. He was responsible for bringing the faith to this district.

What was here when he came? A small population, savage, fierce and wild and there were no houses. They lived like the itinerants on the roadside, relying on hunting and fishing for survival. Brendan sheltered in a cave here. They call it Uaimh Bhreanann. That is how this district got its name. The only things we can find from that era are the cooking sites. I suppose they were something like the modern day barbecue.

In a short time Brendan had the Christian faith established. Shortly after this, the Danes arrived and built the first forts

which were the first fixed abodes. There was a church and a convent set up in O'Brennan. Of the church nothing remains, but there was a lot written about the convent. It was across the river in Caher, roughly at Jack W. Brosnans house. Rev. Denis O'Donohue P.P. of Ardfert wrote a book one hundred years ago about it. He states that the convent was attacked by evil people and it was prayers to St. Brendan that saved it. This was one of the miracles credited to St. Brendan.

O'Brennan was Desmond territory, with McElligott at Carraignafeela. Between the Earl of Desmond and McElligott, O'Brennan was quite safe. The trouble started in 1570 after the Reformation, when King Henry and his daughter, Elizabeth, gave an order that all the leaders should join the new party or lose their property. The Earl and McElligott refused to do this. The Earl was hiding in the district and was beheaded at Glounageenty on the 13th day of November, 1583. McElligott and the other leaders were lost in battle and Carraignafeela Castle was levelled. The church and convent then went underground, the nuns escaped to foreign lands, and the priests took to the mountains and functioned underground for two hundred years.

O'Brennan never missed their subscription to Rome during the Penal times. During these times, two White Boys from the district known as the Daly brothers were beheaded and spiked at Market House, Castleisland.

We reckon that O'Brennan was used as a graveyard for hundreds of years, but the oldest headstone here is dated 1759 with the name Moor (Moore) on it. In 1860,

O'Brennan bridge was built and the graveyard was extended westwards with the last plot being officially bought in 1928.

We have a Republican Plot in the cemetery. Those who are interred here include Patrick Herlihy, Gortatlea, John Reidy, Rathanny, Danny Broderick, Cragg who were killed in the Tan War and Michael Brosnan of Ballyfeedora who was killed in the Civil War. Capt. John Cronin who died in 1926 is also buried here. The parents of Maurice Moynihan, one of the founders of the G.A.A. in Kerry are also at rest here. Among the "characters" that are buried here are Dan Barrett, Briany Collins, Pat "Alainn" O'Sullivan and Mick Buckley.

A Pathetic Sight

They shiver on the pavement
They gather with their own
Their pride and all their
dignity
Has long since elsewhere
flown

Their numbers growing daily
As the state puts on the
squeeze
And standing in the cold and
rain
In misery they freeze

The people passing by them
A hurried step betray
The smell that's blowing over
Is why they duck away

And so they stand pathetic
A sight not seen before
The outcasts of society
The smokers at the door.

Joe Harrington 2003

Characters we Met in America

*Joe Harrington
& Kay O'Leary*

"There are eight million people in the Naked City". Do you remember the opening line of that TV series long years ago. Or did a young one like yourself see a repeat. Since then the numbers have increased and the characters with a story that is worth telling are not confined to New York.

A Journey with a Lebanese Christian...

When our flight touched down at Logan Airport we began our task of scouting for the makings of an Irish Rambling House '04 tour of the East Coast by first calling a taxi. Danni Berkachy quickly put our cases in the boot but hesitated when we gave our destination as Somerville. Not familiar with that part of Boston, he said, but he'd give it a go. He turned out to be a Lebanese Christian. What did he think of the impending war in Iraq? "All Muslims should be immediately shot now", he declared offhandedly as he peered into the gathering gloom of a Boston evening in search of the Taje Inn. We were hopelessly lost but, not to worry, - there would be no charge. "No charge, no charge you any fare. Look, I turn off meter!!!" Obviously he figured we weren't Muslims.

There's the Taje Inn over there - on the other side of the motorway. So near and yet so far but our intrepid taxi driver from the Middle East was mad about Irish people and was determined to

get us there. Danni eventually found the underpass and later found it easy enough to be persuaded to take the full fare. We have arrived in America but where are the Americans?

Into the Jungle...

We had barely unpacked our bags when Connie Kelly and his wife Dolly arrived. Larger than life is the only accurate description for Connie. Dolly is probably the only person in the world who can keep him in check. The man from Strand Road/Blennerville had just returned from a trip to Florida where County Champions, Kerins O'Rahillys were on vacation. Connie runs the GAA in Boston single handed we are convinced - although he modestly gives others credit. A word of warning - never be late for an appointment with Connie. He values his time.

Jet lagged or not, we were now speeding west to the Skellig Bar in Waltham for a session! The Skellig is owned by Clareman, Tommy McCarthy whose concertina-playing sister, Jacqueline, we interviewed on the Rambling House radio programme a couple of years ago. It is a gathering place for traditional musicians and it was there with his fiddle that we met Larry Reynolds, Chair of the Hanafin-Cooley Branch of Comhaltas in Boston.

The next day Connie took us to a hot spot of a different kind - glasshouses in a nearby University grounds. There we stepped in to the tropical jungle of Connie Kelly and we were introduced to each of the hun-

dreds of plants by name (Latin of course). When the snows are over each year, Connie hauls all these plants out and installs them in the general vicinity of his home. Magazines and newspapers regularly feature the Kerryman's dramatic display. And who could miss the fact that he's a Kerryman? Apart from the plants, his front garden is full of signposts to faraway places such as Scartaglen and Knocknagashal. And he is looking for more!!!

Heavenly Journeys

Three days later we left Boston having discussed our plans with many contacts including Irramore man John Joe Somers, Radio man, John Curran, Peter Stevens of the Boston Irish Reporter and author of "The voyage of the Catalpa" among others and Billy Higgins, a man with his finger on the political pulse of Boston. We boarded a Peter Pan coach bound for Mass second largest city, Worcester. The one-hour trip was our first chance to see rural America so we sat up front. The sign said, "Don't talk to the driver" but Tony Gardino, our Porto Rican driver, had no intention of enforcing the rule. Indeed what he wanted was talk, talk, and more talk!!! Religion was his interest and he had "found Jesus". We wouldn't have been surprised if he took up the coaches public address microphone and gave a sermon to all on board. If you ever find yourself on a Peter Pan Coach out of Boston and you want to relax and enjoy the scenery don't tell the driver to "have a good day". He just might be Tony Gardino

and he'll want to tell you why it is already a good day in his life. Nice chap though.

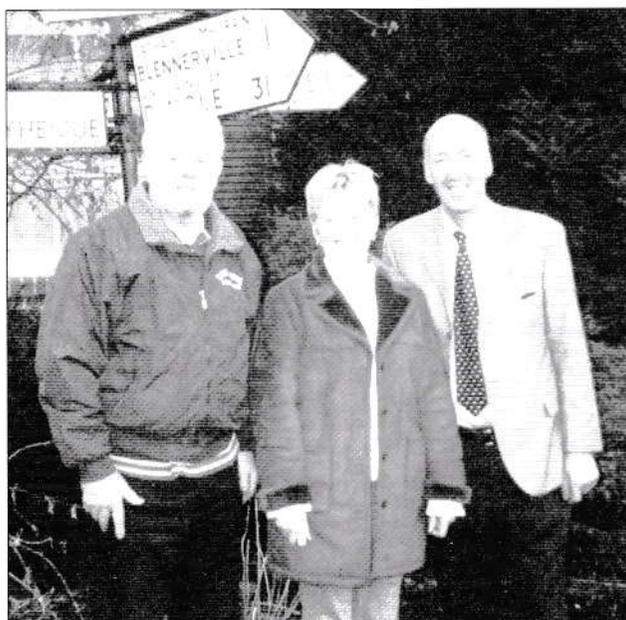
In Worcester we made new friends in Bud Sargent, a barrister who broadcasts, John F Rooney of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Limerickman, Brendan O'Connor whose Bar and Restaurant is a "must-call-to" if you are ever out that direction. We were in Brendan's restaurant when the "whirlwind" arrived. We were staying the night with Margaret Morrissey in Pomfret, Connecticut, and she was in a hurry. Margaret speed hasn't dropped much since we knew her twenty years ago in Limerick University (then NIHE). A lovely drive through the countryside to Margaret's

home - a beautiful old house which she and Gabriel are renovating. Set in woodland where squirrels would just about eat out of your hand and where maple trees are drained of their syrup, this little paradise is also home to her son and daughter, Johnny and Aoife.

You are likely to find Margaret with a shovel mixing mortar, as you are to find her at her desk in the library in Southbridge. Buying old buildings with character and doing them up is a hands-on job and Margaret will also relate to you the history of the house. She took us on a walking tour of Southbridge and we doubt that there are any locals who have a better knowledge of the town. Local politics

beckons Margaret as well. There are very few Irish people in Southbridge and if she succeeds it will only be appropriate recognition for her interest in and the understanding of her adopter place.

Those were just a few of the people we met on the New England part of our trip. The scenery may be impressive but it is people who make a trip interesting. Else where in the Journal we carry photos of some of those we met in New York.



(Above)

All roads lead to Strand Road for Connie Kelly, Mr GAA, in his adopted Boston



(Right)

"Am I seeing Things?" Joe Harrington of Rambling House Fame arrives at the Rambling House in Yonkers.

*St.
Patrick's
Day on
5th Avenue,
New York
2003*



James P Supple, (Gael of the Year 2003) Ballyduff, Kay O'Leary, Martin Nolan, Kerry County Manager

**Ballyduff Man is
'Gael of the Year' in NY**

BALLYDUFF native James P Supple, who now lives at Rockaway, New York, was recently awarded the title 'Gael of the Year' by the Kerryman's Association in New York.

Born in the parish of Ballyduff, James arrived in the States in 1949 where he later married Mary O'Connor from Sneem. They had three sons, Joseph, James and Michael and a daughter Helen. Before he retired James was a community and civil activist and he worked for the New York Times. He has been a member of The Kerryman's Patriotic and Benevolent Association for 50 years and has been a flag carrier for the association at the annual St. Patrick's Day parade on 5th Avenue since 1951. Well done to James.



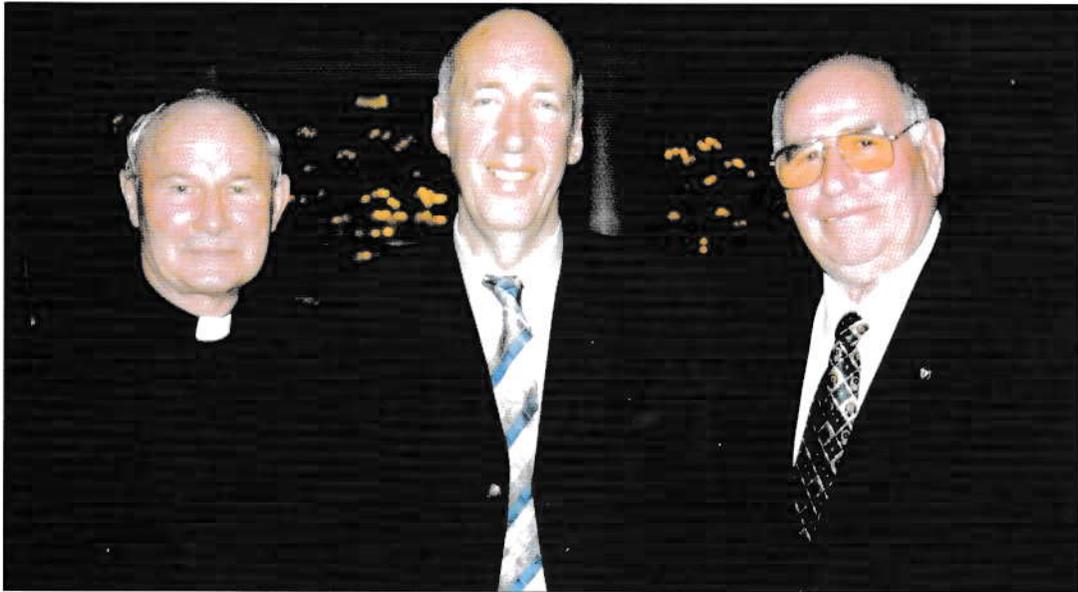
Peggy O'Brien, Mike Dore, Kilmanihane West & Joe Harrington



Timmy Curtin Meenletrim, Bridie Murphy, Knocknagoshel Village, Jimmy Cotter, Knockbrack, Mike Dore, Kilmanihane West



Included in the photo taken at the Kerry Association Dance in New York are Nora Stack, Astee, Eileen Lynch, Astee, Annemarie Tyding, Astee, Mary McWeeney, Listowel & NY, Mary Galvin, Bedford, Mike Dalton, Beale, Cora Creed (nee Dunne), NY and Lyre, Annmarie Curran, Currow and Micky Bergin Callen, Co Kilkenny.



Fr Vincent O'Connell, Moynasha, Duagh & NY, Joe Harrington & Mike Costello, NY & Lyreacrompane



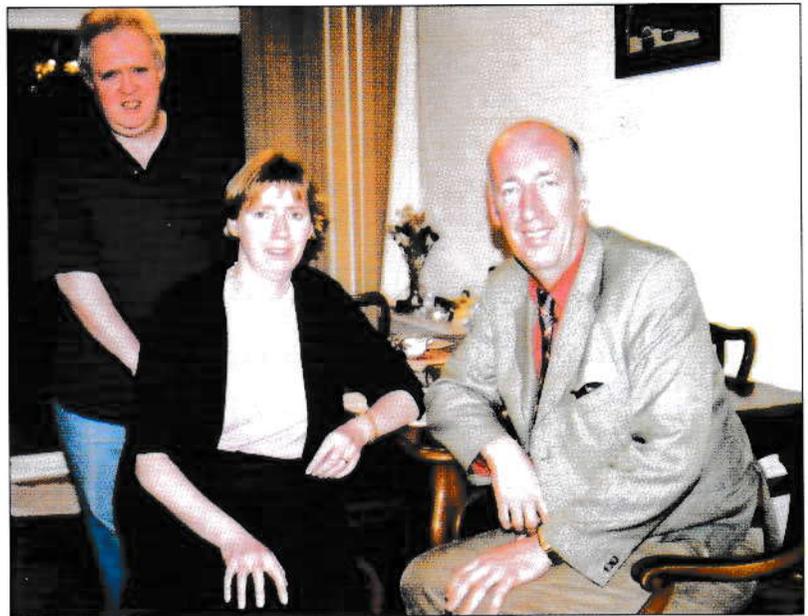
**KERRY ASSOCIATION
DINNER DANCE AT THE
ASTORIA MANOR
QUEENS NY**

Joan Hinchy, Paddy O'Connor and Kathleen Curtin, Listowel & NY.



Kay O'Leary filling a pint, with Jimmy & Carmel O'Sullivan at the 'Dan Paddy Andy' Bar, Rockaway, NY

**Morgan O'Flaherty, Castlegregory & NY
Catherine (nee Harrington) O'Flaherty,
Ballincollig & NY & Joe Harrington**



**Looking for holiday
accommodation
in Lyreacrompane?**

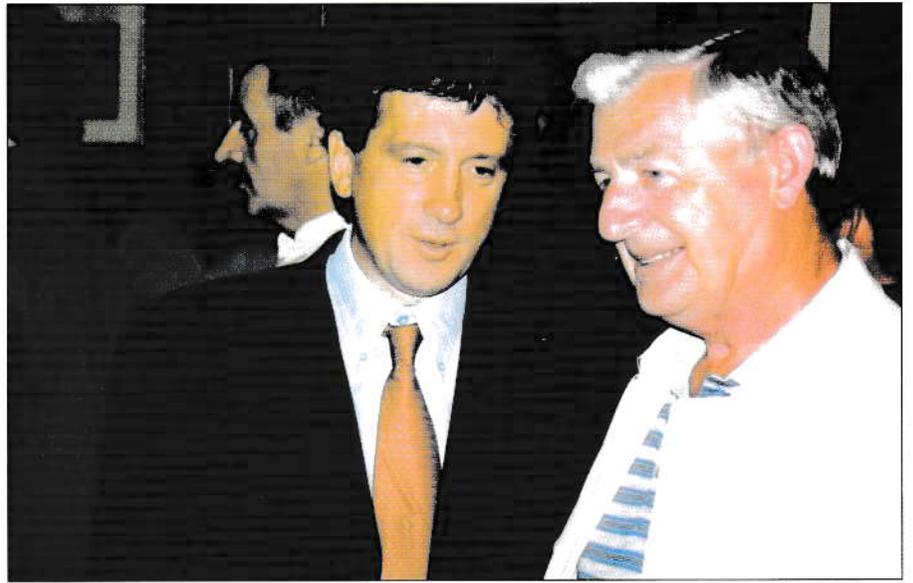
House to let

**For Details Contact
068 48353**

**Mike Mangan Lyre & NY, Liz Brennan
Kilgarvan & Kay O'Leary at Rory
Dolans in Yonkers**



*Dan
Paddy
Andy
Festival
2003*



Billy Keane and Jimmy Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan



Enjoying the Festival -The Women of Lyre - L to R Phil Connolly, Maureen Ahern, Kathleen O'Connor Ann Ferguson, Julie Ahern and Margaret Ahern



Mary, Michele, Mike, Carol, Eoin and Ciara Buckley, Lyre at the Dog Show



Julie Ahern with her grandson, Shane

Hurly's of Lyreacrompane

*Researched & Compiled by
Kay O'Leary*

In the folklore of Lyreacrompane the name Hurly (without an e) features strongly. The older people spoke about the Landlord of Lyre and pointed to Dillane's big house to which an RIC Barracks (now demolished) as Hurly's headquarters.

Lady Burghersh, Lucy Ann Thompson and the Jones's were sometimes also named as landlords or as agents. Another name spoken of was Fanny (Frances) Hurly. There was much confusion about her in the folk memory which generally held her to be a daughter of the landlord who was fixed up with a bar, the 'Four Elms', in out of the way remote Lyreacrompane when she married a Catholic. It was also believed that the 'Glen School', the first school in Lyreacrompane, was built especially for Sam Hurly by his father, the landlord of Lyre.

This was what I started with but few parts of the jigsaw fitted and, to make matters worse, the time frame was never clear. Back in the '30's the Folklore Commission collected accounts of the happenings in local areas. The contributions from Lyreacrompane show total confusion as to the history of the landlord even when those contributing the information would clearly have lived during the period!

I found the task of researching the facts interesting, fascinating,

frustrating, exciting and satisfying - and those in no particular order. After three years it is with relief that I can finally put the facts, as I found them, back in to the community from which they had been lost through the passage of time.

In the following pages I detail the Hurly family tree - actually two trees, as during my research I have not found the vital link between Fanny Hurly and John Hurly, the Landlord of Lyre. I have worked both through from the Lyreacrompane connection.

In summery what I now know is that the Lock Estate, including Lyreacrompane, was bought by the Hurlys in 1857. Lady Burghersh was the last of the Locks of Norbury to receive rental from the tenants of Lyreacrompane. John Hurly of Fenit became the landlord of Lyreacrompane and his agents occupied the house which was afterwards Dillanes and to which an RIC Barracks was attached. John never lived in Lyre. His descendants continued to reside at 'Fenit House' until the 1970's when the Byrne family purchased it.

One of the nice things about research can be the people you meet and this was the case with Ciara and John Byrne. Having phoned Fenit House looking for information about the Hurly Family I was invited to call back. John showed us around the house and grounds and gave us the history of it - the stone with the inscription JCH1860; his shaving mirror and the site of the original house. Ciara drove us to the site of the Protestant Church that the Hurly Family had erect-

ed at Fenit. Unfortunately, when they first purchased the house they had builders in and old records were destroyed. We left promising to keep them updated with the research.

John Conway Hurly, nephew of John of Fenit, The Lyreacrompane Landlord, lived at Glenduff House before immigrating to Canada in 1912. What became of him was a mystery. It was thought that they had gone to a place called Alix in Alberta. Thank God for modern technology - the World Wide Web. Through it I made contact with Denis Hurly and Patsy Michetti, brother and sister, who had been trying to trace their family background for some years. They were very surprised to hear from me that their family roots were in Co. Kerry as they had been informed by a Genealogist (at enormous expense) that it was from Co. Cork their ancestors had come to Canada. They were able to tell me that John of Glenduff House had become a famer. He passed away in 1935 and he is buried in Alix.

The Hurly's also had a connection with 'Glendalough House' in South Kerry. The present owner who runs it as a guest house informed me that a Hurly Lady, Honor Hurly, from New Zealand stays occasionally with her. Again I used the internet to track this Lady to Auckland NZ. Mrs. Honor Sherbrooke Walker Hurly was extremely helpful and I reproduce here some photographs that she sent me. She knew of the Hurly's who immigrated to Canada from Glenduff and she said that she had heard that they had run off with the family silver!!!.

Another link to the Hurly's world wide was the 'Kerryman' Newspaper. A letter from Diane Barnett, Texas, caught my eye. She was seeking information on Samuel Hurly who had immigrated to Canada in 1911. This was the Sam who had been born at the RIC Barracks, Lyreacrompane, and whose father, Thomas Hurly, was an agent of the Landlord, John Hurly. This is also the Sam for whom, in popular belief, the 'Glen School' was built for. Nothing was known of Sam's whereabouts after he left Lyre. We met Diane and her husband, William, as they passed through Dublin last year and exchanged notes. I now know that Sam died in Canada in 1951.

Sam's father, Tom, was a brother of Fanny Hurly. Fanny Hurly did live at Kielduff before she married but not at Glenduff House. Frances married Michael Scanlan in 1848 but the Griffith Valuation of 1852 does not show them as residing in Carriggannon. The earliest record I have of them living in Carrig is 1883 when they were renting a house there. This would seem to disprove the story that Fanny was set up at the Four Elms Bar when she married a catholic. Fanny lived into her nineties and was know to read her bible every day.

It seems odd that the name Hurly with the unusual spelling (no E) should be connected in two ways with Lyreacrompane i.e. John the Landlord and Thomas the Land Agent and his sister, Fanny.

It is my opinion that there must be a connection between both Hurly families because there are

many common threads i.e. common Christian names running through families, the surname (no E), the Lyre /Fenit /Kielduff /Canada connection and the Protestant Faith. I suspect that the connection lies with Charles, son of Thomas Hurly & Letitia Brown, first cousins, who married in 1762. So far I've not found any records that show what became of him (Charles). Interestingly, however, Thomas and Fanny's Grand-Father was a Charles Hurly and the time frame would not make it impossible for this Charles to be the son born to Thomas and Letitia all that time ago.

The following text is best read in conjunction with the Hurly Family Trees.

THE HURLY FAMILY FENIT, GLENDUFF & TRALEE

In 1309 the Hurley's were one of the principal chieftains of Thomond, Limerick. Later they also held the title of Baronet (The order of Baronetcy was established by James 1 in 1611).

In 1585 Thomas Hurly of Knocklong Castle represented Kilmallock in Perrotts Parliament. Sir William Hurly represented Kilmallock in King James Parliament in 1689. Sir Williams's son, Sir John Hurly, was arrested in Dublin in 1714 on a charge of raising a body of men for the Pretender. He made his escape from prison but of his subsequent career nothing is known. The descendents of his illegitimate son, John, lived at

Drumacco, near Kinvara in 1840.

In 1601 Thomas's son, Maurice of Knocklong, obtained a patent for a weekly market to be held in Knocklong on Tuesdays and two yearly fairs which were held on May 28th and October 1st. The May fair was for cattle, sheep and pigs whereas the October fair was mainly for horses. Maurice married twice, first Racia Thornton and secondly Grania O'Hogan. Maurice and Grania had a son, Sir Thomas Hurly. Sir Thomas's son, Maurice, married Johanna Browne and they had a son John. John had a son, John and four daughters, Catherine who married Pierce Buttler, Lord Dunboyne, Anne who married Daniel Ryan, Grace who married Walter Bourke and Ellinor married David Barry by whom she had Edmund (Queen Anne's foster father).

Sir Thomas's great great grand son, Denis (Donogh), was the first Hurly to settle in Co. Kerry. He held a commission in the Kerry Militia. In 1701 he married Anne Blennerhasset (1663) fifth daughter of Robert and Avice (nee Conway), Castle Conway Killorglin. (Killorglin Castle was renamed Castle Conway in 1587 when granted to Capt. Jenkin Conway). Denis (Donogh) and Anne had five sons and three daughters, Thomas, Charles, John, Donogh, William, Alice, Avice and Sarah.

Thomas the eldest son married his cousin Alice Blennerhasset and his brother, John, married Jane, Alice's sister. When Jane's husband, John, died in 1731 she married Maurice O'Connell and

the daughter of that union, Mary, married Daniel O'Connell, 'The Liberator'.

Denis (Donagh) and Anne's second son, Charles, married Alice only daughter and heiress of Edmund Fitzgerald of Murrigane. They had two sons, Thomas and John and a daughter Mary Anne. The eldest son Thomas married his first cousin Letitia Brown and they had a son Charles.

John Hurly J.P. (youngest son of Charles & Alice) married Mary Conway on 18/05/1784. He died on the 26/11/1829 leaving two sons, Robert Conway & John, and six daughters, Letitia, Alice, Christian, Lucy, Arabella and Mary. The eldest son, the Rev. Robert Conway Hurly, Rector of Killiney, Vicar General and Surrogate of the Diocese of Ardfert and Aghadoe died unmarried in May 1849. He is interred at Ballyseedy Churchyard, Tralee.

Rev. Robert Conway Hurly was succeeded by, his younger and only brother, John Hurly who was a Clerk of the Peace and a J.P. for Kerry. John owned Bridge House (the old Tralee Garda Station) and Glenduff House.

John married Anna Maria Theresa Hill on the 19/05/1814. Anna was the daughter of Col. Hugh Hill, Armagh and Devon. In March 1852 John Hurly and TB Hurly were among the elected Guardians for the Tralee Electoral Division. When John died on 19/06/1854 he left three sons, Robert born in 1815, Hugh Richard Kirwin 1825, John Conway Hurly 1833 and four

daughters, Elizabeth 1816, Marie Theresa 1817, Alice 1819 and Letitia 1825.



**1812 Richard Kirwan of Gregg Castle, Co. Galway Grandfather of Anna Maria Theresa Hill
He was President of the Royal Irish Academy**

John & Anna's eldest son, Robert Conway Hurly, Barrister, who was born on the 02/06/1815 at Bridge House Tralee married Dorcas Blennerhasset by special licence on the 27/05/1845. The couple were married by Robert's Uncle, Rev. Robert Conway V.G. of the Diocese. Dorcas was the eldest daughter of Arthur Blennerhasset M.P. of Ballyseedy, Kerry. Dorcas died in October 1854 at the age of 32, she is interred at Ballyseedy Churchyard, Tralee.

When John Hurly, Robert's father, passed away he left Bridge House, Tralee and Glenduff House to his eldest son, Robert. The tomb of John Hurly lies inside the ruin of the old Church in the Burial Ground at Ballyseedy.

Robert subsequently married Annie Cummins (1837-1902) on the 23/06/1860. Annie was the

daughter of William Cummins, formally of Witheridge, Devonshire and the sister of Lady Mary Colleton. Rev. Francis Hill, Rector of Terling Essex, assisted by Rev. Joshua Willoughby, Rector and Rev. Stephen Brown, Rector, married them at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Hartland Road.

Robert and Annie had four sons, John Conway J.P. born on the 18/03/1862, William Willoghby 1863, who died young, Maurice Randall 1864, who married Honoria Fitzmaurice in 1896 (marriage dissolved in 1907), Maurice Randall then married Jemina Hutcheson and Rev. Francis Thomas Barnwell born in 1866 and died in 1897, unmarried. They had two daughters, Evelyn Mary Stanell 1868 who died young and Roberta Mary Conway 1870. Roberta Mary resided in Dublin and she died, unmarried, in May 1947.

Robert Conway Hurly died on the 11/09/1870 and is interred at the New Cemetery, Tralee. Robert's widow, Annie, later married Rev John Ross (1819 - 1908) MA Vicar of Coynham Salop, Devon in 1873, (they had one daughter, Annie Euphemia).

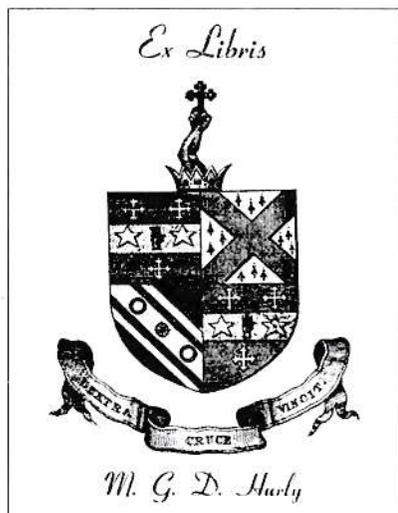


The Tomb of John Hurly

John Conway Hurly, eldest son of Robert and Annie, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. John first married Maude Isobel Grogan (1872) on the 01/06/1891. They had one son, Robert William Conway Hurly, born on the 18/03/1892. He died on the 08/04/1919, unmarried.

John and Maude divorced and John subsequently married Mary Anderson (1881-), Limerick, in 1904. They had six sons, John Hugh (12/2/1906), Denis (18/2/1907), Francis (6/1/1909-1913), Maurice (23/8/1910-23/12/1911), - cause of death been acute laryngitis, Patrick Willoughby and Maurice Francis (1915) and a daughter, Margaret Mary (27/01/1908). Patrick Willoughby and Maurice Francis were born in Canada.

The 1901 Census of Population recorded John as been a widow, County Magistrate and been of the Church of Ireland faith but the 1911 Census recorded him as been a Farmer & Railway Shareholder and a Roman Catholic. His wife Mary and three sons are also recorded as been RC. But Robert's sister, Roberta Mary, is listed as been of Church of England religion in both Censuses.



JOHN CONWAY HURLY J.P. FENIT THE LYREACROMPANE LANDLORD

John Conway Hurly (1833-1878) the youngest son of John and Anna married Elizabeth Boyd (widow) on the 18/12/1858. They had a son, John Charles Denis J.P. High Sheriff, born on the 25/07/1864, who died unmarried on 26/05/1929 and two daughters, Eleanor Mary Augusta (1859) (Mrs. Samuel Frazer) and Augusta Hobart (1859) (Mrs. Harnet Fuller).

Mr. John Conway Hurley became the Landlord of Lyreacrompane in 1857. When he purchased part of the Locke estate which contained 17,614 acres. Mr. John Littledale sold the estate by public auction at his sales rooms, no. 9 Upper Ormond Quay Dublin. Mr. John Conway bought nine lots, for £13,525, containing 7,830 acres and producing over £410 rent yearly.

- Lot No. 29, Knocknaglough 626 acres
- Lot No. 30, Bugaunamlavogue and Glasanacree 742 acres
- Lot No. 31, Glountaneyalheen 643 acres
- Lot No. 32, Cloughboola 686 acres
- Lot No.33, Drommadabeg 855 acres
- Lot No.34, Drommadamore Upper and Lower 2,000 acres
- Lot No. 35, Carrigcannon 233 acres
- Lot No. 36,

Carrigcannon 728 acres
Lot No. 37,
Lyreacrompane 980 acres.

* *The total acres in lots no. 29 to 37 do not correspond exactly with the total figure quoted at auction.*



John Hurly of Fenit 1878
The Landlord of Lyreacrompane

Will of John Hurly, Fenit House

Will made 15th November 1877 and proved 24th March 1879 in the Principal Registry Office Dublin. Testator (John Hurly) died 17th November 1878 at Fenit House. The will deals with his settled and unsettled estates. The unsettled estates included, Lyreacrompane, Carrigcannon, Dromadmore Lower and Upper, Dromadabeg, Cloughboola, Knocknaglough, Glashnacree, Boughnamalovogue and Glantanyalkeen. The will included the following... A yearly payment of £600 to his wife, Elizabeth Augusta. £4,000 charged on settled estates, in trust for his two daughters Elenor Augusta and Augusta Hobart. He left his unsettled

estate to Lucy Anne Thompson on condition of her paying £200 yearly to his wife for life. £50 yearly to each daughter till marriage and £600 yearly to his son, John Charles Denis Hurly, until 26 years or on his mother's death when he would inherit the entire estate. A codicil placed a charge on Inward and Outward Fenit of £200 yearly, for her life, for Miss Lucy Anne Thompson (his agent).



The Shaving Mirror of John Hurly of Fenit

In 1876 the Hurley's were the registered owners of 12,234 acres of land in Kerry but by 1880 the Hurly's had run into financial trouble and they were forced to sell their extensive property around the county.

The Right Honourable Judge Flanagan sold the Hurly Estate in eleven lots at the Four Courts, Inn's Quay, Dublin on Friday 25/06/1880 at 12 p.m. Richard Huggard was the solicitor for the estate. Glenduff House and 118 acres of land was bought for £2,200, in trust, by Mr. Thomas F. O'Connell solicitor, for John Conway Hurly a minor.



A Stone which stands in the grounds of Fenit House inscribed 'JH 1860'

FENIT HOUSE

The Fenit House, which stands today, was built by the Hurly Family in Victorian times. The previous Fenit House which had connections with the Hickman Family was sited on a higher piece of ground about 100 yards away from the present house. The Hurly Family also built a Protestant Church in Fenit. A Stone remains in the grounds of Fenit House inscribed 'J.H.1860'. John Charles Denis, son of John Conway Hurly, The Lyreacrompane Landlord resided at Fenit House. He died unmarried on 26/05/1929. He left the house to his sister, Mrs. Augusta Fuller, and her son Franklin. Franklin married Mary Bailey (niece of the Countess of Ross) but they had no family. Franklin was drowned in a boating accident at Fenit. After his death his wife, Mary, remained on at Fenit House for some time. She eventually sold the residence to Ciara (former Rose of Tralee) and John Byrne (Brandon Hotel, Tralee) and went to live in Dublin.

BRIDGE HOUSE

Bridge House Tralee was built by the Blennerhassett's of Ballyseedy as a town residence, exactly when is not clear. The Hurly's bought it about 1850.

The House was auctioned in Tralee Courthouse on 01/05/1880. It was at this point that the house took on the familiar role of police headquarters. The lease at a yearly rent of five shillings and three pence was taken up by the R.I.C. During the Civil War it was damaged by fire. After the formation of the Free State it was taken over by the Garda Siochana and Bridge House remained in their hands until it was demolished in September 1983. The present Tralee Garda Station is built on the same site.



A John Hurly from further back

All Hurly photographs except those on page 64 courtesy of Honor Sherbrooke Walker Hurly, New Zealand and Kay O'Leary, Lyreacrompane

GLENDUFF HOUSE

Glenduff House was built prior to 1840. Originally it had been a lodge but the Hurly family retained it as a country residence. John Conway Hurly, grandson of John J.P. and Anna, lived at Glenduff House. He married Mary Anderson, Limerick. In 1912 John Conway Hurly sold Glenduff House and at the age of fifty he and his family immigrated to Canada. They settled in Alix, Alberta.

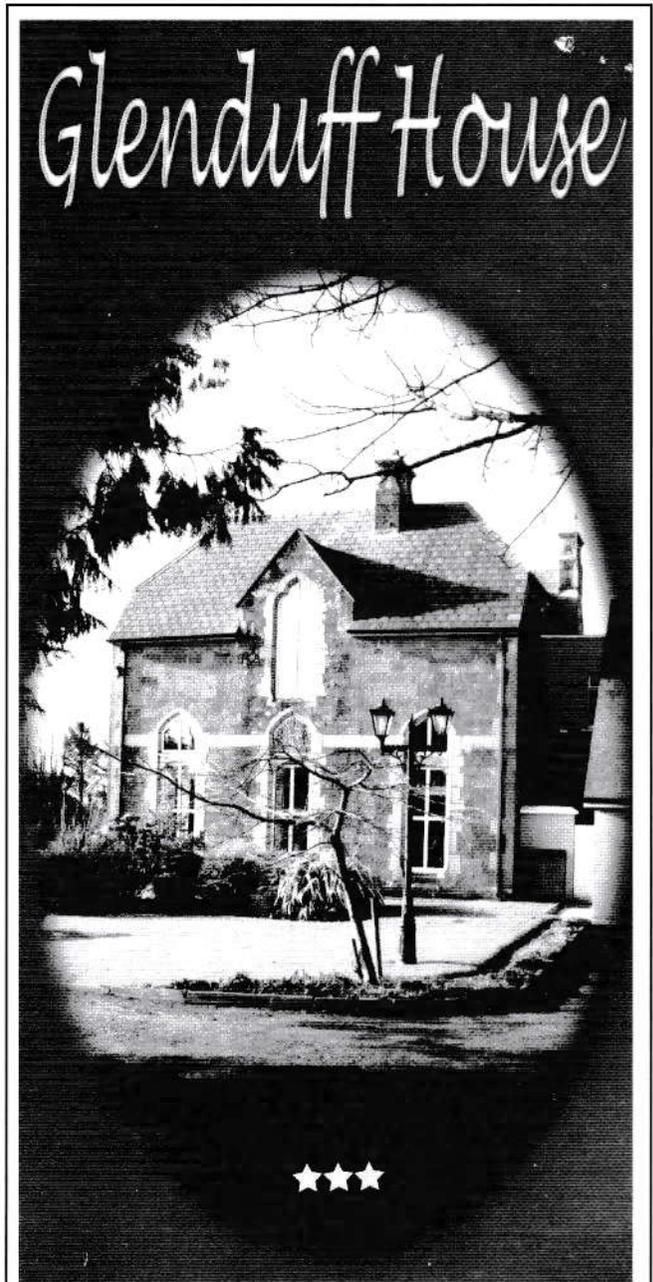
Jim Erraught bought Glenduff, for £1,200. Jim Erraught had previously worked as a labourer for the Hurly's. On been dismissed from his employment he immigrated to America, where he amassed enough wealth to return and buy Glenduff House. Today it is run as a Guest House & Pub by James Sugrue.

John Hurly JP (1791 - 1854)

At a Vestry meeting held in the parish church of Tralee, 19 day of October 1835 for the purpose of making a new registry of the seats in said church. It was there and then agreed that the under named persons are proprietors of the seats to which their names are annexed. Gallery, isle and sittings allocated. Gallery No. 32, John Hurly.....



The Inscription on the Tomb says 'Family Tomb of John Hurly Fenit R.I.P.'



Well Done Lyreacrompane
Congrats on the journal

Coming to Lyreacrompane for the
Dan Paddy Andy Festival
or on a visit?
then stay at

Glenduff House

Kielduff, Tralee, Co. Kerry, Ireland

Tel: 353 66 7137105

Fax: 353 66 7137099

e-mail: glenduffhouse@eircom.net

Cow stealing in Castleisland

On Tuesday night a cow, the property of Mr Thomas Hurley, agent to the Land Corporation, was stolen off his lands. Up to the present no trace whatsoever of the cow has been found although the police are making a strict search through the locality. (*Kerry Evening Post Sept 19th 1885*)

Serious Agrarian Assault

Another outrage of an agrarian character occurred at a place called Knockeen, about two miles on the Tralee side of Castleisland, on Sunday evening. It would appear that a jarvey named Reilly was engaged to drive to his residence at Sandville near Castleisland Mr. Thomas Hurley, who acts as an agent to the Land Corporation. They left Tralee at about four o'clock and arrived at their destination in safety. On his return however with the empty side car, Reilly was way-laid at the place above mentioned and having been charged with the "grave offence" alleged was knocked down and beaten, and kicked, by a number of cowardly fellows, who then made off after warning Reilly not to drive Mr. Hurley again. It was dark at the time. He managed after a while to get on the car and return to Tralee. A man named Callaghan was arrested by the Castleisland police yesterday and brought into Tralee where he was fully identified by Reilly. The prisoner was remanded to next Castleisland Petty sessions. (*Kerry Evening Post Feb 4th 1885*)

FRANCES (FANNY) HURLY O'Brennan & Lyreacrompane

Frances (Fanny) Hurly was the eldest of John and Rebecca Hurly's family. She was born in 1826 and was baptised by Rev. Edward Nash when she was 33 days old. Her siblings were Samuel (1830) Thomas (3/4/1833 - 1907), Charles (20/9/1835), Mary (18/4/1838). Alice

Frances married Michael (Mick) Scanlon from Kilduff on the 18/12/1848. Their witnesses were Samuel Hurly & Edmond Connor. They were married by Rev. John Fitzgerald Day. The Church of Ireland records state that Frances came from O'Brennan but there is no occupation or home address for Michael. Frances's father, John, is noted on the marriage record as been a small farmer. Mick was employed as either a Fowler or Groomsman for the Hurly Family at Glenduff House. A descendent informs me that Frances and Michael were married in both Catholic and Protestant Churches.

Frances's sister Mary, born on 10th April 1838, married Michael Scanlan's brother, Patrick, in 1860. Their marriage record gives Kilmore as Patrick's place of residence and at the time of their marriage it states that Mary's father, John, was a farmer (not a small farmer). They were married by Rev. Henry Sands. Their witnesses were Alice Huggard & Scanlan.

Frances's brother Thomas (1833-1907) married Eliza Jones (1842-1908) on 23rd May 1861. At the time of their marriage both Thomas and Eliza were residing at Kielduff. The eldest of their children, John (28/7/1862), Samuel (10/4/1864) Michael Cyril Oswald (17/7/1866) (the names Cyril Oswald was added on October 17th 1901 in the presence of his father Thomas Hurly) and Marie Agnes (17/6/1869) were born at Kielduff. At the time of Marie Agnes's marriage to Joseph Coalter on July 17th 1890 her address was Mullaghmarky. Elizabeth Jane (?/4/1871), Rebecca (25/3/1873), Samuel (1875-1951) were born in Lyreacrompane. Ellen Sheehy, Dromadda was present at Samuel's birth. Charles (Nov/1877) and Thomas (July/1879) were born at Sandville. Catherine Alice (September/1881-1910) and Letitia (September 1885) were born in Castleisland. Thomas Hurly and his wife Eliza are buried at Ballyseedy Churchyard. The headstone bears the following inscription

*Thomas Hurly, Castleisland,
who died on March 15th 1907
and his wife Elizabeth who died
on October 19th 1908.*

Thomas Hurly's Will 1906

Thomas Hurly died March 17th 1907, (his headstone states March 15th) aged 75, leaving a brief 1906 will. The executors were John Kerry O'Connor, a Castleisland merchant and Daniel Jennings, manager of the National Bank, Castleisland.

Mullaghmarky House, farm-lands, livestock and implements was £151 5s 4d. Tenants rented land on a yearly lease of £44. The property is described as "assigned to me by Joseph Coulter of Two Mile Town, Co. Tyrone" which probably mean he held the mortgage on it. All was left to Samuel Hurly described as "one of my six children" (he had eleven children). The will stipulated that Samuel allow his mother, Eliza, to live at Mullaghmarkey House and that he give her £20 a year. His two younger sisters, Catherine Alice and Letitia, lived there and the will left them £100 each.

In 1911 Samuel sold the property to the O'Connor family and immigrated to Canada. He never returned but after his death his widow, Elizabeth Day, spent many summers in Castlemaine with her niece where she had grown up.

In 1880, when Lyreacrompane was in the Parish of Kilfeighny, Thomas Hurly had leased 143a 1r 0p from the representatives of John Hurly for £24.10s. More than likely Thomas was in Lyreacrompane prior to this date going on the birth dates/place of his children.

When Elizabeth Jane (1871-1910) was confirmed in 1887 she was residing at the RIC Barracks in Mullaghmarky. Elizabeth Jane married Joseph Jones on 9/2/1901. Michael Hurly and Michael Jones were their witness's. In 1892 Joseph Jones was leasing land -145a 1r 0p - from John Charles Denis Hurly. Elizabeth Jane and Joseph Jones had four children, Olive Kathleen (1902), Charles Richard (1904), Alice Elizabeth (1907) and Samuel John (1906). When Elizabeth Jane died she was interred at Ballyseedy Burial Ground on 27/4/1910 and Joseph Jones was interred there

on 8/8/1937.

On February 9th 1910 Joseph Jones sold his extensive farm containing 175a 0r 15p (at that time 9a 2r 0p was let to three sub-tenants at a rent of £2.15s). The buildings on the farm included the Lyreacrompane RIC Barracks, which was a two-storied slated dwelling house containing six apartments, slated and iron roofed stalls for thirty cows and stabling for two horses. On February 12th the 'Sentinel Paper' carried a notice stating that the farm had been sold to Edmond Dillane of Knockmeal for a substantial sum.

Fanny's sister Alice married Stephen Huggard from Killorglin on 23/1/1843 and they lived in Mallow.

Samuel, son of Thomas and Eliza Jones, married Elizabeth Day in June 1908 and in 1911 they immigrated to Canada having sold off Mullaghmarky House. They first went to a farm in Western Ontario where Sam worked as a Farm Manager. Elizabeth soon pressed him for a move closer to a city or else she was going back to Ireland!!! They moved to Toronto where he got a job with the T. Eaton Company, a large department store, starting as a stock taker and remaining there until his sixties. Sam and Elizabeth had five children, Hamilton, Cyril, Charles, Thomas and Letitia. Hamilton who died young, Cyril who did not have a family, Charles who had a daughter-Patricia, Thomas has a son - Andy and two daughters - Elizabeth and Rebecca and Sam's only daughter, Letitia, married David Bain and has two children, Diane Barnett and David.



Diane Barnett Grand-daughter of Samuel & Elizabeth Hurly

Samuel brothers, Tom and Charles, had preceded him to Canada. Charles settled in Ontario and had four children. There is also mention of a family member going to South Africa. Two of Sam's sisters married and went to live in Northern Ireland

Fanny and Mick Scanlon settled in Carrigcannon Lyreacrompane in 1883. They leased a house from Thomas Hurly for 5s. Fanny and Mick had nine children but by the Census of 1911 two of their children had passed away. This Census also recalls that Frances was an Episcopalian Protestant. Four of their nine children were John, Jerry, Rebecca and Lucy. Frances's and Mick's daughters were educated at the Protestant School, The Square, Listowel.

John married Mary Carey, Carrigcannon and they immigrated to America. Jerry married into the Dunne family, who were owners of Killaloe Slate Quarry. They lived in Limerick and they had one son who died unmarried.

Two daughters Rebecca (1862) and Lucy remained in Lyreacrompane. The other daughters emigrated.

Lucy Scanlon married Zebbie Somers, from Irremore, Listowel. Their son Edward (Ned) married Lil Sheehy,

Renagown. They were the parents of Lucy (Somers) Nolan, Cloghane.

Rebecca Scanlon married John Gleeson, Croom, Co. Limerick, grandparents of Beck (Gleeson) Falvey, Lyre. John was a member of the RIC Horse Patrol Unit. He was stationed in Listowel. Rebecca married at the age of eighteen, and she became a catholic to marry John. After their marriage they initially lived in Wexford before returning to Lyreacrompane to live with her parents, Frances and Mick Scanlon. In 1883 Rebecca Gleeson leased land from John Charles Denis Hurly. In 1908 Rebecca Roche (formally Gleeson) is listed as being a tenant of John C D Hurly and farming 285 acres, 2 roods and 10 perches in the townland of Lyreacrompane and 84 acres, 3 roods and 8 perches in the townland of Carrigcannon.

The eldest of Rebecca and John Gleeson's children were born in Wexford. They had three sons, Jack, Pat, Mick and six daughters, Brigid, Lucy, Maryanne, Rebecca, Kitty and Frances.

Jack joined the Rhodesian Police. He married the nurse who cared for him when he was convalescing from malaria. Pat and Mick married sisters Mary and Brigid Dillane from Co. Limerick.

Lucy married William Pender, R.I.C. Ballinsloe Co. Galway.

Maryanne married Andy Gleeson, Co. Limerick.

Rebecca married William Wilson, Durham, England.

Kitty married Jack Reidy, Castleisland, they immigrated to NY. They had two daughters

Frances and Margaret both of whom predeceased their mother.

Frances married Jack Devery, Co. Cork.

Mick Scanlon died on the 24/04/1914 at the age of 87 and is buried in O'Brennan Cemetery, Ballymacelligott. Frances Hurly was 91 years of age when she passed away on the 18/12/1917 she is interred in the Hurly Family Tomb, Ballyseedy, Tralee.

John Gleeson died on the 10/05/1888 - Ascension Thursday- at the age of 54. He is buried in the Scanlon grave at O'Brennan.

Rebecca subsequently married Hugh Roche (grandparents of Jimmy Roche of the Four Elms Bar). Hugh came from Co. Roscommon. He was a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary and was stationed at the RIC Barracks in Lyreacrompane. Rebecca and Hugh had two sons, Joseph, Hubert Albert (Al) and one daughter, Lillian.

Joseph, died in 1901 at the age of 9, he is buried at O'Brennan Churchyard. Hubert Albert (Al) married Abina (Abby) O'Brien, Gloundaeigh Currow. They became the proprietors of the 'Four Elms' Public House. Lillian married Mick Carey, from Carrigcannon and they remained living in Lyre.

In 1927 Rebecca sold 33 acres, 3 roods and 3 perches of land and mountain to Pat Gleeson (Beck Gleeson Falvey's father). In later years Al Roche sold 20 acres of land and 100 acres of bog/mountain to Ned Somers (Lucy Somers Nolan's father)

Rebecca died on the 20/03/1931 at the age of 69, she is buried in O'Brennan Cemetery. Hugh Roche is also buried in O'Brennan.

Today, there are three great grand children of Frances Hurly living in Lyreacrompane, Rebecca Gleeson Falvey, Lucy Somers Nolan and Jimmy Roche.

Hugh Roche

An extract from the Royal Irish Constabulary register shows that Hugh Roche, grandfather of Jimmy, proprietor of the Four Elms, joined the force on the 11th of July 1876. He was aged 20 and his proposer was Sub-Inspector Newell. Hugh, who was originally from Roscommon, stood at 5 feet eight and a half inches, took up duty in Kerry on the 11th of February, 1888. On retirement from the RIC after 12 years and 9 months service he received a pension of £65 per annum.

I wish to thank the following for their assistance

**History Section Tralee Library
National Archives, Dublin
National Library, Dublin
General Register Office, Dublin**

**Braemor Library, Dublin
Registry of Deeds, Dublin
Cork Historical & Archaeology Society
Ballymacelligott Presbytery,
Diane Barnett, Texas
Honor Sherbrooke Walker Hurly, NZ**

**Beck Falvey, Lyre
Rosmund Dunworth, Duagh
Jimmy Roche, Carrigcannon
John & Ciara Byrne, Dublin & Fenit.**

Lyreacrompane

6 miles from Listowel; 6 miles from Castleisland

IMPORTANT AUCTION of HIGHLY VALUABLE FARM.

TO BE HELD AT THE Listowel Arms Hotel,
Thursday 17th February, 1910,
AT 1 O'CLOCK, SHARP
MCELLIGOTT & SON AUCTIONEERS,
LISTOWEL

Have been instructed by Mr JOSEPH JONES to put up and sell by auction his highly valuable and extensive farm containing 175a; Or. 15p. statute measure of which 9a. 2r. Op are let to three sub-tenants who pay to the Vendor £2 15s. for rent each year. At agreement for Purchase through the Irish Land Commission has been duly signed and lodged, and Interest in lieu of rent is now being paid at the rate of £12 2s 3d. each half-year, pending receipt of Vesting Order, when the Instalments payable to the Irish Land Commission are fixed at the rate of £10.10s payable on 1st. May and 1st November. Poor Law Valuation £25.

The lands, at present all in grass with exception of about two and a half acres, are well laid out in large fields and divided almost equally by public road which is of the greatest advantage in working this extensive range so well calculated for Dairy, Tillage and Dry Stock Farming.

Buildings consists of substantially built two-storied Slated Dwelling house contain six apartments; Slated and Iron-roofed stalls for thirty cows, and stabling for two horses. The water supply derived from pump in farm-yard, and river running through the farm is inexhaustible. A considerable portion of this favourably known farm was drained by the present owner's predecessor, and all will now be found in fine heart and affording a splendid opportunity for the careful and far-seeing investor. Further particulars may be had on application to JOHN CONDON, Esq. Solicitor, Listowel; or McELLIGOTT, & SON, Auctioneers, Listowel.

Lyreacrompane Farm

We are informed by Messrs M'Elligott, and Son, auctioneers, that this farm, recently advertised in our columns, has been sold to Mr Edmond Dillane of Knockmeal for a substantial sum. Mr Dillane's father was in occupation of Lyreacrompane up to forty years ago.

February 12th 1910

Joe Finucane

Plant Hire

Cappagh, Kilflynn

Turfcutting

Digger

Tractor

&

Dumper

Hire

066 7135700

087 2203963

*Looking forward to another
great Journal*



Joan and Tim Nash at the Dog Show



Jo and Larry Martin, Lyre and Kildare at the Festival 2003



The Curtin Sisters at the Dog Show



Nora Carmody and Mai Keane at the Festival



Mike and Mary Dowling



Marie Nolan with her Daughter, Caoimhe



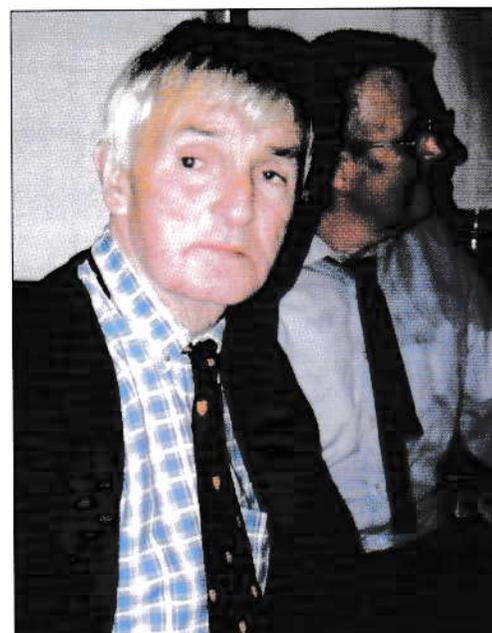
Family Reunion - O'Connor's of Renagown



Ann Ferguson and Treasa Long



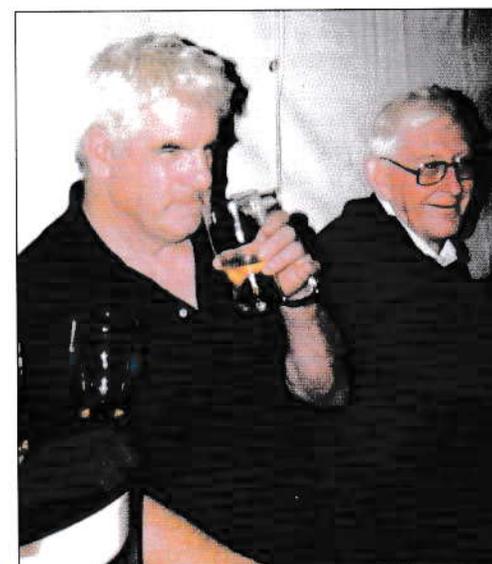
Mary Collins, Eileen Sheehy and Molly Dillane



Bill Curran enjoying a pint of Guinness



Standing room only at the story telling night



**Bertie Murphy & Bill Molyneux
enjoying the craic**



EDUCATION GOES INDOORS

Joe Harrington

In earlier editions of the Lyreacrompane and District Journal we carried some material on Lyreacrompane's hedge schools and its first built school known as "The Glen". This was based on the folklore of the area but below we reproduce some extracts from the National archives containing information on the history of the building which still stands at the bend of the road on the border of Knockaclare and Lyreacrompane.

An application to the Commissioners of National Education for and towards the payment of teacher's salaries and requisites for Lyreacrompane School at the Glen was made on the 25th of July 1872 (Kerry Ed 1-41). The Roll Number allocated was 10859 and the district

Number was 54. The school was already operating with James Kelly as teacher. James was described as "seventeen at least". About 50 boys and girls were in attendance in the house that was described as being in "fair condition". The single schoolroom was twenty two feet long and ten and a half feet wide with three desks, six forms and one table - all new. The application was signed by Fr O'Reagan who described the above as a temporary arrangement. (It was to last for nearly 40 years!!!)

The District Inspector was notified of the application on the 30th of July and a report from him to the Commissioners was received on 16th of August 1872.

The District Inspector's report stated that the school was established on the 1st of July 1872. There were about 50

dwellings within a mile and the nearest school was Rathea temporary National School which is more than three statute miles by road.

The report was in the form of a series of questions to which the Inspector filled in the answers. To question 15 "Was the school attached to a church?" The answer was; "Not so situated". (In subsequent years the school was used as a church and marriages took place there prior to the building of Lyreacrompane Church in Glountane).

The building was referred to as being in a "Fair state of repair". It was built of stone and clay and was thatched. (Part of this thatch can still be seen under the existing galvanised roof.) The ceiling was six foot three and a quarter inches above a clay floor. The one-roomed school was considered to be sufficiently

ventilated by two windows - each one foot, nine inches by one foot, three inch.

The building had been erected with private funds but there was no information as to whom rent was paid and there were no out offices. The room was plastered and had a fireplace. No part of the house was occupied by the teacher as a residence. (This was to change later).

Ownership

The following document at the national Archives refers to the question of ownership which became an issue when plans were being drawn up for a new school across the Smearlagh on a site to the west of the present school.

In July 1902 the Manager claimed that he could not get a contractor as all masons were engaged building labourers cottages. There is nothing in the register that would throw light on the ownership of the above named school which was aided in 1872.

The school was enlarged in 1875. According to the report on the original application in 1872 rent was paid but the name of the people to whom and by whom paid are not given. In the Annual Report of 1899 and 1900 the inspector, Mr Newel, states that the teacher, Mr Molyneux, appointed 1874, is not the owner but Mr Wilpy in his

report of 1902 states that "the teacher would appear to be the owner of the school". The manager states that the teacher is the owner of the school. John Kelly was the first teacher appointed. Correspondence has been opened with the manager in this regard.

End of report

Fr Matt Dillon responds

On the 15th of October, 1902 the following letter was sent to the Secretaries of the National Education Commission by the Manager of the school, Fr Dillon, The Presbytery, Duagh.

Gentlemen,

With reference to your letter of the 8th regarding the ownership of the above named school at Lyreacrompane, I beg to inform you that I made a mistake when I stated that the Master was the owner. He is not. Mr Hurly is owner of the school and house and lands attached to this house. The land was formally tenanted by a man called O'Connor. O'Connor built a new house on another part of the farm and went to reside in it. My predecessor rented the old house from O'Connor with a view to establishing a new

National School in the locality.

Having arranged matters with the Commissioners he appointed Mr Thomas Molyneux teacher. After a few years O'Connor emigrated and the House and four acres of land fell into the hands of Mr Hurly. He allowed matters to remain as they were - the house to be used as a schoolhouse. The teacher has no right to the house except as a schoolhouse. With the consent of the landowner and manager he lives there.

Fr Dillon.

The term "fell into the hands of Mr Hurly" is unlikely to be an accurate description of what happened. O'Connor would have, almost certainly, been a tenant of the local landlord, Mr Hurly and when he emigrated Mr Hurly simply did not re-let the property but allowed it to continue as a school and residence for the teacher.

The question of the ownership was finally clarified in 1911 when the Irish Land Commission transferred the title from John C D Hurly to Thomas Molyneux on an annuity of £1. 17s. 8p beginning on the 1st of December 1911 and payable half yearly to the Commission until an

advance of £58 has been repaid. Registration took place on the 27th of January 1913. The Glen property comprised 5 acres and 15 perches.

More From The Archives

More information on the Glen School the National Archives (Register ED2/155) includes the following...

On 8th of October 1889 Martin Sheehy was retained as a monitor and a gratuity was paid for his instruction. Two years later a request by the manager for two monitors was refused. An attempt in 1891 to have Martin Sheehy appointed as temporary assistant was rejected under Rule 170 which stated that a temporary assistant cannot be appointed to a school in which a permanent assistant is already recognised.

Given the unsuitability of the building for an increasing number of pupils the question of building a new school was being raised for a quarter of a century before it was built in 1911. Responding to criticisms of the School Inspectors in relation to the condition of the building the Manager, on the 18th of July 1891, asked for forms to

obtain a loan to build a new school. James McAlister, a School inspector, had reported that the house was very unsuitable, furniture bad and had no toilets for the one hundred pupils attending.

On the 18th of May 1896 the manager Fr Matt Dillon was requested to caution the principal and assistant Thomas and Mary Molyneaux on their absence from the schoolroom at 10.13 on the morning of the 10th of March. Principal is directed to revise time table arrangements so as to provide a play time daily for all pupils. The manager was also to be informed that there should be no internal communications between the school and the residence adjoining.

A 99 year lease was taken on the ground for the new school on the 17th of August 1897. In the previous year grants of £460 on an expenditure of £690 to build and £60 on an expenditure of £90 to enclose the house to be built according to Plan 6 were allocated.

By 1898 the Board of Works had furnished the Manager with the necessary instructions for commencing erection of the new school. The following year he was still unable to get a contractor for the amount of the initial estimate and a year later the grant

was reduced by £110 on the basis that Plan 5 would replace Plan 6.

On the 17th of December 1901 the Manager was again reminded of the grant paid towards building the Lyreacrompane proposed school and informed that unless the building is proceeded with without further delay it will be necessary for the Commissioners to consider the propriety of withdrawing all grants from the existing (Glen) school. A year later real pressure was put on the manager to proceed with building the new school. He was warned that unless a suitable arrangement is provided before the 31st of March 1903 or substantial progress is made with the proposed new building, the grants of salary to the existing Glen School will be then cancelled. The question of increased grants being available was pointed out and the Manager asked to be allowed to await issue of new plans before he proceeded to build.

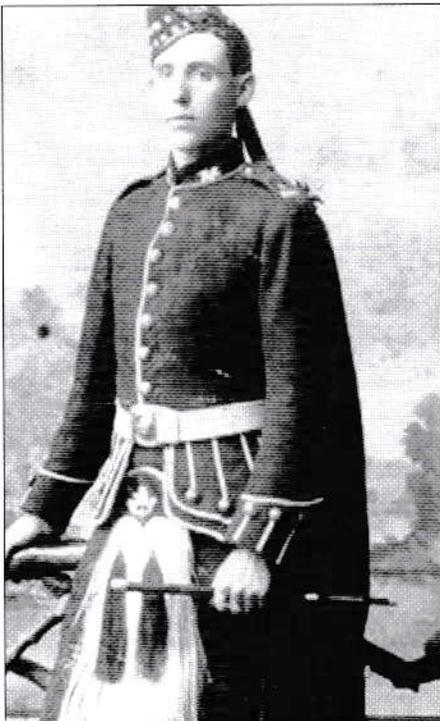
(It was another 9 years before the new school was opened in Lyreacrompane in 1911 and this school was demolished in the 1960s but the original Glen School still stands!!!).



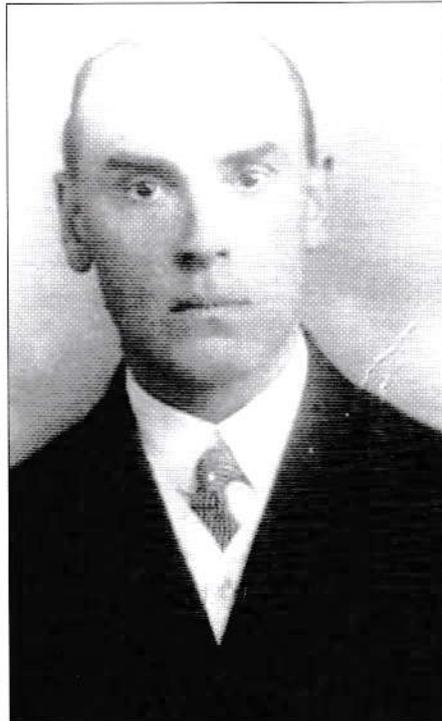
Samuel Hurly 1875-1951. Sam Hurly who first saw the light of day at Lyreacrompane was one of eleven children born to Thomas and Eliza (nee Jones) Hurly. Ellen Sheehy, Dromadda was present at his birth. Down the years the people of Lyreacrompane believed that the 'Glen School' was especially built for him!!! This photo of Samuel was taken in Toronto, Canada.



Letitia Hurly (1885 - ?). Letitia was Sam's youngest sister. Her photo was taken at Daly & Sons photographers, Tralee



Thomas Hurly (1879- ?) brother of Sam. This photo was taken in Canada about 1914 when he joined the army for the 1st World War.



Two other siblings of Sam Hurly

All photos on this page courtesy of Diane Barnett (Texas) Grand-daughter of Samuel & Elizabeth Hurly

The Lock Estate

A Growing Debt

The Lock(e) Estate which was bought by the Hurlys in 1857 (and included Lyreacrompane) had financial problems dating back many years. On the 21st of April 1825 part of the lands of Fenit (Within) were mortgaged by William Lock Snr of Norbury Park in Surrey and William Lock Jnr to secure repayment to a George Watson Smith for the sum of £2,000 and interest.

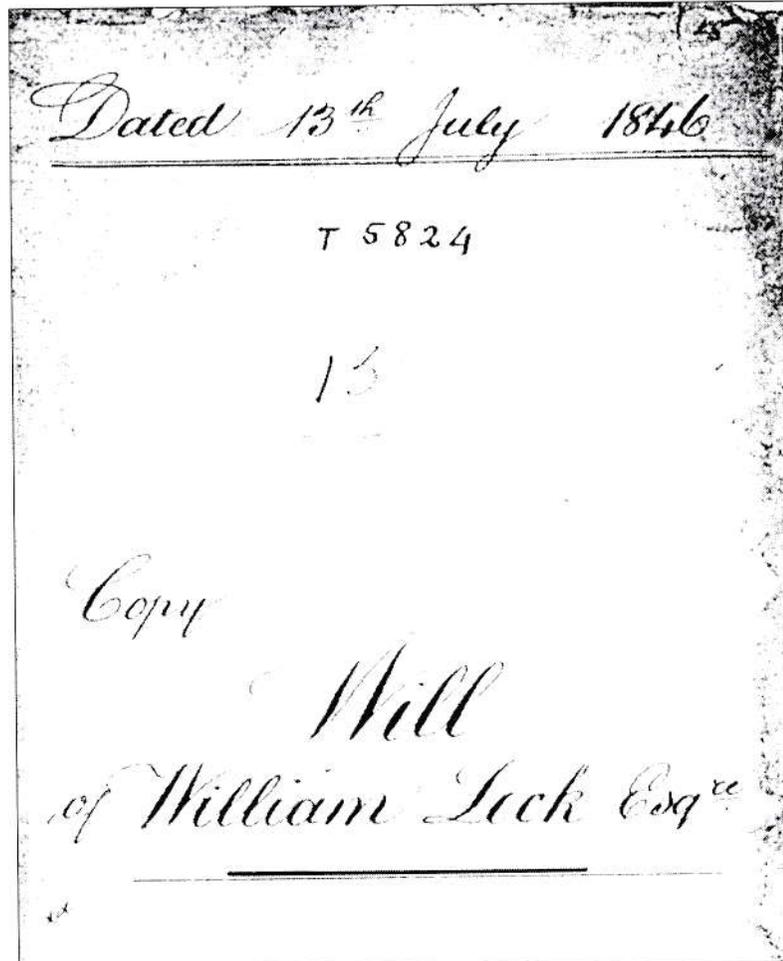
On the 28th of February 1827 a similar sum plus interest was secured. On the 15th of January, 1828 £1,500 was repaid by William Lock Jnr to George Smith. On the same date the Locks secured a £9,500 loan

from Smith. Sixteen days later the agreement was amended to include Elizabeth Catherine Locke, wife of William Snr and Frederica Augusta Lock, his mother. At this stage the Locks owed £12,000 to William Smith. Provision of £700 yearly was made for Elizabeth Catherine Lock if she should survive her husband and the security was Fenit House and Estate.

In December 1829, William Lock Jnr married Selina and he died on the 15th of September 1832 leaving a daughter, Amelia Selina Lock and his wife Selina. One wonders what he was up to when he passed away because exactly nine months later!!! Selene gave birth to a daughter,

Augusta Selina Elizabeth Lock (who subsequently became the Duchess De St Arpino). William Lock's first daughter, Amelia, died January 1834, aged two.

William Lock Snr (landlord of lands including Lyreacrompane) died on the 15th December, 1847, at Lee in the County of Kent, his wife, Elizabeth Catherine, having died in May of the previous year.



This is the last Will and Testament of me William Locks heretofore of Northey Park in the County of Surrey but now residing at Sea in the City of Kent Esq^r which I make this 15th day of July in the year of our Lord 1846 Whereas by an Indenture of Release & Settlement bearing date the 16th day of January which was in the year 1828 and made or expressed to be made between me the Testator & Elizabeth Catherine my late dear Wife of the 1st part William Lock Esq^r dec^d my late Son of the 2nd part Joseph Lorde Wallscourt & Elizabeth Lady Wallscourt my Daughter of the 3rd part John Lystra & Robert De Bough Esq^r of the 4th part John Julius William Augustus Esq^r and Henry Noyes Esq^r of the 5th part and Sir William Humbold Baronet & Alexander Ellice Esq^r of the 6th part Divers Towns messes farms lands and hereditis situate in the County of Kerry in the Kingdom of Ireland were subject as therein mentioned limited to the use of me the Testator for my life with divers remainders over And in the same Indenture of Release & Settlement is contained a Declaration that notwithstanding any limitation of use or uses thereunto before contained it should be lawful for me at any time or times thereafter during my life to complete & exhaust the power of partition originally vested in me in & by virtue of a certain Indenture of Settlement of the 5th July 1795 as to charging and some or some of the said lands

The will of William Lock Snr. referred to his estates in Kerry and made a specific provision of £20 yearly for their life to Mary Jaccaz then residing in Paris and who had been in his service for many years and the same to Louisa M... who was then in his service. It gave a legacy of £500 apiece to his granddaughters, Frederica Elizabeth Blake and Elizabeth Blake.

The main beneficiary was his daughter whom he referred to as Elizabeth Lady Wallscourt and he appointed his brother, Rev George Lock and three others as executors. In a codicil

dated the first of September 1847. William Lock did direct that "all such household goods and furniture, linen, china, jewels, paintings, pictures, sculpture and books" should go to his daughter, Elizabeth.

In October 1849, at the age of 16, Augusta Selina Elizabeth Lock (referred to in the above will) married the Right Honourable Ernest Fitzroy Neville Fane (commonly called Lord Burghersh).

Ernest (probably an old man when he married the teenage Augusta) died on 22nd of

January 1857 leaving Augusta Selena a widow with no issue.

Augusta Selena was now known as Lady Burghersh and in Griffiths Valuations of 1852 she is listed as the landlord of almost 2,000 acres of land in the Lyreacrompane district.

It would appear that the Locks administrated their estates as absentee Landlords.

Lyreacrompane Tenants in the Lock Estate 1820s.

A record of the Tithes Aplotments for 1820s shows the following were tenants in the Lyreacrompane area at that time. The Tithes were a Church of Ireland charge on tenants based on the amount of land they held and were a source of major discontent for the Catholic peasantry. Later in the century the Tithes were reduced to 25% and transferred as a charge on to the Landlord. However, many landlords passed on this extra cost to

the tenancy by way of rent increases. This added to the general discontent of the time. In the 1880s there were about 20 evictions in Lyreacrompane.

Lyreacrompane

Darby Dillane, Thomas Connor, Daniel Connor, Patrick Connell, W O'Halloran.

These tenants held a total of 443 acres, 1 rood and 16 perches. The tithes charge on these tenants totalled £4 6s 3d. Also mentioned as being in Lyreacrompane at that time were Patrick Dillane and Owen (?) Connell.

Carriggannon

John O'Halloran, John Heffernan, John Costello, Robert Stack

These Tenants held a total of 719 acres and the Tithes charge was £3 17s 6d.

Clahaneagleragh

Michael Enright, Pat Buckley, John Walsh

Those tenants held a total of 252 acres, 2 roods and 31 perches.

Glenalema

Maurice McElligott, Thomas McElligott.

These tenants held a total of 114 acres.

Collecting the Tithes

A man called Caleb Chute was in charge of recording the Tithes in the Parish of Kilfeighny which, at the time, included Lyreacrompane and Carriggannon. The following is a document signed by him in 1824.

I, Caleb Chute do swear, that I will faithfully, impartially and honestly, according to the best of my skill and ability, execute and perform the powers and authorities invested in me as Commissioner in the Parish of Kilfeighny by virtue of an act passed in the Forth year of the Reign of King George the Fourth entitled, "an Act to provide for the establishing of composition for Tithes in Ireland for a limited time", according to the directions of the said Act and according to equity and good conscience and without favour or affection, prejudice or malice to any person or persons whatsoever.

So help me God



26th of October 1824

Lock Estate Tenants in 1852

According to Griffiths Valuation 1852 the tenants in the Lyreacrompane area at the time of the sale of the Lock Estate to the Hurlys were; (all were tenants of Lady Burghersh)

Lyreacrompane

Patrick and Edmond Dillane (381 acres), Thomas and Mathias Connor and Edmund Molyneaux (417 acres), Eugene and Patrick Connell & William Kirby (159 acres). The following were sub-tenants of Patrick Dillane; Michael Buckley, Mary Stack and Richard Gregory. John Quill was a sub tenant of Thomas Connor, Mathias Connor & Edmund Molyneaux.

Carriggannon

Thomas Halloran (716 acres), Patrick Stack (223 acres). Anne Connell and John Sheehy were sub-tenants of Tom Halloran and Michael Doran was a sub-tenant of Patrick Stack.

Glashananoon

Timothy Cronin and Maurice Enright (138 acres), Michael Shanahan (121 acres). Edward Enright was a sub-tenant of Tim Cronin and Maurice Enright.

Gortaclohane

Mathew Kennelly, Mary Dillane, Jer Dillane, Patrick Dillane Snr (116 acres), Jer, James and John Gallivan (179 acres), Patrick and Maurice Shanahan and Maurice and Patrick Kelly (100 acres), John and Thomas Dillane (185 acres total) Thomas Cahill, Catherine Dillane and Patrick Dillane Jnr were sub-tenants of Matt Kennelly and Margaret Dillane was a sub-tenant of John and Thomas Dillane. (The record shows that there was a graveyard in Gortaclohane in 1852 measuring 33 perches).

Knocknaglough

Thomas and Michael Quill (193 acre sub-tenant of Thomas Connor)

Locke Estate -Sale 1857

Sale by Auction of these valuable and extensive estates will be held in Dublin on
Wednesday, the 7th day of Oct Next.

This property contains 17,257 acres, 2roods and 31 perches statute measure and forms the unsold portion of the **Locke Estate**, producing a well paid rental of £2,882 6s 10d per annum and will be sold by action, without further postponement in the spacious sales room, No. 9 Upper Ormond Quay, in the city of Dublin on Wednesday, the 7th day of October, 1857 at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon in 38 lots including a seat or seating in the church of Listowel.

For rentals apply to John Thrupp, Esq, Solicitor for the vender, No 2 Winchester Buildings, London; Messrs Goddard and Sons, Solicitors, 17 North Great Georges St, Dublin; **Andrew Coffey**, Esq., the Agent of the Estates, Listowel, Co Kerry and in the offices of

John Littledale, Auctioneer
9 Upper Ormond Quay,
Dublin, 15th July, 1857

Sold!

The Locke Estate in 37 lots. The following are the lots relevant to the Lyreacrompane area.

- 1 Gortaclohane, gross yearly rent £157 containing 339a 3r 13p sold to Mr Roche for £3,470.
- 7 - 12 Trieneragh, gross yearly income £668 containing 1,673a sold to Mr Sandes Esq for £20,420.
- 17 Toor, gross yearly rent £131 containing 599a 0r 6p sold to David Gunn for £4,050.
- 19 Meenanare, gross yearly rent £131 6s containing 596a 3r 29p sold to L Buckley for £4,010
- 20 Patch gross yearly rent £61 4s 5p containing 143a 0r 19p sold to G O'Connor for £1,950
- 22 Bunglasha, gross yearly rent £47 containing 210a 3r 26p sold to Mr G Kitson for £1,210.
- 23 Knockanebrack , yearly rent, £45. 9s 9d', containing 493a.2r.23p. sold to G. Sandes, Esq., for £1,880
- 24 Knockalougha , gross yearly rent, 621; containing 434a. 1r. 18p. , sold to Rev.Fitzmaurice for £1,580.
- 25 Ditto; gross yearly rent, £74 1s. 5d, containing 809a, 3r. 27p; sold.to Mr. C. Nash for £1,848
- 26 Knockaneanoon; gross, yearly rent, £40, containing;616a. 3r. 37p; sold to Mr W Harnett for £1.160
- 27 Muingwee, gross yearly rent, £20, containing 287a.0r.14p. sold to Mr P.Sheehy for £700.
- 28 Glashananoon; gross yearly rent, £60. 14s 4d containing. 438a. 1r. 16p, sold to Mr. G.Kitson for £2010
- 29 Knocknaglough, gross yearly rent, £751 containing 962a. 0r. 29p, sold to Mr. John Hurly for £2,000.
- 30 Glashanacree and Bugaughnamalavogue; gross yearly rent, £54.10s. containing 742a. 2r. 33p; sold to Mr John Hurly for £1,000.
- 31 Glountaneyalkeen, gross yearly rent. £55. containing 643a. 0r.83p; sold to Mr John Hurly for £1,410.
- 32 Cloughboola. gross yearly rent, £21; containing 686a 2r. 3p, sold to Mr Hurly for £900
- 33 Drommadabeg, gross yearly rent £26. 10s. containing 855a. 1r. 24p; sold to Mr John Hurly for £90
- 34 Drommadamore. Upper and Lower; gross yearly rent £70l; containing 2,000a. 3r. 27p. sold to Mr John Hurly for £2,325
- 35 Carrigcannon, gross yearly rent, £17 containing 233a. 2r.3p, sold to Mr John Hurly for £725
- 36 Carrigcannon, gross yearly rent, £23 ; containing 728a..3r. 11p; sold to Mr John Hurly for £1,225
- 37 Lyreacrompane: gross yearly rent, £84; containing 980a.3r; 32p, sold to Mr John Hurly for £2,450.

The papers of the time reported that there never was a more successful sale or a more respectable attendance of purchasers, each vying with the other as to whom the lot was to be knocked down. Each lot was purchased by gentlemen residing in the County of Kerry.

Mr. M F Sands of Oakpark was the largest purchaser having bought eleven lots containing very nearly 3,000 acres and producing a little over £1,100 rent per annum for £36,950. Mr John Hurly of Tralee came next on the list having purchased nine lots containing 7,830 acres and producing over £410 rent per annum for £13,525.

Collected by the Irish Folklore Commissioners in the 1930's

Local Marriage Customs

*By Timothy Curran
Lyreacrompane aged 56*

Most marriages take place in Shrove Monday, Wednesday, and Friday are said to be unlucky for marriage. Matches are still made in our district. They go to town and they make the match. They then fix a date to go to the attorney to pay the money. When the money is paid they fix a date to

get married. When they are married they return home. All the saddle horses that would be at the "drag" would gallop for what they were worth to know who would reach the house first. And the side car or covered car in which the married couple would be the boys of the place would rope it to get the price of "a few gallons of stout". And when they would arrive home the dinner would be ready for all the wedding party. When the dinner was over, they would dance and sing and amuse themselves until morning. When it would be drawing near night, three or four batches of strawboys

would call. Some of the "straw boys" would be dressed with the straw of the whiskey bottles, More of them would have a ribbon draped around their shoulders and waists and have their coats turned inside out and their "shilaileighs" in their hands.

Some people gave stock as a dowry instead of money if it was needed where they would be going. In Master Molyneaux's dwelling house in Lyreacrompane there used to be mass celebrated and some of the people of the locality when getting married were married there.

In some places where the passages were bad some of the girls would go on horse back behind the boys out to the public road.

The Landlord

Author unknown

Our Landlords name is Tisdall. There were two other landlords over Cloghane, Gun and Crosbie. The Landlords came into possession about a hundred and twenty years ago. At that time one man owned all Cloghane Liskirt and his name was Randal McCarthy. He had a dispute with a servant boy, over wages, so the servant boy summoned him. The court was held in Abbeydorney. The three Landlords, Tisdall, Gun and Crosbie were the magistrates. They asked McCarthy who his landlord was. McCarthy said that he had no landlord. Tisdall was the chairman so he told McCarthy that he wouldn't be long without a landlord. They divided the land between the three of themselves and fined a rent on McCarthy. Tisdall, being chairman, claimed half the rent but McCarthy refused to pay any rent and he was evicted. After a time the ancestors of the present occupiers came to live in Cloghane. There were then four tenants, namely, Reidys, Stack, Walshs and Quilles. After a time the Quills subdivided and that portion is now held by Quill and Sheehy. There is a mountain between Cloghane Liskirt and Stacks Mountain and there was no defined boundary between the townlands. The people of Cloghane thought the people of Stacks Mountain were encroaching too much, on them, in grazing cattle. There were several fisticuff battles fought between them. The Stacks Mountain people were a very strong race, but eventually the people of Cloghane beat them decisively. They turned a sod the full length of the mountain between the two townlands and so made a boundary. It is hard to discern it now.

Bord Ná Móna Back in Lyre !!!

"When you go to Lyreacrompane, ask directions at Johnny Nolan's Post Office", I was told, "Johnny's place is the hub and nerve centre of Lyre, all action in that part of the Kingdom radiates from there." Seemed like good advice, but when I arrived at the Post Office I went through an initiation I certainly didn't expect.

Johnny was assisting a lady at the counter, so I was obliged to wait in line. I soon became aware that I was being closely observed by two local "characters". Eventually one of them sidled over to me and asked,

"Are you enjoying the fishing?"

Which was a loaded question really meaning, "Who are you? - Where are you from? - What do you want?, etc."

Through politeness I couldn't ignore him, so looked into grey eyes reflecting an intelligence greater than mine, I said, "I wasn't fishing"- and I was hooked!

"What brings you to this part of the country then?", he asked, not at all embarrassed at his forwardness.

"I'm the editor of Bord na Móna's magazine, Scéal na Móna, and I'm to talk at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival..." I started, but wasn't allowed finish.

"And where are ye from?"

"I'm from Banagher in Co Offaly..."

"Jeeze and aren't you a brave man, coming down here after the way Offaly beat us in the Five-in-a-Row All-Ireland of '82 - that goal Darby got shouldn't have been allowed, he fouled Tommy Doyle!"

"That's what Pat Spillane said recently on the radio", I said, "But I disagree, I think Séamus Darby only steadied himself by leaning on Tommy Doyle and he didn't actually push him".

In the radio interview Pat Spillane had complained about the referee, who he considered to have made "some other weird decisions" as well, but he later admitted that "The best team won on the day", typical Spillane humour showing in the contradiction. When I tried to say this to my Lyreacrompane inquisitor I noticed his attention had deflected...

"Jeeze he is a brave man," he said, peering out the

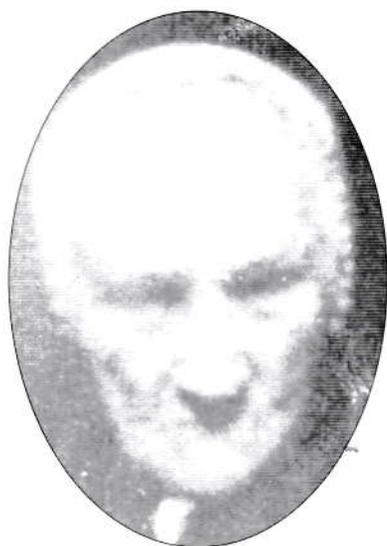
(continued on page 99)

Long Lost Brothers

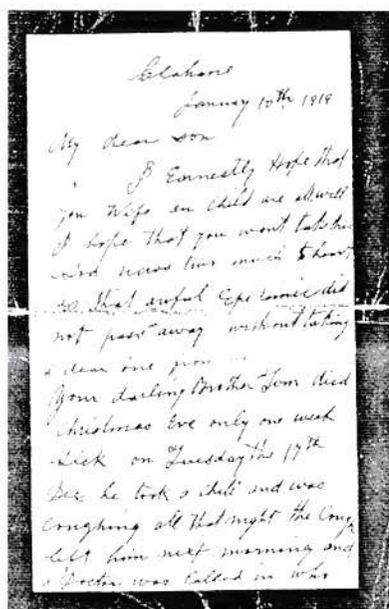
A previous Lyre journal (No 4) carried a letter written by my great-grandmother, Margaret (Stack) Sheehy of Clahane, Lyreacrompane, to her son Con Sheehy in Butte, Montana. The Stacks had lived in what is now Moriartys in Clahane. The Stacks were all girls and a Moriarty from Ballymacelligott married one of Margaret's sisters.

The letter told of the death of another son, Tom, an RIC Inspector, stationed in Ballina, Co Mayo. The message carrying the bad news said his funeral was the biggest ever seen in Ballina and those attending included about one hundred Sinn Feiners.

Tom's wife subsequently moved to Dublin and reared 6 sons and 4 daughters in very tough times. Among the children were Jack who was born in 1904 and Harry who was born in 1907. Harry immigrated to Australia and for 17 years lost all contact with his home. In September, 1969 the Daily Mirror in Sydney carried the headline "Mirror Finds Long Lost Brothers" over the following article...



Margaret Stack Sheehy



Letter from Journal No 4

DAILY MIRROR

Sydney, Australia September, 1969

Jack Sheehy, 65, and his brother 'Harry, 62 hadn't communicated with each other since their family broke up after the death of their father in Dublin, Ireland, in the 1940s.

"Some of the family thought Harry must have passed away," Jack, a retired furniture dealer of New Jersey, told Peter Brennan of our New York Bureau today. He had just been told Harry was alive and living in Sydney.

Replied

His long-lost brother replied to a classified advertisement in the Mirror on July 31, which read: "Harry Sheehy, ex-Dublin, in Australia about 17 years or any friend of his contact his brother Jack"

"I'd tried to find him with a similar advertisement in a Melbourne paper a year ago," Jack said. "But we heard nothing. "We'd almost given up hope."

Harry's reply, which reached New York today, said:

"If he is informed that I was born in Rahin's house, he will be sure that I am the person whom he is seeking."

"That's it, that's Harry," said Jack Sheehy. "I'll rush a letter off to him this afternoon. There's a lot to tell."

Among the things which Harry Sheehy doesn't know after his 24 years away from his family is that his mother and two brothers have died.

"I think I'll tell him all about that in a second letter," said Jack.

Broke up

"Our first communication should be in high spirits - there'll be time enough to pass on the bad news.

"It's so good to know Harry's still alive."

Jack said that when the Sheehy family broke up some brothers went to England, one to San Francisco, a sister went to France and Harry to Australia.

"We all wrote for a while but you know how it is," he said. "Eventually the letters die down and fade out altogether. Maybe we'll start all over again. Maybe I'll go to Australia. I'm not sure yet."

In Sydney today Harry Sheehy said: "I haven't seen John since 1946 when he came home to Dublin for a holiday.

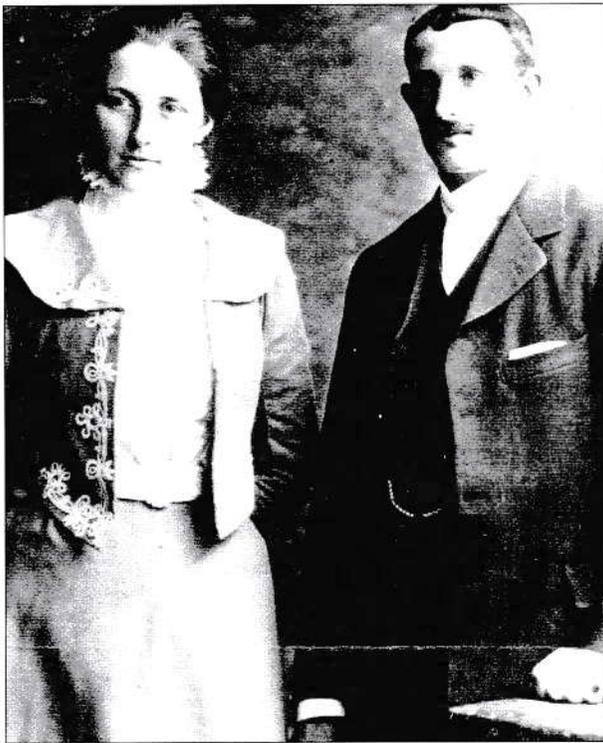
"At that time we had a member of our family - four sisters and six brothers - in every continent. I can't imagine what Jack wants after all these years but it will be good to hear from him. I'm the baby of the family and Jack is the eldest but I haven't seen any of them since I left Dublin," he said.

He said he came to Australia in 1952 and had no intention of going home to Ireland. "I wouldn't return even for a holiday," he said. "I came so far to get so far away!"

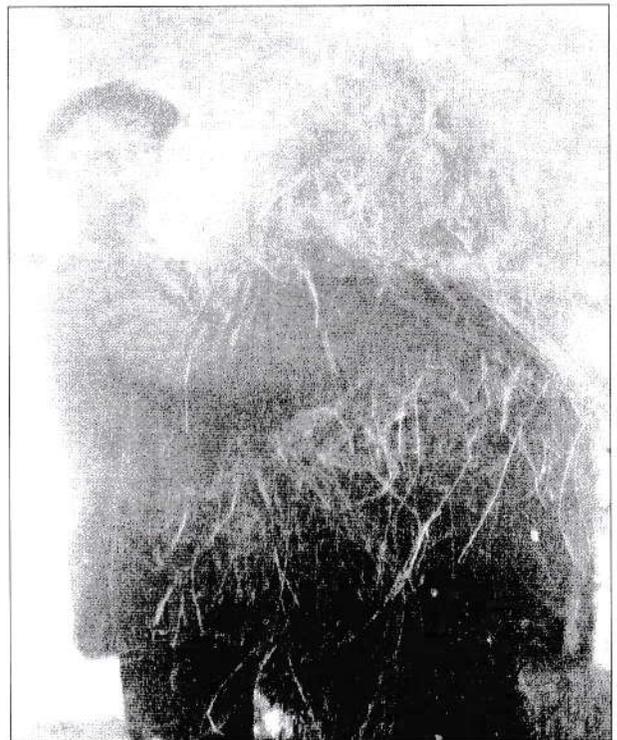
Footnote: Mr Sheehy works at the Sydney Morning Herald.

Jack Sheehy was an annual visitor to our house and in 1936 took a photograph of an unknown man carrying hay. The poor quality doesn't help but perhaps **someone can identify the person**. The other photograph was taken during a trip we made to the USA in 2000. Standing with me is Mary Pratt of Indianapolis, daughter of Jack Sheehy.

Mike Sheehy.



Hannah Sheehy (nee Lynch, Abbeyfeale) and Tom Sheehy, Clahane & Ballina



Who am I ????????????????????



Mary Sheehy Pratt & Mike Sheehy

Blank Cheque!!!

Ballymacelligott Co-operative Dairy Society, Ltd.,	
TRALEE, CO. KERRY	
No. 418	
Received from M..... the sum of	
..... Pounds..... Shillings and	
..... Pence Stg.	
	
..... Manager	

Ballymacelligott Co-operative Dairy Society went bankrupt in 1920 - all for the sum of £4,000. The above is a copy of one of their redundant cheques contributed to the Lyreacrompane and District Journal by the late Ger Breen.

Keelduff Creamery Burned

The Keelduff Co-operative Creamery, an auxiliary of the Ballymacelligott Co-operative Society's Creamery, was completely destroyed by fire last night. Everything was in order when the creamery was closed last evening and there was no sign of fire when the people of the district retired to bed. One woman is stated to have noticed signs of fire about 2 o'clock in the morning but did not take serious notice of it. When the neighbours got out of their beds this morning they found the whole structure completely burnt down. The origin of the fire is not known.

(The Liberator April 8 1926)

O'Donoghue Meats

Quality Pork & Bacon Wholesalers

Tom O'Donoghue

Proprietor
Lissardboola,
Tralee, Co Kerry.

Tel: 066 7122641
Mobile 087 263 8476

Best wishes to the Lyre Journal

TELEPHONE No 6

Telegraphic Address
"NOLAN CASTLEISLAND"

Bought
of

JEREMIAH NOLAN

**BUTTER
AND
EGG MERCHANT.**

Main Street,

CASTLEISLAND,
CO. KERRY

25 Feby 1923

INTEREST AT THE RATE OF 5% CHARGED ON ALL OVERDUE ACCOUNTS

M

The bearer John Carey of Lyperrumpane has informed me that he intends to apply as a recruit for the Civic Guards and has asked me to give him a reference of character. I wish to state to the Authorities that he comes of a most respectable family, he is an unassuming, honest lad, and a fine sterling character. He was a member of the Red Cross section in our Batt of No 2 Kerry Brigade during the late Anglo Irish War, and through that period was always at his post. I remember on more than

one occasion his unsharing efforts brought relief to volunteers who were badly injured from in the making of explosive mine powder. He was never with the Irregulars, He is of sober habits.

I have great pleasure in recommending him as an efficient candidate, and if accepted shall proof a good member of the Civic Guard

Signed
J. H. Nolan

late adjutant. B. Coy.
Kerry No 2

PATRIOT AND POLICEMAN

John Carey mentioned in the reference, printed opposite, was born in Carrigcannon, Lyreacrompane in 1897, in the Carey farmhouse overlooking his beloved Smearla river. While still in his teens John joined the Irish Republican Army (IRA) where he distinguished himself at his appointed tasks, as stated by Jeremiah Nolan his commanding officer.

As can be seen in his reference in 1923 he applied to the newly formed Civic Guard, later An Garda Siochana. John was first

posted to the Dublin Metropolitan But he slowly made his way south towards his native Kerry via Kinsale, Mallow, Newcastlewest and finally Limerick, where he settled. At the time the closest an officer could get to his native county was the neighbouring county.

John settled into a traditional police role in Limerick, where he was well respected, it was also here that he settled, married and raised a family. John retired in 1955 and set up as a publican and grocer in Edward Street, Limerick, where a warm welcome was always given to all from the Kingdom but especially from North Kerry. John died in Limerick in 1983 at the age of

86 years. The highlights of his last years were his trips to his beloved Lyre.

Some comments on the Reference opposite

Note Jer Nolan's phone number. the Telegraphic Address would correspond to today's e-mail address. Interest was charged at 5% on overdue a/c. What has changed! "Iregulars" was the name given to Republicans by Free Staters during the Civil War.

Diarmuid O'Siocru



John Carey and his wife Norah being blessed by their newly ordained son Fr. Ned in the 60's

photo courtesy of Diarmuid O'Siocru

Leeds, England
23/04/2001

Dear Joe,

My father John did a painting for the front cover of your cassette called "Echoes of Lyreacrompane". He was always proud of that fact but never said how he came about to do it. I still have my copy of it and my favourite song is "Lyre Lass" - Albert Roche, such a beautiful song and melody.

My father passed away peacefully 8/4/2001. I thought you would like to know. Once again my thanks to you for using his painting. He will always live in our memory and also in the kind people who bought the cassette

*Yours sincerely,
Paul O'Flynn.*

Beyond the Hill

Beyond the brown hill of Reamore,
There's pleasure calling me
When summer skies are dreaming o'er
And winds are blowing free
Away across the turfy ridge
Is many a verdant lawn,
Around my dear old Ivy Bridge
And Mochacucawn

Beyond the brown hill of Reamore
One lovely summer's day
I went to wander and explore
In places far away
By Carrigcannon's fields of green
By Renagown and then
Adown the boglands of Tooreen
To Glounaneculha Glen

Beyond the brown hill of Reamore
The heart of Ciarraedh's hills
The magic of a wondrous love,
The passing ages fills;
Wild Beauty weaves her mystic clue
And pleasure's calling me
Where fields are green and skies are blue
And winds are blowing free

D M. BROSAN (The Liberator April 3 1926)



John Reidy who launched Journal No. 6 with Bridie & John Joe Sheehy

Slip Brakes

These days of safety statements and fancy protective working gear are far removed from the working conditions in Bord Na Mona in the '40s and '50s. For much of that time John (Davy) Nolan drove the locomotive - a dangerous job. According to John, one of the most hazardous tasks was the insertion of slip brakes under the wagon wheels as they descended to the tip with their load of turf. This had to be done because of the steep incline from the top of the bog to the tip on the Glountane Road (Now a Mural). The loco's breaks were not enough to hold back the wagons when more than four were in tow'

The slip brakes were pieces of steel about 3 inches wide and 18 inches long. They were bevelled at one end, had a handle at the other end and were bent down on either side for their full length. This allowed them to be bedded down on top of the rail and held in place until the wagon wheel

mounted the bevelled end and came to rest against the upright curved handle of the slip break. This strip of steel placed between the wheel and the rail track greatly increased the friction (grip). This made control of the descent possible and sand was also thrown on the slip break and rail to make for even better friction. Even so, by the time the wagons reached the tip the slip brakes were hot and had to be handled with a wet rag.

The placing of the slip brakes was an operation that had to be carried out at any time, day or night. Yet, in all the years, John points out that the workers involved did not receive as much as a cut finger.

The slip brakes were originally made by Karl Gutheim, one of the Germans who worked with Bord Na Mona to open Lyre bog in the late 1930s. Afterwards they were made by Christy Carmody. It took a day to fabricate three of them. Recently John Davy gave us one he had salvaged. Wonder if there are others still lying around in

Lyreacrompane? We'd love to know.

John did have one accident with the loco - inside the workshop!!! The track was laid into the workshop near the tip to allow the engine to be pulled over a pit for service. On one occasion, when John was shunting the locomotive in to position he disengaged the clutch but the loco kept on moving forward, hitting a flat cart on the track ahead and catapulting it against the workshop fireplace demolishing it completely.

Harry Starcken had his doubts about John's claim that the clutch had failed to disengage. All tests showed it worked perfectly. About twelve months later the clutch acted similarly and further investigation showed that too much grease was being used and was occasionally getting on to the clutch plates so heavily as to set up a vacuum seal that momentarily prevented the plates from disengaging. The Verdict! Mechanical failure; not driver error.

Visit from Writers Week.

Bright sunshine welcomed the two coaches bringing over one hundred visitors from Listowel's Writers Week to Lyreacrompane on Saturday last. Joe Harrington welcomed the throng led by respected historian, Fr Anthony Gaughan, author of the much acclaimed "Listowel and its Vicinity".

As the crowd gathered around the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial, Kay O'Leary described the life and times of the last of the great Irish Matchmakers and the background to the Memorial.

"John B Keane spent his youthful summers in Lyreacrompane and it was people like Dan Paddy who provided the inspiration to John B for some of his best material - a very successful partnership," Kay said.

Kay also pointed out that there was now no member of the O'Sullivan family in Lyreacrompane but that Jimmy Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan and his wife Carmel who run the Dan Paddy Andy bar in Rockaway Beach, New York always return to celebrate the local Festival.

The rattle of the boards in Dan Paddy's old dance hall was brought to mind by a young dancer as she stepped it out on the dance platform to tunes brilliantly played by musicians from Lisselton.

Mary, the wife of the late John B and Eileen Sheehy, daughter in-law of Jule Seán in whose house

John B spent his summer holidays, were in attendance to hear Peggy Sweeney sing "The Land of Dan Paddy Andy" and Paddy Faley's "My Home in Sweet Lyreacrompane".

Then it was into the nearby Four Elms for an extract from "The Chastite" performed by Denis Hobson, Abbeyfeale Drama Group, and Michael Aherne and John Sheehan from the Athea Drama Group. The humour of John B Keane found a re-echo in its place of origin with lines such as "I had a brother who could castrate bonhams blindfold yet couldn't put a knot in his tie".

Then, for our visitors from Writers Week it was back on the coaches, over the Ivy Bridge, left at the Dan Paddy Andy Crossroads and on to that equally famous nation of Knocknagoshel.



Fr. Anthony Gaughan & Kay O'Leary

Bugaughnamalavogue was a sub-denomination of, and is now included in the ordinance survey town land of, Glashnacree 1861.

The Irish Townland System is Unique

By SEAN ANDREWS
(Irelands Own)

The townland is an ancient system of land division, which is found only in Ireland. There is no equivalent in Britain. It is based roughly on the seisreach or plough land, a piece of land that could be worked by a horse-drawn plough over the period of a year.

It was generally considered to include around 120 acres of arable land, not including adjacent woods and mountains. The townland is the smallest administrative division in Ireland and groups of townlands form the basis of parishes, electoral areas and even whole communities.

There are over sixty nine thousand townlands of all shapes and sizes in the whole island of Ireland, each with a distinctive name. A glance at a six inch ordinance survey map for any area in the country will show a wonderful variety of titles.

There are some that describe the geographical features of the area, including Gaelic words such as glean (glen) cnoc (hill) or cluain (meadow). Some indicate the presence of old settlements and include the name baile (village, town). Some townland names are of very ancient origin dating back to before the Norman conquest.

Most rural addresses in Ireland contain the name of the townland on which the property is situated. It is not unusual in some areas to

find adjacent houses with quite different postal addresses because they are in different townlands. This can create a problem for deliverymen and postal workers who are unfamiliar with the district. In Northern Ireland the authorities have tried to eliminate confusion by giving every road a name, even in country areas and allocating each house on or near that road a number and post code.

There has been some opposition to this move by those who fear that it will result in the loss of the old townland names.

But even in the cities the old townland name can rise to prominence when it is attached to the name of a modern district or housing area. Ballymurphy in Belfast, Creggan in Derry and Ballyfermot in Dublin are examples of ancient townland names given a modern lease of life.



Con Houlihan on the Bogs of Lyreacrompane



Bertie Enright and Johnny Nolan



Civil Defence Members, Tony Kennedy, Lorna Galvin and Ita Quinlivan from Limerick at the Car Rally in Lyre

Best of luck

with your

Community Journal

From

**TRALEE
CREDIT
UNION LTD.**

45/47 Ashe Street,
Tralee,
Co. Kerry

Tel 066 7122373
Fax 066 7128551



JJ Sheehy Art

TRALEE, CO. KERRY, IRELAND

Ballinorig East
Tralee Co. Kerry, Ireland

☎ 066 7122818

✉ jj@jjsheehyart.com

you can view all these works on the world wide web at: www.jjsheehyart.com



"Brendan Kennelly"
Oil on Canvas 24 x 28"



"Jeanie Johnston"
Oil on Canvas 24 x 28"



"That Blasted Wind"
Oil on Canvas **SOLD**
24 x 20"



"Ann"
Oil on Canvas 27 x 21"



"Our Red Hen" **SOLD**
Oil on Canvas 27 x 21"



"Lockes Strand"
Oil on Canvas 26 x 45"



"Tawlaught Lane"
Oil on Canvas 26 x 22"



"Going For The Cows"
Oil on Canvas **SOLD**
27 x 21"



"The Late Late at Roches"
Oil on Canvas 24 x 20"



"O'Sullivan's Pub"
Oil on Canvas 26 x 22"



"The West Wall"
Oil on Canvas 27 x 21"



"Scaraveen" **SOLD**
Oil on Canvas 26 x 22"



"Tawlaught Forge"
Oil on Canvas 24 x 24"



"Samphire and Rock"
Oil on Canvas **SOLD**
22 x 22"



"Samphire Lighthouse"
Oil on Canvas 26 x 22"



"North Kerry Writers"
Pen & Ink **SOLD**



"Daffodils"
Oil on Canvas 26 x 22"



"Lost"
Oil on Canvas 27 x 21"

John Joe Sheehy was Born in Lyreacrompane, Graduated in Graphic Design from The Limerick College of Art in 1986. Since then he has run his own business as a Designer & Artist from his home studio in Ballinorig East, Tralee, Co. Kerry where he lives with his wife Geraldine and daughters, Aoife and Eimear.

JJ's Irish art gallery is enriched with paintings of County Kerry scenery related to The Dingle Peninsula, Fenit, Killarney and many more areas. His favourite work is Portrait commissions. JJ believes that being able to capture the character of a person with a brush or pencil is one of the most exciting moments for an artist.

JJ's work also includes illustrations for books, web sites, press, catalogues, brochures & artists impressions for planning applications & development promotions.

In 1998 JJ was awarded the commission of producing the bronze bust of "Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan" situated in Lyreacrompane beside Roche's "Four Elms Bar". Dan was the Irish matchmaker written about extensively by John B. Keane, Listowel.

In 2000 JJ's sculpture design won the all Ireland competition to produce The Tralee Millennium Sculpture which is now ready and is due to be put in place on The Mall in Tralee town Center in the near future.

JJ has been involved in various group exhibitions. In August 2003 JJ had his first joint exhibition of Oil on Canvas paintings at "The Navigator Studio Gallery" Fenit, Co. Kerry.

JJ sold his first painting at the age of eight for the amount of \$1 to an American visitor.

Limerick City

Pat Brosnan

They stroll along your lighted streets at night,
From Kerry's "Kingdom" or from Pakistan,
Each an alien in a different light,
Many far from where their lives began.

But Limerick City you have seen it all,
Since Sarsfield and his men marched down your roads,
You felt the cannons break your sturdy wall,
You've borne many heavy weary loads.

Your dearest ones have often gone away,
In foreign lands their voices loudly ring,
In songs of how they would have longed to stay,
That only those that love you care to sing.

'Tis you have often bled for Ireland's sake,
Your brave young martyred sons, your murdered mayors,

But you have kept the faith and stayed awake,
Your people still know how to say their prayers.

When the time it comes to wield the stout camán,
No better men in Ireland can be found.
But others held through freedom's bloody dawn,
Sterner weapons to defend your sacred ground.

Your poets, scholars and soldiers says it all
Come down through history's pages to our time,
To outsiders like me their names enthral,
Oh, Limerick how I wish that you were mine.

Bustling crowded city of my dreams,
Your tall proud spires along the Shannon shore,
I've dreamed of you so often 'till it seems,
There's nothing left to dream of anymore.

But in reality to walk a dusty street,
In Limerick, queen of Munster's fertile land,
To see a smiling face old friends to greet,
Or clasp a cheerful kindly stranger's hand.

SUPPLIERS TO LYREACROMPANE CREAMER(YEAR 1966)-Compiled by Michael Naughton

No	Name	Address	No	Name	Address
1	Ned Sommers	Carrigcannon	99	Christy Quille	Cloughane
2	Tom Shanahan	Knocknaglough	100	Denis Nolan	Bugoughnamallevoge
3	Paddy Dillon	Lyreacrompane	101	Tom Barry	Banemore
4	Mick Doran	Carrigcannon	102	Sean Brosnan	Drommada
5	Sean Dillon	Cloughane	103	Bill Murphy	Knockanbrack
6	Denny Walsh	Knockaclare	104	Sonny Kelliher	Banemore
7	Patrick Roche	Knockaclare	107	John J Buckley	Lyreacrompane
8	Patrick Ahern	Knocknaglough	108	Matt Kennelly	Knockanbrack
9	Tom O'Sullivan	Knocknaglough	110	Tim Dillon	Gortacloughane
10	John Nolan	Glountane	113	Con O'Donoghue	Knockaclare
11	Johnny Dillion	Rathea	114	John Sheehy	Muingwee
14	Mick Galvin	Rathea	115	Jack Ahern	Knocknaglough
15	Jerh Cotter	Glountane	116	Mickie Nash	Cloughane
16	Bill Curran	Lyreacrompane	118	Jack Naughton	Glashnacree
17	Matt Moloney	Drommada	125	Ando Brosnan	Drommada
19	Mick Carmody	Glashnacree	126	Zebbie Sommers	Knocknacurra
20	Jerh Long	Lyreacrompane	127	Con Hickey	Muingwee
21	Paddy Dillon	Lyreacrompane	128	Michael Ahern	Knocknaglough
22	Paddy Larkin	Gortacloughane	129	John Joe Kennelly	Gortacloughane
23	Willie Falvey	Lyreacrompane	130	Andrew Connell	Carrigcannon
24	Sonny Doran	Lyreacrompane	131	Jack O'Sullivan	Banemore
25	Chris Nolan	Carrigcannon	135	John O'Sullivan	Banemore
26	Eggie Lyons	Carrigcannon	139	Con Galvin	Rathea
28	Mossis Sweeney	Knocknacurra	142	Bill Kennelly	Rathea
30	John J Sheehy	Cloughane	149	Daniel Sheehy	Muingwee
32	Thomas Dillon	Gortacloughane	150	John Lyons	Gortacloughane
34	Thomas Moloney	Drommada	152	Humphrey McMahon	Renagown
36	Bill O'Connor	Lyreacrompane	153	Denis Reidy	Renagown
37	Tom Doran	Carrigcannon	154	Dave Reidy	Renagown
41	Jimmy Galvin	Brommadra	155	Martin Sheehy	Renagown
42	Danny O'Connell	Knocknaglough	156	Jim O'Connor	Renagown
43	Jim Lyons	Carrigcannon	157	Dan Paddy Andy	Renagown
44	Con Sullivan	Brommadra	158	Paddy McElligott	Drommada
45	Jimmy Roche	Carrigcannon	159	Bob Nolan	Drommada
46	Eamon Moriarty	Cloughane	160	Maurice Brown	Drommada
47	Paddy Buckley	Knockaclare	161	Mollie Lynch	Drommada
49	Frank Thornton	Banemore	162	Dan Brosnan	Drommada
50	Jet Fitzgerald	Knocknaglough	163	Bill Cotter	Drommada
53	Chriss O'Connell	Carrigcannon	164	Michael Cronin	Drommada
55	John Moloney	Drommadra	165	Paddy O'Leary	Drommada
59	Paddy Quille	Knocknaglough	166	Michael O'Leary	Muingamuinane
60	Ned Kennelly	Brommadra	167	Den Joe Mahony	Muingamuinane
64	Mickey Keane	Glashnacree	168	Charlie Collins	Carrigcannon
65	Tadh Galvin	Gortacloughane	169	Michael Cronin	Broughane
66	Jerry O'Connell	Glanderry	172	Jerh Cronin	Knocknacurra
68	Bill Dillon	Gortacloughane	173	Batt Shea	Drommada
69	John Dillon	Gortacloughane	176	John J Cahill	Drommada
72	Dan Canty	Lyreacrompane	177	Sean Pat Mahony	Muingamuinane
73	Charlie Molyneaux	Glashnacree	179	Martin Sweeney	Broughane
77	Seamus Lynch	Knocknacurra	180	John Shanahan	Carrigcannon
78	Mick Costello	The Glen	181	Hugh Brosnan	Broughane
79	Tom Sheehy	Muingwee	184	Mary Sweeney	Broughane
81	Jack Dillane	Glashnanoon	187	Mickey Hickey	Broughane
85	Jerh Finnerty	Banemore	189	Charles Ahern	Broughane
89	Danny Joyce	The Glen	192	Con Brosnan	Drommada
90	Paddy Enright	Glashnanoon	194	Jackie Den Lyons	Drommada
93	Jimmy Con Nolan	Glauntaune	196	Neil Mahoney	Drommada
94	Bob Sullivan	Cloughane	197	John Cotter	Muingamuinane
96	John Neville	Carrigcannon	198	Michael Lyons	Drommada

AMANDA'S DIARY

When Ed Jordan came to our school to train us for the fashion show we were putting on, I never imagined that it would be the start of a life changing experience.

On the first day of the training Ed introduced himself and told us about himself. That's when we learned that he is a director of an orphanage in Minsk, Belarus. He also gave us information about interviews we could attend if we were interested in becoming a member of the Belarusian Orphanage Project (B.O.P.). I decided to go to the interviews, just for the sake of it, because I didn't really think I stood a chance. Before the interviews Ed gave us a talk about the orphanage and what it involved to become a member of BOP. The more I heard, the more I wanted to go. After the interview we were told we would receive a letter by the end of the week.

On Thursday, six people from our school received letters, saying that they were being offered a place to travel to Belarus. Because only two people from our school were supposed to be picked and I hadn't received a letter, I presumed I wasn't going. I was very disappointed, so you can imagine my excitement next morning when I got a letter congratulating me. That was only the beginning. There was so much to do and only three and a half months to do it in.

I attended two training days in Cork and a weekend in Dingle.

We did everything from learning first aid to speaking basic Russian. We also had to fundraise €1,300 each to pay for our flights, accommodation etc. and also to pay for supplies and equipment for the orphanage. (I'd like to say a special "Thanks" to everyone who helped me). We were shown pictures of the children and given so much information about them that it was impossible to remember it all. We learned that there is a waiting list for kids to get into Novinki, as it is much better than most of the children's homes in the area. For children to get into the orphanage they have to have three serious illness. Most have Down syndrome, Autism, and Epilepsy etc.



Amanda Carmody

When we finally reached Minsk airport one of the first things you'd notice is how serious and perfect all the people look. By the time we got in it was too late to go to the orphanage so we just went to the hotel and unpacked. The next day when we finally got to the orphanage we were all very nervous. But we were only inside the gates about five seconds when children came over and made us very welcome and

we forgot all about our nerves. At first we were kind of wondering what was wrong with each child and things like that but as the days went by we didn't see children with disabilities anymore. We just saw kids who want to have fun. Well, when I say children, a lot of them were the same age as, or even older than, me. There were times when I did think "oh! My God, what am I doing here", like when I found out that the cute little baby I had been playing with was actually an undernourished six year old little girl.

The playground that was built last summer was where most of our time was spent dancing, climbing and swinging on the coolest swings I've ever seen. It was very funny when you called out the name, Sasha, Pasha, Locia or a few more and about fifty people would come running towards you. For so many children there are very few names.

The trips away from the orphanage were the best. My favourite was the trip to the circus. All the boys got dressed up in their suits and ties and all we said was "oh Greasiba" which means beautiful. Trying to get them to watch the show was great fun. I was sitting beside one of the Sashes and he spent more time taking off his tie and putting it back on again, showing me what a great job he had done. We had such a laugh that day.

The last day we spent in the orphanage was the most emotional I have ever experienced. In the morning we had a great time with the kids as usual, but

when they went for their afternoon nap we had a meeting with the Director of the orphanage, Victor, and the other officials.

Last year the volunteers got medals for their work, but this year, we received little hearts made from flour and water that the kids had made themselves and painted faces onto. It was made extra special by the kids presenting them to us. I don't think there was a dry eye in the place. Then it was back to the playground for our last two hours of fun.

Leaving the orphanage and saying goodbye to the kids was the hardest thing ever. At the first meeting Ed told us they would become our babies but I didn't realise how right he was.

It's great hearing up-dates from other groups who have been out since but nothing compares to being there, so, hopefully I'll be back again in 2004.

Editors Note

What a wonderful undertaking for a young Lyreacrompane girl of Amanda's age. She certainly knocks on the head the popular belief that the youth of today are all selfish and self-centred. If Amanda succeeds in her desire to return to Belarus in 2004 she certainly deserves all the support we can give her.



6th Class, Dromclough National School called to the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial site in June 2003 as part of their school trip.



for cards must be sent. Free "Second" for those who send twopence for postage. 4K

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS—Good 7/6 per se better 10/6, best 12/6. Send postal order (pay postman on delivery. O'Brien's, 14 Esse Quay, Dublin. 20K14/1

TO LET—At Dooks, for September, Finished House, four apartments: three minutes' walk from golf links and strand. Apply Michael Murphy, Dooks, Glenbeigh. 1K

TO LET: Two Cottages each with five rooms at Fenit Coast Guard Station. Rent 5/- per week each plus Rates. Apply to Secretary, Office of Public Works, Dublin. 11/D.1007. 3K.10. W.H.Cc

WANTED—Strong country girl for farmer's place near Cork; early riser, good milker. Apply T. O'Leary, Springmount Carrigrohane, County Cork. 2K

WANTED—A Journeyman Carpenter. Apply William Nolan, Carrigcannon, Lyre crompane, Listowel. 1K

WRITING ASSISTANTS—Examination Comprehensive Course, all subjects. Questions, answers and hints for examination Prepared by experts. Five successes in Investigation Officers Examination, January 1935. Write for free specimen. National Correspondence College, 18 Upper Sherrin Street, Dublin. 3K1

10/- THE WHOLE LOT (carriage free) Just study our Amazing Bargain Bale: 1 pair Fleecy Blankets, 1 large-sized Quilt, blue or gold; 6 Table Covers, beautifully scalloped 40 Serviettes, 50 White Crepe Handkerchiefs —Postal Trading Service, Box 95, 13 Mary Street, Dublin. 13K26/9/31

£50,883 won by our clients. Cambridgeshire Sweep: Tickets 10/-; Shares—Half 5/- quarter 2/6, tenth 1/-. T. J. Hanna, 11 College Green, Dublin. 9K31

William Nolan Carpenter

This advertisement appeared in the Limerick Leader in 1935. The advertisement was inserted by Bill Nolan, our Postmaster's Grandfather. Bill, who was married to Maggie Collins from Knights Mountain, ran a carpentry business from the house now owned by Martin and Mary Leane opposite the Four Elms. It would appear that Bill's father, Cornelius, who was married to Liz Hussey from Banemore, was not a carpenter. Dinny also had a workshop at the top of the Branner. It seems that Bill learned the trade from Dinny. Another brother, Jim also helped out at the business in Carrig. In these workshops were manufac-

tured doors, windows, carts and wheels for carts. The wheels were banded by Paddy Canty in a very exacting operation down by Spur river at Lyre Bridge (between the present grotto and PJ O'Connor). The iron bands were welded to form a circle slightly smaller than the diameter of the new wheel. It was then heated in an open furnace beside the stream. This caused it to expand just enough to allow it to be fitted over the wheel and then quickly cooled to contract and tighten on the wheel.

Dinny and his son, Sonny, also built houses in the locality including Ned Lyon's, Aenie Murphy's and Bill Curran's original house.

Bill Nolan's workshop was staffed by Journey Carpenters. Among those were Jack Sugrue from Valentia, Dan Lyons (Lyons Funeral Home) and a man known as Paddy from Cork. It was from the latter, that Jack Sugrue learned his trade at Nolan's workshop. Dan Lyons was married to Bessie Carey from Carrig, daughter of Pat Carey and Molly Doran.

For the employees at Nolan's workshop an order for a coffin always got priority as this meant a little extra money for them from relatives of the diseased (for a couple of pints). Paddy from Cork was a good customer of Al Roche and the story told that Paddy was talking to a potential customer one day and asked how the sick relative was getting on. On being told that he had just passed away Paddy's priorities showed with his sincere but totally non-malicious remark, "That's good."

In this article we are indebted to Christy Quirke for the newspaper cuttings and to John (Davy) Nolan for the memories. John also recalls, that, as he walked home the Carrig Road from school one day in the Autumn 1939, it was Paddy from Cork who told him that Hitler had invaded Poland and World War Two had begun. (an excuse for Paddy to have another pint to steady his nerves, no doubt).

Johnny Nolan

Lyreacrompane Post Office

and

Grocer

Best wishes to
the
Lyre Journal

Always in
Demand



The Murphy Clan at the party which was held to honour Ned's Retirement from Kerry Co-Op after many years of service.

From Clare to Here?

The people of the Stacks Mountains and the general North Kerry area are fighting to protect their roads, rivers and general environment from the dangers posed by the existence of and plans (including taken Clare's rubbish) for the Muingnaminnane landfill site but.....

I sit beside a Kerry stream and close my eyes to see
 A picture of a childhood scene - the way it used to be
 Our shoes are off; we're paddling in waters clear and cool
 We watch the trout and salmon leap from many a sparkling pool

We don't need rosy glasses as most romantics do
 To show us that those rivers, though old, looked good as new
 I still can hear the trickle as its playing natures song

But waking to reality I notice something's wrong

Rivers of pollution have replaced our crystal streams
 With plastic bags and silage wraps and farm waste unseen

This load of awful rubbish; how did it all get there?

We haven't any need, I think, to look as far as Clare.

Joe Harrington 31/03/01

Best Wishes to

The Lyreacrompane Journal

From

Tom O'Connor & Sons Building Contractor Lyreacrompane

Phone: 068 48148

Mobile: 087 6757473

THE IRISH RAMBLING HOUSE

www.irishramblinghouse.com

e-mail ramblinghouse@eircom.net Phone: 068 48353

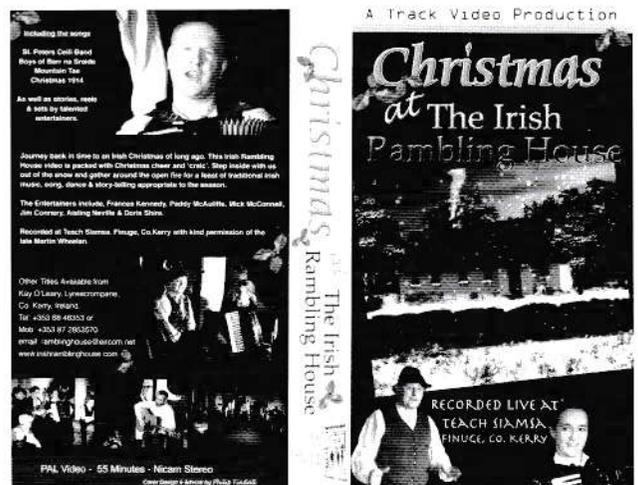
Looking forward to another Lyre Journal

Other Videos Available:

The Tour of Britain
Live at the Galtymore
Live in Manchester
Stonehall, Co Limerick
Live at Jurys
Live at University Concert Hall 1999

All the above videos cost €20 which include P&P
and they can be ordered from

*The Irish Rambling House
Lyreacrompane
Co. Kerry*



Christmas at the Irish Rambling House

Recorded at Teach Siamsa
Finuge, Co. Kerry

1901 Census Cloughaneliskert

Michael Stack, head of house, 19 yrs.
Hanora Stack, sister, 24yrs.
Michael Dowde, servant, 19 yrs.
Margaret Dowde, servant, 14 yrs.

Tom Quill, head of house, 56 yrs.
Mary Quill, wife, 44 yrs
Denis Quill, son, 22 yrs.
Maurice Quill, son, 20yrs.
Mary Quill, daughter, 16 yrs.
Thomas Quill, son, 14 yrs.
Edward Quill, son, 11 yrs.
Johanna Quill, daughter, 7yrs.
Rita Quill, daughter, 3yrs.

Patrick Reidy, head of house, 50 yrs.
Mary Reidy, wife, 48 yrs.
5 children
Stephen Dowde, servant, 19 yrs.

Edward Quille, head of house, 50 yrs.
Mary Quille, wife, 41 yrs.
John Quille, son,
Tom Quille, son,
Pat Quille, son,
Mary Quille, daughter,
Johanna Quille, daughter,

James O'Sullivan head of house,
Pat O'Sullivan, son,
Mary O'Sullivan, daughter,
Honara O'Sullivan, daughter,
Bart O'Sullivan, son,
Bart Enright, grandson, 5 yrs.

Edmond Nash, head of house, 66 yrs.
Mary Nash, wife, 70 yrs.
James Nash, son, 33 yrs.
Annie Nash, daughter in-law, 27 yrs.
Edward Nash, grandson, 4 yrs.
John Nash, grandson, 2 yrs.
Tom Nash, grandson, 1 yr.

Catherine O'Connor, head of house, 82 yrs.
Edmond O'Connor, son, 38 yrs.
(Edmond O'Connor was the man who, with the use of only one hand, placed the stepping stones known as 'Neddy's Steps' in 'Spur River'. These steps have survived over one hundred years and many, many, floods).

1911 Census Cloughaneliskert

Edward Moriarty, head of house, 38.
Nora Moriarty, wife, 37.
Michael Moriarty, son, 4.
Pat Moriarty, son, 2.
Kathleen Moriarty, daughter, 1.
Katie Lynch, servant, 16.

John Kelly, head of house, 30 yrs.
Mary Anne Kelly, wife, 27 yrs.
Tom Quill, boarder, 69 yrs.
Rita Quill, boarder, 14 yrs.

Patrick Reidy, head of house,
James Costelloe, servant, 29 yrs.

Edward Quille, head of house,

James Nash, head of house, 44 yrs.
Annie Nash, wife, 40 yrs.
Edward Nash, son, 14 yrs.
John Nash, son, 12 yrs.
Tom Nash, son, 10 yrs.
Patrick Nash, son, 8 yrs.
James Nash, son, 7 yrs.
Nora Nash, daughter 5 yrs.
Michael Nash, son, 4 yrs.
Martin Nash, son, 5mths.
Hanora 86 yrs.

Edmond O'Connor, head of house, 52 yrs.



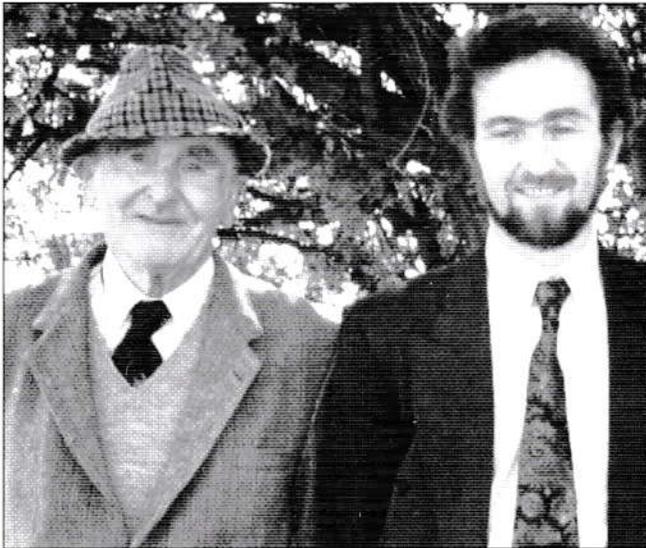
Kevin Sommers

1901 Census Cloghaneagleragh

John Sheehy, head of house, 58 yrs.
Margaret Sheehy, wife, 54 yrs.
Michael Sheehy, son, 24 yrs.
Edmond Sheehy, son, 22 yrs.
Martin Sheehy, son, 20 yrs.
Cornelius Sheehy, son, 18 yrs.
Catherine Sheehy, daughter, 16 yrs.
Richard Sheehy, son, 13 yrs.

Timothy Horgan, head of house, 47 yrs.
Johanna Horgan, wife, 38 yrs.
Timothy Horgan, son, 12 yrs.
Thomas Horgan, son, 10 yrs.
Hanora Horgan, daughter, 8 yrs.
John Horgan, son, 5 yrs.
Denis Horgan, son, 1 yr.
Margaret Regan, servant, 15 yrs.

Maurice McElligott, head of house, 37 yrs.
Mary McElligott, wife, 32 yrs.
Thomas McElligott, son, 10 yrs.
Jeremiah McElligott, son, 8 yrs.
Margaret McElligott, daughter, 7 yrs.
Mary McElligott, daughter, 5 yrs.
Michael McElligott, son, 2 yrs.
Bridget McElligott, daughter, 1 yr.



**John Joe Sheehy R.I.P.
and his son Ciaran Sheehy R.I.P.**

1911 Census Cloghaneagleragh

John Sheehy, head of house, 67 yrs.
Margaret Sheehy, wife, 64 yrs.
Michael Sheehy, son, 34 yrs.
Edward Sheehy, son, 32 yrs.
Catherine Sheehy, daughter, 25 yrs.
Richard Sheehy, son, 23 yrs.
Johanna Somers, servant, 17 yrs.

Timothy Horgan, head of house, 58 yrs.
Norah Horgan, wife, 50 yrs.
Tim Horgan, son, 22 yrs.
Hanora Horgan, daughter, 18 yrs.
John Horgan, son, 15 yrs.
Denis Horgan, son, 11 yrs.

Dan Paddy Andy

Festival

Dates 2004

Friday July 30th
Saturday July 31st
Sunday August 1st
Monday August 2nd

*Looking forward to seeing you
on the August Bank
Holiday Weekend*

FEALE OIL PRODUCTS LTD.



Branch Offices: Inchinapoagh, Brosna, Co. Kerry
Tel: (068) 44211 & (068) 23550 Fax: (068) 44324
Abbeyfeale, Co. Kerry Tel: (069) 62338 Fax: (068) 44324

*Best wishes to the
Lyreacrompane Journal*

THE MOUNTCOAL FEIS TROUPE 1934

Or My Little Dancing Darlings From Mountcoal.

Ah, the miles are long and dreary and the plains
are stretching wide.
And the green-clad hills of Kerry I can't see,
Nor can I see the Shannon, with its ever rolling
tide,
That divides my dear old Kerry friends from me;
But I'm gazing on a little group, although they're
far away,
I can see them plainly as I write this scroll,
And while vesper bells are pealing, sure my fond-
est thoughts doth stray,
Towards my little dancing darlings from
Mountcoal.

Never lived a group more loving, little darlings
everyone,
With hearts much lighter than the morning dew.
In my dreams I think I see them, on the stage
where oft they shone,
While the moments all too quickly flew:
I can see their handsome features, and their fig-
ures slim and neat.
From the band I still can hear the music roll.

No chamois on the Alps could be more nimble on
their feet,
Then my little dancing darlings from Mountcoal.

Gracious Julia Lyons, the champion, at the Kerry
Feis this year,
When thirty-five before our idol fled,
Yes, she quickly lowered the colours of some
famous winners here,
While she ran the senior champions to a head;
And handsome Josie Hartnett won outright the
senior cup,
Josephine a march on other champions stole,
In the town of Ballybunion, where her star blazed
brightly up,
She's my little darling from Mountcoal

And lovely Eileen Buckley with the curly sandy
hair,
One that never seemed to put a foot astray,
With Philomena Relihan a grand and brilliant
pair,
That will keep the old flag flying all the way;
There's another champion budding, that will blos-
som very soon,
To shed lustre on her native town, Listowel,
It's charming Bridie Flaherty, sweet as the rose in
June,
She's my little dancing darling from Mountcoal.

But the very best and bravest in this gallant band
Is Julia Hartnett with the golden hair
Plucky Mary Foley, and Kate Hartnett sweet and
grand,
Are unequalled from the Kingdom to Kildare:

And Mary Theresa Hartnett is the flower of all
the flock,
Some day my little pet will reach the goal,
She'll come back with medals swinging on a
breast that knows no shock,
She's my little dancing darling from Mountcoal

Julia Fitz and Mary Hannon, yes, and black
haired Maureen Lyons,
Three gallant sports that never let us down,
And blithesome Mary Mulvihill is showing every
sign
Of a dancer that we'll soon see wear the crown,
Yes, and sweet Eileen Moloney from the place
they call the gap,
More charming never tripped across the floor.
To Bab Foley and Lill Kelliher, I'll now take off
my cap,
They're my little dancing darlings from
Mountcoal.

I remember when I met them, on that glorious
summer night,
In that sporting little village of Duagh,
Handsome, pleasant, trim and tidy, I was charmed
with delight,
Sure the birds from out the bushes they would
draw:
A beauty competition would my little sweethearts
win,
And to see them dance would thrill your very
soul,
Graceful in their movements, ever full of courage
to the chin,
Are my Little dancing darlings from Mountcoal.

Then farewell my little beauties all, I hope to see
you score
At the Kerry Feis next summer in Tralee.
When the colours of some champions great, with
pride we'll watch you lower,
For you're matchless from the Shannon to the
Lee,
May the star of luck, my dears, ever travel in
your train,
And the sun shine bright along the paths you
stroll,
When the fields are white with daisies I may
ramble back again,
To my little dancing darlings from Mountcoal.

P.C. November 29th 1934



Norah and John O'Connell Carrigcannon

Photo courtesy of Chriss Quinn

1762 MAP

The map on the next page was drawn by a Charles and Richard Fitzell in November 1762 and shows part of the Earl of Kerry's estate on the east bank of the Smearla. The land is variously described as reclaimable moor, green pasturable mountain, heathy bog, dry heathy hill, course pasture, improvable mountain, green bog easily improved and arable pasture and meadow. The total acreage of the seven townlands was 3,861.

Lost in Lyreacrompane?

Sketches of the Southern Counties of Ireland 1797 (London 1801). G. Holmes:

On Saturday, August 26th 1797, we left Listowel for Castleisland, a journey that took us across Stack's mountain. Having crossed a fine bridge of eleven arches over the Feale, and finding a kind of footpath, we jogged on merrily, until the track became uncertain; by degrees we found ourselves environed by lofty hills, whose dreary summits broke the impending clouds, and sent such a torrent from their watery store as completely drenched us through; however, there was no alternative, so we were obliged to push through this desolate tract.

We now had no guide, but the supposed situation of the country; all traces of a path were gone; cultivation seemed to have

fled, or rather never to have appeared. Mountain rose above mountain, obtruding each its discouraging head. At last, by a sudden turning, we observed a cabin near us, which we joyfully approached. It looked like a speck in the boundless ocean, being the only solitary habitation for many miles through these mountains. Here we found only two children, one nursing the other; the younger was about one year old, and the elder seven; she could not speak English, but showed a second room, wherein we lodged our horses. I never saw Nature in her native garb so truly marked as in this child; she was rather handsome, with very intelligent eyes, which probably were rendered more sparkling from her inability to make herself

understood by her tongue.

Every object around us seemed indigenous to the soil, even the mountain cow and horse, the aborigines of the country, gave a marked and peculiar character to the spot. We gave the little girl a few half pence, but she seemed unacquainted with their uses. Shortly after, the mother and father returned, carrying fuel from the neighbouring bog; they both spoke little English, and as well as they could directed us to the path which it seems we had lost by a considerable way.

Working for the Economic Development of the Area

“Ar Scáth a chéile a mhairimid”



**SHANNON
DEVELOPMENT**

SHANNON

DEVELOPMENT

**Innovation Works
Kerry Technology Park
Tralee, Co. Kerry
Tel: (066) 7190000
Fax: (066) 7190070**

1916 Petition to split Knocknagoshel from the Diocese of Brosna

(Submitted by Fr. Kieran O'Shea)

The 1916 Petition by Residents of Knocknagoshel to the Bishop of Kerry to split off Knocknagoshel from the Diocese of Brosna. The petition was granted 25.6.16.

Your Lordship,

We the undersigned Parishioners of Knocknagoshel, and representing as we do the unanimous wishes of 440 Householders request your Lordship to grant us a resident Parish Priest. This is not the first time this request has been made of the Bishop of Kerry but for various reasons was not granted. For instance on one occasion we were too late in mailing our request as the P.P. had been appointed.

On another occasion we were told by the Bishop that the debt on the Brosna Presbytery was too heavy, but that is now paid off. Your Lordship will permit us to indicate that the long distances Priests and people have to travel for sick calls and other matters to and from Brosna - from Meenganare, Broughane, and Knights mountain -places because of the distances -12 to 14 miles, and the hilly roads take 2 1/2 to 3 hours to reach, and the nearest house in the parish is 4 miles from Brosna.

The Knocknagoshel Church itself is over an hour's drive from Brosna. On behalf of the sick, the general convenience of the people, and because we believe that the young and the old will be benefited by the presence and example of a Priest, we beg your Lordship to grant us this blessing. In conclusion we beg to add that we are prepared to do all in our power to meet your Lordship's requirements in this matter if you kindly acceded to our earnest request.

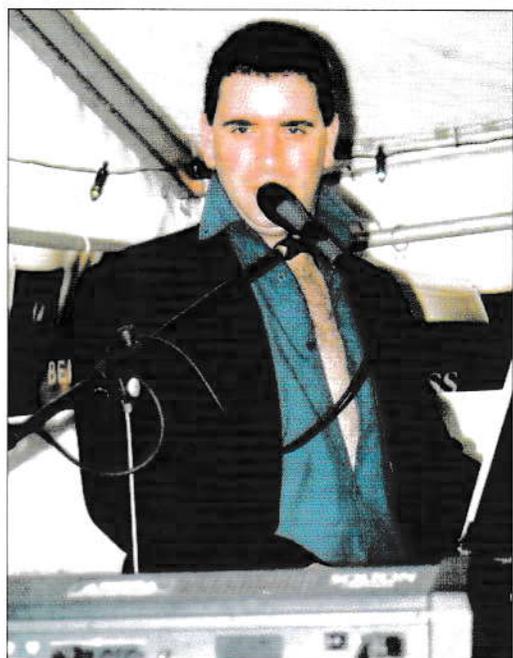
Jeremiah D. Long, R.D.C.
William Mor....., Shanavaugh
Michael Mangan, Behenaugh
Michael Mangan, Ballinahoun
B.J. Murphy, Knocknagoshel
Nora Murphy, Knocknagoshel
Cornelius Brosnan, Boula
J.M. Mangan, Lots.
Johannah O'Connor, Knocknagoshel
Jerh. J. Long, Knocknagoshel
James Begley
Daniel Cronin, Knockbrack
Daniel Murphy, Knocknagoshel
Ellen O'Connor, Meenahilly
Denis Guiney, Knocheencreen
Jeremiah T. O'Connor, Meenganaire
Daniel Horan, Knocheencreen
Jeremiah Brosnan, Boula
Cornelius O'Connor, Tooreenmore
Laurence O'Connor, Ballyduff
John Greaney, Meenleirim
John Fitzgerald, Boula
John Brosnan, Scart.
Timothy Brosnan, Meen
Patrick Walsh, Knocknagoshel
James Carmody, Meenbanivane
Daniel C. O'Connor, R.D.C.
Mrs. Ml. Mangan, Behenaugh
John Mangan, Ballinahoun
Corns. D. O'Connor?, Knocknagoshel
May Brown, Knocknagoshel
W.W. Mangan, Behenaugh
William Cahill, Knocknagoshel
Jas. J. Murphy, Knocknagoshel
Agnes? Murphy, Knocknagoshel
Chas. Begley
David O'Connell, Knocknagoshel
Harry Dalton, Knocknagoshel
Adam Keane, Knockbrack
Jeremiah Long, Knocknagoshel
Dan Doody, Knockbrack
Michael Connor, Knockbrack

Patrick McAuliffe, Scart.
Mrs. Horan, Boula
James Welsh
Patrick J. O'Sullivan, Feavautia
Daniel Doody, Knockbrack
John McAuliffe, Scart.
Denis Naughton, Kgoshel
P. Charles O'Connor, Knocknagoshel
Laurence Wren, Tooreenmore
Con Curtin, Knockbrack
Mrs. Brosnan
Thomas Wren
Daniel Ganey
James L. Hickey, Ballyduff
Luke S. Keane, Knocknagoshel
John J. O'Connor, Knocknagoshel
Jeremiah Brown, Knockbrack
Patrick Carmody, Ballinahoun
James Griffin, Knocknagoshel
Charles Bunwortt?, Knocknagoshel
Mrs. Andrew Nolan, Tooreenmore
Mrs. Michael Mangan, Beheenagh
Philip Brady
Michael Reidy, Beheenagh
James Doody, Knockbrack
Jeremiah Piggot, Meenbanivane
John Doody, Knocknagoshel
Maurice Murphy, Knocknagoshel
Con Brosnan, Meenbanivane
James Nolan, Knocknagoshel
Patrick Murphy, Knocknagoshel
Patrick Murphy, Ahane
Mrs. T. Doody, Knockbrack
Mrs. C. Curtin, Knockbrack
James C. Lyons, Ballybawn
John Sweeney, Meen
John O'Connor, Ballyduff
Jerry Murphy, Meen
Patrick Herlihy, Ballyduff
William Herlihy, Beheenagh
Michael Morrissey, Ahane
Mrs. Leahey, Ballincartin

Maurice Murphy
 Daniel Reidy, Meenleirim
 Margret Cotter, Knockbrack
 Mrs. James O'Connor, Knocknagoshel
 Denis Murphy, Meen
 John Walsh, Meenbanavane
 Kerry S. Keane, Scart
 Jerry Murphy, Scart.
 Michael Sullivan, Meenbanavane
 Daniel Nolan, Knockbrack
 James Thompson, Knockbrack
 James Emperor, Knockbrack
 Thomas Wren
 Cornelius Greany, Knockbrack
 Mary O'Connor, Behenaugh
 Jame O'Callaghan, Ballyduff
 Patrick Sullivan, Ballyduff
 Mary Brown, Feavautia
 John Roche, Scart
 James Walsh, Ahane
 Denis Scanlan, Ballyduff
 Maurice Murphy
 James Walsh, Feavautia
 John Murphy, Knocknagoshel West
 Daniel Nolan, Cloughane
 Denis C. O'Connor, Gortroe
 Patrick Donoghue, Knocknagoshel
 Catherine Hickey, Meenbannivane
 James Begley, Knocknagoshel
 Jeremiah Brosnan, Knocknagoshel
 James Browne, Knocknagoshel
 John Scanlan, Knocknagoshel
 Michael Neligan, Ballyduff
 R. Keene?, Behenagh
 Michael Doody, Knockbrack
 Daniel Leane, Clashnagaugh
 John Jay, Feavautia
 Jerry Murphy, Clashnagough
 Patrick Heffeman, Knockbrack
 Mathew Dillon, Behenagh
 Patrick Nolan, Toorenmre
 James Hickey, Meenbanivane
 Maurice Keane, Knockane
 John Murphy, Meen
 Denis Nolan
 Con. Brosnan, Knockbrack
 Denis Curtin, Meen
 Michael Ahern, Meenganaire
 James Fitzgerald, Boula
 Jeremiah Long, Scart
 Richard Walsh, Feavautia
 Patrick Murphy, Knocknagoshel
 Patrick O'Connell, Ahane
 Thomas Thompson, Knockbrack
 Michael Herlihy, Feavautia
 Robert Walsh, Knockbrack
 David Morrissey, Cummer
 John Kennelly?, Cummer
 John Cotter, Knockbrack
 Patrick Nolan, Tooreenmore
 Thomas O'Connor, Boula
 Daniel Keane, Knocknagoshel
 Daniel Murphy, Knocknagoshel
 James J. Long, Knocknagoshel
 Daniel D. Murphy, Knocknagoshel
 Stephen Griffin, Meenbanivane
 Nicholas Cotter, Knockbrack
 Cornelius O'Connor
 Jerry? T. O'Connor, Knocknagoshel
 Kate Herlihy, Knockane
 James Geany, Boula
 Edmond Sheehan, Meenbanivane
 Thomas Horan, Meen
 John Murphy, Knocknagoshel
 Maurice Brown, Scart
 John Brown, Scart
 Mary Morrissey
 Denis D. O'Connor, Knocknagoshel
 John Keane, Clashnagough
 Edward Walsh, Beheenagh
 Maurice Nolan, Knockbrack
 James Kirby, Gortroe
 Maurice Danaher, Ahane
 John Griffin, Knocknagoshel
 Robert Dalton, Ballyduff
 Denis Scanlon, Ballyduff
 Mike B. O'Connor, Gortroe
 John T. McAuliffe, Meen
 John Sullivan, Feavautia
 Mrs. Kerry Keane, Scart
 Mrs. Morrissey, Cummer
 Daniel Lyons, Knocknagoshel
 Mathew O'Connor, Ballyduff
 Jeremiah Brosnan, Meenbanivane
 Mrs. John Tobin, Laughtfooder?
 Michael Keane, Toureenard
 Nicholas W. Cotter, Knockbrack
 Mrs. Patrick Sullivan, Feavautia
 Mrs. Patrick Murphy, Knocknagoshel
 Mrs. J. Casey, Meenleirim
 Mrs. Jerry Reidy
 Florence Brosnan
 Daniel Collins, Cloughane
 Denis Walsh
 Johanna Nolan
 Mary Browne
 Johanna O'Sullivan
 Timothy O'Connor
 John Browne
 Thomas Heffeman
 Mary Jerh. J. Long
 Mary O'Connor
 Mary Heffeman, N.T.
 Mary O'Connor, Gortroe
 David Brosnan, Knockbrack
 Mrs. F. Brosnan, Knockbrack
 Mrs. Kate Wren, Meen
 Jerh. Piggot, Knocknagoshel
 Mary J. O'Connor, Knockbrack
 James Reidy
 Mrs. Murphy, Meen
 John Connor, Meenleirim
 Pat Nolan
 Pat Collins, Feavautia
 Michael M. Aherne, Meenganaire
 John Sullivan, Knockbrack
 Richard Cotter, Knockbrack
 Thos. Murphy, Knocknagoshel
 Cornelius Moynihan, Knocknagoshel
 Michael Herlihy, Ballinacartin
 Denis Murphy, Meen
 John McAuliffe
 William Leane, Toureenard
 Ned Cotter, Toureenard
 Denis Lane, Shanby
 Geoffrey Donoghue, Knocknagoshel

Patrick Roche,Ahane
 Margaret Hickie,Meenleirim
 Laurince Shine,Knocknagoshel
 Thomas Pigot,Meenbanivane
 Patrick Riordan,Knocknagoshel
 John Thompson,Knockbrack
 Denis O'Connor,Knockbrack
 Thos. Keane
 Tim Cotter,Knockbrack
 James Hogan,Gortroe
 William Cullinane,Ballyduff
 Timothy Griffin,Kgoshel
 Jerh. Connor,Meenleirim
 Kerry K. Keane
 Edmond ..ralle?
 John O'Connor
 Michael McAuliffe,Knocknagoshel West
 John Hickey,Meenleirim South
 Jerh. Reidy,Meenleirim North
 John Downey,Laughtfouder
 Denis McAuliffe,Knochnagoshel West
 Denis Long,Knocknagoshel
 James Mangan,Feavautia
 John McElligott,Knockbrack
 James Reidy,Ballyduff
 Daniel Sullivan
 James O'Connor,Knocknagoshel
 Daniel Sullivan,Ballinahoun?
 John O'Connell,Meen
 Jerry Riordan,Kilmanahan West
 Miss Michael Walsh,Clashnagough
 George O'Callaghan,Beheenaugh
 Mrs. F. McAuliffe,Scart
 Timothy Sheehan,Feavautia
 Julia Horan,Clashnagough
 Mary Murphy,Knocknagoshel
 Johana Nolan,Scart
 Patt Nolan,Clashnagough
 Mrs. P. Lyons,Meen
 Mrs. P. Connor,Gortroe
 Mrs. Richie Cotter,Knockbrack
 Mrs. Jeremiah Brosnan,Baranarig
 John Brown,Scart
 Mrs. John Connor
 Mrs. Maurice Downey
 Maurice Donoghue
 David Reidy,Meen
 Edmond Carmody
 Cornelius O'Connor
 Charles Curtin
 John O'Connor
 Edmond Walsh
 Daniel Murphy
 Thomas P. O'Connor,Knocknagoshel
 Denis Greaney,Meenleirim
 Tim Kirby,Knocknagoshel
 Patrick O'Sullivan,Ballinahoun
 D.D. Curtin,Meenleirim
 Redmond Roche,Lackbruder
 James Murphy,Knockachur
 Eulick Burke,Knockbrack
 Mary Doniellan?
 David Walsh
 Timothy Connell
 Nicholas N. Cotter
 Laurence Walsh
 Simon Keane
 Norah L. Leane,Kockeencreen
 John Leane,Knockeencreen
 John J. Greany,Meenleirim
 Dan Cotter,Meen
 .ama? Cotter,Knockbrack?
 Ellie Doody,Knockbrack
 John Griffin
 David O'Sullivan,Knocknagoshel
 Thomas Walsh,Meenbanivane
 William Riordan,Kilmanihan
 Timothy O'Connor,Beheenagh?
 John Enright, Nat Teacher
 Patrick O'Connor,Knocknagoshel
 John Casey,Meenleirim
 William Cahill,Knocknagoshel
 Michael Scanlan, Ballyduff
 John Griffin,Ballyduff
 James O'Connor,Knocknagoshel
 Patrick Sullivan,Knocknagoshel
 James Morrissey,Gortroe
 Batt O'Connor,Gortroe
 Daniel Sullivan,Knightsmountain
 Batt P. Murphy, Meen
 Patrick O'Connor,Gortroe
 Timothy Moynihan,Ballyduff
 Kerry Keane,Knocknagoshel
 Michael O'Connor,Meenganeare
 Charles Curtin,Knightsmountain
 Charles Hartnett,Knocknagoshel
 Dan Carmody,Knocknagoshel
 Michael J. Keane,Scart
 Timothy O'Connor,Meenleirim
 James Walsh,Ahane
 Cornelius Murphy
 Jerry O'Connor,Menrare?
 Johanna Nolan
 Maggie Reidy,Meenleirim
 Hanna Hickey,Meenleirim
 Lawrence O'Connor,Gortroe
 Dan D. Nolan,Toureenard
 Joseph O'Connor,Knocknagoshel
 Thomas J. O'Connor,Knocknagoshel
 Joseph Murphy,Knocknagoshel
 John O'Connor, N.T. Knocknagoshel
 Charles Donoghue,Knocknagoshel
 Patrick O'Connor,Knocknagoshel
 Tim Murphy,Knocknagoshel
 Thomas W. Roche,Kilmanihan
 Michael Sullivan,Knocknagoshel
 John Riordan,Meen
 Michael Walsh,Clashnagough
 Laurence Murphy,Knocknagoshel
 Mrs. Denis Curtin,Meenleirim
 Mrs. David O'Connor,Knockbrack
 Mrs. Geoffrey O'Donoghue,Knocknagoshel
 Mary Curtin,Loughfooder
 Mrs. Simon Carmody,Ballyduff
 Mrs. Patrick Nolan,Boula
 John Nagle, Sgt.,R.I.C.,Knocknagoshel
 James Sullivan, Con.,R.I.C, K'goshel
 John Keane,Ballyduff
 Joseph O'Sullivan,Gortroe
 John Fitzgerald,Knocknagoshel West
 James Fitzgerald,Knocknagoshel
 James Murphy,Knocknagoshel
 James F. Hickey,Ballinatn?
 Timothy O'Sullivan,Ballinahoun
 Jeremiah Scanlon,Knockbrack

Some Entertainers at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival 2003



Dermot Lyons



Jambylia



The Thrashing Mill Boys



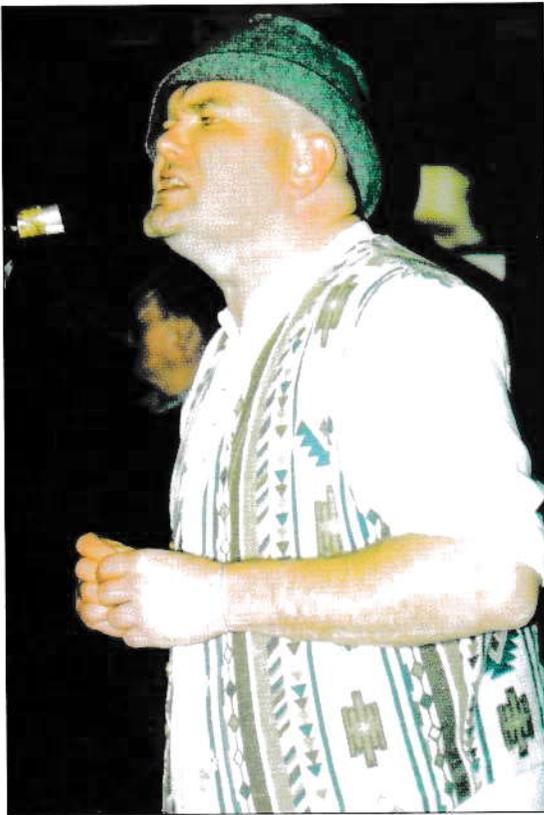
Timmy Sommers



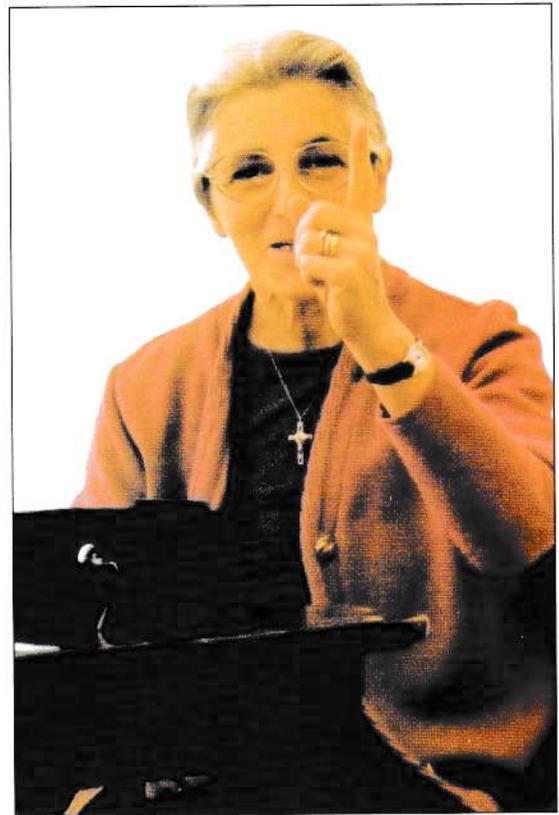
Jacqueline
O'Connor

John
O'Connor





Mike Shinnors Storyteller



**“Don’t put my photo in the Journal!!”
warns Chris Quinn**



**Mary and Michael Mangan,
Lyre and New York**



**“Lyreacrompane and District
Journal gratefully acknowledges
the contribution from Tuatha
Chiarrai Teo, the National
Rural Development Programme
for North and East Kerry,
towards the publication
of our Journal”**

Playing Fields around

Lyre

Pat Brosnan

In our younger days perhaps no other area in North Kerry had as many football playing pitches as those which existed around the various townlands of our Lyreacrompane and its environs. In our own playing days in the 'forties, 'fifties and right up to the 'sixties there were playing fields of various kinds in the area.

One of the first that comes to mind is a little field known as 'Reidy's Inch' which was situated just across the river from Dromadamore West and was actually in Broughane townland in Knocknagoshel parish. Several Sundays throughout the year when we were national schoolboys in the late 'thirties and early forties' we would assemble there for matches between Dromada and Broughane, or between East and West Dromada. During the late summer and early autumn when the game was over we would wander over the glens and ravines of Knockanelawn beyond the playing field to pick freaghauns and take these tasty wild fruits home for jam making.

Those were the days of regular football games between the different townlands, a custom which was there long even before our own time, but which sadly now is a thing of the past in most places.

This is really a pity in many ways as it gave grass root footballers who would never have made it to the parish or club teams an opportunity to star for their townland teams if for no other. The

only townland teams that we hear about nowadays are in the soccer code.

But to get back to the playing pitches in the locality there was a fine field in Renagown belonging to the McMahan family where many matches between townlands were played years before and during our own time. One of my earliest memories of watching an inter-townland match was a game between Smearla Rangers and Carrigcannon in 1937 there.

In Dromada we had a handy little football ground in the corner of one of our meadows at the time. Several inter-townland matches used to be played there and we also used it as a training field for our local team. We used a field owned by Tommy Sheehy of Renagown for training the Smearla Rangers team.

In Carrigcannon there was of course the popular and probably best known football field in the locality known as Roche's Racecourse and there was also another field owned by the Roche family where we remember inter-townland matches being played. One of my recollections is also a match between Carrig Sarsfields and Cloughane being played in Lyons Reask field in Carrigcannon which ended in a draw and the replay took place in a field known as 'The Clunes' in Cloughane which incidentally the Carrig Sarsfield won. This was in the 1952 District League. Another popular playing ground in Carrig was a field known as Jereen's Inch just across the Smearla from Dromadamore and near the Renagown and parish border. The field was owned by

the Nolan family and we played there on countless occasions.

A few hundred yards from Jereen's Inch on the Dromada side of the Smearla was another fine field owned by John Moloney where we played matches on a few occasions. In Glountane there was a splendid natural playing field on the banks of the Smearla where we played many inter-townland matches. This field was owned by the local Nolan family. Over the footbridge across from the Church there was another excellent field owned by the Doran family where inter-townland and a number of North Kerry inter-club matches were played in the mid-nineteen-fifties. Also we often played on a roadside field belonging to the Walsh family in Knockaclare. Again crossing over the border into Ballymacelligott parish there was a fine level playing pitch known as Morrisseys Inch which was the home ground of the Maugha teams of that period and indeed of previous times of which some of the older generation often recounted. There was a riverside field across the road from Lyre National School where matches and training sessions often took place. When sometimes we went to play teams from Boula there was a field owned by the O'Connor family in the townland itself and we also played in fields owned by the two different Long families in Scart.

Finally we must congratulate the local committee who have in recent years carried out the development of that fine G.A.A. Field which in former times used to be known as Doran's Inch. They have now accomplished

what Lyre people of my generation and previous generations could only dream about in less prosperous times. The playing field and the new Resource Centre will surely provide some excellent facilities for the local people of all ages situated as they are in the heart of Lyre.

There were of course other less known practice pitches in various parts of the district where no actual matches were played, but where lads assembled regularly to play football and keep fit. These were also important factors in keeping the game alive in the area.

There is little doubt that the high cost of public liability insurance, the recent compensation culture and the fear of litigation in case of accidental injuries to participants is a major factor these days why farmers will not allow their fields to be used occasionally any more for football games, nor indeed other forms of sport. The

risk is too high for any chances to be taken in this direction and so it is hard to blame the landowners for refusing admission to their fields.

There may be a certain amount of regret and nostalgia for the good old carefree, happy-go-hicky times of the past in this regard, but whether we like it or not this is the reality of the present.

Various causes have been blamed for the ongoing and increasing saga of rural decline that is happening in several areas of the country and there is no doubt that when some of us occasionally visit the local townlands around our native Lyre it is sad enough to see many of the fertile fields and meadows of our youth now under forestry or covered with rushes, in the words of Yeats "all changed, changed utterly". Much the same thing, but possibly to a lesser extent is happening in my adopted parish of Athea and other parts of West

Limerick, but is not this all supposed to be progress according to European standards. In all fair play it must be conceded that certain aspects of our lives have improved considerably since our entry into the European Union, but in other ways particularly in regard to the restrictions that are now being imposed on those living in rural areas as to what they can no longer do in their own land or bogs, certainly is not for the better. It now seems a long time ago since those of us who were organising G.A.A. activities in our native parish could approach any farmer in the locality to obtain his permission, which was usually forthcoming and which was always free of charge, to use a section of his land on either a temporary or permanent basis as one of the playing fields around Lyre.



Enjoying the Dan Paddy Andy Festival L-R Anna O'Donoghue, Amanda Carmody, Aishling Clifford, Emma Leane, Sharon Hurley

Photo courtesy of Valentine Trodd

window at my car..."he even brought a woman with him - if Dan Paddy Andy was alive she wouldn't be safe either..." and he went on to explain that great bygone matchmaker's prowess in certain areas which made me think that the subject of the Lyreacrompane festival had perhaps eaten a surfeit of Rhino horn.

So when I was due to visit Lyre again I decided to telephone Johnny Nolan's Post Office and learn who my inquisitor and his silent partner had been - perhaps I would refer to them in my talk. Not having the number I dialled Directory Enquiries. The jolly young lady on the exchange immediately asked me if I was coming down to the Dan Paddy Andy Festival!! To my astonishment I discovered that on that day "11811" took me to Tralee and the woman on the other end of the line hailed from Lyre, and although Madeleine promised me a dance later she never materialised on the night. I did manage to discover who my Lyreacrompane inquisitors were, but let us not embarrass them now.

I was to speak in an imbibing establishment called "The Four Elms", and when I prudently arrived there a half hour before the proceedings were due to start, I strangely had mixed feelings on discovering hardly anyone present. One part of me was delighted and whispered comfortingly, "This will be easy", while the other annoyingly nagged "Obviously nobody is interested". Joe Harrington however told me that the place would be buzzing soon, so I decided to visit John Davy Nolan, who lives nearby. John was one of the very first men to drive a locomotive on Lyreacrompane Bog, which is significant. John is one of the Kingdom's true gentlemen, so for a brief time we discussed Bord na Móna's involvement in Lyre, which I had come to the Four Elms to talk about. I had even brought the silver slane De Valera used to cut the inaugural sod in the very first national turf-cutting competition of 1934. I had borrowed the slane from the Bord na Móna section of Peatland World Museum in Co Kildare with the curator Mick Jacob's co-operation. The slane was a prop, something to talk about, so I took it to John D. Nolan's residence as well. My conversation with John D eventually swung around to football and that Final of '82, and eventually to Matt Connor of Offaly, of whom John spoke with admiration - which pleased me since in my opinion Matt's prowess on the football field outshone all others. Such was John D's hospitality it was with much reluctance I later trudged back to a now overcrowded Four Elms.

I was told I would be speaking from the same platform as a number of traditional storytellers and since I had the works of Eamon Kelly in my library, I felt little trepidation. Imagine my astonishment later to discover that one storyteller, a chap from Limerick, was dressed (rather like an English Morris dancer) for the occasion, and the woman who preceded me told a sexy story of a woman whose "Arsh (written as it was pronounced on the night) shone like two full moons". How could I follow that! I secretly resolved to kill a certain former Lord Mayor of Limerick! In desperation I even considered stringing a few blue stories together in an attempt to somehow fit in - and it would have worked, but looking about I had to take the children present into consideration.

My story had less of the "Twin Arsh" approach, but it was real, and I knew that those who respectfully listened were probably relatives of the bygone great bogmen of Lyre. I told them of the "army of dole men" (that's how local poet John Joe Sheehy described them) which introduced the peat industry to that part of Kerry during the time of the Turf Development Board and Fianna Fáil's drive toward developing the natural resources of Ireland (including the bogs) back in 1937.

The first three men on the Lyreacrompane Register were Tim Sullivan, Jer Naughton and Jack Naughton - they were eventually joined by others in preparing the bog for its first partial harvest that year.

"We'll sing a song as we march along, With spade and pike and slane", wrote John Joe Sheehy, describing that bygone onslaught on the Kerry bogs in an industrial revolution which would eventually see hard manual labour succeeded by machines with exotic names like "De Smithsky" and "Lilliput" and most importantly the less well named "Bagger".

The Baggers were brought in by men like Harry Starken, Herr Kraull (who stayed four months) and Carl Gutheim (who John Joe Sheehy described as "crazy"). These were German nationals who came from their homeland along with the machines after Todd Andrews and an Irish fact-finding mission had travelled to the continental bogs and found them (the machines) working well there. The name "Bagger" didn't denote an association with bags, it's the German word for "excavator". Like many others before him Harry Starken was eventually assimilated into Irishness, settling for a while in Lyre, but finally in Leabeg near Tullamore in Offaly (where his wife Lizzy Clooney came from). One of Harry Starken's sons, Pat, had worked with Bord na Móna at Lyre. Another son Harry was a Mechanical Fitter at Bord na Móna's Boora Works near Tullamore, and also a member of the Offaly football panel which lost the 1961 All-Ireland Final to Down - he later became the Manager of Roadstone in Athlone.

The noise of the Bagger was described by Joe Harrington, in a previous issue of this Journal, as "the heartbeat of Lyre". Indeed it was, since in the 1940s over 500 people were required each year to turn, foot, clamp and generally harvest the turf it cut - as Fianna Fáil had intended, the Bagger therefore stemmed the tide of emigration. It was an amazing machine, weighing in at 40 tons and designed to travel over the soft wet bog at a forward working speed of 16 metres per hour whilst impacting a ground pressure of only 2 lbs per square inch. This electrically driven leviathan gobbled up and macerated peat at enormous pressure, continuously shooting out a 54-metre sod which was then cut into hearth-sized individual sods by a following series of disk blades. Footing machine turf in the 1940s earned the workers 5 shillings a plot which took about 8 hours for an individual to complete. It was back-breaking work, but other duties associated with the bagger were nothing but slavery.

In the transitional period between manual labour and mechanisation the bog workers encountered semi-automatic machines that were driven by men but also drove men. The worst example of this was

the semi-automatic Sod Collector, which had to be hand-fed with footings by about sixteen men as it travelled forward toward them. It did so at a maximum speed of 110 yds an hour (for Types II to IV) and an amazing 540 yds an hour for Type V (the Hamster). These machines collected up to 50 tons of turf an hour, transferring the collected footings via a 60 metre conveyor belt to a long rick beside the spreading ground. Since the machine drivers were on bonus, at least some of them drove forward with that in mind. This meant that throughout their working day the men on the ground had to stare into the maws of the advancing machine (in a horribly dusty atmosphere) whilst they desperately grabbed up footings (small clamps of turf) and threw them into the tireless conveyor. In desperation they would sometimes throw sods into the conveyor sprocket to break the shearpins and have a short respite.

Another horrible operation was that of "planking" the Bagger in wet weather. A crew of men "attended" the Bagger, placing 9 ft railway sleepers in front of it to prevent it from sinking in soft bog. Afterward they had to claw the sleepers from the muck where they had been buried by the machine's weight and drag them forward to the front of the machine again. This operation was continuously done through both daylight and dark - during the cutting season the Bagger worked 24 hours. Imagine doing this work on miserable wet nights with the sweat blinding you and running down the channel of your back - such jobs were inhuman.

In due course all the bog operations, including "footing", were completely automated and although this prevented hardship it also reduced the labour intensity of the industry. What started along socio-economic lines had finally become cost effective and efficient. Throughout Bord na Móna in the 1940s an acre of bog was considered capable of producing 150 tons of turf per worker, by 1970 staff reductions associated with increased mechanisation resulted in that statistic improving to 450 tons per worker.

Such efficiency of course eventually depleted the resource the industry relied on and many bogs, like Lyreacrompane, were eventually cut away. Bord na Móna finally ceased turf production on Lyre in 1963. Between 1937 and 1963 Lyreacrompane produced about a quarter of a million tons of top quality machine turf. And the men who worked there are now listed in barely legible longhand on a small number of brown well thumbled foolscap pages in Bord na Móna Headquarters. From them I extracted a list of perhaps the most permanent of the bog workers from that bygone era - men who knew what work was all about (Named in the Lyre Notes, Kerryman, in September). The Lyreacrompane Rip Van Winkle-like fairytale vision of a local man, Matt Dillane, had come true. Matt had fallen asleep on Quills Mountain in 1908 to dream of a train coming down the bog, and of course since he persisted with his story he was generally laughed at.

That visionaries like Todd Andrews, Frank Aiken and De Valera would eventually create the conditions to finally realize Matt's dream - when John D. Nolan first drove his locomotive down Lyreacrompane Bog - was indeed remarkable.

There are of course many facets to the Kerry bog industry story, and I also spoke that night of Christopher Daly, the greatest turf cutter of all time, but that's another story. After my talk Joe Harrington presented me with a wonderful time-piece, whilst I clumsily held on to De Valera's slane, and I was doubly chuffed when somebody came up and thanked me for mentioning their father. Stumbling through the crowd in an attempt to regain my composure I encountered a group of teenagers outside - one young man was swirling about drinking a pint of Bulmer's cider.

They engaged me in polite conversation until they learned I came from Offaly:

"Come here to me", said the cider drinker, "Ye should never have won that All-Ireland in 1982!"

"Here we go again", I thought, but the young man suddenly got serious.

"I don't mind", he said, "but they're always talking about that bloody Darby goal and forgetting the contribution made by Matt Connor, the greatest footballer who ever laced a boot".

I hadn't mentioned Matt at all, and now once again felt admiration for all those Kerry folk who really know their football.

Oh and by the way, this article is dedicated to Bill McCarthy and Billy Moleneaux, who keep the John B. Keane Tradition alive in Lyreacrompane.



Valentine Trodd

**A Journalist, Author, Feature Writer and Artist,
Valentine Trodd is the Editor of Scéal na Móna
Magazine.**

www.lyreacrompane.com

Keeping lyre people at home and abroad in touch
with all the happenings
and with each other.

Contact us at **lyre@lyreacrompane.com**

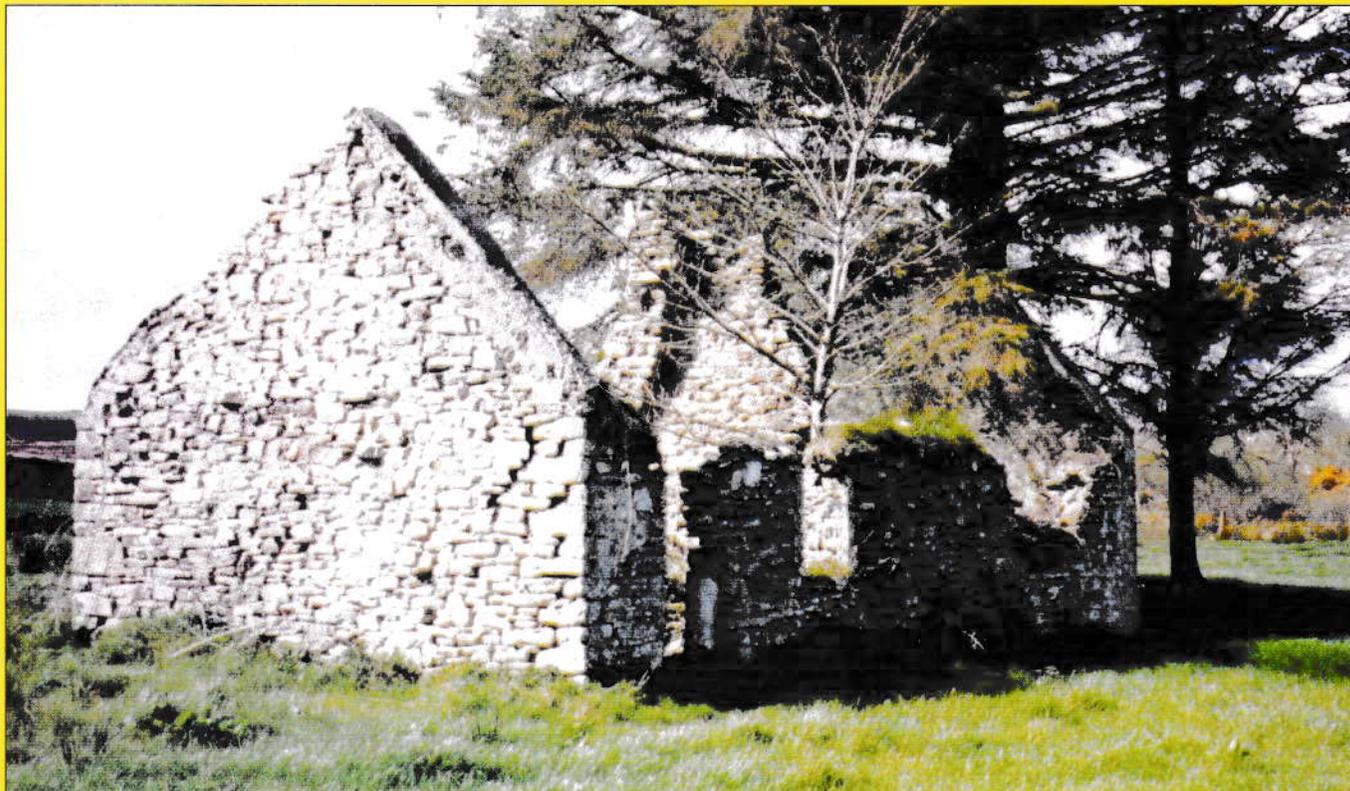
You too can have a Lyre e-mail address i.e.

pat@lyreacrompane.com.

*Inside Back Cover: Rambling Wren Batch at
'The Wrenboy' Competition in Listowel,
September 2003. The Rambling Wren Batch is
organised from Lyreacrompane.*



FROM THE PAST.....



A ruin in Spur, Lyreacrompane

.....INTO THE FUTURE



Lyreacrompane school children with the Millennium Time Capsule