

The

No. 6

LYREA CROMPANE & DISTRICT JOURNAL

MILLENNIUM ISSUE





1998 WINNERS - LYRE WALKS GROUP RECEIVING THE "OPEN GATE TROPHY" IN NOVEMBER

Back Row L TO R

Frank Hayes (Kerry Group), Liz Griffin (North Kerry Walks), Kay O'Leary, Brigid Naughton, Joe Harrington (Lyreacrompane Walking Group) Ogie Moran (Shannon Development)

Front Row L TO R

Tom Finn (North Kerry Walks), Martin Nolan (Kerry County Manager) Michael Naughton (Chairperson Lyreacrompane Walks)

*Best Wishes to the
Millennium Issue
of the Lyreacrompane
Journal
from Lyre Walks Group*



Lyreacrompane lies in the Stacks Mountains range in North Kerry. It is centrally located being approximately ten miles from the towns of Castleisland, Listowel and Tralee (Co. Kerry), and Abbeyfeale (Co. Limerick). The Stacks Mountains has a mixture of gentle and steep slopes. It's highest point is Crusline at 355 metres. To the east of the Stack Mountains stand the Glanaruddery Mountains.

The River Smearlagh is the longest river in the district. The smaller rivers Crompane, Dromaddamore and Glashoreag all rise in the uplands and tumble down hill until they unite with the Smearlagh. It then wanders through most of the Lyreacrompane district, uniting with the Feale River at Inchmagillagher. Our walking tracks incorporate vast patterns of bohereens, bog roads, field tracks and a mass path etc. that once served a need in the lives of the local people. The paths are aptly named after both legendary and historical events in the district I.E. "Mass Path / River Walk" and "Fionn McCumhail". We also have many unmarked paths. With the combination of vast rolling hills, pure air and moorelands the area is an ideal haven for both the experienced and casual walker.

LYREACROMPANE & DISTRICT JOURNAL

Welcome to Lyreacrompane & District Journal number 6. Since the first issue nearly ten years ago the Journal has recorded much of history, folklore and current events in our Community. But the research is ongoing and this Millennium issue is the biggest yet.

Our thanks to all our usual contributors and to those who are coming on board for the first time. Once again our Journal would not be possible without the support of our advertisers and we ask that you show your appreciation by supporting them.

A special word of "Thanks" to Moyvane man, Gabriel Fitzmaurice who helped to make our last launch night the enjoyable event it has become. (Previous Journals were launched by Sean McCarthy RIP, President Mary Robinson, Mary Conroy & Maura Begley with the assistance of John B Keane and Jim Connolly Rural Resettlement).

This Journal will mark the Millennium in Lyre but it will also be marked by the burying of a time capsule at the Dan Paddy Andy platform on December 27th 1999 - the centenary of the matchmaker birth. The capsule will remain untouched until December 2099. Adults and especially the local national school children are enthusiastically coming forward with ideas. In the capsule will be a copy of this Millennium Issue of the Lyreacrompane and District Journal.

We can wonder what that future generation who dig up the capsule will make of us. It would be nice to think that there might be some people around then to publish a Lyre Journal recounting the local history our community is making today.

As the Millennium Journal is now being launched work begins on issue number seven. So get your contributions, photographs etc. in as soon as possible. Articles from exiles are especially welcome.

Season's greetings to all our readers, subscribers, advertisers and in particular our exiles, our thoughts are with them at this time of year.



Editor

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.

Front Page Pic Dominick Kirwin

December 1999

EDITOR

Joe Harrington

SECRETARY / RESEARCHER

Kay O'Leary

COMMITTEE

Bridie Sheehy

Bridie Quille

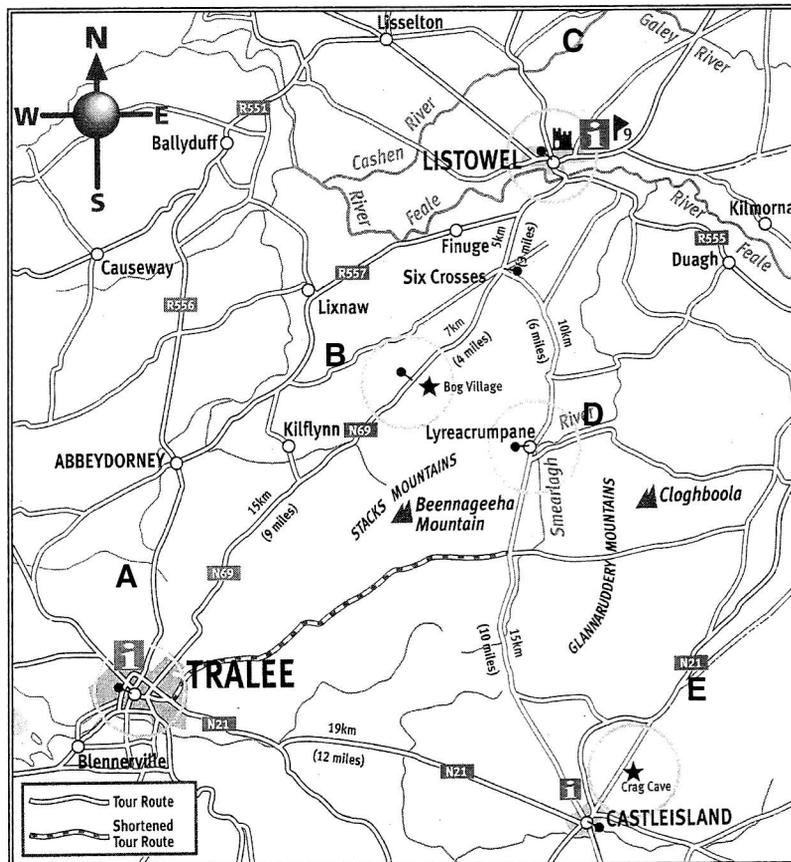
John Joe Sheehy

Tommy Quille

Lyre Walk Groups and the Dan Paddy Andy Committee are delighted to note the marketing of their activities by Shannon Development in its

“DRIVE OF DISCOVERY” BROCHURE.

Below we reprint part of that brochure



A. The Yellow Drive commences in Tralee on N69.

Direction Listowel.

B. The “*Day in the Bog*” experience is a portrayal of a way of life that, until comparatively recent times, was familiar to most people in this locality. Turf (peat) was the manually produced fuel on which the community depended and around it skills, artifacts and folklore developed over the centuries.

From the Bog Village carry on to Listowel.

Direction Listowel.

C. *Listowel*, beside the River Feale, is a pleasant town to wander through with a grand old Castle, a Square and some remarkable shop fronts. Its “*Garden of Europe*” is a haven of serenity where one can sit and ponder.

For many years Listowel has been acknowledged as a font of literary genius and the fame of its writers and poets is world-wide.

Return on N69 as far as “Six Crosses” and turn left on a minor twisting road.

Direction Lyreacrumpane.

D. This road brings you through the vast boglands that were the source of the activities depicted in the Bog Village. Turf is still harvested here but nowadays huge machines are used instead of the old-fashioned “*Slean*”. By the roadside near “*The Four Elms*” in Lyreacrumpane is a memorial to the famous match-maker, Dan Paddy Andy and from here also commence some marked walking trails.

Continue on the narrow road towards Castleisland.

Direction Castleisland.

E. Turn left on entering the village. *Crag Cave* is well signposted about 2km to the North East. This colourful wonderland of stalactites and curious rock formations was discovered in 1983 and has been made into an attractive and informative visitor centre. Open March - November.

Take the N21 back to Tralee.

Direction Tralee.

OUR WALKING WAYS

By Tom Finn (North Kerry Walks)

There is an idyllic image, held by ourselves and by the average tourist, of the Irish countryside as a place of open fields, heathery hillsides and wave-washed shores where the heart is eased and the spirit refreshed by a ramble along some old bohereen or river bank. In truth that image is perfectly correct, as nature has been very generous to us in the way she bestowed her gifts. Kerry was specially favoured. However having a great many beauty spots close to us is one thing, being able to gain access to them is an entirely different matter.

There are many reasons why freedom to roam in the countryside is not as unrestricted as it used to be in the past. For one thing farming methods have changed enormously over the past few decades, as has rural development generally. Coinciding with these changes is an increased desire by the public to see and enjoy what they regard is their natural heritage. But the fact is that the track across the fields that we knew so well is now a rarity and landowners tend to be cautious when they see people coming on to their property.

In an effort to avoid conflict between different interests and to provide an amenity for both community benefit and tourism purposes the way marked walking path serves a very useful purpose. Such paths are agreed routes kept in good condition and almost invariably the walker will stay on them. The result is less trespass and annoyance for the farmer and at the same time people who wish to wander outdoors can do so without fear of going astray or being challenged. Encouraging the development of such pathways is what North Kerry Walks has been doing over the past nine years. About twenty are now completed or at an advanced stage and

they offer a great variety of country experiences. For example there are trails beside the Smearlagh and the Feale, through the woodlands at Tarbert and Moyvane and along the firm sands at Banna. Near Ballybunion a new path crosses over spectacular Knockanore while over at Kerry Head Malin Mountain is similarly traversed. In pleasing contrast the bog walks at Lyreacrompane and Finuge open up a fascinating world of unique landscape and flora.

Finding and setting up these paths is an undertaking almost always done voluntarily, by people who themselves enjoy walking and who recognise the worth of what they have in their own neighbourhoods. Of course resources are needed to get the job done but our

experience in North Kerry Walks is that when genuine local commitment is demonstrated there is a ready response from bodies such as Shannon Development, County and Urban Councils, Fas, Leader and so on.

When walks are put in place it is always the hope that they will be of good quality and be well maintained. For this reason the annual Open Gate Trophy was instituted as an acknowledgement of what has been achieved by local committees and as an incentive to strive for high standards.

Lyreacrompane were worthy winners of the trophy in 1998 for their two excellent trails - the Mass Path and the Fionn McCumhaill walk and also the distinctive information map board.



TOM FINN OUT AND ABOUT WITH A GROUP OF WALKERS IN LYREACROMPANE



BACK AT BASE - A GROUP OF WALKERS AFTER A WALK IN THE MOORLANDS.

*Best Wishes to The Lyre & District
Journal*



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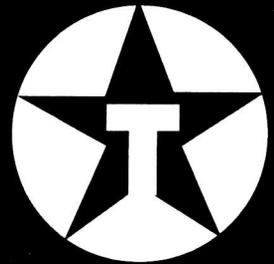
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A WALKER'S PARADISE

Jimmy Deenihan, T.D., M.C.C.

I am delighted that Lyreacrompane has now become a recognised destination for walking tours. Back in 1992 I remember writing an article for this Journal pointing out the vast potential the area had for a variety of walks. At the time I walked around Lyreacrompane on a regular basis, and still continue to do so when I get the opportunity. The landscape is unspoilt and is very pleasing to the eye. There is a good balance between forestry, peatland and grassland, which creates a distinctive landscape tapestry. Its gentle rolling hills make it a walker's dream. The walks, which have been designed and developed by the local

committee are suitable for any reasonably fit person.

I remember introducing Linda and John Aherne to Lyreacrompane back in early 1993 and they immediately recognised the potential the area had for several beautiful walks, and they use it now as part of their walking package for tourists. Only last week I met them in the Listowel Arms Hotel with a group of American walkers. They just loved their experience in Lyreacrompane and the people they met there. They promised that they would be back and more importantly spread the word to other walking enthusiasts.

The Dan Paddy Andy Memorial, the new Community Centre, Roche's Bar, the Bog Mural Project and the proposal to restore the old Lime Kiln will all contribute to making Lyreacrompane a very attractive place to visit. More and more people are seeking out the peace and solitude that a place like Lyreacrompane can offer them. It is a perfect antidote to lifestyles charged with stress, repetition and constant decision

making. I think it is only the beginning for Lyreacrompane.

There is great credit due to a large number of people from the area who have demonstrated an extraordinary commitment to the several initiatives that have been put in place in recent years. This simply reflects the pride that they have in their community.

DENIS HORGAN

The Lyre and District Journal has lost a great friend and supporter in Denis Horgan. Although Denis had made his home in Ardfert he never failed to give support to community development in Lyreacrompane. Just bringing a project to his attention was sufficient to attract his encouragement and support. We extend our sincere sympathy to his wife and family and also his many friends.

BEST WISHES TO LYREACROMPANE JOURNAL

From
Jimmy Deenihan. T.D.
Finuge, Lixnaw, Co. Kerry
Dáil Éireann, Baile Átha Cliath, 2
(Dublin 2).

Tel: 068 - 40235 (Home) / 068 - 40154
Fax: 068 - 40383
Tel: 01 - 6183352 (Dail) / Fax: 01 - 6184145

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*Best Wishes to our neighbours in Lyre and good luck to their
Journal.*



Growing Up

Bridie Sheehy

Some of the terms used by our parents once we started school - "Get out of the bed", (about 7 o'clock) "Eat your porridge", "Go out and bring in the turf for your poor father who will be working hard all day", Go and milk the cocked horns and fill your bottles for school", "Put on your shoes, you can't take them off till you hear the cuckoo".

It's often my brother who hated shoes went out behind the hedge and started 'cuckoo, cuckoo', but it did not work as he did not have the same tone. At that time, about fifty years ago, you had to wear shoes called clogs with wooden soles and you were heard long before you were seen. A man told me, that he was after getting his first pair of clogs. He put them on for the first time going to Listowel with his horse and car. When he arrived in the square he jumped out as usual. He made such a bang that he nearly shook the steeple.

We had a Fr. Brown in the parish at the time who was always making scenes about people standing around the door. So when he looked down on this particular Sunday, he got furious. Little did he know the reason for the increase in numbers. So he hastened down the aisle in fury and it was like a thunder storm with the banging of the wooden soles going up the church. Fr. Brown was Fr. Purple when he turned around to give his sermon.

The family home was an industry in those days, where everybody had and did their chores. Country people had the advantage as they had the garden to grow their own fruit and vegetables and there were no poisonous sprays or artificial manure's to contaminate the crops. Milk was fresh from the cow, no pasteurising or homogenising only plenty boiling water and sunlight soap, for sterilising. You had less disease in

those times. People would be frightened to death of a doctor. They so seldom saw one. Money was also very scarce. At the same time you were wanting for nothing but on second thoughts perhaps, one did not need a whole lot of it.

I remember George O'Callaghan, Pallas telling us that he went to a sports meeting in South Kerry one day to take part in the Kerry Champions Competitions for all aged runners. Being the hare that he was he decided to take part. He set off on a bad bike and the chain broke after eight miles. He had to abandon it and he ran the other eight miles. The race was about to start when he arrived, so he took off at the whistle and won the race by ten lengths. He sat down as proud as a peacock looking at his prize. Two paper pounds and calves were only ten shillings at the time. He was wondering how he would spend it so he eventually decided and bought himself a suit of clothes and a bicycle with a good chain.

Another one of his stories was about the old dancehall at Mountcoal called The Hut. They came from far and wide to dance there. There was no particular band because there were many musicians around that area and when one got tired he handed the melodeon to the next man.

This particular night was to be the highlight of The Hut as the electricity was after been turned on and everyone could see their partner clearly with the good light. They arrived much earlier than usual and better dressed than usual, to find the place in darkness. Somebody said, 'Maybe the door is opened'. They looked in and cracked a match and low and behold, there was the caretaker sitting alone in the dark. They shouted in disappointment 'What's wrong with the light?' 'I

haven't it turned on, I was sparing it' he said.

The world is going too fast today. There is no time for thought or no time for growing up in the real world, where you learn from experience. Electricity brought us more than light. It brought all types of modernisation, with computers doing the work of the brain.

On second thoughts perhaps there are some great brains in the world all the time. Take for instance the brain that thought of, Piggy-wiggy, Zuppy, Duffy and Socky to keep the little children gaping at the television morning, noon and night. 'Tis a credit to them. It's also a credit to him who thought of getting rid of old cars. Perhaps they might be thinking of giving us some of the billions they are throwing around Dail Eireann. Can anybody forecast what the Millennium will bring?



**DAN RYAN AND DONNA COLLINS,
WINNERS OF THE CERT FLO-GAS TOP
TABLE AWARD 1999 WITH TAOISEACH
BERTIE AHERN**

When you and I were young.

By Joe Quille.

Memories may escape the action of the will, may sleep a long time, but when stirred with the right influence, although that influence be as light as a shadow, they flash into full stature and life, with everything in place and a place for everything.

These words belong to John Muir and were written almost a century ago. I liked them when I first read them and so committed them to memory because I knew I would be able to use them on a suitable and appropriate occasion, and I feel that occasion has arrived as I reflect on growing up in Lyreacrompane.

For several days of nostalgic hours I immersed myself happily in the events and happenings of a carefree youth of half a century ago. It was an age of innocence and simplicity on which was still an austere island recovering slowly from the trauma of World War 2 or the Emergency. It was a time of change. Emigration was rampant. Electric light was brought to rural Ireland. Motor cars were scarce. People made their own fun. They swapped butts of cigarettes, travelled to matches on foot, bikes or the back of lorries and remained loyal to each other in a way not often seen today.

I saw the light of day in Clahane (Cloghaneliskirt a stone bee-hive hut where a monk or hermit named Eiliscrit lived.) in November 1934, the third son of Margaret and Thomas Quille. Christy and Tim had preceded me and John would follow a year later. My mother was known as Maig Top (O'Connor from the top of the hill otherwise Knocknagoum now the home of Mary and Noel O'Connor and family.)

I can still vividly remember my first visit to the Top of the Hill with my mother. We would travel on foot up

by the red glen and on reaching the summit a magnificent panoramic vista of Knockane, Poul and Maugha unfolded before your eyes. Seeing it for the first time, it left on an impressionable young mind an unforgettable memory that is as vivid then as now. Years later those memories would come flooding back when I went to work in Co. Wicklow and saw for the first time the beautiful Sugarloaf Mountains.

The top of the hill was always a great spot for the holidays when I spent many care free days there with my uncles Mick and Moss and my aunt Juliann and my uncle Jack in Poul.

Martin Lyons in Carrigcannon (The white-headed rock) who was married to my aunt Myriah was another happy hunting ground for holidays and there would be trips to my cousins, the Quilles Gortclohy, Kilflynn and the O'Connells Knockbrane, Lixnaw.

My mother's country held a special place in my affections and as a youngster I would go there again and again. Later when I became involved with the Lyre GAA club as secretary (See Lyre Journal No. 1 May 1990) I enjoyed refereeing a couple of matches in Maugha, and was involved with Tadgh Sean, Ber Lynch and Jack Connor among others in the formation of a football team there, known as Young Irelands. Regrettably it was shortlived which was no fault of Bers, Tadgh, Jack or the others. At the time Carrig Sarsfields, St. Marys, Clahane and Smearla Rangers were going well, and on mature reflection my idea that another team could flourish in the Maugha area was, perhaps, somewhat ambitious.

School days were exceedingly happy in Lyre. These were adequately covered in the class of 49 (Lyre Journal No. 4).

I will just simply reiterate that one of my class mates all the way through Lyre School was Bridie Long and as well as the usual curriculum, there developed a great romance culminating in marriage at St. Bridgets Church

Duagh in February 1965.

Early Days of Radio

We grew up in the midst of the radio days which were mighty scarce. Gleesons and Sonny Dorans were the first radios in the locality that I can recall, and there was always a welcome at either place for the Clahane contingent of the Moriartys and the Quilles for the match commentaries.

It would be next to impossible for young people at the present time to imagine, not to mention appreciate, what it meant to G.A.A. followers all over the country to tune in to Michael O'Hehir's broadcasts. His voice captured all the passion and excitement of the games. He made the stars of the day into household names and in a sporting context O'Hehir fed and fertilised our imaginations as no other could. He was also a marvellous agency of cohesion, drawing families, neighbourhoods, communities, villages, towns and ultimately the Nation together around the radio fervently hoping that nothing would happen the dry or wet batteries until the game was over.

The first broadcast that I have vivid memories of was the 1946 All Ireland between Roscommon and Kerry. Roscommon had won the All Ireland in 1943 and 44, captained by Jimmy Murray. Here we were, six minutes left. Kerry six points down. Our hearts were heavy, and then came a Gega O'Connor goal, followed by another from Paddy Burke. It was the greatest miracle since Moses struck the rock. Kerry had forced a replay which they won. My memory of the replay is not as vivid as the drawn game, though the finish was no less dramatic. With the teams level, a long range free by Gus Cremins yielded a point and the coup de grace was delivered by Batt Garvey to win for Kerry yet another All Ireland.

We acclaimed our heroes, Eddie Walshe, Gus Cremins, Danno Keeffe, Joe Keohane and all the rest. Many of the Roscommon starts stood out also, none more so that the fair haired

Jimmy Murray who was the consummate footballer. A few months ago while on my way to Roscommon I passed through a place called Knockcroghery, and who should come to mind, none other than the aforementioned Jimmy Murray. This was his birthplace, and his final resting place, and silently I saluted one of the all time greats.

Another one of those early broadcasts that I remember was 1947. That final was unique in that it came from the Polo Grounds New York between Cavan and Kerry. Again we marvelled at the voice of O'Hehir coming from the other side of the Atlantic. Through Pat Gleeson's radio we wondered in the innocence of youth and ignorance of technology how was it all possible, and to add novelty to the occasion the game was on at night, for the obvious reason that we were five hours ahead of New York. However, this time there was to be no fairy tale ending. Cavan deservedly winning and on our way home we talked of new heroes, John Joe Reilly, Mick Higgins, Simon Deignan and Peter Donohue who walked tall that day in far off New York. As a matter of interest I often get requests to play "Gallant John-Joe" on a radio programme that I did for Radio Limerick One on Thursday nights.

Honesty and Integrity

As a gorseon growing up I had a great interest in politics which despite its many vicissitudes has not diminished over the years. I grew up in a Fianna Fail tradition, which at that time was the dominating force in the locality. It was a time of honesty and integrity in politics, epitomised by people like Charlie Molyneaux and Jerry Long in Lyre, and Martin Purtill, the Lynch's and Mick Barry in Banemore, and would be emulated in later years by Paul Leen, Paddy Leary, John Neville and Martin Leen, among others.

Even though I didn't have a vote 'till much later, I remember getting involved in my first election campaign at Lyre School with the aforementioned Jerry Long and Charlie Molyneaux, and it was an experience

of a lifetime to work alongside such professionals. In between I'd go along with Billy Nolan, now a retired Garda to collect the voters, and that was fun.

Apart from Tommy Mac and Dan Spring I can't remember any of the other candidates, it seems that far back, but it didn't matter as long as Tommy Mac was elected and he invariably was in those days, heading the poll for good measure and there would be wild celebrations with a torch light procession. Heady days then but as I've said it was a time of honesty and integrity in politics.

That was my one and only experience of electrioneering in Lyre which I thoroughly enjoyed, but circumstances dictated working and residing elsewhere, and my first vote would in fact be in Limerick, where the leading protagonists were the Labour man Steve Coughlan and the ebullient Donagh O'Malley, the up and coming young tiger of the Fianna Fail party who would go on to achieve Ministerial status and perhaps ultimately to become Taoiseach had he not died suddenly at a young age. Anyway the rivalry between the two was intense, but when the heat of battle was over they would enjoy a "pint or two or maybe three in their local".

Twice more I would get involved in electioneering. One was with John Frawley who ran a pirate radio station in Limerick in the late 70s and 80s and for whom I did a weekly radio programme. John ran as an Independent, polling around 800 first preferences.

My second involvement was with our esteemed Editor Joe Harrington. Joe was seeking re-election to Limerick Corporation and I was only too happy to help out with the canvassing. Joe retained his seat without any bother, (not because I was on the canvassing team let me hasten to add) but it was a source of great joy to me and to Lyreacrompane people everywhere that that term of office should end with the greatest prize of all, Mayor of Limerick thus following a long line of distinguished men and women to hold this exalted office dating back to 1197

when Adam Sarvant became Limerick's first Mayor.

Coming of the Light

I grew up, of course, in the pre-electric era. Prior to the coming of what we called "The Light", we had the old single or double burner paraffin oil lamp with Mother's hairpins on the top of the globe to stop it from cracking - a globe which was always kept shining, being cleaned with rolled up newspapers and much breath blowing on the surface of the glass until it was sparkling.

As country folk became enthralled with the good tidings of new age power, transformers and huge poles were cropping up in fields all over the countryside, and old people walked feebly from their chairs and their fire-sides to inspect the miracle in progress. Next came the men from the E.S.B., the men who would actually dispense the magic. They bored holes in gable ends, they dug through mortar and stone and in many townlands they achieved near legendary status for the mastery of the mysteries of wiring.

Nothing had prepared us though for the great moment when the electrician flicked a switch on the kitchen wall and the dangling bulb exploded with light. It was so unbelievably bright that it was like turning night into day. Having electricity meant having the light and we were totally unaware of its great potential. How could we have imagined the transformation it would effect on our houses, offices and factories or how it would revolutionise farming methods and open up the world to us through radio and television. The coming of electricity transformed the countryside in more ways than one. Many ghostly stories lost merit with the coming of the light and going to bed at night became a less eerie ritual for children.

Nash's Red

One of my most abiding memories of childhood is believe it or not, Nash's lemonade and to this day the taste and the memory lingers on. My brothers and I would be taken to Listowel Races by my father, and after ensuring

that the horse and car were safely parked he would take us in to Molly Lyons's (now Mossie Walshes) in the Square, where we would be treated to this heavenly nectarine. As one who was in later years to work in bars in Tralee, Wicklow and Limerick I had hoped I could re-discover that exquisite taste, but alas it was no longer there. Like so many other products it fell foul of the obsession so manifest today of colouring, dyes and other additives, making up what we eat and drink and which leaves many unanswered questions.

Drama Groups

Before leaving this nostalgic trip down memory lane, even though entertainment was at a premium in those far off impecunious times I must refer, however briefly, to the Drama Groups. If there is any section of our people who deserve to be remembered with pride and with gratitude it is undoubtedly the members of rural drama groups, who in less affluent days brought lots of enjoyment to those of us who were privileged to be there. John Murphy's evocative *County Boy* by the Lyre Drama Group stands out vividly in my mind, not merely as a powerful drama which it undoubtedly was but for an outstanding performance by the group individually and collectively.

My earliest recollection of local drama was at Sheehy's in Clahane, where on Sunday afternoons a group would gather for rehearsals. *The Man from Rathmines* was one of the plays under rehearsals. That I can remember distinctly, but I am a little vague as to the cast. It was that long ago. Definitely present were Christy Harrington (Father of our esteemed Editor), John Joe Sheehy, Mary and Phil Sheehy and possibly Noreen Moriarty and Kit Dillane.

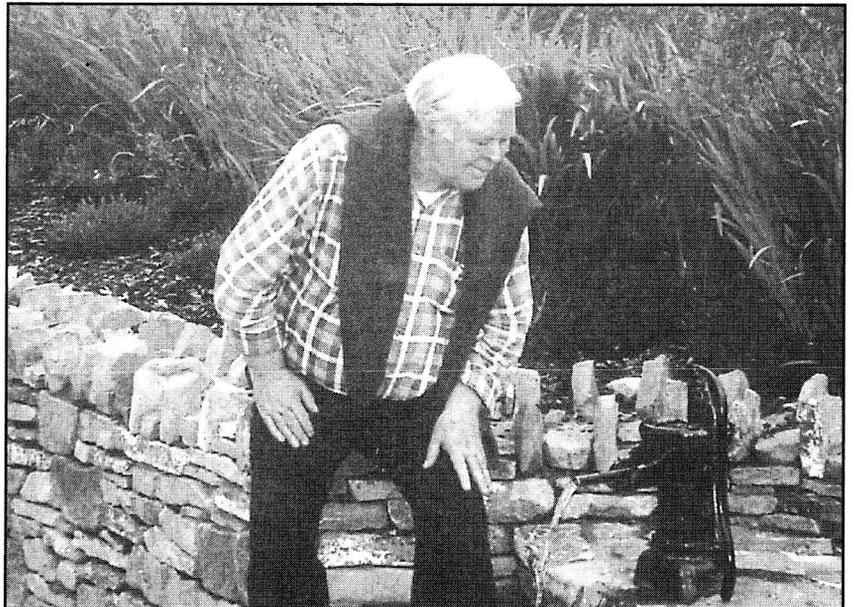
This group was the forerunner of the already mentioned Lyre Drama Group or the Glenside Players to give them their official title. Again the passage of time can play havoc with the old memory box, and perhaps in a future *Lyre Journal* an extensive article may be written by some former member,

who would be much more au fait with events of that era, as I was merely on the peripheral of the group, having been working and living elsewhere. They raised a lot of money for the schools and churches in the parish as well as providing entertainment of the highest calibre. Among the group were Bridie Long, Jerry Long, Margaret Buckley, Jack Buckley, Jimmy Roche, Brendan McKenna, Jackie Walshe, Nellie Sheehy, Mary Roche, Billy Nolan, Madge Doran and Cathy Galvin. Time as I said dims the memory to some degree and I'm sure I've left some out. If so, *Mea Culpa*.

Around that time also, the Smearla Side Players, founded by my good friend and G.A.A. colleague Pat

Brosnan and comprising such illuminaries as the Sweeneys, the Heffernans, Dan and Ando Brosnan, the Cahills, Cronins and Thady Horan. Again *Mea Culpa* for any omissions. I have a vivid recollection of cycling out from Hickeys in Tralee and back again after one of their concerts at the hall in Kielduff.

Yes indeed *Memories, Memories*. It would be nice, if only for a while to be able to bring back the old days to see how the young people would enjoy them. We were never bored and to borrow a phrase from a very popular Paddy Reilly song "Not a penny to our name, we were happy just the same". "In conclusion then lets lift our glass and drink a toast to the 1940s and 50s when you and I were young."



JOHN O'CONNOR, BALLYDUFF



CHRIS QUINN, JOAN SHINE, CATHERINE O'BRIEN AND PHIL COLBERT (RIGHT) ENJOYING THE D.P.A. FESTIVAL

(PIC PATRICIA LENIHAN)

I REMEMBER...

BY JOE HARRINGTON

*I remember Neilus Nolan
When Sunday mass was o'er
A young lad in short
trousers*

*I dashed out to his store
And there in all the jostle
His attention I'd engage
To buy the Sunday Paper
For my favourite comic
page.*

*I remember Neilus Nolan
At his shop on Palches
Height
When the men from Bord
na Mona
Worked the day shift and
the night
And my father took me on
his bike
To see the big machine
But the lemonade at Neilus'
To me much more did
mean.*

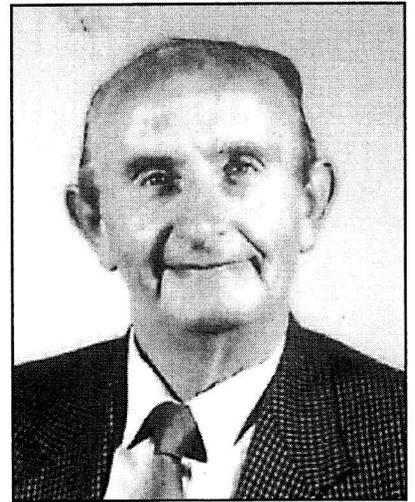
*I remember Neilus Nolan
When Lyre school was out
As back the road we
scattered
So free to run and shout
And at the shop beside the
bridge*

*With coppers held up high
Our penny bars and wafers
We eagerly did buy.*

*I remember Neilus Nolan
When the good old days
were bad
For some of us who lived in
Lyre
'Twas little that we had
And as we hoped that life
would bring
A little chance of luck
Our needs were met by
Neilus
As he put things "on the
Book",*

*I remember Neilus Nolan
On a wet December Day
Along the path to Santa's
Hut
He eagerly did stray
Though I had left my
childhood years
It seemed that for his part
He stayed steadfastly
through the years
Forever young at heart.*

*We'll remember Neilus
Nolan
And the memories we'll
share
Of a man who seemed for
ever and always to be there
Discretion was his strong
point
If trust you did require
He'll always be
remembered
As the gentle heart of Lyre.*



NEILUS NOLAN

BEST WISHES TO

***THE LYREACROMPANE
AND DISTRICT JOURNAL***

*From
Johnny Nolan & Family
Lyre P.O*

LYREACROMPANE - THE HIDDEN KERRY

By Fr. Pat Moore, Irremore.

Now that Kerry has gone down the tourist road it is in the process of finding out that tourism changes that which it brings people to see. Tralee and Killarney are drunk on the sound of the ring of the cash register. We are in the process of losing our ability to be a native people. More people came to Ireland last year, as tourists than the entire population. Three out of four Americans have to see Killarney.

Farming as we have known it is almost gone. The empty creamery yards with the slates falling of the roof tells its own story. Even Teagasc said farming as we know it is finished. People are employed now more in service industries rather than agriculture.

Why stay in Rural Kerry so? The landscape is so wonderful, surprising and it holds our story. The people who have lived here were in touch with their deepest self to survive the wet and the cold, the poverty and the cruelty that often overshadowed their lives. Their seed and breed, when they went abroad often prospered economically, survived the wounding ways of life, but found a homing device internally to the fields that often tied their ancestors down.

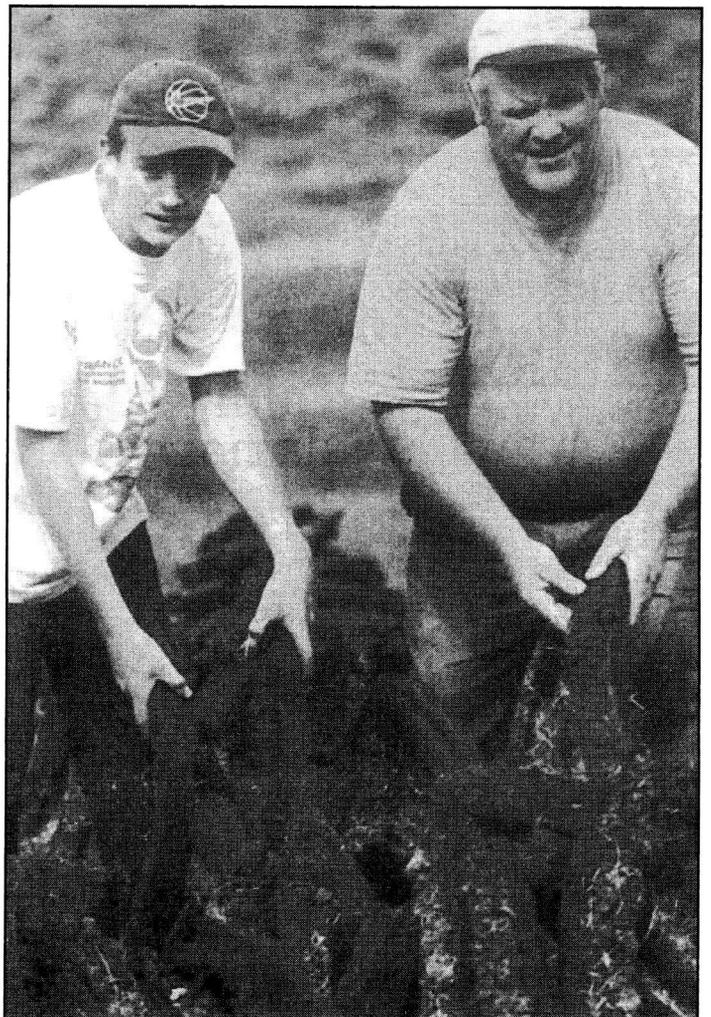
To live in the fields that often tie us down imagination and humour are called on. These are kept alive in the art of conversation and music. They are also cultivated by a healthy awareness of Divine-not the heresy of modern orthodoxy that has often been seen as the dipstick of institutional religion. As a priest working in a Rural Community I can see the effect the loss of our language had on us in the last century (especially on our sense of humour and our imagination). My concern is that the 20th century would be remembered as the time that we lost our religion.

Lyreacrompane is still in touch with the rhythm of nature that our ancestors knew and grew to love. While there is still the art of conversation, a fiddler's bow, knowing fingers on buttons and keyboards the place will survive. While there are still wild places like the bogs, far away from the neon glare of tourism and the ring of the cash register the place will survive. For it is only as the North

American Cree comment on the environment and materialism.

*Only when the last tree has died
And the last river been poisoned
And the last fish been caught
Will we realise that we cannot eat money.*

Thanks to all in Lyreacrompane that keep the home fires burning.



A DAY IN THE BOG.
BILLY KEANE, GLASHANCREE, WITH HIS SON JAMES
HARVESTING TURF AT CARRIGCANNON, LYREACROMPANE.
(PIC THE KERRYMAN)

THE DAN PADDY ANDY MEMORIAL PROJECT

By Secretary Kay O'Leary

The Dan Paddy Andy Memorial was unveiled on September 20th 1998 by Micheál O'Muircheartaigh in front of 2,000 people including Jimmy (Son) & Carmel O'Sullivan, N.Y., Mary (Daughter) & William Wallace, N.J., John B. Keane, Ogie Moran, Tom O'Donnell, Mary Leen. The Memorial is situated beside the Four Elm's Bar in Lyreacrompane.

The Memorial is fronted by an open-air dance platform. The entire project was devised, planned and constructed using the talent and resources of the local community.

BACKGROUND

When the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial Committee was formed it consisted of four members, but membership quickly tripled in size. The original plan was to construct the memorial at Renagown Cross, where Dan Paddy ran a Dance Hall for many years. However, unforeseen difficulties arose in relation to the site. The Dan Paddy Andy Committee approached the Roche family, who donated a site that was suitable for the project. The Committee worked in co-operation with local artist J.J. Sheehy in designing the project. John Joe was also commissioned to cast the bust of Dan. Local builder Tom O'Connor & Sons carried out the main construction work. Mike McKenna painted the Monument. Committee Members and local people also helped. A successful application for grant aid was made to Tuatha Chiarrai Teo. This Leader group funded the project to the extent of 50% and did likewise in relation to the Dan Paddy Andy Booklet and The Land of Dan Paddy Andy Music Album.

The Committee felt that Micheál O'Muircheartaigh should be the person to unveil the project as no one knew more about 'matches' than Micheál. On being asked to perform the unveiling he responded enthusiastically and the date was set, Sunday September 20th, the Sunday between the All Ireland Hurling and Football Finals. On the Day the Committee showed their appreciation when Michael Naughton presented Micháel with a Bodhrán featuring an image of Dan Paddy Andy. Musicians, Singers, Dancers, Story tellers and Wren-boys came from miles around. Master of ceremonies on the occasion was Joe Harrington, Mayor of Limerick. Celebrations went on until the early hours of the following day.

SUBSCRIBERS

We, the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial Committee would like to thank all the people who contributed to the project. In the last edition of The Lyreacrompane & District Journal the Committee gave an undertaking to acknowledge all subscribers.

We would welcome contributions at any time, as there will be continuous costs in the maintenance and running of the Monument/Dance Platform i.e. insurance.

BROMADERA

Tom Hickey, Michael O'Connell, Jimmy & Mary Hickey, Edmund P & Eileen Galvin, Kit Dillon (Glenderry).

CARRIGCANNON

John Neville, Jim Lyons, Patricia & Tom Lenihan (Video Production),

Chris & Pat Quinn, Andrew O'Connell, Jimmy & Joan Roche (Four Elms), Ned Lyons, Mike & Mary Leane, Peg & Andy O'Connell, Sean & Mai Keane, Mike & Norah Doran, Joe & Ann Doran, Charlie & Eileen Collins, Tony Lyons, Kay O'Leary, Martin & Mary Leane, Bridie & John Nolan, Mary & Christy O'Donoghue, Mary & Mossie Long.

CLOGHANE

Christy Quille, Bill & Kitty Curran, Eamon & Liz Monaghan, Breda & Pat Keane, Mame & Sean Dillon, Mike Dillon, Pat Dillon, Bridie Sheehy, Kate Nolan.

DROMMADABEG

Kathleen & Donal Moloney, Gerard & Elizabeth Brosnan.

DROMMADAMORE

Mary & Billy Nolan, Eileen & John Moloney, Con Shanahan, Angela & Denis Breen, Michael & Sheila Lyons, Diane & Fintan Lyons, Eilish Lyons, Kathleen & Dan Brosnan, Niall O'Mahoney, Paddy & Norah O'Leary, Dan O'Donoghue, Betty & Patsy Canty, Paddy Cronin.

GLASHNACREE

Neilus Nolan, Johnny & Marie Nolan (Lyre. PO), Mary & Mike Mangan, Mike & Bridget Naughton, Mossie & Helen Keane, Mike & Sheila Carmody, Jane & Mike Behan, Danny Mc.Carthy, Christy & Ann Carmody, Norah Carmody.

GLASHNANOON

Tom & Kathleen O'Connor (Builder),
Brendan & Eileen McKenna, Ahcon
(James & Marian Ahern & Billy & Ita
O'Connell), Michael & Joan
McKenna, Tommy & Margaret Dillon,
David & Eileen Murphy, Mike
McKenna (Painter), Billy Molyneaux,
Bertie & Kathleen Enright.

GLONTANE

Sharon Rutland, Lil & Tom Mulvihill.

GORTACLOHANE

Helen & John Joe Galvin, Alfie Lyons,
Tom & Bridie Dillon, John Joe &
Bridie Dillon, John Joe & Eileen
Galvin, Jim & Marie Kennelly, Chris
& Tim Dillon, Pat & Eileen
O'Sullivan, Maurice & Margaret
Dowling, Mrs. Tom Dillon,

KNOCKACLARE

Eddie & Helen Linnane, Billy
Buckley, JJ & Norah Healy, Brendan
& Mary O'Callaghan, Josephine &
Jackie Walsh, Maurice & Norah
Curtin.

KNOCKNAGLOUGH

Gerald (Jet) Fitzgerald, Tom & Mary
Gleeson, Pat & Julie Ahern.

KNOCKAUNBRACK

Sheila & John Mc.Guire, Larry Nolan,
Connie & Hannah Murphy, Tommy &
Eileen Moran, Kate & Connie
Mc.Mahon, Mike Fahy, Timmy &
Sheila McKenna.

LYREACROMPANE

Tadgh & Imelda Murphy, Joe
Harrington, Molly Dillon, Theresa &
Jerry Long, Hannah Canty, John Joe &
Norah Buckley, Tim & Joan Nash,
Helen & Oliver Nash, Johnny &
Margaret Nolan, Mary Roche, Jack
Naughton, Pat & Dolores O'Connor,
Mary & Mike Buckley, Mary & Chriss
Kelly, Norma & Tom Hartigan.

MAUGHA

Mary & John Morrissey, Tess & Moss
Sweeney, Mary & Mike Quinn, Norah
Rahilly, Eamon & Sheila Scanlon,
Maureen & Denis Harris, Noel &
Mary O'Connor, Mike & Peggy
Lynch, Mary & Maurice Sweeney,
Ned Harrington.

RATHEA

Sheila & Bill Dillon, James & Maire
Keane, Jeremiah Galvin, Sean & Mary
Connell, Jimmy & Kitty Moynihan,
Billy & Lal Doran.

RENAGOWN

Tom & Rose Sheehy, Joe & Eileen
Sheehy, Francis & John Mc.Carthy,
Denis Reidy, Michael & Sue Lynch.

LYRE EXILES

Jimmy & Carmel O'Sullivan N.Y.,
Mary (O'Sullivan) & William
Wallace N.J., J.J. Sheehy Graphic
Design Ballinorig Tralee, Denis
Horgan Atlantic Oils Ardfert, Tom
O'Donoghue Lisardboula Tralee, Joe,
Bridie & Tommy Quill Limerick,
Bernie O'Connell Leith Tralee, Ann
Mc.Auliffe Ballinorig Tralee,
Margaret Morris (Archer) Limerick,
Sr. Helen Roche Brussels, Kitty
(Mc.Carthy) & George Doyle N.Y.,
Pat Brosnan Athea, Ned Carey Tralee,
Billy Nolan Adare, Jack Nolan
Listowel, Dick Carey England,
Bridget Shanahan (Molyneaux) N.Y.,
Geraldine Mc. Kenna Leith Tralee,
Danny & Agnes O'Donoghue
Ballybrennaugh Tralee, Timmy &
Martina O'Donoghue Ballybrennaugh
Tralee, Mike Moloney Dromtacker
Tralee, Ted O'Connor Boherbee
Tralee, Mike O'Connell Beale
Ballybunion, Chris & Agnes Nolan
Ballinorig Tralee, Sheila & Denis
Sugrue Clash Tralee, JP Carey
Dublin, Joe Roche NY, Sr. Elizabeth
Moloney England, Catherine
McGillicuddy Waterville, Lizzie
(Nolan) Hanratty Dundalk, Michael &
Mary McMahan Laccabawn
Castleisland, Denis & Kathleen Nolan
Laccabawn Castleisland, Mary
(Roche) & John Lenord N.Y., Bertie
Carey Dublin, James Molyneaux N.Y.,
John & Kathy Canty Scartaglen,
Catherine Horgan Duagh, Dan Nolan
N.J.

PUBLIC REPRESENTATIVES

Dick Spring, Jimmy Denihan.

ALLIES

JB Keane Listowel, John Flynn
England, Seamus O'Shannahan
England, Kay Caball Limerick, Joe

Finucane (Plant Hire) Cappagh, Phyllis
Lyons Limerick, Mike Thornton
Irremore, Mike O'Mahoney
Gleangeenty, Jerry Savage
Ballymacelligott, Diarmuid O'Siocru
Tra-li, Patrick Lysaght Limerick,
Patrick Kearney (Rooneys
Auctioneer's) Limerick, Sr. Brighid
Monasterevin, Paudie & Mary
Finnerty Banemore, Brendan & Mary
Fealy Banemore, John & Mary
Dowling Bunglasha, Mike & Mary
Dowling Bunglasha, DJ & Winnie
Hannon Bunglasha, Pat & Fiona
Danagher Forans Bridge, Eileen
Sheehy Muingwee, Michael Cronin
Broughane, Dan Mc.Sweeney c/o
Goggin & Buckley Steel Structures,.

LOCAL GROUPS

Lyre. Walks Group,
Lyre. Comhaltas Branch,
Lyreacrompane & District Journal,
Rambling House Recordings
(Echoes of Lyreacrompane Cassette),
F.L.A.G. (Federation of
Lyreacrompane Action Groups).

GRANT-AID

Tuatha Chiarrai Teo,
Shannon Development
Kerry Co. Council,
The American Ireland Fund.

BUSINESS

Paddy Fitzgibbons Listowel,
Radio Limerick One
(Audio Recording),
Bank of Ireland Tra-li.
Kerry Agribusiness,
John Joe Galvin & Sons Listowel,
Paul O'Dowd Listowel.

**INCOME & EXPENDITURE A/C
ON AUGUST 31ST 1999**

	£
Income	15,879 43
Expenditure	15,687 53
Balance	191 90
	=====

THE GUINNESS DAN PADDY ANDY FESTIVAL 1999

Twelve months after the official unveiling the first Dan Paddy Andy three day Festival was held. The major sponsor for the event was Guinness. The Festival began with a short session at Renagown Cross - the site of Dan Paddy Andy's Dancehall. Micheál O'Muircheartaigh unveiled a plaque at Dan's birthplace. The President of Comhaltas Ceolteoiri Eireann Senator Labhrás O'Murchú officially opened Lyreacrompane's first festival at the Four Elms bar. It was the start of a mighty weekend, which once again drew major crowds and traffic jams to the locality.

The hard working Dan Paddy Andy Committee now intends to make this an annual event. Giving that it precedes Listowel race week what better time of the year for exiles to book a visit home to their birthplace. The committee would also like to convey their appreciation to the local Comhaltas Branch for the full corporation that was afforded to them during the past twelve months.

Our thanks also to Guinness for their invaluable support and for their commitment to backing our festival next year. *See you all there!!*

NOW AVAILBABLE:

The Land Of Dan Paddy Andy.(Video)

The Music, Songs and Stories recorded live at the unveiling of the Dan Paddy Andy Monument in 1998.

Dan Paddy Andy Festival 1999.
(Video)

The Lyreacrompane Matchmaker.
(Booklet)

Dan Paddy Andy T-Shirts.

The above can be had at the The Four Elms bar or from the Dan Paddy Andy committee (American Versions of tapes also available).

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the entire O'Sullivan Family, we would like to 'Thank' the Dan Paddy Andy Committee for the great honour bestowed on our Father, Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan. The beautiful memorial at the Four Elms Bar took a lot of work and effort. We really appreciate it.

We're sorry that we could not be there for the unveiling of the plaque this year, but God willing we'll be there for the Millennium Festival in 2000.

We are proud to announce the opening of the new Dan Paddy Andy - Kerry Hills Pub in Rockaway Beach NY. When in N.Y. be sure to visit, we have the best pint of Guinness on the other side of the Atlantic!!

Very best wishes to all our friends in Lyreacrompane, Scartaglin, Killarney, Clare, Limerick and all over Kerry.
Thank you sincerely,
Jimmy & Carmel O'Sullivan.
October '99.



MARIA LONG & DJ KELLY PICTURED AT THE MATCHMAKERS MEMORIAL ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, SATURDAY 23rd OCTOBER 1999

THE GUINNESS DAN PADDY ANDY '99 Festival LYREACROMPANE

SEPT. 17th 18th & 19th

<p>Friday 17th 6.30pm Festival begins at Renagown Cross with a short session at the site of the old Dancehall (weather permitting)</p> <p>7.30pm The unveiling of a plaque by Michael O'Muircheartaigh at the birthplace of Dan Paddy Andy, Renagown.</p> <p>8.30pm The official opening of the festival by the President of Comhaltas Ceolteoiri Eireann, Senator Labhrás O'Murchú at "Roche's" Four Elms Bar.</p> <p>9.00pm "R.L.O." Radio Limerick One, (Rambling House & TV programme) will record a programme of local Music, Song & Dance from "Roche's" Four Elms Bar.</p>	<p>Saturday 18th 2.00pm A guided walk in the land of "Dan Paddy Andy" Starting at the Matchmaker's Monument, Carrigannon</p> <p>8.30pm Storytelling Evening. A rekindling of the old Storytelling Tradition of the people of Kerry & Limerick at "Roche's" Four Elms Bar</p>	<p>Sunday 19th An Evening of Music, Song & Dance at "Dan Paddy Andy's" Open air Platform, Carrigannon, (weather permitting)</p> <p>Featuring: Johnny Reidy at 3.00pm P.J. Murthy at 6.30 Peggy Sweeney & John Brosnan at 8.30 Lyre Ramblers at 9.30</p>
---	--	---

THE HOUSE OF DAN PADDY ANDY

BY SIMON MICHAEL LYNCH

*Back on Irish soil from England I did come,
After finishing the job that I had begun.
The family had grown,
Like birds from a nest they had flown,
I said to Sue my wife it is now time to go home
At Tralee we arrived where my sister resides,
At Kerins Park just down the road from the tide.
The search it had began,
At auctioneers and in the Kerryman.
To find a place of our own
To call home.
We looked far and wide and the weeks they did fly
But nothing we found seemed the right one to buy
Twas to the European we went and David there we met
He said Mick there is a place you must see
Come along yourself and your wife with me
Up the mountain we drove for twenty minutes or so
Through the forests so green and bright
At Renagown Cross we turned right
David said, not long now its almost in sight
Renagown School we did pass
And he turned right so fast
Up a bumpy bohereen we did go
We stopped at a small house almost covered in grass
Its gardens all overgrown
I stepped over the gate
That had lost all its paint
And worn with old age
As my foot touched the path all covered with grass
I felt this could be home at last
The house it looked sad
No paint had it had
For a good few years or more
The chimney stacks were cracked and torn
The slates beside them weathered and worn
So in we went
The place smelt of damp and old cement
Pools of water lay on the floor
Broken furniture stacked against the backdoor
Apart from that the place looked sound
I said to David , "Now lets talk pounds."
We agreed on a price after consulting my wife
With a handshake we sealed the deal
So in Lyreacrompane we will stay
For the rest of our days
Happy to be in the land of Dan Paddy Andy
The search is at an end
Time to say "Amen"*

Ahcon u PVC

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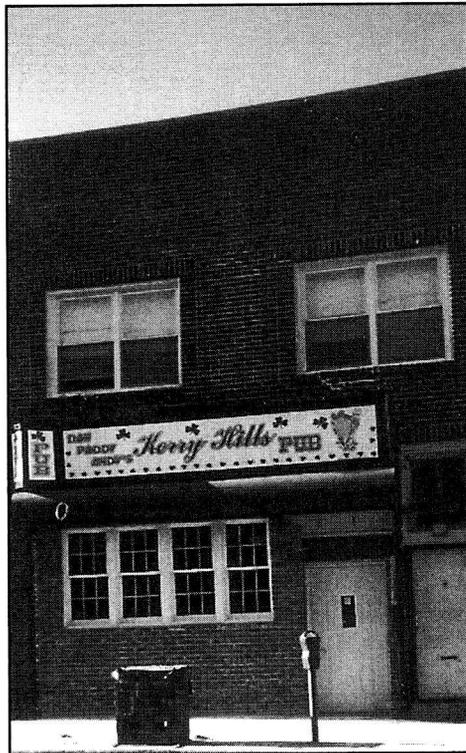
MOBILE: 087-2682376

*Best Wishes
to the
Lyre Journal*

BEST WISHES TO THE LYREACROMPANE JOURNAL

FROM
The O'Sullivans

Jimmy, Carmel & Family
*"Great Reading for exiles. The journal is
always something we look forward to"*



We are proud to announce the opening of
the new Kerry Hills Pub, (Dan Paddy Andys)
in Rockaway Beach N.Y.

WHEN IN NEW YORK BE SURE TO VISIT, WE
HAVE THE BEST PINT OF GUINNESS ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.



MICK NAUGHTON AND EAMONN SHEEHY PLAYING AT THE SITE OF DAN PADDY 'S
DANCEHALL AT RENAGOWN IN SEPTEMBER 1999
(PIC JOHN REIDY)

GOOD LUCK TO THE LYRE & DISTRICT JOURNAL

From The Dan Paddy Andy Committe

“We very much appreciate the space you’ve afforded us to inform all our supporters of the generous response to our fund raising efforts”

LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU ALL AGAIN AT OUR
MILLENNIUM FESTIVAL, KEEP IN TOUCH

*Kay ‘O’Leary, Secretary D.P.A. Committe
Lyreacrompane
Tel: 087 2853570*

LABHRÁS O'MURCHÚ IN LYREACROMPANE

Extracts from his address at the opening of the Dan Paddy Andy Festival 1999

Tá sean fochail I gaeilge 'ni neart go cur le cheile'. That's clearly the case tonight. Its great to see such co-operation and unity and if we had more of that at community level there would be a better quality of life in every community and I congratulate the Dan Paddy Andy committee and the Lyreacrompane branch of Comhaltas.

Daniel Corkery wrote many years ago about the hidden Ireland. I'm reminded of this, having asked a hundred people tonight how to get to Lyreacrompane..

I was in the Department of Heritage and the Gaeltacht today. I said "I'm going to Lyreacrompane" and this man said, "Do you know that some of the most famous people in Ireland came from Lyreacrompane?" and having read about Dan Paddy Andy it just struck me that if each community in the country just got off that little merry-go-round for a while and not be always looking at the glitter, but look among the community for real people and real examples and real idols we would be certainly rooting ourselves much more in our traditions...

Real talent, real sensitivity, real regard for your own community will always come to the top no matter what else happens. But that will only happen if you have a community like you have here.

Could I also say that I couldn't imagine this opening happening in a nicer setting. No big spotlights. It's not a Riverdance affair. It's a real genuine emotional feeling..

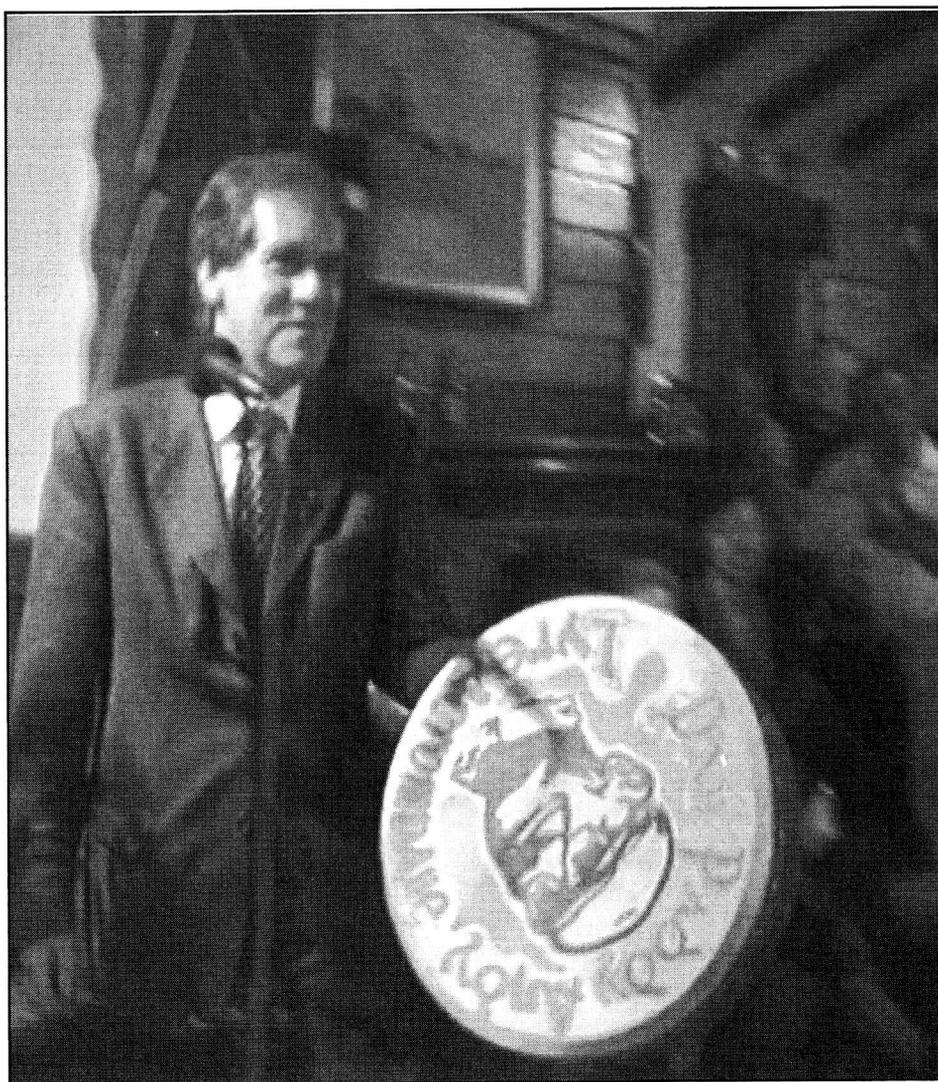
I can only compliment Joe and the committee. I know of the Rambling House. I know when he brought it into Limerick University Concert Hall he packed it. Why? Because people knew they were going to get quality

there again. I compliment Guinness on recognising something good when they see it. I compliment Comhaltas Ceolteoiri Eireann for working with the Dan Paddy Andy committee because I think that's so important ...

It's a lot nicer to be here in a place with a magical name like Lyreacrompane than being before the public accounts committee today studying the dirt tax. So just be glad

that you are away from all that. You're down here in the heart of Ireland - the real Ireland where you don't have to look around for entertainment. You make your own.

It gives me great pleasure now to declare officially open this great festival in honour and in memory and in emulation of Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan.



LABHRÁS O'MURCHÚ WITH THE BODHRÁN
PRESENTED TO HIM WHEN HE OFFICIALLY OPENED
THE DAN PADDY ANDY FESTIVAL 1999

DAN PADDY ANDY'S COUNTRYSIDE

BY SIMON MICHAEL LYNCH

*About forty strides from where I reside
There's a view that will bring joy to your eyes
Coloured brown and green and yellow too
Its nature's way of pleasing you.
All around are the forests of long tall trees
Standing in their forever green
When the wind blows through their prickly leaves
You can hear beautiful songs of the breeze.
For this place I reside in
Is Dan Paddy Andy's countryside
And this house that I live in
Was built just for him
The land around is Renagown
In wonderful Lyreacrompane
And as Dan lived and died here I know I will too
Enjoying its beauty and colours all new
And as I look around a smile comes to my face
Of the joy that I feel in this wonderful place
Obviously created for you and for me.*



“YES THAT'S DAN ALRIGHT, SAY CHARLIE COLLINS AND JOHN
MOLONEY BEFORE JOHN JOE SHEEHY'S WORK IS CAST IN
BRONZE.

*“Ni Neart go cur le Ghéile
I complement
Lyreacrompane Comhaltas
for working with The Dan
Paddy Andy Committee
because I think that's so
important.....”*

**LABHRÁS O'MHURCU
PRESIDENT C.C.E.**

*“Best Wishes to Lyreacrompane
& District Journal”
From Lyre Comhaltas Branch*

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Good luck to the Journal

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FROM

TOM O'CONNOR

Building Contractor
Lyreacrompane

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*The very best
to this journal*
John Joe Sheehy

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brochures
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signage
sculpture

Ballinorig East, Tralee, Co. Kerry, Ireland. Tel. 066 7122818, Fax. 066 7120554, E-mail. jjgae@tinet.ie, Website. <http://homepage.tinet.ie/~jjgae>

THE DAYS OF DAN PADDY ANDY

By Pat Brosnan

On Sunday September 20th, 1998 one of the largest crowds ever to assemble in Carrigcannon turned out for the unveiling of the Memorial bust that had been erected alongside the Four Elms to commemorate the late Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan of Renagown who in his time among other things was renowned as a matchmaker and a dance hall proprietor.

The crowd that came to Carrigcannon on that warm September day was according to local opinion perhaps even greater than that which turned out to watch the Lyre District League football final in 1952 in which Carrig Sarsfields defeated Smearlagh Rangers.

Previous to that the record was the crowd that foregathered for the Sinn Fein sports meeting in Roches Racecourse on 1921.

The bust of Dan Paddy Andy was designed and sculptured by a local man John Joe Sheehy junior and those who attended were by all accounts very much impressed by the high quality of this work of art, moreover when it was achieved by a Lyreacrompane man. Some of Dan's family members and near relatives travelled from the United States for the occasion.

The Memorial was blessed by Fr. O'Connell PP Duagh and was unveiled by Micheál O'Muircheartaigh who is a well-known sports broadcaster.

The hard working local Dan Paddy Andy Memorial Committee under the chairmanship of Joe Harrington did an excellent organising job for the day and deserve much credit too for the fund-raising which they undertook to have the memorial put in place. The dance platform alongside the memorial, which has now



JOHN P. FLYNN, TIPPERARY & BRADFORD PRESENTS HIS PAINTING OF DAN PADDY ANDY'S DANCE HALL TO KAY O'LEARY AT RENAGOWN CROSS.

(PIC M. KEANE)

become a permanent fixture for outdoor dancing and entertainment in suitable weather is another feature, which was visualised and accomplished by the committee.

This year again large crowds and some great traditional performers turned out for the three-day Dan Paddy Andy Festival and this hopefully will become an annual event. Perhaps next year it might be possible to hold a seminar on the life and times of Dan Paddy Andy to which a number of people with first-hand knowledge of the man himself might be invited to speak. While yarns and humorous stories are of course enjoyable there is always the risk that myths and legends and less than true yarns about people like Dan Paddy Andy might arise and become the subject of popular appeal which eventually might obscure facts and realities concerning their lives. If this were to occur it would do less justice to their memories.

My nephew Neilius Brosnan who now lives in Kilcummin parish is surely one of the greatest and most knowledgeable people on Dan Paddy Andy. For many years when my late brother Con operated a blacksmiths forge in West Dromada Dan was a daily visitor there together with the late Jerry P. Moloney who was a peace commissioner and President of Smearla Rangers football club at the time. Andrew Nolan who was better known as Bob Lynch was also a regular visitor to the forge. And as some of us know the conversations, wit and exchanges there were hilarious at times and Neilius has endless lore about that period with Dan Paddy as one of the main characters in the stories, which are in no way exaggerated.

On one occasion last year Radio Kerry invited me to do a talk on the real Dan Paddy Andy whom we knew in our youth and early manhood.

John B. has of course left a splendid record for posterity in his books in Irish and English about Dan whom he knew well from his visits to his cousins the Sheehy's of Renagown. Also his ballad "The Land of Dan Paddy Andy" has become well known. It is quite understandable of course that professional or semi-professional writers, poets and balladmakers will often embellish their writings with a little bit of poetic licence and imagination (don't we all).

But that certainly doesn't take from them. On the contrary it sometimes makes them more colourful and interesting.

This year at the festival a plaque was unveiled by Michael O'Muircheartaigh to mark the former home of the Renagown matchmaker which is now owned by Michael and Sue Lynch. The Festival was officially opened by Senator Labhrás O'Murchú of Comhaltas Ceolteoiri Eireann.

While the Memorial committee has done some trojan work to perpetuate and bring to life the memory of Dan Paddy Andy and that era in the locality there is a great deal of future potential in the future years to explore and possibly record other aspects of his life.

It would also be a very nice gesture to invite some of the musicians who actually played as semi professionals in the hall and who are still with us such as my brother Dan and Tom Doran. These accordion players were an integral part of the scene during the many years of the hall's existence.

But all these are just suggestions, which the committee might take on board for future events and in the meantime best of luck to their efforts.



OGIE MORAN AT THE D.P.A. MEMORIAL UNVEILING



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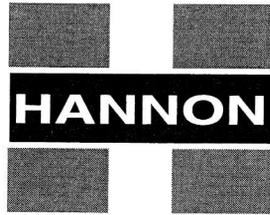
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A NORTH KERRY QUIZ

By Paddy Lysaght

1. Who was murdered at Glounageentha in 1583?
2. Who wrote the novel THE KEY ABOVE THE DOOR?
3. President Eamon De Valera once visited Duagh. Why?
4. In John B. Keane's play, Sive, it was said that the old would wed, who?
5. In 1961 a volume of John B. Keane's poems appeared. What was its title?
6. How many tall chimneys has the E.S.B. power house at Tarbert?
7. When was the new church in Abbeyfeale built?
8. What is the height of the Rattoo Round Tower?
9. Where was Roger Casement captured in 1916?
10. What is the name of the traditional Irish cottage constructed at Finuge?
11. Where was Paddy Drury born?
12. Where is Paddy Drury buried?
13. This man wrote many ballads, especially THE HIGH HEELED SHOES and THE YORKSHIRE PIG. What was his name?
14. When was the Lartigue railway between Listowel and Ballybunion opened?
15. When was the Lartigue closed?
16. When were the races first held in Listowel?
17. What is the height of Knockanore Hill?
18. What was the village of Moyvane formerly called?
19. What is the Christian name of the 'Bomber' Liston?
20. How many All Irelands did the 'Bomber' win?
21. Name the greyhound from Kilmorna that won the Oaks at Clonmel?
22. In 1858 the townland of Cloghaneleskirt was transferred to Duagh parish from where?
23. Where was Kitchener of Khartoum fame, born?
24. When was the present church in Lyreacrompane built?
25. Joseph Locke, the well-known singer once owned what in Listowel?
26. Name the Kerryman from Ballydonoghue parish who was president of Maynooth in 1942?
27. On whose land was the Duagh Coursing held during its short existence?
28. Where did Jessie James's people originate from?
29. How many miles from Listowel to Tralee?
30. According to Paddy Drury what was the Convent Cross famous for?
31. What is the name of the well-known factory in Abbeyfeale?
32. The Smearlagh, now usually shortened to Smerla, is an Irish word. What does it mean?
33. How many arches has the Listowel to Tralee bridge?
34. Fealesbridge, built in 1928 was then named, what?
35. What is the Cork nickname for that tall grey bird often seen standing motionless in streams and bog holes?
36. Why is Violet Nolan from Lisselton so well-known?
37. At the siege of Clashmelchon Caves in April, 1923, what famous republican was shot by the Free State troops?
38. There are the ruins of a Cistercian Abbey outside Abbeydorney. What was it called?
39. A plant with the scientific name ERIOPHORUM is found in all bogs. What is it called in Irish, and in English?
40. What have Smearlagh bridge, Listowel bridge and Hedley's bridge in common?
41. Where was the playwright, George Fitzmauric born?
42. Did Eddie Dowling win an All Ireland medal with Kerry?
43. In the 1998 Munster football final between Kerry and Cork, three North Kerry footballers were on the team. Name them?
44. Who refereed the 1999 first round All Ireland match in Tralee between Kerry and Tipperary?
45. Christy Brown, author of MY LEFT FOOT and DOWN ALL THE DAYS lived for about ten years before his death in what North Kerry town?
46. In the senior football final replay between John Michell's and the Feale Ranger's in 1962, name the man from Lyre who played in the forwards.
47. Name the three Kerry men who were shot by the Black and Tans at Gortaglanna on 12th May, 1921?
48. Name the two Duagh men who have won All Ireland football medals?
49. CARRIGCANNON is an Irish word. What does it mean in English?
50. When was the first number of the LYREACROMPANE AND DISTRICT JOURNAL published?

Answers on next page. If you can honestly say that you know the answer to these fifty questions, then you are the genius the country is waiting for. While many of the questions are easy enough, and many will pride themselves that they can answer them, I have tossed a few tricky ones in which will, I feel, 'stump' many. Excellent if you answer 75%, good if you answer 50%. If you cannot answer even one, God help you.



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BUILDING IN NORTH KERRY FOR 90 YEARS

Good luck to the Lyre Journal

***ANSWERS TO THE NORTH
KERRY QUIZ.***

1. The Earl of Desmond.
2. Maurice Walsh
3. To attend the funeral mass for Fr. Allman, P.P.
4. The young
5. The Street and other poems
6. Two
7. In 1966
8. Approximately 92 feet
9. Banna Strand
10. Teach Siamsa
11. Bog Lane, Knockanure, 1856
12. With the in Old Church, Knockanure
13. Thade Gowran
14. March 1888
15. October 1924
16. In 1858
17. 880 feet
18. Newtown Sandes
19. Eoin
20. Six
21. Hillside Flame
22. From Abbeydorney parish
23. At Gunsborough Villa, 1850
24. In 1956
25. The Listowel Arms Hotel
26. Mongs R. Edward J. Kissane
27. Oliver Fitzmauric's land, Kilcara
28. Near Asdee village
29. Seventeen
30. Pitch and Toss
31. Kostal (Ireland) Ltd.
32. The Blackberry producing river
33. Five
34. Wellesley Bridge
35. Joanie the Bog
36. She won the first Dawn Beauty contest
37. The 'Aeroplane' Lyons
38. Kyrie Eleison Abbey
39. In Irish: Ceannabhan; In English: Bog Cotton
40. All built by an engineer name Richard Griffin
41. In Bedford House near Listowel
42. No
43. Stephen Stack, Liam O'Flaherty & Eamon Breen
44. Michael Collins, Clonakilty
45. Ballyheigue
46. Billy Doran
47. Patrick Dalton, Patrick Walshe and Jeremiah Lyons
48. Dan McAuliffe and Tom Costelloe.
49. The white headed Rock
50. May, 1990

THEY HAD THE POWER

PAUL KENNELLY, FINUGE TALKS WITH JOE HARRINGTON

28 / 08 / 1999

At the '99 Sean McCarthy weekend in Finuge a special presentation was made to Paul Kennelly for his contribution to his community. Paul had lived all his life in Finuge and on a Sunday afternoon last August we called to Paul and his wife Annie. We talked about his voluntary work in his community and of the times when he worked for the ESB to bring power to Lyreacrompane.

Paul told us how he was given a start (three weeks work) by Walter Doyle of Listowel ESB and he had retired from the same job forty years later.

Rathea was the second last area to be connected up under the rural electrification scheme. The board allocated £90,000 to wire Rathea. They never expected to get their money back or neither did we.

Rathea district stretched from Coolnalean Cross right up to the top of Lackabaun overlooking Castleisland and from Glountgeenty to Knocknagoshel. In hindsight I was glad that I was sent up there to do this job. The furthest I'd been up until then was Rathea School. There were two of us and our job was to put in the wires along under the front of the houses from the gables. We started just beyond the Six Crosses up past Pike Dispensary down the hollow by Dillanes and that house back to the left Sheehys. The man there took out a fiddle and played for us. We were supposed to wire three houses a day. Every house we went to tea was on offer but even more than that we were given two eggs. It was an insult to these people not to eat. They were lovely people and sometimes I'd come home having eaten six eggs.

I haven't been able to eat an egg since. The general attitude was "we haven't much but ye are welcome to what we have". Now where would you hear that!

Moving further into The Stacks and Glanruddery Mountains Paul told of the doubts people had about electricity - would it set fire to the thatch? how would they pay for it.?

We asked Paul if the wiring included providing for outside lights and this reminded Paul of Dan Canty? Did you know Dan? Well Dan said to me, "By Jasus I'm so delighted to get it that I'll put a light in every old stall I have and I'll put a light in every field". I'll always remember it. You know Dan was a forward looking man- enterprising.

As we worked our way up we came to Braumaddra and'twas food, food and more food. We met so many interesting people and the days passed with talk, talk and more talk. We met Ned Howard and sure you'd stay forever listening to him and finally - The Promised Land - we hit Lyrecrompane. We had heard about this distant place so often. We had heard about the RIC Barracks - now pulled down, sad to say. We wired part of the barracks (Paddy & Molly Dillanes). We got to know Timmy and John Joe Buckley who worked in Bord na Mona.

Then back to John Joe Sheehy. We were friends ever after. Further back we came to Oathy, Jack and Timothy Horgans. I remember they had the most beautiful round table in the kitchen with one centre leg. Tom who worked for the Knight of Glin had just died and it was afterwards

when I worked in Glenbawn in West Limerick - the last area to get power - that I met Paddy Healy. Paddy was an old carpenter, appointed to Glin Castle and he told me so many stories about Tom Horgan. He described him as a great character. One of his jobs was to mind the orchard but he always contrived to 'just fail to catch the lads escaping with their bag of apples'.

Next was Billy McCarthys country and he was adamant that Duagh was by far a superior team to Finuge - whether it be football or fighting. I remember his Mother was alive at the time when we walked in with our waders on she said "Oh! Jesus more fishermen". We wired the old Lyre school and on over to Forans Bridge.

I'll never forget going back to Spur. There was a little footbridge always bouncing under you - two old bogdeal sticks with a scraw on the top of them. Back there we met the Nash's, Joe, your grandparents, the Naughtons and the Walshes. 'Twas all what we called pole service we had to put in Spur because there were few high gables and some houses were thatched at the gables and some had the thatch running up the chimneys. That was the style in Lyre.

We moved on up to Al Roches and he was delighted to see us coming. This was a new dimension for Al, the lights, the lads and most of all the talk. He used to sit up on the wall with a green hedge inside it and he had a stick and he'd put his back against that and he would say "and tell me Lads..." And we'd tell him and we talked and talked.

And then Dorans with football the main topic. Two wet days I spent inside in the corner with Paddy Doran. Paddy was a storyteller, a hackney driver, a shopkeeper and Paddy was an usher for Dan Paddy Andy when he was on his match-making rounds and Paddy could tell some lovely stories.

Lyre became a base then. We all stopped at the Shop every morning and Mary Doran - do you remember Mary? - one of the great lovely characters and the things she'd say to you. We spent a golden time there.

Of course we were held in undue high regard. One old man said "Listen boy, I suppose you could drive an aeroplane" and what harm we were only bostoons like everyone else at the time. And in Lyre for the first time I saw an expanse of land turned into a forest.

One evening, a glorious summer evening there was a man sitting up on a ditch - black overcoat, cap, glasses and a sheep dog with a hemp tied on holding the dog. He said "How are ye", Fine". "Who have I" was the term he used. We stopped and we talked "Do ye know me"? he asked. "No we don't", "I'm, Dan Paddy Andy Sullivan". He asked me where I was from and I told him Finuge. "Oh! Jesus, do you know the Sheehans?. Do you know the McEvoy's? the Sullivans". He knew everyone. We wired the house for him and again a big feed.

Then down Broughane, cross the little bridge and into another house. On the wall was what appeared to be a photograph of an American soldier. "Who is that soldier?" I asked. The lady said "That's my brother, he was killed in Korea". I thought 'twas mighty sad to leave Lyre and wind up dead in a battle field in such a foreign land. I think the house is closed up since. Further in past Knockriddera, at Knights Mountain we came across the shooting lodge belonging to Revingtons. I think

its Sugures that's there now. It was there that I first heard the call of the Grouse. Apart from the welcome at the houses there was also the bank of turf near the road and tea was on offer there too-tae in the bog.

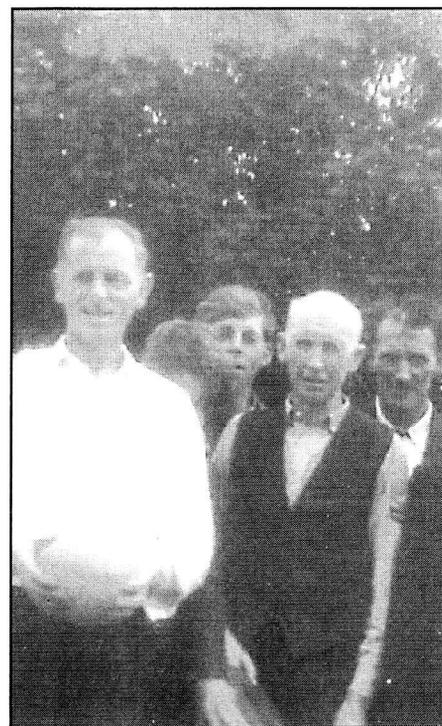
I'm forgetting one place - Connie Kitty's. Do you remember Connie Kitty's? The road up (past Lyre. graveyard) was so bad that we couldn't pull the handcart up there. We carried wire, screws, nails, hammer, chisel and ladder on top of that cart and we pushed it from house to house. A man called Murphy brought us up in his creamery cart and we wired Nolan's house too.

Another man I had the privilege of meeting - John Moloney one of the finest people, a lovely man to talk to and he told us a lot of things. And then the Shanahans and more talk.

As the power went in there were classes held above in Lyre School. A man by the name of Denis McMahon gave a talk and a lady by the name of Breda O'Sullivan, a Domestic Science Teacher. She gave a talk as to how you'd use an electric cooker. But the point was- no one up in Lyre had an electric cooker or anything like it for many a long day. One of the things Denis was pushing very hard was electric pulper's for mangles.

When all the poles were up and all the wiring was done I got a second lease of life in Lyre. The day came for the switch in. I was picked out with an electrician to go into every house, put in a meter and switch on the light. This was just before Christmas and mother of God almighty, I never saw so much joy in peoples faces when they saw the whole house lit up. They made out that they saw cobwebs where they never saw them before. The light from the bare bulb in the middle of the room penetrated every corner.

We called to one long low slated house in Dromadda. My job was to



PADDY DORAN & TIM NEVILLE make a connection on the pole while the electrician put up the metre and hooked it up to the supply. When we turned on the light my eye caught a photograph over the window and I couldn't take my eyes of it - a beautiful young girl. I said to the woman "Who is it?". She said "That's our daughter. She went to America last March and she was back again as the New York Rose of Tralee". Lynch was the name. She looked beautiful there in the little photo and the mother was talking so much about her. That was '59 or '60.

One of the great advantages of the electricity was the electric radio. The dry battery and the wet battery went out the door. But there was one thing more important, they had to put up the Sacred Heart Lamp, whatever else. And by then of course we could drive two aeroplanes the day we turned on the light.

I'll never forget Maugha and all the little houses and the little stream near the school where we spent all one day catching little trout-and the story of the Earl of Desmond.

We did it all on bikes for £3-4-2 and we were wealthy men. But I will never forget Lyre. As one man put it-gentle people, simple things.

ORATORS

John B. Keane

I was once inveigled to speak on behalf of a candidate for the county council. His party does not really matter. What matters is interest and participation and absolute loyalty to one's chosen side. The time was summer, immediately after eleven o'clock Mass in one of the bigger villages of the constituency.

Before approaching the platform we were nicely primed with potstill whiskey by one of our local supporters. He was, of course, the chairman of the local cumann. As the people emerged from the church a steady trickle came towards the platform. There was an air of lethargy about them and I knew in my heart that Demosthenes, Lincoln and Hitler together would have their work cut out to arouse interest in such a gathering. Add to this the fact that it was a fine windless day with snow-white gulls drifting across the blue sky as if to advertise the adjacent seaside.

Then at a signal our chairman led us onto the platform which was the bare body of a five-ton truck. He had earlier tossed a coin with representatives of the opposition for the right to speak first.

He introduced the candidate, who was the most inarticulate of men but who was of sound stock and was never excommunicated. The candidate's speech was short and to the point. In one sentence he told his listeners that a vote for him meant a vote for better times and better representation. He had the good sense to withdraw immediately after this brief contribution. Now it was my turn. Unsure of my ground and my audience, I started on a high note. There was no initial response and I continued in the same vein, elaborating upon the integrity, reliability and ingenuity of our candidate. I used what I believed to be clever phraseology and imagined that I

had made a good and lucid case. I stepped down to a weak smattering of handclaps.

The stage was now clear for the entrance of the candidate for the opposition. He was a middling-sized, average-looking fellow. It was obvious he was no world-beater. He first coughed apologetically and then he put his hands behind his back.

"I don't pretend" said he, "to be as smart as your man but maybe we have too many smart men in the country and this is what's wrong with it". His audience enjoyed my discomfiture and they applauded loudly.

"All I had," he continued, "was a national school education but I'm not ashamed of it". He said this in a way which gave the impression that our candidate and myself were totally ashamed of elementary education. For this there was another sustained bout of applause.

"I'm just a plain, ordinary country boy" he went on, "like any one of yourselves down there".

This was greeted with hysterical cheering from a small segment and with sustained applause from the rest. Suddenly I found myself asking where I had heard it all before. It was some time before I remembered.

Shakespeare had used a somewhat similar situation when he wrote Julius Caesar. I thought of Mark Antony's speech after Caesar's assassination and I remembered, in particular, the lines that held most appeal for the listening multitudes.

"I am no orator as Brutus is, but as you all know me, a plain, blunt man that loves his friends".

In short, he was comparing his audience to himself and for the first time in my life I learned something about mob oratory from a first-class exponent of this outrageous act. He was now talking with his hands in his pockets, as informally as if he had just bumped into a few friends at a street corner.

"I'm a married man myself and I know what it's like for a man who is trying to raise a family". He eyed me maliciously at the same time as though I were a life-long opponent of the married state.

This went down well.

"I want to do the best I can for my children the same as any other decent father or mother down there".

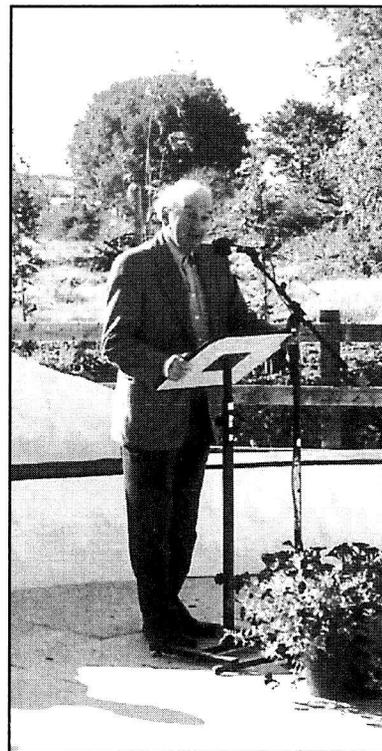
More applause.

"You all know me. I'm no saint but I never said I was and if you won't vote for me I won't hold it against you".

The crowd really rose to this. With a break in his voice he continued

"I never wronged any man and I never blackguarded my father or mother".

As he said this he looked in my direction as if I had. There was no opportunity to deny or protest. I had been given my chance and I failed to make the most of it. I had been beaten hands down but my education benefitted greatly in the process.



J.B. KEANE AT THE UNVEILING OF THE D.P.A. MEMORIAL 1998 (PIC P. LENIHAN)

JONATHAN STEWART

Our community was saddened on hearing of the death, at a young age of Jonathan Stewart following an illness bravely fought.

Jonathan and his mother became members of our community four years ago and in that short space of time he quickly became involved in the life of the community. He showed great appreciation for the environment and rural setting of the Stacks Mountains. Many locals have fond memories of Jonathan.

Though it was a sad occasion it was also a notable experience for the manner in which Fr. O'Connell accommodated the holding of the service in the Lyreacrompane Church.

On behalf of the community we send our deepest sympathy to his mother Liz and his brother Stephen who is a regular visitor to the area and also his special friend Elaine.

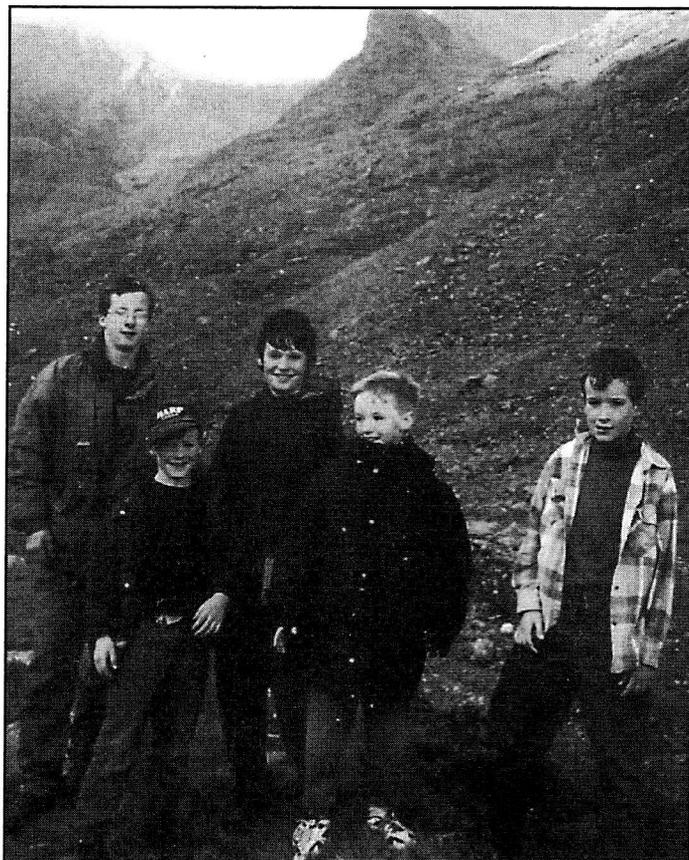
WINTER THOUGHTS

By Pat Brosnan

When the short winter's day expires,
Tis trend to sit beside the fires,
To watch the coloured flames so bright,
On a cold and stormy dreary night.
We're grateful now for turf and logs,
Of summer days spent in the bogs,
So that we can harvest winter fuel,
For the weather that is cold and cruel.

When the snow falls softly on the ground,
And there's damp and darkness all around
On the frosty roads the ice holds sway,
Then the nearest town seems far away.
The farmer now must fodder bring,
To feed his stock until the spring,
Sheep from the hillsides are brought down,
Away from the bleak winters frown.

All wild creatures young and old,
Must find some shelter from the cold,
Some ones in hibernation sleep,
While others to their burrows creep.
In spite of all it's faults and ills,
Each winter time has many thrills,
So let us with our spirits high,
All welcome every winter joy.



JONATHAN STEWART R.I.P. ON A CLIMB OF CARRAUNTOOHIL WITH THOMAS & MICHAEL NASH, PATRICK BROWN AND SHANE HARRINGTON

ODDS & ENDS

Lyreacrompane annual boxing tournament was held on Sunday June 25th. Results:- Great disappointment was expressed at the failure of Flor Mitchel to put in an appearance. As a result Bob Shea was declared winner by default and new middleweight champion of Kerry. In the only middleweight contest JJ Sheehy (Clahane) showed a flash of his old form in disposing of Tim Horgan (Lisroe). Welterweight: Patsy Kelliher (Derrindaffe) kayoed Jim Lyons (Lyre) in the second round.

Paddy Canty (Lyre) kayoed Pats Lyons (Carrig) in the second round. Michael Costello (Glin) beat Pat Kirby on points. Lightweight: Tom O'Brien (Cork City) kayoed Paddy Collins (Castleisland) in the first round. Con Lyons (Lisroe) scored a technical kayo over Dan Canty (Lyre) in the fifth round.

Featherweight: Timmy O'Connor (Castlisisland) and Bill Cronin (Lyre) fought a draw. Bantamweight: John D. Nolan (Carrig) fought a draw with battling Bill McCarthy (Glashnacree). In a high-speed contest Gaby Kelleher (Derrindaffe) outpointed John O'Connell (Carrig). Flyweight: Dick Carey (Carrig) outpointed Mossie Horgan (Clahane). Mike Mangan (Moyvane) beat Sam Somers (Lyre) on points.
July 1st. 1944

GIVE OUR SPIRITS A CHANCE TO CATCH UP!!

REV. G.O'CONNELL P.P

The turn over of every year reminds us that life is not static and that we are propelled forward willingly or unwillingly. How much more will the turn of a millennium remind us of this? It is more valuable and healthy to willingly go forward and to see life as a pilgrimage. The new millennium will mark the presence of God in our world through Christ and Christianity for two millennia now. We believe that Christ and Christianity reveals the fullness of truth about the purpose and meaning of life. Consequently, the end of an old and beginning of a new Christian millennium is an occasion, which should challenge us to seek answers about the deepest and fullest meaning of our lives and world.

In the last twenty-five years we have experienced mind-boggling change and at break neck speed to our culture and life-style. At face level most of us seem to cope, but the inner person often feels alienated, fragmented, lost and meaningless. This applies to our relationships with ourselves, others, God and creation. This brokenness in us is illustrated by a story from primitive New Guinea. Two missionaries set out by jeep to a mission station 200 miles away over mountain tracks. Two native guides accompanied them who had never travelled before in a fast vehicle. After some hours of frantic rough travel and still only halfway to their destination a tyre blew out. The missionaries duly repaired it and got back into the jeep to resume the journey. However, the natives refused to enter the jeep again. Their explanation was. "Our bodies are here but our spirits are away back there.

We must rest and wait here for our spirits to catch up with our bodies. Then we will resume the journey in the morning". The missionaries realised that there was great and valuable truth in the natives.

In our part of the world the Celtic Tiger culture is causing us to live with tension, speed and pressure. Bodies are forced to keep pace but souls are left behind and neglected. This is what Jesus meant 'What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul'? We must regularly take time out for our spirits to catch up and be rested and nourished. This is what The Sabbath day of rest is about. We must nourish our spiritual roots. This includes more time in nature, family, local community and church. It may mean less time in cars, computers, shopping malls, pubs and clubs. Give more time to relationships and less to things.



CHILDREN OF LYREACROMPANE NATIONAL SCHOOL WHO RECEIVED THEIR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION '99

L TO R Sean Rutland, Cathal Moloney, Sinead Dillon, Olivia Nash & Breda Walsh with their Teacher Mrs. Shine & Fr. O'Connell

Spiritual writers are advocating a better awareness, use and celebration of our Celtic Christian Spirituality. This Christian heritage gave purpose and meaning to life and upheld our people in penal and pauper times. It has the potential to do the same in times of plenty. We have a rich diversity of Christian heritage sources to nourish our spirits and lives e.g. churches, grotto's, holy wells and mountain monasteries, holy sites, pilgrimages, mass routes, walks and

paths and rocks. We must approach these with the mind of a pilgrim - to respect, reflect, learn experience and be nourished. We should take on board God's admonition to the pilgrim Moses - "Take off your shoes for this is holy ground". In these ways we give a chance for our spirits to catch up. The spiritual and relational aspects of our lives are nurtured and we will experience renewal and new life. We will be more fully human and more fully alive.

St. Paul's prayer from the bible expresses my prayer and wish for all of us as we journey out of the old and into the new Millennium.

St. Paul's Prayer
(Ephesians:3:14-21)

This, then, is what I pray,
Kneeling before the Father,
From whom every fatherhood,
In heaven or on earth, takes its name.

In the abundance of his glory may he,
Through his spirit,
Enable you to grow firm in power
With regard to your inner self,
So that Christ may live in your hearts
through faith,

And then, planted in love
And built on love,

With all God's holy people
You will have the strength
To grasp the breath and the length,
The height and the depth,
So that, knowing the love of Christ,
Which is beyond knowledge,

You may be filled
With the utter fullness of God.

SOME PRIESTS FROM THE PARISH

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael Costello who served in Granite City, Illinois, was born in Kilmorna around 1888.

Msgr. Patrick Galvin was born in Duagh on the 17th of March 1886 and served in the Diocese of Sacramento until his death in September 1942.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John (Jack) J. O'Brien was born in Duagh in August 1895. He got his MA at Fordham University and died on the 14th of April 1967.

Very Rev. Denis J. O'Maloney PP was born in Duagh on April 24th 1881 and ordained at All Hallows College Dublin on June 25th 1907. He served in the Pittsburgh Diocese for many years until his death on January 7th 1946.

Very Rev. Maurice McCarthy was born in Duagh in 1902 and was educated at St. Michaels in Listowel. During his 38 years in Australia he visited his native place on only two occasions. Fr.

McCarthy died in December 1965 and over 200 priests attended his requiem mass.

P. Kennelly Knockanure.

THE LISTOWEL PROSPECTOR

One of the most successful prospectors in Klondyke was Patrick Galvin a Listowel man who emigrated to America in 1870's. A tinsmith by trade, he engaged in the hardware and machine business in Belle Plaine before heading for Alaska in the mid 1890's. There, in a matter of three years, he became one of Klondykes Millionaires.

The *Belle Plaine Herald* of October 27th 1897 described the journey home from Dawson City to Seattle which took forty days-"Mr. Galvin who was accompanied by his wife travelled by the Dalton Trail and had to tramp 574 miles and Mrs. Galvin had to walk 150 miles during the journey. When starting out from the Klondyke they had eleven pack horses and at journeys end they had but four".

Patrick Galvin brought back with him the second biggest gold nugget found in the gold rush. It weighed nearly 24 ounces and was found at a depth of eleven and a half feet on one of his claims.

Patrick Galvin died far from North Kerry in 1899 on board ship on his way to Manila.

*From information contributed by
P. Kennelly.
Knockanure.*



**SR. GABRIEL(KEANE, RATHEA)
D.O.B. 1903**

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SCHOOL PALS AT RENAGOWN

Sweet is the Scholar's Life
Busy about his studies
The sweetest lot in Ireland
As all of you know well

By **BRIGHID MOLONEY**

Above is the first verse of an anonymous Irish Poet's poem; he lived in the seventeenth century.

You, Dear Reader, may or may not agree with him. Nevertheless, I pray you bear with me for I am going to take you on a leisurely trip down memory lane. You will hear all about my Alma Mater: Renagown National School.

From Castleisland to Listowel the road like a caterpillar, runs straight ahead but it does squirm and bump along the way. After Barnageeha on your right the moors begin. Pause now and look down to see an important landmark: there, in a grove of sallies, the Smearla river springs. Fed by streamlets, she wends her way. At Broughane, she gets her first bridge for a girdle. The second one with a wider arch has an important mention in John B. Keane's Sive. Further on there comes another stream, this time from your left, where Den Hickey's house still stands. Below its little bridge, Den made a platform: on Sunday nights he would play his melodeon for Kerry dancers from near and far. The rippling sounds of running water was a rare accompaniment. From this sylvan source would spring Dan Paddy's Hall.

One of Dan's memorable utterances was: "No Poundin' in the Paddadium!" Mary Ellen O'Sullivan was Den Hickey's wife, and a relation of Dan's. At Den's retirement Dan had a new platform built at the Crossroads in Renagown, whence roads led to Tralee, Listowel, Castleisland and Abbeyfeale. To Dan's hall came people from Dublin, from the nearby islands and 'Yanks' from America. You paid at the door. The boarded floor was none too robust. A popular dance called Horsey, entailed some

energetic stamping by the lads in strong boots, hence Dan's military command.

Renagown now rises up on our left as we retrace our steps on the Castleisland Road past the small bogs then the big bogs till fields appear on either side. A 'boreen' well shaded, on our left, leads down, and across the Smearla. On our right is a pond. Mind the gander, especially if there are geese and goslings. He likes to show off.

The nearby path leads up to John 'Gorraha' O'Connors, the house with steps leading up, is Humphrey (Frey) McMahan's. There's a little grove, a little green with a wall beside it. Welcome to Renagown National School. The name is on a plaque on the wall with the date: 1894.

My grandfather, Pats Moloney, had a hedge school education, which he later improved with reading. The building was a cowhouse sited on his father's land. The Master was his Uncle. Pats in later years would sometimes refer to himself as "A selfmade man".

Jerh Moloney travelled the 'Butter Road' to Cork from time to time. Pats had gone with him and seen Smiths at work, steel pens for sale. Later when he succeeded in the family home he brought back a mowing machine. The people came from near and far to view this mower. A man from Meengenaire shook his head, "Will it cut the hay the as good as a scythe?" said he. He was a good judge, Meengenaire scythesmen were reputed for their prowess.

Renagown School was one of the earliest. Many more were earlier, for instance the one in Rathea, near Listowel. That had a punishment closet built into the wall. When a

dunce's cap failed to cure the culprit, he was shoved into this dark closet and left there to howl for mercy till the master saw fit to let him out.

Among the first scholars to Renagown N.S. were Pat Gleeson and my father Jerry Moloney. Master Molyneux's school near the 'Glen' was convenient for Pat but the discipline was, to put it mildly, far too strict.

Master Danny O'Connor, a native of Glounaneenta and newly qualified, was their teacher. Jerry was eight years old but he had already learnt to read. He would leave at age twelve. He cried his heart out. They were, he said, the happiest years of his life.

In June, 1923, I started school. I remember my pink gingham pinafore, trimmed with cream colour, my page boy hair cut. Proudly I posed before the mirror on the chiffonier. "What is so rare as a day in June?" Ah, but some are rarer than others. A little girl started school that same day. Bridie Brosnan and I became friends for life. She is now in heaven.

My home being roughly one Irish mile from Renagown, was an easy walk from Beechgrove, Dromadamore, along the road by the river to the bridge. Here there was a choice: go the long way by the crossroads or take a short cut through the bogs. James Moloney came with us later, John would join him and briefly, Pauline and Cathryn.

At 10am, the Master and Missus, well tucked up arrived in their pony and trap from their home near Castleisland. The trap was left in the McMahan field below the road, the pony free to graze.

Dan O'Connor was more than a decade older than his wife Maggie Molyneux from Duagh. She taught the infants and preparatory pupils, he the seniors.

Bridie Hickey and her brothers, with Andrew the younger had not far to walk, just a few yards over the road.

The scholars came from "All the airts the wind doth blow". The two largest families were the Reidys reputedly, sixteen and the Sweeneys, twelve, both from Broghane. From there too came the Connors and Creminses. Farther south, auburn haired Mahoneys. One day a little boy came holding his brothers hand. Long golden ringlets hung low on his neck, his blue eyes surveyed us with wonder. All too soon 'The glory had departed', His Dad chopped off the ringlets. Young Seamus Mahoney would never be the same again.

From the opposite side of the road, where the hill went higher, came an O'Connor girl who was one of the seniors. She went to the U.S.A. An O'Connor family lived near Frey's. There was Dan, Jim, Mollie. The latter had been accidentally burnt in her face and hands. She was kind and friendly and like all the big girls, she liked to come and talk to the small ones at playtime. I used to draw on the steps at playtime, using soft coloured stones I found near the river. The first time Mollie O'Connor bent over me I reacted violently, turning my head away.

It was several years later that walking down Main Street in Castleisland, I saw Mollie O'Connor again coming towards me. There was no mistaking her, but I was surprised that she too had recognised me. For some years, she said, she had worked in the town. I heard that she has since died. Mollie did her purgatory, may she rest in peace.

At Dromadamore, the big long ridge, the Glanrudderas, The Knights mountains tail off towards the lowlands of Rathea and Listowel. From there came the sons, and later a daughter, of

Jim Cronin and Madge Moloney. The Cotter boys were swarthy complexioned, "Foreign Looking". Here in Monasterevin, Co. Kildare, is a distant relative Bobby Cotter. An enterprising young man, he came to the town. Soon he had built a creamery. But its success was too meagre, next, a piggery and now brood mares.

There were Horans, two Lyons families, Nashes including Tom who now lives in Duagh. The Leary lads had one little sister called Caitlin, her mother's pride and joy. Cahills, Mick and Mary.

Margaret Connor had lost both parents at an early age. She lived with her grandmother. We were good friends, she said we were related. High spirited, reckless, she got up to some daring tricks. In a cottage near the crossroads lived the Sugrues: Kate and Jerh, better known as "B.G.Sir"; his favourite imprecation, and Kate's adopted niece they called 'The Yank'. She was also Catherine, Timothy, the son of the house, known as Tut, lived on illicit hunting. 'The Yank' was still a scholar in the early twenties. The Sugrues had one Dun cow who grazed 'the long acre' down to the bridge. Margaret wore a red cloak with a hood. One day she played Red Riding Hood in earnest, frightening the life out of my sister Bessie and myself. Taking the startled cow by the horns, she managed to mount and hold on laughing her head off, while the poor animal plunged and kicked and shook her head, eyes rolling in terror. "Ah! Come off her Margaret" I shouted, my heart in my mouth; at last she did and sat on the roadside panting. The cow went back home, none the worse, for she came again next day.

Moving father along the Drom, you came to Jack Brosnan who lived with his wife Julia and family. Connie came to school, then John and Mary; later Ando. Next, near the skyline lived the Mahoneys. There was Denis who once admired the colourful patterns on my new pinafore, then fingering the seam, he said dolefully: "Ah! Look at that, she sewed 'em. The girls, Biddy, Hannah and Nora

came too. Hannah finished at Moyderwell Convent secondary in Tralee. Along with her the Moloney first cousins from Carrigcannon, Bridie and Julie.

Next to Mahoneys was the home of Con Lynch and Molly Reidy - they were called the Kate Cuds and nearby, Hannie Lynch, whose husband died prematurely. Instead of being called by his name: Nolan, she retained her own and their only son was Bob Lynch. He was a mother's boy. She worked hard, hiring herself out to farmers at sowing and reaping times. I remember how deftly she would gather a sheaf of oats and bind it, ready for stooking. She wore a black dress and apron and a white handkerchief on her head to ward off the sun. Bob did not get much schooling but he was very intelligent, well able to read and write, trade in cattle sometimes even as far as Galway. On Sunday mornings he would foot it down the mountain for Mass, trousers neatly pressed, a wild flower in his buttonhole, cap tilted slightly and very full on the crown. Some say it was stuffed with bank notes!

Thomas and Lizzie McElligott, nee Geaney, had a farm and a shop. The farm is still there run by Betty McElligott and her husband, Patsy Canty. The shop is now history. Lizzie outlived her husband for several years. Notably, during the lean thirties, her generosity relieved some hard-up families. Two McElligott girls, Liz and Sarah, came to Renagown, Kitt went to boarding school; St. Louis nuns in Monaghan.

All were industrious knitters of jumpers and cardigans, that fastened with zippers. The latter device I found very puzzling. Dearly would I love to pick one up off the hedge as I went down home; to examine it leisurely, but courage failed me. Time along would reveal all!

Next on the line was the home of Jack and Mary Donohue. Their daughters Bessie and Sarah were Renagown scholars. The farmhouse kitchen window gave a long sweeping view of

Renagown and Reamore. Always, on the hearth, a good red fire burnt. Mary's health was frail but she liked to entertain a visitor, up went the kettle on the crane. Mary too had an eye for art. On the top of the dresser well stocked with delph, there was a row of empty jam pots, empty except for the cut-out pictures Mary had lined them with. It was a novel idea for me, then, as it is now.

Further down in the trees, between McElligott's and Donohue's lived a family of Brosnans. They were the Paty's. The man of the house Paty, his wife Hannie, his brother Mick and the five girls, led a very busy life. Money had to come from a few sheep, small farmings, for the house and the sale of turf delivered at dawn in the back streets of Tralee. The mother, a thrifty housewife was a competent cook. An oven loaf stood usually cooling against the small back window of the kitchen. Sewing was her speciality, a skill she taught her daughters, Eily was particularly good at it. A prize turkey cock in the back yard strutted with the hens. He had a busy time in the Spring; Broody hens were brought from near and far. A grandmother was reputed to have lived to the age of one hundred and fourteen.



MARY SUGRUE (NEE MC ELLIGOTT, DROMADDA) AND HER SON JOHN, KATHERINE COSTELLO AND TIMOTHY O'NEILL

Returning to the crosses, Paddy Lyons, son of Eugene and Julianne his youngest sister came from Reamore. Up the Carrig Road came the Gleesons; Rosemond, Stanley, Hilda and Evelyn, Beck the baby was not ready yet. With them were the Jim Daniel Moloneys, Dan the eldest and Stanley Gleeson had soon graduated, along with Jerry Frey. Patty Carey's eldest daughter Bessie came for a short time. She looked a picture with her little white hat trimmed with a wreath of Forget-me-Nots. It was all very new and strange for her, so she went with her Doran cousins to Lyre School. Jim Lyons too, came for a short time.

Evelyn Gleeson and Julie Moloney, as they came down the height collected Charlie Collins, then Mame Sheehy at Ivy Bridge. Mame with her black hair tied with a neat blue bow, wore a different dress every day for a week.

One fine morning, there was a happy increase in our numbers: Tom Fitzgerald had decided to send his children to Renagown. Their mother Madge was a saint who did dress making and reared a family of twelve. Georgie was the eldest of the six and

came that morning. He was a bright scholar. Ellen had been in a sanatorium and so was backward in her schooling; then there was May, Tommy and Noreen. Bob, a little curly haired fellow took his seat in "the small desks".

Tommy Fitz was a gifted acrobat. He could stand on his head, immovable while his face grew redder and redder. Entranced, we would wait for him to cartwheel upright again.

Eily Brosnan had the speed of a hare. It was reputed that a grand-aunt of her's who had emigrated to the States, had won many prizes for running.

On the low fence at the opposite side of the road there was a spot smoothed out. Here a group of devotees would take turns to play "Gobs", our name for the ancient game of five stones. In the British Museum I saw ancient Greek statues of girls kneeling and playing five stones. Indian children too play the same game.

One day in the race to the Lep a contestant tripped and fell. She was in no hurry to rise, not hurt at all. She was enjoying the breather. Hannah Mahony came over, straightened Evelyn's clothes and linked her across to the grassy verge, then drawing herself up to her full height, she raised her hands to command attention. "Hearken to me all of ye! This day ye have witnessed an untoward event. We ran a race, someone fell, we turned and behold!.. there lay Miss Gleeson, exposed to the light and heat of the vertical sun... the the Pope coming on!"

Evelyn Gleeson who had lived in Clare before the family returned to their roots in Carrigcannon, had a great repertory of children's games and rhymes. She taught us how to play them all. Like the five stones the rhymes go back a long way referring to historic persons and events.

Ring a ring a Rosy! Asha! Asha!
Pitch upon a Posy! All fall down!

This refers to the plague, the Black

Death which struck the victims suddenly. The stench of the living and the dead was overpowering, the gentry comforted themselves by carrying a posy, a big bunch of highly scented flowers held under the nose. Asha! Asha! imitated the dread sneeze which preceded the fall, hence the custom of saying God Bless You to someone who sneezes.

Here are the robbers coming through,
my fair lady?
Stole my watch and stole my chain...

In the eighteenth century travellers were constantly in danger of being robbed by highway men. In "I came to see Jenny Joan" we are told the perennial life story of the average housemaid. In the first couplet she is washin' clothes. "You can't see her now". In the last she is dead in bed and there's a final, "You can't see her now."

There had been three of us in seventh class: Bridie Brosnan, Bridie Hickey and Bridie Moloney. Bridie one is now in heaven, Bridie two, in Tasmania and Bridie three, mise me fein, here in Monasterevin.

Coming home from school in the late afternoon we would dawdle, play games. One evening we all rolled down a high field near a glen not too far from the Crosses. It was Evelyn again who unwilling to stop rolled right in to the marshy drain by the roadside. She emerged sodden and mucky. Nothing daunted, she removed her nether garment and began to clean her face and limbs with it, gave it a rinse and stuffed it in to her coat pocket. After that we resumed our journey, homeward bound in earnest now.

On the last day of the school year in July, 1933 I said goodbye to my Alma Mater. For some reason, unknown to me now I took a short-cut from the Carrig Road near the Ivy Bridge, jumped over little bog-holes and 'tus-sach's' to emerge near "The Joinings". There where the mountain stream met the Smearla, I crossed over. It was a

milestone in my life.

Our school continued for a few years longer, but numbers dwindled to the point where it was axed by the powers that be. There today it still stands, to serve as parish property.

I began with a verse from a seventeenth century poet, I will end with one of the twentieth by James Stephens:

*Evening gathers everything
Scattered by the morning
Fold for sheep and rest for wing.*

*Evening gathers everything
Scattered by the morning!*

Let us say a joyous Amen to that, and for all that has been: Deo Gratias.



**EIRN LYONS & CLARE MANGAN
LAST DRINKS AT THE OLD PUB
MARCH 1990**

LAND WAR IN BALLYMACELLIGOTT

Jer Breen

On the first Sunday in March 1882, the largest crowd ever seen in the Ballymacelligott parish assembled at Groves Halfway House, to hear Tim Harrington, Tralee, address a Land League meeting and to establish a branch. Before the meeting the organisers erected a banner across the roadway, calling the people to come and join the Land League. Fr. O'Leary PP was passing by. When he saw the banner he stood up on his sidecar and using his umbrella he pulled the banner down. He denounced the Land League as troublemakers and subversives. Later as the meeting was in progress a regiment of English Cavalry - The Black Watch - arrived out from Tralee. They cleared the people off the roadway. The bold tenant farmers took to the fields and continued with their meeting. My Grandfather Henry Breen, Caher, was elected chairman on the day.

When the Landlord Sam Hussey heard about the meeting he approached Tom Groves and gave him an ultimatum - either him or the licence must go. Poor Tom lost his licence. But the Land League came to stay thank God. The people hated Sam Hussey after this deed. Attached to the Land League was a very active moonlighting branch - a secret oath society. They were very brave and daring men, but what a price they paid.

Sylvester Poff of Flemby made the supreme sacrifice in Tralee Jail on 23rd. January 1883 when along with his cousin John Barrett, Cordal they were both hanged by Marwood the executioner. Poff left a young family and a widow named Sugrue from Caher. Gerry Mahoney died in jail of police brutality. He was arrested one Sunday morning outside Clogher Church where he was erecting boycott notices. He was severely beaten because he would not inform on his comrades. O'Connor, Savage and Costello all from Kielduff served life in dark Kilmainham jail. We should be proud of these men and keep their memory green.

Jer Breen gave the above article to Kay O'Leary before he passed away.

THE HISTORY MAN FROM CAHIR

By Joe Harrington

The History Man from Cahir
We laid to rest today
We've said our last goodbyes to him
And as we turn away
Perhaps we might consider
The things for which he stood
A man proud of his country
And of his neighbourhood

The fight for Irish freedom
So frowned upon by those
Who on the Celtic Tiger's back
To wealthy status rose
Was valued by the History Man
And passed on faithfully
To friends and neighbours 'round him
To those like you and me.

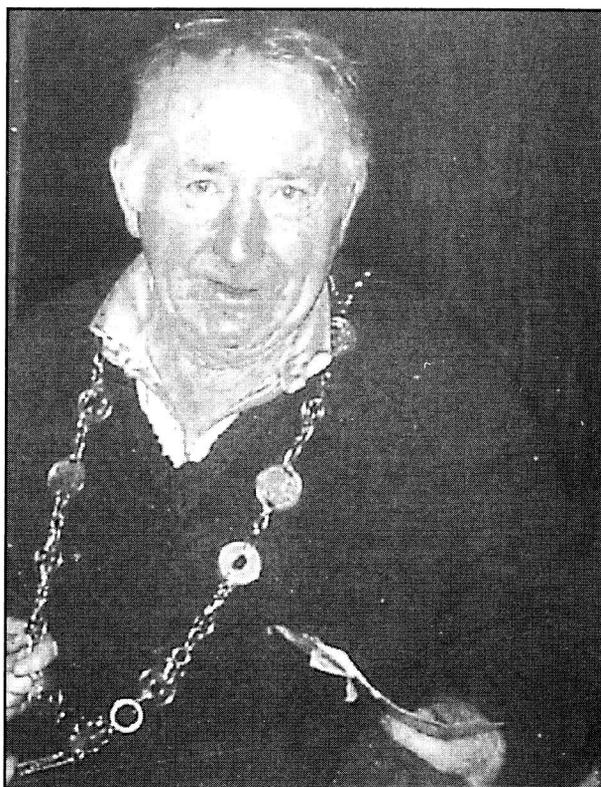
Stacks Mountains fighting story
He talked about with pride
And how at Ballymac John Leen
And Maurice Reidy died
Of the Ballyseedy Massacre
On the roadside near Tralee
He spoke about with Butler
One night on our T.V.
But history for the History Man
Was always 'bout much more
Than things that did make history
In the far off days of yore
The lives of ordinary people
He valued just the same.
There was no one in North Kerry
But he didn't know their name.

I've sat beside his fireside
And my amazement grew
To hear him trace third cousins
Of which I never knew
And events that were just local
He recorded too with care
And the way he told about them
You'd swear that you were there.

The History Man has left us
His life, worthwhile, has been
For Ger remembered everyone
Let us not forget Ger Breen.



TOM HERLIHY, LUKE KEANE, JERRY SAVAGE AT THE 'RIVER ISLAND' HOTEL CASTLEISLAND



JER BREEN TRIES ON THE LIMERICK MAYORAL CHAIN

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY

(Contributed by Eileen Moloney)

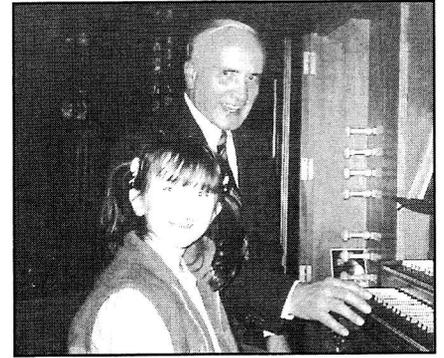
She stood at the bar of justice
A creature wan & wild,
In form too young for a woman,
In features too old for a child,
For a look so old and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.
'Your name', said the judge as he
eyed her with kindly look yet keen,
'Tis Mary McGuire if you please Sir,
'And your age' 'Just turned fifteen'
'Well Mary', and out from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
'You're charged here and I'm sorry
to say it
With stealing three loaves of bread.
You look not like an old offender
And I hope that you can show

This charge to be false against you,
Are you guilty of this or no'?
A passionate burst of weeping
At first was her sole reply
But she dried up her tears in a moment
And she looked in the judge's eye.
'I'll tell you how it was Sir
My father and mother are dead
And the little ones were hungry
And they asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow the times grew bad Sir,
And the work all fell away.
I could get no more employment
The weather and bitter cold,
The little ones cried and shivered,
Little Johnnie's but four years old,
So what was I to do Sir.
I'm guilty but do not condemn
I took - oh was that stealing?,
The bread to give to them.
Every man in the courtroom
Greybeard and thoughtless youth
Knew as they looked upon her
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
And out from their pockets came
handkerchiefs,
And out from their eyes sprung tears,

And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years
The judge's face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw
As he looked quite puzzled
And murmured something
about the law,

And no one blamed him or wondered
When the following words were said,
'The sentence upon this young lady
is for the moment deferred,

And no one blamed him or wondered
When he led from the courtroom
himself-The Guilty Child.



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Best Wishes to the Millennium Journal

EVICTIIONS

Kay O'Leary

Evictions and notices of evictions were the order of the day back in the 1880's. Representatives of the law and the landlords marched through the land from end to end and thousands of families were left homeless. The emigrant ship took many to foreign shores but others resolutely refused to go while many of them lacked the means to pay for the voyage. All of this reign of terror was taken place even though Mr. Gladstone had introduced the Land Act which in his opinion was to settle the land question in Ireland.

It was at this time that the Land League was pointing out the desire of the Irish people to own their own land. For promoting this idea they were declared communists by the Tory Party.

In 1877 the number of families evicted in Kerry was 18. In 1881 - 192. In 1883 - 403. In 1884 - 410. Thirty-two thousand pounds (extra police tax) was paid out for the County of Kerry between the years 1884 - 1887 while the population in the same period through evictions and emigration had decreased.

In 1883 the evictions in Kerry were more numerous than those of the rest of Ireland put together. This was the era in which the moonlighters were most active but Kerry had not always been a county of rebellious fame. Going back ten years moonlighting was unheard of in the county.

It was in this setting that evictions in Lyreacrompane took place.

In 1881 the agent for the Lyreacrompane Landlord, John Hurly, was Lucy Anne Thompson. She was not satisfied with the rents the tenants were paying and she decided to increase them. When the tenants refused to pay the increase they were

ruthlessly thrown on the roadside and depended on their neighbours for shelter and support.

At a Land League meeting held in Duagh in 1881, Rev. B. Scanlon, President informed the gathering that the bulk of tenantry on most of the properties in the parish were under ejection or had proceedings against them for the recovery of rent. Rev. Scanlon also stated 'that in every portion of the County where Ms. Thompson holds sway the unfortunate tenants were in the same sad conditions as they were in Lyre'. Fr. Scanlon was the National Convention delegate for the Duagh Land League.

In March 1881 Julia Nolan wanted to assign her holding and cattle to her son John on the occasion of his marriage. The landlord objected. After the passing of the Land Law Ireland Act in 1881, she applied to have a fair rent fixed. The Landlord resisted the application on the ground that she had parted with possession. In February 1884 she executed a formal deed of assignment to her son John. He then applied to have a fair rent fixed. The Landlord again resisted.

In April 1881 Mr. W. Hartnett, sub-sheriff, accompanied by a force of police evicted Mary Gallivan, Knockanebrack. Mr. George Sandes was her Landlord. Mrs. Gallivan, a widow had gone to Mr. Sandes to get him to acknowledge her son Michael as the tenant of the farm. Mr. Sandes would not acknowledge a change of tenancy unless Michael Gallivan paid £200 and agree to an increase of £10 a year on the rent. The Gallivans were unable to meet the demand and Mr. Sandes had them evicted. Denis Scanlon was a tenant on the Hurly Estate, which was been managed by Lucy Anne Thompson. In 1858 Denis Scanlon held his farm

under Lady Locke (before John Hurly purchased it) at a yearly rent of £8 5s. The Government valuation was £8 10s. Following the purchase of the estate by John Hurly, Denis Scanlon's rent had been increased to £20 and Ms. Thompson was demanding a further increase of £5 per annum.

In June 1881 a large contingent of police, regiments of soldiers, cavalry, infantry, ambulance wagons etc. arrived in Listowel. This formidable army marched from Listowel to Carrigcannon (Lyreacrompane) putting terror into the inhabitants of the district between. They soon arrived at Denis Scanlon's house. They immediately asked him to abandon the home of his birth. This he refused and at once the law went into action. The bailiffs threw large stones against the door and eventually gained entry followed by the sheriff. Scanlon was dragged from his home-the home where his grandfather was born. His wife and six children were also thrown out. A neighbour immediately gave them shelter.

In June 1881 two troops of the 20th Hussars and a number of men belonging to the army corp. arrived in Listowel by special train from Limerick. A detachment of the 107th Regiment from the local Barracks under Lieutenant De. Moleyns joined them. They formed into lines and marched through the streets. In total there was close on three hundred men under the command of Captain RA Massey R.M. They arrived in Lyreacrompane to assist the sheriff and some bailiffs to evict Patrick Quill who lived on the Hurly Property. The military brought camping equipment with them as they intended staying overnight at the scene of the eviction. Patrick Quill's rent under Lady Locke

was £10 12s 6d. The Government Valuation was £20 10s. John Hurly increased it to £43 and Ms. Thompson demanded £10 extra, which Patrick Quill refused.

On Monday 16th. September 1881 Lucy Anne Thompson evicted Michael Moloney of Carriggannon and his eight children from their home. At one time Michael Moloney's farm had been a swamp situated in the centre of a long bog about two miles from the road. He had reclaimed sixty acres of it and made it into a comfortable farm, drawing on his back limestone to improve it. The government valuation on the farm was £8 5s. The rent was £23 3s and Ms. Thompson had asked him for £16 more. When he did not submit to this unjust demand, he and his children were thrown out of their home. Neighbours gave Michael Moloney and his children shelter. His wife had previously died. Michael Moloney was unprotected by the Land Act, as he was only a caretaker since April 1880.

Michael Moloney had not succeeded in getting his crops off the land before been evicted but the local Land League took up his case. They appointed a day on which people of the surrounding district got the opportunity to demonstrate their adherence to the principles of the League, by coming out to take Moloney's crops from the farm. From 10am two thousand men and women came bringing with them reaping hooks and heavy farm carts. After four hours work all the crops on the farm including 3 acres of oats, 1 acre of rye, 2 acres of potatoes, 2 acres of rushes and 20 ton of hay had been taken from the evicted farm and stored at his brother's. Refreshments consisting of six half barrels of Guinness Stout with plenty bread and butter provided. In the morning when the people began to assemble at Moloney's farm the bailiff who had been staying in the house guarded by six policemen left for Listowel with four R.I.C. officers.

John Ahern and Mrs. Michael Ahern held a joint farm and Pat Ahern and

Michael Ahern held a lease to a joint farm since March 1859. The four families were evicted. Under Lady Locke they paid a yearly rent of £13 10s. The Government Valuation was £16. Under John Hurly the rent was increased to £38 and Ms. Thompson had demanded a further £10. Having been evicted the families were allowed in as caretakers. Mary Ahern and her eight children were receiving 15s a week from Mr. O'Sullivan, Relieving Officer. A report was made to the Listowel Board of Guardians, by a neighbour, that she had cattle grazing. This was found to be untrue and her weekly relief was continued.

In 1881 the following evicted tenants applied to the Listowel Board of Guardians for out door relief - Michael Nolan, Denis Scanlon, Timothy O'Donoghue, Pat Quill, Michael Ahern, John Ahern, Mrs. J Dillane, Michael Dillane, Michael Ahern Snr., Pat Sullivan, Each family was given 2s 3d a week per head. When Pat Quill, Glashnanoon was called before the Board he stated that he was evicted not because he refused to pay his rent but because he refused to pay a rise of rent. On been evicted he had sold his stock. Fr. Scanlon who was present enquired if he had given any money to Ms. Thompson. He replied, "Indeed I did not" and Fr. Scanlon declared he was perfectly right.

Garrett Fitzgerald paid Lady Locke £10 12s 6d. The Government Valuation was £20 10s. John Hurly had increased the rent to £43 and Ms. Thompson made a demand for an extra £6 per annum. At that time the Duagh Ladies Land League group which consisted of one hundred members contacted the central executive in Dublin through Miss Anna Parnell - sister of Charles Stuart Parnell. They were requesting help to build a house for Mrs. Dillane who had been evicted. Mr. Fitzell, treasurer of the men's League gave a site adjacent to the house which Mrs. Dillane had been evicted from. A sum of money was sent to the group. The Ladies League enlisted the help of the Men's League to build the house. On Thursday 12th May 1881 at 10 o'clock

in the morning twelve hundred people and about 200 horses and carts arrived on the site. In that vast assemblage there were masons, carpenters, thatchers and many of them had brought along stones, mortar, screws, rushes and reeds.

As the building was been erected the Ladies League arrived on site carrying green banners with suitable inscriptions to the deafening cheers of the assembled workers. At five o'clock the house was built, roofed and thatched. Rev. B. Scanlon arrived with the Abbeyfeale Brass Band. They received a most enthusiastic reception. They entered the house and played "Home Sweet Home". Fr. Scanlon congratulated the League on their bravery and determination and he said that the house would be "a monument to the principals of the Irish Land League".

At a Land League meeting in Duagh the branch unanimously decided that any person grazing evicted farms would be considered grass-grabbers and would be expelled from the League. There were many grass-grabbers in the locality. In fact families and neighbours were often split because of grass grabbing. It was known to happen that one brother would take advantage of another brother's misfortune by taken the land from which the former had been evicted.

Boycotting was a defence mechanism encouraged by the Land League. The first farmer in the neighbourhood to be subjected to the system of boycotting was from Gortacalahane (1880). Farmers that took evicted farms were unable to procure servant boys. It was also impossible for them to sell their butter and milk on market day. A Bellman would caution intending buyers not to have anything to do with the grabber or his goods.

In 1887 Brigid Joy, Knockalougha, the mother of seven children, with a half-acre of land was in receipt of outdoor relief. A neighbouring farmer of hers objected to her getting the relief. He believed she was not in want of it as she had children working. Mrs. Joy

denied she had anyone earning. She had to hand over her half-acre to the objecting farmer.

On a Friday morning in January 1887 three bailiffs from Tralee under the protection of about thirty policemen called to the farm of Mrs. Lyons, a widow of Knockalougha. They seized nine head of cattle and a horse in lieu of rent due to her Landlord Major Leahy Nash of Tralee, which amounted to £45. On driving the stock to the pound, the horse was tied by halter to the last car in the procession, upon which sat four policemen. The cattle were driven in front of the other cars by the bailiffs. A large crowd of people had gathered along the way. When they were within two miles of town a man in the crowd cut the halter by which the horse was tied to the car. Another athletic young man mounted the horse and galloped off toward Knocklougha amidst the shouts and cheers of the crowd and to the utter astonishment of the policemen. The man who cut the halter was immediately arrested while two cars of police went in pursuit of the man on horseback. They failed to get horse or man. Mrs. Lyons holding consisted of fifty acres. She agreed a settlement with her landlord to purchase her holding over seventeen years and she paid him £15 to get her cattle back. Evidently Major Leahy Nash was aware that this was the best bargain he could possibly make because of the difficulties that existed with regard to the sale of cattle seized for rackrent.

Returning to Tralee one Friday Night after visiting some evicted farms in Lyreacrompane an attempt was made on the life of Lucy Anne Thompson at O'Brennan. A wire paling was put across the road to upset the vehicle she was been driven in. The horse was badly hurt and the driver was injured but Ms. Thompson was unharmed.

N.B. Names have been omitted from this article in deference to their descendants who still live in the locality.

**THE FOLLOWING
ON THE HURLY PROPERTY
WERE SERVED WITH WRITS FOR POSSESSION IN APRIL 1881**

NAME	RENT	GRIFFITH'S VALUATION	RISE
Michael Doran	£40	£12	£10
Matthew Doran	£42	£18 10s	£8
Garret Fitzgerald	£43	£20 10s	£6
Pat Quill	£43	£20 10s	£10
John Ahern	£38	£15 15s	£12
Michael Moloney	£33	£8 5s	£16
Daniel McCarthy	£25	£11 5s	£2 10s
John McCarthy	£27 10s	£8 5s	
M. Dillane	£27 10s	£8 5s	
John Dillane	£27 10s	£8 5s	
Michael Molyneux	£15 5s	£5 10s	
John Nolan	£16 10s	£5 5s	
T Donoghue	£21	£9 10s	
D. Murphy	£11	£2	
James Nolan	£12 10s	£4 12s 6d	
Con Nolan	£12 10s	£4 12s 6d	
Kate Nolan	£10	£2	
Patrick Ahern	£10	£8	
Michael Ahern	£19	£8	£10
Pat Connor	£11	£2 15s	
John Moloney	£22 10s	£7	
John Brown	£12 10s	£4 10s	
Robert Brown	£12 10s	£4 10s	
Daniel Moloney	£22 10s	£7	
Denis Scanlon	£20	£8 10s	
Jeremiah Moloney	£35	£18 15s	
Robert Joy	£12	£4 10s	
Daniel Brown	£12 10s	£4 10s	
Timothy Quill	£25	£12	
Maurice Connor	£23	£9 5s	



1989 LYREACROMPANE PARISH LEAGUE WINNERS.

BACK ROW L TO R: Eamon Walsh, Mr. J Kirby, John Keane, Ian Ahern, Patrick Enright, Enda Murphy, Joseph Enright, Brendan McKenna Snr., Oliver Canty, Stephen Moran, Patsy Canty, Thomas Dillon, Ciaran Callaghan.

FRONT ROW L TO R

Brian Ahern, Sean Enright, Paul Walsh, Gerard Gleeson, Liam Dillon, Tony Lyons (Captain), Brendan McKenna, Michael Lyons & Thomas Enright.

JOHN NEVILLE'S 60TH

BY JERRY SAVAGE

It was during the Kerry Supporters weekend trip to Belfast that the idea of a birthday party for John Neville was secretly mentioned. John himself was on the trip but he was keeping a very low profile, as it was his first visit to occupied Ireland.

Martin and Mary Leane were chief organisers of the imminent celebration, which was to be held at The Four Elms' pub in Lyreacrompane. Everybody had to be warned that the man himself was not to know.

So the great day arrived. A contingent came by bus from Fenit including Pat & John King of the Kerry supporters. The bus was organised by John O'Connell, a Lyre native. Also from North Kerry came our President Jerry Brosnan along with friends the Cronins, Scanlons etc.

We all awaited the arrival of the birthday boy himself. Would he appear?. And so he did to a rousing reception from a packed house of neighbours and friends and the festivities began in earnest. Pat King of Fenit, that mighty man of many a trip, led the singing and enthralled the audience with his many humorous songs. Jerry Brosnan from Moyvane have his own 'When the Boro beat the Gleann'. Vincent Fuller as always kept the St. Senan flag flying as did Buddy Kelliher with Jimmy and Albert Roche upholding the Lyre country side as did many others during the night.

Martin Leane presented John with a two-year ticket to all GAA games in Kerry. Vincent Fuller presented a plaque to John for his contribution to Kerry football. Jerry Gleeson presented him with a suitable green jersey on behalf of Kerry Fashions.

Chairman Jerry Savage paid a tribute to John especially on his retention of scores and players of many games now gone by. He thanked all who attended and especially the Leane Family.

It was a great night's celebration and well deserved by our great supporter. The night closed with the crowd singing 'Armhain na Bhienn'. Ni beidh a leitheadh aris ann.



JOHN NEVILLE WITH BILLY DORAN CELEBRATING HIS 60TH BIRTHDAY



WILLIE FALVEY & JOHN NEVILLE WHO PLAYED WITH THE GAME-CKOCKS HURLING CLUB FROM 1961 - 1965

ON THE RUN

THE FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BILLY MULLINS, NO.1 BRIGADE, TRALEE

It was January,... After entering the post in the Post Book, I went home to breakfast from 9 to 10. I was returning to work at 10 am on a Monday morning and I got to the first corner when I saw two files of R.I.C. men coming up the upper part of Castle Street. I stopped and decided not to take the chance. I turned back, ran past my house, to where the street bent slightly, and took a peep back. I could only see the line of policemen on the far side of the street. They were stopped opposite my home, so I knew they were looking for me again. Having put three periods of arrest over me in such a short time, I decided I had better make myself scarce...

Some friends of the family from Maugha, were staying a few nights with us at the time. When I went home to get my bike, I told them I was going on the run to avoid arrest. I was offered a safe hiding place in Maugha. My sanctuary was to be the home of Thady 'Brineen' Connor ...

I stayed on at Connor's. In the same enclosure were the houses of Bryan Lynch and Jack Morrissey. Across a small stream lived two more families, those of Mick Lynch and Bid Moore. I settled in with the Connors, helping to do the daily work on the farm.

I did what I could at cutting turf for the winter nights. I helped fill the horse carts to bring it home when it was saved. I knew the number of cattle they had. I knew the number of heifers and bullocks they had on the mountain. I liked going up there a few times each week counting them.

The customs they had in that valley were all new to me. It was really grand to learn from them what it meant to be friends and neighbours at work, or at play. They had a most

pleasant custom, at the end of hay-making. When the Connor family tied down their last wind of hay, we all stood around it, blessed ourselves and cheered. Then, with pikes and rakes on our shoulders, away to where their neighbours, the Lynch family, were working at their hay. All helped finish their work and again we were standing around their last wind, with a louder cheer. Then all went off to the field of another neighbour. For me, it was a beautiful insight into the caring nature of Irish rural community life.....

From Connor's house we had to walk a pathway along the hillside for a few miles to Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, to Lyreacrompane Church. We would cross the river by large stepping stones. When the river was in flood, we would be forced to walk a few more miles around by the Ivy Bridge from the Carriggannon Road. The Parish Priest at that time was a Fr. Beasley. His curate was a Fr. Tom Moriarty, who afterwards became Parish Priest of Ballyferriter.

Fr. Beasley was then a fairly old man and one Sunday before he said Mass, he sent the Parish Clerk to me, with a message to meet him after Mass. I wondered whether I was going to be asked to leave the Parish. He surprised me when I met him, by telling me I need not come to Mass while I would be in hiding from the British forces, as I was running the risk of being caught. In order to please him, I promised I would stay away. He told me there was no obligation on me as I was running a risk. At this time the number of Priests who were in sympathy with our cause was growing.

The pathway we walked to Mass is now a public roadway and is known as Thade Devane's Road, because that was the name of the contractor. While

at Connor's, I often crossed to the other side of the valley, to visit the house of the Sheehy family in Clahane. The woman of the house was one of the lady teachers we knew in Lord Mobray's estate at Allerton, near Wetherby, in 1917. Her maiden name was Hannah Quille... I spent until December in Maugha, going and coming, until finally returning home. The gaol gates were open again in that month and it was safe to be seen in the streets of Tralee again.

ODDS & ENDS

The following resolution was passed unanimously by the Lyreacrompane unit of the Local Security and Defence Forces:

Proposed by Mr. C Molyneux (Group B) and seconded by Mr. T Sheehy (Group A) That we call on the Government and Local Government to give first preference of employment in works and position to members of our organisation in preference to those outside the ranks. P. Gleeson, Sec.
January 11th 1941

Congratulations to Miss A. Nolan, National Teacher, Lyreacrompane, who was awarded a Scholarship to University College, Dublin and in June completed her second year Arts course. She hopes to finish her B.A. Course during the coming year.
August 22nd 1942.



AFFILIATED GROUPS

- Lyreacrompane & District Journal
- Dan Paddy Andy Committee
- Lyre Walk Groups
- Santa in the Forest

ACTIVITIES

- Networking between Community Groups
- Fund raising lotto - To fund Insurance costs etc.
- Bog Mural at the Old Bord na Mona tip as way of telling the story to future generations
- Millennium Project

*F.L.A.G. SENDS BEST WISHES TO THE LYRE
& DISTRICT JOURNAL,
One of its Affiliates.*

**SEASONS GREETING TO OUR
SUPPORTERS ONE & ALL.**

**HAVE A MIGHTY
MILLENNIUM**

LYRE CREAMERY NOW AND THEN

By MIKE THORNTON



LYRE CREAMERY - HAND OVER FROM KERRY CO-OP TO THE COMMUNITY ON AUG.10TH 1998 (PIC KAY O'LEARY)

By chance, one early Sunday morning recently, I had the opportunity to retrace my far off teenage years and carry the milk to the creamery above in Lyreacrompane. 'Twas twenty years or more since I had last done this job, steering our faithful David Brown 990 through the potholey boggy roads. The old David Brown is now resting' behind in the mountain, having been towed there when it gave its last puff in the late 70's. Coinciding with the retirement of David Brown, I had waved goodbye to my apprenticeship in farming to plough my own furrow in life. What I had learned during that glorious apprenticeship has proved invaluable to me down through the years. Hand milking cows, spreading dung with a pike, lugging a beart of hay two miles across the bog to hungry heifers, cutting turf, wynding hay and going to Lyre Creamery were just some of the chores of a country boy.

But all that was then and now I found myself retracing a journey that I had made twenty years before. Sure, I have travelled that road many times since, but this was different, I was going back to Lyre Creamery. Now, pre-millennium, I was hitching the refrigerated bulk tank onto the car. Then, in my early apprenticeship, my father had to catch the pony and tackle her up, before lifting heavy tanks up onto the car. I used to ride shotgun in the early days, as I learned the ropes. Later, when the David Brown appeared, the roles reversed-the old

man rode shotgun, while I steered the ship.

This July morning in 1999, I calculated that I'd be there and back in half an hour no bother. And so it was. I arrived in the creamery yard at 8 O' clock. It was totally deserted. The words of a poem I learned at school came to me as I stood there in the yard. The silence of unlaboured fields, stands like a judgement in the air. All alone there, my mind jumped on board a time machine and back I went to the 70's. In those far off days, when the summers seemed hotter and longer, my first job in the morning after we had hand milked the cows, was to drive around to the neighbours with the 990.

Back the botharin first to Johneen Sullivan's load up the 45 gallon tanks on then to Jerheen's load up again onto Horgan-pull the tanks out of the cool mountainy glasha and load them into the last available space in the trailer. The familiar whine from the old David Brown intensified with the extra load, as we negotiated Purtill's Hill. Once we got to the top, we were heading downhill all the way to Lyre, past the Land Commission Bog, Whelan's Bog and on down to The Branner. There we met up with all classes of transportation gravitating towards Lyre Creamery. Grey Ferguson's, ponies and cars, Zetors, Fords, Massey Ferguson's, more David Brown's and cars. We freewheeled down to the

Grotto and swung left to join the queue, which stretched back as far as Doran's Cross on our side and over as far as the bridge at Neilus Nolan's side. The fumes from the tractor exhausts shot into the air. You could smell the TVO from the Grey Ferguson's, horses relaxed in familiar surroundings, their owners mingling with their own kind along the queue. Laughter echoed along the road. Debates went on about the weather, the hay, and the price of turf, the fattening of bonhams and the dreaded man with the white coat who was doing the test. I pulled out my one solitary Player's No. 6 from its hiding place in the toolbox. This had been borrowed from John Horgan at my last stop. I lit it off the exhaust, before joining the first available huddle for a chat. The Wild West wasn't a patch on the shenanigans that went on at Lyre Creamery back then.

Gradually we edged our way to the emptying point. Mick Naughton was always there to give a helping hand as the hot milk was emptied, as indeed were a myriad of neighbours. The smell of all that milk lingers in my nostrils to this day. There was great interest in the figure that was entered into the creamery book. Were the cows back or were they up? I can still remember our own number the magical 49.

My thoughts were interrupted in that lonely empty yard, by the sound of an engine pulling up beside me. I threw

one last uninterrupted glance at the creamery building in front of me. It looked noble and grand in its deserted state.

However, if inanimate objects can be lonely, then the building before me teetered on the brink of tears. And no wonder. The creamery had been the centre of activity in the community of Lyreacrompane since the first day it opened. Now it seemed tired and lonely and cried out for company. I searched the car in vain for a match, a fag lighter, anything no good. I greeted the new arrival and asked him for a light. No light. God be with the old days, and God be with the old David Brown. The silence was interrupted by the arrival of Ned Murphy in his huge Kerry Co-op lorry. The brief activity that ensued reminded me of the good old days, when men sprang to action to help each other to empty the milk. The powerful sucking motion of the contraption at the back of the lorry quickly emptied my bulk tank of its contents. Ned handed me a docket detailing the amount. I almost reached

for the arse pocket to pull out No. 49, but there was nothing there. I lingered for a few moments and then pulled away. As I did, the gentle breezes that inhabit only Lyre, flitted through the nearby laburnum trees, carrying with it familiar voices from a bygone age. That breeze carried talk of saving hay, fattening pigs, rearing turkeys, the price of milk...the man with the white coat laughter. I edged my way out of the creamery yard, looking right and

then left and I could see the queues of horses and tractors full to the gills with 45 gallon tanks, backing up all the way to Doran's Cross and over as far as Neilus. Natives and exiles alike will always cherish and remember the great, great days at Lyre Creamery. Nì bheidh a leitheadh ann aris.

LYREACROMPANE CREAMERY



LYRE EMMETS SEPTEMBER 1956

BACK ROW L TO R: John Nolan (Selector), Gabriel Starken, JP Carey, Jack Buckley, Michael Hartnett, Jackie Walsh, Pat Starken, John Costello, Willie Falvey. **FRONT ROW L TO R:** Pat Brosnan (Selector), Jimmy Naughton, Humphrey McMahon, Jack McKenna, John Quill, Iggy Lyons, Larry Nolan, Tom Naughton (Selector). **KNEELING:** Fred Chute Listowel, Darby Naughton, & Billy Buckley.

THE CREAMERY

The clang of can
The voice of man
Down by the chuckling river.
The creamery load on the dusty road,
That scene we've lost forever.

'Tis bulk tanker now
Straight from the cow
No need for cans to clatter.
If the wallet swells, all is well,
Cash is all that matters.

But my mind looks back along the track
And points down memory lane
And scenes so true I sadly view
With joy and a little pain.

Good friends I met I can't forget
And some I'll meet no more,
And my heart does grieve as the scene I leave
From the creamery in Doomore.

From out townland came nothing grand
As the dusty road they'd pass
But the whicker of a pony young
Or the braying of an ass.

The cart came in with can of tin
As in the milk they'd pour
And ribald fun from everyone
Round the creamery in Doomore.

But progress came, if that's its name,
And stilled your mighty heart,
And Captain Cash began to flash
And pulled us all apart.

But cash cannot buy a summer sky
Or friendship deep and pure,
Or sweet content like the days we spent
Round the creamery in Doomore.

**JOHN CARROLL,
CLOONACOOLOO,
SLIGO.** (Submitted by
Mary O'Keeffe, Croagh,
Co. Limerick.)

LYREACROMPANE CREAMERY MANAGERS

Tom Costello,
Ballymacelligott. He was the
first manager of Lyre Creamery.
He married Rosmond Gleeson
and they lived in Duagh. Andy
Sweeney, Operated the boiler.

Denis O'Connor,
Cordal. He had been manager of
Toor Creamery (opened in
1932).

Tom O'Brien,
Castletownbere. He was six
months in Lyre. He stayed at
Sonny Dorans.

Paddy Dowling,
Ballybunion. He was Manager
between April 1940 - August
1945. There were 119 people
supplying milk to the creamery
in '40.

Tom Flynn,
Cavan. He stayed at Sonny
Dorans. He married Moira
Madden, Listowel.

GOING TO THE CREAMERY

*I sat on my tractor that morn'
Pulled the accelerators, sounded the horn,
Up the hill and down the valley,
Chuffing, puffing, on we sally,
Screech of brakes at Dorans Cross,
The old fellow dismount, I doss,
'Have you the hay cut yet?
We'll get rain I bet.
He's mowing Friday...young Fitz,
Bad cess to rain, he spits,
Did ye get docked by yer man?
He said I'd water in my can,
God blast him, he's here again today
When I meet him there'll be hell to pay*

*They're down on the small man,
Get rid of him, that's their plan
I'll go in to suckling next year,
They won't cod me, never fear'
And sure enough, the queues got smaller;
Soon everything was replaced by the hauler,
The quota, the tests, the GATT
Did away with the banter and the chat
No more is there a queue at Dorans Cross,
Gone are the donkeys, the craic, the horse,
An empty road, an empty byre,
Around the creamed above in Lyre.*

MIKE THORNTON

Tony O'Sullivan,
Listowel.

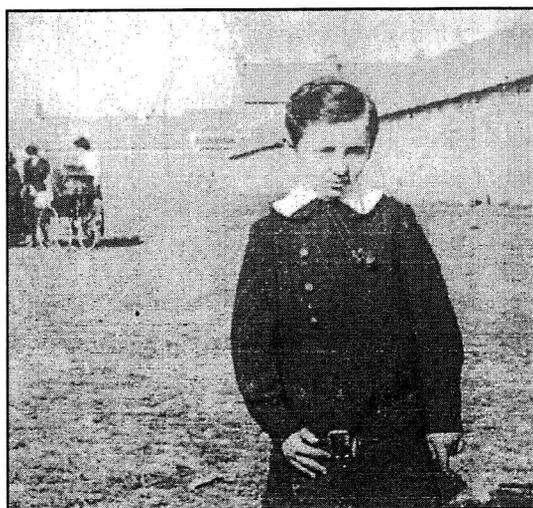
John Lynch,
Ballylongford. He stayed at
Burke's in Ballymacelligott.

Sean O'Sullivan,
Castletownbere. He stayed with
John McElligott in Listowel.

Moss Lyons,
Cordal - the last permanent
manager.

Lyre Creamery opened in 1932
and closed in 1972. It was
owned by the Dairy Disposal
Board. In 1963 there was 182
suppliers.

Kay O'Leary.



**JJ SHEEHY ON HIS CONFIRMATION
DAY IN LISTOWEL MARKET YARD.**

DAD

Its not that I miss the cords tying on your clothes
Its not that I miss the outline of your harp shaped nose
Its not that I miss your wellies covered in cows dung
Its not that I miss the same air to every song you sung
Its not that I miss never seeing your head with hair
Its not that I miss that you let Mam do the haggling at the fair
Its not that I miss the comical names you had for every field
Its not that I miss that in an argument you'd be the first to yield
Its not that I miss you moving around this place
Its not that I miss that certain innocent charm in your face
Its not that I miss the poems you had yet to write
Its not that I miss you packing the range with sods in the night
Its not that I miss the five pence you'd give me going to school
Its not that I miss that sometimes in your pipe you used turfdust as fuel
Its not that I miss you writing poetry on the back of the fag box
Its not that I miss that you never worried about the colours of your socks
Its not that I miss the hat on the side of your head
Its not that I miss that if you were sick you would not go to bed
Its not that I miss the day you gave Mam an ice-cream when she was cross
Its not that I miss that you always let her feel she was the boss
Its not that I miss you never cared for the material thing
Its not that I miss that for all others you had a softness within
It is just that I miss you, I miss you, I miss you

John Joe Sheehy 22/11/1997

FR. PATSY LYNCH

CELEBRATES HIS SILVER JUBILEE

John Reidy, Kerryman reporter spoke with Fr. Patsy Lynch, who celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination with a special mass at the church of Saints Stephen and John in Castleisland earlier this year.

A native of Fahadubh, Fr. Lynch, a member of the SMA order, reflected on the gulf in cultures between the place of his birth and his mission posting in Africa. Even the water flowing through the town in the river Maine here brings a flood of comparisons - During the dry season there I've seen people queuing for up to twelve hours for a bucket of water in heat up to 110 degrees and it doesn't seem to bother them. The riverbeds are dry as a bone for up to seven months of the year. Then you can't cross them for most of the other five as they're swollen. Ferrying water there is a seven-hour journey each way and you're likely to be attacked on the way back by African bees who sense that a supply is at hand. Often the carriers have to abandon some if not all of their precious cargo to save themselves from certain death. Everything there is close to the edge and you are keenly aware that life revolves around the need to survive with little or no margin for error said Fr. Lynch.

Around the time he became a teenager Patsy Lynch clearly remembers the day in the early 60's when a member of the SMA order visited his school at Currans. The messenger made a huge impression on the youngster and he began to seriously consider the priesthood as a way of life.

There were several other positive influences around during that period and while there were days when nothing much happened - others stand out. Near enough to the same time he was out in the fields picking stones one day when he asked his father, Fin, if he should become a priest? we'll be going to the bog tomorrow came the reply.

He now realises that only a wise man couldn't provide an answer to such a question.

The turning point in his life came one evening as he was tidying his desk after school. His teacher Terence McQuinn asked him if he had written the letter to the SMA headquarters. He hadn't - but he sat down that night at home and composed the letter and had it posted the following day.

After a period of study in the seminary in Mayo he was ordained with five others, in Tralee on June 9th 1974 by Bishop Eamon Casey. That too was a strange day as one of the priests, Fr. McCluskey, died suddenly on the altar during the ceremony. The following October, Fr. Patsy Lynch headed for the mission fields of Africa and was posted to Ghana.

Never a subscriber to the notion of converting pagans in a foreign land, he feels that the people there are imbued with the spirit of their creator and he administers to whoever wants to attend his masses. Thirty-four ethnic groups populate the area and the gospel has to be related in four different languages during the celebration of the mass. 'A chief in one of the villages is a Muslim and he sits beside me while I'm saying mass. One day he came in wearing a green coat and a yellow tattered hat - which had been part of a consignment of clothes from the west. I couldn't help smiling and I had to tell him he was wearing the colours of my home country. He latched onto this and used it to enlist my help with a water supply for his people. One day he put his eye on a red coat from another parcel. I explained the relevance of the colours back home and he told me to give it to a chief in the neighbouring village with whom he didn't quite see eye-to-eye.

Dedicated to his flock to the extend

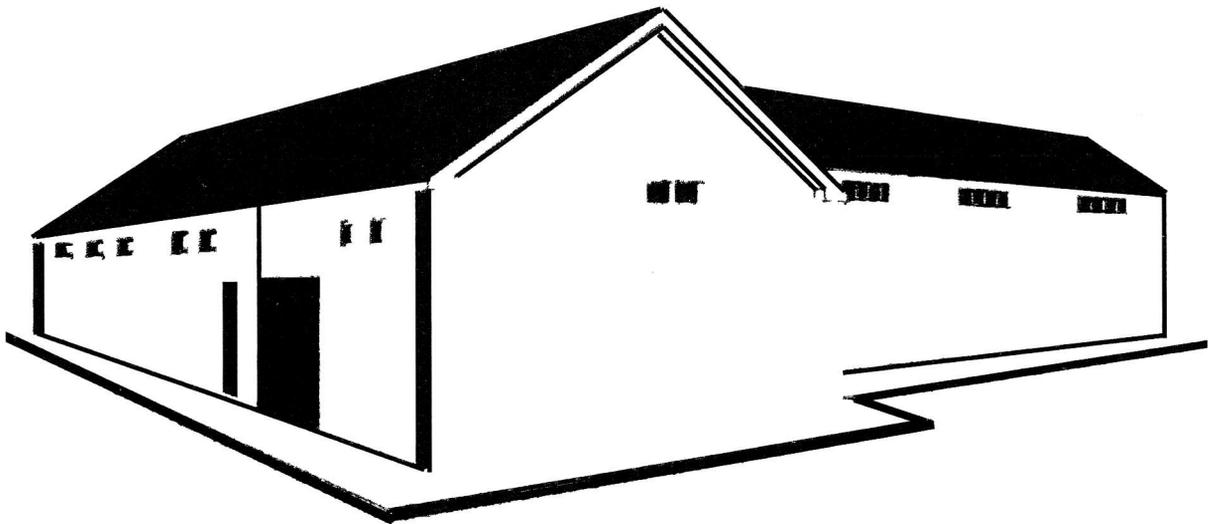
that he could opt for a post at home but for fears the isolation of his parish might put others off going there. There is only one bridge servicing 1,500 square kilometres of bush and the terrain is navigable only by four-wheel drive or tractor.

I've no problem with the isolation of the place but I remember one soul destroying experience when I opened my mail box, which I could only get to once every two weeks, on three successive visits and finding nothing there. On the fourth trip I found a letter inside- it was a bill for the rent of the box. That really got to me that evening and I went away and had a few beers.

Keeping in touch with events at home through the odd copy of The Irish Times and bulletins on the BBC World Service, Fr. Lynch has taken a keen interest in the scandals which have hit church and state here since the early 90's. The scandals were always there but now people are not afraid to come forward and make them known and that's a good thing. I remember seeing an apology from the Christian Brothers in a paper some time ago. It wasn't couched in legal jargon - it was saying sorry in the only way it could and I thought yes! - now maybe this is a start and we can get somewhere from here. There is a challenge being thrown down to our priests now - they are still calling the shots here and I think they should be gathering their people around them and encouraging involvement in the affairs of the church. There is so much good in the Celtic spirit that it must be part of the celebration of the mass. People must want to go to mass and it must be meaningful they simply wont go out of obligation anymore.

'I've a great feeling of contentment and fulfilment in my life now and a sense of gratitude in my heart' he concluded.

LYREACROMPANE COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT COMPANY



RESOURCE CENTRE

Lyreacrompane Lotto wish to thank all supporters and sellers for their tremendous support over the year.

Without this support the field development that has been done or the major development (resource centre) that is taking place at present would not be possible.

The Committee wish everyone a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

MATTY DILLANE HAD TWO

GOATS

Matty Dillane had two goats and from time to time he also had sheepdog pups which naturally were as a result of a romantic rendezvous with a dog she couldn't remember the first name of. Now I firmly believe that there is the child in each family who always brings home the pup. I was definitely the one in our family.

Having fostered many a pup from Matty and Ned's farmyard it was now time for my promotion from sheepdog pups to goats.

As our route home from the national school was to take a short cut through Matty and Ned Dillane's farmyard we had the privilege of observing another farmyard to our own. This stood to us as children, as I remember seeing silage made for the first time in Dillanes. I also remember that they started cutting the hay before we did which was before the summer holidays. At home we were well into the summer holidays before we started cutting our hay.

Anyhow to get back to the goats which were tied to the pole of Dillane's shed. The only goats I ever remember seeing before that were Harrington's goats which my mother always told us were very cross, and that is why they were always tied together. Of course now I know that the reason they were tied together was so as they would stray together instead of two different directions. So at first we were a bit afraid to approach Dillane's goats but Matty and Ned assured us that they were quiet and harmless. One evening on our way home we approached the goats. They were lovely and calm chewing away at the hay at a rapid jaw going speed as goats do. One was a black and white she goat and the other was a brown and white puck goat.

Straight away I felt I was in line for the goats but I didn't expect to get them for nothing like the pups. One evening while on my daily stop to rub down the goats I asked Matty how



much did he want for the two and he said two pounds each. As you know the price of something you really want is never an obstacle because where there is a will there is a way.

Christmas was coming and that meant making money on St. Stephen's Day. When that day came my brother Mike and I set out to all the Lyre houses then down to Spur back to Clahane, out and up to Carrig, across the river to Carmody's, down and over as far as Shanahan's of Muingwee, back again and up as far as Humphrey Connors, back down and on for Nan Barry's in Banemore where Grandad, Nan, Hannah and Tom would help us to count our money. When we would reach the final count for the umpteenth time Tom would offer us a sod of turf for it. Then Mam would come down and collect us there with the car. I can never remember arriving home from a "Day on the Wren" as we always fell asleep in the car on the way home after our long hard day's work, but I can always remember waking up the following morning and counting the money again to be sure, to be sure.

We always made good money on the wren because I used to sing my heart out and Mike played the box. This of course wasn't our first time out in the wren with the cost of a particular product in mind. I remember another time after that going out to raise the price of a transistor radio which we ended up buying in Newmarket, Co. Cork and also bought two trousers in a sale with the money we had left over.

After a couple of days when Christmas had quieten down I went over to Matty and Ned accompanied by my father with the car and trailer.

I did the deal at Dillanes and arrived home with the two goats. Straight away the puck which I called Paddy felt very much at home with the cows.

The she goat put down her time eating the bark of the apple trees, the black currant trees, the gooseberry trees, the cabbage, my mother's flowers, my mother's shrubs, the clothes off the line, the cooling tart off the window sill and occasionally, grass. Of course there used to be war between my mother and myself.

After some time the puck goat began to wander. It seemed like he went away for the odd dirty weekend. Every now and again people would keep us up to date with his whereabouts. Like when a few times he wandered up the church in Kilflynn during mass looking like the new Curate with a beard. Or when he walked up the square in Abbeyfeale looking for directions to Newcastlewest. But the wandering prodigal puck also spent enough quality time at home with his wife because sure enough didn't she start to expect kids. I can't tell you how excited the five of us children were at this news. We waited with bated breath. Now the puck's permanent post was with the cattle helping my father and mother to spot when the cows came in season. The she goat started hanging around with an old she donkey we got from Bill Hickey.

When the puck used to stray he must have also been touting business, because one day Cora Hartnett came down the road in his donkey and car and his she goat who was in season and my puck obliged. Cora then gave me ten shillings and told me he would send more clients my way. I was in business. After that many more clients brought their goats for the service willingly provided by the puck. Some months later a neighbouring farmer borrowed Paddy the puck to put with his cows. I was out of business as he gave my puck to his brother in law in Templeglantine who turned out later be one of my teachers in secondary

school. Now back to the expecting she goat. Every evening when I arrived home from school I would go straight to the expecting she goat to see how she was getting on. I could see that she and the old donkey were becoming inseparable. It began to look like she had her own personal midwife.

However one evening as we were coming up to the house I could hear the she goat roaring in trouble. I ran straight up the road to find my goat giving birth to a kid and the donkey was trying to bite the new born. When I was trying to separate the donkey from the goat the stubborn jealous donkey tried to bite and kick me. All I had to defend myself was a bit of a furze bush. I managed with great difficulty to hunt the old donkey up the bog road above Horgan's gate.

When I got back down, the goat had given birth to a lovely cute looking black kid with white trimming. It was then I discovered another kid which the donkey had battered to death near the furze bush inside the gap at the top of the field we called "behind across the ditch". From all the rooting on the ground I could tell that the battle had gone on for most of the day between the goat giving birth and the jealous donkey. Nature is amazing. I christened the little puck kid "Paddy". His lifetime on our farm in Clahane is a story for another day.

BY JOHN JOE SHEEHY

SANTA IN THE FOREST

Who would have thought it? The discovery of the Millennium! Explorers had searched the world for it. Expeditions to far foreign places had drawn a blank.

Then suddenly, there it was!. Hidden away for years in Lyre forest - Santa's winter home! And what a welcome we got .Tea and sweetcake. And all the talk was about children. Would they come and visit?

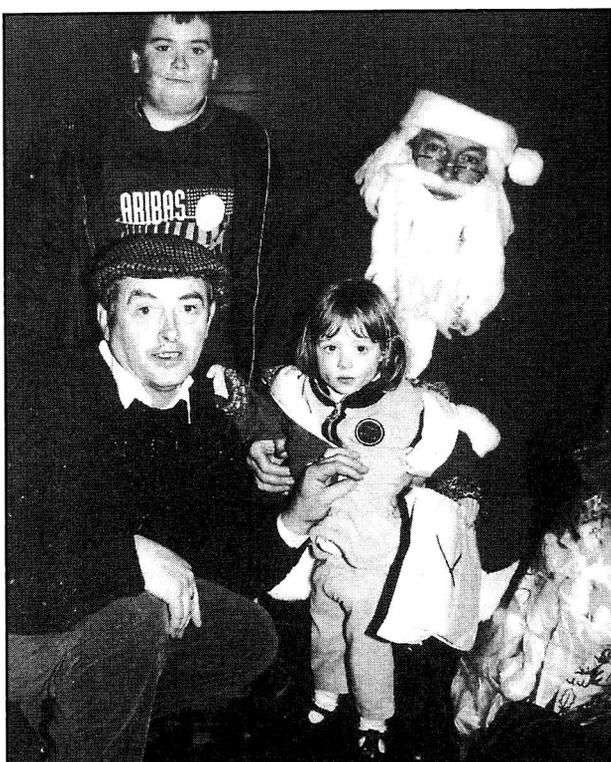
We got on to Kerry Radio and told all the children that they were welcome to call.

And sure they came from far and wide. From Dingle and Duagh. From Cordal and Carrig. Into Lyreacrompane, up by the Post Office towards the Church to the old Bord Na Mona Tip at Glountane and then into the forest.

And even better news! Santa's winter home will be open again this Christmas and every boy and girl is invited.

Lyreacrompane!

The place to see Santa in the forest.



THE REIDY FAMILY VISITING SANTA'S HOME IN THE FOREST (PIC TOM O'MEARA)



THE BUCKLEY FAMILY VISITING SANTA IN THE FOREST (PIC TOM O'MEARA)

JAMES O'SULLIVAN

A NORTH KERRY FOOTBALL CHAMPION

PAUL KENNELLY TALKING WITH JOE HARRINGTON

Around the kitchen table at his home in Finuge Paul told us of his love of football and of an orphan from the County Home, James O'Sullivan who was working up in Rathea. Paul told us how he first met James.

I was in charge of the minors at the time and I'll always remember one Spring evening in 1964 when I was collecting two of the Carey's, Tom and Patrick and there was this little lad with his back to a reek of turf at the side of the road and he was pretty forlorn looking. He came over to me and there was a kind of lonesome look on his face and he said to me- and it was the first time I was called "Sir" - "I can play football too sir". I had a Morris Minor car at the time and we stuffed little James O'Sullivan into it and brought him on and by God he wasn't great. We were short a man and James got his place and the first attempt he made at kicking the ball he missed it. But once he got the taste of football he never looked back. He practiced day and night. In the long summer evenings or on Sunday mornings after Mass you could see him training with the team and on many occasions alone.

He left Rathea and came to Finuge to work. James was a happy individual, a singer and a footballer. As his skill at the game grew so did his popularity - his hearty laugh often brightened up the dressing when defeat was our lot. James could not see the gloomy side of anything. His love for life, his love for old people and in particular his love for children endeared him to the whole village.

Finuge won the Kerry Championship in 1966 and James was a wing back to his pride and glory. He had come from been a fellow who couldn't kick a ball to being on a North Kerry Championship team. James was something else.

On a November morning in 1974 at the age of 26 years James was killed coming home from Tralee after a dance. A foreign car driving on the wrong side of the road struck him. At the time we were developing our football field and we knew it could have only one name - the James O'Sullivan field. It was a great job it was raining the day of the funeral for it camouflaged the tears of the people and do you know the funny thing about it, James didn't have a mother, father, brother or sister to mourn him on that day but he had a whole community to think of him.

I'll tell you a story about James. When Annie and I got Colm he was two years old and when James heard we had adopted a little boy he called back to see the child. He took Colm in his arms and he hugged that child and he burst out crying. He looked into Colm's two eyes and he said Colm you are one of the lucky ones and I wasn't". I'll never forget that.

A TRIBUTE TO JAMES O'SULLIVAN

'For James O'Sullivan a young, smiling man who died before his time on a Kerry Road'.

*For four short years
We knew you James
And watched you grow up tall,
A friendly wave, an impish grin,
A smile for one and all
A high jump on a football field
A tackle fair and strong
A cool pint in a local bar,
A young voice raised in song,
We will keep those memories
And store them safe away
We will take them with us
James
To lands across the sea
Rest well in your shady grave
Caressed by gentle wind
For four short years of golden time
We loved you as a friend.*

Sean McCarthy



ON THE RIGHT JAMES O'SULLIVAN



JOE HARRINGTON WITH HIS SISTER HELEN FROM AUSTRALIA, BRENDAN AND BERNIE HARRINGTON ON THE LEFT, ANDREW AND NICK SCHISAS (SON AND HUSBAND OF HELEN) ON THE RIGHT ON THE DAY AFTER JOE WAS ELECTED MAYOR.

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COILLTE

SPEECH DELIVERED IN CITY HALL BY JOE 'THE KERRYMAN' QUILLE

*on Tuesday Evening, 2nd March to Mark A Presentation To His Worship
The Mayor, Cllr. Joe Harrington, on behalf of Lyreacrompane Exiles in Limerick.*

Mr. Mayor, neighbours and friends..... thank you for coming.

For the benefit of our friends from the media, let me establish who we are. We are from Lyreacrompane in Co. Kerry, which is also the birthplace of our Mayor. We could, I suppose, be described as the Government of Lyreacrompane in exile. It is fair to say that Limerick has been very good to us and it is fair to say that we retain and will always retain an abiding affection for Lyreacrompane. The reason we are gathered here in City Hall is to mark the election of Joe Harrington as Mayor of Limerick. His election last July was welcomed by one and all and perhaps no where did his election give as much joy as it did to those of us who came from Lyreacrompane. That a native son and one of our own should attain such a high honour is something that will always be treasured.

The circumstances of his election was extraordinary and that's putting it mildly! Politics, despite its many shortcomings, is something that has always intrigued me and there is nothing more intriguing than Mayoral Elections in Limerick, dating back would you believe to 1197 when Adam Sarvant became Limerick's first Mayor. There has followed a long line of distinguished men and women to hold this exalted office. No fewer than 57 people with the surname Arthur have held office. Many of our streets in Limerick are called after the Arthur Family including Patrick and William and, of course, Arthurs Quay. Well known names in the commercial life of Limerick have also held office, such as James Spaight, Peter Tait in 1866 and Stephen O'Mara 1922 - 1923. Two of our Mayors, Michael O'Callaghan and George Clancy were murdered by Crown Forces in 1921.

That one of our own from Lyreacrompane should follow such a distinguished list, is for us, one of immense pride. As I've mentioned, the circumstances of Joe's election was extraordinary. I know for a fact that Joe went to that meeting definitely not expecting to be Mayor and for that reason none of us went to City Hall, but at that meeting a lot happened and I was pleasantly surprised when I heard it first on Radio Limerick One (of course you always hear it first on Radio Limerick One -and now the commercial is over I will proceed). The news was that Cllr. Joe Harrington was Limerick's new Mayor. I shouted the news upstairs to Bridie - Joe Harrington is Mayor - and a surge of emotion came over us and I remember saying - Thank God, that at last justice was done.

More than once, Joe was denied the honour of becoming Mayor for whatever reason. In a radio programme (yes, you've guessed it - on Radio Limerick One), a few weeks before the election, I was doing a programme with Joe. The programme was Kingdom Corner - a musical one - and how we got on to politics I don't know, but I made an impassioned plea to the City Councillors to get their act together and elect a man who was the longest serving Councillor not to be Mayor.

I would like to think that my plea was heeded. Whether it was or it wasn't is academic, although I know that most of the Councillors (let me amend that) all the Councillors listen to Radio Limerick One. After all, it was your station for 1998, it is your station for 1999 and it will be your station for the new Millennium. In case you might think otherwise, I'm not being paid to promote R.L.O., but I am pitching for my own programme to augment Joe's excellent Rambling House.

And speaking of the Rambling House, that's exactly where we went that night. Within a half an hour of Joe's election as Mayor - the celebrations would have to wait, we were on our way to Buttercup Farm outside Croom for a live Rambling House.

My recollection of that trip Joe is a bit hazy. I was on a high - even though it was you - not I that was elected Mayor. But I was so delighted Joe that the long wait was over. The one or two disappointments from other Mayoral Elections were over. That justice was done at last and that one of our own from Lyreacrompane had become Mayor of this ancient City.

Your achievements since you became Mayor have been spectacular and surely your finest hour must have been the visit of President Clinton. You did your adopted city proud that day. You've had other finest hours too, I'm sure the unveiling of the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial last September in Lyreacrompane was one and I have no doubt that the Rambling House Concert in the University Concert Hall on the 16th March will be another.

May I say in conclusion, Mr. Mayor, on behalf of the Lyreacrompane Exiles gathered here in City Hall this evening, that your election as Mayor of Limerick last July was our "finest hour".



**TOMMY QUILLE MAKES A PRESENTATION
ON BEHALF OF LYREACROMPANE EXILES IN
LIMERICK TO MAYOR JOE HARRINGTON**

Good Luck to the Journal

from

IRISH RAMBLING HOUSE RECORDINGS

**JOE HARRINGTON, RLO, NORWICH UNION BUILDINGS,
PATRICK ST. LIMERICK**

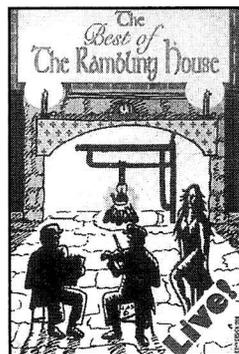
TEL: 087 285 35 70

The Irish Rambling House of long ago ensured that the music, song, dance and stories of the Irish people were preserved and handed on from one generation to another. This tradition has been recaptured in the Rambling House Radio programme presented by Joe Harrington every Monday on Radio Limerick One (RLO) and on RLO satellite TV to Ireland and Europe.

This programme is brought to listeners from community halls and bars around counties Limerick, Clare and North Kerry and has uncovered a wealth of local talent which it proudly presents to the world.

Some of the entertainment and entertainers featured on the Rambling House are now available on cassette tape, Video Tape and CD.

FOR CATALOGUE CONTACT JOE HARRINGTON.



TOMMY'S TOPICS

Compiled by Tommy Quille

Assault and battery do not mean the same thing. Battery is the employment of force, whereas assault in legal terms is an attempt at force or a threat of force and need not involve any actual physical contact. To shake a fist at someone is assault, and it becomes battery when a blow is actually landed.

Professor Gerald Hale of Oklahoma was asked to devise a timing mechanism to regulate parking. After a lot of experiments, he devised the parking meter. In 1935 the first parking meters anywhere in the world appeared on the streets of Oklahoma City. 150 of them were installed.

A dog trained to guide the blind cannot tell one traffic light from another. When it leads its master across the street, it does so, not because the lights have turned green, but because he can tell from the pause in the flow of the traffic that it is safe to cross.

A Drivers Prayer

Lord, I'm about to take to the road, grant me a sober head, a safe speed and a sure destination. Guard me from those who indicate left but then turn right. Give me patience when the traffic is slow and I am in a hurry. Alert me to those who use the mirror for vanity instead of for vision. Protect me from those with bad brakes and bald tyres. Save me from those who beat time with hands and feet to their stereos. Deliver me at dusk from cars and tractors without lights. Train me to keep one eye on the road and the other on the mirror. Make me set out early so I won't become the "late" me. Keep me cool when someone blares a horn at me. Warn me of "Sunday drivers" every day of the week. Direct me to obey every speed, stop and yield sign. Amen.

Believe it or Not

A French bride was arrested at her wedding reception in 1995 for stabbing her new husband with the knife they had just used to cut the wedding cake.

David Booth, a Cincinnati office manager phoned American Airlines after having nightmares on ten successive nights about a DC-10 crash. Three days later, on the 25 May 1979, an American DC-10 crashed at Chicago killing 273 people.

To protect himself from the bitter cold during the Crimean War in the 1850s, the 7th Earl of Cardigan wore a wollen sweater that buttoned down the front. This was how the Cardigan got its name.

Wondered Why.

We get the "sack" when we lose our job?— In medieval days, most working people carried the tools of their trade around in a sack. At the end of each day, the sack and tools were left at the place of work. When the workers were no longer wanted, they were given the sack.

Most people wear their wristwatch on their left wrist?— Simply common sense. Since the vast majority of people are right-handed, it makes sense to wear the watch on the left wrist, where it is less likely to be damaged. This enables people to write, cook and do all kinds of every day tasks while having a hand free to check the time.

Words of Wisdom

1. The reason a dog has so many friends is that he wags his tail instead of his tongue.

2. When a woman says she is approaching middle age, she never tells you from which direction.
3. It is good to remember that the kettle although up to its neck in hot water continues to sing.
4. If your life takes a turn for the worse, remember you're the one who is doing the driving.
5. He had a stereo system in his car for years, his wife in the front and her mother in the back.
6. Forgive your enemies, but never forget their names.
7. The best gifts we get are from those who have nothing to give but themselves.
8. Most marriages are happy. It is trying to live together afterwards that causes the tension.
9. If you want to live to see ninety, don't keep looking for it on the speedometer.
10. God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers.

Questions and Answers

1. Mehmet Ali Agca was convicted of trying to assassinate who in the 1980s?
2. What was Croke Park called prior to the purchase by the GAA, in 1913?
3. Eileen Derbyshire plays which character in Coronation Street?
4. In what county would you be, if you were in Labasheeda?

5. To which club and for what player did Manchester United pay a (then) record fee of £100,000 in 1962?
6. How long does it take a pint of milk to lose half of its vitamin B, when left in bright sunlight?
7. What Irish artist had the No. 1 spot with the same record on three different occasions in 1967?
8. Who was the first businessman to assemble Volkswagen cars outside of Germany?
9. Name the first All-Ireland football club champions in 1973?
10. 350 Fifth Avenue, New York is the official residence of which famous building?
11. Approximately how many of the Titanic's 2,200 passengers survived?
12. If you suffered from the condition Hypermetropia what would be wrong?
13. Galanthus is the botanical name for which early spring flower?
14. Name the referee who had charge of the 1973, 1975 and 1977 All-Ireland S.F. Finals?
15. Which part of a dog's body is called the leather?
16. Which organisation's emblem is a burning candle, surrounded by barbed wire?
17. When was the sideline puck introduced into hurling?
18. Who was the first woman to read the weather on RTE?
19. How much water falls as snow or rain each year?
20. In what year did the first regular Sunday Newspaper appear in Ireland?

Answers

1. Pope John Paul II
2. Jones Road
3. Emily Bishop
4. Co. Clare
5. To Torina (Italy) for Denis Law
6. Two hours
7. Johnny Kelly with "The Black Velvet Band" (June 15, July 20 and August 17)
8. Stephen O'Flaherty
9. East Kerry who beat Bryansford (Down) by 5-9 to 2-7
10. The Empire State Building
11. 700
12. You would be long-sighted
13. Snowdrop
14. John Moloney, Tipperary
15. It's ear
16. Amnesty International
17. 1898
18. Evelyn Murphy (24 June 1983)
19. More than 113,000 billion cubic metres
20. 1917 (The Sunday Freeman Journal)

Accurate Premonitions

Julia Grant, wife of US General Ulysses S. Grant, woke on the morning of 14th April 1865 with a strong feeling that she and her husband should get out of Washington. General Grant had been due to attend the theatre with President Lincoln that night but his wife was so insistent that he pulled out. Leaving the city, the Grants passed John Wilkes Booth on his way to assassinate Lincoln at the theatre. Grant was also found to be on Booth's death list.

In 1980, American actor David Janssen, former star of *The Fugitive*, had a dream in which he saw himself being carried out in a coffin after a heart attack. He consulted a psychic who advised him to go for a check-up, but it was too late. Two days later, Janssen died from a massive heart attack.

Accidental Inventions

Percy Spencer, a physicist and engineer with American radar equipment manufacturers Raytheon, was employed during the Second World War to make the magnetrons used in radar systems. He had noticed that the magnetrons gave off as much heat as a large light bulb and used them to warm his hands on cold days. But it wasn't until he discovered a melted sweet in his pocket and realised the cause that the possibility occurred to him of cooking food with microwaves, and so the Microwave Oven was born.

Ice-Cream Cone

At the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair Charles E. Menches, a young ice-cream salesman, apparently presented his girlfriend with an ice-cream sandwich and a bunch of flowers. Since she had no vase for the flowers, the resourceful lady is said to have rolled the layers of the sandwich into the shape of a cone to act as a vase.

ODDS & ENDS

Amongst the names of successful candidates at the open competitive examinations conducted some time ago by the Civil Service Commissioners for established situations as warders in the prison service, Dept. of Justice, may be mentioned that of Gerald O'Connor, Lyreacrompane. He qualified successfully for one of the little number of vacancies available against the keenest standard of competition. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. Patrick & Mrs. Mary O'Connor and brother of Rev. Maurice O'Connor, Rev. Patrick O'Connor, Brooklyn and of Sean O'Connor, Principal, Islandanny National School, Kilmorna.
September 26th 1942

Fortune Telling

By Bridie Quille.

Many of life's secrets, it has long been believed, can be revealed through fortune telling. Even in these enlightened days, this ancient art is often shrouded in mystery. The art of telling fortunes - whether by crystal gazing, throwing dice or dominoes, reading tea leaves, tarot cards or palms, using pendulums, or by numbers - offers a peep behind the doors of another world which most of us, even those who staunchly declare they are disbelievers, find hard to resist.

Fortune telling has a long history, ever since King Saul sought advice of the witch of Endor. Crystal gazing is a divination which has been practiced from the earliest times while many bible stories and prophecies were founded on clairvoyance.. The Good Book abounds with examples of disasters which befell those who failed to obey the spiritual promptings sent to them.

Clairvoyance, originally a French word is the psychic ability or power to see objects and visions, or to gain information regardless of distance. The visions received may be in the future or in the past. Clairvoyance is an umbrella term which can refer to telepathy, spiritualism, psychic research, second sight, prophetic visions and dreams, though it has often been mistaken for superstition or wilfully imposed deceptions and it is hard for many people to believe that it is actually founded on science and truth.

Clairaudience, which is similar to

clairvoyance, is the psychic ability to hear things from afar. Both phenomena can occur in the normal start of consciousness, but can also be induced by various means, including crystal gazing.

Crystal gazing, is the technique of gazing into an object, such as a crystal ball, for the purpose of divination. Almost all of the great magicians and seers in history have been accredited with powers of crystal vision.

In the Middle Ages a wise woman or a wise man, perhaps also called a witch, with a natural gift of second sight was called upon for scrying purposes. Although some people can achieve visions from gazing into flames or even a shallow bowl of waters or black ink, the clear quartz crystal ball is the most commonly used method. The crystal ball provides a focal point for the scryer to be able to tap into the past or future by seeing symbols which are then interpreted as scenes much like looking at a miniature television screen.

The same effect can also be accomplished with water or ink in the divination called hydromancy. Hydromancy was used as far back as the second century A.D. when Pausanius described a fountain dedicated to the Goddess Ino into which loaves were thrown by worshippers hoping to receive an oracle from the Goddess. If the loaves were accepted they sank in the water which meant good fortune, but if they were washed up from the fountain, it meant bad luck.

A book written in the later 1500s described several methods of this particular divination, one being dipping a ring hanging from a string into a vessel of water which is then shaken gently. A prediction is made by the number of times the ring strikes the sides of the vessel. Another method is by throwing three pebbles into standing water and observations are made from the circles formed

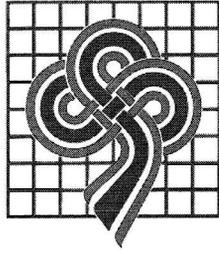
when the objects strike the water.

Probably the most popular method of fortune telling nowadays is by reading Tarot Cards, which were used by many ancient societies to provide glimpses into the future. A Tarot deck is made up on seventy-eight picture cards, some of which look almost sinister in appearance - fifty six minor cards and twenty-two major cards. A reading is conducted by laying out the cards in a spread known as a pattern. Each position within that spread has a meaning which may help people decide on which path to take in life.

The art of telling fortunes by reading teacups, popular since the early nineteenth century, is accomplished by the seer reading the symbols of the tea leaves. The cup should be passed directly to whoever is going to read the leaves by whoever has drunk the tea. If the cup passes from hand to hand before reaching the seer, the resultant reading will be confused and probably untrue. The cup should be turned onto the saucer to allow for 'tears' to be drained off before being handed to the reader and some subjects turn the cup round three times and touch the edge of the saucer with cup, making a wish as they do so.

Reading palms, or Chiromancy as it is officially known, was already a highly developed art in ancient China over three hundred years ago. In the Middle Ages, it was the most popular form of fortune telling and some people declared the art was mentioned in an Old Testament text where it says, 'God sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work.'

Although many people regard fortune telling as a lighthearted, harmless piece of fun, it can be used for serious purposes too. Visionary powers have been used to help solve crimes, such as relocating stolen or lost property or helping to find missing persons...



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The Lyre Journal



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TRACING ROOTS IN BALLINCOLLIG

Ian Connor New Zealand arrived to Jer Breen R.I.P. and Kathleen O'Neill Caher in 1997 trying to trace his roots. The only information he had was the names Ellen and James Connor and they had lived in Ballincollig. The initial search was fruitless but on returning to New Zealand he kept in contact. Jer Breen passed away earlier this year but Kathleen continued to search on his behalf. Her persistence paid off. She has succeeded in locating

the exact spot in Ballincollig where James and Ellen Connor's mud cabin stood so long ago.

Kathleen and Jer Breen worked side by side in researching local history and tracing families. It's great to see Kathleen continuing this work and with successes like this she will be kept busy. Below is a copy of a letter Ian sent to Kathleen.

Opotiki
New Zealand.

Dear Kathleen,

Thank you so much for the map and letter I can relate to the area now you have sent me a very detailed map. It is quite strange in that the day I left you all as I was driving back to Tralee. I kept looking over in that direction of the Stacks Mountains just wondering if that was the place I should be going. I wonder in which cemetery James and Ellen Connor now lie?

Now this is a quick story of James O' Connor (son of Ellen & James) as we believe at this point in time as to his history. He joined the 68th Durham regiment when he was 19 years old and served in the Crimean war then to Burma and then on to New Zealand where he was in the battle of Gate Pa in Tauranga. He took his discharge in Tauranga and married Julia Sherlock (Tipperary) and moved to Opotiki where he purchased 50 acres of undeveloped land, all bush and swamp, which he cleared by hand with axe and shovel digging drains to drain the swamps. Now the name he gave to the land was (I know I don't have it right but it sounded like this) qualla dubh - maybe relating to swamp land or a black swamp - do you have any idea?.

He had four children. Ellen was born 1867 she joined the Sisters of the Missions and took the name of Sr. Leonce she became Mother St. Leonce and remained in New Zealand all her life. The second child Annie was born in 1868 and she became Mother M. St. Eudoxie. I have enclosed a story on her life. The third child was James who farmed with his father. He died suddenly at the age of 36 unmarried. The fourth child was William, my grandfather. He was the first child to leave Opotiki for higher education. He was a school-teacher and taught at a variety of schools in the northern parts of the North Island of New Zealand. He came back to farm after his brother died. He married Kathleen Mulhern from Donegal.

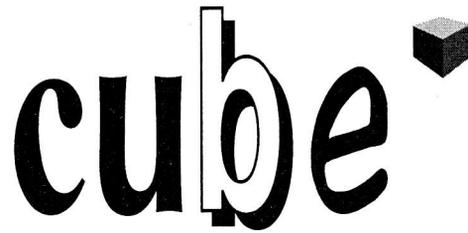
Back to James O'Connor - he was known as a very hard working honest man. He worked a full day every day until he was 80 years old. When he could not jump off a haystack he had to use a ladder to climb down after thatching the hay with rushes and reeds no doubt a skill learned years before working on the land at Tralee. There are many other stories of his life and adventures as a soldier but that will have to wait until I get back to Ireland. A lot of the family's past has been forgotten so, if you don't mind, any history on my forbears is so important to me.

This is a brief history of a son of Tralee who survived the famine, survived four wars and left four children, six grand-children, sixteen great grand-children and thirty six great great grand-children and they are still coming.

To me a great heritage from a Kerryman.

I must close now and get to the post. Thank you Kathleen.

IAN.



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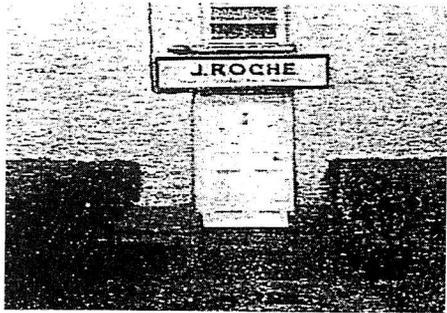
The Lyreacrompane Journal

THE IRISH TIMES

Price 7p DUBLIN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1973 No. 36,652 city

A KERRY PUB

Al Roche's an extraordinary pub in north Kerry, where passing musicians drop in and start a session, visiting nuns dance the polka, customers fill their own drinks and the pint seems to have captured some of the blackness and fire of the bogs.



For many people Lyrecrompane is synonymous with turf. And there is plenty of it there. Acre upon humpy acre of brown bogland. Since its inception Bord na Mona has worked the bogs. During the war, when there was money in turf, the bogs were a hive of activity; the 15th battalion was stationed here cutting turf. It is quieter now; 550 acres of cut-away bog are under trees.

Roche's Pub is the nub of Lyreacrompane with its hedges, walled lawn and garden path, it looks more like a farmer's house than a pub. There is no separate bar entrance: one goes through the kitchen into the bar. This has been a licensed premises for 150 years. Four trees growing the lawn gave it the name, The Four Elms, but the trees have been cut down, and the name forgotten. The building, a storey and a half high, is a common period house in the area. This gives a low ceiling in the pub, accentuated by a coat of brown paint.

The Pub, a roadhouse in the real sense, is familiarly known as Al Roche's. Al Roche, gentleman, conversationalist and lover of learning, is dead. He was a type common in the glens of Sliabh Luachra and Stacks Mountains: a lover of learning and knowledge for their own sake. Having received an elementary education from one Molyneaux (local pronunciation Munnix) who kept a school in his residence, called 'The Glen,' he went to England for a few years, subsequently returning to run the farm and public house. Always more interested in learning than farming or innkeeping.

When the bar closed he trimmed the mid-night wick and turned to Keats or Shelley.

He recited Robert Service's 'Song of a Sourdough' for the customers and abandoned the bar for the kitchen if a good conversationalist turned up. Bryan McMahon, an especial friend, was a frequent caller as were Con Houlihan and John B. Keane. The shy, little, man, George Fitzmaurice, was a listener in the shadows, mentally noting and returning home to weave the tremendously rich dialogue of his plays.

A number of the works of the North Kerry writers have risen like the mist out of these bogs. 'Sive' with its background of bogs, mountain farms and insulated community is redolent of Lyrecrompane. So, too, is the mental climate of 'Sharon's Grave' and one has a feeling that Dinzie Conless had his literary genesis around here. D.J. Moloney, a deceased Fianna Fail, T.D., was born fifty yards from the pub. It is whispered that he was the prototype for Keane's outrageous caricature Mick McAadoo in Letters of a Successful T.D. Maurice Moore was murdered a few miles back from the road. Officially it is unsolved but locally it is believed the murder was occasioned by a land drainage dispute. 'The Field' would seem to owe some if its inspiration to this. Keane is a great favourite locally and his irreverent quips and Rabelaisian comments much appreciated.

The corpus of Fitzmaurice's work can be satisfactorily sited on the slopes and dales of the Stack's mountains.

Jimmy Roche, son of Al Roche, now runs the pub. A small fair man in his thirties with an interest in traditional music and dance, he has built a back porch onto the bar for dancing. Dancing here means one dance, the Kerry set. This is one of the few pubs where there are really impromptu sessions. Local musicians leave their instruments behind the bar and will play, if requested; passing musicians drop in and start a session. Local nuns, on holidays from the mission fields, have to dance a polka at Roche's before returning.

There are no nuns dancing tonight. A block of a man with a huge torso and a granite face dances with amazing grace, a Lyrecrompane Zorba. An olive-skinned

girl in a yellow dress abandons herself to the hornpipe like a gypsy. One senses the binding threads of world folk music.

Mick Sheehy will not sing or dance for a year. There has been a death in the family. He sings a number of good local ballads. One, 'The High-heeled Shoes,' tells of a young girl who went to the cobbler for a pair of shoes and was relieved of her virtue. When at the appointed time, the puzzled fathers asks:

*'Who knows but it might be a
prince or a king.*

She met in the morning early?

*Who knows but it might be the scrape of
a briar?*

*Who knows but it might be some tough
man from Lyre*

She met in the morning early?

A choric voice replies.

*'Twas easily known 'twas the cobbler's
clout,*

She got in the morning early.

There is a strong tradition of ballad-making in the locality carried on in the present by John Joe Sheehy, versifier, painter, farmer and character. This is a twilight world poised between the Gaeltacht and anglicised Ireland. The spoken language is English, the traditions, values and culture are Gaelic. They are conscious of these values and quietly proud. Unlike the people of the Gaeltacht they have not been prostituted by grants and the gombeen men: they have retained the dignity of the old Irishry. From the gaiety, resilience and inherent toughness we understand how the Irish nation survived in the centuries of darkness.

The Kerryman

Friday,

March 30,

1990

Lyreacrompane

Traditional music, singing and dancing brought down the rafters on the bank holiday night at the Four Elms. The final closing down night of the four generation construction which stood the test of almost 200 years.

It was the dwelling house-cum-public house of Hurley and Scanlan, then Scanlan and Gleeson, and Scanlan and Hugh Roche, down then to Albert Roche who died in 1960 and now his son, Jimmy, wife Joan and family.

It is hoped that it will be built up again shortly where all those old customs and traditions will be resumed.

ODDS & ENDS

On Sunday last an open-air boxing tournament was held at Lyreacrompane. Conditions militated against the attendance but however upwards of 300 people attended. Results - Middleweight:- Bob Shea (Duagh) had a walk over as his opponent, Jerry Reidy (Castleisland) was, owing to the death of a relative, unable to attend. Mike O'Connell (Lyre) was the winner of the best fight of the day, when after being on the receiving end of a furious battering, he knocked out Christy Sheehy (Duagh) in the 3rd. round. Jim Lyons (Lyre) stopped Paddy Kelliher (Duagh) in the 2nd round. Two battle-scarred veterans, Con Lyons (Duagh) and JJ Sheehy (Lyre) fought a free swinging draw.

Welterweight: - Mossie Doyle (Dublin) outpointed Denny Reidy (Lyre) in a close fight. Jimmy Mahony (Lyre) stopped Paddy Joy (Behins) in the 3rd round.

Lightweight:- Jack Somers (Lyre) and Paddy Sheehy (Duagh) fought a draw. Billy Cronin (Lyre) outpointed Denny Cremins (Lyre). June 26th 1943.



JOAN & JIMMY OUTSIDE ROCHES BAR. (PIC DONAL HICKEY)

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from
Jimmy, Joan, & Albert
at the

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Carrigcannon, Lyreacrompane.

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LYRE DRAMA AND CONCERTS

By Pat Brosnan

My first experience of being master of ceremonies at a concert was on Palm Sunday night 1945 when a group of us from Dromada arranged to hold a night of singing, step-dancing, music and comedy sketches at Dan Paddy Andy's Hall in Renagown. The purpose of the exercise was to take in enough money at one shilling entry charge to be able to buy a football for our local team.

Even though we had no previous knowledge of how to run a show we nevertheless went ahead with preparations for the programme and even we composed our own fairly lengthy sketch which was full of the wit and humour of the time.

Many of the group including myself were young teenagers but we had as well a few older and more experienced musicians and singers including my brother Dan, Dan O'Donoghue who was working in Dromada at the time and Mossie Enright who had just come home on leave after serving with the British Army during the second World War.

First of all we had to negotiate with Dan Paddy about the cost of the hall for the night. Dan demanded what he termed a 'green pound' which appeared expensive at the time but which in hindsight was really very reasonable. Anyway we knew that we would not lose out provided that around twenty people turned up. As it happened over a hundred people filled the hall and as the saying goes "It all went like a bomb", -we performed well and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the show. As there was no

permanent stage in the hall we improvised with a makeshift one consisting of two doors resting on stools, not the safest in the world particularly for step-dancing. For curtains we had two green canvas covers loaned to us by local shopkeeper Pat McElligott who used them when he was bringing provisions for the shop in his horse's cart to prevent the goods from getting wet in damp weather. Our loudspeaker consisted of a butter barrel's fairly large metal cone-shaped funnel loaned to us for the night by the O'Leary family. Anyway after paying Dan Paddy his 'green pound' we had secured the price of the best football available at the time and we even had a few shillings to spare. Others who took part in the concert with us included my brother Ando, Mick Cahill, Tim Horan and Pa Joe Lynch.

The Dromada group with some new additions staged another concert the following year again at Dan Paddy's hall which by all accounts was hilarious and a great success. Late Diarmuid Lyons played a major part in that event. My residence and employment was away in Dublin at the time so it was not possible for me to be with them.

It was during Lent 1949 that we held the next variety concert at Dan Paddy's and as well as some of the regulars we were joined by Jackie Cronin and Denis Cahill on that occasion. Again in early 1950 we held yet another concert at Dan Paddy's which included a song contest adjudicated by The late John Joe Sheehy and the winners were Moll Carey who then lived in Carrigcannon and Mikey McMahan of Renagown.

During the years that followed we had some fine performers such as Darby Naughton, his late sister who used to be known as Baby and who some years after that married the late Pa Dillon of Lyre, the O'Donoghue brothers Tom and Mick of Bromadra, Andy and Tom Sweeney who were well-known step-dancers, the McKenna brothers Jack and Brendan of Glasnagoon, late Eugene Goulding of Knockanoon. Neilus Hickey and

Francie Ahern of Knockanebrack. Neilie O'Leary who was working in the locality at the time, my late brother Con and his two daughters Sheila and Kathleen. In 1952 we had adopted the name of the Smearlaside Players and the concerts then became the means of raising funds for the Smearla Rangers football team. We performed in various parts of the county including Headley's Bridge, both halls in Knocknagoshel, the Six Crosses, Tarbert, Firies, Scartaglin, Brosna and Kilduff. In 1952 we also ran a question-time contest in the various halls which proved a very popular attraction even for the small cash prizes available then.

During those years Tim Horan and myself travelled around the county on bicycles booking halls and organising the details of the concerts which often in a widely scattered countryside was no easy task.

Our slogan in the posters and newspaper advertisements was 'Hike it, or bike it, we guarantee you'll like it', and everywhere we performed the crowds turned up to support us and in many ways it was a heady and exciting period of our lives.

My own role during all those years apart from the occasional song or recitation was doing M.C. My late brother Jimmy who was an accomplished accordion player and his daughter Mary who was a champion step-dancer used also join us at the Six Crosses Hall when we were performing there. Mary later married Ned Murphy and was killed in a tragic car accident some years ago, R.I.P.

In 1956 after a lapse of a few years the Smearlaside Players regrouped to raise funds for Lyre G.A.A. club which was fielding two teams in the North Kerry League, intermediate and minor as well as a juvenile team in the Parish League.

We still retained many of the previous performers but had also some splendid new talent, particularly from Rathea. As well as the usual variety concert we also produced a one-act play that year called 'Dead Men's Shoes' which was

a comedy, and we again performed in various venues throughout the county. The cast of the play included my brother Ando, my cousin Sean Healy and Margaret Trant. We had that renowned dancer the late Jack Cahill with three Rathea girls Joan Carey, Bridie O'Sullivan and Margaret Trant dancing the four hand reel and Darby Naughton used to do a solo comedy act.

Another local entertainment organisation the Lyre Drama Group was also going strong at the time travelling around the county as well raising funds for the new church which was nearing completion at the time. There was a great sense of mutual respect and co-operation between our two groups and we helped each other out whenever it was possible.

The Smearlaside Players also devoted the money to church funds of a play and concert held at Lyre School in the spring of 1956. That year we did all the rehearsals at the home of Tom and Alice Naughton who then lived in Lyre before moving to Tralee.

Surely in spite of the fact that the period was more or less known nationally as "the hungry fifties" wasn't it an outstanding achievement that Lyre was capable of producing two drama and concert groups and three competing football teams in that era. There is little doubt that the advent of Bord na Mona was a major factor in keeping the area reasonably prosperous during the forties, fifties and into the sixties.

My role as M.C. on these many occasion was surely a great preparation and experience for the countless times that such a part has been assigned to me since those far-off days. Sadly many of those who took part with us at the time in those memorable events have since gone to their eternal reward, may their souls rest in peace. After emigrating in 1957 my own connection with organising concert or drama groups in Lyre came to an end but many happy memories of those times still remain.

Best Wishes to the Lyreacrompane & District Journal

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A NEW CHURCH AT CARRIGCANNON

By Kay O'Leary

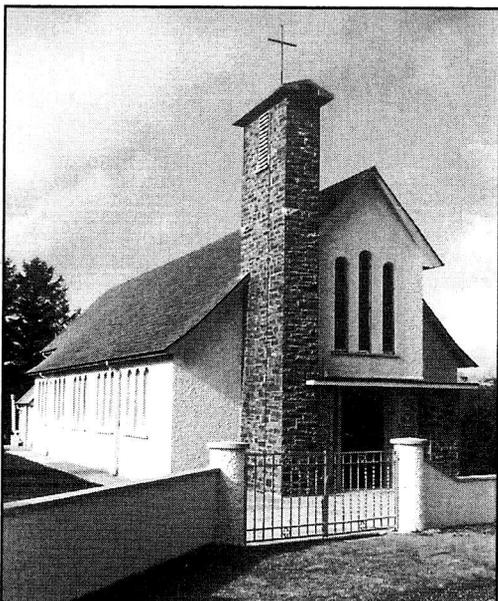
No your eyes are not deceiving you. The original plan was to construct the Sacred Heart Church at Carriggannon and not Glountane.

Back in September 1870 the then Bishop of Kerry Dr. Moriarty decided that the people of Lyreacrompane should have a church, as they were remote from a place of worship.

Dr. Moriarty came to Lyre to choose a suitable site on which to build a church. He travelled many roads in the locality. He came down in favour of Carriggannon as he believed it to be the most suitable and central.

At the time Carriggannon was in the parish of Lixnaw. Fr. Roche the P.P. of Lixnaw handed over Carriggannon along with three other townlands, Cloghanenagleragh, Glashnacree and Lyreacrompane to the parish of Duagh to facilitate the building of the church.

Bishop Moriarty then contacted John Conway Hurley the Lyreacrompane Landlord in his quest to procure a suitable site in Carriggannon. John Hurley was most accommodating. He bid Dr. Moriarty to choose any site he wished on his property.



THE SACRED HEART CHURCH
LYREACROMPANE (PIC M.KEANE)

While waiting for the church to be constructed the Bishop ordered Mass to be said on Sundays and Holy Days at Patrick Stacks Farmhouse (Jer Davy Nolans Carriggannon).

Rev MA Dillion was PP of Duagh for 21 years (1886 - 1907) and even though he initiated the fund raising for the building of Lyre Church he was not successful. Fr. Dillion was an extremely controversial figure in his time, some of his parishioners believed he was guilty of misappropriating the church building fund.

In May 1907 Rev. J. Beazley was made PP of Duagh. He had previously been PP of Tuosist. In 1912 Fr. J. Beazley PP began a fund raising drive to erect the church at Carriggannon. His ambition was to build a good plain church for £1,000.

In 1916, following a lot of hard work and forty six years after it was first mooted by Bishop Moriarty, the church was completed. However it was short lived, standing for only forty years.

In 1955 construction work began on the church that now stands in Glountane Lyre. It measure 110 feet in length by 37 feet wide. It is built on the site of the old church which was demolished to facilitate the building. During the time of construction Lyre National School served as a temporary church.

It was officially opened and blessed by Dr. D. Moynihan in September 1956.

AMONG THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE CHURCH BUILDING FUND BETWEEN MARCH 1912 AND MARCH 1913 WERE:...

	£	S	d
A door collection in Lyreacrompane	1	16	2

DROMADDABEG

Patrick Moloney RDC	1	1	0
Mrs. P. Moloney	1	0	0
James Moloney		16	6
Daniel Moloney		14	0
Mrs. Joan Moloney		14	0
John Sheehy		2	6
Jerry J. Moloney		5	0
Jerry P. Moloney		2	6
Kitty J. Maloney		1	0
Michael D. Moloney		16	0
Maurice Cotter		16	0
J. Nolan		11	0
Con Nolan		4	6
J. Murphy		4	0
Mrs. Joan Dillion		17	0
Mr. P. Moloney Jnr.	1	0	0
Miss. Julia Nolan	2	5	0

DROMADDAMORE

Thomas O'Connor	3	0
Denis Lyons	3	0
Timothy Brosnan	4	0
Mrs. Horan	3	0
Mrs. Brown	4	6
John O'Connor	2	6
Thomas Lyons	2	6
Michael Cotter	2	6
William Cotter	2	6
John Cotter	2	0
James Cotter	2	6
Denis Leary	4	0
Patrick Kennedy	3	6
John Mahony	7	6
Mrs. Donoghue	13	0
Patrick Brosnan	10	0
Mrs. Patrick Lynch	5	0
Thomas McElligott	7	6
Andrew Nolan	5	0
T. Leary	4	0
Con Brosnan	4	0

CLOGHANE

John Sheehy	1	0	0
Timothy Horgan	1	0	0
Edmond Moriarty		14	0
James Sullivan		14	0
Mrs. Reidy		14	0
Edmond Quille		7	0
James Nash		1	0

GLANTAUNYALKEEN

Maurice Cotter	16	6	
John Nolan	11	6	
M.C. Moloney	11	6	
Con Moloney	4	6	
John Murphy	4	0	
Elizabeth Nolan	18	6	
Patrick Dillon Road Steward	10	0	
Jerry Moloney	5	0	

CARRIGCANNON

Edmond Carey	18	6	
Mrs. Daniel Sullivan	9	6	
James Nolan	8	0	
Michael Doran	15	0	
Minor Doran	14	0	
Hugh Roche	18	0	
Mrs. O'Connor, Cottage	2	0	
Mary Carey	2	0	0
John Nolan	1	0	
Denis Lyons	5	6	
Thomas Fitzgerald	2	0	
David Nolan	1	3	6
Andrew Nolan	15	0	
Miss Mary Curran	2	0	0
Katie Riordan	1	10	0
Charles Collins		8	0
J. Nolan		7	6
Miss Mary Doran		14	6
Mrs. T O'Connor		2	6
Matthew Doran Jr.	1	5	6
Mr & Mrs. M. Scanlon		5	0

MUIGWEE

Thomas P. Sheehy	13	0	
John E. Sheehy	12	0	
Patrick John Sheehy	5	0	
John Sheehy	5	0	
Thomas J. Sheehy	5	0	
Michael Shanahan	18	0	
Maurice Shanahan	18	0	

KNOCKNAGLOUGH

Michael P. Ahern	16	6	
Michael M. Ahern	16	0	
Thomas Ahern	1	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0
Michael Quille	2	0	0

GLASHANACREE

Timothy Quille	2	4	0
Michael Carmody	1	2	0
Michael Naughton		2	6
Denis Scanlon	1	0	0
Dan McCarthy	1	0	0

LYREACROMPANE

Ed. Stack N.T.	2	0	0
Mrs. Molyneux N.T.	1	0	0
Mrs. Haronra Doran	1	9	6
Thomas Buckley		17	0
John Keliher		12	0
Maurice Scanlon		1	0
Mrs. Mat Doran		10	0
Mrs. Doran Snr.		5	0
J. Molyneux		1	0
Timothy Curran		5	0
Daniel Sweeney		2	0
Patrick Canty		2	0
Edmund Dillion	1	5	0
Denis Dillion		2	6
M.J. Costello		2	0
D. Lynch		1	0
D. Wilmoth		1	0
Patrick O'Connor		15	6
Thomas Dowd		2	0
Sergeant Dignan		2	6
Sergt P. Dillion Ennis		5	0
Constable Normill		3	0
Constable Kavanagh		2	6
Constable Laffey			6
Constable Coughlin		2	6
J. Gouran ex RIC Sergt.		5	0

GLASHANANOON

Daniel O'Connell	14	0	
Thomas Dillion	10	0	
Mary O'Connor	1	0	
B. Enright	1	0	0

MUIGNAMINNANE

Florence Mahony	10	0	
Denis Mahony	5	0	
John Mahony	5	0	
Mrs. Greany	5	0	
John O'Sullivan	2	6	
Jeremiah O'Connor	2	6	
James O'Connor	1	0	

RENAGOWAN

Humphrey McMahon	5	0	
Daniel O'Connor NT	5	0	
Andrew Sullivan	2	0	
Eugene Lyons	5	0	
Mrs. E. Lyons	1	0	
Thomas Lyons	2	6	
Jeremiah Sugrue	1	0	

Mrs. Sugrue	1	0	
Ned Sheehy	1	0	
Mrs. Sheehy	1	0	

KNOCKAUNBRACK

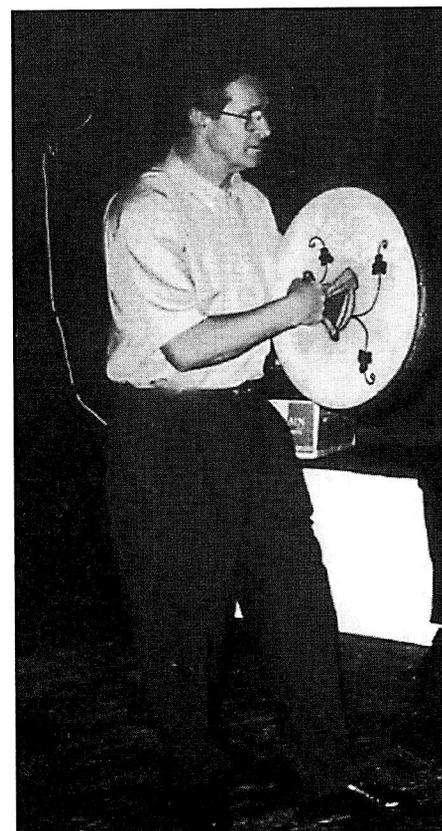
Miss Kinnealy	1	0	0
Cornelius Murphy	4	0	0

KNOCKALOUGHA

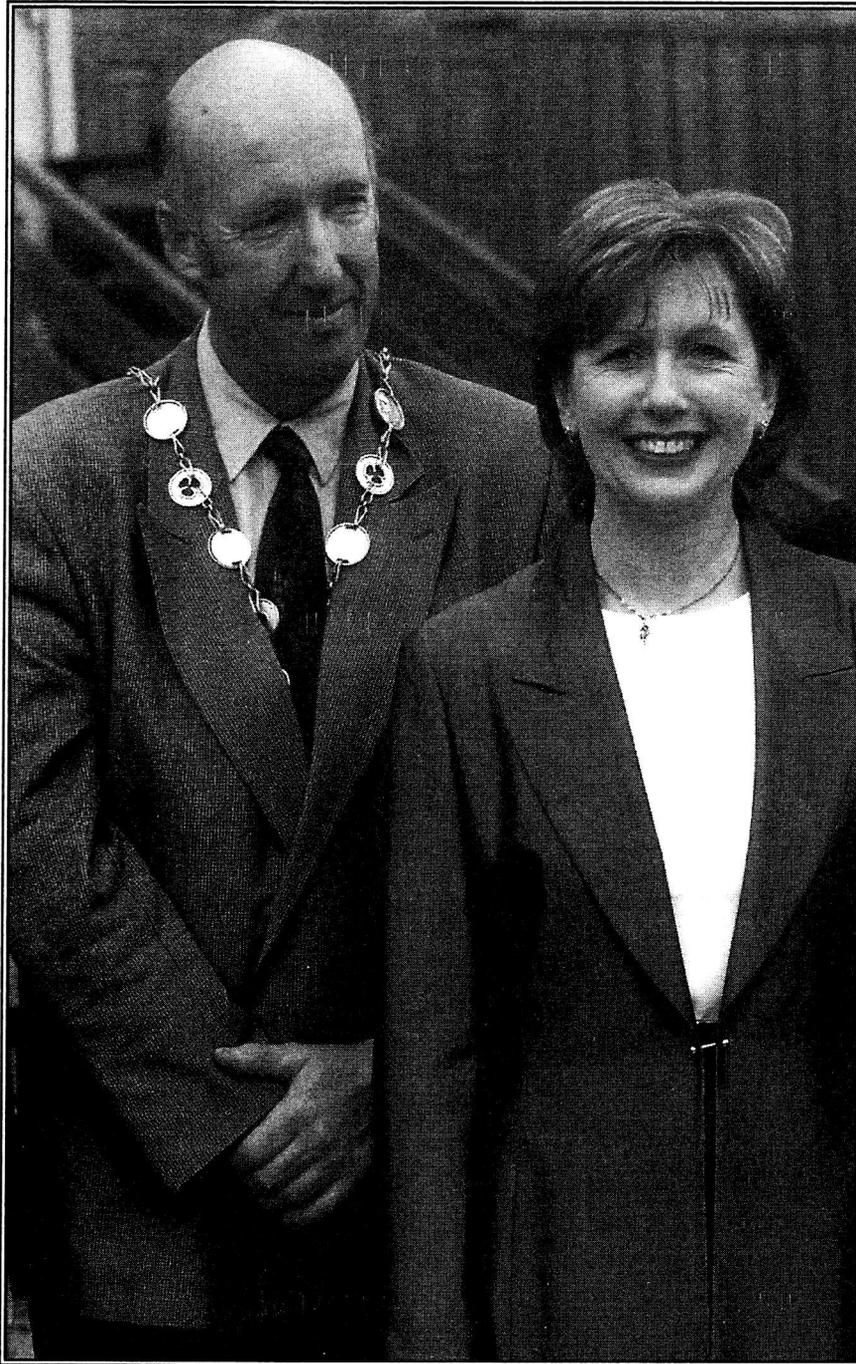
Mrs. M. Walsh	10	0	
John Lyons	6	0	
John Hickey	1	0	
James Lyons	7	0	
James Jerry Lyons	2	0	
E.D. Nash	2	6	
John Cronin	10	0	
Matt Dillon	10	0	
Maurice Joy	4	0	
M. Riordan	1	0	
John M. Joy	10	0	
J. O'Donnell	8	0	
G. Riordan	5	0	
John J. Joy	4	0	

There are conflicting views as to why the church was not built at Carriggannon. It may have been to close to the local alehouse or it may have been built on the wrong site.

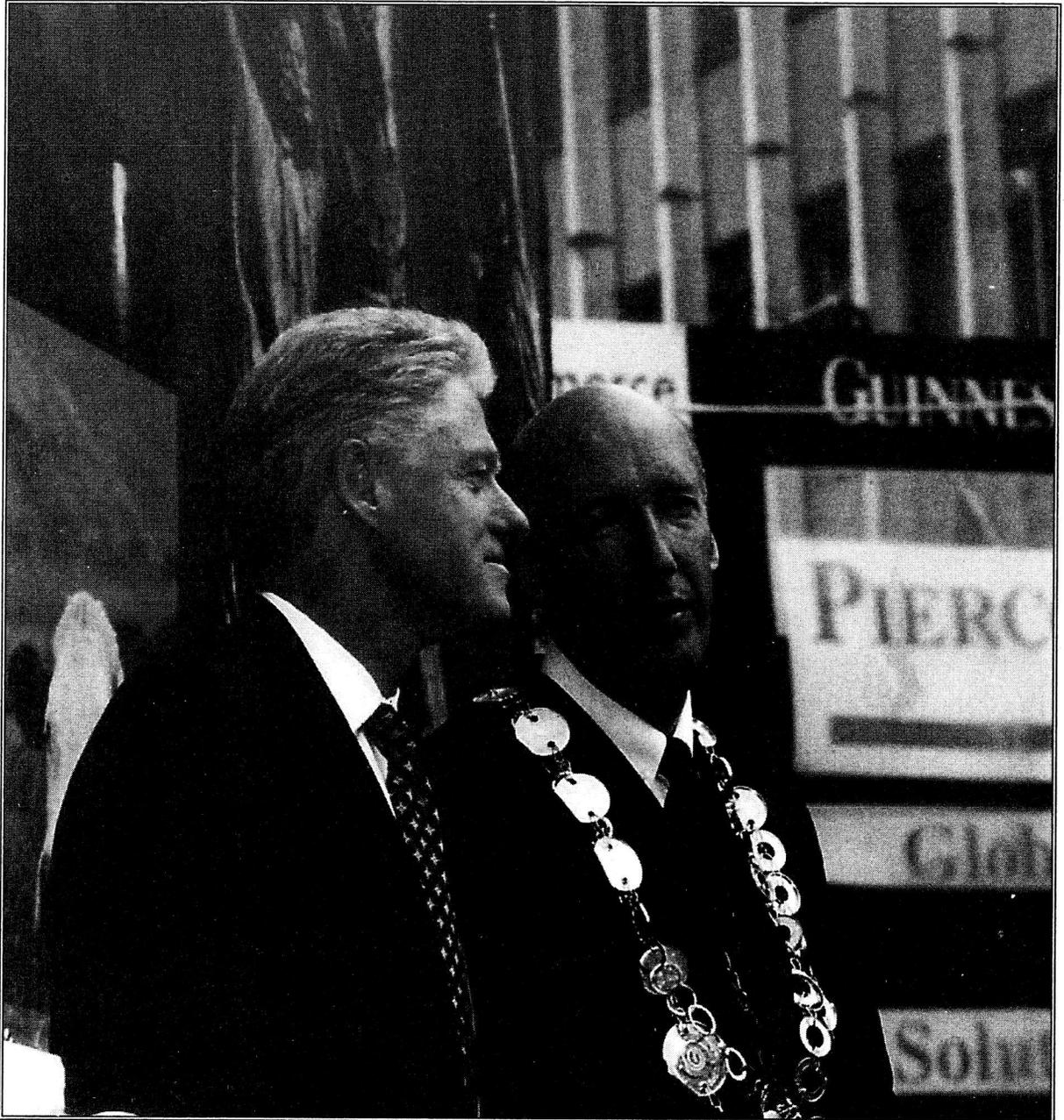
I'd like to thank Fr. Kieran O'Shea, Knocknagoshel and the staff of the history section at Tralee Library for their assistance.



**SEAN KEANE BELTING IT OUT
AT THE D.P.A. FESTIVAL**



JOE HARRINGTON WELCOMES PRESIDENT MARY MCALEESE TO LIMERICK DURING HIS TERM AS MAYOR OF THAT CITY. (PRESS 22)



Mayor of Limerick Joe Harrington with the American President Bill Clinton during the conferring of the Freedom of Limerick ceremony in 1998