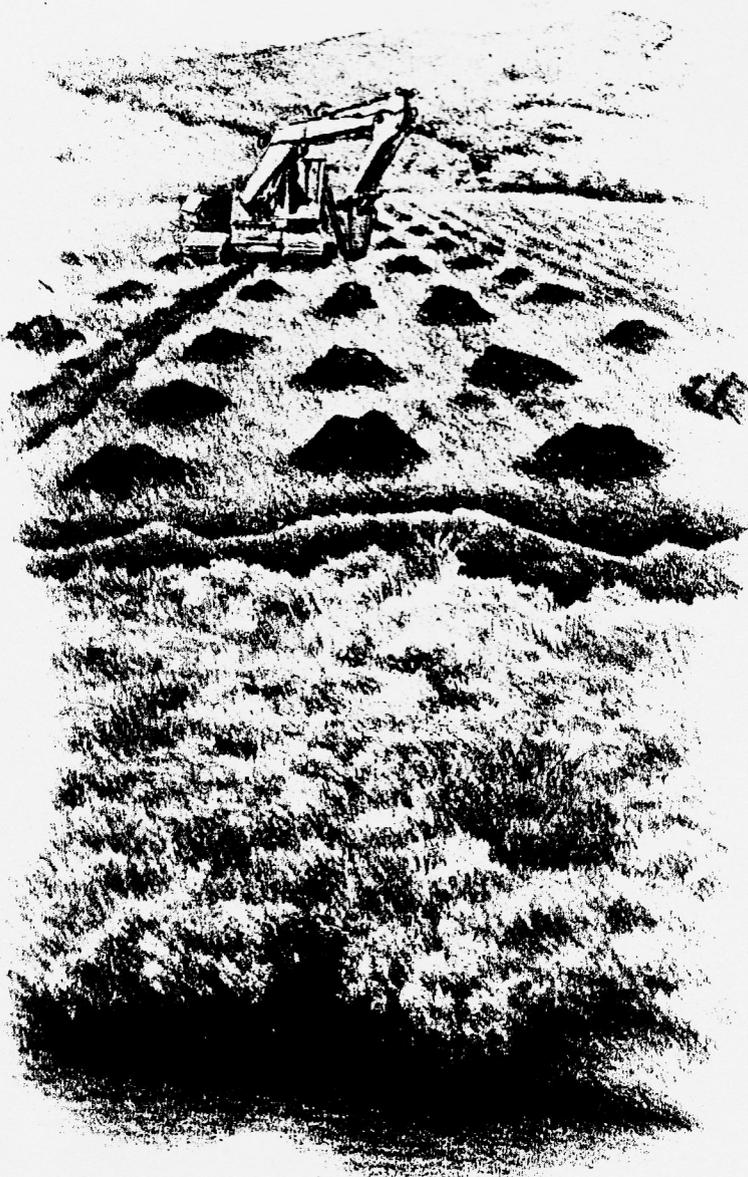


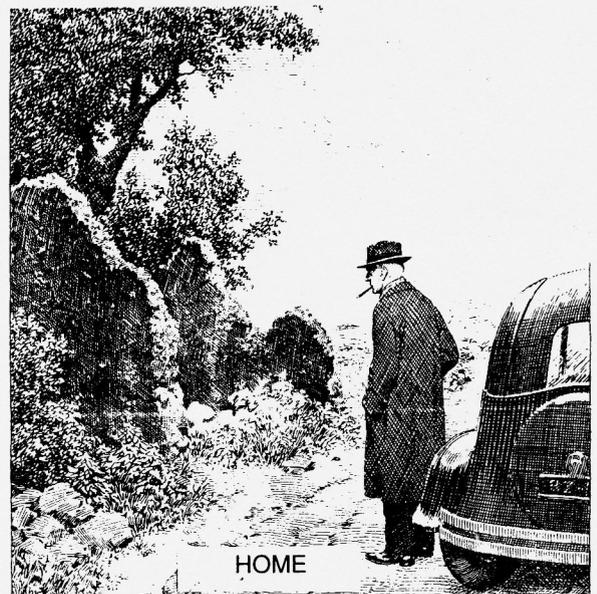
The
**LYREACROMPANE
& DISTRICT
JOURNAL**

1992

No. 3



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*Fellow Irishmen! Are we to lie down and see a man from another parish
appointed as our dispensary doctor?*

LYREACROMPANE & DISTRICT JOURNAL

1992

*W*elcome to the third issue of our Journal. Once again we had no trouble filling its pages and, in fact we had to reluctantly omit, among other items, three major articles for reasons of space. One in particular, by Sr. Brigid Moloney on her days at Renagown School will be worth reading in the next Journal.

My thanks once again to all those who contributed articles and photographs, to those shops and other outlets who sell our Journal and to our advertisers whose support is much appreciated. Finally, a special word of thanks to the Sheehy family for their enthusiasm and work in helping produce this production.

Joe Harrington

We are now accepting articles, photos, etc. for the next issue of the Lyre Journal and these should be sent to 109, Mountain View, O'Malley Park, Limerick. Tel: 061-310384 or to Bridie Sheehy, Clahane, Lyreacrompane.



At the Super Ballroom, Listowel 14 April '61, Maureen Doyle, now Mrs. Hickey, Margaret Buckley who is now Mrs. Mahony and Joan Enright now married to Jimmy Roche.

PAT'S STRATEGEM

by

JOHN JOE SHEEHY

Pats, his wife, and his brother Jack, lived in a townland adjacent to Lyreacrompane. His sister Mage and her husband Johnny lived nearby. Jack was ill, dying in fact. He had worked for farmers in all kinds of weather from an early age and had contracted tuberculosis. He had been of a thrifty nature and had kept a large proportion of his wages, meagre though they were, and now he kept this money, amounting it is said to £50 in all, under his pillow. Pats knew of the existence of this money, and so did Mage. Pats was quite happy in the knowledge and believed that when Jack would close his eye for the last time the money would be his. Quite happy that is, until one fine morning when Johnny arrived at the house, with a bowl of chicken soup for the dying man. He brought it the following morning and succeeding mornings also.

Pats knew very well what this meant - that Mage and her husband hoped that by means of this kindness they'd wheedle the fifty pounds off Jack. Pats thought long and deeply as to what course of action he'd take to defect them. Finally he made up his mind to adopt a certain plan. He tackled his donkey to the car early next morning, lit his pipe, gave the donkey one good whack of his stick and set off for Listowel.

Arriving there he tied his donkey at the steeple (the railing was around it at that time) and crossed down the Square until he arrived at the office door of one John Moran, attorney. Men of Moran's profession were called attorneys then, not solicitors as of the present day. First a word about John Moran. His name and fame were known countrywide. The general belief was that if you had him on your side in a court case, you won it. If you hadn't, and he was representing your opponent, you lost. 'Twas as simple as that.

Entering the office, Pats explained the purpose of his visit. In short it was to the effect that he had kicked a bowl of soup out of his brother-in-law's hands and that the latter was now bringing him up for assault and he wanted Mr. Moran to defend him. Moran took down his statement, asked for and received half-a-crown from Pats, which was the fee for legal representation at the time. Pats returned to his donkey and car and returned home.

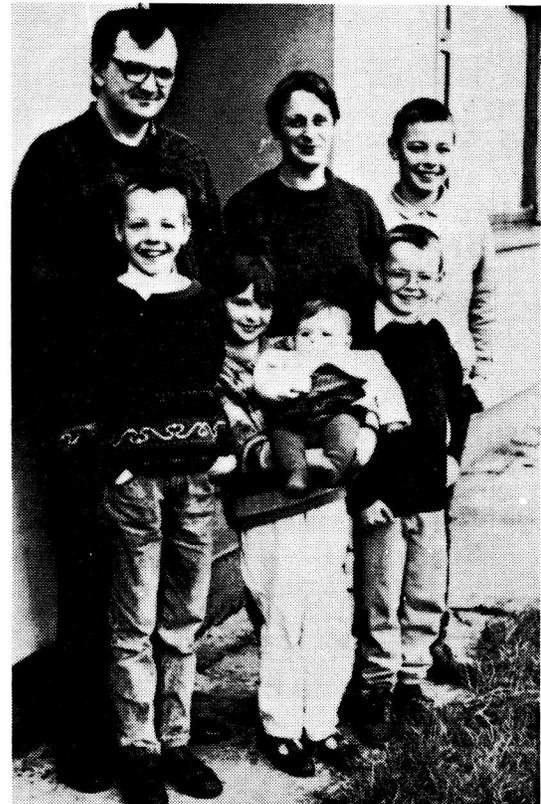
The following morning when Johnny arrived as usual with the bowl of soup, Pats was waiting for him and sent the bowl in flitters to the rafters with a well aimed kick that would have done credit to Jack O'Shea of the present day. Johnny turned on the floor and went out the door saying "You'll hear from this", as he did so. He went up home, tackled his donkey to his car and set out for Listowel.

Arriving there he tied the donkey to the steeple railings and went to Moran's office where he began to explain the reason for his visit. He hadn't gone far when Moran interrupted him, by saying: "But I'm fee'd by Pats in that case already". To say that Johnny was dumbfounded would be putting it mildly. He stood there for a while baffled and uncertain as to his next move. Finally he left the office, returned to his mode of conveyance and returned home. There was nothing else to be done. There was no sense in going to any other attorney like Creagh Harnett or Matthew Byrne; t'would be only throwing money away.

Pats for his part, allowed a certain length of time to elapse before he made his next move, perhaps about two weeks. Then,

convinced that he was safe from legal proceedings, he visited Moran again. "Mr. Moran" he said, "regarding that statement I gave you the last day, I'm in dread I made a few mistakes in it, would you read it out to be again, just to make sure is it alright or not". Moran got the statement and commenced to read. He hadn't gone far when Pats stopped him. "Oh t'wasn't that way at all, t'was this way" says Pats. Moran made the correction, and read on. He was stopped again. Again he made the correction as directed and continued. He was stopped again. At this Moran jumped to his feet, took a half-crown from his pocket and threw it on the floor at Pats feet. "Take your money: he said, "and get out of my office". Pats picked up the half-a-crown, spat on it and went to the door. "Thank you Mr. Moran", he said, "that's all I wanted".

Jack died in due course, and Pats handled the money.



The Kelly family.

MAUGHA

- THE ROAD TO LYRE

One hundred and fifty years ago the only road from Lyreacrompane to Tralee passed through the townland of Maugha. At that time the road from Knocknagoshel to Tralee had not been built. The highway from the county capital curved left shortly after Kildubh, as it does today, and then continued in a north westerly direction towards the Glashareag river and then along its northern bank to join the Castleisland-Listowel road. From Kildubh the way was little more than a track but it is likely that it existed before the Lyreacrompane part of the Listowel-Castleisland

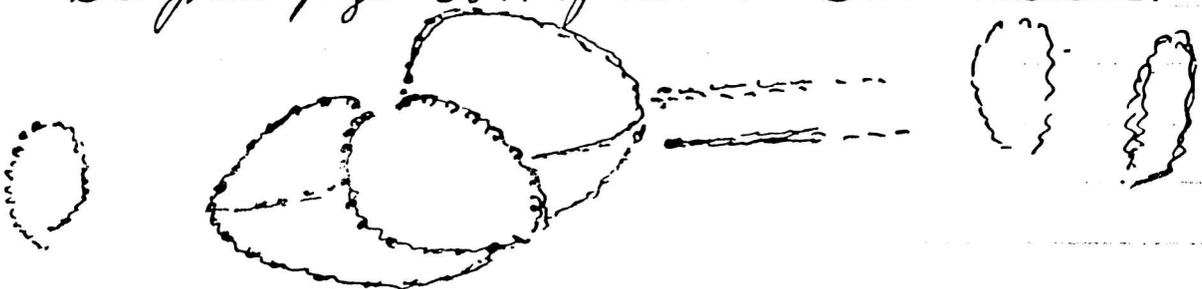
road.

There are few places in Kerry more isolated than Maugha yet, tucked away in the hills, the narrow strip of fertile land along the bank of the river, was capable of supporting a substantial population. There is some evidence to suggest that settlements in the area go back to the very earliest times. In the 40's the County Kerry Field Club was a group of people interested in archaeology and such things. On Sunday's they left Tralee on their bikes to investigate some site or other. An account of their excursions is contained in their

minute book, and on Page 508 we find details of a trip to the Maugha area on the 6th of April, 1944:

"... The secretary gave an account of the outings for the month. The most important of these was to the Knocknacurra district of Maugha, Lyreacrompane. This was undertaken to investigate some mystery sites previously visited by Commander O'Connor but not identified. The sites are on the lands of Mr. O'Connor, on the north side of the stream that flows west/east through the valley. The sites were easily identified for their close similarity to the stone hut sites on

with one or two single sites a little detached and a bonilla or cattle pen attached to each. see plan page 389. of these on Ince mountain.



There is also a in the midst of the butsites an obly stone barrow; with not far distant an obly site which might be a kiln or oratory site but for the fact that it is not orientated as all these ancient buildings are. There seems to be no story or ~~not~~ no tradition about these sites beyond the fact that people do not like to go too near them at night. Coming towards the



The Plaque on Maugha School.

the T..... Mountains."
 (The Minute Book is in longhand and some words are difficult to make out).

There are seven groups or villages of these constructed on the very same pattern - that is a clustered group in the centre with one or two single sites a little detached, and a bouille or cattle pen attached to each. See plan Page 389 of these on Tralee Mountain. There is also in the midst of the hut sites a stone barrow; with not far distant an oblong site which might be a killeen or oratory site but for the fact that it is not orientated

as all these ancient buildings are.

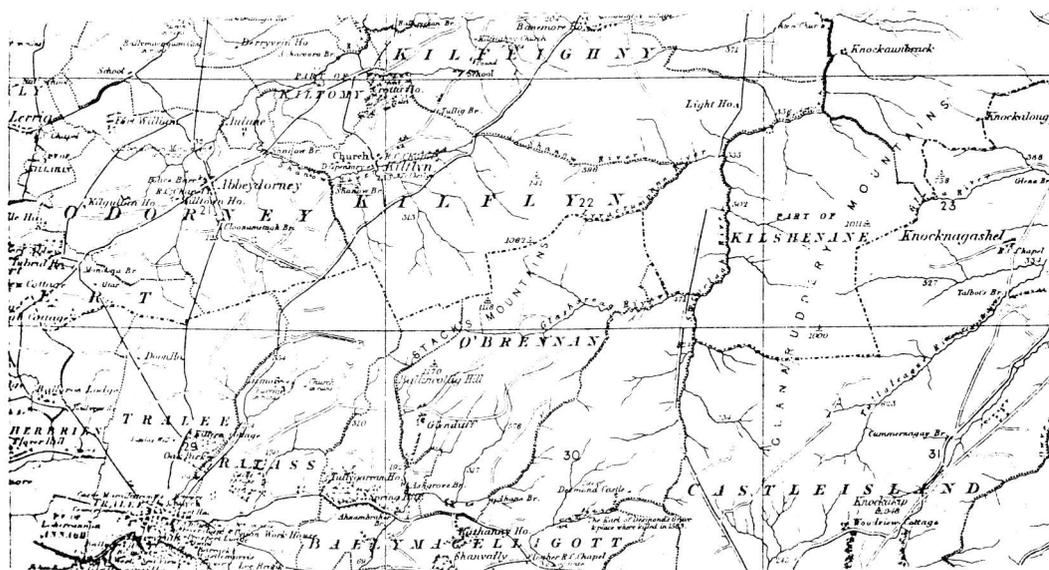
There seems to be no story or no tradition about these sites beyond the fact that people do not like to go too near them at night.

Coming towards the river the party found a small beside one of these groups and on examination they were able to establish that one existed beside each group - a further similarity to the hut sites on Tralee Mountain. Beside the river is a further oblong pile of stones running east-west - evidently a further stone barrow.

Close by the river bank are some

old workings or mine shafts. Local tradition says that they were borings for coal. The secretary brought away a sample from the rubbish heaps thrown up. This he was instructed to send to Dr. O'Connor, Natural History Museum ..."

Perhaps in some future edition of this Journal some local people might throw further light on this interesting report. Also further information may be forthcoming following the Castleisland District Archaeological Survey of January 1990.



PAT'S OTHER STRATAGEM

Pats and Johanna kept a shebeen where of course, they sold drink without leave or licence. 'Tis said that the R.I.C. police in Lyreacrompane barrack were among their best customers. However the District Inspector of the R.I.C. in Listowel came to hear of it and organised a raid. Pats who was an early riser, luckily for him, walked out of his house on to the road one morning and saw two parties of policemen approaching from opposite directions. They were still a good distance away. Pats took off his hat and commenced walking in circles, slapping his hat against his thigh. Then he went back in the house and told Johanna what he had seen. "There is only one thing for it" he said, "you'll have to get a fit of religious insanity". "Kneel down there at the box where the drink is, with every holy picture and crucifix in the house up before you, and pray, and pray and pray". Johanna did so and in less time than it takes to tell her, Our Father's and Hail Mary's could be heard across the road.

Pats went out immediately and recommenced walking in circles and thigh-slapping. He pretended to take no notice of the police when they arrived. Didn't even answer when the District Inspector asked him what was the matter at first, until that gentleman put the question to him again. Then of course, Pats explained about Johanna's fit of religious insanity and how she was praying all night and was still hard at it, and that it was dangerous to disturb her. The Inspector said he was sorry but that he had a duty to perform, as he had received reports concerning the illegal sale of drink etc., and would have to search the house for same. "Search away men" said Pats, resuming his thigh slapping and the rest. The police searched everywhere within the house except the box at which Johanna was kneeling and praying.

Sliabh Luachra Side

by
Pat Brosnan

Air - Down Erin's Lovely Lee

*There's a place in County Kerry that's
the fairest ever seen
With its streams and lofty mountains
and its valleys rich and green.
The people there are charming and they
speak with love and pride
Of their lovely grand and pleasant land
along Sliabh Luachra side.*

*It would be worthwhile to ramble there
when spring is in the air
To hear the thrushes warbling and the
skylarks notes so rare
The cuckoo's call so loud and clear is
heard both far and wide
As he soars on high up in the sky along
Sliabh Luachra side.*

*The music men who once lived here
their names we do recall
Padraig Keffe and Denis Murphy and
their comrades one and all
But our present day musicians too are
as fine as ever tried
When their tunes they play each night
and day along Sliabh Luachra side.*

*When Kerry men took up their guns to
fight the Saxon foe
Those brave and gallant volunteers
their enemies laid low
The Black and Tans and Auxies found
they had no place to hide
When the Fenian men from hill and
glen marched from Sliabh Luachra
side.*

*But now our boys and girls too are
again fleeing from the land.
As emigration takes them from their
kindred dear and fond
An exiles' lot they'll have to share
across the ocean tide
Where'er they roam away from home
far from Sliabh Luachra side.*

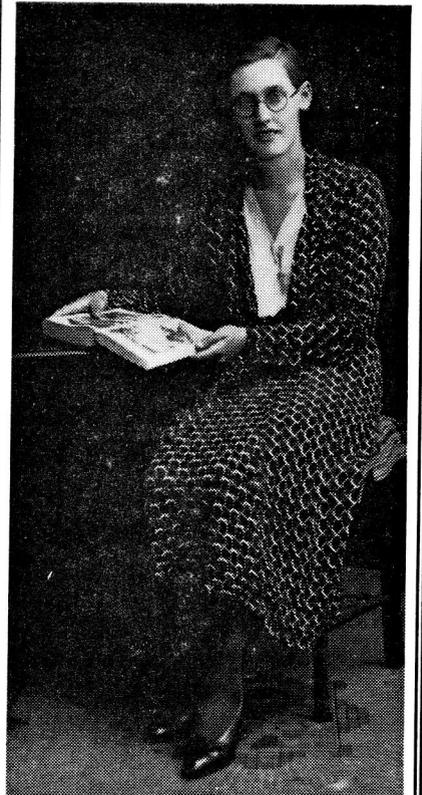
*If you visit this enchanted land you're
surely going to find
A warm friendly welcome there from
people true and kind
So now to finish up my song may the
Lord your footstes guide
And a fond farewell from those who
dwell along Sliabh Luachra side.*

by
Betty Canty

*Liz McElligott a native of
Dromadda, former pupil of
Renagown N.S., was conferred
with the order of St. Mary's
College, Moraga, California on
May 13th '73, and had a clinic in
that college named her due
to her work as guardian of the
physical and emotional welfare
of the students there, above and
beyond the call of duty for 15
years.*

*She was a graduate of the
Prince of Wales Hospital
College of Nursing London and
post graduate of the National
Obstetrical Hospital Dublin,
and served with distinction as a
supervisor of Hospital
evacuation in England during
World War II.*

*She retired to Ireland and
lived in Ballyduff for some
years. She died in '82. R.I.P.*



Lizzie McElligott.

The MAGIC of *the* MOORLAND

by PADDY KAVANAGH

I arrived in Tralee in 1949 with my wife and family. Houses were scarce in Tralee in those days. I rented one on an outside farm at Baileánóraig, the property of Tom Scanlon, Kilemore, Killduff. The following year I got a bank of turf from Moss Moore at Reamore. Moss Moore, Dan Foley and myself *cómhared* together in the bog for two years. Dan and Moss were so friendly then - God rest them both - Mrs. Foley would have the dinner ready for the three of us in the evening. We spent happy days together - Dan cutting (and well able he was), Moss spreading and breenching. Dan was a very tidy man. His yard and outhouses were neatly kept. Everything under cover and no drop down anywhere - *fear críoch nuíl - an indus - trious man*, to see the medium sized iron pot neatly buried in concrete under the cow's head. I didn't realise then what a handy man Dan was until years later. I met an old man at Blennerville who described to me the big breach the fearful storm of the Winter of 1924 made in the bank at Blennerville Marsh, and that it was the Foley brothers of Reamore who repaired it and that sound job of work is still to be seen.

Moss Moore's banks of turf were running out so I moved to Tursillagh bog where I had a seven sod bank above near the kiln. A nice bank of dark brown solid turf cut to the stone. Ah yes, I had a picked team, Georgie Rice, Bobeen Howard R.I.P., two of the best turf cutters Tursillagh produced, the mighty Mick "Cán" McKenna and Gerry O'Donovan R.I.P., a man of steel from Glenbeigh. It took the five of us two days to cut the bank which produced five loads of Dan Flaherty's lorry - no small lorry - kept two and sold three, one to Barry's bakery and two to Mr. Coffey who owned the

Picturedrome and Theatre Royal picture houses, £10 a lorry load delivered. Yes, a well-earned £10, myself and my wheelbarrow.

When the bank at Tursillagh was cut out, I moved to Graffeen bog at Macha where I joined up with the famous Harrington brothers, Maurice R.I.P., Paddy R.I.P., and Ned, Denis Harris R.I.P., Páty Harris and Mick Walsh R.I.P. Ned later moved to his own bog and his brother Paddy went to England. I was now in a completely different bog: four and five sods high of black heavy turf cut off the bogdale. Maurice Harrington, a man of steel, would cut the top sod out of his arms. Den Harris out on the wing spreading. You would love to look at his platform of turf in the evening, every sod having its own length and breadth. It took weeks - generally about three weeks in the month of May - to cut the five banks, that is for Maurice, Mick Walsh, myself, for Páty and Den. Graffeen turf was sold by weight - at £1 per ton delivered to the C.W.S. Bacon factory at Tralee - a well earned £1 - sold for £1 a bag today.

Denis Harris' wife R.I.P., kept a spotlessly clean house. Many the lovely meal she gave to Maurice, Mick and myself on our way home from the bog in the evening. It was hard work but working with a good crew was a pleasure. Páty and myself are the only members of that team now alive. Páty is hale and hearty and on

sunday 16th March we celebrated his 90th birthday. He is well cared for by his wife Nora (nee Rahilly) and it was nice to see his grandchildren step-dancing at *leac an cinnceáin* for him. He is lucky to have his son Denis, his wife Maureen and children living next door to him.

Mossy Leen says that three brothers of the Leen family arrived at Graffeen about 200 years ago from Ballyheigue, but he is not sure whether or not they had been ousted from their holdings there. Two of those houses are now vacant. Mossy Leen who now resides in the old folks ward at Tralee Regional Hospital, was 97 years of age on 13th Dec. '91. He is - God bless him - as bright as a lark.



Paddy Kavanagh and Mickeen Scanlon.

He is the son of the late Michael Leen - known to us as Mike Mhairis and Mary Flaherty of Laccabeg. His mother died at childbirth when his sister Mary Ann was born. Mary Ann later married John Quinlan who worked at Latchford's, Tralee. He attended the old school at Poll (Powl) Macha. His teacher was Maurice O'Connell, Kilmore, Kielduff; a tall man said Mossy, 6'6" in height and known locally as 'Scráice'. Dineen's dictionary has various definitions of the Irish word *scráice*, one is a lanky person. Yes, there was Irish spoke in the Macha area in days of yore.

Mossy has a bag-full of songs and well able he is as yet, to sing them - songs he learned out of Ireland's Own. Every time his father would go to town he would bring home a copy of that magazine. He remembers his sister Mary Ann attending a class given in Macha School by a domestic economy instructress in butter making etc., and at Listowel Agricultural fair and show the following summer, she won first prize with her butter sample.

He remembers seeing four families of the Collins clan residing at Pall. The last member of those Collins', John Collins, is now being cared for by Mrs. O'Connor at Poll. Mossy can remember over 80 years ago when John Collins' father got married to Nora - (known locally as Norry) Brown from the townland of Buaile in Knocknagoshel - a good looking girl said Mossy, with jet black hair. A lovely singer, she had songs from Knocknagoshel said Mossy, that I hadn't, such as "She was the lovely Maid of Erin". Those Collins' were related to Micky Collins of Meenathee, Castleisland - father of the famous 'Wit' Bryany Collins. Micky attended the wedding, and when the wedding party arrived home at Poll, the locals had only four words to welcome the new bride, said Mossy "I wish you joy". Micky put his back to the open hearth and started off as follows: "You're welcome here and I wish you joy; this is your corner until the day you die; your rent is low and your tax is small, and Micky and Márs (Maris) have no claim at all". (Referring, of course, to

the two old people on each side of the fire). "You're Brown by name but you're black by nature and you're welcome here my lovely cráture".

Mossy and his father worked hard to keep their little holding of land in good heart; they would draw limestone from Groves' quarry at Ballymacelligot. What a decent man Cornelius Groves was said Mossy; the maol (heap) he'd put on your but of lime. Mossy would burn the lime in the kiln, and spread it out to sweeten the moorland. It is interesting hearing Mossy describing the population and the dwelling houses in the Macha area when he was young. It was a common sight to see a meocheal of 15 men cutting turf and he has now lived to see the day when it is impossible to put four men together to cut one *sleaghán* of turf.

We had plenty company on the mountainside in those days; we had rambling houses for card playing and for dance. Mossy lived alone in Macha for years until he moved to Tralee to be near his sister in Church St. No doubt but he worked hard: spend winter days repairing sod fences and clearing drains. "I'd kill a fine pig and she would do me for the year together with a fresh bit of meat I'd bring from town". Mossy is a very pleasant happy man and spontaneously sings a song for me when I visit him.

Yes, my team at Graffan got broken up through old age and death and I then moved on to Reamore - to Mickeen and Ciss Scanlon. I am now pushing nearer that well known hostelry known as the four elms - *Is deas é Cualaoh isreach go dtá Muintir de Roiste* - Mickeen Scanlan and his wife Ciss were saintly people. The keen eyesight Mickeen had, and was that



1941-1991 Golden Wedding Anniversary April 26 '91,
Nora and Patrick Harris.

because of his life on the moorland, and living in vast open places? Ciss (nee Reidy) had spent some years in America. Her house was spotlessly clean; she was a wonderful cook. Their house was a house of music and dancing in days of yore. The light went out of Mickeen's life the day she died. He was lucky that his nephew Eamon Scanlan resided near at hand and kept him supplied with his daily comforts and necessities for years. He would bring a bucket of spring water daily from the well near the mouth of the road and who would he meet there this day but Guard Jerry Cronin delivering Census forms. Jerry knew there would be no change in the 'Count' in Mickeen's household between here and the appointed date so he decided there and then to fill up the form and spare himself the journey of travelling down Mickeen's bohoreen twice. He wrote in Mickeen's name. "What's the Mrs' name", says Jerry "Ciss" said Mike. "Ah, that's a pet name" said Jerry. "That is the name we always call her", said Mickeen. So Jerry had to go his way leaving the form with Mickeen. It was great to hear Ciss describing the tongue she gave Mickeen when he related to her what took place at the well. Yes,

they were innocent people. God rest them.

And now I 'cómhar' with the well known Andy O'Connell. What a brainy intelligent man! Had he gone to Trinity, or to Eton where Churchill went to school, he'd make history. His spontaneous wit is a pleasure to hear. Andy and myself will not cut any more turf. He is motoring away fine now after getting two new hips. He was carrying mighty weight on old hips that had lost their 'lubrication'.

Ah yes, he meets his neighbour. "Andy", said she, "I have got a great prescription. I took it and I lost a stone and a half." She gave a copy of it to Andy. His daughter Kitty bought the ingredients, which included cream a' tarter! Poor Kitty had to do terrible searching to get the 'tarter. The 'dose' filled a pint bottle and a glass of this to be taken every day. Andy, being such a

practical man weighed himself at the start and at the finish of this mighty dose. And when he had the bottle emptied he was a pound and a half heavier. He met my lady later on. "Whisha Andy a ghráoha did you lose the stone and a half". "Oh may God bless you Mrs "saióhe" it was the best bottle that ever came into the house, I lost one stone and the other stone is lose". That is only one sample of his jolly wit.

In bygone days there was an acre for every day of the year in the Reidy farm at Reamore, where I am cutting my turf. Then it was divided between two brothers Maurice and John. The Reidy surname died out. Michael Lynch, Stacksmountain, married Margaret Reidy. Ger Cronin, Duagh, married Mary Ann Lynch and the last to live in those two houses was Mickeen Scanlan, Macha, who came alone and married Ciss (Ellen) Reidy. God rest

them all.

The moorland brought me in touch with decent generous people. Even though the work was hard, we, as a team, enjoyed lots of joyful times. We had plenty of banter, jokes and wit, which helped to lighten the load, and to shorten the day. It certainly was a pleasure to sit on a dry cúrcóg on a fine day in the clean dust-free environment and to smoke my pipe. I often sat there enjoying my smoke and listening to the lark soaring overhead, and the cuckoo on a distant branch. There was always a feeling of well being and satisfaction at the end of a day on the moorland. The tranquility to be felt and enjoyed there would enrich anybody's spirit. I feel privileged to have enjoyed it for such a long period of my life, and I thank all the people who contributed to that enjoyment for me.

THE GREENWOOD LONG AGO

by Pat Brosnan

Air - The Plains of Waterloo

*My thoughts they often wander back across the
span of time,
To the happy days of yesteryear and the scenes of
boyhood's prime,
Fond reveries come stealing too of the sunlight's
radiant glow,
When I went to play with Katy May in the
greenwood long ago.*

*Those summer days were carefree then when we
were away from school,
As we romped around each leafy glad and
woodland dark and cool,
Or wandered through the valleys green to the
streamlets down below,
When I went to play with Kathy May in the
greenwood long ago.*

*The warm air was throbbing with the sounds of
birds and bees,
Sweet zephyrs from the westland hills blew gently
through the trees,
Her keen blue eyes looked into mine and her voice
was soft and low,
When I went to play with Kathy May in the
greenwood long ago.*

*But all too fast our young days fled and soon we
had to face
The world outside with all its woes its challenge
and its pace,
Still echoes come of times long past and our frolics
to and fro,
When I went to play with Kathy May in the
greenwood long ago.*

*Then came the time when she sailed out to a far and
distant land,
And to another young man there she gave her heart
and hand,
Yet still my mind keeps turning back through times
long ebb and flow
When I went to play with Kathy May in the
greenwood long ago.*

*Our ways have long divided and we both have now
grown old,
Since those bright and magic summer days by river,
field and wold,
But cherished memories linger on of the times we
used to know,
When I went to play with Kathy May in the
greenwood long ago.*

GOOD QUALITIES

John B. Keane

In the bar the other evening there was an altercation between two gentlemen, both of them old enough to have known better. Both of course had been drinking all day. As so often happens they do most of their drinking in a civilised fashion in other public houses while their wives are shopping. They reserve the argumentative side of their nature for these here premises where they have promised to meet their wives.

The argument was all about which of the pair was the more useless. All would have been well if the exchanges had been confined to the pair but there was in the bar at the time a vicious little man who is never done interfering with customers.

He had been barred for a period but only last Christmas I relented and allowed him back to the fold. He is now due for the road again. The trouble with him is that he has no wife to chastise him. You might say that he was unattended on the occasion whereas the pair having the argument had wives to dampen any serious ructions that might arise.

Sick and tired of the bickering the small man declared that both men were the sorriest specimens of humanity he had ever seen.

"If ye were in any other country" said he "ye'd be taken out and shot and given a good hiding afterwards and another thing" he continued "the man that sold ye intoxicating liquor should have his license revoked."

I decided to let this particular ball over the bar for it has been my experience that there is a modicum of truth in nearly every utterance made by our castigators, a tiny modicum in most cases but enough to warrant recognition nevertheless.

The small man wound up by informing the bickering pair that they were good for nothing.

"Excuse me" said the wife of one. We shall call her Dora "but that man is good for a lot of things."

"Name one" said the small man. Nonplussed she racked her brains to recall some praiseworthy trait. It was clear that she was having difficulty. She could not say that he put out the ashes every morning for the good reason that it wasn't true and secondly because it might not be regarded as a manly task.

Then came a triumphant smile and we knew that she had hit upon something out of the ordinary.

"He's a great warrant to pound spuds" she said proudly, recalling that he had mashed the potatoes for the stuffing on Christmas morning.

The small man who was wifeless and consequently a fast food fanatic suffered his first rebuff of the day. He wasn't into pounding spuds. The frying pan was his limit and the sausage his staple diet. He addressed himself to the second wife. We shall call her Madge.

"And what's yours good for" he scoffed. She blabbed out her answer at breakneck speed so proud was she of the attainments which she was just about to make public.

"That man" said she grandly "has been pairing my corns and cutting my toes for thirty five years and never once did he draw blood."

It was the second rebuff for the small man. The moral here is never ask a woman for a reference about her husband because it will be glowing. The small man had not yet had enough.

"Pounding spuds!" he was at his most derogatory "and is there anything else in his favour you'd like make known?"

Dora who was anything but a dumb Dora struck an inspired patch. Her husband who would not have been able to recall anything whatsoever in his own defence allowed her full rein.

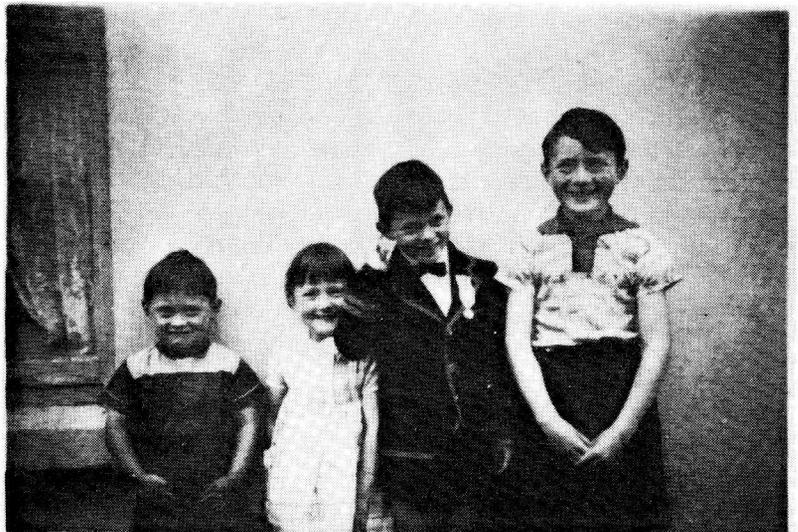
"He don't snore" she said "and he don't keep a pot in the room like more and he don't go interfering in other people's business. He don't miss Mass and he don't miss his dinner and he always flushes the toilet after him except when he's after firing a blank. He keeps the hens out of the kitchen and the Civic Guards was never at his door and neither was the process server. He sets a hundred of cabbage each year and there's no year he don't have a good bath for himself and if you want anymore you can sing it yourself."

The small man was rattled, not because any single one of her husband's accomplishments deserved citation. It was the sum of the accomplishments and the whirlwind delivery that took the wind out of his sails.

There's another moral to all this. With the right wife to extol him it can be clearly shown that even the most ordinary, most elderly, most unlikely-looking amadawn is possessed of a wealth of talents.

"Beware the ordinary mortal" said Shakespeare "for vast and wonderful commodities lie beneath his common skin."

Alright, alright! Maybe it wasn't said by Shakespeare. Maybe I just made it up. The important thing is that there comes an occasion for recognising ordinary mortals and this is as good a time as any.



Billy, Hugh, Siobhan and Michael Goulding, Glosnahanoon (early 60's).

OUR SCHOOL DAYS IN THE 40'S

by BRIDIE SHEEHY

It was the old school at the time and the first school in Lyre, following the dwelling house-cum-school house-cum-church, namely Molyneaux's at the Glen.

Twas a three roomed house built with mass-concrete. It was more like a jail house as the windows were very high up. The master was the only one that could see out on the tips of his toes. There was a wall going up the centre of the yard at the back, dividing the boys from the girls and it was at the end of that wall the 2 toilets were, one at either side. That wall was about 6 feet high. There was no water for toilets or nowhere to wash your hands.

Sixth and seventh class pupils had their chores, each day in turn. One to go to the well for a bucket of water for teacher's tea; one to bring in the master's bicycle on his shoulders up the steps into the cloak room, 2 boys to untackle Mrs. Sheehy's pony from the trap and put it and the trap into a small house whose roof was one level with the playground as the whole school area was much higher than the road, and there was a steep rise up to the school. Two more boys got the starting of the school fires. Whoever was appointed was responsible for the ammunition to light them such as a few dry kippins brought from home and a bottle of parafin. Each family had to supply a horse-rail of turf to keep the 3 fires burning.

Two girls had to go in at play hour and wash the ware after the teachers. Mrs. Sheehy, who taught up to 1st class, travelled every morning, hail rain or shine from Clahane in her pony and trap. Before there was any road out to Lyre, she had to cross the river 5

times to get out. She was what we called the stable teacher in the school. Her stick for the children consisted of 6" of a ruler, 3 for her and 3 for us. The second room with 2nd, 3rd and 4th. was forever changing teachers. We had John O'Connor Lyre, Francis Ahern Knocknalongh, a Miss Dillon from Duagh and later Miss Nolan, Lyre also. All those teachers had to lay the foundation stone of our education for the principal teacher - Paddy O'Sullivan, "Fear mór reamhair" as he would say changed all that.

He cycled from Dingle Sunday evening and stayed for the week, at M o l o n e y ' s Carrigcannon, the home of the late Dan Moloney T.D. and now Paddy Dorans. He cycled home again on Friday evening, and do you know they say cycling is good for bringing weight down. Well I guarantee you, it did not take one pound off him, and you would well know it, when he'd put his whole weight on the strap down on your poor hand. He taught us everything through the medium of Irish - Stair, tis Eolas, Cúrsai an Lae, uimhiríocht Teagasc Christoi. They are talking every day about

reviving the Irish language. They would want to stop calling Gluaisteán a "carr", and Baile Atha Cliath a dó "Ballac a dó". What will they call it next.

It's good that Paddy O'Sullivan is not listening to them now, he'd have a fit after all the years he spent beating traditional Irish into us. They would tell you that they have different Irish in other parts of the country. I wonder do they supply different Irish leaving cert. papers.

In those days we were told at home that the greatest sin you could commit was to be an informer. That did not prove very



Bridie and John Joe Sheehy, Yvonne Stack, Hannah Stack & Noreen Sheehy



Eddie Somers, John Nolan, Bridie Mai and Bridie.

favourable to us at school with Paddy Sullivan. One day at school he went to answer a knock at the door and a fellow ran up to the big blackboard and drew a big posterior. We immediately recognised it but so also did Paddy when he came in. He ran over to the bin, very like a flour bin in those days, where he had the strap in hiding from the inspector. He would have to lean in over it to get the strap and what you'd see was a perfect replica of what the artist put on the blackboard. He drew a desperate blow on the table, and with a purple face he shouted, Cé dhein e sin. We all stuck to the seats in terror. He shouted a second time, still no response, nobody to inform. He started at the top of the class of about 40 pupils and with full strength he brought down 2 blows on each hand in the room. I suppose he was certain that he surely got the right one. Whilst we were all sitting on our hands, afraid to cry, and on top of that spellings were the next subject. How many pupils got the

same medicine all in the course of about a quarter of an hour. He had nicknames on every one of us, and by gorra, we had good ones on him, but Thank God he never heard them. His nose must have been itchy at the same time. That strap went around the class for every subject in the school curriculum and never went into the bin cold. Paddy was also wiping the sweat from his face. He needed no fire in the grate.

As I mention the grate, we had another big episode one day. We all took bread and butter, and a bottle of cocoa to school for our lunch, and when the fire got red we stood the bottles around the grate to heat them up, but some misfortune, and to all our misfortunes, put his or her bottle too close this day and it blew up with an almighty bang, and it picked the right time when the place was so quiet for once. We were all writing and Paddy was sitting behind the table writing, that is not to say that he wasn't peering out through his bushy eyebrows in case any one of us stirred a hair in our head, or peeped into another's copy. The bang drove the whole weight of about 18 stone of him up into the air. Ah, but he had fast responses. He made a dive for the bin again. He did not know who owned the bottle. But we all knew our own brand. There was Cod Liver Oil, Gripe Water, Murphy's Stout, Nash's Lemonade, Buckfast Tonic Wine, Maltivina, but it did not matter if it was Lourdes water, t'was the same punishment we got. We had to stay in that evening, God help the poor lad that had no

cocoa.

I heard a past pupil telling a story recently. He went to Dingle to a football match, and when the match was over he went in for a pint, he was now a grown up man. All the lads stood around the bar discussing the match, and whatever made him look down at the door, who do you think he saw standing there, only his old school teacher Paddy O'Sullivan, wearing the same head and the same eyes searching all around as if looking for trouble, he said the pint fell out of his hand. He had the same fear of him 20 years later.

We wore no shoes going to school in those days. Once the cuckoo was heard that was the last of the shoes, until the winter came again. It was no joke travelling the bad roads with no tar and pointed stones and cracking our toes against the rocks. When we would get a thorn in our sole we would lift it up to the next one to pick it out with a pin. There were no Mars bars or cake for lunches. On the road from school in the evening our first stop was the creamery, where Andy Sweeney worked, cleaning the motors and engines and putting the turf in the boiler. He always got time to teach us a few steps as he was a lovely step dancer. I can still hear his instructions for the jig. "Out with the right". If only we could conduct ourselves we would have every step in the book. After all his trouble, we often stole his bike and he often had to go a mile in the wrong direction to get it, to go home. The next stop was Doran's



Kitty and Bill Curran



Delores, Willie and Beck Falvey and Brendan Neenan.

shop, where we got 6 sweets for a penny from Norah Doran. She'd ask "Toffee's or bulls eyes". I never since or before saw anything like the Toisín she used to make for the sweets, and she made it so fast that we could never pick up the trade.

The sides of the roads always grazed a few donkeys and when our crowd would have thinned out we would handle a donkey for four, 3 turned out, and one turned back, to urge him on from behind and when we would come in view of our own houses, sure t'was not the houses but the parents, off with us and turn around the donkey and send him home.

We had faction fights also, the children over the road fought with the children back the road, and when they split up, the children up the road fought with the children down the road and so on to the last two families, who had joined forces at the start, now battled it out at the final parting stage, throwing stones at each other. I often wondered why nobody was killed. Either they had a bad shot or they really did not mean to hit each other. I was telling

all this to my married daughter recently, and I said to her "Thank God ye never had all those fights coming from school". She said "Mam, what do you think broke all those flasks?"

There was one large family, going our road to school. If the morning was very wet this mother would give them her big black shawl. There would be four goal posts selected to go under the four corners of the shawl, equal in height lads. As it moved along to school it picked up passengers at

every house. There was a man on his way to the creamery one morning with his young horse and cart with his milk tanks. When the horse saw the monster of a black object with all the legs he put out and ran for his life, spilling the milk all over the road, and fired off his driver. We were brought before Magistrate O'Sullivan and put off the road, but not breathalysed.

There were a few lads and they could make no attempt at all to learn anything. They were not coming to school on a regular basis anyway, because they were going up to Bord na Mona footing turf. Sure it was more in their line to be making a few bob. They had their own version of "Patsy Healy", and one day the inspector came to the school, and it wasn't with humour he said, "Bhuil aon Aimran agaib", but in hopes than anyone of us hadn't a note. Instantly the chief of the labourers jumped up, I would not blame him for it was the first time in his life he had an answer for anything.

"I'm working here in Jasper I've got a

dacent job

I'm drawing turf in gwalfuls and may pay is fifteen bob

I gup there in the morning and I gup there in the dark

And as I'm tramping down the bank, I can hear ould Coote remark

Hurry up there Mr. Clancy you could hear his ugly cry.

Hurry up there Mr. Clancy, or you're dead before you'll die

You're a lazy man from Boula now that you can't deny

You're a rarum, tarum, devil may carem, great big lazy boy."

The inspector swung around and went out the door like you'd set the dog at him, and our own man was too dumbfounded to say anything. He was standing with his back to the fire and his two hands clenched at each side of him on the top bar of the big fire guard. T'was God that did it for us that the children from the inside room rushed out through our room on the way home, at 3 o'clock as it was the only way out, and we all followed them. Either the teacher or the inspector would not see one scrap of humour if you tuck it into their eye. Big Paddy could not even understand the generous humour of this poor lad at that particular time. It was the first day in months he was able to stand up in class without holding a ball of the waist of his pants in his fist to keep it up. T'was only that morning in preparation for the Inspector that there was a reconstruction job carried out on his pants. Three other boys were asked to donate one button each and one of the girls got a needle and thread from Mrs. Sheehy and sewed in the three bottoms, and made braces out of a bit of brown hemp. So following this, the following morning was another lively one in the arena.

A letter arrived for the Master from the tenors mother. No harm to change the subject, he read it out first in fury, and then transferred its contents to the blackboard for all to see.

"Master doo yure juty. Yure sposed to be a tacher and sted yure a tawler. As farr as im consorted ure no god at ader of um. tacke that nou yu bic bulldoc."

A Bar of a SONG

by KAREN & JOHN WALSH

Traditional singing is singing the songs of the people of Ireland in a natural unaccompanied style. The language is simple; it is the language of the people and the thoughts and sentiments are clearly expressed. These traditional songs often tell the stories of the historical predicaments of the time or the broken courtship between a young man and woman. Very often these courtships were upset by the compulsive emigration and desolation in Ireland at the time. In the song 'Old Skibbereen', one can clearly visualise and sense the despair and anguish as the father tells his son how his mother died and how they had to leave their native land

*"I wrapped you in my c ta m r
At the dead of night, unseen
I heaved a sigh and bade goodbye
To dear Old Skibbereen".*

Even though these people left Ireland in impoverished circumstances, they still remember the beauty of the green countryside and they long to return.

*"Oh, father dear, I oft' times hear
you
speak of Erin's Isle
Her lofty scenes and valleys green".*

In many of these traditional songs, such as "The Mulcair River" the writer reminisces about childhood in his native country and naturally, any bitterness or disappointments are overshadowed by the happy memories of youth.

*"I will sing to you of a lovely place
It is where I'd like to be.
It is where I spent my youthful days
In merriment and glee".*
and

*"Fond memories always take me back
To the days long long ago."*
(Mulcair River)

Many songs have been written about Lyrecrompane and the surrounding area. "My Home in Sweet Lyrecrompane" is well known and well-acclaimed. The writer recalls with pleasure childhood days spent by the River Smearla. "As the Day Breaks O'er Rathea", written by Dan Keane, tells the story of a tragic death that occurred at the local Mass Rock in Rathea as people struggled to keep and practice their faith in Penal Times.

*"It was my grandsire's Uncle Ned
With sad tear-laden eye
Who told of Gleann an Aifrinn
Where he saw the sagart die
The red coats came with daggers
drawn*

*I cursed them loud, said he,
For they drove the cold steel through
his breast,
As the day broke o'er Rathea".*

We came to hear and appreciate traditional singing at the Fleadhanna Cheoil. Each family member in turn sang in the competitions at the Fleadh. Winning or losing was not the important issue - it was a matter of singing the song well enough to relate its story and do the song justice. Some of us have indeed been lucky enough to achieve All-Ireland honours at various Fleadhanna, from Bunrana to Listowel, from Kilkenny to Sligo. It has been an honour for us to have been bestowed with such success.



Karen & John Walsh. Karen is now Mrs. Trench N.T. and has won an All Ireland Championship in both English and Irish Traditional Singing. John also holds All Ireland Championship medals. He also has an All Ireland Minor Football medal.

Lyre School Again

In this issue of the Journal we continue our look back at the history of Lyre schools. We start with the Examination Roll dated 3rd June 1899. The Manager at

the time was Fr. Dillon and the teacher at the Glen was Thomas Molyneux. Some readers will be able to identify their grandparents from the list.

In writing out this Roll keep the Names of the Pupils of same class, as far as possible, on same page. Place the names of the Paid Monitors to be examined for Results after names of the ordinary pupils of the class in which they are to be examined.

When this Roll is received together with the Marking Paper, in the Education Office, all the marks assigned by the Inspector will at once be transcribed from the latter document to the Roll, for transmission to the School.

After entering in the School Register the marks obtained by the pupils, the Teacher will be careful to return the Roll to the Office of National Education, as soon as possible, in order that such marks as under the Rules cannot carry fees may be indicated, and the Roll thus perfected, be sent to Manager and Teacher for permanent custody, in the School.

1899 [H.O. 350.]

Page 1

District No. 39
 Roll No. 10859
 P. L. Union, Lis towel
 Post Town of School, Lis towel
 Name and Address of Manager, Rev. Dr. A. Dillon, R.P. Duagh, Lis towel, County Kerry

EXAMINATION ROLL

Of all Pupils whose Names were on the Rolls on the last day of Month preceding Examination, and who made 100 or more Attendances within the previous year. (12 Months.)

Year ended 31st day of May 1899. (Last day of Month preceding Examination.)
 Dated, 3rd June 1899 Signed Thomas Molyneux Teacher.

COLUMNS TO BE FILLED BY TEACHERS.										Teacher to leave these cells blank except as regards the circles indicating previous presentation in same class, Ar., which he is to insert in this Roll as in the case of the Marking Paper.																				
Register No.	Names of Pupils in the order of Class as presented for Examination beginning with the lowest class. (Enter the names of Pupils examined previously in same class first in order.) (Cancel name in case of absence.)	Age last Birthday.	No. of Attendances made in School (Class in which Pupils are to be examined.)	Previous Date of admission to that Class in this District.	In what Class last examined have or elsewhere.	Attendance of new Pupils.		The Figure 1 denotes a Satisfactory Pass, 2 a Mere Pass and 0 Failure.										Extra Branches												
						Date of leaving former N. S.	Name and Roll No. of former N. S. and District.	Reading.		Writing.		Arithmetic.		Spelling.		Grammar.		Geography.		Needle-work.										
								Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	Pass Mark	Fail	
<i>Infant Boys.</i>																														
337	Thomas Nolan	7	140	1896	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
338	Michael Dillon	7	140	1896	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
339	Thomas Doran	6	183	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
340	John McBarthy	7	162	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
342	Michael Collins	6	142	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
343	Cornelius Donoghue	5	172	1897	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
341	William Molyneux	6	128	1897	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
345	Samuel J. Roche	7	182	1898	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
346	Hugh Roche	6	137	1898	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
348	Edmond Molyneux	6	157	1898	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
336	Thomas Willigott	8	102	1896	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
<i>Infant Girls.</i>																														
274	Bridget Lyons	6	153	1898	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
278	Maria Quille	6	207	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
279	Mary Carver	7	169	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
280	Ellen D. Lynch	6	198	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
282	Honora Sulliman	7	137	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
283	Jane McBarthy	7	168	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
284	Maryanna Walsh	6	193	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
289	Madge Donoghue	7	166	1897	Inf			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
290	Catherine Dillon	7	154	1898	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/
292	Ellen Reedy	6	180	1898	—			/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/		/

Ball & Thomas J. Car
 Object Lessons J. Car

Overpayments.—If through wrong presentation of pupils, &c., Results fees are incorrectly paid in any year, the amount overpaid will be deducted from Fees or Salary when accounts are again compared with returns in subsequent process of Audit of Results payments.

COLUMNS TO BE FILLED BY TEACHER.										Teacher to leave these cols. blank								
Register No.	Names of Pupils in the order of Classes as presented for Examination beginning with the lowest class. (Enter the names of Pupils examined previously in same class first in order.) (Cancel name in case of absence.)		Age last Birthday.	No. of Attendance made in the year.	In what Class is Pupil enrolled in School?	Precise Date of Admission to that Class in this School.	In what Class last examined here or elsewhere.	Antecedents of new Pupils.		The Figure 1 denotes								
								Date of leaving former N. S.	Name and Roll No. of former N. S. and District.	Reading.			Writing.			Arith.		
										Pass Mark	a.	b.	Pass Mark	a.	b.	Pass Mark	a.	b.
First Class Boys																		
322	Richard	Carey	9	198	1	598	Inf			1	1							
323	James	Lyons	9	176	1	598	Inf			1	1							
328	John A	Nolan	9	196	1	598	Inf			1	1							
329	David D	Nolan	9	196	1	598	Inf			1	1							
334	Denis	Walsh	9	204	1	598	Inf			1	1							
347	William	Dowd	9	150	1	598	—			1	1							
326	William	Nolan	8	176	1	399	Inf			1	1							
327	James	Doran	8	169	1	399	Inf			1	1							
324	Thomas	Horgan	8	164	1	399	Inf			2	2							
335	Edmond	Quille	8	206	1	399	Inf			1	1							
First Class Girls.																		
281	Madge	Sullivan	9	181	1	597	1			1	1							
262	Margaret B	Mohynen	10	127	1	498	Inf			2	1							
256	Honora	Keidy	9	180	1	598	Inf			2	1							
257	Honora M	Barry	9	141	1	598	Inf			1	1							
259	Catherine	Doran	9	172	1	598	Inf			1	1							
263	Ellen	Moloney	9	203	1	598	Inf			1	1							
264	Mary G	Mohynen	9	170	1	598	Inf			2	1							
261	Mary	Costelloe	8	112	1	1298	Inf			1	1							
269	Kathleen	Mohynen	7	224	1	399	Inf			2	1							
Second Class Boys																		
313	Daniel	Costelloe	12	127	2	597	1			2	2							
308	John C	Mohynen	9	215	2	598	1			1	0							
311	Patrick E	Quille	10	267	2	598	1			1	2							
315	Timothy	Horgan	10	156	2	598	1			1	2							
316	Jeremiah	Nolan	10	166	2	598	1			2	2							
318	Robert	Walsh	10	198	2	598	1			1	0							
321	John J	Mohynen	10	20	2	598	1			2	0							
325	Michael	Curran	10	198	2	598	1			1	1							
Second Class Girls																		
239	Ellen	Nolan	11	157	2	597	2			2	1							
250	Margaret M	Mohynen	10	174	2	598	1			1	2							
252	Margaret	Costelloe	10	162	2	598	1			2	2							
260	Bridget	Dillon	10	103	2	598	1			2	2							
265	Julia	Nolan	10	186	2	598	1			1	1							
271	Mary	Sheehan	9	128	2	598	1			2	2							
275	Kate	Moloney	9	213	2	598	1			2	2							

fast weak

good fair

COLUMNS TO BE FILLED BY TEACHER.										Teacher to leave these cols. blank								
Register No.	Names of Pupils in the order of Classes as presented for Examination beginning with the lowest class. (Enter the names of Pupils examined previously in same class first in order.) (Cancel name in case of absence.)		Age last Birthday.	No. of Attendance made in the year.	In what Class is Pupil enrolled in School?	Precise Date of Admission to that Class in this School.	In what Class last examined here or elsewhere.	Antecedents of new Pupils.		The Figure 1 denotes								
								Date of leaving former N. S.	Name and Roll No. of former N. S. and District.	Reading.			Writing.			Arith.		
										Pass Mark	a.	b.	Pass Mark	a.	b.	Pass Mark	a.	b.
Third Class Boys																		
302	Patrick	Lyons	12	139	3	597	2											
310	Daniel	Moloney	13	174	3	598	2											
289	John	Walsh	11	161	3	598	2											
309	James C	Sheehy	11	111	3	598	2											
303	Jeremiah	Lynch	11	171	3	598	2											
Third Class Girls.																		
244	Catherine	Gleeson	12	183	3	597	3											
291	Ellie	Sullivan	11	153	3	198	2	1297										
276	Bridget	Moloney	10	201	3	598	2											
245	Honora A	Nolan	11	199	3	598	2											
234	Eliza	Mohynen	11	224	3	598	2											
Fourth Class Boys																		
277	Michael	Gleeson	14	113	4	597	3											
296	William	Curran	12	181	4	598	3											
297	Thomas J	Quille	12	193	4	598	3											
294	John B	Nolan	12	163	4	598	3											
304	Thomas E	Quille	12	206	4	598	3											
292	Richard	Sheehy	12	209	4	598	3											
Fourth Class Girls.																		
243	Mary L	Doran	12	162	4	598	3											
First Stage Fifth Class Girls																		
229	Mary A	Nolan	13	189	5	598	4											
Second Stage Fifth Class Boys																		
283	Mathew C	Doran	13	162	5	598	5											
Second Stage Fifth Class Girls																		
214	Mary A	Quille	14	178	5	598	5											
217	Bridget D	Nolan	15	149	5	598	5											
207	Catherine S	Sheehy	14	182	5	298	5											
223	Eliza	McCarthy	14	205	5	598	5											
205	Bridget C	Doran	15	167	5	598	5											
146	Mary	Mohynen	13	225	5	598	5											
277	Eliza	Moloney	12	201	5	598	5											

avg 13.

The number of school holidays has greatly increased since the turn of the century. Mid term breaks were unknown then as can be seen from this notice dated 1913.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS AND TEACHERS.

In view of the considerable number of cases which have come under notice in recent years in which the vacation taken in National schools exceeded the maximum of 40 school days in the calendar year permissible under the terms of Rule 53 (a) of the Code, the Commissioners of National Education desire to draw the attention of Managers and Teachers to this regulation in order that the school vacations for the current and future years may be so arranged as to secure compliance with its requirements.

The only Holidays on which it is permissible to close schools at Christmas, without reckoning the days of closing as part of the annual vacation, are Christmas Day and St. Stephen's Day.

P. E. LEMASS, }
W. J. DILWORTH, } *Secretaries.*

DUBLIN, November, 1913.

C.

(986.)Wt.4586—129.2.14,000.11/13.A.T.&Co.,Ltd.

The oldest Roll Book at Lyre school is dated 1907. The first pupil recorded on that roll was Paddy Enright who is still hale and hearty and gave us an interview for our first Journal in 1990.

1907

1

REGISTER OF *Lyreacrompane* NATIONAL SCHOOL.

Date of Entrance.	Register Number.	PUPIL'S NAME IN FULL.	Date of Pupil's Birth.	Religious Denomination as stated by Parent or Guardian.	RESIDENCE. (Village, Townland, or Street if in a Town.)	Position or Occupation of Parent or Guardian.	State the Name and County of the last National School at which the Pupil attended; and the Standard in which he was last presented.		
							School.	County.	Standard.
1907									
May 6	1	Enright, Patrick	2.2.1901	R.C.	Glashanoun	Farmer	Never at any School.		
May 20	2	O'Conor, Patrick	15.1.1903	R.C.	Lyreacrompane	Farmer	Never at any School.		
June 10	3	Naughton, Thomas	17.2.1902	R.C.	Knockclare	Labourer	Never at any School.		
June 10	4	Naughton, Patrick	17.2.1902	R.C.	Knockclare	Labourer	Never at any School.		
June 11	5	Barry, Bob	29.4.1902	R.C.	Pallas	Labourer	Never at any School.		
September 16	6	Purtell, Michael	10.4.1901	R.C.	Banmore	Farmer	Never at any school		
September 28	7	Carey, Edward	7.6.1895	R.C.	Carrigannon	Farmer	Lyreacrompane	Kerry	Third
September 28	8	Lyons, Martin	20.6.1894	R.C.	Carrigannon	Farmer	Lyreacrompane	Kerry	Fourth
September 28	9	Dillon, Mathew J	14.8.1894	R.C.	Glountane	Farmer	Lyreacrompane	Kerry	Third
September 28	10	Doran, Mathew G.	24.5.1896	R.C.	Lyreacrompane	Labourer	Lyreacrompane	Kerry	Third
September 28	11	Horgan, John	4.1.1896	R.C.	Clahane	Farmer	Lyreacrompane	Kerry	Second
September 28	12	Lyons, John J	16.2.1896	R.C.	Carrigannon	Farmer	Lyreacrompane	Kerry	Third
October 21 1908	13	Doran Pat	1.3.1904	R.C.	Lyreacrompane	Farmer	Never at any school		
April 13	14	O'Conor, William	23.9.1904	R.C.	Lyreacrompane	Farmer	Never at any school		
June 1	15	Doran, Mathew	1.6.1905	R.C.	Lyreacrompane	Farmer	Never at any School		
June 2	16	Donohue, Patrick	15.9.1895	R.C.	Knockclare	Farmer	Transferred from page 96	Old Rec	
July 1	17	Kelleher, Patrick	27.1.1903	R.C.	Lyreacrompane	Farmer	Never at any Sc		
July 1	18	Purtell, John	11.8.1903	R.C.	Banmore	Farmer	Never at any Sc		
July 13	19	Jones, Charles Richard	5.3.1904	E.C.	Lyreacrompane	Farmer	Never at any Sc		
July 20	20	Roche, Thomas	23.6.1903	R.C.	Knockclare	Farmer	Never at any Sc		

N.B.—The names appearing above are to be transcribed on opposite page in same order.

Moving through the years here is another list from the Roll Book which contains names which would be more familiar to our younger readers.

2/4/1929

REGISTER OF *Lycra-a-Crompane* NATIONAL SCHOOL.

Date of Entrance.	Register Number.	PUPIL'S NAME IN FULL.	Date of Pupil's Birth.	Religious Denomination as stated by Parent or Guardian.	RESIDENCE. (Village, Townland, or Street if in a Town.)	Position or Occupation of Parent or Guardian.	State the Name and Country of the last National School at which the Pupil attended; and the Standard in which he was last presented.		
							School.	County.	Standard.
2. 4. '29	189	Matthew Doran ✓	1. 1. '24	R.C.	Barrigannon	Farmer	Newry	School	Area
13. 5. '29	190	Matthew Sweeney ✓	17. 9. '23	R.C.	Lycra-crompane	Mason	"	"	"
28. 5. '29	191	William Dillon ✓	2. 8. '23	R.C.	Knockanbrack	Farmer	"	"	"
3. 6. '29	192	William O'Connell ✓	6. 8. '23	R.C.	Lycra-crompane	Farmer	"	"	"
4. 5. '21	145	John O'Connell ✓	26. 1. '16	R.C.	Glasmanoure	"	"	"	"
11. 4. '21	143	Low Nolan ✓	20. 12. '15	R.C.	Gleamtane	"	"	"	"
2. 5. '21	144	Michael Edgeworth ✓	17. 3. '16	R.C.	Knockaelane	Labourer	"	"	"
10. 6. '21	146	John J. Sheehy ✓	27. 15. '15	R.C.	Clahane	Farmer	"	"	"
21. 7. '29	193	Daniel John McCarthy ✓	29. 6. '25	R.C.	Glasmanoure	Labourer	"	"	"
2. 6. '30	194	Timothy Horgan ✓	26. 10. '24	R.C.	Clahane	Farmer	"	"	"
10. 6. '30	195	Thomas Shanahan ✓	15. 10. '23	R.C.	Glasmanoure	Farmer	"	"	"
10. 6. '30	196	Jeremiah Shanahan ✓	23. 12. '23	R.C.	Glasmanoure	Farmer	"	"	"
9. 9. '30	197	Mortimer Dillon ✓	3. 6. '24	R.C.	Lycra-crompane	"	"	"	"
17. 11. '30	198	John Murphy ✓	10. 10. '24	R.C.	Gleamtane	"	"	"	"
3. 2. '31	199	Daniel Stack ✓	3. 10. '24	R.C.	Browa-dra	Labourer	"	"	"
25. 3. '31	200	Andrew O'Connell ✓	22/11/24 14-3-25	R.C.	Barrigannon	Farmer	"	"	"
31. 3. '31	201	James Dillon ✓	20. 3. '24	R.C.	Glasmanoure	"	"	"	"
13. 4. '31	202	Michael Carey ✓	15. 7. '23	R.C.	Barrigannon	"	"	"	"
13. 4. '31	203	Richard Carey ✓	1. 10. '24	R.C.	Barrigannon	"	"	"	"
28. 4. '31	204	William McCarthy ✓	28/10/26 30-11-26	R.C.	Glasmanoure	Sheepkeeper	"	"	"

N.B.—The names appearing above are to be transcribed on opposite page in same order.

The earliest Roll Book to record female pupils is dated 1917. It also gives interesting details of the number of attendances by the pupil each year.

30/4/1917

REGISTER OF *Lyreacrompane G.* NATIONAL SCHOOL. Page 1

Date of Entrance.	Register Number.	PUPIL'S NAME IN FULL.	Date of Pupil's Birth.	Religious Denomination as stated by Parent or Guardian.	RESIDENCE.	Position or Occupation of Parent or Guardian.	State the Name and County of the last National School at which the Pupil attended; and the Class in which there enrolled.		
							School.	County.	Class.
30 th Apr. 17	1	<i>Batherine Joy</i>	21.9.12	R.C.	<i>Knockclare</i>	<i>Labourer</i>	<i>Never at School</i>		
1 st May 17	2	<i>Ellen Lynch</i>	5.9.12	R.C.	<i>Lyreacrompane</i>	<i>Widow</i>	<i>Never at School</i>		
2 nd May 17	3	<i>Nora Kelliher</i>	20.11.11	R.C.	<i>Lyreacrompane</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	"	"	"
7 th May 17	4	<i>Ellen J. Ahern</i>	3.12.11	R.C.	<i>Knocknagough</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	"	"	"
7 th May 17	5	<i>Batherine Fitzgerald</i>	26.11.11	R.C.	<i>Lyreacrompane</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	"	"	"

Name of Pupil.	School Year ending.	No. of Attendances made in the Year.	Class in which Enrolled.	Precise Date of Admission to that Class.	Class in which Examined.	RESULTS OF EXAMINATION HELD BY TEACHER. (Maximum mark in each subject is 10.)										Total School Fees paid in school year if any.	If Pupil's Name be struck off Roll, give date.	If Pupil be re-admitted, give date.	Destination of Pupil.
						Reading, etc.	Writing and Composition.	Arithmetic.	Drawing.	Grammar.	Geography.	History.	Needlework.	Vocal Music.	El. Science.				
<i>1 Batherine Joy</i>	30.6.17	29	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.17	29	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.18	173	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.18	173	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.19	127	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.19	127	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.20	191	<i>V.1</i>	7.19	<i>V.1</i>	30.6.20	191	<i>V.1</i>	7.19	<i>V.1</i>									
	30.6.21	173	<i>2nd</i>	7.20	<i>2nd</i>	30.6.21	173	<i>2nd</i>	7.20	<i>2nd</i>									
	30.6.22	172	<i>3rd</i>	7.21	<i>3rd</i>	30.6.22	172	<i>3rd</i>	7.21	<i>3rd</i>									
	30.6.23	150	<i>4th</i>	7.22	<i>4th</i>	30.6.23	150	<i>4th</i>	7.22	<i>4th</i>									
	30.6.24	144	<i>5th</i>	7.23	<i>5th</i>	30.6.24	144	<i>5th</i>	7.23	<i>5th</i>									
	30/6/25	180	<i>6th</i>	7/24	<i>6th</i>	30/6/25	180	<i>6th</i>	7/24	<i>6th</i>									
	30/6/26	147	<i>7th</i>	7/25	<i>7th</i>	30/6/26	147	<i>7th</i>	7/25	<i>7th</i>									
30/6/27	60	<i>8th</i>			30/6/27	60	<i>8th</i>												
<i>2 Ellen Lynch</i>	30.6.17	40	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.17	40	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.18	195	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.18	195	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.19	111	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.19	111	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.20	195	<i>V.1</i>	7.19	<i>V.1</i>	30.6.20	195	<i>V.1</i>	7.19	<i>V.1</i>									
	30.6.21	192	<i>2nd</i>	7.20	<i>2nd</i>	30.6.21	192	<i>2nd</i>	7.20	<i>2nd</i>									
	30.6.22	170	<i>3rd</i>	7.21	<i>3rd</i>	30.6.22	170	<i>3rd</i>	7.21	<i>3rd</i>									
	30.6.23	166	<i>4th</i>	7.22	<i>4th</i>	30.6.23	166	<i>4th</i>	7.22	<i>4th</i>									
	30.6.24	155	<i>4th</i>	7.23	<i>4th</i>	30.6.24	155	<i>4th</i>	7.23	<i>4th</i>									
	30/6/25	170	<i>5th</i>	7/24	<i>5th</i>	30/6/25	170	<i>5th</i>	7/24	<i>5th</i>									
	30/6/26	45	<i>5th</i>			30/6/26	45	<i>5th</i>											
<i>3 Nora Kelliher</i>	30.6.17	33	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.17	28	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.18	75	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.18	146	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.19	59	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>	30.6.19	125	<i>Info</i>	5.17	<i>Info</i>									
	30.6.20	146	<i>V.1</i>	7.19	<i>V.1</i>	30.6.20	187	<i>V.1</i>	7.19	<i>V.1</i>									
	30.6.21	84	<i>V.1</i>	7.20	<i>V.1</i>	30.6.21	185	<i>2nd</i>	7.20	<i>2nd</i>									
	30.6.22	101	<i>2nd</i>	7.21	<i>2nd</i>	30.6.22	150	<i>3rd</i>	7.21	<i>3rd</i>									
	30.6.23	127	<i>2nd</i>	7.22	<i>2nd</i>	30.6.23	155	<i>4th</i>	7.22	<i>4th</i>									
	30.6.24	90	<i>3rd</i>	7.23	<i>3rd</i>	30.6.24	129	<i>5th</i>	7.23	<i>5th</i>									
	30/6/25	143	<i>4th</i>	7/24	<i>4th</i>	30/6/25	179	<i>6th</i>	7/24	<i>6th</i>									
	30/6/26	138	<i>4th</i>	7/24	<i>4th</i>	30/6/26	158	<i>7th</i>	7/25	<i>7th</i>									
30/6/27	59	<i>5th</i>	7/26		30/6/27	157	<i>8th</i>	7/26											

5 Batherine Fitzgerald

Year	Attendances	Class	Exam Date	Class	Exam Date	Destination
30.6.17	35	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>		
30.6.18	153	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>		
30.6.19	129	<i>Info</i>	4.17	<i>Info</i>		
30.6.20	190	<i>V.1</i>	7.19	<i>V.1</i>		
30.6.21	164	<i>2nd</i>	7.20	<i>2nd</i>		
30.6.22	149	<i>3rd</i>	7.21	<i>3rd</i>		
30.6.23	153	<i>4th</i>	7.22	<i>4th</i>		
30.6.24	146	<i>5th</i>	7.23	<i>5th</i>		
30/6/25	146	<i>6th</i>	7/24	<i>6th</i>		
30/6/26	85	<i>6th</i>	7/24	<i>6th</i>		
30/6/27	60	<i>8th</i>	7/26			



JAMES NOLAN

MAURICE HARTNETT

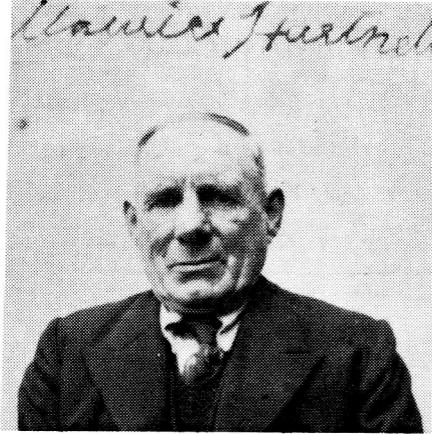
by JOHN JOE SHEEHY

Maurice Hartnett grew up in Glanderry, Lyre-acrompane. He was a man of middle height and strongly built. In early youth he emigrated to America. This would be some time before the outbreak of the war in 1914. If their President was to be believed the United States would not become involved and that was on any account. The President said so. Congress and the House of Representatives said so. A lot of people since, believe that they were only waiting for some excuse to get in on the side of England. That excuse came when the Lusitania was sunk by a German submarine off Kinsale in 1915. America declared war on Germany then. Conscription was introduced in the U.S..

Maurice was among the first to be conscripted and sent to the battlefield in France. There he was constantly in the front line until the very end of the war in November 1918. The closest he came to be wounded or injured was when his steel helmet (with his head inside it), was hit with a scrap of shrapnel. It dented the helmet but had no effect on his skull.

After the war, Maurice or Cora, as he was better known, came home. He was now the recipient of a nice little pension, for his war service. It would seem he settled down to a pleasant and easy life. He went to Listowel frequently. He had a few drinks. Not too many. He never drank to excess. He also would stand a drink to any friend or acquaintance he'd come across. He liked to talk to people and he particularly liked to hear people. He encouraged them in this.

The town corner boys soon came to know him. They made up to him. He stood a drink, one only, to many of them. They were all with one



Maurice "Cora" Hartnett.

exception satisfied with this. The exception was a more or less reprehensible character known as the Longfellow. One drink was not enough for him. He looked for two. Cora declined politely to give it to him. The Longfellow struck. Cora struck back. The Longfellow hit the floor. He hit it on two more occasions. On arising the third time he ran out the door and up to the R.I.C. barrack and complained Cora to the police. Two policemen came down to the public house and with the Longfellow aiding them, attempted to arrest our hero. After each of them had visited the floor on more than one occasion, they retreated at speed to the Barrack.

The whole force of policemen, said to be seven in number, now came back to the public house to effect the arrest. Cora knocked them down faster than they could get up. Eventually the policemen fled, up Church St. to the safety of their barrack with Cora in hot pursuit. Once inside, they slammed the door shut and shuttered the windows. Cora tried to drive in the door but it was made of steel. He bethought of himself of a plan. He went over the short-cut to Galvin's yard where he found the axle of a horse's car lying idle. He brought it back and attacked the barrack door once

more. The door resisted all his efforts with the axle and eventually he had to desist.

He went then to the iron railing fronting the street, and broke off one of the rods of which it was composed, and using this as a bow, and the axle as a fiddle, and occasionally as a drum, he paraded up and down the street in front playing the next best thing to a march, and continuing to do so for the best part of two hours during which time he was followed and cheered by the hundreds of people who had congregated early on to watch the proceedings. The police remained within the safety of their barrack, until long after he had left for home.

Another story about him is worth the telling. Later in life on Sunday's, he would go to the local public house for one or two drinks in the company of his great friend Paddy Buckley (The Count). On one of these occasions there was a rare visitor, a man who drank but little, and who was also a noted step-dancer. This man, whose name was Jim, drank two pints quickly owing to lack of experience undoubtedly, and then was requested by the company present to give an exhibition of his terpsichorean skill. Ever the gentleman, Jim obliged, but unfortunately his exertions had an unsettling effect on the porter in his stomach, and up it came. He vomited, and vomited on Cora's shoulder and sleeve. The cheering crowd ceased instantly, and a silence pregnant with foreboding fell on the crowd. Cora was equal to the situation. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his sleeve carefully, and turning to Jim he said politely, "Why don't you consume, only what you can contain."

ALL GO!

Thursday May 23 '91 ... PANIC STATIONS!!! Only one day to the launch by the President. Technical problems at printers. Phone call at work ... "It's ready, call out to pick it up". Relief. Relief. Quick lunch. Out to Plassey. Five heavy boxes but Shane (31/2) helped.

Back to work. Cut down that S.L. Wondering how the count was going in Cork. One of forty candidates in the SIPTU Regional Executive Elections. Chances not good. Perhaps Mary O'Donnell in the Tipperary office might have news. No white smoke yet. Phoned

Cork at 11 p.m.!

"Yes, the count just finished".

"Any news on the Limerick candidates?"

"Let me see. Yes. A fellow called Harrington got the last seat."

"That's grand."

Friday May 24 '91. Off to Listowel. Bridie and Tommy in front of van. Ann, Martha, Brendan and the other Joe on a plank in the back. Pick up Margaret Morris at Limerick County Council office.

"We'll stop at Foynes".

"Right".

Listowel at last. There's Bridie Sheehy and John Kirby. "Is everybody ready?" She'll be here in half an hour. Gives a whole new meaning to the phrase "Meet you at the steeple".

Flowers. Somebody get some flowers. Five minutes to go. Perhaps a song of welcome. A local song? Which one? Mrs. Robinson crossing the square. How is a President welcomed? No such nerves with poor Sean McCarthy last year. Why do I get myself into these situations? Look at that Council worker over there, and not a worry on him.



President Robinson, John Kirby NT and Joe Harrington

"The Banks of the Moy". What lovely singing. What a brilliant move, Hannah Mai. What nice words and compliments from the President. Hand shakes with all. Photos. A day to remember!

Back to Limerick. Stop at Collins' Nursery in Athea. "Make room there for the bedding plants", says Jim. Next stop Collin's Pub in the village.

Saturday May 25 '91. 7 a.m. Load up for market. Don't forget the cordylines".

"I met Mrs. Robinson yesterday".
 "Will you go away 'our' that and tell me how much is that tray of marigolds?"

Back home for lunch. Unload what's left. "James make sure you water those".

Back to Lyre for the weekend. Roches. Talk of the Journal. Talk of the President.

Sunday May 26 '91. Up early. Banemore Bog. Load 40 bags. Limerick people like to be told it's from Lyreacrompane. Back to see John Joe, Bridie and Noreen. Plan distribution of Journal. Down hill to Limerick with the wind behind us and a ton of turf up. No bother to the Urvan. Sometimes it's just all go.



Launch of the Lyre Journal '91.



Michelle Murphy presents President Mary Robinson with a bouquet of flowers at the launch of the Journal in Listowel in 1991.



President Mary Robinson and Hannah Mai Collins.

The Mason, The Scribe, The Master and Gorteen's Cock Turkey

"God, how does he keep going?" I often heard it said of Paddy Stack, master stonemason and builder from Banemore. Paddy, unfortunately, is no longer with us as he passed to his eternal rest some years ago. He began his apprenticeship at the age of twenty with Ned Buckley from Banemore Cross, himself a skilled mason. Times were tough, and Paddy, like everybody else in those days, worked long hours for a meagre pay, something in the region of six shillings and eight pence a day. Among the buildings Paddy worked on were St. Finian's Psychiatric Hospital, in Killarney, Foilmore Church, near Cahirciveen, St. Brendans Church, Tralee, Ryans Hotel, Killarney, Ballyseedy Memorial, Tralee, Great Southern Hotel, Killarney, Lixnaw Convent School and Listowel District Hospital. He also carried out repair work on Rathea, Lixnaw and Irremore churches as well as many buildings in the immediate locality. Paddy was a staunch Fianna Fail supporter and the local cumann meetings were held at his house in Banemore. As a mark of respect for his dedication and support throughout his lifetime, the cumann decided to name the local cumann in his honour.

Little is remembered today of a man by the name of Tomaisín Thornton. He lived in what was known as Buckleys wood (now Allmans). Tomaisín worked as a drover with the Lambe family from Banemore, and 'tis often that he drove cattle from Banemore to Ballymullen in Tralee. One day while he was eating the dinner in Tralee, he met Mr. and Mrs. Rumby and their daughter Miss Rumby. The Rumby family were international cattle dealers and close friends to the Lambe family. The young Miss Rumby took a

liking to Tomaisín and when she heard he was a poet, well she was ecstatic and she asked him to write a poem in her honour. Tomaisín obliged, of course. This Miss Rumby, I must tell you, was a bit vain, so with this in mind Tomaisín wrote the following:

*You greatly mistake, if such a rhyme
I can't make,
It's all about you, Miss Rumby,
Your breasts are so fair from being
exposed to the air,
So what must the skin of your bum
be.*

The Master Buckley taught at various school throughout North Kerry. He was related to Ned Buckley, the mason. He was a very strict teacher and definitely not popular with his charges. One morning while he was on his way to Dromclough School on his bicycle he encountered a problem. He was about 50 yards from Cliffords Cross in Irremore when he realised that he should have serviced that bike sooner, particularly the brakes. The big Raleigh bike gained momentum with every turn of the wheels. But hold, all was not lost. One of his students was up ahead at the cross, he would stop him, his mind relaxed as he took in a deep breath and with one almighty roar, "Stop me, stop me, no brakes", he cried. No response from the student, who at this stage was eyeing a few cattle, across the ditch, mar dhea. But there was still time. The master re-echoed his plea, but the verdict remained the same. The poor master whizzed past, down the Ballyhorgan road, renowned for its blackthorn bush population. Some locals dug him out of the ditch later that morning. The student suffered for the remainder of his term at school, but that moment of supremacy which he enjoyed compensated him more than

enough.

Jack 'Gort' Finnerty was the most likeable and liked character in Banemore up to the time of his death. He was known far and wide for his wit and humour. Finnerty's house was open to everybody and Kate, his wife, was always on hand to welcome you and to provide the customary cup of tea. One night Gorteen and a few of his friends from Banemore were playing cards at the Half Way Bar in Glenoe. 'Twas before Christmas and Gorteen came away with a fine cock turkey. He came home as proud as punch with his turkey. He was accompanied by Frank Thornton and Janeen Sullivan. Gorteen put his turkey into the stall and bade adieu to the boys. But there was devilment in the minds of the two neighbours and when they estimated that Gorteen was sound asleep they crept back to the stall and away with the turkey. Next morning Gorteen went out with Kate to show her the fine bird he had won, but a shock awaited them both. Instead of the turkey cock, they found a half mad sheepdog who nearly knocked the two of them down when they opened the door as he made his way up the hill. Gorteen knew who owned the dog and he knew who had his turkey. The boyos had gone up the road a bit, while biding their time the night before. The faithful sheepdog who knew their times had been waiting for them, followed them down to the stall and had found himself imprisoned by the lighting speed of the inebriated burglars. Their faces were much redder than that of the turkey cocks that morning when Gorteen confronted them, I needn't tell you. Ní bheidh a leithidí ann arís.

Michael Thornton

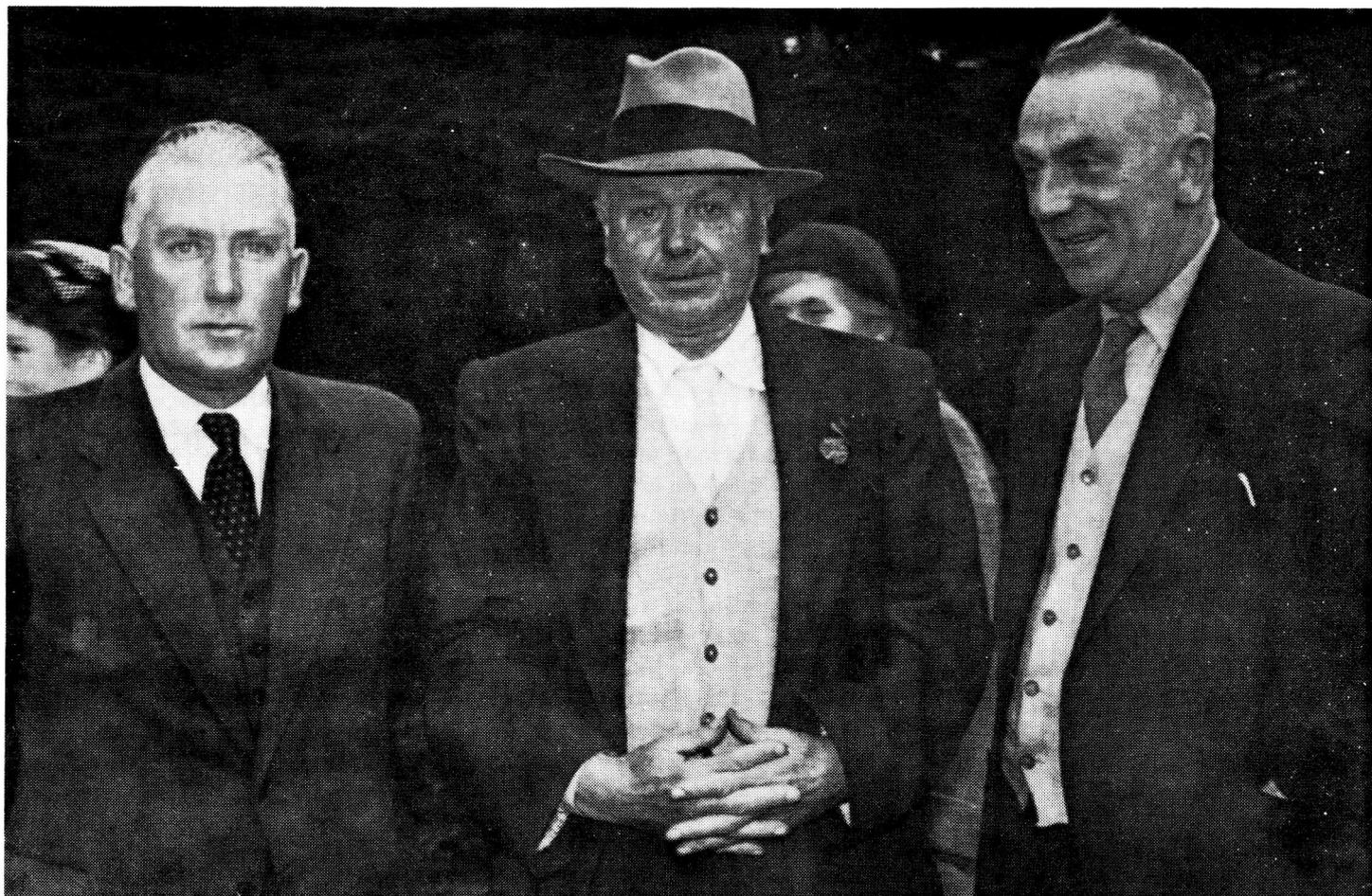
JOHNNY MORIARTY, JERRY "PAT'S" & DAN JIM

Dan Moloney or Dan Jim as he was better known was born in Carrigcannon about the year 1908. His father was James Moloney a stone mason whose services were widely availed of. His mother was Catherine Mahoney of Maugha. Dan was the eldest of five children. The others in descending order were Flor, Mick, Bridie and Julia. He attended the National School in Renagown until he was fifteen. His teachers there were Dan and Mrs. O'Connor. Mrs. O'Connor was a daughter to the first two National teachers who taught in Lyreacrompane in their own house. They were Tom and Mrs. Molyneaux. They taught there from 1860 onwards. Being an apt pupil

and remaining at school for a year extra, he can be said to have a good grounding in education. Also he read extensively, principally biographies of historical personages.

On leaving school Dan became an insurance agent. At this he worked very hard and made money. Soon he ascended in the ranks of New Ireland Assurance Co. which was the particular Co. he worked for. He bought a motor car. At that time only the main roads were tarred and the secondary roads were in a bad condition. Dan decided to do something about this. He formed the Private Motorists Protection Association with the intention of pressurising the Co.

Council to do something to improve the roads. However his efforts in this direction were fruitless, for appealing to the Council or its Engineers to repair the roads was like flogging a dead horse. After a few years he dissolved the Motorists Organisation. In the meantime the second great War broke out and coal became scarce. Dan employed numbers of men to cut and save turf. When it was saved he bought lorries and delivered it countrywide. When Mangans Garage in Listowel came up for sale with its Ford Agency he purchased it. He now severed his connection with insurance and devoted all his time and attention to his garage business. He succeeded



Johnny Moriarty, Jerry 'Pats' Moloney and Dan Jim Moloney.

very well at this, as at everything else he had tried so far.

The idea of entering politics had always been latent in Dan's mind. At this point he decided the time was ripe for such a move. He flirted for a time with the Labour Party who were looking up at the time, owing to the organisation activities of one Seamus Farrell, but changed his mind and eventually joined Fianna Fail. Here he made his mark in a short time and when a bye-election came up, caused by the death of Johnny Connor, Dan was put forward by the party to contest it. It was a hard fought election campaign. Fianna Fail T.D.'s led by Dev. himself, canvassed every house in the North Kerry constituency on behalf of Dan their candidate, while the opposing parties, Clann na Poblacta, Fine Gael and Labour, who comprised the Coalition Government at the time, canvassed equally vigorously for their candidate Kathleen O'Connor N.T., daughter of the late incumbent. Kathleen won by a narrow margin, but Fianna Fail were well satisfied with the good vote they got, and particularly with Dan for the way he played his part in the campaign throughout. Old Dev. said it was a pleasure to work with him. Up came a General Election about two years after, and Dan was returned at the head of the poll. 'Twas the high point of his career, even we could say of his life, for at the next General Election he lost his seat. He was then appointed to the Senate on the Taoiseach's nomination. He was in the Senate for some years when President Kennedy came on his visit to the country of his forebears. A garden party was held in his honour in the grounds of Arus an Uachtaran. Every T.D. and Senator including Dan of course, and most of the country's notables were invited to it. on the morning of the party Dad was found dead of heart failure in his hotel bedroom.

JOHNNY MORIARTY

Johnny Moriarty was born in Clahaneleskirt in June 1914. His father was Ned Moriarty, a native of Dromerin. His mother, Nora Stack,

was born in Clahaneleskirt. He attended Lyre National School where his teachers were successively Mrs. Hannah Sheehy, Madge Cahill, Michael Foley, Mrs. Hussey, and Patrick Stack. He was a good and attentive pupil. On leaving school he was apprenticed to the hardware trade in the firm of Faleys, Listowel.

After a time, due no doubt to the influence of his cousin Paddy Brown, M.C.C., the famous bookie, he became a bookmaker. He was very successful at this, and soon gave up the hardware trade. He attended racecourses and greyhound tracks all over the country for very many years, and when he retired one of his sons took over. He was while in Listowel, in his youth, a prominent member of the boxing club in that town. Others were Patsy Leahy, Jack Dennehy, Timmy McElligott who kajoe'd an Irish champion, and Jerry Nolan who beat Ted Tiddly from Blackrock, who had beaten Ernest Von Campe, the European champion, a month earlier. Tiddly's exploits were mentioned in the *Rambling House* a few weeks ago by the Ballinhassig group. Johnny Moriarty now lives in retirement in Ballybunion.

JERRY (PAT'S) MOLONEY

Jerry Pat's Moloney was born and spent his life, in Dromada Beg. Deeply read and highly intelligent he was a great conversationalist. An hour spent in his company was an hour well spent. His father was of a similar type, and had been a member of the Listowel Rural District Council while that body existed. Jerry, somewhat half heartedly it must be said, (for he didn't hold meetings as canvass) tried for the Co. Council, but was not elected. He would surely have been a useful member, like his father who was responsible for the construction of many roads in the area, owing to his membership of the R.D.C.

Jerry always took a great interest in national affairs with particular regard to the economics of same. He was a believer in the Financial Reform proposals of C.H. Douglas.

He was married twice. His first wife née Carey, died leaving him two daughters, both of whom entered the convent. One, Sr. Mary Brigid is the editor of a religious magazine with liberal views. Jerry is dead now with a number of years. The Light of Heaven to his soul.



Col d'Aspen, 4,000 feet up the Pyrenees on the way to the Spanish village of Bossost, Sept. 8th '84. Jenny Kennelly, Liselton and Hannah Cauty, Lyre.

LYREACROMPANE -

COMMUNITY OR FOREST?

by

JOE HARRINGTON

Soon we will be voting on the Maastricht Agreement - a further step towards European union. So far E.C. membership has brought mixed fortunes for areas like Lyreacrompane. After the initial boost in farm incomes the district suffered a decline in population as the Common Agriculture Policy clearly favoured ranchers and forced thousands off the land nationwide. The closure of Bord na Mona made the situation even worse in Lyre. Where once the district was able to produce enough football teams to justify a local league competition, today Lyreacrompane does not feature in even the lowest division of the Kerry Football League.

Advances in technology have allowed private turf production to come to the fore and this plays an important part now in the local economy. Factory employment in the local towns is also important, but multinational jobs can never be guaranteed, and many young people eventually question the economics of driving bad roads every day, when they could live beside the job.

In all these circumstances Lyre has, as a community, survived reasonably well, but rural communities in the west of Ireland need real help if the trend towards decay is to be reversed. The £6 billion bribe we are being offered for a "Yes" vote will, if it ever materialises, mean little to such areas if the State continues to implement policies that inevitably lead to further centralisation around our main cities, and Dublin in particular. The starting point of any positive

policy must be that people who wish to live in rural areas should not be forced to live in towns and cities, all of which have major social problems now.

There is little doubt now but that, in general, the quality of life is better in the country than in the city. Country living no longer means isolation as it might have in the past. Cars and telephones are more plentiful. Local radios and local journals etc., help keep people in touch. The problems of urban centres arise from the type of economic and political system we have - one of profits before people. People can change that. Part of the movement to bring about a caring society must be resistance to the destruction of rural communities.

One response of the State to the problem of districts like Lyre has been to promote forestry. This provides a few local jobs in the initial planting and again twenty

years later when the trees mature. Land which is good for nothing else can be made to produce wealth. The work of Coillte, the Irish Forestry Board, has many positive aspects but there is increasing evidence around the country that it does not always take account of local needs and sensibilities. Unrestrained planting in a district can have a very smothering effect on a community.

By its nature forestry removes large areas of open space and when good farmland is planted as happened in Lyre recently should we not be worried that the community will eventually be simply squeezed out completely. There is something seriously wrong with a policy that results in good land being planted at one side of a roadway, while a local person is trying to improve bad land on the other side of the road.

Forestry is certainly important to



the west and there are government grants and annual premiums which farmers can avail of to make their bad land productive while still retaining ownership. This approach offers medium term prospects to families who wish to stay in the community. Selling to Coillte is not the only option.

One of the real heroes of rural Ireland is Jim Connolly, Kilbaha, Co. Clare. Since he began in 1990, Jim has helped about 40 urban families to resettle in West Clare. Recently I asked Jim Connolly to explain to the LYRE JOURNAL how his group, Rural Resettlement Ireland Ltd. (R.R.I.) operates. He pointed out that R.R.I. is a voluntary, non-political, non-sectarian and non-profit making organisation. Its main objectives are to encourage and assist city families to re-locate to de-populated areas of Ireland and to seek financial aid from Government and other agencies to assist the re-location programme.

So far, most of the houses which

have been rented to city families are farm houses that have been locked up for some time. There are thousands of such houses all over Ireland and R.R.I. intends to make as many as possible available for its scheme. The rental agreements between the owners and the new families are private matters between the parties.

Apart from housing, R.R.I. promotes and supports the idea that enterprising individuals should be given every opportunity to develop their talents and skills with the ultimate aim of working themselves off the dole. R.R.I. does not, however, promise employment prospects in any area. In the longer term, Jim Connolly hopes that R.R.I. will itself, seek to acquire rural houses, renovate them if necessary and lease them to families on the basis that if they stay for an agreed number of years, they could become the owners.

Although it is early days yet, there is clear evidence that Jim Connolly's scheme is revitalising

West Clare.

Loneliness and isolation arising from a decreasing population is easing. The local economy is benefitting from the injection of family incomes. Teachers jobs have been saved as the school population increases for the first time in decades.

Jim Connolly can be contacted at Kilbaha, Kilrush, Co. Clare, Tel. 065-58034.

Rural communities like Lyreacrompane have a right to survive and flourish, and need not apologise for demanding Government policies that ensure their progress. But the first move is up to the local people. The choice is clear. Either we remain silent and see loneliness and isolation increase as populations continue to fall and grow old; the level of afforestation decided by bureaucrats in Dublin smothering the land and eventually the disappearance of the community or, in an active fashion, we can resist this trend and consider other options.

RANDOM GEMS

*Selected by
J.J. Sheehy*

*In these days when life is ebbing, how
those days when life was young,
Comes back tome, 'tis well I do recall,
The yarns Jack Hall invented, and the
songs Jim Roper sung,
But where are now Jim Roper and Jack
Hall.
Let me slumber in the hollow, where the
wattle blossoms wave,
Without e'er a stone or rail to fence my
bed.
When the sturdy station children pluck
the bush flowers from my grave;
I may chance to hear them romping
overhead.*

*There's a bower of roses by Bendameers
stream, the nightingales singing
there all day long,
In the days of my boyhood t'was life a
sweet dream to sit 'mong the roses,*

*and hear the birds song.
That bower and its music I ne'er can
forget, as I sit all alone in the gloom
of the year,
And, I ask is the nightingale singing
there yet, are the roses still bright by
the calm Bendameer.*

*Say darkies have you seen the master,
with the moustache on his face
Going down the road this morning, like
he meant to leave the place
He seen the smoke way up the river
where the Yankee gunboats lay
And he left so very sudden, I expect he
ran away
The darkies feel so lonesome living in
the log house on the lawn
They'll move their things to masters
parlour, to keep it while he's gone
There's wine and whiskey in the cellar,
and I guess we'll all have some
T'would be only confiscated, when the
Yankee soldiers come.*

*One day as usual instead of going out
for a walk
I was standing at the corner of the street
Two chaps came running up towards
me, with their faces white as chalk
I was standing at the corner of the street*

*They said "a bull has just escaped, he's
absolutely mad
He has knocked a dozen policemen off
their feet
There is only one man strong enough to
hold that bull they said
And he's standing at the corner of the
street".
I was standing at the corner of the street
I said to them "We'll soon block his
retreat
One of you stand like this I said, and
show him something red
The other one must grab his horns and
hang on to his head".
They both said, "Where will you be?"
so I turned around and said
"I'll be standing at the corner of the
street".*

*Spread, spread for his Highness the
Royal repast,
Till the glutinous despot be stuffed to
the gorge.
And the roar of his drunkard's proclaim
him at last
The fourth of the fools and oppressors
named George.*

My Grandfather **PADDY BARRY**

The following essay was judged the Best Christmas Story on Kerry Radio '91. It was written by Elaine Carty about her grandfather who died after a short illness last March, at the great age of 98.

My grandad's name is Paddy Barry. He was born and reared in Pallas, Banemore on the side of Stacks mountain on January 17th 1894. He remembers gathering the holly, laurel and ivy, putting holes in the turnip to hold the big red candles that went on every window. These and the cribs were their only decorations.

One of his earliest memories is, when he was a small boy of five or six years old, one cold frosty Christmas Eve night. His grandfather and father took him and his older brother Mick, to the top of Stacks mountain. There he saw a sight that he has never forgotten. It looked as if the whole world was lit up below him. The candles in their turnip holders in every window in every house twinkling in the cold silent countryside, it was a real Christmas wonderland to welcome the baby Jesus. He could see as far as Listowel, Lixnaw, Castleisland and Tralee, places he had never seen, only heard of.

He returned many times after with younger brothers and sisters but the first time is still a clear memory. All his family are dead now. The house lies empty and grandad lives with his memories.



The late Paddy Barry.

Grandad is living with us now. Always at Christmas he talks of that first Christmas trip to the top of the mountain. I suppose when I grow up,

his telling me the story will be one of my treasured memories.

Elaine Carty

My Friend

*My dear friend is a pretty lad
It's plain for all to see
And every time I take a step
He's there beside of me
No matter if the sun it shines
Or if it's pouring rain
He'll see me over 'cross the road
And bring me back again.*

*His heart is made of solid gold
He always smiles with glee
He wears a coat of shiny black
And a yellow tie has he.
And when I wake each morning
He greets me at my door
He's glad to hear my footstep
For he loves me to the core.*

*I call his name, he jumps with joy
A pleasure for to see
With too blue eyes and smiling face
He's always there for me.
And when I'm starting up the fire
Sure he brings in a log
He's Sampson dear, my silent friend
My lovely Shepherd dog.*

DOWN MEMORY LANE

with Joe Quille

(Former Lyre correspondent with *The Kerryman*)

JUNE 17 1967

At a recent meeting in Duagh attended by officers of Bord Luith Cleas Ciarrai the following were elected to promote sports in the parish under the auspices of the board.

Chairman, John Twomey, Vice Chairman, Billy Doran, BA. Secretary, Daniel Nolan BA, Treasurer C. O'Keefe, Committee, Ml. Stack, T.J. Brandon, J. McElligott, J. Buckley, T. Nolan, D. Keane, M. Joy, S. McNamara, J. Molyneaux, J. Moloney, G. McAuliffe, W. Sheehan, M. Murphy, J. Keane, B. O'Keefe, D. Hunt, G. Galvin, J. Relihan, T. Broder, P. Dillon, D. McMahan, T. McMahan, P. Keane.

Among twenty four students of St. Kieran's College Kilkenny, ordained to the priesthood by the bishop of Ossory, Most Rev. Peter Birch, was Fr. Noel Hickie, Duagh. The newly ordained priest is a nephew of Very Reverend Patrick Gaire Duagh born pastor of our Lady of the Valley parish, Le Grande Oregon U.S.A. Earlier this year he published a book entitled the History of the Baker Diocese where the newly ordained Fr. Hickey will minister.

JAN. 27 1968

Deep and widespread regret was occasioned by the death at a comparatively early age, of Connie O'Donoghue, Bromadra. He was well known and respected in the area. His remains were removed to Rathea Church and following requiem mass were interred in Duagh Cemetery.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the relatives of the late Mr. Stanley Gleeson formerly of Lyre, whose death occurred unexpectedly in England.

Matters of local interest were discussed at the annual general meeting of the Rathea Fianna Fail Cumann. The meeting which was largely attended was addressed by Thomas McEllistrim, TD, Senator Mrs. Kit Ahern, Messrs. T. Sheehan MCC, Eamonn Walshe, MCC and Tom McEllistrim, MCC.

Officers elected were Chairman, Con Galvin, Vice Chairman Jer Cahill, Secretary G. Stack, Treasurers T. Nolan and J. Hickey. Delegates to Comhairle Ceanntair G. Stack and J. O'Connor.

A very successful meeting for the purpose of forming a branch of Macra Na Feirme was held in Rathea during the week. Mr. Eamonn Keane Agricultural Instructor Listowel presided, and the following officers were elected.

President Very Rev. Fr. Browne, P.P., Vice Presidents Rev. Fr. Hickey CC, and Rev. Fr. McCluskey CC. Chairman John Walshe, Vice Chairman James Kennelly, and John Joe Galvin, Secretary Maureen O'Connell, Asst. Secretary Mary T. Lyons, Treasurer Kathleen Kennelly, P.R.O. Patrick J. O'Connor.

MARCH 4TH 1968

A Worthy Project

At a G.A.A. dance in Duagh last night Very Reverend T. O'Sullivan PP, in a short address told the capacity attendance that the work on the sports field was going ahead as planned. He was, however, disappointed at the lack of voluntary help to date, and he appealed to all, particularly the youth of the parish to help this worthy project which would be of benefit to all.

AUGUST 3RD 1968

History was made at Ardfert last Sunday when St. Senans qualified for their first North Kerry junior hurling final with a sparkling win over Ladies Walk in the semi final. This was a

performance right out of the top drawer from Saints who had a final tally of nine goals and five points to two goals and one point. All played their part in this victory, none more so than T. Galvin and J. Cashel at midfield, M. McElligott in defence and T. and K. Nolan in attack.

The St. Senans line out was: J. Kenny, T. McKenna, M. McElligott, T. Leen, V. Cashel, M. McElligott, J.J. Conway, J. Cashel, T. Galvin, V. Twomey, K. Nolan, C. Clancy, T. Lawlor, T. Nolan and B. White.

LATE MR. J. COTTER

The death took place at St. Catherine's Hospital during the week of Mr. John Cotter, Carriggannon, late of Knockbrack. His popularity was reflected in the large attendance at the removal of remains to Lyre Church, and at the funeral which took place to Knockane Cemetery.

HOME AND AWAY

Mr. Tom Sheehy, formerly of Clahane, accompanied by his wife and children, has returned to New York following a holiday in the locality.

On holidays from England are Mr. and Mrs. James Moran and family. Mrs. Moran was formerly Kit Dillon of Clahane, and Mr. Moran is a native of Westmeath.



Celebrating the winning of the Kitty Butler Stakes '87. Patsy Canty and Mick Carmody.

FEB. 24 1968

Rathea Forms Macra branch

SEPT. 14TH 1968

Time For Action

Only of late were the winners of the current years tidy towns competition announced. If there were awards for the worst roads, this area would win comfortably. Two roads in particular, the one to Clahane, and from the top of the Branner to Sheehy's bridge are an absolute disgrace. Repeated representations have been made to the Councillors of the area who have yet to respond in a positive manner.

THEY MEET AGAIN

Every year a team representing Bord na Mona and the rest of Lyre meet in a football challenge for the Healy Memorial Cup. This challenge produces plenty of excitement, and at times football of a high standard.

Well on Sunday next at Lyre, another chapter in this annual saga will be written and the nett result should be a game in keeping with the high standard of past competitions.

JULY 5TH 1969

Deep regret was caused by the death of Maurice Whelan, Banemore, which occurred at his residence on Saturday last. His remains were removed to Irremore Church and the funeral was to Kilsinan Cemetery. Evidence of the high regard in which he was held was shown by the exceptionally large attendance at the obsequies.

The death has also taken place of Mrs. Nora Fitzgerald, relict of Patrick Fitzgerald, Maugha. Her remains were removed to Clogher Church, and the funeral, at which there was a large and representative attendance, took place to the new cemetery at Clogher.

CEAD MILE FAILTE

A large number of visitors continue to arrive to the locality. On their first visit to Ireland are Mr. and Mrs. Griffin who are staying at Joe Sheehy's Renagown. Mr. Griffin's father hailed from Ballymacelligott and his mother from Co. Down. Mr. & Mrs. Griffin are American born.

46 YEARS AWAY

On Saturday last, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Murphy flew back to the U.S.A. after an enjoyable holiday in the district. Jack who was reared at Bob Costelloe's in Clahane and his wife (nee Ahern), who is from Knightmountain, spent 46 years in the U.S.A., and during that time never missed getting the Kerryman.

Since the advent of the Lyreacrompane Notes first written by my very good friend Pat Brosnan in 1949, Mr. Murphy has been a faithful follower of the news from the

homeland. In his earlier days Jack Murphy was a dancing master, and that he has lost none of the magic touch was demonstrated in no uncertain terms at Roches bar, where he danced a good many steps. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have three sons in the U.S. police force.

GONE TO DUBLIN

Garda Nicholas Quille, his wife, who is a national teacher, and family have gone to Dublin. Nicholas was stationed in Ballyduff with whom he won Co. championship medals in 1965 and 1966. He has also been an outstanding member of the Kerry senior hurling team.

A native of Dungarvan Co. Waterford, Nicholas is a nephew of Mrs. Hannah Sheehy ex n.t. of Clahane, Lyre.

ONE UP - ONE TO GO

Having repeatedly stressed the need for attention to the road from the top of the Branner to Sheehy's bridge, it is gratifying to be able to report that at long last, this road has been tarred. This was one of the two roads crying out for attention, the other was the Clahane road. Perhaps something will now be done on this road before it deteriorates even further.

JUNE 1979

Among the prize winners at the Kerry Fleadh Cheoil in Tralee were Karen Walshe 14-16, and John Walshe, under eleven.

NOV. 17 1979

Officers elected at the A.G.M. of the Lyre Comhaltas were, President, Fr. Harrington, CC, Chairperson, Mary Murphy, Vice Chairman, Tom Nolan, Secretary, Jackie Walshe, Treasurer, J.J. Healy, Auditor, Ned Murphy, Delegates to County Board, Mary Murphy, Ned Murphy, and John J. Sheehy.

Committee Officers, plus Jack Buckley, Karen Walshe, Mossie Keane and K. Keane.

NOVEMBER 23

There was widespread regret in the locality by the death of Christy Carmody. Christy was extremely popular with all sections of the community, and sincere sympathy is extended to his wife Nora and his sorrowing family.

JUNE 20TH 1980 -

THEY ARE ELECTED

Lyre G.A.A. Club at their annual meeting elected the following.

President Fr. Harrington CC, Vice Presidents Ml. Nash and Larry Long. Chairman, Jack Buckley, Vice Chairman

Johnny Nolan, Secretary Jackie Walshe. Asst. Secretary Pat Carmody, Treasurers Ned Murphy and Jackie Walshe. Team Capt. B. McKenna, Trainer, J. Nash.

At the recent fleadh cheoil in Adare, Dromada born Pat Brosnan, now domiciled in Knocknagorna, Athea, won first prize for newly composed ballads.

AUGUST 1980

Widespread regret was occasioned throughout the district by the death of Mrs. Nora Barry, Banemore.

Deceased enjoyed immense popularity with all sections of the community, as was evidenced by the large attendances at the obsequies. Sincere sympathy is extended to her bereaved family and relatives.

In the All Ireland fleadh cheoil in Buncrana, an All Ireland medal in singing was won by eleven year old John Walshe, Knockaclare.

SEPT. 11 1980

The death of Mrs. Albert Roche, Carrig, evoked widespread feelings of regret in the district, and the huge attendances at the obsequies was representative of all sections of the community, and was indicative of the popularity enjoyed by deceased. Sincere sympathy is extended to her bereaved family and relatives.

MARCH 3 1981

St. Senans A.G.M. At the annual general meeting of St. Senans GAA Club, the following officers were elected: President, Matt Canty, Vice Presidents Mick Fuller, Charlie Walshe, S. Kirby, G. White, Rev. Fr. O'Callaghan, Jack Halloran, M. Hickey and T. Horgan. Chairman Robert Barry, Vice Chairman, T. Dillon, Secretary, Tom Canty, Treasurer, Tom O'Connell, PRO, Mike Thornton, Senior Capt. John Horgan, Under 21, Gene Sullivan, Minor, Tom Shanahan, Under 16, Alan Hayes.

JUNE 19

The Lord Lyre competition run by the local gun club, was won by Michael Connell, Carrig.

JUNE 23

After a long and distinguished career, Miss Mary A. Nolan has retired from Lyre school, and the best wishes of her many pupils over the years are extended to her for a happy and well earned retirement.

THE UNION AT BORD na MONA

In 1955 the workers at Lyre Bog decided to join a Union. They chose the Federation of Rural Workers whose General Secretary was James Tully T.D. The motto of that Union was "They have rights who dare maintain them". The entry fee was 2/8 and the weekly subscription was 9d.

On the 23 Sept. 1964 the workers

at the Bord transferred to the Tralee branch of the ITGWU. The contribution rate was now 1/6 per week. We are indebted to John Nolan for a list of the Local Section Secretaries 1955-1964. They were:

Jer Murphy
Pa Dillon
John Nolan
Christy Harrington

Tim "Sonny" Cronin
Tom Hannon
John Joe Buckley
Jimmy Lyons
Mick Fitzgerald
Gerald "Jet" Stack
Francis Aherne*
David Murphy

Kerry

Class B Reg. No. 42 County Kerry
 Name John D. Nolan Age on Joining 28 Ent. Fee 2/8 Sub. 9d
 Address Lyreacrompane Date of Entry 5-11-55 Co. Sec.
 Branch Secretary

Arrears b/f ... s. d.				Arrears b/f ... s. d.				Arrears b/f ... s. d.				Arrears b/f ... s. d.			
1955 Week ending	Contri- butions	Arrears Due	Sec.'s Intls.												
Jan. 1				Apr. 2				July 2				Oct. 1			
8				9				9				8			
15				16				16				15			
22				23				23				22			
29				30				30				29			
Feb. 5				May 7				Aug. 6				Nov. 5	2/8	6/8	1/2
12				14				13				12	9		1/2
19				21				20				19	9		1/2
26				28				27				26	9		1/2
Mar. 5				Jun. 4				Sep. 3				Dec. 3	9		P.D.
12				11				10				10	9		P.D.
19				18				17				17	9		P.D.
26				25				24				24	9		P.D.
Levy				Levy				Levy				31	9		P.D.

Name of Branch Lyreacrompane



Now available, the verses of John Joe Sheehy. "Fifty Seven Years of Lyreacrompane Poetry" brings together for the first time, the lifetime work of John Joe in which he records the sad and humorous events of the district.

LYRE QUIZ TIME

by
TOMMY QUILLE

1. Laura Davis is associated with which sport?
2. Which day of the week in French is named after the Roman god, Mercury?
3. What are the vehicle registration letters given to County Kerry?
4. Who won the 1990 All-Ireland Hurling Final?
5. On a bottle of Italian wine, what does the word *secco* mean?
6. What is a quatrain?
7. Which Mayor of Cork was assassinated in March 1920?
8. A black eagle appears on a state flag of which EC country?
9. In the board game of Monopoly, how many ways can you get out from jail?
10. In which country did the word 'Thug' originate?
11. What is the capital of the US state of Nebraska?
12. In which European country is the mongoose found wild?
13. What famous leader arrived in Ireland for a two day official visit on the 1st of July, 1990?
14. From which country does the football team Lokomotiv Plovdiv come?
15. What sort of flower is a Dorothy Perkins?
16. Montevideo is the capital of which country?
17. Which is the USA's smallest state in area?
18. What is the collective term for a group of herons?
19. In which mountain range is Ben Bulbin?
20. In which country is the Salang Highway?
21. What are the three secondary colours?
22. Which two Northern European countries did Hitler invade in April, 1940?
23. Which US president is associated with the statement "The buck stops here"?
24. Which antipodean city is the world's most southerly capital?
25. What is the more common name for the plant antirrhinum?
26. Who was the first woman in space?
27. What change to play was introduced at Wimbledon in 1971?
28. Which Canadian city was formerly called Fort York?
29. Which explorer's flagship was called the Trinidad?
30. What did the space probe Giotto investigate in 1986?
31. The Victoria Tower houses what famous object in London?
32. In computer terminology, what is a winchester?
33. What kind of flower is a Yellow Doll?
34. Pizenis an industrial city in which European country?
35. In which American city is the Smithsonian Institute?
36. What is the name given to a male donkey?



Senior Citizens Party, Listowel Arms, Feb. 2nd, '92.

Answers:

1. Golf.
2. Wednesday.
3. KY.
4. Cork.
5. Dry.
6. A stanza consisting of four lines.
7. Thomas MacCurtain.
8. Germany.
9. Three, following a double, pay fifty pounds or by using a "get out of jail" free card.
10. India. (They were a murderous Hindu sect of the 18th and 19th centuries).
11. Lincoln.
12. Spain.
13. Nelson.
14. Bulgaria.
15. Rambling rose.
16. Uruguay.
17. Rhode Island.
18. A siege.
19. The Derry Mts.
20. Afghanistan.
21. Orange, purple and green.
22. Norway and Denmark.
23. Harry Truman.
24. Wellington.
25. Snapdragon.
26. Valentina Tereshkova.
27. The tie-break came into force.
28. Toronto.
29. Ferdinand Magellan.
30. Halley's Comet.
31. Big Ben.
32. A hard disk.
33. A rose.
34. Czechoslovakia.
35. Washington.
36. Jack.

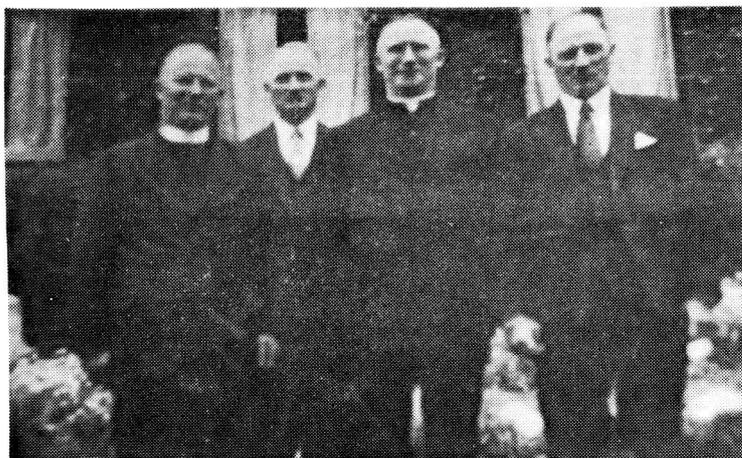
Down the Years

J.J. Kennelly

Fr. Patrick Daly 1857-1910 was born at Duagh, Co. Kerry, in 1857 and educated at St. Brendan's and the Irish College, Salamanca, Spain. He was ordained at Salford Cathedral on August 15th 1881 and served as assistant priest at St. Anne, Blackburn 1881-1888, before becoming the first residential priest at the new mission of St. Joseph, Longsight, Manchester. This mission grew out of the Industrial School for Boys that Fr. Quick had formed there, and whose chapel was used by local Catholics. Fr. Daly remained there until his death on June 25th 1910. His nephew and great nephew became priests of the Diocese.

Fr. Mortimer Daly 1896(?) - 1951. Born Duagh. Ordained 1919 on March 30th at St. John's Cathedral, Salford, he served as assistant priest at St. John the Baptist, Padiham 1919-1928, St. Alban, Ancoats, Manchester 1928-1932, and Mount Carmel, Salford 1932-1937 before going as parish priest to St. Kentogern, Fallowfield, Manchester 1937-1941 and to St. Thomas of Canterbury, Higher Broughton, Salford 1941. Died on January 16th 1951. He became Dean in 1949.

Fr. Patrick Daly 1922-1984. Listowel born. Born Co. Kerry, and educated at St. Michael's College, Listowel and St. Patrick's, Thurles and All Hallows, Dublin, he was ordained in 1946 on June 16th at All Hallows. He served as assistant priest at St. Charles, Switon 1946-1952, St. Wulstan, Great Harwood 1952-1953, English Martyrs, Urmston 1953-1958 and St. Peter and Paul, Bolton 1958-1965. He then served as chaplain to Bolton General Hospital 1959-1970 as well as chaplain 1965-1970 to Mount St. Joseph Convent, Bolton. He became parish priest at Our Lady and the Lancashire Martyrs, Little Hulton 1970. He died January 25th 1984.



Fr. Mort Daly, Duagh 1896-1951, Tom Daly 1885-1961, Monsignor Pat Daly born 1887, died in Wheeling, U.S.A. 1966, John Daly 1886-1960.

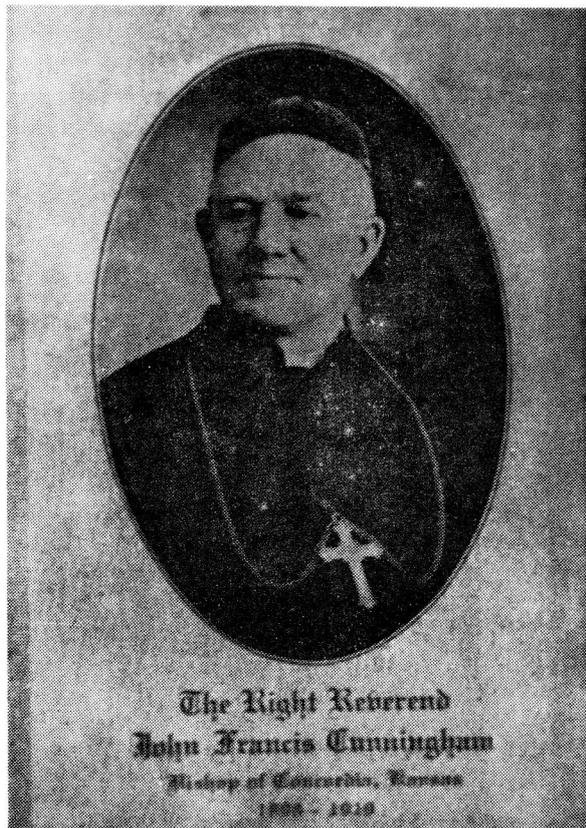
Their parents were Mort Daly, born Duagh 1855 and Bridget Relihan, Duagh. Their grandparents were John Daly, born Duagh 1822 and Norah Leane.

Father Denis Francis O'Keefe, C.S.Sp., was born in Meescovane, County Kerry, Ireland. Father O'Keefe graduated from Blackrock College, Dublin, in 1933 and entered the Holy Ghost Novitiate in Kilshane, County Tipperary. He professed vows in the community in 1934 at Holy Ghost Missionary College in Dublin. He was ordained a Holy Ghost Father in Ireland June 23, 1940.

He served as novice master at

Holy Ghost Novitiate, Scotland, 1941-45 and then served in the missions in Nigeria from 1946 to 1967. From 1967 to 1972, he travelled extensively throughout the U.S. to raise funds for the education of native-born seminarians in Nigeria.

From 1972, Father O'Keefe was stationed in the Brooklyn Diocese serving at St. Raphael's, Sunnyside, 1972-79 and St. Sebastian's from 1979. Fr. O'Keefe died in 1991.



Very Reverend John F. Cunningham, born in Irramore 1842, studied at St. Benedict's College, Atchin, Kansas and at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. He was ordained at Leavenworth on 8 August 1865 and became Vicar General of that diocese. He was Bishop of Concordia, Kansas from 21st Sept. 1898 until his death on June 23 1919.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

by

HANNAH CANTY

On Saturday 15th. Feb. '92 Owen Stack took two bus loads from Duagh and Lyre, thirty people in all to the Retreat Centre Ardfert. Thirty more joined us from Abbeyfeale.

When we arrived at 10 o'clock we got a warm welcome from Sr. Bridie O'Sullivan, we were then treated to tea and biscuits.

After this we were taken on a tour of the House which was beautifully laid out and ready for weekend retreats which run from Friday to Sunday. It would be lovely for retired people, it is so peaceful and relaxing and well looked after.

To proceed with the programme of the day we were taken to the Conference room for meditation and prayerful reflection with Sr. Bridie O'Sullivan which was so relaxing and interesting, this was followed by a social chat and lecture from Fr. Comer. Then we got a break for a little while and then went to the Chapel for Holy Hour which was very spiritual.

It was then one o'clock and we went to the dining room for lunch which consisted of a four course meal after which we got another break for twenty minutes to get out for a walk in the beautiful laid out grounds adorned with flowers, walks and the Stations of the Cross.

When we came back we went upstairs to the library where there was a big selection of books. We were allowed to bring home books of our own choice to read and return them a week later. We paid a visit to the little Blessed Sacrament Chapel which was so peaceful and tranquil.

We then had a Penitential Service followed by an opportunity for Confession.

Then we had a video on the Life of Sr. Brieghe McKenna the Healing Nun. She was born in Co. Armagh. On Christmas Day fifty nine, her mother died suddenly, she was only thirteen years old. She was broken hearted, she entered the Convent at sixteen to become a nun.

After two years in the Convent she developed severe rheumatoid arthritis and had to spend many months in a Belfast hospital, but through faith and confidence she was professed in 1967 at the Mother House in Newry.

Even though she was still very poorly with the arthritis, she volunteered to go out to Florida where she started teaching kindergarten. The heat had a very bad effect on her, the arthritis got worse. She attended a prayer meeting in 1970, and during the ceremony she felt the hand touch her head and when she opened her eyes she was completely cured. Her feet and hands which were swollen and deformed were perfect and free from pain from then on.

Sr. Brieghe believes in miracles, she has perfect health since 1970, and today has her own healing ministry that takes her all over the world. The name of her book is *Miracles Do Happen* and it is a lovely read for anybody.

It was then five o'clock, time for supper, this was preceded by a visit from our P.P. Fr. Linnane, which was a real surprise and very much appreciated.

We then went to the Chapel for Vigil Mass during which we prayed especially for all the needs of the parish.

We arrived home at seven thirty, with a memory of a lovely day, and are looking forward to a weekend next time.

On a final note I would like to pay a tribute to the late Bishop McNamara for having the foresight to provide such a centre and also to the people of the diocese for contributing to the development of same.

Last but not least, thanks to the Sisters and staff for creating an atmosphere of hospitality and spirituality.



Helen Nash with relatives and friends.

LYREACROMPANE - 1852

by Paddy Lysaght

Anyone interested in the ten townlands of the sub parish of Duagh, collectively called Lyreacrompane will find a wealth of information in what is commonly called Griffith's Valuation of 1852.

Under the Irish Poor Law act of 1837 a national valuation was initiated, but it was found to be defective in many ways. After many amendments a comprehensive valuation was enacted in 1852, from which we get the value for each separated tenement or holding so that rates could be assessed. Richard Griffin, who was in charge of the Board of Works Relief Department during the famine, directed this valuation. Incidentally, Griffith who was a canal and mining engineer knew North Kerry very well. When the Whiteboy rebellion erupted in 1821, one of the most active places was around the upper reaches of the Feale, between Abbeyfeale and Rockchapel. When the Government became alarmed at the intensity of this rebellion, the Lord Lieutenant, the Marques of Wellesley, sent Griffith to the district to survey the place and to initiate public works there. He built several roads there, as well as three bridges, at Listowel, Smearla Bridge and Hedley's bridge. On the

parapet of Hedley's and Smearla bridges he inserted an incised plaque with his name, why he did not insert such a plaque on the Listowel bridge, by far and away the finest one he built, is surprising.

In any of the eighteen pages devoted to the parish of Duagh in Griffith's Valuation, you will not find any reference to the ten Lyreacrompane townlands, for the simple reason that these townlands were not incorporated into the Duagh parish before 1852.

Under the parish headed Kilflyn you will find the townland of Cloghaneliskirt which was transferred to Duagh in 1858. Carrigcannon, Cloghanenagleragh, Lyreacrompane and Glashanacree you will find in the parish of Kilfeighny (now Lixnaw). Glashananoon, Cloughboola, Dromadda Morea and Beg, Knocknaglogh and Glounthane are listed under the parish of Kilshenane.

The abridged details from Griffith's Valuation given hereunder, will, I am sure, interest many people in the district, as quite a number of the family names mentioned are still to be found there. They need careful study to access them accurately. From them

can be seen how holdings were divided up between family members, how several families had nothing but a little house, usually rented for five shillings; and those herdsmen's huts when mentioned, undoubtedly refer to the practice of "booleying", when the whole family would take their cattle to the higher ground during the summer, live there in rough shacks herding them, and return to their normal homes on the lower ground when summer had passed.

It is well to remember that this Valuation was taken when the '47 famine must have been fresh in the minds of many of those named. We can only guess how it affected their lives. How many of these were married, how many children they had, and what proportion of them were bachelors or unmarried ladies, we do not know. Subsequently, did some of these emigrate to the U.S.A. or further afield - we wonder?

From parish records and from folk memory it should still be possible to add much of the human element to the cold facts of Griffith's Valuation.

Is there not someone resident in Lyre that could organise such a labour of love?

Occupiers of Townlands	Lessors	Description of Tenements	Area in Acres	Net Annual Value
CLOGHANELESKIRT John Lynch Michael Lynch Jeremiah Reidy Peter Gleazer Daniel Horgan Thomas Reidy Daniel Horgan	Captain Tissell same Wm. T. Crosbie Wilson Gun Esq. Peter Gleazer Jeremiah Reidy Peter Glazier	House, land House, land House, land Land part Bog House and garden House Land	837 3 roods not given 1	£26.15.0 £0.15.0 £0.8.0 £0.13.0
CARRIGCANNON Thomas Halloran Anne Connell John Sheehy Michael Doran Patrick Stack	Lady Burghersh Thomas Halloran Thomas Halloran Patrick Stack Lady Burghersh	Land, Mountain House & land House, Offices Land Land, Mountain	716.0 5 6 9 223	£29.15.0 £1.15.0 £2.5.0 £3.10.0 £14.5.0

Occupiers of Townlands	Lessors	Description of Tenements	Area in Acres	Net Annual Value
CLOGHANENAGLERAGH Edmond Carey	Samuel Julian	Offices and Land	374	£13.0.0
Patrick Carey	Edmund Carey	Land	3 roods	£0.3.0
Patrick Carey	same	House, Land	?	£0.17.0
John Sheehy	Samuel Julian	House, Land	293	£9.15.0
John Dillane	John Sheehy	House	Not given	£0.5.0
LYRACRUMPANE Patrick Dillane	Lady Burghersh	House, land	381	£26.10.0
Edmund Dillane		House, land		
Michael Buckley	Patrick Dillane	House, garden	1 rood	£0.8.0
Mary Stack	same	House, garden	1 rood	£0.9.0
Richard Gregory	same	House, garden	16 perches	£0.6.0
Thomas Connor	Lady Burghersh	Land	4	£1.19.0
Mathias Connor				
Edmund Molyneaux	same	House, land		
Thomas Connor		House, land	413	£16.10.0
Mathias Connor		House, land		
Edmund Molyneaux		House, land		
John Quill	Thos. O'Connor	Land	3 roods	£0.4.0
Eugene Connell		House, land		
Patrick Connell	Lady Burghersh	House, land	159	£15.10.0
William Kirby		House, land		
Thomas Halloran	same	Lane	20	£3.0.0
GLANTAUNYALKEEN John Nolan	Lady Burghersh	House, lands	10	£1.10.0
James Regan	same	House, land	2	£1.3.0
Cornelius Nolan	Lady Burghersh	House, land	37	£10.15.0
Patrick Connell	same	House, land		
John Connell	same	House, land	42	£4.14.0
Andrew Nolan	same	"		
Denis Nolan	same	"	183	£10.5.0
Julia Nolan	same	"		
Michael Molyneaux	same	"		
John Connell	same	Land	42	£9.4.0
Andrew Nolan	"	"		
Denis Nolan	"	"		
Julia Nolan	"	"		
Michael Molyneaux	"	"		
John Connell	"	"		
Andrew Nolan	"	"		
Denis Nolan	"	"		
Julia Nolan	"	"		
Michael Molyneaux	"	"		
Cornelius Nolan	"	"		
Patrick Connell	"	"		
John Connell	Lady Burghersh	House, land		
Andrew Nolan	"	"		
Denis Nolan	"	"		
Julia Nolan	"	"		
Michael Molyneaux	"	"		

Occupiers of Townlands	Lessors	Description of Tenements	Area in Acres	Net Annual Value
GLASHANANOON Patrick Moloney John Stack Michael Gallivan Patrick Enrigh Michael Gallivan Patrick Enright William Shea Michael Murphy John Stack Catherine Sullivan Michael Doyle Timothy Cronin Maurice Enright Edward Enright Michael shanahan	Michael Gallivan same Lady Burghersh same Michael Gallivan same same Patrick Enright M. Hallivan Lady Burghersh same Timothy Cronin Lady Burghersh	House, land Land House, land House, land Land Land House House House, Garden House, Garden House House, land House House, land	11 8 139 13 Not given Not given 3 roods 1 rood Not given 138 Not given 121	£3.5.0 £2.15.0 £14.15.0 £4.10.0 £0.5.0 £0.5.0 £0.10.0 £0.7.0 £0.6.0 £32.5.0 £0.6.0 £27.0.0
KNOCKNAGLOGH Thomas Quill Michael Quill Patrick Sheehy Richard Nash James Nash John Ginna Patrick Riordan Denis Quill John Quill Denis Quill John Quill Michael Ahern Timothy Cronin Maurice Enright	Lady Burghersh T. & M. Quill Lady Burghersh same James Nash same R. & J. Nash R. & J. Nash R. & J. Nash	House, land House, land House, Garden House, land House, land House, land House, land House, Garden House, Garden Land Land Land Land Land Land	493 20 perches 452 33 perches 30 perches 4 10 ? 1 1	£41.5.0 £0.8.0 £31.5.0 £0.7.0 £0.7.0 £0.19.0 £2.0.0 ? £0.5.0 £0.5.0
GLASHANACREE Margaret McCarthy Julia Colbert Daniel McCarthy Timothy Quill John Quill Mary Quill	Lady Burghersh Margaret McCarthy Lady Burghersh Lady Burghersh Lady Burghersh T. & J. Quill	House, land House House, land House, land House, land House	185 Not given 100 456 Not given	£20.5.0 £0.5.0 £8.10.0 £23.0.0 £0.5.0
DROMADDA, MORE John Connell Maurice Connell Honora Flaherty James Morris Anne Horan John Dillan	Lady Burghersh same same same Ann Horan	House, land Herd's house House, land House, land House, land	510 1490	£20.5.0 £44.16.0
CLOGHBOOLA Edward Walsh	Lady Burghersh	Herd's house, Land (Part bog)	686	£14.15.0
DROMADDA, BEG Brigid Moloney James Connell James Connell Brigid Moloney Jeremiah Moloney Michael Moloney	Lady Burghersh same same	House, land House, land Land, bog Land, bog Houses, land Houses, land	150 704	£14.0.0 £16.8.0

MEMORIES OF KINSEALY

(or *The Day I Almost Met Charlie*)

by Joe Quille

The departure of Charles J. Haughey as leader of Fianna Fail last February and the circumstances of that departure have been well documented. Mr. Haughey either caused controversy or had controversy created around him. So why then was he so controversial. The answer to this question is a compound one which will be added to as the years go by.

To many on the outside he seemed to develop over the years a peremptory style of leadership which did not allow for disagreement, and with others he was a wealthy man who refused to say how he acquired his wealth, and of course his handling of a series of apparent scandals came in for heavy fire.

He is therefore, a man who has lived many lives in a very short span and who has provided enough material to keep his name before us for a long time to come. His critics and admirers have already said their piece, and without going into details perhaps the best summing up was done by his former political adversary Liam Cosgrove when he said that Mr. Haughey did more than his critics ever did.

However, the purpose of this article is not to echo the famous quote of the Roman historian Tacitus in 98 A.D. about the Emperor Galba, and if applied to Haughey today would read; Everyone would have judged him fit to rule had he not ruled. This article is instead about the day a couple of years ago that we almost met Charlie. When I saw we I mean my wife Bridie and my son Tommy. At the time we were on holidays in Dublin, and were staying with a friend of ours on the Northside. This friend had a friend who was highly placed in the Haughey household and arrangements were made that we would go and visit Kinsealy the home of C.J. Haughey.

On the appointed day we took

off, and before turning off the Malahide road we were met by a Haughey aide and escorted along the mile or so driveway up to his residence. Obviously we had been cleared by security as we were not stopped at any stage. Apart from a lone garda at his post on the drive up to Kinsealy, there was little evidence of extensive security.

The bad news we had on arrival was the man we came to see was not there. He was in the Dail, and obviously conducting the Nations business had to take precedence over visitors from Lyreacrompane. He had however, left an apology and expressed the hope we would meet again. Alas, such has not been the case but who knows, perhaps in the future. Que Sera, Sera.

However, there were compensations in that we were admitted to his private domain, and I know that Bridie derived great pleasure from sitting on his chair in his office and for a few moments at least, perceived herself as the Real Taoiseach. It was one of those rare moments when a camera would have been of priceless value. Unfortunately we had not brought one.

I must say that despite the

absence of C.J. it was an unforgettable trip. Everyone we met there were the essence of friendliness and their courtesy knew no bounds. We were given an extensive tour of the Mansion and the Estate. The Kinsealy Estate was purchased by the Haugheys from a German industrialist in 1969. The two hundred year old mansion was in a run down condition and eliminating dry rot alone cost more than the price of a top of the range new house.

Designed by Gandon, C.J. undoubtedly bought it for its development potential, as to be Lord of the Manor. Only in recent times did he himself begin to take an interest in the extensive grounds and gardens of the three hundred acre estate which has an indoor equestrian centre and stud farm.

To explore more fully this aspect of the estate needed more time, but what we saw was indeed impressive. So with our profound thanks to the Haughey staff for the many courtesies extended to us that day, we bade farewell to Kinsealy, maybe to return at some future date when the Lord of the Manor would be in.



Mai Flemming, Catherine Horgan and Hannah Canty, Lisdoonvarna '91.

GEORGE O'CALLAGHAN

R.I.P.

In the last issue of the Lyre Journal we carried a few stories of the Banemore area told to us by George O'Callaghan. We planned to carry much more of George's vast store of folklore in this issue, but alas, our good friend has passed away.

There were few who could tell a story better than George O'Callaghan. He told of everyday events in the lives of a simple people but his manner of telling was sheer entertainment. This talent made George a welcome visitor in every house.

My first memory of George O'Callaghan was as a postman on a thumper of a motorbike - man and machine much larger than life in the mind of a child. There was little to which George couldn't turn his hand. He was an expert fisherman and fowler in his younger days, he was an accomplished athlete and developed skills in carpentry and block laying. He worked for many years as a nurseryman at Louis O'Halloran's, during which he sold trees and hedging etc., at Tralee market. The Latin lingo was no problem. In the bog, a great sleen of turf would be cut on the days George joined the mehil.

George O'Callaghan was a great friend of my mother, Julie. Many's the game of "31" was played at our house when George rambled in. "Keeping

the count", while he told his sidesplitting stories was no easy job.

No salmon was safe in the Smearla when the two of them went fishing and fish weren't always the only thing that was caught. Julie often recalled how her cast went slightly astray on one occasion and she hooked George's ear. On-the-spot first aid failed to remove the fish hook and George, with Julie holding the line, had to drive the 10 miles to Listowel to have a doctor perform the necessary minor surgery.

In later years the two were rarely apart. George would pick Julie up in his car and off they would head for town or to call on one of their many friends. Following Julie's death three years ago, George was never the same.

It is very much to be regretted that the stories and yarns of George were never properly recorded. But perhaps that was never likely to happen. It seemed he would live forever and anyway, I'm sure a tape recording would have cramped his style.

George O'Callaghan was a proud Irishman and at his home in Pallas Hill he was at one with nature. He is sadly missed by his many friends and by his family, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

Joe Harrington



Julie and Brendan Harrington, John and George O'Callaghan.

Abandoned

*I saw you at the railings
Along by Arthur's quay.
Slumped there upon the sidewalk
As I passed you didn't see.
The winter breeze blew through your
limbs
As you shivered in your stance
On Christmas Eve amid the lights
You scarcely drew a glance.*

*You're not a city slicker
Your home is lying still
Beside that crystal mountain stream
On a Ballyhoura hill.
The dream that you'd be part of
A city home complete
Has turned into a nightmare
On a Limerick city street.*

*From the gutter you are watching
As the wino staggers by
And the sniffer with the glue bag
shuffles on his way to die
And the ceaseless tramp of people
As they're rushing to and fro
In a rat-race they call progress
That leaves little for to show.*

*And the headlong race to turn life
To pleasure from a drudge
Is marked by speeding traffic
As it covers you in sludge.
But my listeners may well wonder
Of whom it is I speak
Which of the many unemployed,
The poor and the weak - ?*

*But sure we know the Welfare State
Can now so ably hide
The poverty and misery
That's around at Christmas tide
But even though it can't be seen
It's story can be told
In this verse about a Christmas tree
At Arthur's Quay unsold.*

Joe Harrington

From LYRE to AFRICA

What gives some people the urge to volunteer for mission work. Perhaps the pictures in the mission magazines we distributed in our school days. Or the colourful stamps that came on the flimsy envelopes from our cousin the nun in New Guinea. Or just a simple desire to help redress the imbalance between us and the third world which is being exploited in our name. Few who go can give a clear cut reason why, but that does not make their story any less interesting.

From October 1989 to October 1991 Andrew O'Connell of Carrigcannon worked as a Hospital Administrator in Monze District Hospital, Southern Province, Zambia. He was 25 years old with a good job in the Bank of Ireland when he took two years leave to do voluntary work in Africa with the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Rosary. On his return he spoke to us about Zambia and his work.

The population of Zambia is 8 million. The area is approx. 101/2 times the size of Ireland. Catholics are minimum but the devotion to this religion is highly committed.

Monze District is 3,500 sq.km. with a population of 158,000, the same as Cork City, but catered for healthwise by only one 250 bed hospital. The hospital is run by the M.S.H.R., with 40% grant aid from the Zambia Ministry of Health. The other 60% funds have to be found locally and from overseas. Staff consisted of 5 doctors, 100 nurses, 80 general staff, 2 administrators and 2 secretary's.

A consultant gynaecologist gets £45 per month and a nurse gets £40. A loaf of bread which is a rarity and a treat, costs 40p. The currency in Zambia is the Kwacha. 10 years ago 2K equalled £2 sterling. Now £1 sterling equals K145. The chief mode of conveyance except for the very rich, is a bicycle. The cost of a bicycle is 4500K, a month's salary.

The greatest cause of death in children is Diarrhoea, and the biggest

cause of admission to hospital is malaria. Overall the greatest and most serious problem facing the health service for the future is Aids. Approx. 20% of the population is HIV positive, which means many may develop AIDS in the next 5 to 8 years.

The staple food for existence consists of various ways of serving white maize they call "Nshima". In the morning they make it watery and serve it like porridge. For lunch it's made thicker like semolina. For dinner Nshima with cabbage and tomatoes cooked in oil. Chicken and meat such as animal offal are a treat for weddings and funerals only. Subsistence farming is the normal venture in many parts of the country. Because of the dry climate, irrigation is carried on which enable those farmers to produce 4 or 5 crops per year. The climate for the year consists of hot rain Dec. to March., April to August - cool night temp. 10°, day 25°. Sept. to November 10°-20°.

The Chikuini Mission was the first Jesuit Mission in Zambia. On my first visit there I was amazed to see a poster of "Macra na Feirme" hanging on the door of one of the small one apartment shanty's. It was there that I met Eoin O'Neill from Waterford, a volunteer from Macra who was working with the local people, helping them to identify their own needs and how to overcome them. If you asked them what they needed most, they would say hospitals, medicine, education, never food, whilst in fact they were starving with the hunger.

It is there in Chikuini they held a "Whist Drive" every year. Everybody turns up even people who never held a card in their hands, never mind to be able to play them. I sat down at a table and considered how lucky I was to see a white sister opposite me for a partner. I had never met her before. On enquiring I found out that she was the Mother General of the world wide Presentation order. I had heard all the sisters making preparations for her visit, but had no idea what colour or

creed. "Are you Irish?" I said. She smiled and said "I am! and I guess you are", "Yes, I come from a place called Lyreacrompane, are you from there?" I was dumbfounded when she told me she went to school with members of my family. Her name is Elizabeth Starken, daughter of a German engineer the late Henry Starken, who came over from Germany to engineer the machinery in Bord na Móna. I thought the world is a small place after all.

Back in Ireland I was interested to note that a recent survey showed the cost of a hospital bed as £250 per day. We are running our whole hospital in Zambia for that amount per day!

I am happy to be home again, but I will always remember my friends in the Southern Province. I keep in touch and recently received the following letter from a friend.

"News from here is: Brother John was robbed again this morning (someone went into his room while they were away ...) There has been a rash of car thefts on Monday night; I interrupted one who smashed the window of the truck and I woke up and heroically turned on the light which was enough to scare him/them off. They got Shamir's Mercedes truck but it ran out of diesel at Water Affairs so they stripped it of what they could and left it. I'm damned lucky to be a relatively light sleeper, otherwise we'd be down to one truck! I'm going to hire a watchman and Mr. Zulu is going to put in secret switches for me today. Next in the catalogue of disasters is 3 deaths from cholera at Choongo, and one of them had been staying in the mothers' shelter ... hold on tight for this one. And finally, it's hot and unfortunately completely dry; maize has completely shrivelled and the harvest will be nearly nil in Monze district. So now you know what you are missing!"



The Murphy family.



*Sean Sullivan,
Creamery
Manager at
Lyre, (mid
50's).*



PAYING RESPECTS

The other night I called into the Carrig hotel, to pay my respects to Al Roche

And as he's the boss, I thought 'twas as well to pay my respects to Al Roche

There were three or four friends of mine stood round the bar,

As soon as I saw them, I said, "there ye are, let ye all have a pint now and smoke a cigar

And we'll pay our respects to Al Roche."

They all called for drinks, in turn Roche he did the same

Fast as we could order them round the glasses came.

Paddy Ginnaw was staring, Casey couldn't see

I was bad myself, but Doolan was far worse than me.

We all praised the liquor and said it was strong, just to pay our respects to Al Roche.

And, Paddy he offered to sing us a song, just to pay his respects to Al Roche.

He started a verse of "I don't want to fight", when Doolan jumped up and, he said that's not right.

We must have a row before leaving tonight, just to pay our respects to Al Roche.

Faith says Paddy I'd just as well fight as sing, just to pay my respects to Al Roche

So at it they went, didn't want for a thing, as they paid their respects to Al Roche

We all did our best not to let them begin, but Paddy he belted both Doolan and Din

When Superintendent Mulcahy himself he walked in, just to pay his respects to Al Roche.

Next morning we all had a pair of black eyes, from paying our respects to Al Roche

And we all were that stiff that we hardly could rise, to pay our respects to Al Roche

We were locked up all night and we couldn't get bail and the Justice he said when he heard the whole tale

Forty shillings and costs or a fortnight in jail just for paying respects to Al Roche.

RUNAWAY BOGS AND A MOVING GRAVE

by Pat Brosnan

TOOREENAMULT DISASTER

Interest in a most dramatic and unusual happening in East Kerry during the latter part of the last century 1896, was recently revived during a Radio Kerry "Rambling House" programme when mention was made and a song requested about the moving bog in Tooreenamult which after a period of heavy rain and a huge build-up of water pressure, caused a major landslide of bog, slush and marsh with catastrophic results for a family who lived in its pathway.

My mother R.I.P., who came from around that area of East Kerry within a few miles of Tooreenamult often told us the story of the moving bog and of her the tragedy of the Donnelly family was still fresh in the minds of the local people there when she was young.

If my memory of the story is correct it was apparently on a December Sunday night that disaster struck after Con Donnelly, his wife and family had retired for the night in their house below the bog. People living nearby heard the weird and thunderous sound as thousands of

tons of bog mud and bog deal were swept along into the valley of the Flesk river and eventually ended up in one of Killarney's lakes.

At daybreak on the morning following the disaster, local people who went to investigate found the Donnelly home completely wrecked and the occupants dead in a sight that was unforgettable and that somehow must have resembled in a smaller scale, the Aberfan coal-tip slide which happened in Wales during the nineteen-sixties.

The moving mass of bog, mud and water had swept through the Donnelly home and nearby outbuildings killing all in its suffocating onslaught, both people and animals.

The sole survivor of the Donnelly family was one of their girls, who was away for the weekend visiting relations. It was mentioned in the "Rambling House" that she lived up to a few years ago. Katie was her name.

DROMADA'S RUNAWAY BOG

When we were young lads growing up in Dromada we often

heard the tale of the place known as the "Runaway bog" which was situated in the extreme south-eastern corner of the townland not far from the little river that separates Dromadamore East from Tooreenard.

The story, or rather legend of this, our local moving bog, was far less authenticated and much more vague than that of Tooreenamult, but nevertheless many of the older generation in our younger days had scraps of information which had been handed down to them, and which lent some credibility to what was supposed to have happened there.

The late Mick Collins once wrote an interesting article about this bog in a Christmas number of *The Kerryman* back some time in the 'thirties. This could possibly still be found in *The Kerryman* archives. The story about the moving bog as we heard it, is that it happened on a day of fierce thunder and lightning which caused a deluge of rain to fall in the area. We never heard about the date or time of the year that it occurred, but the belief was that it most likely happened during a prolonged summer storm.

It was supposed to have swamped a few boggy fields down near the glen and some farm stock huts or shelters, whether or not there is any truth in this is open to question. There was never any mention however, of loss of life of either people or livestock. But in those days a practice known as "booleying" or minding cattle in fields and temporary shelters long distances from the farmhouse was quite common and incidently two local townlands Boula in Knocknagoshel parish and Cloughboola in Lyre parish got their names from this system of stock farming.

My own first sight of the local Runaway Bog was on a warm summer's evening accompanying my cousin, the late Pa Sheehy and Lyre teacher, the late John O'Connor, who



The Lyons family.

were doing a parish boundary survey some time in the early 'forties.

A cluster of houses and a few hill farms facing south overlook that drear and desolate moorland valley where the Runaway Bog is situated. It is a remote and somewhat forbidding place, but yet it has got a wild, mystical and fascinating scenery of its own which in our youthful days we often went to explore.

Crossing the mountain from West Dromadamore and heading east usually carrying a stick and accompanied by a dog or two, was an adventure in itself and always a stimulating experience which one still remembers after all the years.

The panoramic scenery from the middle peak of Dromadamore's three hilltops was certainly a sight to relish with the McGillicuddy Reeks to the south, Slievemish and the Brandon range to the west, the lordly Shannon and the hills of Clare to the far north, Ballybunion, Knockanore, Kerryhead and the Atlantic Ocean to the north-west, and of course a birds'-eye view of the local townlands and landmarks such as Lyre church, creamery and school, as well as Dan Paddy Andy's Hall, the Bord na Mona works in Lyre and Carrigcannon, the local Post Office and also the Four Elms bar.

Part of Renagown including the school was not visible from here as the view was cut off by the hill to the far west of the townland. As one travelled further east along the hillside and after crossing the border between Dromadamore West and East there was a place called the Model Farm which was owned by the O'Connor family. Then after climbing the gradual slopes of the eastern summit of the townland another splendid vista came in sight with Toorenard and its school as well as the heights of Meen on the right and the picturesque and colourful village of Knocknagoshel with its church spire and tall chimneys straight ahead in the distance, and a horizon that extended down to the county Limerick border and beyond.

As one neared the extreme south-east of the townland, the houses and farms already mentioned came into view and in these lived a kindly and hospitable people where, especially in the Cotter homestead, the tea was always ready for me during my insurance days.

And as for the location of the

Runaway Bog itself, it consisted of deep black pools and quagmires which appeared threatening and likely to swallow up the unwary, so naturally we were always careful not to venture too near or to let our dogs get too close either.

The ground between the pools was also spongy and shaky so here again one had to be cautious.

But now many of those hills and moorland valleys of our youth have in the words of Yeats "all changed utterly" with all the forestry plantations which gives to them a new form of beauty and usefulness. However much of the old magic and mysticism which was part of such places in our boyhood days, has now gone forever.

In those days this was a land of music, songs, storytelling, legends and fairies, where people worked hard to make a living, but where they also looked out over wide spaces at the world outside the hills and the Smearla valley, where the hopes, dreams and aspirations of a proud and resilient people moulded us.

One of our townland's most enduring legends even in this electronic age, will surely always remain the tantalising mystery of the unusual circumstances that formed that part of its territory known as the Runaway Bog. Perhaps the local young people of today don't give it much thought, so hopefully this article might help to stimulate some new interest in the subject and who knows, it might be further and more deeply researched at some date in the future.

KILSARCON CEMETERY

Another subject that came up in a "Rambling House" programme, was about Kilsarcon Cemetery in Currow parish where my parents, sister, and many of my ancestors are buried, and also several other friends and relatives we used to know.

Kilsarcon has a strange moving legend of its own and as both my mother, and my father's family all originated from this area in a townland called Knockacorrin where we still have many cousins, so it was very early in our lives that we heard the story of how Kilsarcon cemetery moved overnight from the neighbouring townland of Dromulton just across the river. (Incidentally John Canty of Lyre now

lives in that townland with his wife and family, in a farm previously owned by his late uncle Dan O'Connor).

We often heard the tale particularly from my uncle John Healy, who was a great story-teller in the real Sliabh Luchra tradition. Like the Runaway Bog in Dromada nobody ever seemed to know when this momentous event took place, but apparently on its journey across the river a gravestone dropped out which they used to assert could be plainly seen by anyone prepared to investigate it.

While moving bogs are quite a natural phenomenon caused by a build-up of water pressure, the same could hardly be the case in a moving graveyard.

It might be possible to rationalise that in a severe earth tremor or major landslide of long ago, that the cemetery that was then supposed to be located on the slopes of Dromulton, shifted somewhat with the fall of ground, but that after crossing the river it continued to climb against the rising ground on the Kilsarcon side, would surely be a sensational and certainly supernatural event.

One of the reasons that was supposed to have precipitated the occurrence was that a non-Catholic had been buried there, whether or not this story would hold any credibility in these days of greater religious tolerance. But whatever the reason, if this strange and unearthly happening did really take place at some stage (and who are any of us to be cynical), then the only conclusion to be reached is that it was an act of God with whom all things are possible.

Four countless years past and even today, Kilsarcon cemetery is a place of pilgrimage where every May people come from far and near to do "the rounds".

Many cures have been attributed to this devotion, so whether or not there is anything in the fascinating legend it remains a very hallowed place indeed, with its beautiful shrine and well-kept pathways.

An open air Mass is celebrated there every May and for those of us whose ancestors sleep there, it is a little part of Kerry that is very special.

ODDS AND ENDS

An Mangaire Sugach

The following Review of last year's Lyre Journal appeared in the Limerick Leader.

This is the time of the year when the parish magazines begin to come my way. So far I have received four. Le cúnamh Dé, I'll have something to say about them and the others to come, in due course. There was one such journal which I received last August, but which, through a regrettable oversight, I failed to review. This was the **Lyreacrompane and District Journal**, an excellent publication which records the history and folklore of the area, and reports and comments on modern developments there. Last August's copy was the second number of the Journal. The first number was launched by the late Sean Mac Carthy, to whom John Joe Sheehy pays a nice tribute on page 1 of the second number -

*He was loved by everybody who knew his name,
A gallant poet and singer, outstanding was his fame;
The spirit of his people he well personified,
His songs were sung by everyone throughout the countryside.
His hand was ever reached to help wherever help was needed,
And calls upon his generous heart were never left unheeded.
And now that he has left us our thoughts go out to him -
God rest you Sean Mac Carthy,
the Bard of Killoccrim!*

John Joe Sheehy also gives us an excellent piece of lore describing famous people of the near and distant past who had connections with Lyreacrompane. I was tickled by the fact that he called his contribution "Odds and Ends" the same name by which this column is called!

A very interesting article headed "The Inspector is Coming!" deals with primary education in Lyreacrompane since the time of the hedge schools. Of special interest are the selections from the Inspectors' "Observation Book, Lyreacrompane National School, 1877 to 1937." Generally the observations

were very satisfactory. An entry dated May 22, 1877, says "60 examined. Proficiency in general very good ..." Under the heading "Discipline, Cleanliness, etc.," the Inspector wrote: "In all these aspects - very satisfactory."

An Inspector, J.H. Tibbs, who visited the school on 20 January 1896, had this comment to make: "Clock 35 minutes slow today."

John B. Keane writes about "Townies" - or, at least, about one good-for-nothing specimen of the breed and the fool of a girl who married him. There is no need to recommend John B. to readers of the **Limerick Leader**. Hannah Canty and Pat Brosnan write entertainingly about old-time dance halls, especially that at Headley's Bridge, and in particular that run by Dan Paddy Andy at Reenagown Cross. Michael Thornton has a fine piece on Banemore House and its various owners.

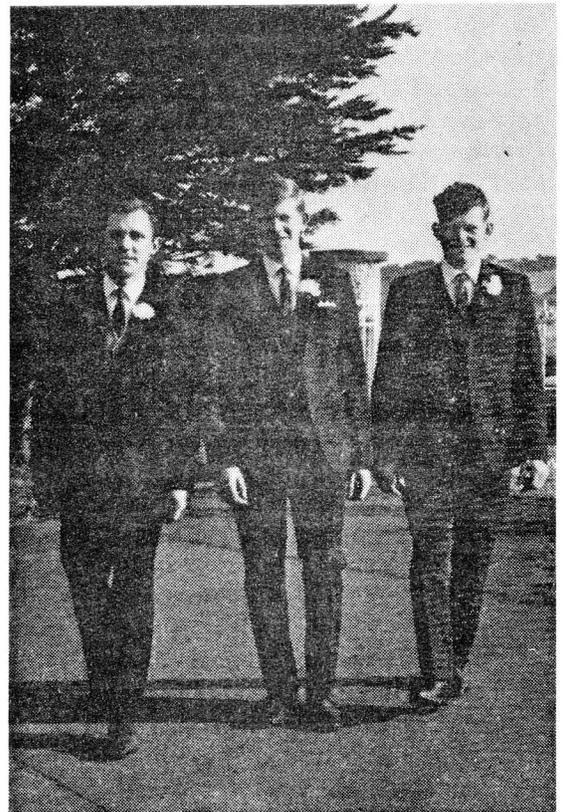
Paddy Lysaght writes perceptively of Thade Gowran, a prolific and talented ballad writer, one of whose best known compositions is "The Yorkshire Pig."

*Wisha, 'tis true, what will we do
For our credit is running down,
And the humour is gone from every man
In country and in town.
If you go to a dance to retreat or advance,
For to practice a reel or jig,
They cannot stay, they must hasten away
To fatten the Yorkshire pig.*

Hannah Mai Collins gives us some interesting specimens of the folklore collected in Lyreacrompane in the

1930s. Con Houlihan, a writer always well worth reading, describes, in his own inimitable way, "A Journey through Lyre." Joe Harrington writes of "The Disappearing Bike" in Limerick; and in "The Place across the Valley" he tells how machine turf cutting in Lyreacrompane bog - in which no fewer than a quarter of a million tons of turf were cut - and the subsequent afforestation of the area, completely changed the whole appearance of that countryside.

Sister Brigid Moloney, who has a facile sense of humour, describes a Pilgrimage to Fatima; and Joe Quille describes a visit to Disneyland. There are various other worthwhile contributions, in prose and verse, in this fine North Kerry journal, including an article on Toll Roads and Turnpikes, and a piece about a visit to Lyreacrompane by Mary Robinson before she became President.



March 8, '69. Happy groom, Patsy Canty with best man, John Canty and Billy Doran.

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