

THE LYREACROMPANE & DISTRICT JOURNAL

No 8
2005



€10

The Hillsiders Wren Group

The Lyreacrompane based Hillsiders Wren Group, organised by Joe Harrington and Kay O'Leary, gave an outstanding account of themselves at the All-Ireland Wrenboy Competition. Their performance on the Gig Rig was mighty and King of the Group, Fr Pat Moore, won the All-Ireland King of the Wren title for 2005. Pictured below are Mary O'Keeffe, Brendan Harrington, Kay O'Leary with Helen (nee Harrington) and Nick Schisas. Bottom Left: 2005 All-Ireland King of the Wren, Fr Pat Moore and Listowel Harvest Queen, Aisling O'Donovan from Duagh. Bottom right: Jimmy Lyons, a "Star in Stripes".



Lyreacrompane & District Journal No 8

November 2005

Dear reader,

You have just picked up the 8th edition of the Lyreacrompane & District Journal and we hope you enjoy the read. If you have relatives abroad you might send them a copy. The world is getting smaller and exiles are never too far from home these days but news from home and the memories that Journals like this recall will always be valued by those abroad.

We extend a special Ceád Mile Failte to those who have come to live here in recent times and we hope they find this Journal informative and an aid to their integration into the community. We would be especially interested in receiving articles for the next issue on the experience and impressions of those who come to live among us.

We would like to thank all those who contributed articles and photos for this edition. Thanks also to our advertisers and outlets for their valuable support and we hope you will keep them in mind when you require materials or services. Our thanks also to Frank Lewis who launched our last Journal.

Finally, don't forget that you can follow events in the Lyreacrompane district on our bit of the World Wide Web, www.lyreacrompane.com and of course we look forward to seeing you all at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival in 2006. Sure where else would you be over the August Bank Holiday weekend (the 4th to the 7th of August).

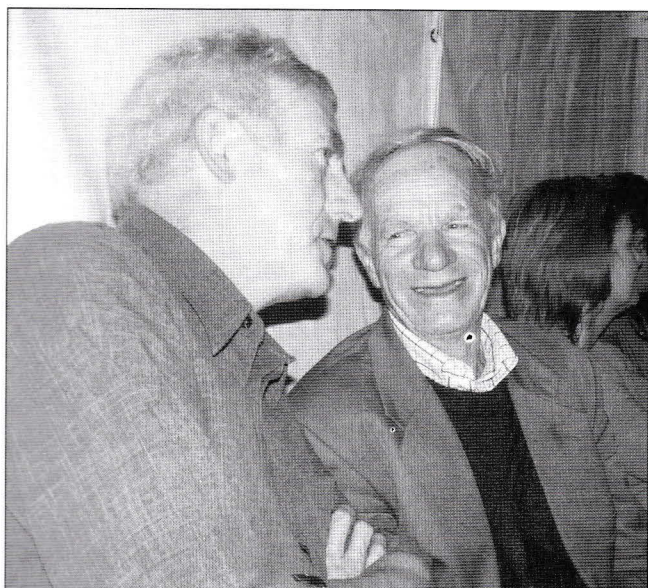
Wishing all our readers a peaceful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Joe Harrington
Editor

Committee:

Kay O'Leary, Bridie Sheehy, Bridie Quille, Tommy Quille and John Joe Sheehy

Acknowledgements: Kerry County Museum, The Kerryman and John Reidy, Kerry's Eye and the Local History Section of Tralee Library.



Alfie Lyons and Jack Naughton chatting in the marquee at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival 2005



At the start of the MS walk in Lyre - Jimmy Deenihan, Mary Horan and Dara O'Cinnéide
Kerry Captain 2004

Serving Mass in Lyre

Pat Brosnan

Away back around 1939 when we were all attending National School a group of us were being trained as mass servers, or alter boys as we were called at that particular time to serve at Sunday Mass in Lyre Church.

In those days there was only one mass celebrated locally on Sunday mornings, as St. Brigid's Church in Duagh was considered to be the chief place of worship in the joint parish where baptisms, weddings and other important religious ceremonies were held.

Apart from missions which occasionally took place in Lyre and an odd station which was held there when a house in one of the townlands was not available, otherwise Lyre Church was used only for the weekly mass. Also, at the time the Parish Priest, Fr. T. Griffin who was elderly and in declining health would not travel to Lyre to celebrate the mass, so it was left to the curate and

sometimes visiting priests to do so. Fr. Griffin however used to visit the Lyre part of the parish for the bi-annual stations in the various townlands.

It was against this background that six of us took up the duty of mass serving in the local church. Our group included Matty Kennelly of Knockanebrack, Billy McCarthy of Glasnacree, Seán O'Connell of Carriggannon, Christy Quille and Brendan Sheehy of Cloughane and myself from Dromadda. The five lads who were attending Lyre National School were all trained for the task and learned the Latin Mass responses from their teachers there, but as for me attending Renagown School at the time meant being the odd one out to a certain extent. However it was not long before the other lads accepted me as one of their own and we all became good friends. It was the Parish Clerk, Paddy Doran, who taught me the Latin. He used call up to us in Dromadda a couple of times each week for about six weeks and as soon as my training was over, Paddy took lessons from my brother, Dan, in the accordion playing, so by the time the six weeks were over they had me ready for to serve at the alter and Paddy had become an accomplished accordion player. My own friendship with Paddy Doran and his wife, Mary, lasted all through my remaining years in Lyre before immigrating to England in 1957 and this friendship continued during my time abroad and after we had returned again to Ireland.

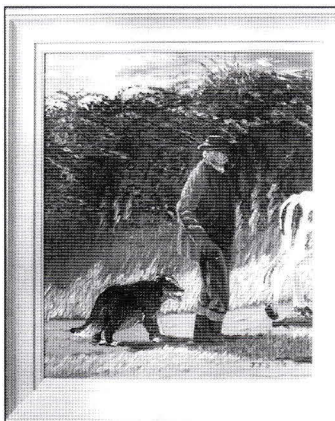
Paddy and Mary were neighbours of ours when they lived in Glountane and we had come to live in Drommadabeg and they were very special friends until they both died within a short time of each other, may God rest their

generous souls. When we had taken up mass serving in Lyre Church Tom Carmody who had served with the previous team of altar boys stayed on with us for about six Sundays to help show us the ropes.

One of us was assigned each Sunday to bring a bucket of water to the sacristy from the nearby Spring well owned by Ned and Norah Molyneaux and of course one of our duties was also to ring the church bell before mass and sometimes we would also put the water in the cruets and the hand washing bowl before mass.

Thank God all our group of alter boys from those now far off days are still alive and active and it is great to meet them occasionally and to have a chat about those days ringing the bell when we were all young and on the threshold of life. Apart from Brendan Sheehy and myself none of the other lads emigrated from Kerry and all of us except Brendan Sheehy who is in the United States are resident in Ireland now. After going to America Brendan served with the United States forces during the Korean War.

My Mass serving training served me well during my time in a college of nursing in Warranpoint where we were expected to serve mass now and then. Later after returning home to Kerry, Paddy Doran who was then running a hackney service in the locality often asked me to substitute for him at stations or house masses when he would be out driving. The usual fee for the mass server would be five shillings which at that time was worth something and we would also be given the honour of having breakfast in the parlour with the priests.



John Joe by John Joe

It was little we thought at the time when we were serving mass in the old church in Lyre that the building would be pulled down in the middle of the next decade and be replaced by the present beautiful church where all kinds of ceremonies as well as mass are carried out, baptisms, marriages, requiem masses and so forth. All this being of course as it should be - in the local church for the Lyre

TOM O'CONNOR & SONS

Building Contractor

Lyreacrompane

Tel 068 48148

*Mobile
087 6757473*

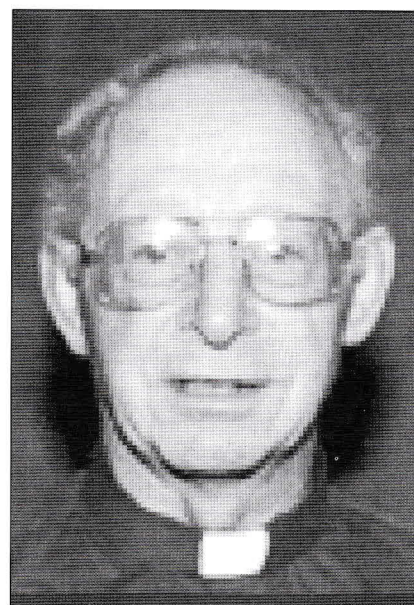
*Looking forward
To a
Good read
of the
Lyre Journal
Over Christmas*

part of the parish. As already mentioned Fr. Griffin was the Parish Priest during the years that we served Mass and Fr. Browne was the Curate who mostly celebrated Mass in Lyre. Later we had Fr. Curran who was present at most of the station and house masses served by me and then came Fr. Allman as Parish Priest who was a brother of the legendary DJ Allman killed by British forces during the ambush at Headford Railway Station in South Kerry during the War of Independence. Later still Fr. Moriarty who was a native of Killarney was appointed Parish Priest and at that time Fr. Flavin was the curate.

Of course there are many special memories of our Mass serving days like the unique occasion that Fr. John Nolan celebrated mass for the first time in his native Lyre. Then there was the time when late Jim Nolan of Glountane was having a station at his house, but the Glountane road at the time was in very poor condition. The priests had decided not to take the car in all the way, but Jim, God be good to him tackled up his horse and cart and met us down the road, so Fr. Moriarty, Fr. Flavin and myself were chauffeured in style up to Jims home by himself and his sober and sturdy horse. Then after the two masses and substantial and beautifully served breakfast Jim tackled up his horse again and brought us down to the main road. Then on another occasion there was a station mass at the church for one of the townlands which was celebrated by a Fr. Colbert who was a native of Limerick. All of us had breakfast in the sacristy afterwards if my memory serves me right. Of course the stations were always a day of great celebration in the various

townlands when the priests and the people got together twice a year. While Fr. Moriarty was the Parish Priest he used to give me the job each year of supervising the Primary Certificate examination at Lyre School. The Department of Education paid me ten shillings and Fr. Moriarty would give me the same amount from the parish funds. No doubt a pound was a good day's wages in those times.

At the time when we were altarboys it was completely unheard of that girls would one day be allowed to serve mass. Even in much later years when our son, Seanie, was serving mass in Athea there was no question about girls being allowed to do so, and that was back in the seventies. Now thanks be to God all that has changed and our Grand-daughters, Roisin in Athea and Siobhán in Listowel, have kept up the family mass serving tradition started by me all those years ago in Lyre.



Fr. O'Connell who retired as Parish Priest of Duagh/Lyre Parish since our last journal

MIXED BATHING DENOUNCED.

To the Editor.

The Kerryman.

Aug 11th 1934

Dear Sir,

May I request, a share of space in your popular paper, to convey my very hearty congratulation's, and those of several others of your readers whom I have met, to Mr. John Marcus O'Sullivan for the splendid and well-merited castigation he gave last week in his *Firies Notes* in your paper to the shameless, immodest and underbred "flappers" of girls who so far forget themselves as to indulge in the practice of public mixed bathing at some of our seaside resorts, such as Glenbeigh and Ballybunion, displaying, to the disgust of respectable persons looking on, semi-nude necks, some of them as ugly and yellow as the yellowiest Mongolian.

It was not the first, nor, as I may truly say, the fiftieth time that Mr O'Sullivan has given the benefit of his well-informed, mind to the reading public in Kerry through his notes in "*The Kerryman*," but doubt if he said at any time any thing that needed so much to be said as what he so courageously denounced in your paper last week the disgusting practice of mixed bathing at our seaside places.

All praise to Mr. O'Sullivan for having tried, to drag from his lair the minotaur of impurity that is beginning to burrow under the earth in Ireland, and is threatening to devour the bodies and souls of Irish girls as

formerly a monster of that name demanded every year so many bodies of Grecian maidens to be placed at the mouth of his den to be devoured.

This scandalous practice of mixed bathing is an importation from abroad. It is not home grown. It was not known to Irish "mothers and daughters of thirty years ago and ought to be banished from our shores; and the girl who indulges in it, her habits are not many removes from the habits of a dissolute Parisienne.

Irish women in the past were famed the world over for their chastity. Their purity was the theme of honour's tongue in all lands. Our National poet, Thomas Moore, in one of his most, beautiful melodies has immortalised our Irish woman's virtue and purity in a favourite song, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore, etc., etc., and coupled with it our countrymen's chivalry and respect for women.

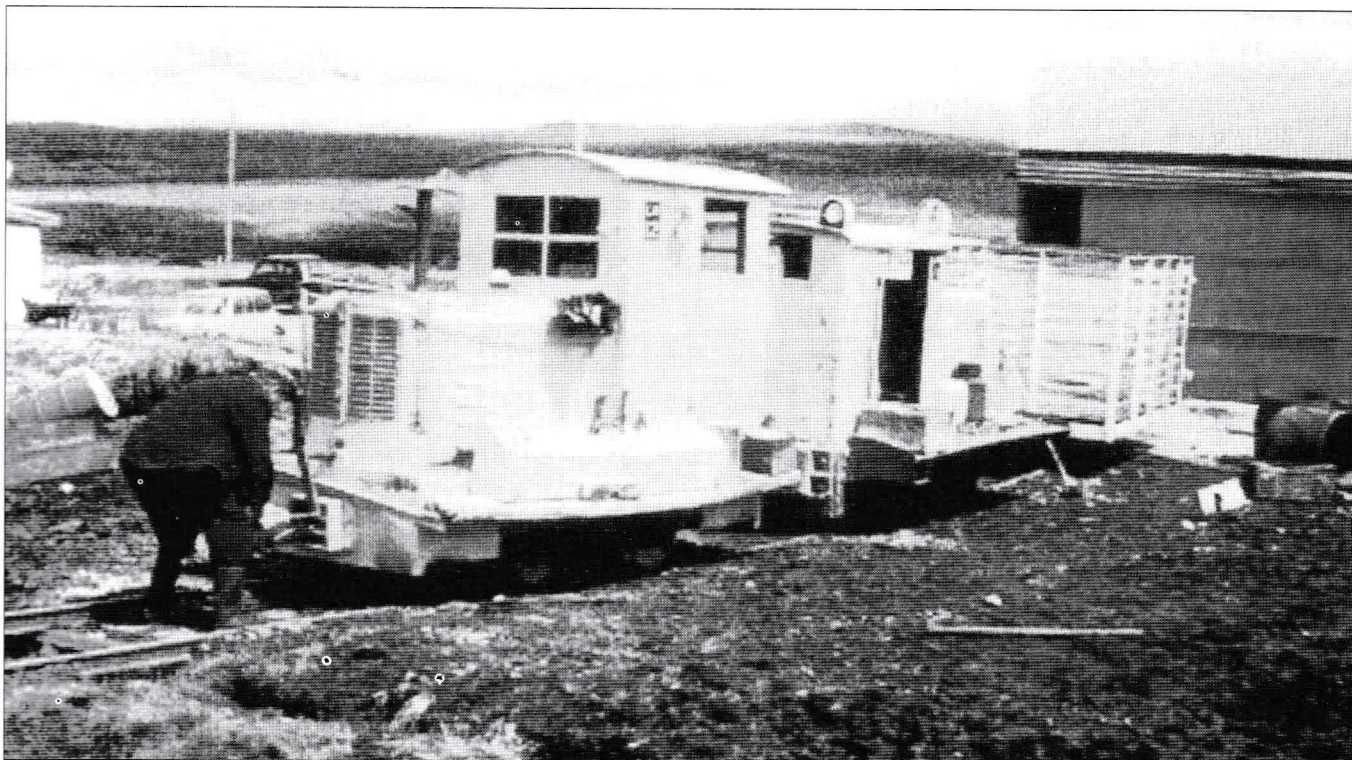
The newspapers tell us of the noble stand the clergy, Bishops and Catholic people of America are making against the filthy pictures and films that are shown in the picture houses, and how they have proclaimed a boycott of all bad pictures and established, a nationwide boycott society called the Legion of Decency which millions have become members headed by four Cardinals and ninety Bishops - with the united purpose of boycotting all picture-houses where immoral films are exhibited, with the result that a complete clean-up has been effected and immoral pictures withdrawn from the screen

owing to the Catholic boycott.

Why not a similar boycott be set up at seaside resorts here? We have a new society of young women and growing girls that has lately sprung up in Ireland, and is spreading to other countries, and is highly recommended by our Bishops and Church authorities, and its objects are to help religion in every way by their own good example, and by bringing good books and papers and healthy reading within the reach of all to every house. And as there is now a branch of this Society, called the Legion of Mary in every town, and almost every village, the members of it could not take in hands a better work than to visit these seaside places, and, as is being done by Catholics in America, set up a boycott against mixed bathing by going round to the keepers of lodging houses and ask them to give no lodging to any girl who is known to indulge in the scandal of mixed bathing. The members of the Legion of Mary Immaculate ought to have pluck and courage enough to do this.

Mr O'Sullivan has given a splendid lead to the movement for seaside decency. I hope he will continue to do so, and that he will put a new lash in his whip for the next time he will lay it on the bare shoulders of the scandal giving "flappers" at seashores.

An East Kerry P Priest.



BnM LM12 (Whitcomb 40331), at Carrigcannon 5/7/66

Loco in Lyre

The picture was taken by a couple of friends of an Andrew Waldron from Bolton on a visit to Bord Na Mona's Carrigcannon Works on the 5th of July 1966. It shows John Davy Nolan using a starting handle on the Loco (LM 12), a Whitcomb, a Whitcomb Class 5DM25A four wheel petrol/diesel locomotive, No. 40331. The locomotive was built by the Whitcomb Machine Company in America in 1945 and was originally delivered to the Clonsast Bord Na Mona Works in County Kildare. It operated at the Lyreacrompane Works before being moved to Carrigcannon.

According to John this loco was the only one of its kind in Ireland. It was started on petrol, ran on diesel and turned over to petrol to switch it off. It had five

gears which, with the flick of a lever, could be used in forward or reverse. The cab shown in this picture is not the original one, which was much lower. The German-born engineer Harry Starken, removed the cab from an older loco and fitted it to the Whitcomb. (Note at end of article)

Note the sandbox on the running board. This was used to grit the steel tracks and give the wheels more traction going up hill and more friction and resistance when brakes were applied on the way down.

Immediately behind the Whitcomb in the photograph is the Ruston which operated on diesel only. Both locos were often used in conjunction with each other. John Nolan told us that the Ruston, which had a starter, was heavier and more powerful and good on flat ground. The Whitcomb was

good on hills.

The car in the background of the photo probably belonged to foreman, Hugh Roche from Loughfooder. Hugh, an ex-army man, was a brother of Eddie who played full back for Kerry in the '53 and '55 All-Ireland Football Finals.

In Lyre bog the locos ran on one main line from the Tip to the top of Quilles Mountain and on two crosslines, one of which was about halfway up the bog and the other nearer the top. From these permanent ways temporary tracks were laid each year to where the new harvest of turf was to be collected. These consisted of pairs of 10 metre heavy rails which took twelve men to carry and pairs of seven metre light rails which could be handled by 6 men. The wagons drawn by the locomotives could hold eight cubic metres.

Sometime before Carrig Bog closed the Whitcomb was moved (by Robert Stack, Ballybunion) to Barna near Ballydesmond. The Ruston was the last loco to operate in Carrig Bog.

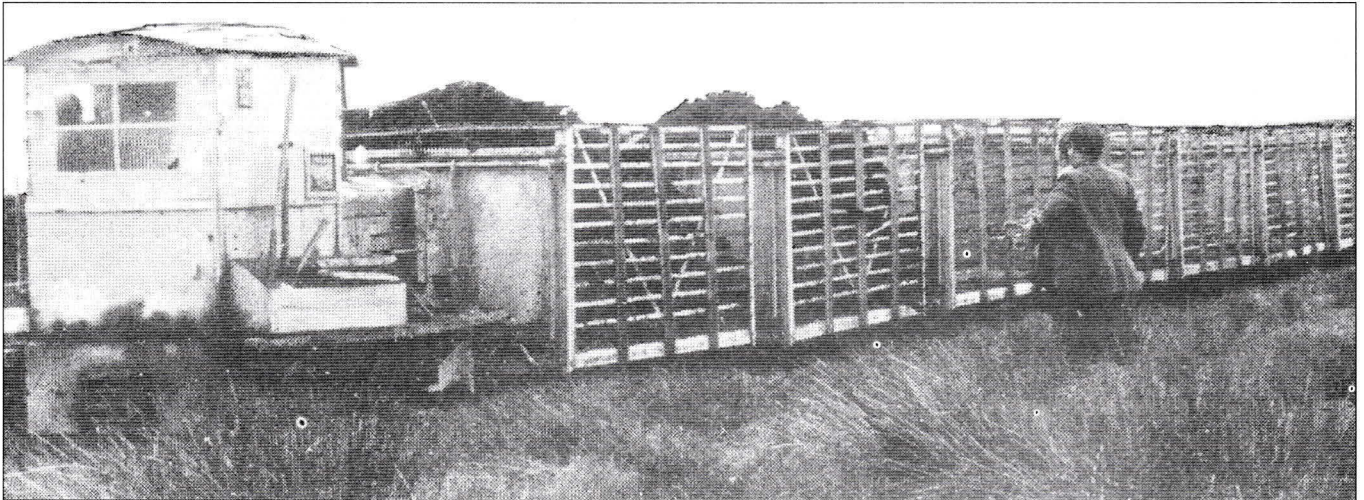
("The Whitcomb Locomotive Works were located at Rochelle, Illinois USA. Originally known as the George D. Whitcomb Co., which produced mining equipment including gas and electric locomotives after the turn of the century. The Whiteomb factory produced 3,258 small, gasoline powered locos and 2,054 small diesels between 1906 and 1946.

In 1931 the company became bankrupt and was purchased by the Baldwin Locomotive Works from 1931 which operated the company as the Whitcomb Locomotive Works until 1940. Baldwin completely took over the company in 1940 and was operated as a division of Baldwin. In Febuary of 1952 locomotive production was shifted from Rochelle to the Eddystone Works."

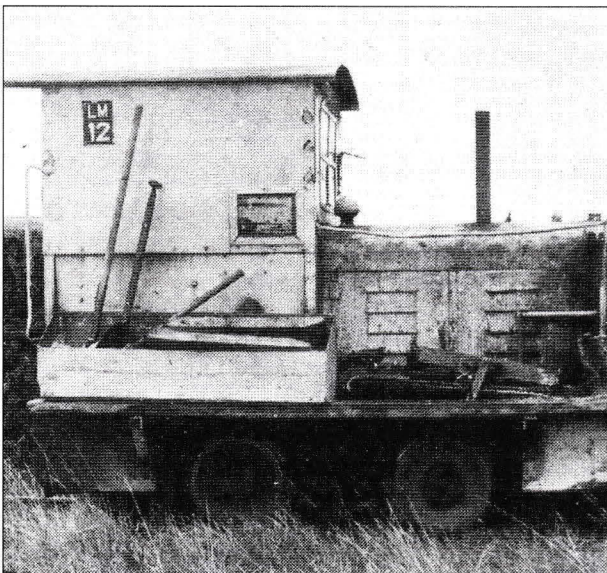
(Since the 1930s Bord Na Mona have used between 350 and 400 locomotives nationwide. The exact number is a matter for debate and research.

See Bord Na Mona's Website)

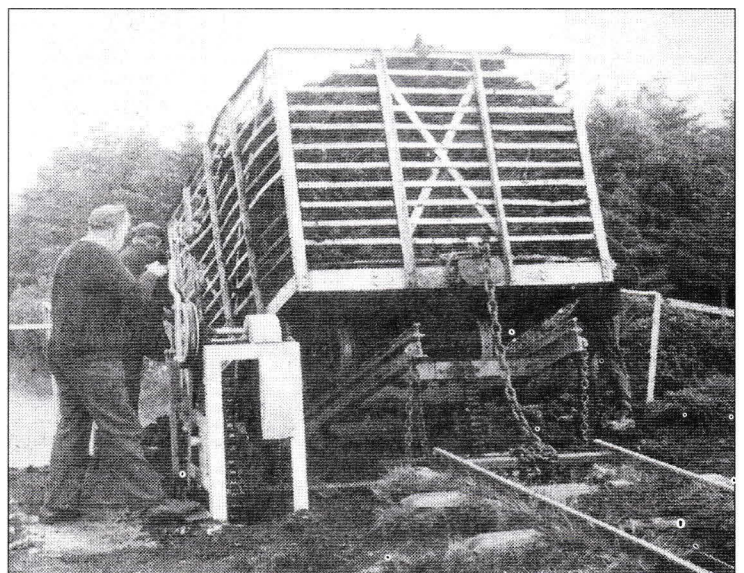
(Note) According to Andrew Waldron of Bolton, who is mentioned at the beginning of this article, the first Locomotive to operate in Lyreacrompane Bog was a Windhoff Diesel which was made in Germany and ship to Lyre via Cork in 1938. It was the cab from this loco which was transferred to the Whitcomb as described by John Nolan above).



Lyre Loco and Wagons which were transferred to Barna when Lyre bog closed



Lyre Locomotive LM12



Tipping the Wagons

Moving Locos

It's a long time since one could go for a train ride on a narrow-gauge railway in Ireland—the famous West Clare, which closed in 1961, was the last public N.G. system in the country. But Bord na Mona operates hundreds of miles of industrial narrow-gauge railways in its huge turf bogs, and a very effective role they play even if they lack some of the allure and "personality" of the old steam-operated lines.

Most of the bog railways are in the Midlands or West of Ireland. Those situated elsewhere are in remote, rather off-the-beaten-track sites and consequently are little known to the public.

Recently we visited the small but interesting system at Barna (correct Irish spelling "Bearna") near Ballydesmond, just west of that long straight road from Castleisland to Rathmore in Co. Kerry. Thanks to the kindness of the manager, Mr. Fitzpatrick, we were enabled to traverse the extensive bog and "ride the narrow-gauge" on Ruston & Hornsby diesel locomotive LM83, with driver Gerald Fleming at the controls.

About 50 men are employed at Barna bog at present. There are two locomotives and about 30 wagons for bringing the turf to the discharging ramp where it is loaded on to road lorries. Unlike the big midland bogs, Barna's fuel is not for working any industrial enterprise such as a

power plant. It is all cut for direct sale to merchants and private purchasers.

On our visit last week the Ruston was commissioned for our use. Three-quarters of a mile up the bog we came on Loco LM12, an American-built "Whitcomb", now many years old, which formerly worked at Lyracrompane bog about 20 miles away. On this, driver Matthew Linehan and helper Dan O'Keeffe were engaged at the task of marshalling a train of loaded turf wagons.

There are about three miles of permanent lightweight track, bolted to metal sleepers. Sometimes they are on fairly solid foundations; in other places the "roadbed" is squashy indeed, and the running "good and bumpy."

Hundreds of thousands of tons of turf have been taken from Barna bog since Bord na Mona went into operation there over 30 years ago, and there's a good few years left in it yet. As new "ricks" of the fuel are levelled, prepared and cut, temporary tracks are laid alongside, and these are joined to the permanent-way to facilitate transportation.

Judicious tree-planting around the bog has introduced some scenic stretches of track, the most notable being the downhill run to the loco shed. Here every evening the railway becomes a "passenger line," as the two engines are pressed into service to bring all the workers back to base.

Walter McGrath
(*"Evening Echo '76"*.)

Feale Oil Products Ltd

OIL
DISTRIBUTORS

*Wishes
the Lyre
Journal
the best
of luck.*

**Branch Offices
Inchinapoagh,
Brosna, Co Kerry
Tel 068 44211
& 068 23550
Fax 068 44324**

**Abbeyfeale
Tel 069 62338
Fax 068 44324**



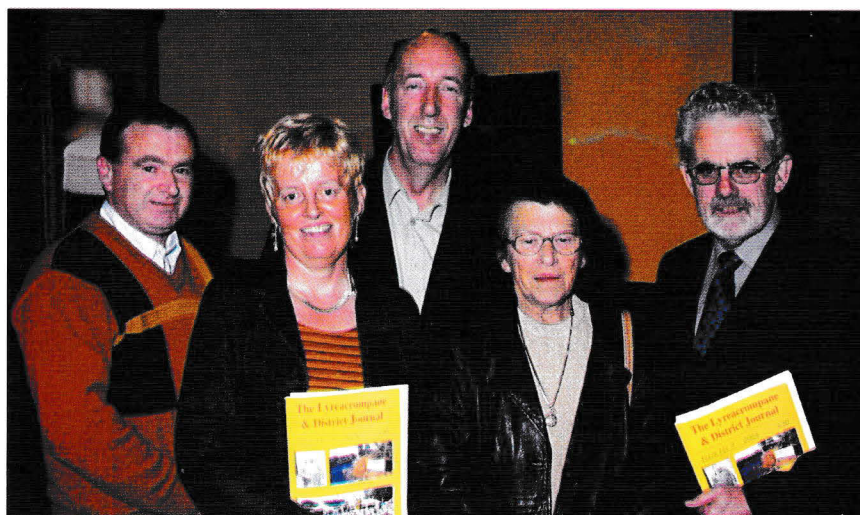
Bishop Bill Murphy with John Nolan



Joan Roche, Mai Keane, Mary Nolan, Ciss Kelliher with Bishop Bill



Mary and Michael Mangan, Teresa Long and Sheila Carmody
welcome the Bishop to Lyreacrompane



Mike Sheehy, Kay O'Leary, Joe Harrington, Bridie Sheehy and Frank Lewis
who launched "The Lyreacrompane & District Journal' No. 7 in 2003

Visit to Lyreacrompane

Bishop Bill Murphy

When I was a young lad growing up in the parish of Glenflesk, our world was south of the Maine. Those were the days of Cowboy and Indian films and north of the Maine was definitely Indian country. This attitude remained with me for a long time. My only adventure north of the Maine was to Austin Stack Park for an occasional football match or to Ballyheigue where my uncle was Parish Priest.

Lyreacrompane was a place I read about in the Kerryman notes and wondered where it was. I was particularly curious as to what the name meant for it sounded foreign. Dan-Paddy-Andy put Lyreacrompane on the map for people living in my neck of the woods for his name and his fame reached us sometime in the fifties. People used to talk about the dance hall he ran and his 100% success as a matchmaker. It wasn't until I read John B. Keane's books especially 'The Man with the Triple Name' that I realised that it was Archdeacon Browne, P.P., Castleisland who gave him that name when preaching in the church one Sunday. He said "There is a wild animal after coming down from the mountain and it is the man with the triple name, Dan-Paddy-Andy".

In the meantime I have learned from very reliable sources that Lyreacrompane is not, and never was a one man band. I know now that it is famous for football, for storytelling, fishing in the

smearlagh which flows through it, and also (until the planting of forestry) for shooting snipe and woodcock. Being a very keen walker I was delighted to hear that in recent years you have created walking areas along the Smearlagh and bog land and that a lot of tourists have discovered them.

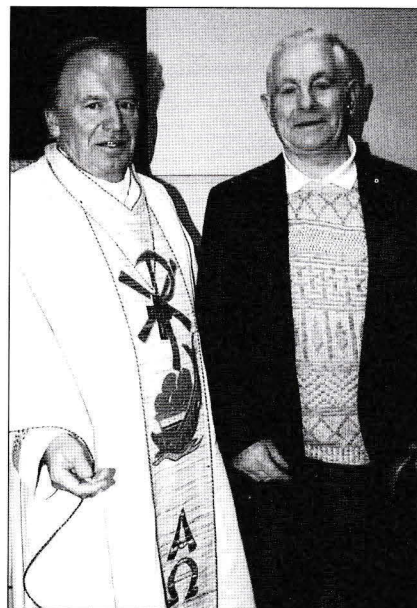
Lyreacrompane is one of those places, like my own part of the country, which you visit for a particular reason or on your way to somewhere else. It was not on my way to somewhere else and I had no particular reason to visit it until I became Bishop in 1995. Since then I have been there on three occasions for parish and school visitation.

On Sunday, 14th November 2005 I had the privilege and the pleasure of visiting your Church of the Sacred Heart for the first time and concelebrated Mass with Fr. Pat Moore. It is a very beautiful church and I was very struck by how proud the people are of their church. But the people of Lyreacrompane are no exception in this regard. There are one hundred and ten churches in the diocese of Kerry. Fifty three of these are main parish churches and I visit them regularly for Confirmations and other occasions. I was very anxious to visit the other fifty seven, what we used to call 'chapels of ease'. I have now celebrated Mass in almost all of them. I have invariably found that people are immensely proud of their local church and very attached to it, be it majestic or humble. Of course, this is not very surprising. 'Our' church is the focus of many community experiences and a place of very

powerful memories, some of them joyful and some sad. 'Our' church is where our children are baptised and receive the other sacraments. 'Our' church is where our young people are married and 'Our' church is the place from which our parents and loved ones are laid to rest.

Next year the people of Lyreacrompane will celebrate a very important event, the Golden Jubilee of the Church of the Sacred Heart. Fr. Pat Moore has already asked me to return for the celebratory Mass. That celebration might provide a good opportunity for some local historian to write up the history of the area and bring it on to the radar screens of those living south of the Maine.

And, by the way, I learned from Mr. Kirby, the Principal Teacher in the local school, that Lyreacrompane means a fork in a small stream.



**Bishop Bill chats with
John Moloney**

Three Card Trick at Listowel Races.

(Kerryman Oct 6th 1934)

At Listowel Races in 1934 the Three Card Trickster, not for the first or last time, set up shop for the purpose of relieving the locals of their money. On this occasion, the card shark was a David O'Mahony of no fixed abode and he set up for business in the narrow passage between Broderick's and Walsh's public house. His dealing with a Mary O'Connor at this spot lead to a courtroom sequel as reported in the Kerryman. Prosecution was by Supt. P O'Sullivan.

In evidence, Mary O'Connor claimed that David O'Mahony had asked her to try the three card trick and she had refused as she had no change. He offered to change the ten shilling note which she had and when she handed him the note he urged her to chance doubling her money by picking a card. She asked for her change so as she could put on a lesser bet. O'Mahony held tough and when his accomplice put down five shillings and (naturally) won, he handed him Mary's ten shilling note.

The unnamed accomplice encouraged Mary to have a free go and see how easy it was to win. She picked a card and of course it was right but she had no money down so O'Mahony would not pay. He offered her another go (with the implied chance of winning her money back) but this time she picked the wrong card. She again asked for her money back but

O'Mahony declared that the game was over.

But it was for O'Mahony that the game was over because Mary O'Connor sent two guards after him and he gave back six shillings and eight pence.

In the court case that followed, a witness named Bridie Kelleher confirmed Mary's evidence and Sgt Flynn also gave evidence. David O'Mahony represented himself and offered to show the Justice how to do the three card trick. The Justice refused the offer and ordered that the three cards be taken from O'Mahony. The Kerryman continues the story...

Justice – Do you want to give evidence on oath?

O'Mahony – My word won't be taken.

Justice asked for his record.

Sergt Flynn said that at Listowel District Court in 1925 O'Mahony got six months hard labour for taking £16. 0s. 10d from another man's pocket.

O'Mahony – I wasn't charged with that. I was only charged with aiding and abetting. I was a mile away from where that happened.

Sergt Flynn – He admits three previous convictions.

O'Mahony – I don't, sir

Supt. O'Sullivan – He got three months for ringing the changes and seven days for being drunk.

Replying to the Justice, Mary O'Connor said she was at a loss of three and four pence.

O'Mahony – She got every halfpenny I had. I hadn't a penny in my pocket and I hadn't the price of a smoke after it.

The Justice said he had no sympathy for people who went

and played cards with those people and lost money because they should know the kind they were. However, this was a different case and he thought the money was taken.

O'Mahony – If your Honour gives me a chance I promise it won't happen again.

The accused was sentenced to four days in prison without hard labour "from last Saturday".

Justice – If I see you up again in Listowel...

O'Mahony – You won't, sir. I promise you I will keep away from Sergeant Flynn anyway.

Listowel in 1934

Remember the shops?

E J Stack's Drapery
Mangan's Garage
J Buckley Drapery
J F Cronin Hardware
Moran (J Wheelan)
M Moloney Confectionery
Moran (E Leahy)
Enright's Shoes
Walshe's Drapery
John Faley Hardware



*A scene from the Four Elms
by John Joe Sheehy*

Logging in Lyre

During 2005 Coillte was busy harvesting the forestry it planted over 30 years ago on the cut-away bogland of Lyreacrompane vacated by Bord Na Mona in the 60s. As the trees come down the area begins to take on something like the appearance of the wide open space it had when the Turf Board (later Bord Na Mona) bought the 650 acres of Quills Mountain for ten shillings an acre in 1937.

When "The Bord" finished its peat cutting operation in the 1960s it had removed a quarter of a million tons of turf to heat the institutions and homes of Kerry and beyond. It will be interesting to see what tonnage of timber the same area produces.

When Bord Na Mona closed it brought an end to substantial employment for Lyreacrompane and the neighbouring region. Hundred of people, including traveller families, had found summer work harvesting the "floors" of turf. The concern of local families was highlighted in the Kerryman of the time and forestry was presented as the answer.



Ann & Marie Keane at Lyre School in the '70s

Death of Mr. J. P. Brouder of Duagh (Old I.R.A.)

(Kerryman August 25th 1934)

The death of Mr. John P. Brouder of Duagh, came as a shock to the general public, and evoked deep feelings of regret, particularly amongst, his comrades of the 6th Batt. No.1 Kerry Brigade. He was around in his usual form and attended Mass on the previous day, but next morning became seriously ill, and passed away in a few hours after receiving the Last Rites of the Church from Fr. T. Griffin, P.P.

Deceased was only in his 29th year, and had an arduous time during the Anglo-Irish struggle, in which his brother Christopher also took an active part, which left him, too, a shattered constitution, and an early grave in 1930. On Friday a very large number from Duagh and surrounding districts attended to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of another unselfish patriot, who did not hesitate to make the extreme offering when his country called.

The coffin, draped in the tri-colour, was reverently borne on the shoulders of his comrades amongst whom he was extremely popular, from the parish church, to the local cemetery, overlooking the Feale, and there in the Republican Plot beside his comrade who fell in the old fight they laid him to rest. The Last Post was sounded, and the firing party, composed of the members of his company, under Mr. Jos. Collins, fired the last farewell salvos over his grave strewn with affectionate mementoes.

The prayers at the graveside were recited by Rev T. Griffin, P.P.; Rev. Dillon. C.C., Rev J Finucane USA, Rev. Fr. Stack, C.C., Rev.Fr Gearin, U.S.A.. The chief relatives were: Mr. Ml. O'Brien Duagh, Mr.Tom Brouder, (uncles) Mrs G Riordan, Rylane, Mrs.J. Dillon, do and Mrs Nora Brouder, Duagh (aunts).

www.lyreacrompane.com

For all the news from home

Frank Lewis Radio Programme *My Walk Through Lyreacrompane.*

"Will those who shnaked in when the lights were out, shnake out again." I think it was John B. Keane who told the story of matchmaker Dan Paddy Andy's announcement. The number of patrons in his dancehall doubled after some smart fellas quenched the oil lamps.

It was just after 1pm last Sunday when we started walking along the roads in the Lyrecrompane hills at Renagown Cross on the site where the matchmaker had his dancehall.

Here, just over the highest point on the road from Castleisland, we were looking down into the Lyreacrompane valley. The whole area has a thick covering of bog.

Now much of the land is covered with great tracks of conifer woodland. The very light golden needles of the larch trees on the roadside of the woods are a welcome relief. The valley is surrounded by low hills. Here we were ten miles from Castleisland, Listowel and Tralee.

Along the road we passed the house where John B. Keane spent summer months when he was growing up. In Lyreacrompane, Keane always acknowledged, that he absorbed a rich language that he treasured all of his life.

Photo: Chatting on the walk.

Near the Four Elms Pub a bust of Dan Paddy Andy looks over an outdoor dancing platform surrounded by seating.

A hundred pupils in a school that was 22' by 10'. Now down at the lowest point in the valley. The Grotto alcove is so small that three strong men didn't have enough room to put the heavy statue of Our Lady in place ... but an old man sitting across the road advised them to 'waltz' it into position.

In this sheltered place ash trees grow along the banks of the Smearlagh River.

"We had a mobile creamery here for many years," Jimmy Roche explained that milk was poured in at one side and the separated cream and skim milk came out at the other side.

Now through conifer wood-land on a road cut through deep bog. Looking down on sheer ravines gouged out by the Smearlagh that is crossed by fine stone bridges.

Matt Dillane's dream in 1908 of a train crossing the bog. Then from the 1930s Bord na Mona did use a railway to help harvest 250,000 tons of turf. The dream and the reality are represented in a huge mural painted on the turf tip head.

For a number of years children came to see Santa in a hut in the middle of the woods near here.

On either side of the main door of the Lyreacrompane church - and as tall as the door - there are bright, colourful mosaic panels with Bible themes. Across the Smearlagh by footbridge at the back of the church - and then along a mass path that has now become a forest road. When we finished just before 4 the light was already weakening.

The walk in Lyreacrompane was broadcast on Radio Kerry the following Saturday morning - November 29th from 9.30 to 11. 2004



From the Glen School to Sing Sing (A case against Capital Punishment).

In our first Lyre Journal (1990) we carried a short article on John Joe Sheehy from Dromaddamore who became Principal Keeper of Sing Sing prison from 1926 to 1941.

John Joe was a six feet four inch, 22 stone giant who had emigrated to New York as a youth. He became a prison guard at Great Meadow Prison in Comstock in 1913. He became Sargent of the Prison Guard in the infamous Sing Sing prison in 1918 and Assistant Keeper in 1920.

During his time as Principal Keeper he is estimated to have met 31,000 prisoners and officiated at 300 executions – a task he apparently hated. The following article describes in graphic detail three of these executions and you may wish to turn on to the next page now. The article was written by a newspaper reporter who was present on the day and is as good an argument against capital punishment as any.

It is also worth contrasting the terrible duties of the Lyreacrompane man with the fact that he was once a child who walked down the Carrig Road to the Glen School in Lyreacrompane before he transferred to the newly opened Renagown School in 1895. When he left there on the 23rd of May 1896 the horrors of the electric chair would not have featured in his plans.

Three From The Slums At Journey's End

By Paul Sann *New York Post*
January 27, 1939

LAST night in Sing Sing's Death House three slum-reared youths were executed for the murder of Detective Michael J. Foley in an abortive tea room stickup at 144 Second Avenue on April 10, 1937.

They were Arthur (Hutch) Friedman, twenty-two; 206 Madison Street; Dominick Guariglia, nineteen, 219 Henry Street, and Joseph Harvey O'Laughlin, twenty-four, 255 East Broadway.

OSSINING, Jan. 27--"Good-by." This is Hutch Friedman, at 11:01 last night, signing off on the whole world. He comes into the Execution Chamber walking--staggering--sideways. His eyes are closed as he comes through the little door to the left and is led to the Chair.

Principal Keeper John J. Sheehy and two burly guards strap the doomed man into place, speedily and efficiently. The cathode on the close-shaven head. The half-mask on the face. The straps around the sunken chest and scrawny arms. The electrode on the right leg. It takes only a few seconds.

Again the whirring sound, and the whole body jerks upward. The hands move again. The mouth opens wider. A curl of smoke flickers from the head and right foot. Along the sidewall, Rabbi Jacob Katz reads a Hebrew prayer. At the entrance, Warden Lewis E. Lawes stands

disconsolate; his eyes are closed. The Warden never watches an execution. He is opposed to capital punishment.

Time to think about Hutch, for his brief and sorrowful history is closing. They blame all his trouble on the truck that ran him down when he was seven, injuring his feet, legs, jaw, and skull. His mother said "**he was always a problem**" after the accident. He had six arrests since 1931, did time in Hawthorne School and the City Reformatory.

The family was poor. Hutch grew up on Claremont Parkway, little Bronx counterpart of Manhattan's cesspool of crime, the lower East Side, whence the Friedmans moved a few years ago. "**He spent most of his time drifting around the streets where he lived,**" the probation report said.

Yes, and "**drifting around**" he met other boys who were drifting. Boys who had a creed that went like this: "We have nothing. No breaks. No money. No chance. No good jobs. What we want we'll take. We'll rob and steal." The creed of countless thousands growing up in the slums.

Liquor, and later marihuana helped Hutch Friedman expand his philosophy. The night Mike Foley--he had a wife and child--was shot Hutch came into a tea room wildly screaming, "**This is a stickup! Don't move!**" He had a gun, but when the shooting began he rushed into the kitchen and threw it into the flour barrel. He was stiff with fright. Not fright, but astonishment now

mars his drawn face as the third whirring sound fills the room and the body grows taut. The guard rips open the white shirt and wipes the chest with a towel. Doctors Charles C. Sweet and Kenneth McCracken apply stethoscopes, and Dr Sweet says: **"This man is dead."**

It's 11:04, and Hutch's limp form is wheeled away. Dominick Guariglia is next. Dominick, nineteen, was tougher than Hutch in his last day on earth. He ate all of his last meal--chicken, string beans, tomato salad, ice cream. In the pre-execution chamber during the evening he listened attentively while Warden Lawes' victrola droned out the three records he requested--*"In My Mother's Eyes," "There's a Gold Mine in the Sky"* and *"It's a Sin to Tell a Lie."*

He comes into the chamber a husky boy, barrel-chested, tough-looking, but pale. Father McCaffrey is at his side, reading **"The Lord is my Sheppard....."** It is just short of 11:06 and Dominick is strapped into place. He stares a moment at the people who came to see him die (seven newspapermen on business; the other men just for the hell of it) and you hear the dynamo's sickly whir. Over against the wall a man ducks his head into the sink and retches violently, but he is erect in time to see the rest.

The rest is quick. Executioner Robert Elliot, earning \$450 this night, times his heavy voltage blows precisely. The life he's taking never counted much. Just another mugg. Dominick had low mentality. In the trial last April-March, his attorney called

him **"A stupid boy, a moron, a nitwit."** In the clemency hearing before Governor Lehman January 11, another attorney pointed out Dominick had shined shoes, ran errands, blocked hats, etc. He was industrious. Jacob J. Rosenblum, the prosecutor took this up at the trial. He said when Dominick wanted to he went out and shined shoes, ran errands, blocked hats, etc., and **"when he wanted to rob and steal he went out and robbed and stole."**

No one knows how this kid got hooked into the Foley killing. He didn't belong with those other muggs. He hadn't graduated into the murder class. He said he was dragged along and forced to carry the guns up Second Avenue for the others. He was the arsenal. He said he refused to do it, but, that Little Benny Ertel (indicted in the crime but not tried yet) told him **"Come on, you little--what are you scared of?"** So he carried the guns, handed them to O'Laughlin, Ertel and Friedman and--unarmed--followed Friedman into the tea room, and he, too, cowered in the back while O'Laughlin and Little Benny shot it out with Foley and his partner John R. Gallagher, who happened to be there when the boys arrived.

There's the third whir, and the lights dim a little. The smoke curls up beyond Dominick's ears, his right leg is seared and his eyes pop and his mouth is wide open. The medicos again, and Dr. Sweet hardly audible: **"This man is dead."**

It's 11:09 and the boy is wheeled into the autopsy room; it's the turn of Joseph Harvey O'Laughlin, whom everyone

called Harvey. He's a defiant youth. He is brought in and as he reaches The Chair he steps forward and says:

"Can I have a word? I'm glad the other boys got a break. Probably if I had a name like Cohen or a longer nose I would have got a break. Let's go, Bob." (Robert is the first name of Father McCaffrey.)

Harvey is strapped in--it's 11:11 now--and you hear him say:

"It's powerful, huh?"

He says this either before or just as the first charge is on the way through him.

It's hard to tell when he says it, because at the same time the man in the row ahead sinks to the floor and makes the sign of the cross. This man is weeping bitterly. (Later he tells the Brooklyn dentist who sat next to him that years ago thugs killed his father, a policeman, and he has always wanted to see a tough guy burn. Harvey was too much for him. He's still bawling in the prison-wagon drive back to the front entrance.)

Harvey is still in The Chair, and it's time to think about him, as you dimly hear Father McCaffrey, the good Chaplain, reading the Twenty-third Psalm. Harvey is twenty-four. He's the one accused of firing the fatal shots. He had an unfortunate childhood. His father was a drunk. Mrs. Ellen O'Laughlin kicked him out long years ago when she was bearing her seventh child and she went to work. She worked fourteen years, mostly a laundress. At seven, Harvey was assigned to the Bellevue Hospital boat in the East River. At thirteen, he started going to Public School 147 and four years later he quit and went to work. Never earned much.

In March, 1935, he eloped with Irene Weiss, a Jewish girl from the East Side. They broke up the next year--parental objections. They had a son, Robert, three now.

Harvey's mother said that a week before the Foley killing he was talking about raising some money so he could take Irene and the baby out to Long Island and set up house again.

He was desperate, his mother said. The year before he had lost his \$53 a month job as a WPA laborer. He was up against it. Thus did he come to sit in the board of strategy the night--April 9, 1937--when the boys assembled in Tobias Hanover's candy store at 218 East Broadway and plotted a crime. Maybe so, but the probation report said:

"Home environment marred by family disintegration, he elected to associate with the criminal element that frequent the street corners and questionable resorts of the lower East Side...constantly under police surveillance."

It's simple to understand. Harvey had to have some money, a lot of money, and he went out to get it with a gun. A lot of boys do it that way. Only a few weeks before the fatal stick-up (in which Harvey was shot twice) some other boys had "taken" the joint at 144, 2nd Avenue for \$3,500. Easy money.

And easy dying. The deft Mr. Elliot is superb tonight. On the second deathly whir you seem to hear Harvey say "Ugh" and you certainly hear the awful internal body sound of all who die in that

grisly looking chair, and the hands turn and the right foot turns and sears badly and the warden stands with bowed head. You hardly notice the solemn medical men, but you're leaning forward and at 11:14 you catch Dr. Sweet again:

"This man is dead."

Total elapsed time; thirteen minutes.



John Joe Sheehy, Principal Keeper of Sing Sing prison

*All the Best to the
Lyreacrompane and District Journal From*
Thomas McEllistrim TD

Ahane, Ballymacelligott, Tel & Fax 066 71 37127

Dail Office, Local call rate Tel 1890 33 78 89 Direct 01 618 4336 Fax 01 618 4788

e-mail: thomas.mcellistrim@oireachtas.irlgov.ie



Clinics Every Saturday

Castleisland (Ahern's Garage) 11 – 11.45 am

Horan's Hotel (Boherbee, Tralee) 12 – 1pm

Listowel (Arms Hotel) 2 – 3pm

George Langan's Super CD

George Langan who is a native of Glasha, Athea recently retired after serving as a garda for several years in Dublin during most of his career. He lives with his wife Nora who is a native of Rooska near Carrigkerry, in Artane, Dublin. George and Nora often visit their native West Limerick where they have many near relatives, including George's mother who is still hale and hearty and well on the road to recovery after a recent hip replacement operation.

George is well known throughout his native Athea, other areas of West Limerick, Kerry and indeed much further afield as a poet, songwriter and singer. He has also written a number of books tracing his own family history and another with the title of "Glenagragora" in which George recalls the days of his youth and the local scene and happenings of that time in Glasha and other local townlands.

George has been composing poems, songs and ballads for several years, many of those about the people and places of his native West Limerick which he still remains very fond of and several of his compositions have a certain touch of nostalgia about them, but others display a spark of humour as well. George launched his first album a few years ago and it was a great success with songs of his own and those of other local composers, with one particular song paying a lovely tribute to the late Corporal John Geoghegan of Rooska and Athea who was killed in the Congo while serving with the United Nations Forces there back in the sixties. George launched another album earlier this year containing fifteen wonderful tracts of his own and other compositions.

The week after this latest Cd was launched it reached the top of the English Country Music Charts with particular emphasis on Georges own composition "Mizzell the Country King". It was a great honour for two of us from Athea to be associated with

this super album, Seanie O'Connor from upper Athea and myself having our songs played regularly on different radio stations.

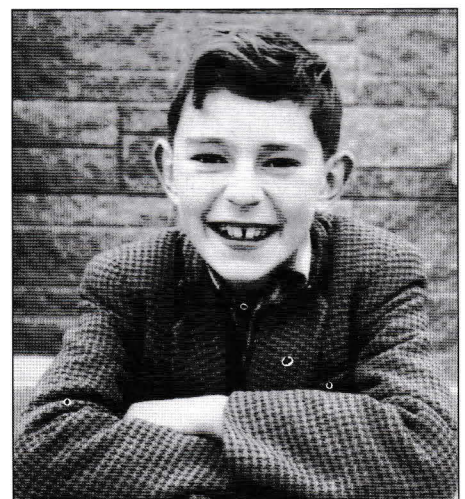
The full list of tracks on Georges CD are - The Lights of Carrigkerry, Life to Go, Along the Faughan Side, You're the Reason, Don't Wake me up 'till we Touch Down in Shannon, Mick Flavin from Drumlisk, The Rarest Flowers, Rooskagh Hill, Old Side of Town, Mizzell the Country King, The Boys in Maroon, I will Love You 'till This Ring Turns Green, Mulroy Bay, Long Black Veil, My old West Limerick Home. Georges CD is still available at the usual outlets. Its title is "Time to Go" and it would make an ideal Christmas present.

George's first cousin Tom Langan is married to Mae Cashell who is a native of Clounafineela, Kilflynn.

Pat Brosnan



Patrick Roche, Hannah Roche, Kathy Galvin, Joan Meehan,
Rose Quilter & Edmond P. Galvin



Recognise a Banjo Player in the making?

Tales of Dan Paddy Andy, History and Japanese Knotweed

By: John Reidy

Many strange things are reported to have happened in the land of Dan Paddy Andy down through the years. I have another little item to add to the list - which I'll tell you about later. On Monday morning a hardy troupe of about two dozen walkers of all ages gathered at Renagown Cross for what was advertised as a five mile walk. The tour of Lyreacrompane's historical sites proved a revelation and has surely anchored itself in the annual bill of fare to celebrate the memory of the great matchmaker. The life and times of Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan (27-12-1899 to 25-3-1966) was well chronicled by the great John B. Keane and their parts in the independence of Lyre were remembered at places like Renagown Cross and Schoolhouse and The Ivy Bridge on Monday morning.

After about four and a half hours of baking heat - and what seemed more like 25 Irish miles - the walkers arrived back, miraculously intact, to salvation at The Four Elms.

After about 12 miles of the 'five mile walk' one polite lady with an English accent asked me, quite seriously, "Is the Irish mile longer than the conventional one then." I was going to tell her that convention and Lyre never really saw eye-to-eye but I just gasped

'It is' and took another drink of water and urged her on. It was a morning of historical and botanical significance and was most enjoyably and ably presented by Joe Harrington and Kay O'Leary. The effect of the dead-heat on the walkers was graphically presented when one lady got down on all fours at the entrance to the mass path ostensibly proclaiming her undying admiration for a Lyre Ladybird.

Once down she decided to stay there for a while and rolled over into the long grass for a rest. However, after a drop of ice cold water from the roadside pump, she made it back to The Four Elms hot on the heels of the most active of the group.

At the outset of the walk at Renagown Cross we heard from Ms. O'Leary how Church and State combined, as many the time before and since, to thwart Dan Paddy Andy's ambitions of building a dance-hall empire in the area in 1934. It was bad enough - as they saw it - that he had already established one such den of iniquity outside his own door at Renagown in 1928.

In her book, *Dan Paddy Andy - The Lyreacrompane Matchmaker*, published in 1988, Kay O'Leary explains how, in 1934, Dan purchased a piece of ground at Fahadubh from Julie Pembroke. On this site, a few miles outside Castleisland on the Limerick Road, he proceeded to build his second dance hall with a shop attached. The building was a 40 by 20 foot structure and the first dance was held there on Sunday, June 9-1935. A week later a second dance was held there before Dan and his visionary activities came to the attention of the clergy in

Castleisland. Under a newly enacted law, Dan Paddy Andy and his equals had to apply for a licence to operate such a venue; he was successful in Renagown but failed in Fahadubh as he didn't live within the confines of the parish of Castleisland.

The case against him was taken by Archdeacon Casey and the priests of the Castleisland Parish. Dan demolished his dance-hall at Fahadubh in September 1935 after being fined £4 for running two dances there without a licence.

The item for the afore mentioned list involves a public statement made, during Monday's walk, in the middle of the road on a bridge which divides the townlands of Carriggannon from Lyreacrompane.

Stepping over the boundary into Lyre, Joe Harrington launched a National Campaign against the curse of Japanese Knotweed. At that particular spot the plant is exceptionally rampant and dominates the hedgerows and adjoining fields. It is spread these days by heavy machinery travelling between different parcels of land.

As the name suggests it came from Japan and the late Dan Paddy Andy O'Sullivan can't be blamed for that. It was introduced to this side of the world in Victorian times as it was thought to be a decorative addition to the gardens of the great houses of the time. Like the Mink, in generations later, the plant was abandoned to the wild after it had gone out of fashion. Just like its counterpart of the animal kingdom it would now appear to be gaining revenge by stealth along the hedgerows of the countryside to the detriment of everything else.

The committee members of the annual Dan Paddy Andy Festival are delighted at the response to their initiative to move the event forward from its usual September slot.

The weather certainly played its part - if only that it's more predictable at this time of the year.

This year's festival (2004) was opened on Friday evening by Dan's son, Jimmy O'Sullivan

from New York. The crowds which turned up there for the packed programme of events over the weekend would appear to give the organisers the thumbs up for more of the same this time next year.



Clear & O'Sullivan *Plastering Contractors*

C2 Reg

Mike: 086 101 8676
Killorglin

Tom: 087 754 9570
Tralee
Good Luck to the Journal



Tom and crew at work in Lyre

Henry Sheflin - Kilkenny Hurler

John Moloney's Aunt was Henry Sheflin's grandmother. She was born in James Moloney's house, went to Australia and married Mick Dumphy. Daughter Alice Dumphy married a Sheflin, Henry's father.

PETER GALWEY

Fahaduff Castleisland
Tel 066 7141648 / 087 9927952

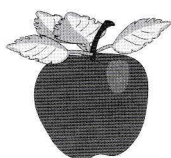
Top grade trunking

- Graded or Non-graded -
Quality tested from Planning Approved Quarry

FAST RELIABLE SERVICE

Delighted to support the Lyre Journal

Fruity Fresh



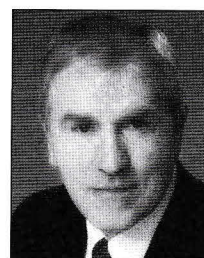
*Fresh and Prepared
Fruit and Veg*

Tel: 068 40101

Fax: 068 40108

Best wishes to the Journal

*With Best Wishes
on the publication of the
Lyreacrompane
& District Journal from*



**Jimmy
Deenihan, TD**

Finuge, Lixnaw, Co Kerry
Tel: (068) 40154 / (068) 40235
Fax (068) 40383
E-mail: jdeenihan@eircom.net

Bishops of Ardfert

	St. Erc of Ardfert
-560	St. Carthage, the Elder, Kiltallagh
-637	St. Carthage Mochuda, Kiltallagh
-1074	Diarmait MacMael Brenaínd, Ardfert
-1099	Mac Raith O'Riodaín, Ardfert-Brenaínd
-1117	Amnchadh Ua Ahmchadh Ardfert- Brenaínd

Bishops of Kerry

-1152	Mac Ronáin
-1161	Mel Brenáind Ronaín
-1166	Gilla Meic Alblen Ua Hanmchada
-1207	David O'Dwyer, Iarmhumhan
1207-1215	?
1215-1224	John, O.S.B., an Englishman, was deprived of his See by the Pope. He died in England.
1225-1235(7)	Gilbert, Dean of the Chapter of Ardfert. Probably English. Resigned.
1237-1251	Brandan, Dean, English or Welsh despite his name. He resigned and went to England
1252-1256	Christian O.P. Tralee
1257-1264	Philip Canon of Ardfert
1264-1283	John Arch Deacon of Ardfert
1286-1287	Nicholas
1288-1336	Nicholas O.Cist., O'Dorney.
1336-1347	Alan O'Hathern, a Cannon of Ardfert - After the Battle of Dysart O'Dea in 1318, the Ua hEchtigern sept next appears in history in the person of Ailin o hEichthighirn, or in English Alan O'Hathern alias O'Hachierane, Bishop of the Diocese of Ardfert which included Kerry and West Munster. He was bishop from 1336 until his death on 2 December, 1347.
1348-1372	John DeValle
1372-1379	Cornelius O'Tighernach, O.S.P. a professor in his order
1379-1404	William Bull, B.C.I.
1404	Nicholas Bull--in 1405 he transferred to the diocese of Emly before consecration.
1405	Thomas O'Kelly O.P., similarly he transferred to Clonfert
1405-1408	John Arcilburgh O. Cist., Prior of Bermondsey, England
1408-1442	Nicholas Fitzmaurice, a cleric not yet in Holy Orders

1442-1445	Maurice Stack, Dean of Ardfert
1445-1458	Maurice MacConchabhar
1458-1461	Calias Maynart, B.U.J.
???	John Stack, seems to have been the actual bishop though not regularly appointed
1461-1470	John Pigge, appointed after death of Maurice. From 1463 onwards he was acting as auxiliary bishop in England. He resigned in 1473.
1473-1496	Philip Stack, Archdeacon
1497-1536	JohnFitzgerald
1536-1583	James FitzRichard Fitzmorris aged 25 years, professed religious and abbot of O'Dorney cumdispens. He was the last Catholic Bishop to occupy Ardfert. He was ejected from the Cathedral by British forces in 1579. He was attained by Queen Elizabeth and became field chaplain, as it were, to the Earl of Desmond. The Four Masters state he died "a vessel full of wisdom" in 1583. He is called by them "Bishop of Kerry".
1591-1600	Michael Walter (Fitzwalter) born in Limerick. Dean of Chrischurch, Dublin. Died in Spain in exile. He never occupied his See.
1601	Owen Megan, V.A. of Ross had his peredictie extended to Kerry
1600-1641	Vacant
1641-1653	Richard O' Connell, born Ballycarbery, Iveragh. Member of the Liberator's family. Educated in Spain. V.G. of Kerry. First Bishop to reside in Killarney, near Muckross when he was on the run and the first to use the incorrect designation "Ardfert & Aghadoe". Said to have possessed the crozier of Cormac O'Cuileanan of Cashel. He was a man of vigorous and outstanding personality who endured the privations and sufferings of a confessor. Buried by night in Aghadoe. Martyr of the Cromwell's in Killarney.
1653-1720	Vacant
1720-1737	Denis Moriarty, born in Dingle , PP Dingle .Vicar General of Ardfert. He was appointed by the Pope on November 15th 1703 as Bishop of Ardfert and Aghadoe but his brief was suspended. Tradition has it that Edward Rice, Tralee, informed on him while he was on the run. Three

memorials for the appointment of Cornelius MacGillicuddy to the vacant see were presented in 1716 and 1717 but he was never made bishop. Denis Moriarty at last regained his brief in March of 1720. He died in 1737 at the age of 103 and he is buried in Ardfert Cathedral.

1739-1743 Owen O'Sullivan PP, Macroom. Lived with Fr. John Kelliher, PP, Kilcummin. Buried in Ardfert Cathedral.

1743-1753 William O'Meara PP and Dean of Waterford. Lived and held a synod in Listowel in 1747. Transferred to Killaloe.

1753-1774 Nicholas Madgett. Born in the district of Tralee. Bishop of Killaloe 1752. Transferred to Kerry. Lived and built a "Palace" in Tralee. He is buried in Arfert Cathedral.

1775-1787 Francis Moylan. Born in Cork in 1735. PP St. Finbar's, Cork. He was educated in France and served in a parish in Paris. Lived at Dooneen, 2 miles north east of Killarney. He founded the Presentation Convent, Killarney. Dr. Moylan died in 1815 aged 80 years of age.

1787-1797 Gerald Teahan born in Cork in 1746 and he died on July 4th 1797. Buried first in the "old Chapel", off New Street and later in the Cathedral Charles Sughrue. Born in Fermoy, Caherciveen on March 11th 1761. He was educated in Louvain. Was a C.C. in Tralee and Killarney. He died in Bath, England in September 29th 1824. Buried first in the "old Chapel", off New Street and later in the Cathedral

1824-1856 Cornelius Egan born near Kilbonane, Milltown. Principal and Professor of theology in Dr. Sughrue's Theol. Seminary, Killarney. He was appointed PP of Tralee in 1811 where there is a monument erected to his uncle Fr. John Egan at the sole expense of the Protestant gentry. Was approved by the pope on April 4th and consecrated in the Church of Tralee. Cathedral started 1840. Dr. Egan died July 22 1856.

1856-1877 David Moriarty. Dr. Moriarty was approved by the Pope on February 5th and consecrated on 25th April 1854. Dr. Moriarty was then President of Hallows College and he had also been a Professor at the Irish College in Paris.

1887-1881 Daniel McCarthy. Died 1881.

1881-1889 Andrew Higgins. Died 1889.

1889-1904 John Coffee

1904-1917 John Mangan. Died 1917.

1917-1927 Charles O'Sullivan. Died 1927.

1927-1952 Michael O'Brien. Born in Castlemaine, Co. Kerry. Died 1952.

1952- Denis Moynihan. Born Rathmore, Co Kerry and retired in 1969.

1969 Eamon Casey. Fries, Co Kerry. He became Bishop of Galway 1976.

1976 Kevin McNamara. Born in New-Market-on - Fergus, Co Clare. Became Arch-Bishop of Dublin in 1984. Died in 1987.

1985 Diarmuid O'Sullivan. Died in '94.

1995 William Murphy

Note December 1952 the name of the Diocese changed from Diocese of Kerry, Ardfert and Aghadoe to the Diocese of Kerry.

No Married Women Teachers

The compulsory retirement of women teachers on marriage became operative as from yesterday. Those who qualified up to July last and have not yet secured permanent school assignments are not affected. The proposed rule has been the subject of agitation by the executive of the INTO over the past two years. (Kerryman Oct 6 1934)



Edmond Peter and Eileen Galvin

Gambia

As part of my final teaching practice in Mary Immaculate teacher-training college, I had the opportunity to go to The Gambia, a small country in West Africa to teach in a primary school for three weeks. On the 10th of January myself, fifteen other students and our lecturer Margo began a journey that would have a lasting impact on our lives forever. Nothing could have prepared us for what lay ahead.

The Gambia is one of Africa's smallest and most densely populated countries. It has a population of more than 1.5 million. It is one of the world's poorest countries with a national debt of £375 million. The average annual income is less than £200. Islam is the main religion in The Gambia

We were each assigned to different schools around The Gambia. A small hi ace van came to collect us each morning to carry us to our schools. Eighteen of us were squashed into a van that was meant to hold about ten. Each school had about four thousand pupils. The average class size is about fifty. The schools operate a double shift meaning half the pupils come into school in the morning and the other half in the afternoon. The problem with this is that it is generally the same teacher that does both shifts. They begin work at half eight and finish at seven o'clock. I will never forget the feeling of walking into my school "Old Jeshwan" for the first time. It is such a scary

feeling because it is so unknown and you do not know what to expect.

The African classroom is very different to the Irish classroom. There is no such thing as punctuality. Children stroll into school whenever it suits them. Life is very laid back. One day I was teaching the children how to subtract three digit numbers and I gave them five sums to do themselves. It took them an hour and a half to complete them.

My teacher had many charts on the wall in her classroom but this is not usual for the majority of African classroom. Most classrooms are bare with only desks and a blackboard. When the locals heard we were in The Gambia to teach they were so thankful for coming to help their children.

There are five Irish priests working in The Gambia. One of these priests Michael Casey originally from Mullingar is working in Darsilami, out in the bush. He has been working in The Gambia for 36 years and he still has his Mullingar accent. One day we visited him at his home in Darsilami. It is completely different from Bakau, where we were staying. There are no tourists and the children have seen very little white people. There were fascinated by the colour of our skin. The children used to call us 'two bob' because we are seen to be rich and have loads of money. Although these children have absolutely nothing, they never stop smiling. Before we left Darsilami, the children asked if they could have our empty bottles of water so they could

carry water to school. When we gave them our bottles, their faces lit up. It was as if a hundred Christmas came together for them.

One aspect of the culture that strikes you straight away when you enter the country is the friendliness of the people. When we were in Darsilami, a family invited us to dinner even though they did not have enough to feed themselves.

The first Saturday we were in The Gambia we went to the market at Banjul. In contrast to Ireland, there is no set price on anything. Haggling is a huge part of their culture. It is quite tiring because it often takes a long time to negotiate a price for whatever you are buying. You get the hang of it very quickly though.

The people sell beautiful woodcarvings, batiks, African dresses and jewellery. They take great pride in their work. On our last week, four of the girls and I decided to get the public transport into Banjul to do some last minute shopping. We asked the receptionist at our hotel what time the bus leaves for Banjul. He just laughed at us. He said it runs on GMT. That is The Gambian Maybe Time, it may come today or it may come tomorrow. We waited for an hour for the bus, which was a small hi ace van. It was surprisingly comfortable.

When we were trying to get off the bus at Banjul, there were people climbing in the windows and rushing into the bus to get a seat. There is no such thing as leaving people out of the bus first. The same happened on the

way back. We literally had to run up to the bus, with about twenty people at our heels and squeeze our way in. It was an unreal experience. It makes you appreciate Bus Eireann a little bit more.

On one of our last days, we visited Charlie the crocodile. He is a major tourist attraction in Bakau. There are about a hundred crocodiles in this sacred crocodile pool. Charlie is a wild

but placid crocodile and according to the locals he is a vegetarian (although we were not convinced) we were able to take photos of Charlie and even got so close that we could pat his back.

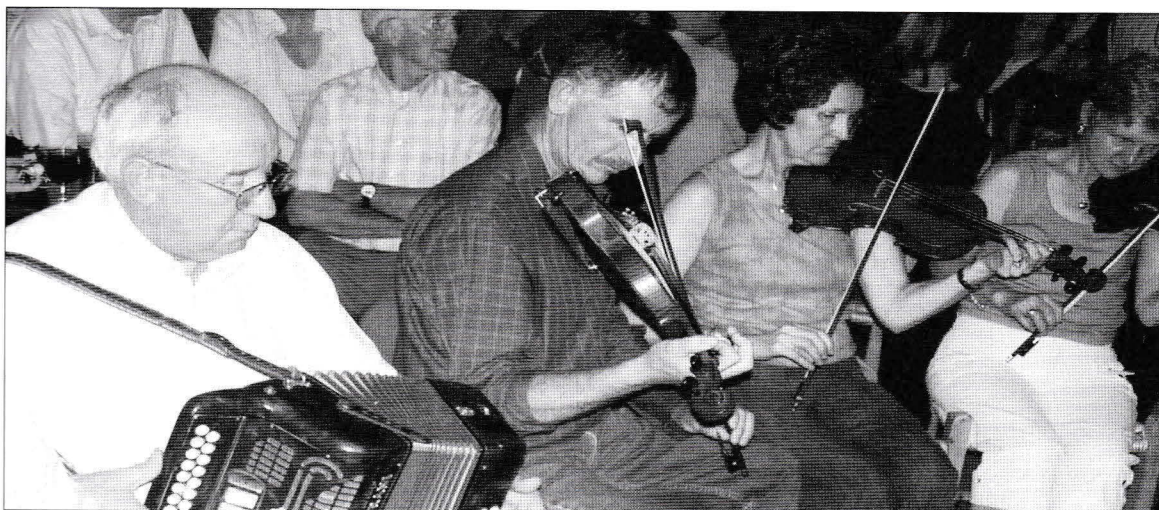
My trip to The Gambia was one of the most memorable experiences of my life. I would strongly recommend anyone to go there. It was such a beautiful culture and way of life. I would

certainly be hoping to return there to teach in a few years. The people in the Gambia definitely give us, the Irish a run for our money when it comes to friendliness and cead mile failte.

Eilish Dillon



Eilish Dillon with her late father Mike on the occasion of her participation in the Rose of Tralee Competition in 2005



Music in full swing at the Four Elms

ATLANTIC OILS (Irl.) LTD.

**Tralee Road, Ardfert, Co Kerry
Tel: 066 71 34184 – 7134315 Fax 066 71 34333
e-mail: atlanticoils@oceanfree.net**

**Prompt delivery 6 days a week
Just contact our sales representatives**

**Liam Hussey (086) 2552656
Pat Hussey (086) 2999717
Mike Galvin (086) 8194000
Crossing all boundaries to get to you**

Glad to support the Lyre Journal



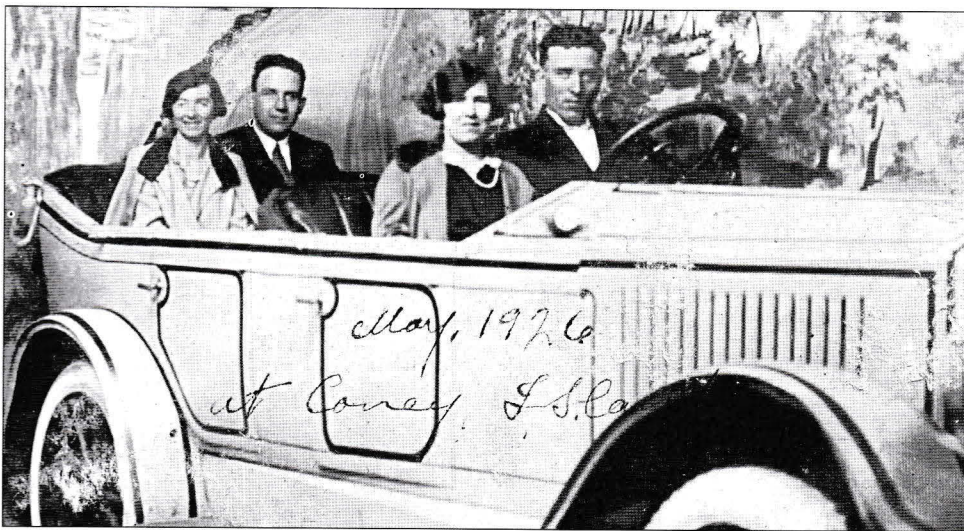
**Best of Luck with your
Community Journal from**

LISTOWEL CREDIT UNION LTD



Established 1973

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



Back seat: Ellen Reidy, Reamore and Michael Scanlon, uncle of Eamon Scanlon Maugha with friends in Coney Island in 1926



Mrs. McCarron Maugha



Flor O'Mahony, Flor Senior and Ger Moloney cutting turf



Mrs. Rahilly Scartagin with daughter, Julia, and Sinie Fitzgerald from Ballymac who taught in Maugha school in the 1930s



On the left Sean & Mary (McElligott) Lynch from Stacks Mountain, with friends Sean and Mary were the parents of Eileen, Dromadda

All these photos were supplied by Eamon Scanlon

EVERYDAY PHRASES & OTHER STORIES.

BRIDIE QUILLE.

If we don't listen carefully to what is being said or don't want to listen, we are "turning a deaf ear". If we think a thing is confidential and should not be overheard we talk of the "walls having ears". Anyone who is inexperienced is said to be "wet behind the ears". A cock and bull story is a long rambling account which nobody believes. It dates from Aesop's fables where the animals talked to each other. The cock and bull were characters that finished off a cautionary tale by discussing its details. There was a later believe that an Inn near London called the Cock and Bull where horses were changed was also a place where passengers exchanged stories while waiting.

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

"To let one's hair down" is to relax. Women attending a formal function would have their hair put up in an elaborate but unnatural position. Telling

someone to **"KEEP YOUR HAIR ON"** is simply another way of implying "Don't tear your hair out" as people were alleged to do when in a rage. "Not to turn a hair" is to remain unruffled in a provoking situation was first used of horses who did not show anxiety by the roughening of their hair.

Know the ropes - In the early days of sailing this phrase was written on a seaman's discharge to indicate that he was still a novice, that all he knew about sailing was just the names and uses of the principal ropes. Today this phrase means the opposite that a person fully knows and understands whatever task he is doing

Another expression to describe a person feeling the effects of too much alcohol is under the weather. If a crewman is standing watch on the weather side of the bow, he will be subject to the constant beating of the sea and the ocean spray, he will be under the weather.

Lucky For Some - Friday the 13th, is the day that finds not only the superstitious among us stepping out of bed right foot first, reaching for a four leaf clover or rabbit's foot, throwing salt over our shoulder or desperately hoping that we'll bump into a black cat, chimney sweep, or best of all three dogs together. But why?

Friday has a black reputation because,

*Friday was the day of Christ's crucifixion.

*Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden on Friday.

*The great flood started on a Friday.

*In more recent times the Wall Street Crash happened on a Friday.

* Friday was a common day for people to be hanged, and Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday the 13th.

Thirteen is associated with bad luck because.

* There were thirteen present at the Last Supper.

*Greek philosophers called thirteen an imperfect number.

* Thirteen pence was at one time the wage paid to the hangman and witch's covens were believed to have thirteen members, the thirteenth member being the devil.

The Titanic

The doomed liner the Titanic was launched thirteen minutes after its scheduled time of twelve-noon on the 31st. May 1911. It received its first ice warning on the 13th, April 1912. It received a total of thirteen ice warnings before hitting an iceberg and it was located in 1985 exactly thirteen miles east of its last known position.

Many cities do not have a 13th. Street or a 13th. Avenue. Some buildings do not have a 13th. floor and when it comes to recording the number of a house thirteen is often omitted.

Not All Bad News. On June the 13th, Charles Lindberg must have considered himself the luckiest man on earth. After his sensational solo flight across the Atlantic, he sailed home to be given a reception in New York, the likes of which has never being equalled.

How to Raise a Delinquent in Twelve Easy Steps.

*Begin in infancy to give the child everything he wants. In this way he will grow up to believe the world owes him a living.

* When he picks up bad habits laugh at him. That will make him think he is cute.

* Don't give any spiritual training. Wait till he is older then let him decide for himself.

* Avoid the use of the word wrong. It may develop a complex. This will condition him to believe later when he is arrested for stealing a car, that society is against him and he is being persecuted.

* Pick up everything he leaves lying around, books, shoes and clothes. Do everything for him so that he will be experienced in throwing all responsibility on others.

* Let him read any printed matter he can get his hands on. Let him watch what ever video he likes. Be careful to insure that his milk is pasteurised and that his food is healthy, but let his mind feed on garbage.

* Quarrel frequently in front of your child .In this way he will not be too shocked when the home is broken up later.

* Give a child all the spending money he wants, never let him earn his own money, why should he have things as tough as you had.

* Satisfy all his craving for food, drink, comfort. See that every desire is granted. Denial may lead to harmful frustration.

* Take his part against neighbours, teachers, and policemen. They are all prejudiced against your child.

* When he gets into real trouble .Apologise for yourself by

saying I never could do anything with him.

* Prepare for a life of grief. You've earned it and you are sure to get it.

The Confession

Fr Moore was hearing confession in the local church and there was several waiting to be heard. The priest was going towards the box to start hearing but he was in a hurry to get his duty fulfilled as he had an important appointment later to attend .As he was passing by a man he knew well, he said to him "Any chance Bilen you'd wait over for some other night. Sure you didn't kill anyone since your last confession". Billen agreed and as he was coming down from the church he met his neighbour Bertie. "Is the priest hearing Bill" said Bertie. "He's hearing all right" Billen told him "but I'm afraid you don't need going in to him. It's only murder cases he's hearing to night"

An elderly man from Rathea went to see his doctor. Tell me this, he asked, "Do you think I'll live 'till I'm 90"? "How old are you now" asked the doctor? "77" said the man. "And do you smoke?" "No". "Do you take a drink at all"? "No". "Ever back the odd horse"? "No, Doctor, never". "And do you stay out late dancing?" "No", said the man. "Then", said the doctor, "Why on earth do you want to live 'till your ninety"?

Everyday Life

It was Ruben Pausing, a Swedish industrialist who specialised in packs for dry foodstuffs (flour, sugar, etc) who revolutionised the packaging of liquids and

drinks in 1951. Combining the most highly developed paper, aluminium and plastic technologies, he created the tetra carton, a totally new form of packaging in form, manufacture, and cost price.

In 1961 Ruben Pausing and his Tetra Pak Company made their decisive expansion with the first filled cartons of UHT -treated long-life milk. Following dairy products, a whole range of goods including fruit juices, soups, cream and wine, were to be packaged in carton form and this has brought about a real revolution in our daily life, with Tetra Pak now present in 98 countries and selling more than 40 thousand million packages every year.

The Domelre, manufactured in Chicago in 1913 was the first functional household refrigerator. In 1918 the American Nathaniel Wales designed a device that was widely marketed under the name of Kelvinator. The Frigidaire trademark appeared one year later in 1919. Swedes, Carl Munters and Balzar Von Platen succeeded in constructing a silent and functional refrigerator and mass production began in 1931 with Electrolux in Stockholm. In 1926 the American company General Electric manufactured a hermetically sealed unit and, in 1939, it introduced the first dual temperature refrigerator. This allowed frozen foods to be kept in one compartment.

They Changed Our Lives.

Christian Barnard was born in Cape Province, South Africa. He studied at the University of Cape

Town and became a doctor in 1946, specialising in heart surgery. He introduced open heart surgery into South Africa having learned the technique in the United States while on a scholarship there. He became famous in 1967 when he performed the first successful heart transplant. In 1974 he performed a successful double transplant. His youth and playboy image made him a symbol of social success.

Rudolf Diesel. On finishing his studies at the University of Munich Diesel he became an engineer and developed a keen interest in the theory of engines. He wanted to construct a high-performance engine and in 1893

tested a single-cylinder engine which demonstrated the validity of the principle of ignition by compression. Diesel achieved fame with his invention and sold his patents for huge sums, which he frittered away. He tried to revive his fortunes on the Stock Exchange but lost heavily. He was drowned during a voyage in 1913 and it was assumed that he had committed suicide.

WHY WE NEED EXERCISE

Why we need exercise is because our body is a kind of machine, and like any other machine, it needs looking after to keep it working properly. Exercise keeps your muscles working well and general fitness helps you to be healthy.

An unfit person, who takes no exercise, converts only a small amount of food into energy and may become overweight. At the same time the muscles become weak and the blood circulation may become slow. Exercise helps to make muscles stronger and improve their tone, or readiness for action. Sound muscles help to keep the bones properly placed in relation to each other. So a fit person has a better posture, and is less likely to have a backache. Muscle movement helps to speed up blood circulation. At the same time exercise helps to increase a person's depth of breathing, making it easier to take in oxygen.

SHEEHY INSULATION LTD

Duagh, Listowel, Co Kerry

Tel/Fax 068 45305 Mobile 087 258 6162

**Blown Cavity Wall Insulation
Attic Insulation Supplied and fitted**

C.2 Registered I.A.B. Approved



Glad to support the Lyre Journal

Silver sleans and Bord na Mona workers

On his visit to Lyreacrompane Valentine Trodd, editor of Bord Na Mona's magazine Sceal Na Mona, had with him the silver breast sleen used by Eamon DeValera to cut the first sod in the 1934 national turfcutting championships at Allenwood, Co. Kildare. The sleen was loaned for the Lyre event by Mick Jacobs of the Peatlands World Museum and Val pointed out that every President since then has used it at some

ceremonial planting or other. The sod cut by DeValera in 1934 is also in the museum and, according to Valetine, a very fine sod of turf it is indeed!

According to Valetine Trodd the following were the local people who worked full time in Bord na Mona's turf cutting operation in Lyreacrompane.

Tim O'Sullivan, Ger Naughton, Christy Carmody, John Keane, Jack Naughton, Ger Murphy, John Shanahan, Pa Dillane, John Nolan, Pat Doody, Christy Harrington, Willie Quirke, Tim (Sonny) Cronin, Brendan

McKenna, Tom Hickey, Tim, Danny, Mick and John Sweeney, David O'Connor, Ned Somers, John Joe Buckley, John Costello, Jer Shanahan, Jimmy Lyons, Mike McKenna, Pat Kenny, Mick Fitzgerald, Ger (Jet) Stack, Francis Ahearn, David Murphy, Sonny Nolan, Ger (Doc) O'Callaghan, John Morrissey, Con Walker, Paul Fitzmaurice and Jack Buckley.

If there are any omissions from this list Val would be delighted to set the record straight. Besides the above, hundreds of other people worked the "Bord" on a part-time basis.

Weekend Mass Schedule in Duagh/Lyreacrompane Parish

Saturday 7.30pm St. Brigid's Church, Duagh

Sunday 10am Sacred Heart Church, Lyreacrompane

Sunday 11.30am St. Brigid's Church, Duagh

Lyre Church is 50 years old in 2006

Beir bua agus beannacht

Good Luck to the Journal from Fr Pat Moore PP

Growing up in Ireland

Remember...

Hide and Seek in the park. The shop down the road. Hopscotch, donkey, skipping, handstands, stuck in the mud, football with an old can, Dandy, Beano, Twinkle and Roly Poly, Hula Hoops, Jumping the stream, building a swing from a tyre and a piece of rope tied to a tree, (If you live in town - the lamppost), building tree-houses, climbing up onto roofs, tennis on the street, the smell of the sun and fresh cut grass.

Hubba Bubba bubble gum and 2pd Flogs, macaroon bars and woppas, 3pd Refreshers and Wham bars, superhero chewing gum, golf ball chewing gums and liquorice whips, Desperate Dan and Roy of the Rovers, sherbet dips and Mr. Freezes, Marathon bars and everlasting gobstoppers. An ice cream cone on a warm summer night from the van that plays a tune - chocolate or vanilla or strawberry or maybe Neapolitan

Watching Saturday morning cartoons, short commercials, Battle of the Planets, Road Runner, He-Man, Swapshop, and Why Don't You?, Transformers, How do you do?, Bosco, Forty-coats, the Littlest Hobo and Lassie, Chucklevision, The Muppet Show, MacGyver, Scarecrow and Mrs King, Little House on the Prairie and Highway to Heaven, or staying up for Knight Rider and Magnum PI.

When around the corner seemed

far away and going into town seemed like going somewhere.

A million midget bites, sticky fingers and mud all over you, knee-pads on your jeans, Cops and Robbers, Rounders, Tip the Can, Queenie-I-O, climbing trees, spin the bottle, building igloos out of snow banks, walking to school no matter what the weather, running till you were out of breath. Laughing so hard that your stomach hurt, jumping on the bed. Pillow fights, spinning around, getting dizzy and falling down was cause for giggles, being tired from playing...

The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team. Water balloons were the ultimate weapon. Football cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle. And don't forget the Marietta sandwiches we'd make by buttering a cupla Marietta biscuits and stickin' them together. And that quare oul mixture made in a tall glass with HB ice cream and Taylor Keith Red Lemonade.

Eating raw jelly, orange squash ice pops - two types of sneakers - girls and boys and Dunlop Green Flash and the only time you wore them at school, was for "P.E.", Gola football boots.

It wasn't odd to have two or three "best" friends, when nobody owned a pure bred dog, when 25p was decent pocket money, when you'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny, when it was considered a great privilege to be taken out to dinner at a real restaurant with your parents.

When any parent could discipline any kid or use him to

carry groceries and nobody, not even the kid, thought a thing of it. When being sent to the head's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited a misbehaving student at home. Basically, we were in fear for our lives but it wasn't because of muggings, drugs, gangs, etc. Our parents and grandparents were a much bigger threat! and some of us are still afraid of them!!!

Decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-mo." Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "do over!"

"Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest. Money issues were handled by whoever was the banker in "Monopoly", the game of life and Connect Four, Atari 2600's and Commadore 64's. The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was germs. It was unbelievable that Red rover wasn't an Olympic event...

Having a weapon in school, meant being caught with a biro barrel pea shooter or an elastic band. Scrapes and bruises were kissed and made better, Taking drugs meant orange-flavoured chewable vitamins, and ice cream was considered a basic food group.

Getting a foot of snow was a dream come true. Abilities were discovered because of a "double dare". Older siblings were the worst tormentors, but also the fiercest protectors

If you can remember most or all of these, then you have LIVED!!!! Pass this on to anyone who may need a break from their "grown up" life...



Bertie Ahern & Billy McCarthy



Billy McCarthy's "Tasters Choice" winner of the 2000 Listry Sweep with Listry GAA club members.
Bob Bently on right



Duagh Team 1962 North Kerry Championship Winners

(Last Time Duagh Won) Back Row: Bill McCarthy (Capt), Tim Joe Brandon, Dan McAuliffe, Jimmy McNamara (Selector), Pat Dillon, Jack Buckley, Fr. Vincent O'Connor, Mat Dillon, Dan Keane.
Front Row: Tim Nolan, Brendan McKenna (Sub), Pat Joe Heaphy, Tom Nolan, Billy Doran, Patsy Larkin, Patsy McNamara, Kevin Dillon



Duagh Team 1950 North Kerry Championship Winners

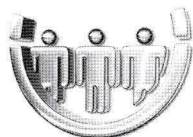
Back Row: Moss Keane, Tommy Broder RIP, Patsy O'Brien RIP, Murt O'Daly RIP, Tom Costello, Danny McCarthy RIP, Moss Heffernan RIP, Jimmy Dore RIP, Ned Stack RIP (Goalie), Beag McCarthy RIP, Front Row: Tom Sheehy RIP, Bill McCarthy, Jimmy Relihan, Diarmuid Dillon RIP (played on Kerry team), Christy Carmody RIP, Tom Carmody RIP



Peg, Billy & Kit McCarthy

*Our thanks to Billy McCarthy
for these photos*

www.traleecu.ie



Tralee
CREDIT UNION LTD.



HOME IMPROVEMENTS • HOLIDAYS • CAR • EDUCATION

Need a Loan?

Phone us today on **066 712 2373**

INTEREST RATE NOW JUST 8%*

45 - 47 Ashe Street Tralee Co. Kerry | Tel : 066 712 2373 | Fax : 066 712 8551

67 Main Street Castleisland Co. Kerry | Tel : 066 714 1749 | Fax : 066 714 1121

*Typical APR 8.3%, lending criteria, terms and conditions apply. Rate quoted is correct as at 01/02/05 and is subject to change.



ALLMAN STONE LTD.

Banemore, Listowel, Co Kerry

Suppliers of

- *Crushed Stone,*
- *Plant Hire*
- *Haulage*

Contact

David 087 2220846

Jimmy 087 0523040

Office 068 40892

SPECIAL COURT IN LISTOWEL

TAILS CUT OFF CATTLE AND HORSES.

DONE TO MAKE THEM TIDY FOR WINTER.

ACCUSED DISCHARGED.

A special court was held on Saturday before, Mr. J. P. O'Donoghue, B.L.,D.J., on Patrick Kirby and James Hickey, both of Bromaddera, (labourers) who on different dates in the months of December, 1925 and January 1926 did at Gortacloghane, Knockaclare, Bromaddera and Lyre unlawfully wound a number of cattle the property of John Dillane, William Dillane and Catherine Galvin of Gortacloghane, Patrick Buckley and Thomas Roche Knockaclare, Edmond Galvin of Bromaddera and Lizzie Donovan of Lyreacrompane, by cutting the tails of the said cattle.

Mr. Liston, State Solicitor, Tralee, appeared on behalf of the State and Mr. DJ Browne (of the firm of Moran and Browne Solicitors, Listowel) appeared for the accused.

William Dillon, Gortacloghane, who was the first witness to be sworn, said, that he remembered the 18th day of December last.

At that time he had his cattle in the stalls. He had five cows and a yearling calf in the stalls. On the morning of the 19th day of December, his daughter made a statement to him. In consequence of what she said he rushed to the stalls. In the stalls he noticed two cows smeared with blood behind a red and white springer and noticed part of her tail cut off. The tail was bleeding for some days afterwards. The cutting of the tail reduced the value of the cow if he was going to sell her. He did not think that she would be bought at all in the condition she was in. She was valued £15 or £20. He (witness) had a son named John, who was a witness in the court last October in a case in which the accused James Hickey was concerned.

Cross-examined by Mr. Browne, Solicitor, for the accused.

There were three cows in the stall not interfered with at all. The hair of the tail of one cow was cut, and a part of the tail of the springer.

Thomas Roche, Knockaclare, said he was a farmer. He kept twenty two cows. He remembered putting in his cattle to different stalls about the middle of November. On the Friday night afterwards they were alright, but on the following Saturday morning, in consequence of what his daughter told him, he went out to the stalls. He found nothing wrong with them but the hair of the tails was cut of fifteen cows and a bull. He (witness) did not get it done. It only saved him a bit of labour.

On being crossed examined by Mr. Browne, witness stated that he thought it advisable to trim the tails of cattle so as to make them tidy for the winter. It would also prevent them hurting the milk girl's eyes. He also said he knew the two accused since they were born, and afterwards knew them to be well conducted, hardworking boys.

Elizabeth Donovan, Lyreacrompane, stated that she kept a cow and a pony. In the month of December last she had the cow and the pony in. Something happened to them on the first week of December on a Friday. The following Saturday morning she went out and found the hair, cut off the cow's tail, and the pony's tail. She did not want to get either tail trimmed.

In answer to Mr. Browne, Solicitor, for the accused, witness said she never saw a pony's tail trimmed with ribbon in that locality. There was no harm done but the cow's tail was unsightly. She often saw a cows tail trimmed before.

After having heard the evidence of Edmond Galvin, John Dillane, and a number of other witnesses, Mr. Liston said that in the face of such evidence he could not ask the Justice to return them (accused) for trial.

Accused were accordingly discharged.

The Kerry Champion
April 22nd 1926

Did I Really Say That?

Compiled By Joe Quille

"Colin Corkery on the 45 lets go with the right boot . . . It's over the bar. This man shouldn't be playing football he's made an almost Lazarus like recovery from a heart condition. Lazarus was a great man but he couldn't kick points like Colin Corkery. (Michéal O'Muircheartaigh)

"Pat Fox has it on his hurl and is motoring well now -- but here comes Joe Rabbitte hot on his tail --I've seen it all now, a Rabbitte chasing a Fox around Croke Park. (Michéal Again)

I was elected by the women of Ireland, who instead of rocking the cradle rocked the system. (Mary Robinson).

Forgive your enemies, but never forget their names. (John F Kennedy)

"The thought of being President frightens me. I do not think I would want the job." (Ronald Regan.1979)

"No one needs to steer clear of me because I'm perfectly safe. After all I have 33 years of experience. (Venda Crabtree after passing her driving test at the 105th. attempt)

Hurling and Sex are the only things you can enjoy without being good at it. (Cork's Joe Deane)

Television is an invention that permits you to be entertained in your own house, by people you

wouldn't have in your own house. (David Frost)

"He had two feet which a lot of players don't have nowadays. (Soccer pundit Jimmy Hill)

If in winning the game we only finish with a draw that would be fine. (Jack Charlton)

I have never liked working. To me a job is an invasion of privacy. (Danny McGrozzly Irish-American pool player)

Any publicity is good except an obituary notice (Brendan Behan.)

Teddy McCarthy to John McCarthy; no relation. John McCarthy back to Teddy McCarthy; still no relation. (Michéal O'Muircheartaigh.)

Sean óg O'hAilpin - His Father is from Fermanagh. His Mother is from Fiji. Neither a hurling stronghold (Micheal again)

Marry a man your own age. As your beauty fades so will his eyesight. (Phyllis Diller)

The Baggio Brothers of course are not related. (George Hamilton RTE)

It was a good match which could have gone either way and very nearly did. (Jim Sherwin)

Would you like to speak to the horse? (Trainer Mark Pitman answering queries on his mobile phone about one of his horses).

It may be the cock that crows, but it's the hen that lays the egg. (Maggie Thatcher)

No woman in my time will be Prime Minister, anyway, I wouldn't want to be Prime Minister. (M Thatcher.1969)

Stanley Matthews lacks the big match temperament. He will never hold down a regular first team place in top class soccer. (Comment by Correspondent when Matthews - future captain of England made his debut at the age of 17.)

I saw a few Sligo people at Mass in Gardiner Street this morning and the omens were good for them. The priest was wearing the same colours as the Sligo jersey!!!--40 yards out on the Hogan Stand side of the field Ciaran Whelan goes on the rampage. It's a GOAL, so much for religion," (Michéal O'Muircheartaigh)

"We don't like their sound. Groups of guitars are on the was out" (Decca Recording Company when turning down the Beatles in 1962)

I had the bravest Manager in the world. He didn't care who I fought. (Willie Pep, Feather-weight champion of the world)

If we don't succeed we run the risk of failure. (US Vice President Dan Quayle)

Husbands are like fires, they go out when unattended. (Zsa Zsa Gabor)

The flooding is the worst disaster in California since I was elected (Gov. Pat Brown)

Wish I'd Said That

Worry is like a rocking chair, it gives you something to do, but it doesn't get you anywhere.

Every morning you are handed 24 Golden hours. They are one of the few things in this world that you get free of charge. If you had all the money in the world, you could not buy another hour. We are born with nothing. All that happens after that is clear profit.

When a woman makes a fool of a man, it's usually an improvement. The perfect wife is one who doesn't expect a perfect husband. You should not marry to find happiness, but to share happiness.

You don't get a second chance to make a first impression.

If you're troubled by the noise in your car why not let her drive.

When a married man talks in his sleep --It's probably the only chance he gets.

Only Joking.

I had a dog called Carpenter. He used to do little jobs around the house. I had a dog called Mechanic. Give him a kick in the nuts and he would make a bolt for the door. But I rue the day I called my third dog Sex. It got me into a lot of trouble.

When I went to the town hall to register him I said to the clerk "I would like a licence for sex" He said, "I wouldn't mind one myself"

When I got married I asked the vicar if we could have Sex at the wedding. He said okay as long as it didn't interrupt the ceremony. When I booked into the hotel for our honeymoon I asked the receptionist if he had a room for sex. "They all are" he said.

My wife and I were always fighting over Sex. Finally it caused our divorce. I told the judge I had Sex before marriage. "Didn't we all" he said. One night he slipped his lead and ran off. I was in the park when a Garda asked me what I was doing. "I'm looking for Sex" I said. My case comes up next Monday

Father, yesterday I made love to my wife." The priest explained there was nothing wrong with that. "But Father, I did it with --- lust." Again the priest re-assured the man that it was no sin. "But Father, it was the middle of the day." The priest was growing uncomfortable with the description but assured his parishioner that it was natural act for man and wife. "But Father, it was sheer passion as she leant over the deep freeze I just jumped on her and we did it on the floor. Am I banned from the church?" "Of course not," said

the exasperated priest. "Oh good, we're both banned from Tesco.

An old farmer and his son had scratched out a living on their farm for 30 years. One day the son came home yelling for joy that he had won a half a million in the lottery. "Here Dad, here's your share," and he slapped a hundred euro note on the table. The old man looked at it for a while. "When I was young" he said. "I never had time to smoke, drink or gamble, because working this farm took all my time. In fact I never had time to marry your Mother." The young man considered this. "Well that's a nice state of affairs," he complained. "of course you know what that makes me?". "Yeah," said the old man, "and a bloody mean one at that."

A nun had just beaten three young men to the last table in the railway cafeteria. They sat down beside her and decided to embarrass her with a conversation which would force her to leave. "You're Mum and Dad get married yet," said one to his mate. "No what about yours?" "No. not interested in that church stuff." This went on for a while until the nun said, "Excuse me would one of you bastards pass me the salt?"

Photo: MS Walk in Lyre '05



EXTRAORDINARY FLOOD

Aug 24 1880

Tralee Chronicle

The unusual flood of the 16th inst. has thrown the inhabitants of this locality into a state of confusion and became the subject of many an inquisitive mind to conjecture what was the real cause of the inundation of the River Oubeg, which is comparatively only a small brook when compared to the Feale; yet the perceptible traces of destruction to all sorts of property along its banks is more easily imagined by a survey of the place than any sort of description can adequately convey.

The origin of this scene of destruction took place at Drumaddamore, near Darby Cotter's residence, part of the Hurly Estate, and for years previous was known to be a quaking bog, capable of undulation, should any pressure come on its surface. But on the above date the electric fluid fell on this area, in whose capacious womb lay concealed for years an internal reservoir of water, and rent asunder the surface, so that at once the upward pressure of this internal reservoir gave rise to an influx of water; this, together with the downpour from the heavens in the form of a water-spout, conveyed along a volume of water, which, brought with it a mountainy sediment, together with the surface of thirteen acres of this undulating bog, and diffused it along the banks of this little river, thus converting it into a devastating scene, and covering all sorts of

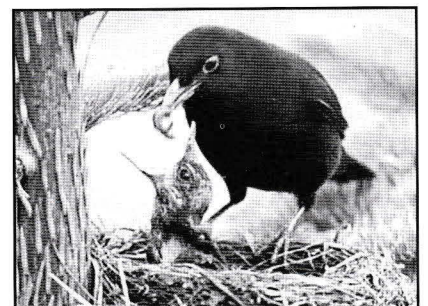
tillage and pasturage to an almost incredible depth with fleaks of this black surface, which has rendered the level surface along its banks quite impassable. In the midst of this destructive mountainy area now lies a lake, which must be looked on as the origin of a brook, and must be viewed with future caution, lest a repetition of this scene of destruction should take place, as there is still about twenty acres giving full evidence of being at some future date productive of the same unusual phenomenon.

This river Oubeg is a tributary of the Feale, and was most accommodating as regards bridges, but now the village of Knocknagoshel - which is situated on a shelving slope on the left side of this little brook - is completely isolated, as the two bridges that lead to it are completely swept off, leaving nothing to recall their utility but surroundings of large trees and bog-deal, which are profusely prostrated on the adjoining valleys. There was Talbots bridge, situated on the line leading from Castleisland to Knocknagoshel, and Bateman's bridge to the west of the Brosna parsonage, on the Cork line. These have been swept away, thus leaving these lines utterly useless and thorough dangerous to life and property, should the supine position of our county engineer prove equal to his previous tact of doing business. On the Headley Bridge side of this scene of destruction there were splendid gardens of champion potatoes, cornfields, fields of mangolds, together with level tracts of pasturage, all of which are rendered utterly

useless at present; and on the Knockbrack side, on the Thomson Estate, there were similar devastating scenes, alike disheartening to the interests of the poor farmers, whose whole prospects lay on the regenerating power of the champion, which was planted with so much care and solicitude.

The first victim to this scene of devastation was Kerry Keane, on the Headley Estate; next John Walsh, then Thomas Connor, who have lost about three acres of champion potatoes, together with a splendid corn field of oats. Then comes James Mangan, who is completely ruined, as all his valuable tillage, both potatoes, corn, mangolds, meadowing, and pasturage, are all covered, over with a black sediment, thus leaving no place for his cattle to graze, so that he was under the unavoidable necessity of taking the grazing of a small farm adjoining for his cattle, hoping that the prospects of futurity may add some cheer to the melancholy forebodings which now surround his home. Then comes last, at the mouth of this little brook, Robert Walsh, alike injured in the produce of his farm.

A rough estimate of this disastrous flood to property has been calculated, for the small distance of two miles, to be equal to £1,000. (Correspondent)



Joe Harrington's Christmas blackbird
2003

Loveable Gollywog



Talk about being transported back to the days of my youth. Well, that's precisely what happened to me during the summer of 2005. My daughter, arrived home on holiday bringing me the gift of a 'Golliwog'. I immediately began to feel nostalgic about my childhood having been the owner of a loveable golliwog back then.

People of my age group will remember the 'Golliwog' and the teddy bear as being the toys that Santa was most likely to bring on his yearly visit. Santa's sack would also have a storybook that would include a 'Golliwog' character. Sometimes he was portrayed as being helpful but other children's books would have him play the role of rascal. It depended on the authors believes how the 'Golliwog' was portrayed. In later years the 'Gollywog' doll and storybooks depicting the 'Gollywog' were withdrawn from sale when society became more conscious

of racial issues.

Robinson's jams used the 'Gollywog' as their logo for many years. Growing up I would eagerly await my mother's return from her weekly shopping trip to get the 'Gollywog' minstrel tokens off the jam jar. In return for those tokens I would receive one of a series of 'Gollywog' badges.

The 'Gollywog' is a black doll with large white eyes. The earliest 'Gollywog' character first appeared in books of verse written by American, Bertha Upton, in which her daughter, Florence, did the illustrations. All her books featured the 'Gollywog' as a gallant character. The first 'Gollywog' doll was made around the 1900 in the United States when mothers used cast off black skirts and blouses to make the doll.

Relations between blacks and whites in England in the sixties were often characterised by conflict. This came about because of the arrival of many coloured immigrants in England and the fear that England would lose its traditions. It was in these circumstances that the 'Gollywog' was seen as a symbol of racial hatred. Children's Storybooks containing the 'Gollywog' character were withdrawn from the market and the sale of 'Gollywog' dolls also decreased.

The campaign in England was similar to the American campaign to ban 'Little Black Sambo' a character depicted in our schoolbooks. Civil rights groups led both the campaigns to ban the characters as they were

seen to be demeaning towards Blacks. The 'Gollywog' character was also bruised during world war two when the word wog was used in North Africa against dark skinned people.

The 'Gollywog' has been around for over one hundred years so I guess it proves that my 'loveable Gollywog' is a survivor, more than can be said for many toys that have come and gone in the interviewing years.

Kay O'Leary

Lunacy in Ireland

There has not been any increase or decrease in lunacy in the Free State in the last 15 or 20 years. During the war there was a decrease but the figures have since come back to their former level. This was the statement of Dr Donelan, RMS, Grange-gorman Mental Hospital giving evidence before the Poor Law Commission in 1925.

New Principal for Duagh NS

John O'Connor, NT, Lyre has been appointed Principal of Duagh in place of the late Patrick Stack. Mr O'Connor is son of Mr Patrick O'Connor and of the late Mrs Mary O'Connor, (nee Doran), Lyreacrompane. His brothers are Rev M O'Connor, Minnesota and Rev PJ O'Connor, Brooklyn Diocese

Kerry Champion Apr 2 1938

The Boys of Sweet Duagh Thade Gowdan

Oh sad mournful, is the tale that I am forced to tell
From Ballheigue to Abbeyfeale we'll mourn there loss as well
Where are the men who raised the flag a freedom's sword did draw
Who trampled down the English flag, the boys of sweet Duagh.

When Kerryman from far and near attended the Brosna raid,
They were the first to appear and started the blockade,
With motor car prepare for war with hatchet rope and saw
They first came on to lead the van, the boys of sweet Duagh.

Sad was their fate I must relate no danger did they fear
In youth and bloom they met their doom, the soldieries ambush near.
No friendly voice, no warning sound advised them to withdraw,
The Saxon bayonets did surround our boys of sweet Duagh.

Surrounded by the Khakie clan, what could our fenians do.
I'm proud to say one Kerryman from the soldiers did break through
We warned the company in the rear and told them what he saw
He saved his comrades then and there the boy from sweet Duagh.

McMahon brave, Fitzgerald true and Relihan also,
Mulcaire and Stack, brave heroes too were captured by the foe.
And Jimmy Joy that noble boy who broke the English law,
They died to see their country free those boys of sweet Duagh.

The car drove on, their leaders gone what rescue could they make,
The volunteers then did retreat; their hearts were fit to break.
The boys were trapped, the raid was stopped, the forces did withdraw
'Twas hard to face their native place the boys of sweet Duagh.

In Wormworth Scrubs with labour hard two years to remain
But England's power is dead and gone we will have them back again.
God bless our men in jail within; the bravest Ireland saw
So may we see old Ireland free and the boys of sweet Duagh.

Some Early Priests of Duagh.

J Millone was parish priest in 1750. He was aged 51 and had been a priest for 23 years at that stage. The parish of Duagh was estimated to contain 540 houses at the time.

Daniel Nolan is listed as parish priest in 1761. It would appear that he had been ordained three years previously and at Duagh he was serving 194 houses.

Thomas O'Grady was parish priest in Duagh in 1775.

Patrick Ahern is listed in 1797

John Shine was PP in 1806 and presided over 150 baptisms from 330 Catholic houses which made up the parish at that time.

Arthur O'Leary was listed in 1824.

Thade Hartnett was in charge in 1835

ALL STYLE BATHS 'N' TILES

Upper Rock St, Tralee, Co. Kerry

Tel & Fax: 066 7123299

SUPPLY AND FIT

Delighted to support the Lyreacrompane Journal



"That's not Sam", says Maureen



John Nolan's old home sketched by June Murray Belfast
Thanks to Tom Sweeney



Mike Quinn and Seán Enright Lyre -
Banna Stages Rally 2004 3rd overall



Geraldine and Dinny O'Sullivan with Helen and Nick Schisas



Fr. Pat Moore, the man in black, sings
Forty Shades of Green on the Stage in
Birmingham during the Irish Rambling
House Tour of Britain 2005

Dan Paddy Andy Festival 2005 - Some faces in the crowd

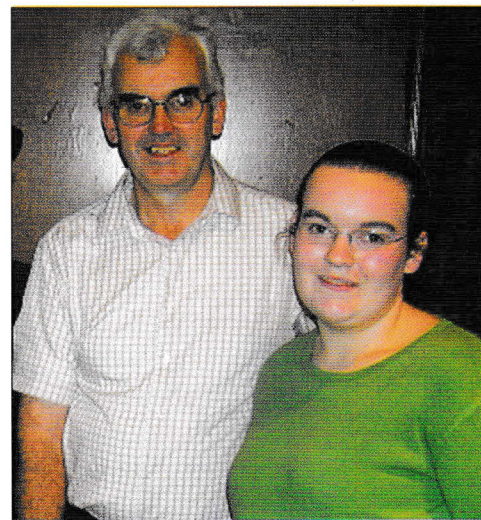
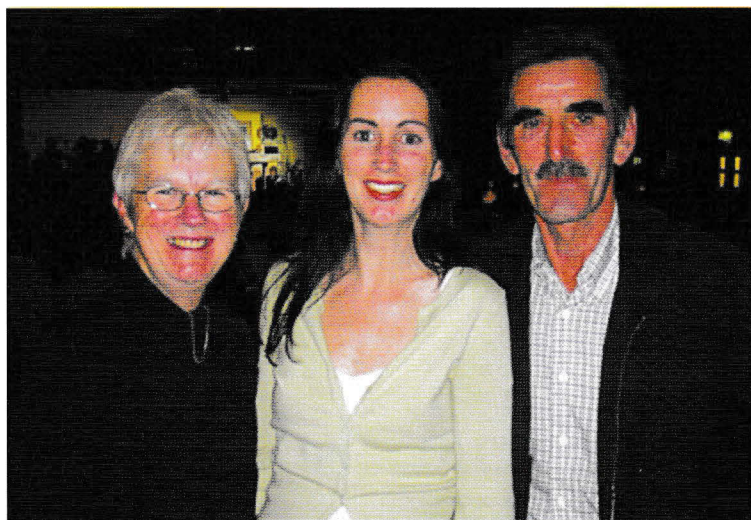
Including (middle left) Presentation by Mary Mangan of the Dan Paddy Andy Committee to Martina Barton of Cork Kerry Tourism in appreciation of her support for the festival







Top: Lyre School Photo of 1985 Left above: John Kirby and Helen Galvin retired June 2005 and Lyre school photo of 2005 showing the dramatic fall in numbers in just 20 years. Below left: Tim Keane originally from Lyre with his wife & daughter Eileen and Siobhán at the Irish Rambling House Concert in Derby 2005. Below right: Mike Doyle, whose grandmother was Walshe from Spur and his Daughter Anne at the Irish Rambling House Concert, Manchester.



Knocknagoshel Schools

In 1824 there were three schools in Knocknagoshel - Meinleirim, Ballinattin and in Knocknagoshel, "Knuck-nagushill". The school in Meinleirim had 30 pupils, 20 boys and 10 girls. It was described as "a mud and thatched school-house". The school at Ballinattin had 36 pupils, 29 boys and 7 girls. It was described as being made of "stone and mud, and thatched". The third school was in the village. It was held in the

Church. There were 77 pupils, 53 boys and 24 girls.

Later other schools were built. Knockbrack 1888 Mein 1892, and Loughfouder 1899 to 1965.

The Village school was built in 1828. It had two rooms and a thatched roof. One room was for the boys and one room for the girls. There were four teachers, one at each end of the rooms. One teacher had infants, first and second class girls and another had third, fourth, fifth and sixth class girls. Two other teachers took the boys. In 1936 the two end rooms were built. While this

was being done, the boys went to school at Connie's Loft and the girls went to school in the old hall near the Presbytery gate. Mein School was amalgamated with Knock-nagoshel in 1969 and it became a mixed school. Until then, there were two small gates going into the school. There was a railing dividing the two yards separating the boys and girls. However, when the school became a mixed school the railing was taken down and one big gate was erected. In 1995 the staff-room and toilets were built.



No! We didn't have to go to the Middle East for this photo.
We met Rachael Collins, Baranarig and Lorraine Scanlon, Headley's Bridge at Knocknagoshel Cross on St. Stephen's Day 2004

Johnny Nolan
Lyreacrompane Post Office and Grocery
Best wishes to the Journal
Always available at the shop

Knocknagoshel Townlands

Athán [Ahane] *A ford for crossing the river.*

Athán Buí (Ahaneboy) Athán = A ford. Buí = Yellow. *With yellow clay visible on the bank of the stream.*

Baile an Aitinn [Ballinattin] Aiteann = furze *This is a place where Furze Bushes were plentiful.*

Barr an Earraigh [Baranarig] Barr = crop Earrach = spring *The spring crop - as this townland has a southerly aspect and is very suitable for growing early potatoes.*

Baile na hAbhann [Ballinahown] Abhainn = river *The place of the river.*

Baile Bán [Ballybawn] *Probably named for the whitewashed houses.*

Baile Dubh [Ballyduff] =Black town land. *The meaning comes from either the dark soil or that the rushes turned black here in winter.*

Baile na Ceartán [Ballinacartin] Ceárta = forge *The place of the forge.*

Beithíneach [Beheenaugh] Beith = birch *A place where there are birch trees.*

Bruachan = [Broughane] Bruach = the bank of a stream

Buaile = Boula *A milking place in summer pasture.*

Bun a' Bhaile *The end of the town.*

Clais na gCuach [Clashnagough] Clais = water channel or gully Cuach = cuckoo *A place where the cuckoo can be heard early in the season.*

Cnoc Breac [Knockbrack] Cnoc = hill breac = speckled *The hill was probably speckled with white washed buildings.*

Cnoc an Ridire = [Knights Mountain] Cnoc = Hill Ridire =Knight

Moing an fhéir [Muinganaire]

Cnoicín Cruinn [Knockeencreen] Cnoc = hill Cruinn = round *A little round hill.*

Cnoc na gCaiseal [Knocknagoshel] Cnoc = hill Caiseal = stone wall, oratory *The hill of the stone walls or the hill of stone oratories. It is thought in Penal times that people used to gather in little stone huts to pray.*

Cumar [Cummer] Cumar = ravine, steep-sided inlet.

Féith Bháite=[Fevata] Féith = vein Báite= wet. *A low-lying vein of land subject to flooding.*

Gortrua [Gortroe] Gort = field Rua = red *The soil here has a reddish hue.*

Leacht Bhruadair [Loughfouder] Leacht = monument *This means a monument to Bruadair.*

Mín = [Mein] Mín = a grassy patch on the slope of a hill.

Mín an h Aille [Meenahilla] Mín = smooth Aill = cliff *The smooth, grassy place of the cliff.*

Mínleatroid =

[Meinleatrim] = A grassy smooth patch on a grey [liath] ridge [droim].

Moing = thick growth; overgrown swamp Fear =grass, hay. *The overgrown swamp of grass.*

Raithíneach [Ragheenagh] Rath = earthen rampart, ring fort. *A cluster of ring forts, clustered within view of each other in case of attack.*

Scairt [scart] Scairt = a thicket *A sheltering thicket of bushes, trees etc.*

Tuaírin Ard = [Toureenard] Tuaírin = Grassy Plot. Bleaching-Green Ard = Height *A large bleaching green [for flax which was grown extensively in the area long ago].*

Tuaírin Mór [Tooreenmore] Tuaírin = grassy plot, a bleaching green Mór = great. *A large bleaching green.*

Tuaírin na nGamhan (Tooreenagown). Tuaírin = Grassy plot; bleaching-green na nGamhan = of the calves. *The bleaching-green of the calves.*



Sean Joy, Duagh and Murroe chat with friends at Limerick Market

Diocese of Kerry and Aghadoe

*(Taken from the Catholic
Encyclopedia 1910)*

A Diocese is the territory or churches subject to the jurisdiction of a bishop. The Diocese of Kerry and Aghadoe (*Kerriensis Et Aghadoensis*), suffragan of Cashel, Ireland, is sixty-six miles in length, and sixty-one in breadth, containing a superficial area of 983,400 acres, and extending over the whole County of Kerry and a portion of that of Cork; in 1901 the Catholic population was 187,346.

This diocese, in its actual condition, was constituted by the union of two very ancient sees -- Ardfert and Aghadoe, but the precise date of this incorporation cannot now be definitely ascertained. All we know is that it had taken place before the Synod of Rathbrassil (1110), for it is there proposed and sanctioned that the see of the then united Diocese of Ardfert and Aghadoe should be at Rathass near Tralee.

Our ecclesiastical historians give a detailed account of the various journeys of St. Patrick, who, though visiting the neighbouring County of Limerick, never set foot in Kerry, being content (as the ancient chroniclers say) with giving this remote corner of Ireland his blessing, while standing on some point of vantage in West Limerick and viewing the lofty mountains and

vast bogs of ancient Kerry. Nevertheless, we know from many sources that Christianity was introduced here at a very early period. This fact is attested not merely by the annalists, but also by the many monuments of great antiquity and Christian character which still exist in various districts of the diocese.

The first bishop whom we find mentioned in connection with the history of Kerry, was named Erc, and there can be no reasonable doubt that this bishop was St. Erc of Slane, who died according to the Annals of Ulster in 512. He exercised episcopal jurisdiction in the county before the birth of St. Brendan, and from what we read about his relations with that great saint, must have resided there almost continuously for several years afterwards. It is very probable he came to Kerry soon after the mission of St. Benignus, who was sent by St. Patrick in 450 to preach to the tribes of West Munster, and "to unite them to the Church by the saving waters of baptism". This visit of St. Benignus was comparatively short, for he was called away to North Clare and Connaught, where his apostolic labours may have been more urgently needed.

To complete, however, the conversion of Kerry thus auspiciously begun, St. Patrick sent one of his most zealous and devoted bishops, St. Erc, who had spiritual charge not only of Kerry, but also of a wide range of south-west Limerick, in the heart of which lay the convent of St. Ita at Killeedy, over which he seems to have had jurisdiction. He was the special friend and tutor of St. Brendan, the patron

of Kerry, whose feast is celebrated on 16 May. There is not among the ancient saints of Erin a more interesting figure than this patron of Kerry. His travels by land, and still more his voyages by sea, have made him famous from the earliest times. Very ancient manuscript copies of his famous seven years' voyage in the Atlantic Ocean are found in several European libraries, while his romantic career was a favorite theme with the poets and romancers of medieval Europe.

The other ancient see included in the modern Diocese of Kerry, is that of Aghadoe. Another native saint, Finan Cam, was the first to build a church at Aghadoe, which in after times became the see of a bishop. It was this saint also who founded the famous monastery and school of Innisfallen, a lovely island in the Lower Lake of Killarney. It was here that one of the greatest of Ireland's kings was educated - Brian Boru, who destroyed the power of the Danes at Clontarf in 1014, while his distinguished professor, Maelsuthain O'Carroll, was most probably the original compiler of the famous Annals of Innisfallen. The principal copy of this valuable work is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It begins with a general history of the great empires of the world down to A.D. 430. The remainder, and the more valuable portion of the Annals, contains a brief chronicle of Ireland to 1319. This monastery, owing to its situation, escaped the ravages of the Danes, who had worked such ruin on other churches in Kerry.

Unfortunately, there are few records of the early bishops either of Ardfert or Aghadoe previous to the Norman invasion in the twelfth century. All we know is, each had its distinct succession of bishops, and each cathedral had its separate chapter. But these, in the days of persecution, were allowed to lapse. The chapter of Kerry was re-established by Brief of His Holiness, Pius IX, in 1858. Owing to persecution, and the disturbed state of the country, this diocese had no bishops from 1610 to 1641, and again from 1653 to 1703, being governed during both these periods by vicars Apostolic. From this latter date there has been no interruption in the episcopal succession.

Many of its bishops have been men of distinction. We may mention Dr. Richard O'Connell (1641-1653), who at a very trying time successfully resisted the determined attacks of heresy on the faith of the people. In modern times Kerry had Dr. David Moriarty (1856-1877), a most accomplished pulpit orator, and Dr. Daniel McCarthy (1878-1881), for many years professor in the College of Maynooth, and author of valuable works on Sacred Scripture.

The religious orders were introduced into the diocese chiefly through the piety and zeal of some of the ancient lords of the county. The Franciscans came to Ardfert in 1253, to Muckross in 1440, and to Lislaughtin in 1464. The Dominican convent in Tralee was founded in 1213. The Cistercians built the Abbey of Kyrie Eleison in Odorney in

1154, while at a much earlier period religious communities existed at Killagha in the parish of Kilcoleman, at Derrinane, at Rattoo, etc. During the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth all those religious establishments were destroyed, the priests were expelled, while their property was confiscated.

The successful career of Cromwell and his lieutenants had a still more disastrous effect on the religious condition of this remote see in southwest Munster. In modern times there has been a satisfactory revival. Though these ancient monasteries, and the parochial churches throughout the diocese, were utterly ruined in days of persecution, there has been a complete restoration from the wreck and disaster of those sad times. The Dominicans are again established in Tralee, while the Franciscans flourish -- if not in lovely Muckross, still in Killarney not far away. The parish churches, which were mostly thatched cabins not so long ago, are now magnificent stone structures raised through the zeal and energy of a faithful priesthood, aided by the generosity and religious spirit of the laity of the county.

The ancient cathedrals at Ardfert and Aghadoe are now in ruins, but the modern cathedral of Kerry, canonically erected in the ancient parish of Aghadoe by special brief dated 18 May, 1858, surpasses even old Ardfert -- still magnificent, though in ruins. It was designed by Pugin and was begun under Bishop Egan in 1840. For over fifty years it remained in an unfinished state, but the present occupant of the

See of Kerry and Aghadoe, Most Rev. Dr. John Mangan, has with characteristic energy undertaken the completion of this magnificent structure according to the original designs of its celebrated architect. Dr. Mangan was born in the parish of Listowel in 1843, and was educated at Killarney and Maynooth, where he won the highest academical distinctions. His missionary life in Kerry was mainly spent in the parishes of Glengariff and Kenmare, which, owing to their extent, always demand great labour on the part of their pastor. As a reward for his energy and zeal, he was appointed archdeacon of Aghadoe, parish priest of Kenmare, and vicar-general of the diocese in 1901. He was raised to the episcopate, 21 July, 1904. This diocese consists of 51 parishes, has 49 parish priests, two administrators, and 69 curates. It has 99 churches, 2 friaries, 5 monasteries, and 17 convents."



Patrick Doyle Manchester playing at the Four Elms

Ballymacelligott

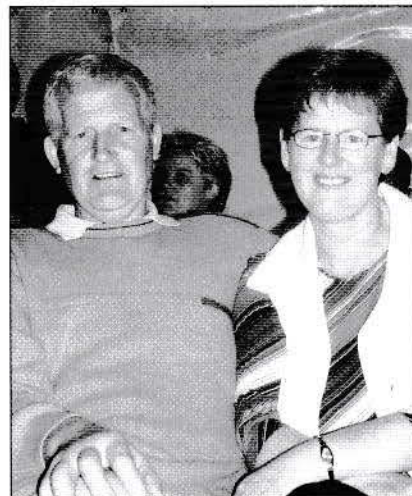
Ballymacelligott parish is in Trughnacamy barony. The Macelligotts had three castles in the parish, within a circle of three miles: Carrignafeela, Arabella, and Bernagrillagh. The latter is by the railway, some five miles from Tralee; a square block of walls, over-grown with grass and the ground floor used as a cattle shelter. The Castle or Carrignafeela had a deep cavern, called the prison, of John, son of Ulick MacElligott; but the place was called in Gaelic the stone fort of the poets, and was not such a wicked place as some writers describe it. An inquisition, in the Dublin Record Office states that Arthur Denny, Esq., died at his mansion house of Carrignafeely, 4: 7: 1619.

Gloun-na Geentha was the scene of the murder of the great Earl of Desmond in 1683. The exact spot is now marked by an earthen mound, circled by a row of evergreens. It would be a worthy deed of the Fitzgerald's of Desmond to erect a monument on the spot worthy of the greatest man of their race, who fought against foreign rule and fell fighting against his foes like his famous namesake, the chief of the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The earl's remains were interred at Ardnagrath in the chapel which still bears his name, Kilnamanagh.

The great limestone quarry of Ballymacelligott has supplied building material for the whole district, including Tralee Barracks, Ballyseedy House, the County Gaol and; the Courthouse, and the Tralee

canal. A stream running underground for two miles has formed many curious limestone caverns, the principal entrance being in O'Brennan parish.

The Protestant church was erected in 1824, on the site of the old parish church. There are several forts in the parish in some of which excavations have been found regularly walled and floored.



Tom & Kathleen Herlihy



MICHAEL SHEEHY

Electrical Contractor

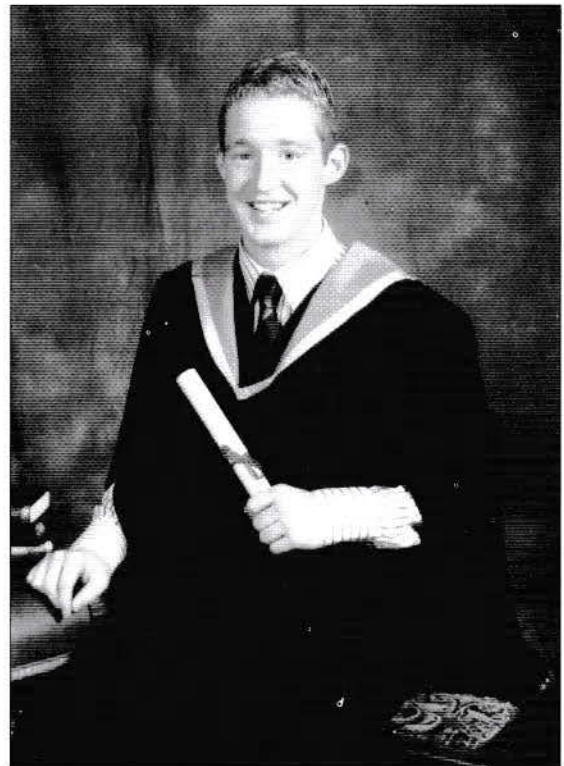
• *Domestic* • *Industrial* • *Commercial*

Knockbrack, Ardfert, Co Kerry Tel 066 71 34525

*Looking forward to the Journal
Keep up the good work*

The Townlands of Ballymacelligott.

1. Ahane, little ford.
2. Arabella.
3. Ash-hill.
4. Ballineedora, townland of the weaver's
5. Ballyinknock, the townland of the hill.
6. Biallyaukeen, town of Con's ford.
7. Ballyheg, the little townland.
8. Ballybrannagh, Welsh town.
9. Ballydwyer, east, middle, and west.
10. Ballyfinoge, the townland of the crows.
11. Ballynahinch, the townland of the "inch."
12. Barrakilla, the top of the wood.
13. Bealagrellagh, the mouth of the swamp.
14. Caherbreagh, the stone fort of the wolves.
15. Cahercullenagh, lower and upper, the stone fort of the holly district
16. Cahermore, the big stone fort.
17. Carrignafeella, the stone fort of the poets.
18. Clashatlea, the river bed or hollow of the mountain.
19. Cloughavolla, the commemorative stone of the battle.
20. Clogher, the stone church or ecclesiastical.
21. Cloigherclemin, Clemin's stone church edifice.
22. Clohermore, the big stone church. .
23. Coolnadead, rope-nook.
24. Curraghmacdonagh, McDonagh's bog
25. Doonimlaghbeg, the little border fort, or little Elmlagh's fort.
26. Flemby.
27. Garraun beg and more, the big and little shrubbery.
28. Glanageenty, Gloun-na-neentha, Gleann-an-Ghinntigh, Fortress Glen, where, in 1583, the Earl of Desmond was murdered at Bothar-an-Iaria,
29. Gortagullane, the field of the gollaun.
30. Gortatlea, the garden of the mountain.
31. Gortnaleaha, the field of the halves.
32. Gortshanavally, the garden of the old village.
33. Kilbane, the white church.
34. Kilkerri, O'Ciaria's church.
35. Kilquane, Cuan's church.
36. Knockatarriv, bull's hill.
37. Knockavinnane, kid's hill.
38. Kylebeg, little wood.
39. Lissoonleen, little apple fort.
40. Loughnacappagh, the lake of the hamlet.
41. Magh, east and west, the plain.
43. Maglass, east and west, the green plain.
43. Martara, the martyrs, or the scene of the massacre.
44. Mountnicholas.
45. Muingnatee, the morass of the houses.
46. Mweelinroe, the red bare hill.
47. Rathanny, deer's fort.
48. Reanagowan, the smith's field.
49. Rockfield.
50. Shanavalley, the old hamlet.
61. Tonreagh., lower and upper.
52. Toreen, the little cattle fold, or the little bleach green.
53. Tooreenastooka, the little cattle fold of the stocks or stacks.
54. Tullygarran, the nag's hill, or the hill of the shrubbery.
55. Tursillagh, sally (willow) tower.



Michael Sheehy who graduated with First Class Honours in Mechanical Engineering.

He was one of four graduates of the University of Limerick's Department of Mechanical & Aeronautical Engineering to be awarded an IRCSET scholarship to study at the Stokes Research Institute at the University for the next three years. Michael is a grandson of Bridie & the late John Joe Sheehy of Clahane.

Duagh Civil Parish

Duagh Civil Parish			
<u>Townlands</u>	<u>Acres</u>		
Ardydonaghan	490	Foildarrig	264
Ballygarret	115	Gortanimerisk	61
Ballymacjordan	257	Inchymagilleraigh East	28
Ballynagraigue	382	Inchymagilleraigh West	92
Ballynamuddagh	250	Islandboy	137
Bunglasha	216	Islandboy East	81
Coolaneelig	405	Islandboy West	9
Coolvackagh	57	Kilcarra Beg	241
Craggane	233	Kilcarra More	308
Curraghatouk	153	Kingsland	329
Derk	408	Knockaderreen	479
Derrindaff	763	Knockalougha	1,244
Dromlegagh	92	Knockaneroe	159
Dromlegagh Demesne	73	Knockaunbrack	493
Duagh	236	Knockaunnanoon	518
Foil	76	Knockavallig	194
		Knockmeal	446
		Knocknacaheragh	502
		Knocknacrohy	302
		Knockundervaul	500
		Lacka East	514
		Lacka West	508
		Lisroe	521
		Lyres	122
		Meenahorna	352
		Meenanare	596
		Meenscovane	277
		Moynsha	96
		Muingwee	287
		Patch	143
		Pilgrim Hill	343
		Rathoran	354
		Rea	259
		Rylane	554
		Scrahan	373
		Shanafona	186
		Shanbally	183
		Shronebeirne	412
		Sluicequarter	261
		Toor	599
		Tooreen	435
		Trienearagh	1,708

Duagh



THE TOWNLANDS AROUND LYREACROMPANE

CLOGHANELISKIRT - Clochan Eiliscrit. A stone bee-hive hut where a monk or hermit named Eiliscrit lived. (or Eiliscrit's stony hill) It seems more of an Anglo-Saxon than an Irish name.

CARRIGCANNON - Carrig Ceannfhionn. The white-headed rock.

CLOGHANENAGLERAGH - Clochan na gCleireach. The clochan of the clerics. Or the stepping stones of the clergy

LYREACROMPANE - Ladhar is the land enclosed by two converging rivers or streams, or by two converging ridges. Crompan is a dry hillock surrounded in whole or in part by marshy land.

GLASHANANOON - Glaise na n-Uan. The lamb's stream.

CLOUGHBOOLA - Cloch Buaile. A stone shelter used for cattle or humans when cattle were grazed on the hilltops during the summer season.

GLASHANACREE - Glaise na Craoibhe, the stream of the tree branch.

GLANADERHIG, - Glen of the oak wood.

GLANTAUNYALKEEN, - Halkin's garden

GORTACLOGHANE, - The field at the stone fort.

CLOGHBOOLA, - The stone of the night fold.

DROMADDA, BEG & MORE, - small long ridge and the big long ridge

BROUGHANE Borderland

KNOCKAUNBRACK Cnocan Breac - The Speckled hill.

KNOCKAUNNANOON - Cnocan na n-Uan - The Hill of the Lambs

MUINGWEE - The yellow march

BEENNAGEEHA - Windy summit

KNOCKNACURRA - Hill of the march

KNOCKNAGOUM - Hill of the hollows

MUNIGATLAUNLUSH - Marsh of heal herb

BANEMORE - The big milking green

BRAUMADDRA - The dog bank also millstone of the dog

KNOCKACLARE - The hill of the wooden bridge or hill of the plain

MUINGNAMINNANE - the swamp of the kids

The meaning of the word Lyre

In some parts of the south this word is pronounced gyle, and hence we have Gyleen, the name of a village near Trabolgan, just outside Cork harbour. There are two conical mountains a little west of Glengariff in Cork, between which ran the old road to Castletown Bearhaven; they stand up somewhat like the prongs of a fork, and hence they are called Goulmore and Goulbeg, great and little fork; but the former is now better known by the name of Sugar-loaf. This very remarkable mountain is also often called Sliabh - na-gaibhle, the mountain of the fork, which is pronounced Slieve-na-goila; and many people now believe that this signifies the mountain of the wild men! Another word for a fork is ladhar [pron. lyre in / the south, lear in the north], which is also much used in forming names, and like gabhal is applied to a fork formed by streams or glens. There are many rivers and places in the south called Lyre, and others in the north called Lear, both of which are anglicised forms of this word; and the diminutives Lyreen, Lyrane, and Lyranes (little river-forks), are the names of some places in Cork,

Kerry, and Waterford. Near Inchigeelain Cork, there is a townland called, from its exposed situation, Lyrenageeha, the fork of the wind; Lyraneeria in Waterford, near Clonmel, the earl's river-fork. On the southern side of Seefin mountain, three miles south of Kilfinane in Limerick, is a bright little valley traversed by a sparkling streamlet; which, from its warm sunny aspect, is called Lyrana-grena, in Irish Ladhar-na-greine, the valley of the sun.

JJ Sheehy N.D.D.
artist & designer ESTD. 1986



Providing clients with:
Illustration service for print & electronic media
Artist impressions
Design of Company Corporate Image,
Annual reports, Brochures, Stationery etc.

The Gallery now open Ballinorig East, Tralee, County Kerry,
Tel. 7122818, jj@jjsheehyart.com, www.jjsheehyart.com

*Best Wishes
To the Journal*

*From John Joe
And Family*

*"Looking forward
to a great
Christmas read"*



North Kerry Writers
By John Joe Sheehy

Question Time?

Tommy Quille.

- 1 Where did the first All-Ireland SH final take place?
- 2 Who challenged Alan Dukes for leadership of the Fine Gael party after the June election of 1989?
- 3 What shape do flocks of geese form in flight?
- 4 Name the GAA Grounds in Portlaois?
- 5 What was Countess Markievicz's full name before she married Count Markievicz?
- 6 What salad vegetable would you be eating if you were having a "French breakfast"?
- 7 How many fences are there in the Grand National?
- 8 What is the common name for the spring bulb "Galanthus Nivalis"?
- 9 Elisha Otis opened the sky to skyscrapers with what invention?
- 10 Traditionally in which months should you not eat oysters?
- 11 A "Bloody Mary" is named after Mary Magdalene. True or False?
- 12 If you are served food "a la mode" in the US what does it come with?
- 13 What is the average human body temperature?
- 14 Sinéad Flanagan married what famous man in St Paul's Church Arran Quay, Dublin on Jan 8th, 1910?
- 15 In the Government re-shuffle of September 2004, who became Minister for Agriculture?
- 16 What are the ingredients in the drink "Bucks Fizz"?
- 17 What are "Chinese Gooseberries"?
- 18 How does Juliet's lover die?
- 19 What are the high tides called, when the sun, moon, and earth are ranged in a straight line?
- 20 If you flew into Faro Airport which Country would you be in?
- 21 By what name was Agnes Bojaxitil better known?
- 22 Who invented the flush toilet in 1778?
- 23 Does sound travel faster through water or through air?
- 24 Which Country has the largest number of Roman Catholics?

- 25 If twins were born within 20 minutes of each other, and one of them was Gemini and the other was Taurus .On what dates would they have been born?
- 26 In which City did the first heart transplant operation take place?
- 27 With which sport would you associate the terms, 'Flamingo position', 'Reverse scull', 'Egg beater' and 'Tub position'?
- 28 On the internet what would the abbreviation "Y2K" stand for?
- 29 Who was Richard Nixon's first Vice President?
- 30 Aspirin was originally obtained from the bark of which tree?

Quiz Time Answers

1. Birt, Co. Offaly. 2. Austin Deasy. 3. V-Shape. 4. O Moore Park. 5. Eve Gore-Booth. 6. Raddish. 7.30. 8. Snowdrop. 9. Elevator or Lift. 10. May to August. 11. False, it was named after Queen Mary. 12. Ice Cream. 13. 37 degrees celsius. 14. Eamon De Valera. 15. Mary Coughlan. 16. Orange Juice and Champagne. 17. Kiwi Fruit. 18. He poisoned himself. 19. Spring Tides. 20. Portugal. 21. Mother Theresa of Calcutta. 22. Joseph Bramah. 23. Water. 24. Brazil. 25. 20th and 21st May. 26. Cape Town. 27. Fencing. 28. The Year 2000. 29. Spiro Agnew. 30. The Willow



**The Quill family meet
President Mary McAleese**

Kilflynn Concert in 1934

(The Kerryman July 28)

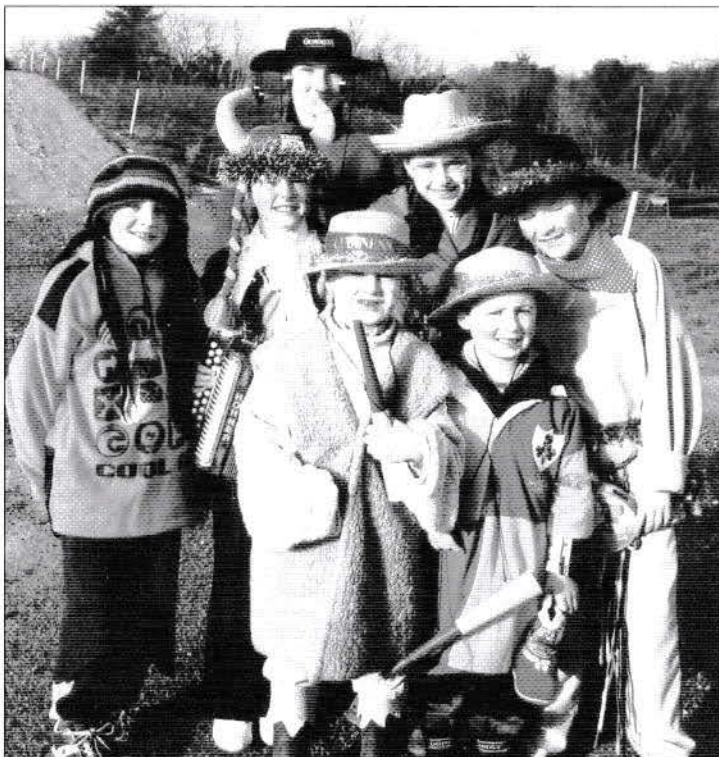
Having no place in particular to go on last Sunday night, I got up on my old bike and I struck out for the Kilflynn Hall, where Mr. Liam Dineen, with its brilliant Feis Troupe, were conducting a Concert. I may say at once it was most enjoyable and pleasant, and a huge success from very point of view; a record attendance; splendid order, and a most enjoyable programme. The children gave delightful exhibitions of the different dancing, viz., hornpipe, jig, reel, High Caul Cap, Humours of Bandon. It was amazing to see the three little toddlers doing their part, without putting a foot astray as the saying is.

When all the troupe did their parts splendidly, it is not easy

to single out anyone for special mention. I could not help admiring Josephine Harnett, Julia Lyons; 'Babe' Mulvihill and Eileen Buckley, with Philomena Rellihan and the little Foley girl also doing well. Mr. Dineen and Mr. Phil Cahill gave us some exhibitions of dancing, which made our blood feel like ice. Phil is still the beautiful dancer that we always put him down to be. Other artists who helped to make the concert a success were; Miss Peggy Kelliher, whose sweet voice was heard to great advantage in "Ere I Prove False to Thee, Dear Lord", and a song in Irish. Mr. O'Sullivan was very successful with the comic song "Making the Cheese," while Mr. Tom Kirby scored with that delightful old song, "Just Down the Lane." Danny Boy, who acted as M.C., was at the top of his form, and kept the house alive with his comic songs and witty sayings.

The music, which was first-class, was supplied by Messrs. Sheehy, Mulvilhill and Hannifin. Everybody did their part, and did it well, including the audience, and I now take off my hat to the sporting boys and girls of Kilflynn. Their fine order and splendid behaviour, while the programme was going through was all that could be desired. The writer has had the pleasure of being amongst audiences in different parts of the country but never before has he seen such a well conducted crowd as that which attended the concert. They deserve the greatest credit. As for charming manners and glorious behaviour; I give the palm to Kilflynn, and I mean this honesty. I felt lonely leaving such a fine sporting crowd, but I only left them in the hope that when the fields are white with daisies, I'll return.

"Golden Fleece"



Out in the Wren in Rathea



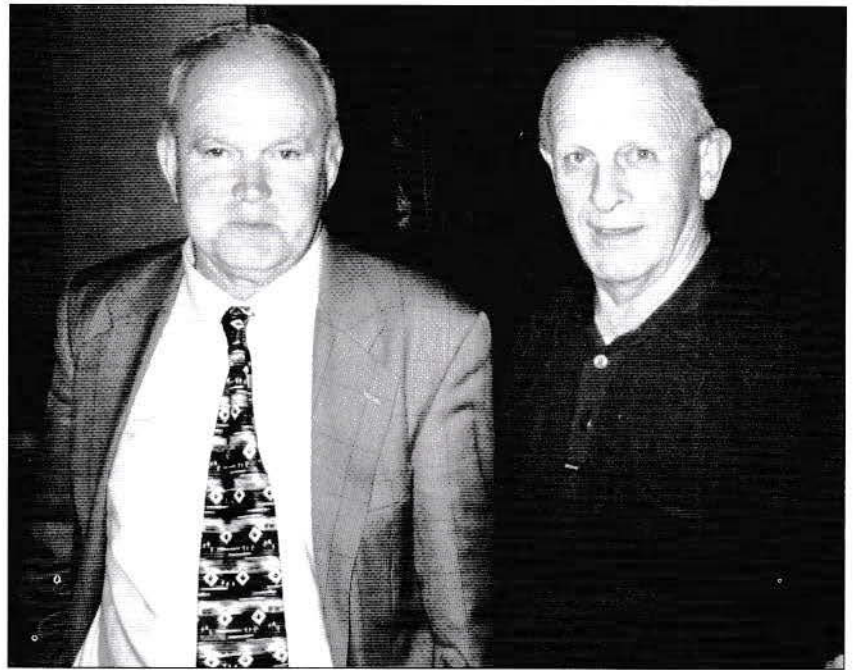
Kay Galvin and Trix at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival Dog Show

On the Wireless

Recently I came across a newspaper from 1938. For Sunday, January 16th of that year the national radio service came on the air with a Gramophone Concert at 1.30pm. Later that evening Lord Longford presented scenes from Henry IV. In those days the Irish Radio Orchestra was often on the airways and a Five Minute Appeal was a regular feature at 10.30pm. On this occasion it was for St Joseph's Women's Night Refuge in Dublin. The last programme on Sunday nights was sports results with Sean Og O'Ceallachain and the National Anthem at 11pm signalled bedtime.

During the rest of the week programmes started at 1.30pm included daily broadcasts to schools at 2.30pm for half an hour. One wonders how many schools had radios in those days. Hilton Edwards explained how he had founded the Gate Theatre and you could improve your Bridge with Joseph O'Neill. The Veteran, a play by Stephen Grace was broadcast on January 17th, and "outside broadcasts" included an Organ Recital from St Finbarr's Cathedral in Cork. Another outside broadcast was the relaying from the Gresham Hotel of a speech by Mr Sean Lemass, Minister for Industry and Commerce, at the annual Dinner of the Federation of Saorstat Industries Ltd. Angelus.

Interestingly the Angelus was nowhere to be heard in the radio broadcasts of the 1930s.



Radioman, Joe Quille and Jimmy Roche



The Three Bills: Bill McCarthy, Bill Molyneaux and Bill Curran celebrating Bill Molyneaux 70th Birthday

No need to spell it out!

Believe it or not, you can read it.

I cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacly uesdnatnrd waht I was rdnig. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid aocedrng to rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mttar in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoatnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pelae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit a porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Amzanig huh?

WHEN RADIO CAME TO LYRE

BY JOE QUILLE

Technology is constantly updating to bring the latest in home entertainment to a consumer society ever eager to have the most novel, trendiest, and latest gadgets on the market. In over a hundred years since Marconi received the first Trans-Atlantic radio transmission in 1901, we have come via the wireless, gramophone, television, video, cassette recorder, compact disc, DVD, to the personal computer in all its variations.

In an Island Nation embarking as an independent state the most beneficial medium in terms of news, information, sport, culture and education has undoubtedly been radio since the establishment of 2RN. (Radio Eireann in 1926).

The earliest form of radio was the crystal set, which was around in the 1920s, but there were not many in Ireland. In the early 1930's about 60% of homes in the USA owned radios. A subsequent development of a technique called "Frequency Modulation" (FM) which virtually eliminated "static" interference from electrical machinery and thundrey weather made radio more popular with the masses.

In Ireland with the completion of the Shannon Scheme at Ardnacrusha in the early 1930's most of the towns and villages had the benefits of first time electricity. However it would be another 20 years before places like Lyre would come to

appreciate the benefits of electricity under the ESB Rural Electrification Scheme in the 1950's.

THE WET BATTERY

The interim radio solution was the wireless, so called because with no electricity in the countryside there was no electric cables and plugs to power the radio. Power was provided by a combined "dry" and "wet" battery source connected to the wireless set. The dry battery carrying 120 volts was either a Winner or Drydex and measuring 9"x 6"x 3" and was connected permanently to the set. The wet battery was an upright clear glass container approximately 8" high x 4" square which was filled with acid. A black and red terminal on the top made the positive and negative connections to power the wireless in tandem with the dry battery. A metal carrying handle enabled the owner to walk home with the battery because it would have been too dangerous to carry on a bicycle because of the acid.

In the week coming up to the Sunday the wireless was used sparingly, switched on only for the news and weather forecast for fear the charge would run out during an important match. This was a time when Kerry contested five of the six All-Ireland finals between 1936 and 1942 winning four.

THE SUNDAY GAME.

My first recollection of an All Ireland final was at the home of Sonny Doran's with my brothers and our neighbours the Moriarty's. It was the 1946 final

between Roscommon and Kerry and what memories that game and the subsequent replay which Kerry won would evoke. Players who then were household names includes the fair-haired Jimmy Murray and his brother Phelim, Bill Carlos, Fallen Nerney and Kevin Lough for Roscommon, Paddy Bawn, Paddy Kennedy, Joe Keohane and Gegga O'Connor for the Kingdom.

Another house we frequented for the match on Sunday was Pat Gleason's (now Falvey's). One of the abiding memories I have of that era is the kindness shown to us at all times by Pat Gleeson and Sonny and Dan Doran, gentlemen one and all.

Everybody was looking forward to the 1947 football final between Kerry and Cavan. It was being broadcast live on a Sunday evening from the Polo Grounds in New York and would feature all the big names in football. Micheál O'Hehir's memorable commentary made radio the new image of the age and established the medium of sport and entertainment. Born of Clare parents, he grew up in Dublin and this gave rise to the perception (rightly or wrongly) that when it came to football he was biased against Kerry. None however could question his ability to communicate the atmosphere, tension and excitement of the big match day. That 1947 final from the Polo Grounds would feature all the big names, Paddy Kennedy, Danno Keeffe, Eddie Walsh and Eddie Dowling of Kerry. John Joe Reilly, PJ Duke, Simon Deignan, Mick Higgins and the incomparable Peter Donoghue of Cavan.

In those days Trans-Atlantic Broadcasts were somewhat unusual and even mysterious. In fact, this lent enhancement to the whole day. But there were problems too. The line which carried the broadcast across the Atlantic to Radio Eireann had been booked to 5PM New York time and now it was just a minute to 5 and there was still a good five minutes left in the game. Writing about it afterwards Micheál said "A dreadful thought crossed my mind. "What if somebody in a control room in New York just checked a piece of paper which said the Irish booking ends at five o'clock and disconnected". Micheál begged on air for "five minuets more" and kept going as Cavan went on to win 2-11 to 2-7. He did not know whether his pleas were being answered. However, they were, and the closing stages of that historic match were heard by thousands of listeners in Ireland, including the Quille and Moriarty brothers courtesy of our gracious host Pat Gleeson.

A House of Politics

Another great radio house in those days was Jerry Long's. Jerry, who would subsequently become my Father-in-law, was an avid Fianna Fail man being Chairman of the Lyre Cumann and woe-be-tide you if you harboured any flirtation with the opposition. It sure was a great place to be on the night of an election count. The two big names in politics at the time were Thomas McEllistrim and Dan Spring. Both of course would be elected, but who would top the poll would be the question, invariably, it would be Tommy Mac and the celebrations led by Jerry himself would be memorable.

Different houses in many parts of the locality had the reputation of being great radio houses where the neighbours gathered for the Sunday Game or other specific programmes such as Ballad Makers Saturday Night or Take the Floor.

In the village of Clahane which comprised five houses -Sheehys, Quilles, Moriartys, Dillons and Sullivans. The first radio was at

Sheehys and I can still recall many of the programmes which we looked forward to every week. Every Thursday night Paddy Crosbie in his inimitable Dublin accent introduced pupils from his 'School around the Corner'. When a young lad in relating his funny incident told how his Father had shot the horse in the hole. Paddy couldn't be sure whether he was referring to a hole in the ground or part of the horse's anatomy and couldn't contain himself. It was spontaneity at its best.

Question time with Joe Linnane was a popular programme keeping quiz buffs on their toes. Every Saturday evening John O'Donovan's back and forth typewriter carriage musically introduced "Dear Sir or Madam" in which listeners wrote in their comments on "That's not Sam", says Maureen various topics, anything from the price of a postage stamp, the sighting of the first cuckoo, to the state of the nation. A fiver was awarded for the best letter each week which was read out on the programme.



Tim Nash makes a presentation to Brendan & Fiona O'Sullivan to mark their time in Lyre also in the photograph Christina and Maurice Curtin and Albert Roche

The Transistor Radio

A major advance on radio technology came with the development of the Transistor - a semiconductor device with three or more electrodes. It was invented at Bell Telephone Laboratories in America by John Bardeen and William Shockley Transistors. They've had a tremendous impact on the electronics industry and are made in thousands of millions each year

My First Job

The transistor was launched in the early 50s and that was the time I got my first job as an apprentice to the bar and grocery trade at Hickeys Edward St Tralee. It was at this time that my love affair with Radio really blossomed thanks mainly to Radio Luxembourg (the Station of the Stars). Every Sunday night there was the Top Twenty sponsored by Silvkrin Shampoo. It was a time when the pubs closed early on Sundays - sometimes as early as three on Sunday afternoon. Technically you had to travel three miles from your residence on Sunday before you were legally entitled to a drink. In other words the man or woman living next door to Hickeys could not legally drink in their local. Sometimes my job on Sunday would be at the corner of Edward St. on the look out for the Gardai. The law was a crazy one sure enough but I or my colleagues were not complaining as we were as free as a bird very early on Sunday afternoon. The law subsequently changed to seven o'clock and then to eight on Sundays. I would invariably go to the pictures in the Ashe Memorial Hall or perhaps to a concert in

the C.Y.M.S. In any event I would be back to base at 10 Edward St. in oceans of time for the "top twenty" at 11pm on Radio Luxembourg. Number Ones such as Mein Papa (Eddie Calvert) I See The Moon (Stargazers) Secret Love (Doris Day) Three Coins In The Fountain (Frank Sinatra) Softly Softly (Ruby Murray) and Slim Whitman (Rose Marie) the list is endless.

As well as the 'Top Twenty' there was Jack Jackson's (Record Roundup) on Saturday nights, Pete Murray's Irish Hour and the Scottish Hour presented by Keith Fordyce which introduced us to the legendary Jimmy Shand, Will Starr and Jim Cameron as well as Robert Wilson and the White Heather Group. It was to my mind the golden era of radio and a current song by Alan Jackson (Thank God for the Radio) says it all.

Sponsored Programmes

Many of the leading Irish Companies spearheading the growth of home industry in the early sixties acted as commercial sponsors of daily "soaps" The most notable of these being Fry Cadburys sponsorship of the long running "Kennedys of Castlerosse"

Some of these Companies have long since ceased trading. Names such as Irel Coffee, Prescotts, Imco, Urney Chocolates and Donnelly's Sausages to name a few. For thousands of Irish people at home and abroad no programme tugged at the heartstrings more than the Walton's programme which went out on Saturday's at 2.30pm, with the inimitable Leo

Maguire. The theme of the programme was If you feel like singing Do sing an Irish song. Who could forget the memorable singing voices of Bridie Gallagher, Mary McGonigle, Charlie McGee, Willie Brady and Joe Lynch who in later years would achieve lasting fame as "Dinny in Glenroe"? Joe Lynch's rendering of "The Bold Thady Quille" would also be my signature tune on my radio programmes in Limerick in later years.

AT THE MICROPHONE.

Given my passion for radio it was I suppose inevitable that I would get involved on a personal level. In Limerick in the 70s and 80s was a gentleman called John Frawley who was widely acknowledged as the Father of local or pirate radio and during that period he operated a very successful station called Radio Luimini and in Sept 1982 I made my debut with a programme, called 'Midweek Music', every Wednesday 3 till 6. This programme ran until the station had to close in 1988 to make way for legal stations which were to come on stream. The then Minister in charge of Communications was a gentleman called Ray Burke who had to leave politics in later years in total disgrace (Sinn scéal éile)

Some years later, and still a pirate broadcaster, I had a job in another radio station thanks to the editor of this journal Joe Harrington in association with Joe's popular Rambling House programme. The station studio was five stories up and as the programmes were going out at night the lift in the building

closed at 5.30. Joe would collect me at home with literally minutes to go before going on air as I would be doing the first hour. Joe, being a far fitter man than I would race up those stairs, all five stories, leaving me gasping in his wake, and by the time I'd reach the top Joe would have my signature tune 'The Bold Thady Quille' playing. Joe would take care of the phone and after an hour we would reverse roles, Joe broadcasting the Rambling House programme which he had recorded out the County during the previous week. We had some great moments: it might be Paddy Faley's 'Minding The House', Kitty Carrigs 'Brownbread' the singing of Peggy Sweeney or the late great John Carrig with the "Knocknagoshel Man" in Croke Park".

We also had hilarious moments on the phone. On one occasion a gentlemen called in and wanted to sing a song. Nothing unusual in that, just transfer the call to Joe at the desk. What was amusing about this one was that one of our more eccentric listeners had cycled four or five miles to the local village parked the bike at the telephone kiosk went in and rang us up, and there and then, oblivious I'm sure to the funny looks he was getting from passers by, he sang all ten verses or whatever and bid us goodnight, another satisfied listener. Oh the joys of local radio.

Mayor Goes Rambling.

Another unforgettable night was the night Joe was elected Mayor of Limerick. Those of us from Lyreacrompane were justifiably proud of the honour that was

bestowed on one of our own. But instead of celebrating this momentous event, Joe being the consummate professional insisted the show must go on, collected me within a half an hour of his Mayoral victory and we headed off for 'Buttercup Farm' outside Croom to record a Rambling House programme. Needless to say it was a night to remember with the spotlight very much on the new Mayor. We arrived there that night in a van but subsequent Rambling House trips would be in the Mayoral Limousine; a luxury that one could easily get used to.

After the good times things became more mundane but still enjoyable as we moved on to Radio Galtee where once again I was able to resume with Mid Week Music on Wednesday with programmes also on Mondays and Fridays.

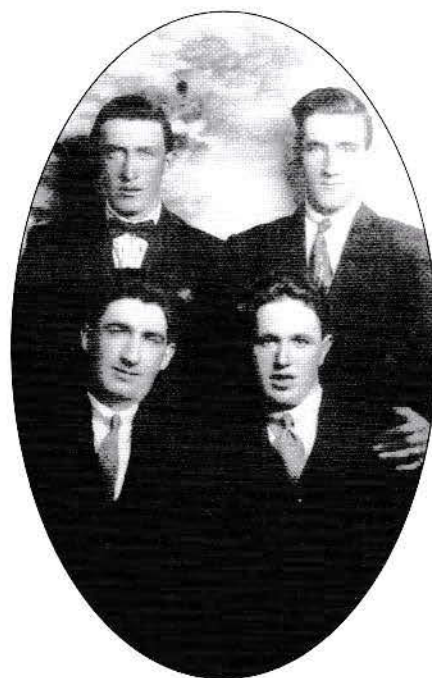
Internal differences forced the closure of that station Sept 2004 and in January 2005 I teamed up with Limerick Country FM. At the time of writing this station has ceased broadcasting. It has applied for a licence and to comply with the broadcasting regulations the station closed following a farewell bash at the Woodlands in Adare, and I was deeply touched by a standing ovation which I got from the crowded hall. It was a nice gesture and was perhaps a vindication of the music I have been playing, for in the words of a very popular Frank Sinatra song 'I did it My Way'. So it has been a most enjoyable journey since those Tralee days, the top twenty, Radio Luxembourg, and of course the start of that journey to the match on Sunday courtesy

of Pat Gleeson and Sonny and Dan Doran and the election drama at Jerry Long's. God be good to them all. Mary Hopkins in her hit song says it all "Those Were the Days My Friend".

Aeroplane over Listowel

A considerable amount of excitement was aroused here on Tuesday by Mr Pennyfeather of the Cork Aero Club landed on the Island Course. After some delay the pilot, accompanied by Miss Dillon, The Square, left for Fermoy. Before leaving the aeroplane gave a display of aerial evolution, embracing looping the loop, spinning etc.

The Kerryman August 18 1934



At back: Paddy & Jim Nash
from Spur
Front: Tom Nash & John Wheelan

Census – 1659 & 1901

In 1659 there were thirteen people living in Banemore and the thirteen people spoke Irish only.

In Palace (Pallas) there were ten residents and the ten spoke Irish only. Errimore (Irramore) had

seventeen Irish speaking residents.

There were seventeen people living in Gortnycloghane (Gortacloghane) speaking only Irish.

Twenty people lived at Funuge (Finuge) seventeen spoke Irish only and the remaining three

spoke English.

There is no mention of Lyreacrompane in this Census.

Lyreacrompane appears in the 1851 Census.

1901 Census Head of each family residing in the house

Cloughboula	Daniel Brown, John Brown, Robert Brown.
Dromaddabeg	Ellen Moloney, Michael Moloney, Daniel Moloney.
Dromaddamore	John Mahoney, Michael Cotter, John Sheehy, William Cotter, James Cotter, Patrick Lynch, Patrick Moloney, James Lyons, Ellen Donoghue, Thomas McElligott, Ellen Lynch, John O'Connor, Thomas Lyons, Michael Brown, John Cotter, Catherine Brosnan, Julia Horan, Patrick Kennedy, Cornelius O'Sullivan, Denis O'Leary, Thomas O'Connor, Timothy Brosnan, Maurice Brosnan, Patrick Kennedy, James Moloney.
Glantaunyalkeen	John Nolan, Michael Molyneaux, John Dillon, Michael Dillon, Margaret Costello, Lizzie Nolan, Cornelius Nolan, Daniel Murphy.
Glashnacree	Denis Scanlan, Timothy Quill, Daniel McCarthy, Michael Carmody.
Knocknaglough	Michael Ahern, Michael Hickey, Johanna Ahern, Michael Ahern, Catherine Quill.
Carrigcannon	Timothy O'Sullivan, Denis Lyons, James Nolan, Andrew Nolan, Michael Doran, Charlie Collins, Martin Sheehy, Edward Carey, Thomas Doran, Thomas O'Connor, Michael Scanlan, Hugh Roche, David Nolan.
Lyreacrompane	Michael Doran, Patrick O'Connor, John Canty, Andrew Nolan, Timothy Curran, James Costello, Martin Costello, Michael Casey, Thomas Molyneaux, Patrick Kelliher, Daniel Dowde, Joseph Jones, Sergt. Martin Hackett, Thomas Buckley, Daniel Lynch, Michael Scanlan.
Glashanunoon	Bath Enright, Maurice Enright, Patrick Sullivan, James O'Connell, Thomas Dillon, Daniel Wilmot, Bartholomew Dillon, Timothy Curtin, John Molyneaux.



Mary Morrissey, Mrs. Mary Morrissey with Ellen and Mike Scanlon, Maugha

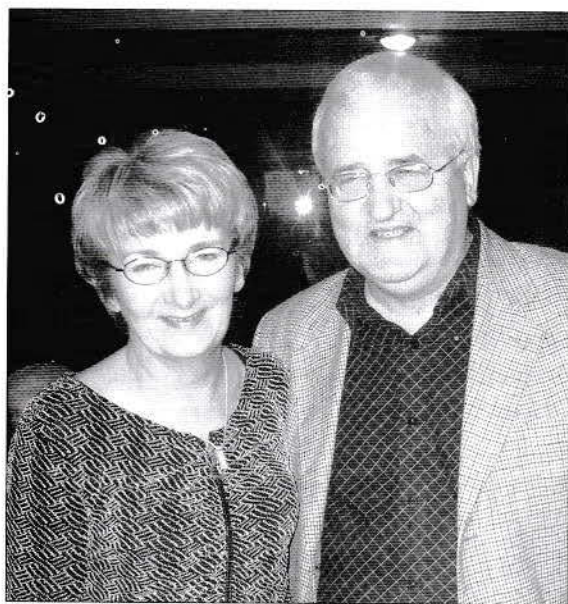
Photos supplied by Eamon Scanlon



Mike Lynch, Maugha



**Eamon Scanlan Kielduff -
Photographed by Ned Carey RIP**



**Helen Scollard who sings with Southern
Pride with her neighbour Joe Jones.**

Joe has connections with Lyre by virtue of the fact that he is of the Jones family who lived at the Barracks (Dillanes) at the beginning of the last century. (See last Lyre Journal).

**Some copies of the last Lyre Journal
(100 pages) are still available
Tel 068 48353**

THE NAME BROSNA

The people and places in this vicinity tend to get nicknames which stick with them over the years. No less Brosna or Brosnach which translates to firewood. This has no bearing on the old name Cathair Bessleen in the calendar of entries in the papal register. It was the stronghold of Chief Bressleen.

Brosna's 34 townlands.

Names

Translations.

Cnockanecrock	The Hill of the River Marsh
Toureenascarthy	Bushy Cattle Fields
Laccabawn	White Hill
Coolegraine	Back of Sun
Reacashla	Coarse land with a vein
Glountane Luskaha	The Parched Glen
Knockawinna	The Green Hill
Clough Buaile	Stony cattle enclosure
Ahane	Little Ford
Knockaclarig	The flat top hill
Tooreenfineen	hillside of a tribe
Scrahan	a stoney slope
Glounlahan	a wide glen
Cappa Phaudine	little wise mans plot
Knockadarive	the hill of the bull
Tooreenfluic	wet cattle fields
Ballawalla	home town
Cnockane	small hill
Lavalla	half wall
Tooreenablaha	little cattle field of the flowers
Toinriac	bottom of the marsh
Carrigeen	little rock
Meenavouchane	smooth field of the hut
Killmanihan	church founded by Bishop Dromaingen
Knockafreccaun	the hill of the whortleberry
TwoGneevs	10 acres / 12th of a ploughland
Bally Beg	small town
Meeingwaine	smooth white field
Cnegare	hill of the rabbits
Knockogno	the hill of the nut
Knopoge	the hollock
Inchamore	big inch (riverbank)
Inchanapogue	little kissing inch
Derra	the oak wood

The Travelling Creamery

The following article is taken from the *Journal of Cumann Luachra* and is an account by Patrick "Roundy" Cronin, from Rathmore, who was a familiar figure to practically every farmer in Sliabh Luachra as a driver of what was known in the 1940's and '50's as the Travelling Creamery.

My association with creameries began in the early 1930's when I assisted my father, also Patrick, who was a stone-mason, with repair work at Duncannon Creamery, just over the River Blackwater in Co. Cork.

In the 1920's, farmers in this district had very little facilities for collecting their milk. There was a co-operative creamery in Rathmore, where butter was made and sent to Cork by rail. As well as that, Duncannon Creamery had four branches - in Cullane, Bcalnadeega, Lacka and Lakevale. Cream was brought to Duncannon by horse and cart from those branches. A Mr. O'Callaghan, from Cork, owned the creameries which were taken over by the Dairy Disposal Board in the mid-1930's and a new creamery was built in Rathmore around that time.

The Creamery also worked the Tureenamult lime quarries and delivered lime to farmers. It also had a threshing machine and a potato-digger. Turf was bought from people and this was used to put up steam. The Creamery had four lorries, one of which was

run on anthracite -a very awkward and cumbersome operation I can assure you. You'd nearly want a stoker following the lorry! It was driven by Jack Doherty, from Clenflesk. After working in a number of other jobs, including that of relief postman, I joined the Dairy Disposal Board in 1940. I was making cheese with about seven others and started as a driver in 1944 on collection duties.

Around this time, Dick Godsil, Manager of the creamery, built two Travelling Creameries to help farmers who had long distances to transport their milk. A manager in Ardfern, by the name of Blackwell, was also involved and there was great interest in the idea. The Travelling Creamery was also assembled in Rathmore and Dan Nicholas Moynihan did the bodywork.

One of the Travelling Creameries covered the northern side of the district, taking in Knock -rour, Knockeenahone and Glountane. The driver was Dan Joe Riordan and he was accompanied by Paul O'Reilly, Manager. The Glenflesk route, on the other side, was first covered by Batt Walsh, Manager and Manus Moynihan, driver.

In 1945, I went on the Glenflesk/Muckcross run with Paddy Daly as Manager. Our job was to collect the milk, separate it and given the skim back to the farmers. We brought the cream back to the central creamery in Rathmore. We had four slops with the first being at Poulgorm, where the well-known dancehall-owner, Mick "The Bridge" O'Donoghue, was

usually at hand. He had four or five sows to feed and collected the wash-up in a half-barrel.

We would then strike on for Coolies, near Muckcross, where Rathmore man, Mick Horan, was always waiting for news from his home town. It was then on through Killarney to Spa, Tiernaboul and Knockeragh and we had a good cup of tea from Mrs Kissane before taking in the milk. And that great character, Denis "Dero" O'Sullivan, was always around to see if anything was wanted. Even on the dullest days, he had something funny to say or a joke to tell.

We would then head on for Raheen, Barraduff and Shrone, where Jack Johnny always gave a hand. There was the odd breakdown, often due to a blocked pump. Cloths, which farmers' wives used to strain milk into churns, sometimes found their way into the pump. I well remember the day that Stephen Murphy, Manager, and I took a cloth two feet long out of the pump.

The separator in the Travelling Creamery was worked off the lorry engine and there was a coal-fired boiler inside to heat the milk. The entire operation was done on the spot. We kept the cream and returned skim milk to the farmers. The "skim" was most useful for feeding animals like calves and pigs, not forgetting hens and ducks. Women used it for baking and sometimes we'd hear complaints from them about the skim being "watery".

Farmers insisted on getting their due quota of skim and, if a man

felt wronged in any way, he had no hesitation in bringing it to the manager's attention. Samples to test milk were also taken by the Manager and, if standards were not complied with, milk was rejected. Needless to say, such problems led to arguments

Latecomers also caused difficulties. We were pretty good on time and had to keep moving on and we'd have hell to pay if somebody arrived when we had moved on to the next stop. The hours were long and we worked seven days a week. We often left Rathmore in the dark hours of the morning and usually tried to make Mass at 8.00 a.m. in the Friary, Killarney, on Sundays. We used to get a half-crown (12 and a-half pence) extra for Sunday work.

In wintertime, one "traveller" did the two runs and our last stop on the northern route was at Glountane where Johnny Sylvie collected the "wash". He kept a lot of bonhams and I'll never forget the day in 1947 that I gave him £1 for a bonham. I brought the bonham home in a bag and fattened him up for three months before selling him at Rathmore Market for £16 - great money! I then re-invested by purchasing three more bonhams and a cwt. of ration. That started me off in the pig trade.

The Dairy Disposal Board had 40 people employed in Rathmore around that time and was a very important local industry. In 1954, I left the "traveller" and started drawing butter to Cork and Dublin. I also drew fertilisers, ration and other goods.

Kerry Co-op Creameries (now

Kerry Group plc) took over from the DDB in 1976 and, in 1978, I was assigned to driving an articulated truck, collecting milk at Gullane and taking it to Listowel and the Cadbury (Ireland) factory in Rathmore.

It was a bit like old times to be meeting farmers face-to-face one again. This time, however, we were merely collecting milk. This was in sharp contrast to the "traveller", which separated on-the-spot at a time when dairy technology was in its infancy.

I've always believed that the Travelling Creamery was a marvellous invention, way ahead of its time, and it is something which should be given its rightful place in the annals of the Irish dairy industry. Happily, Golden Vale Co-op, Charleville, has seen fit to preserve one of a special breed - a familiar sight on the roads of Sliabh Luachra all those years ago.

I retired in 1982 and, though still leading an active life, I like to dwell on happy memories of my days as a driver of a Travelling Creamery. I've also started a little industry making firebricks from newspapers. I steep the papers in a barrel of water for a day and then mix them into a pulp which I put into a special mould. After squeezing out the water, I leave the bricks out to dry and they're soon ready to burn. This activity keeps me occupied.

While I'm at it, young people sometimes ask me how I got the nickname "Roundy". The answer is very simple. I played a lot of football in my day and, for one reason or another, they named

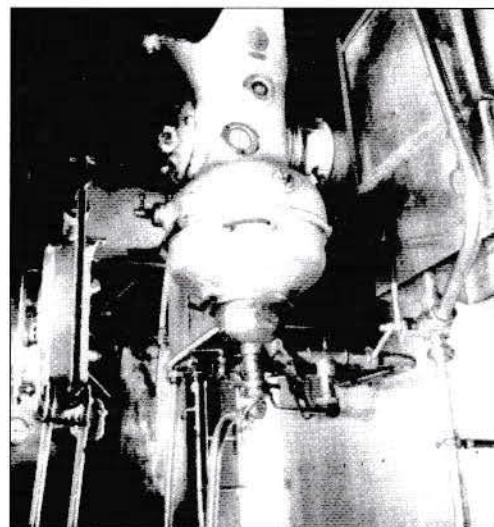
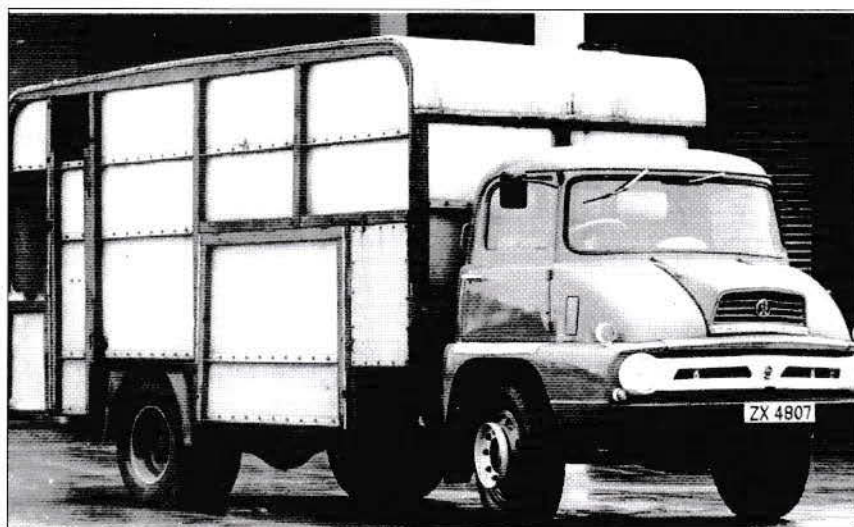
me after the noted Kerry footballer, "Roundy" Landers, from Tralee. I bet a good few people around Rathmore don't know that my proper name is Patrick! But, I don't mind a bit.

A Simple System

A travelling creamery operated in the Burren, Co. Clare, from 1937 but the phenomenon did not really become established until after The Emergency' and operated with particular success from 1949 to 1957 in the rest of Clare as well as in Kerry and West Cork. It was the brainchild of the Dairy Disposal Board which wanted to serve farmers in remote areas who had no proper outlet for their milk. Miniature creameries were set up on enclosed trucks which collected milk on a daily basis at central points, often at crossroads, around the countryside.

The travelling creamery took in milk in a weighing pan. The milk was then pumped to a separator, the cream retained in cans for buttermaking back at the central creamery and skim distributed back to farmers who used it to feed animals at home.

A simple system, it operated successfully until the late 1950s but the need for pasteurisation, the introduction of disease eradication measures and increased mobility by the dairy coops brought the travelling creamery to an end



A Travelling Creamery restored by Golden Vale Co-op and the separating equipment inside.

Cash Crop

Up to €500 per ha annual premium

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

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

**Freephone
1800 200 728**

coillte
farm forestry services
www.coillte.ie

The ash of the ash

Beechwood fires are bright and clear
if the logs are kept a year.

Chestnut's only good we say if for long
it's laid away.

Make a fire of Elder tree, death within
your house shall be.

But Ash new and Ash old is fit for
Queen with crown of gold.

Birch and Fir logs burn too fast, Blaze up bright
and do not last.

It is by the Irish said Hawthorn

bakes the sweetest bread.

Elm wood burns like churchyard mould;
even the very flames are cold.

But Ash green or Ash brown is fit for
Queen with golden crown.

Poplar gives a bitter smoke, Fills your eyes and
makes you choke.

Applewood will scent your room with an
incense-like perfume.

Oaken logs if dry and old keep away the winter
cold.

But Ash wet or Ash dry a King can warm his
slippers by.

Rock THE FOUR ELMS



Good Luck
to the
Journal
from the
Roche
Family at
the Four
Elms in
Lyre.



A Kerry Champion

During his visit to the Dan Paddy Andy Festival Valentine Trodd, Editor of "Sceal Na Mona", the monthly newsletter of Bord Na Mona, told the story of Rathmore man, Christy Daly who became National Turfcutting Champion in 1945. Christy was actually born in Killarney but grew up with his grandmother in Rathmore.

In March 1944, Christy cut 331 cubic metres of turf in a week. This record was smashed two weeks later by Martin Rabbit

from Tuam when he cut over 403 cubic metres in forty six and a half hours.

In July of 1945, Christy Daly set about reclaiming his record and did so in spectacular style. He cut over 598 cubic metres of wet turf in 48 hours. A good turfcutter on a breast sleen would normally keep two barrowmen going. Christy kept six men running all week. He cut out

one ton of raw turf every 5 minutes for 6 eight hour days. Ninety eight sods left his sleen every minute. That is one and a half every second!!!

Those who saw the event say that the sods seemed to be connected in the air as they left the sleen so quickly did they follow each other.

Christy passed away in 1976 and his record stands to this day. Of all the champions Kerry has produced, Valentine Trodd argues that Christy Daly was the greatest and who can argue with that claim.

A Rhyme of Time

January brings the snow makes our feet and fingers glow
February brings rain and thaws the frozen lakes again
March brings breezes loud and shrill and stirs the dancing daffodils
April showers brings the primrose sweet and scatters daisies at our feet
May brings flocks of pretty lambs, skipping by their fleecy dams
June brings tulips, lilies, roses fills the children's hands with posies
Hot July brings cooling showers, apricots and gillyflowers
August brings the sheaves of corn; then the harvest home is borne
Warm September brings the fruit; sportsmen too begin to shoot
Fresh October brings the pheasant; then to gather nuts it's pleasant
Dull November brings the blast; then the leaves are whirling fast
Chill December brings the sleet, blazing fires and Christmas treats.



Mary O'Leary, Strand Road, remembered learning this verse around the fireside from her father in the 20's

Lenten Regulations Diocese of Kerry 1926 From The Liberator Feb 1926

By the General Law of the Church people were obliged to fast (one meal only) on all days of Lent except on Sundays when a collation and a lighter meal were also allowed. Exempted from this Law were persons under the age of 21, those over their 59th year, women pregnant and nursing, people involved in heavy manual work and the poor who could not provide a complete meal (!!!). The law of fasting and abstinence ceased at 12 o'clock (mid-day) on Holy Saturday.

The law of Abstinence prohibited the use of flesh meat and its products i.e. soup, broth etc. on Wednesdays & Fridays and on the Saturday of Ember Week. Children who had reached the age of seven years were also bound by the law of Abstinence.

White meats (?) such as butter, cheese etc. was no longer prohibited under the law of Abstinence and could be taken on all days of Lent. Those who were bound by the Law of Fasting could take white meats and eggs for collation.

Lard and dripping could be used as a seasoning on all days of Lent. Parish Priests and other confessors were empowered to render dispensations to any person who had delicate health.

DUAGH-LYRE COMMUNITY GAMES

2005 has proved to be a watershed in Community Games activity in Duagh and Lyreacrompane as this year the area captured seven county team titles as well as individual honours. It's a success that's unparalleled and has come from a great work ethic by coaches and participants.

The year began brightly as a new activity of Group singing was introduced. We had a duet taking part and they were Paul O'Callaghan and Katie Hilliard. They performed beautifully at the county finals and came home with the Gold medals. However more was to follow as they captured all-Ireland Bronze at the May weekend finals in Mosney. Nigel O'Connor and Eibhlís Dillon who were part of the Kerry Cross Country team joined them in Mosney. They both excelled, bringing home more medals and certificates.

Olympic Handball girls U-13 retained their county title and proved a class apart in Munster. At the National finals in August they were extremely unlucky to be defeated by Kilnashinagh of Dublin who were the reigning Champions from 2004 by 11 – 9 in the semi final. However they regrouped and defeated the Ulster champions from Monaghan by 14 – 4 to win Bronze. A super performance by the whole team and credit to coach Ann Dillon for getting them there.

Our boys U-15 Rounders team caused an upset in Kerry also as they took home Gold after defeating An Gaeltacht in their home patch of Gallarus on a beautiful summers day. They advanced to Munster and made it to the final against St.Senans (Foynes) of Limerick. In a nail biting contest that went to extra innings they lost out by a single run on a never to be forgotten day. Coaches were Jim Burke and Andy Keane.

Then our Girls U-12 Soccer team produced a real shocker at the county finals as they were up against more fancied teams from Tralee and Killarney. This did not deter them as they were up for the challenge and were victorious against all the odds. They advanced to Munster but were very unlucky in the semi final against Cork. However they can look back with great satisfaction on a year of surprises. Well done to coaches Mary Ita O'Keeffe and Geraldine McNamara.

Next it was the Boys U-13 Indoor Soccer team. They had probably the toughest route of all as they had to qualify from the North Kerry section before making it to the top four finals. They were up against teams from Dingle and Tralee as well as Listowel. They overcame Dingle in the semi final and met Listowel for the county title. In a cracking game they triumphed by 3 – 1 against a more fancied outfit. What they lacked in height they made up for with heart and determination. Onto Munster and yet again they upset the formbook against Clare, Tipperary and finally Kilmallock of Limerick in the decider. This

game went to extra time and penalties before they eventually triumphed. It was a truly noteworthy display. In Mosney they were up against much tougher opposition but yet again they stood their ground and gave every ounce of effort that was theirs to offer. Lady luck was not on their side this time as a few lucky strikes early on against Westmeath proved to be the turning point. They played Roscommon in the playoff game and were part of a real classic losing out by 7 – 5. Nelius Collins and Tom McCarthy were very proud of their charges after this odyssey.

Grass Cycling has proven to be very good to us and so it transpired again this year. Out of the four age groups at the county finals Duagh-Lyre brought home the four Gold medals. The girls were Eibhlís Dillon U-12 and Eabhnait Scanlon U-14 while the boys were Eamon McKenna U-12 and Derren McNulty U-14. It was a great night in Mountcoal as the area won the overall team prize for Grass Cycling. Prior to Mosney Eamon McKenna was struck down by illness and was



John Joe O'Brien

unable to represent Kerry; a young Listowel cyclist who was runner up in Kerry replaced him.

The other three competitors gave it everything in Mosney and proudly represented Duagh-Lyre and Kerry. Derren McNulty won certificate while Eibhlís Dillon and Eabhnaít Scanlon won Silver. It was a tremendous display by all three cyclists. Andy Keane put a huge effort in their preparation and is to be commended.

Next Grainne Sheehy was victorious in the U-8 Freestyle event at the county Swimming finals in Tralee. She is a really great prospect and proved it at the national finals in August as she qualified from her heats and semi finals. She finished sixth overall but was extremely happy with her display.

Laura Sheeran proved to be a real dark horse at the Athletics finals as she was in a huge field of competitors in the U-12 Ball Throw. Cool as a cucumber she launched the Sliotar over thirty five metres which was a huge throw for that age group and captured yet another Gold medal for the area. In Mosney she held her own as she qualified for the top eight final and enjoyed every minute of it.

James Keane was competing in the Boys U-16 6km Marathon, which was held around scenic Currow in June. He came home in third position and qualified for Mosney as part of the Kerry Marathon team. He trained diligently during July and August and this was to stand him in good stead in Mosney. In very difficult blustery conditions he

came home in 14th position overall in a huge field as the second Kerry runner and this placing helped Kerry win the team Bronze. It was hard earned and he deserved his moment in the spotlight.

There are many ways to sum up the year in Community Games for me. The following is very apt as it applies to a unique group of sporting heroes from our parish. "If at fist you don't succeed, try, try again". The Girls U-16 Basketball team proved the above to be true in every sense of the word.

I suppose to begin you would have to go back to 2001 when this bunch of extremely talented and very committed girls burst on the scene at county level. They brought a freshness to the county competitions as their never say die attitude inspired all around them. Not only were they successful at Community Games events but also proved to be a dab hand at huge variety of sports such as Gaelic Football as



Johnny Lane

well as Club and Schools Basketball. I can safely say that they are probably the best all round sports team to compete at any discipline.

They have adequate titles to support this view which range from National Schools Basketball, Cumann na mBunscoil Gaelic Football, as well as County and North Kerry league titles with Duagh Bórd na nÓg U-12, U-13 and U14 teams.

In that time they amassed numerous Community Games titles at County and Munster competition. They began in 2001 by winning Outdoor Soccer U-12 and Olympic Handball U13. They could only go forward in one event so they chose Olympic Handball. This proved to be the correct choice as they had an easy passage in Munster. They overcame a very tough and dogged Galway team in the All-Ireland semi-final in Mosney. The Final game was outstanding as they led the Meath champions by 3-1. However luck was not with them in the second half as injuries to Aine McKenna and Rhiannon McNulty proved to be the straw that broke the camels back and Meath won by a single goal. This loss would have set many teams back but this is where their single mindedness came to bear fruit. Early in 2003 they took part in the Girls U-13 competition winning the County title. They soon followed by winning the Girls U-13 Indoor Soccer title and capped a fine year by winning the U-13 Girls Basketball title for the first time ever.

Also at this time in Duagh National School they had just

completed a four in arrow Cumann na mBunscoil Gaelic Football titles. They then entered the Mini-Sevens competition and swept all before them in North Kerry and went forward to claim the Schools first County title in this competition. From here they went forward to represent Kerry at Munster level and this competition was played in Cahir in Tipperary. It was to be a very busy weekend as they had also been invited to Sligo to take part in an International Olympic Handball tournament along with the boys U-13 team following their great displays in Mosney the previous year. On the Saturday they travelled to Cahir where they won all of their games and from this two players were selected to play in Croke Park on all-Ireland Semi-Final and All-Ireland Final day. They were Aine McKenna and Mary O'Keeffe. That evening they travelled to Sligo and the following day the boys played very well to qualify for the quarterfinals. Losing to a team from Czechoslovakia as it was known then. The girls however proved to be unbeatable as they triumphed over a Sligo selection in the semi-final and defeated a team from Wales in the final. It proved to be a great bonding exercise for them all as parents and supporters had a memorable weekend.

Having won three county titles a decision had to be made and it had to be their first love, Basketball on this occasion. They travelled to U.L. in Limerick in upbeat mood and they advanced to Mosney with little difficulty. They overcame Terenure from Dublin in the semi-final. The final with

Oranmore-Maree of Galway was a classic. However lady luck deserted them in the final minutes as the Galway team captured the All-Ireland title.

In the interim they have worked tirelessly at their game, honing their skills and talent for one last assault at the elusive All-Ireland title. They won many county titles at club level where they were a class apart. This transferred onto the International scene as Jean Maher and Aine McKenna were selected on the Irish U-16 Basketball development panel. Aine McKenna survived the final cut and represented Ireland at the European Championships in Estonia during the summer and excelled. Also during the year Orla Lane was selected on the U-15 Irish development squad. They have all represented Kerry and the South West region at the Interregional championships and were accompanied by Rhiannon McNulty, Aisling Scanlon and Michelle Sheeran. Maire Dillon won an All-Ireland title with the Kerry U-14 team, while Jean Maher, Aisling Scanlon and Loretta Maher won with the Kerry U-18 team. Not a bad start for a shot at the Community Games title. Their year started with the County competition where they comfortably annexed another title. Onto the Munster finals in July which were held in Cork and they had an easy passage to Mosney in August. One final push was needed; the girls, Claire Sheehy and Ann Scanlon were not found wanting. They put a huge emphasis on fitness as they felt that would be the deciding factor in any close game. With this in mind, Jim Burke was roped in and he put them through a weekly fitness

programme, which concentrated on aerobic fitness and stamina. It was an excellent decision, as in Mosney they were playing as hard in the final minute as when they started each game. Their displays against Newbridge of Kildare in the semi-final and Calry of Sligo in the final were awesome as the winning margins were testament to their wholehearted effort. They proved that hard work; the unquenchable will to succeed and no little skill are vital components in any winning team.

Claire Sheehy can claim a lot of the credit for their success as she has helped to mould them into a unique group of players who have an almost telepathic understanding of each other. It's amazing to sit and watch them in any game, when you listen to opposition players roaring at each other for a pass and then you see them counter attack with military precision as just a few discreet hand signals gives the desired information to launch an offensive.

It was a very proud moment as Orla Lane was presented with the All-Ireland Cup and the team received their Gold medals. It was a truly memorable occasion for us all to witness the first ever team from Duagh and Lyreacrompane capture an All-Ireland title. For the record the team was Orla Lane, Aine McKenna, Aisling Scanlon, Jean Maher, Rhiannon McNulty, Michelle Sheeran, Aine Dillon, Laura Collins and Maire Dillon. Coaches were Claire Sheehy and Ann Scanlon. Most of this team are overage for Community Games activities next year but

they are more than willing to help out as they have enjoyed phenomenal success down the years and have given us many, many hours of enjoyment. Many thanks to each and every one of you.

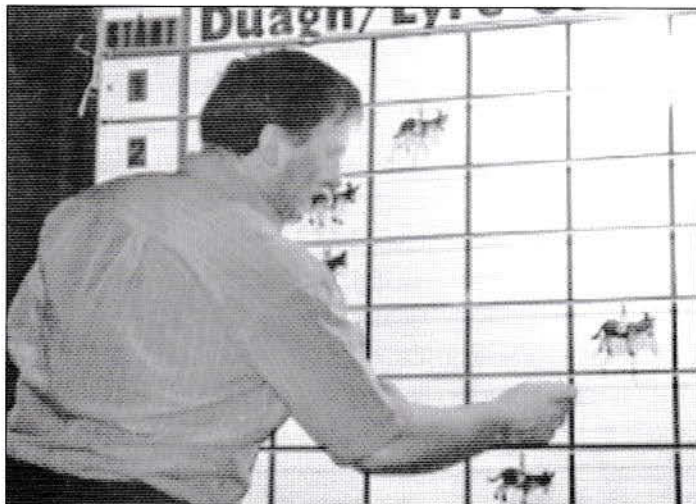
Community Games has helped our parish express itself at local,

county, provincial and national level. Be it sporting, a cultural or artistic pursuit there is something for a wide variety of enthusiasts and it is this outlet, which helps to inspire new participants each year. Duagh and Lyrecrompane is a growing community and it is vital that the local people nurture the youth of

the parish and promote a healthier lifestyle and a sense of well being among our youth.

Johnny Lane, P.R.O. Duagh-Lyre Community Games.

Photos below taken at Community Games Fundraiser



Aisling Mangan, Taylor Sheehy and Niamh Kelly on the Wren



Eileen Sheehy talks to Frank Lewis & Mary O'Sullivan

THISTLEDOWN DREAMS

To the top of the rushy field,
Stiff climbed: I spread
A fisher's stool and rest
In the reflective now.
Grasses, speared or feather eared,
Copper or mauve or bronze
Run in swards
Before the northbound wind.
Rushes, firm, russet spurred,
Resist the steadfast breeze,
Stand unbowed.
Stiff purple thistles
Dance a languid dance
To a sullen beat.
Foxgloves, so many foxgloves,
Ring silent bells
In violet vibration.
In the west stand
Pines feign a Mexican wave
Fronds swaying in rustling rhythm.
Far below, in Sheehy's meadow,
Swallows dart and dive through
Mike Dillon's grazing herd.
In a bogland corner,
Eileen's turf is laid out
In neat brown rows,

Heat and light for winter's long night.
Beside the Ivy Bridge.
Under Macca Road,
Johnnie's cattle gather;
Confer on the CAP;
Chew the cud
On its import
For their livelihood.
To the east, new-mown fields
On Cauty's slopes
Revert from tan to green
And John Paul's tractor
Trundles its way
Through Cronin's corner
To Knocknagoshel Cross.
I reach to the ground,
Slip on a foxglove thimble
And am transported
Forty - no, more than fifty - years
To an Achill pasture,
Herding after-school cows.
A gentle breeze from Slievemore
Lifts thistledown dreams
And, half a century later,
Drops them at the top
Of a rushy Renagown field.
Mike Gallagher - March 05

Joe Finucane Plant Hire

Cappagh, Kilflynn

Turf Cutting, Digger, Tractor and Dumber Hire

Tel 066 7135700 or 087 2203963

Looking forward to another great Journal



*Edmund (Ned) Carey
originally from
Carrigcannon.*

"A Personal Tribute"

He was known to us as Uncle Ned and he came to us from England over 14 years ago. In some small way he came to us like a Guardian Angel after the untimely and premature death of Uncle Mickey.

Ned was as some called him a "recycled" teenager, having humour far younger than his years. He had an anecdote for every occasion and a wit as sharp as any of the tools he used. A tall and if I may say extremely handsome man his laconic eyes were surrounded by beautiful

long lashes that seemed to soften the craggy face, and when he smiled his entire face erupted into such a light it brightened a room.

Ned lived in Tralee, in a haven called Connolly Park, where he existed in a world that he had contrived and created like his own pieces of art work. He had many friends that cared as deeply for him that just came into their lives as he did ours. In our kitchen for the last 10 years, rain, hail or shine, Ned would pull in and we would see "Cassandra" as Ned called his grey Volkswagen and he would enter our home and regal us with stories of Lyre relations, relationships, happiness, sadness and family. Family was the one topic that lit up his heart. Ned would visit and tell us his fishing

tales and life was nothing for him but a joy. I wish I could embrace life as Ned did.

Seven weeks ago Ned devastated us with the news of his illness, a bolt from the blue, for this strong, strapping whimsical man to be reduced by illness. Ned 'the Head' as I called him entered our lives with love and care and left it being loved and cared for and truly respected. Ned didn't have any children but rest assured he will never be a distant memory to Sheila, Jeremiah, Lilly, Joan, Dee, Frances, Breda and Liam. This written tribute, though inadequate, is a reflection of my opinion of my Uncle Edmund or Ned. He will be missed.

Breda Sugrue & Frances Sugrue



Breda, Sheila and Frances Sucrue with Beano

A Stone Axehead from Ballincollig, Co. Kerry. Helen Bermingham Kerry County Museum

The production and use of stone axes in Ireland dates from the Early Mesolithic period (7000-5500 BC) when flint was flaked into shape and used by the early hunters and foragers. Stone axes continued to be used throughout the Late Mesolithic period (5500-4000 BC) continuing into Neolithic period (4000-2000 BC), and possibly also into the Bronze Age (2000-500 BC) (Cooney and Mandal 1998, 51). The Irish Stone Axe Project, which has been ongoing since 1990, notes that over 20,000 axeheads have been recovered, and to date 38 of these have been provenanced to county Kerry (Cooney and Mandal 1998, 28, 31).

The need for more durable tools for woodworking on a larger scale was realised during the Neolithic period and led to the manufacture of polished stone axeheads. The polished stone axe, of which the Ballincollig one is an example, is considered a characteristic implement of the early farming communities of the fourth and third millennia. The stone used was selected on the basis that it would not fracture easily and that it could be ground and polished to a fine cutting edge. By polishing the edge of an axe not only was its cutting capability improved, but it was also less susceptible to damage than a flaked edge (Anderson 1994, 37; O'Kelly 1989, 41; Waddell 1999, 45).

Axeheads have been recovered from a variety of contexts, including bogs, river beds, quarry sites, archaeological sites and monuments (Cooney 2000, 207). Only a small number of axeheads from Britain and Ireland have been found with their perforated wooden hafts intact, (generally from peatlands where the anaerobic conditions lend themselves to preservation) and it seems a variety of woods were used. In Ireland, hafts made from alder, pine and apple wood have been recovered. All of the extant hafts retrieved are single pieces of wood into which the axes were inserted in a perforation at the thicker end. Bindings of leather thongs or resin were probably used to secure them. Some axeheads were possibly mounted in a similar handle but with the cutting edge set at right angles to the axis of the haft and this tool was called an adze. While the axe was used for felling and chopping, the adze was used to smooth roughly split planks and jointing timbers for house building (O'Kelly 1989, 41; Cooney and Mandal 1998, 24).

While it is understood that most axeheads were used for woodworking, they vary in size and this is generally taken to be an indicator of function. The majority of axeheads range in size from 8cm to 16cm in length and were, as mentioned above, generally used for woodworking (this includes the Ballincollig axehead). Axeheads under 8cm in length are regarded as more specialised tools, amulets or toys, while those over 16cm are viewed as ceremonial objects. Some axeheads may also have been used as weapons (Waddell 1999, 46; Cooney 2000, 206). As noted, axes were primarily used in the clearance of forest. Experiments have demonstrated that even substantial trees, in particular soft woods, can be felled relatively quickly by one person. For example, a birch tree, 15cm in

diameter can be felled in fifteen minutes (Waddell 1999, 45).

The axehead from Ballincollig was discovered in May 1974 while working in a bog and was presented to the Kerry County Museum in 2004. The townland of Ballincollig is located approximately 5km to the north-east of Tralee, in the Stack's Mountains. The axehead (which has been identified by Michael Connolly, former curator of the Kerry County Museum, as being made from green sandstone) was found at a depth of 2-3 feet on the upper slopes of Ballincollig Hill (Ordnance Survey 6" sheet for county Kerry, no. 30), without a haft. The distribution of sandstone axes in Ireland by county has a widespread pattern across the country. Sandstone is a sedimentary rock which is relatively abundant and widespread in Ireland and as such, the potential sources for the production of tools are extensive (Cooney and Mandal 1998, 90). The axehead measures 155mm in length, 70mm in width at the blade tapering to 23mm in width at the butt. It is 38mm thick across its midpoint. The bladed section of the axe is polished for a length of 75mm. The remaining section towards the butt is unpolished and has traces of pecking (Kerry County Museum records).

The axehead from Ballincollig seems to be an isolated find, with no surface evidence of a Neolithic community in the immediate area of the find spot. Evidence for human habitation in county Kerry dates back to 5620 BP as indicated by excavations at Ferriter's Cove (Connolly 1999, 1). Archaeological evidence for Neolithic settlement has been found at Ballycarty, located approximately 7km south-south-east of Ballincollig, where a passage tomb was excavated, and in the vicinity of Tralee town, 6km south-east of Ballincollig, where flint artefacts and Western Neolithic pottery were recovered (ibid.). This

suggests that while there is no evidence for Neolithic habitation in the Ballincollig area, there was an active community in the vicinity.

(The axehead from Ballincollig is currently undergoing analysis as part of the Irish Stone Axe Project, based at U C D).

Bibliography

Anderson, L. 1994 Flint and stone tools. In *Irish Archaeology Illustrated* edited by M. Ryan. Dublin.

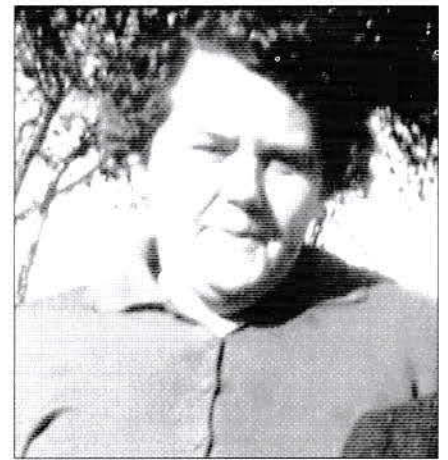
Connolly, M. 1999 *Discovering the Neolithic in county Kerry: a passage tomb at Ballycarty*. Bray, Co. Wicklow.

Cooney, G. 2000 *Landscapes of Neolithic Ireland*. London and New York.

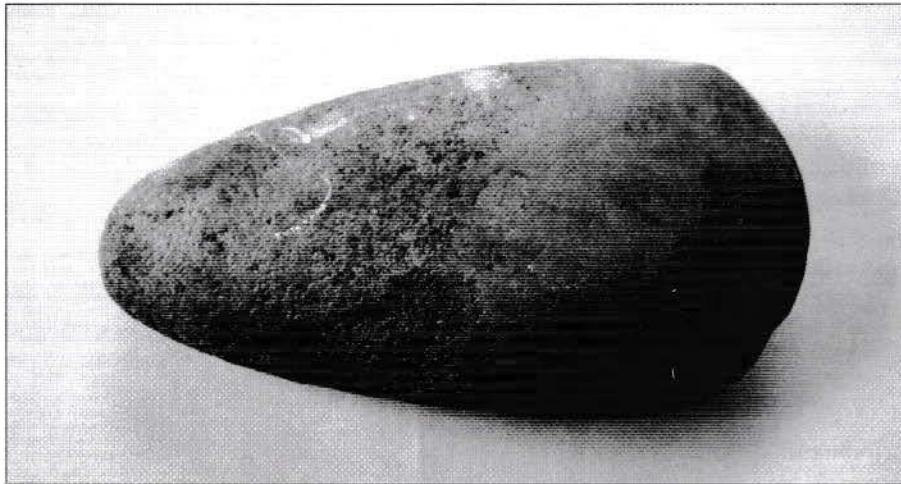
Cooney, G. and Mandal, S. 1998 *The Irish Stone Axe Project*. Bray, Co. Wicklow.

O'Kelly, M.J. 1989 *Early Ireland*. Cambridge.

Waddell, J. 1998 *The Prehistoric Archaeology of Ireland*. Galway.



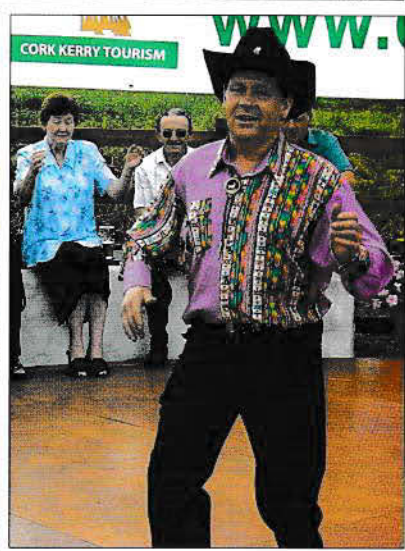
Nell Hannon, Bromaddra



The Stone Axe Head found in Ballincollig



Mick Sheehy formerly Muingwee now Knockalougha with his sister Bridie; Sr. Philamena, on a recent visit to her London convent to celebrate her 90th birthday. Sr. Philamena left Muingwee at the tender age of 16 to join the nuns in England. (She was joined on that same journey many years ago by her 3 first cousins, the Ahern sisters also from Muingwee but now all sadly deceased)



Top Left: Padraig Harris and Ann Ferguson.
 Top Right: Ciara Buckley gets cosy on the set of Sive at the Festival.
 Middle Left: Friend and Fu. Middle Right: Waiting to feed the multitude.
 Bottom Left: Visitors from Brittany: Bottom Right: A Line Dancer from Scotland

Sensational Night Attack on Lixnaw Hall

Rifles and machine-guns were used in an attack on the Lixnaw Recreation Hall, about 9.15 pm, last night. The attackers, who, it is stated, numbered about six men, cut the telegraph wires on both sides of the Lixnaw Railway Station, and made a safe retreat before the Gardai arrived on the scene.

It was fortunate that there were very few people about at the time, as some of the bullets ricocheted off the galvanised roof of the building (which is situated at Daughton's Cross, at the eastern end of the village), and went whizzing on to the public road, towards the railway gates.

Gardai Deacon and O'Neill, who were on duty near the scene of

the occurrence, at the time, together with Sergeant P. Flynn, made an intensive search of the locality but the attackers had gone.

It is believed that the attack was made because the local branch of the New Volunteer Force has used the hall occasionally for drilling purposes. The 6.40 p.m. train Limerick to Tralee was held up at Abbeydorney as a result of the interference with the telegraph wires, and did not arrive in Tralee until 12.45am three hours after the scheduled time.

*The Kerryman.
November 10th 1934*

Santa Hits Back !!!

An Irish doctor wearing a Santa costume attacked by a drunken thug as he gave a little boy a lollipop.

GP Eamonn Jessup, 49, whose

family come Co. Kerry was dressed as Father Christmas for a Rotarian charity event when he was beaten up in a street in Prestatyn, North Wales. Dr Jessup said his attacker shouted: "You're not out on the right night" and then grabbed him around the neck and punched him in the face.

"I had just finished touring the town with the Rotary Club and was on my way home when I spotted a young boy with his parents and gave him a lollipop.

"When the man attacked me I managed to knock him to the ground and then two doormen from a pub came and dragged him off."

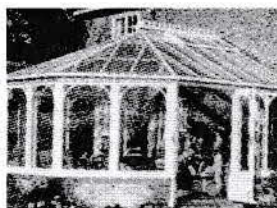
Sunday Mirror, Dec 26, 2004

Eamon Jessup's mother, Peg Galvin, came from Bromadera, Lyreacrompane. Eamon's cousin Edmund Peter Galvin and his family live in Bromadera.

Best of Luck to our Local Journal

AHCON PVC CONSERVATORIES

Lyreacrompane Tel: 068 48279/48160



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

Multiple Sclerosis Annual Fund Raising Walk in Lyreacrompane

For the past five years the multiple sclerosis fund raising walk takes place in Lyreacrompane during the month of February. Jimmy Deenihan along with Mary Horan of Kerry County Council organise the annual charity walk. This year's walk was led by Dara O'Cinnéide who captained Kerry to All Ireland glory in 2004. The walk begins and finishes at the Dan Paddy Andy Memorial Site and it is well supported by Councillors, County Council employees and families and friends. Mary, who suffers from Multiple Sclerosis, told us that she was delighted with the large turn out of one hundred people. This year's charity walk raised over 3,500. On this occasion the group decided to donate some of the monies collected to the Tsunami Disaster Appeal.

Moves

In 1851 Lyreacrompane was in the Parish of Kilfeighny. In 1870 the PP of Lixnaw transferred the townlands of Carrigcannon, Glashnacree, Clahanenaglearagh and Lyreacrompane to Duagh. According to 'Listowel and its Vicinity' the transfer was probably carried out on the understanding that Duagh would provide a chapel for the district. However, it wasn't until 1914 that the Lyre Church was built. In 1858 Cloghaneleskirt was transferred to Duagh from Abbeydorney.

What Mum Taught Me!

Mum taught me religion.
"You better pray that will come out of the carpet"

Mum taught me about time travel
"If you don't clean up, I'll knock you into the middle of next week"

Mum taught me logic
"Because I said so, that's why"

Mum taught me irony
"Keep laughing and I'll give you something to cry about "

Mum taught me about the scientific principle of osmosis
"Shut your mouth and eat your dinner"

Mum taught me about contortionism
"Will you look at the dirt on the back of your neck?"

Mum taught me to appreciate a job well done
"if you're going to kill each other, do it outside, I just finished cleaning"

Mum taught me about weather
"It looks like a tornado went through your room!"

Mum taught me about hypocrisy
"If I told you once, I've told you a thousand times - don't exaggerate!"

Mum taught me about behaviour modification
"Stop acting like your father!"

and most of all ----- mum taught me "the circle of life "
"I brought you into this world and I can take you out"

Walk in Paradise (By Jacqueline O'Connor)

This street can be a lonely place.
Without any familiar face.
People run without a walk.
People shout but cannot talk.

This nation of friendly people.
Too lazy to help the feeble.
A can of work we do open.
Our lives are barely coping.

A taxi drops a dead man off.
People sick, without a cough.
An umbrella hides the pain,
Of the homeless and the lame.

People look and often stare.
But seldom do they really care?
Our bodies are in the job.
Our minds are corn in the cob.

This place is scarce and poor.
Our minds we will try to lure,
From a landscape of wealth and greed,
To love: a want and a need.

Alliance

The alliance of idealisation.
My soul, my writings.
A nocturnal portrait of my soul.
A dolmen portrait of my writings.

I am a tenant to poetry.
I fight an allergy of writing.
I fight a war of words.
My achievement to embrace poetry.

This reference to my art.
I am simply publishing my self.
I tend to a need of fulfilment.
I terminate any doubts of need.
A rent to my forefathers.
A trench for meanings reaction.

LYREACROMPANE

L is for LOVE
for where we belong

Y is for YOUTH
with sport and with song

R is for RIVER –
the sweet Smearlagh side

E is for ENERGY
the bogs provide

A is for ACRES
of mountain and moor land

C is for Cuckoo
that visitor grand

R is for RURAL
we like it best

O is for OTHERS
who come to our Fest

M is for MATCHMAKER
Dan paired a few

P is for PLAYWRIGHT
John B knew us too

A is for ANCESTORS
great women and men

N is for NEIGHBOURS
who would ramble in

E is for EXILES
in lands far and wide
At this time of year
in our thoughts they abide

***The Dan Paddy Andy
Festival 2006
takes place
Aug 4, 5, 6 and 7***



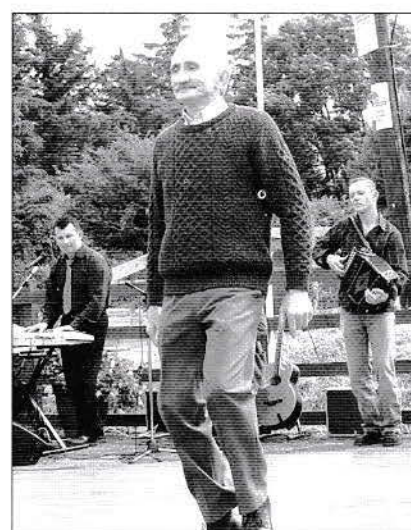
Rallying in Lyre 2004



Frank Ahern, Billy Molyneux, Joan Naughton Savage, Tommy Dillane,
Jack and Brendan McKenna



(Ann Lane) Nash who lived in
Spur with her son Jack home
from Southampton about 50
years ago.



Mossie Walsh Lisselton steps
it out at the Dan Paddy Andy
2005 Festival.

Steve Casey

Killarney Flips, Irish Whips, Rocking Chair Split, Japanese Bar and Aeroplane Spins!!! What could we be talking about? Here are a couple of easier clues... Bear Hug, half-Nelson and Reverse Armlocks. In the late 1930s and early 1940s these were term familiar to every Irish newspaper reader and radio listener as they followed the career of Steve "Crusher" Casey in the wrestling world. The following account of a contest between Casey and Danno O'Mahony, (another Irishman) in Madison Square Gardens, New York for the World's Heavyweight Wrestling Championship before a crowd of over 5,000, appeared in the Kerry Champion, April 2, 1938. The contest lasted forty minutes and four seconds.

Casey's superior strength prevailed. He opened hostilities with a bearhug and then escaped from O'Mahony's armspread. Casey then gained a reverse armlock. Danno escaped and vainly attempted an Irish Whip. He then tortured his opponent with a legspread following with an armlock and headlock Casey then reached the ropes and secured O'Mahony with a bear hug- and half-Nelson adding an armspread for additional punishment.

Casey then tortured O'Mahony with a legspread and legtwist. At this point O'Mahony was bleeding from the right eye. Danno rallied and stood Casey on his head with a double leglock from which Casey escaped. Casey then applied an armlock after which a variety of holds follow in quick succession.

Danno floored Casey with an aeroplane spin and attempted to jump on his fallen opponent but Casey revived sufficiently to kick Danno groggy into the ropes. O'Mahony, however, floored Casey twice with Irish whips but Casey retaliated by punishing his man with a reverse leglock before hurling O'Mahony to the mat with a body flip-over.

Danno stepped on his opponents hand and held him in an armspread. Casey retaliated by torturing O'Mahony with a reverse arm twist but Danno refused to surrender. They exchanged blows before Casey weakened Danno with a series of armlocks. These were followed by two further bear hugs. Then, seizing an opportunity, Casey put away the tired Danno with a crotch-hold and body-slam. Each man weighed 16 stone, 1 pound.

Steve's Glory Years.

AWA World Heavyweight Championship

11/2/1938 Steve Casey defeated Lou Thesz
2/3/1939 Marv Westenberg defeated Steve Casey
16/3/1939 Gus Sonnenberg defeated Westenberg
29/3/1939 Steve Casey defeated Sonnenberg
18/4/1939 Ed Don George defeated Steve Casey
3/11/1939 Steve Casey defeated Ed Don George
13/5/1940 French Angel defeated Steve Casey
14/5/1942 Steve Casey defeated French Angel
1/8/1942 French Angel defeated Steve Casey
15/8/1942 Steve Casey defeated French Angel
25/4/1945 Sandor Szabo defeated Steve Casey
2/5/1945 Frank Sexton defeated Sandor Szabo
6/6/1945 Steve Casey defeated Frank Sexton
27/6/1945 Frank Sexton defeated Steve Casey
Steve Casey won six World Championships in all taking his first from the holder, Lou Thesz, in 1938, Twenty six years later, in 1964, Lou was back to win his second!



Michael Kearns at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival

The Mare From Sweet Tralee (Total Enjoyment)

The rain was falling on Sieve Mish,
As the lorry left Tralee,
Tommy Cooper said, "Let's take our chance,
Sure what will be will be",
But as they passed the Severn Bridge,
With the green and gold flowing free,
The little team must have wondered,
Would the cup come to Tralee?

But soon they reached the Cotswold Hills,
Cleve Hill in its majesty,
And then they saw the arena fair,
Where they'll make history.
You had Martins Town, and Trouble at Bay,
And the gallant John Joe had three,
But they reckoned without Tom Coopers mare,
And the great Jim Culloty,

The race was on, she travelled well,
She was always in the van,
But when Culloty asked her for all she had,
And boy did she respond,

Up Cleve Hill like a tidal wave,
As it breaks on Banna Strand,
She opened the gap with a turn of foot,
That nothing could withstand,

And passing the stands she was three lengths up,
With Culloty riding on,
And the roars that came from the Irish crowd,
We grew hoarse as she held on,
And passed the line Jim drew his breath,
And waved his whip with glee,
A big broad smile, a peach of a ride,
The cup was in Bally-Sea-Dy

We celebrated in Patsy's box,
John Looby was the M.C.
We had bomber, Mick Galway, Williamson too,
And four or five T.D's.
They carried on into the night,
Champagne was flowing free,
And we'll never forget the glorious day,
Or the mare from sweet Tralee.

By Johnny J Byrne
Coolaneilig

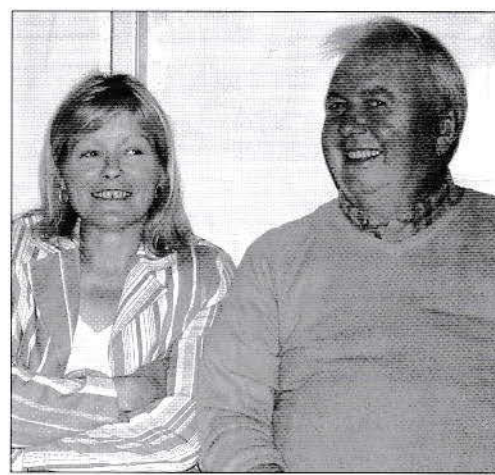


Johnny Byrnes on right with his two sons Nolan
and William with Mr. O'Sullivan from Tralee. William won a Munster Boxing
championship in November 2005

Teachers in Lyreacrompane

J. Kelly	– 1874
Thomas Molyneaux	1874 – 1911
Margaret Molyneaux	1874 – 1919
Edmond Stack	1911 – 1915
Patrick Stack	1915 – 1927
Hannah Sheehy	1915
Michael Foley	1920
Madge Cahill	1921
John Leahy	1921
Nora Quilter	1923
Annie Molyneaux	1924
Nora Haniver	1926
Daniel Dillon	1927 – 1933
Máire Ní Sabain	1927 – 1929
Thomas Mac Piarais	1929
Katherine Joy	1930
John O'Connor	1932 – 1938
Pádraig O'Suilleabháin	1933 – 1946
Brigid Ceitinn	1934
Sorca Nic Eillóid	1934
Francis Ahern	1938
Máire ?	1942

Máirín Ní Nuallaín	1942 & '58 - '81
Nora Ní Mhainin	1942
Cáit Ní Bhuidléir	1944
Micheál O'Loingsigh	1946
Eamonn Mac Sithigh	1947
Donall O'Cinnéide	1948
Leo Stack	1949
Pádraig O'Cathain	1951
Liam O'Ceallachain	1953
Máire Ní Chineath	
Eoghan O'Suilleabháin	1956
Brigid Goodley	1956
Dermot Hanifin	1958
Máire B Bheacháin	1960
Máire B de Búrca	1966
Bheronica B Uí Hebáird	1966
John Kirby	1967 – 2005
Helen Galvin	1973 – 2005
Helen Taran	1981
Catherine Kennelly	1983
Eilish Dillon	2005
Ciara O'Connor	2005



Top left: Chriss Quinn and Mary Roche. Top Right: Mike Dore & Peg at the Dan Paddy Andy Festival 2005. Bottom Left: Sr Anthony O'Rourke, Brosna and London, Nora Reidy Abbey-feale and Mrs Cullinane, Brosna. Bottom Right: A couple of Limerick pipers at the Fest.

LYONS MECHANICAL SERVICES

Lyreacrompane

*Pipe Fitting Welding Plumbing & Heating
Pump and Boiler Services
Alternative Heating Systems*

Contact Mike

Tel 087 7596135 068 48166

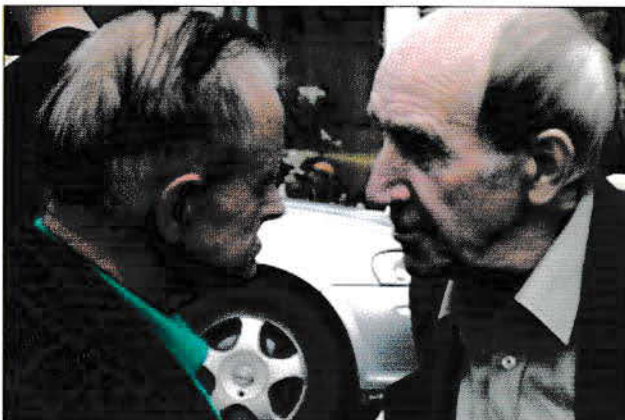


Scoil Ide National School, Curranes, Castleisland participated in National Tree Week by planting a Holly Tree as part of a move to save the this native Irish Tree which is being decimated by cowboy traders in the weeks prior to Christmas. For more information on this campaign go to www.treasurethehollytree.com

This is Your Life & 70th Birthday for Frank Starken



Back Row – Left to Right Jimmy Roche, Pat Starken, Bertie Carey, Gabriel Starken, Hal Starken,
Front Row – Left to Right Marie Starken, Pauline Starken, Frank Starken, Sr. Elizabeth Starken
Missing from the photo is Fr. Brian Starken, Sierra Leone



Middle Left: Christy Quille and Pat Brosnan chatting at the Festival 2005.
Middle Right: Mike O'Connell, John & Mary O'Callaghan. Bottom Left: County Champions.
Back row Padraig Walsh, Lucinda Lyons, Albert Roche, Anne Lyons (teacher).
Front row Niall Healy, Joanne O'Connell, Tracey Moran, Anna Lyons and Stephen Moran.
Bottom Right: Fionnuala Dillon and Rachel Keane, Rathea at the Magic Show.



Duagh/Lyre Community Games Girls U-16 Basketball team that won the All-Ireland in Mosney. The photo includes Orla Lane, Aine McKenna, Aisling Scanlon, Jean Maher, Rhiannon McNulty, Michelle Sheeran, Aine Dillon, Laura Collins and Maire Dillon. Coaches were Claire Sheehy and Ann Scanlon.

Good luck to the Journal from the Irish Rambling House



LIMERICK SONGS AND SCENES – A new video, DVD and CD out now
Coming Soon - THE IRISH RAMBLING HOUSE IN HARROW

*All the other great Irish Rambling House videos/DVDs still available including
The Irish Rambling House at Sliabh Luachra recorded in Scartaglin*

Kay O'Leary, Irish Rambling House, Lyreacrompane, Co Kerry. Tel 00353 (0)68 48353
e-mail; ramblinghouse@eircom.net www.irishramblinghouse.com