

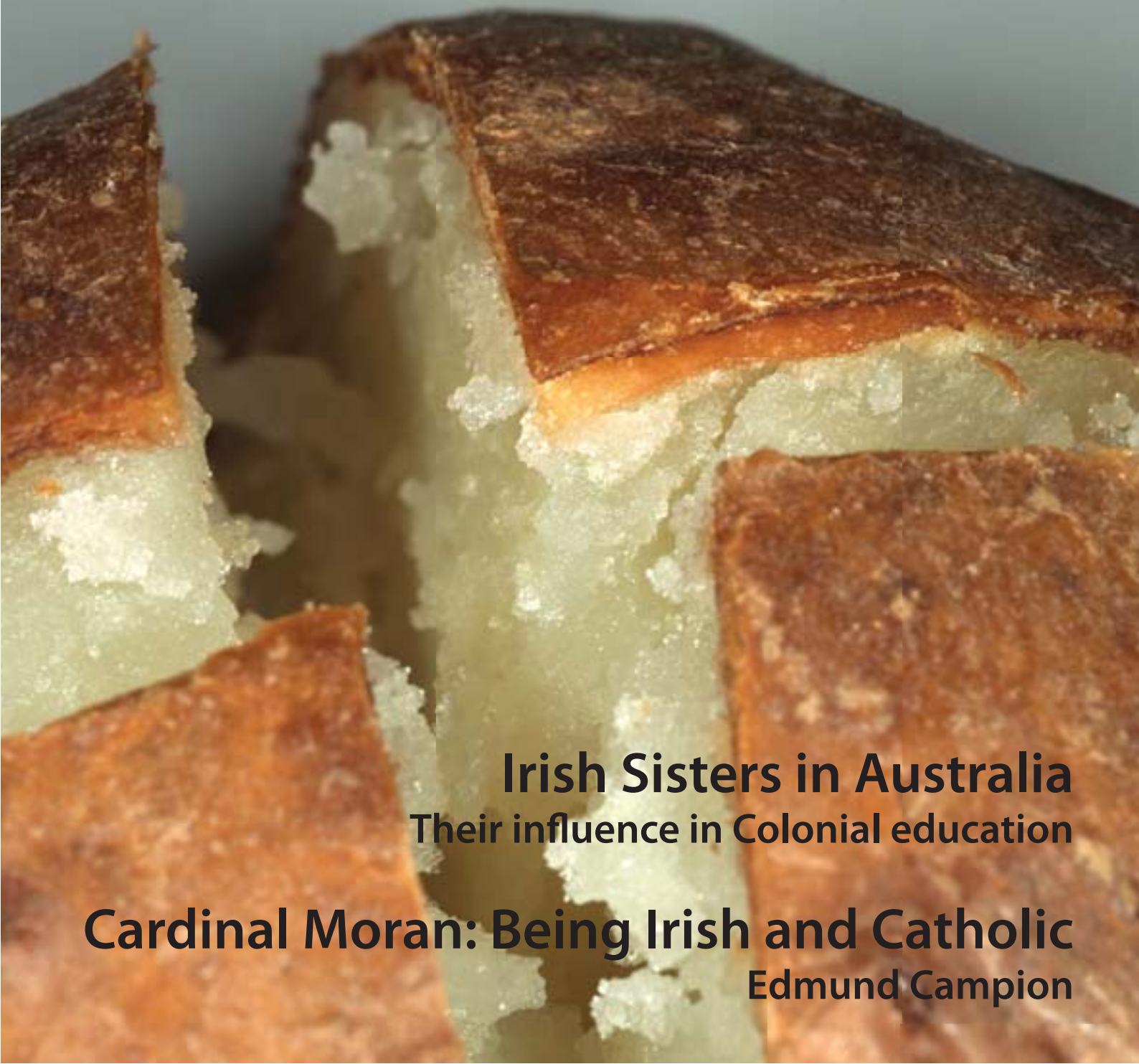
Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 3, March 2008

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Irish Sisters in Australia
Their influence in Colonial education

Cardinal Moran: Being Irish and Catholic
Edmund Campion

NEW MUSIC RELEASES



FOSTER & ALLEN

Songs Of Love and Laughter - 2CD

Touring MAY 2008

'Songs Of Love And Laughter' is the brand new release from Foster & Allen, one of the most popular duos to emerge from Ireland. The album contains a collection of songs of romance and songs of humour. Includes: Seven Old Ladies, Help Me Make It Through The Night, All I Have To Do Is Dream, Let It Be Me, Ring Of Fire, Little Old Wine Drinker Me and more!

Cat#: CDR1075

Around The World With Foster & Allen - DVD

'Around The World With Foster & Allen' is the latest DVD release from Ireland's most popular Irish duo Foster & Allen, and takes you on a musical & visual journey travelling across the globe to the U.K., the U.S.A., Australia and Ireland. Featuring 45 of their favourites including 'Walk Tall', 'The Mountains Of Mourne', 'The Carnival Is Over', 'Far Away In Australia' plus many more.



Cat#: RV0849



CHARLIE LANDSBOROUGH

Under Blue Skies - 2CD

Touring APRIL 2008

Charlie Landsborough is one of the UK's most talented and prominent songwriters. His wonderful voice, soothing songs and heartfelt lyrics have won him legions of fans throughout the globe. Includes a FREE CD of 10 Live tracks !

Includes: Long Way Down, Your Love Is Beautiful, Bullet In Your Gun, Speak To Me Darling, Moon River, Speed Of The Sound Of Loneliness & more!

Cat#: CDR1081



DANIEL O'DONNELL

Can You Feel The Love - 2CD

Touring AUGUST 2008

Taken from the DVD which knocked Westlife off the UK Chart's #1 spot at the end of last year and became Daniel's 5th consecutive UK #1 DVD. This new double album is the soundtrack to the 'Can You Feel The Love' concert.

Recorded in a unique and intimate late night setting, 'Can You Feel The Love' captures Daniel in a very different mood, as he takes us on a musical journey through some wonderful love songs and classic hits.

Includes: Can You Feel The Love, Hey Good Lookin' (with Mary Duff), Roses Are Red, Until The Next Time, The Power Of Love (Mary Duff), Never Ending Story Of Love, For The Good Times and more!

Cat#: CDR1102

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The Australian Irish Heritage Network

Membership is open to all with an identification with Irish heritage. It was founded in 2007 to continue the spirit and work of Val Noone and Mary Doyle.

One of its activities is to publish the magazine *Tinteán* (meaning hearth in Gaelic and pronounced 'Tintoyne' – the fada on the final á giving the syllable the dominant stress and the "augh" sound).

The AIHN office is in the basement of the Celtic Club, 316 Queen St, Melbourne. We express our thanks to the Club for its generosity. People are welcome to drop in. However, as we are only there part time, please check first.

Objectives of the AIHN

This Association, as its primary objective, will produce a literary magazine called *Tinteán*. The focus of the magazine will be

to build and explore the Irish Australian identity. The magazine will welcome material which explores the big themes of exile, diaspora and settlement. It will also encourage the telling of the micro-stories that express narratives of individuals and families. There will be a continual study of the political and economic evolution of Ireland, and of the contribution which Irish-Australians have made to Australia. The intention is to explore and celebrate the playing out of the Irish heritage in Australia, past, present and future.

Activities

As well as the magazine, we hope to conduct social and educational events; disseminate news and information via the internet; offer recognition for service to literary and historical endeavours; issue cultural and political comment, and research and record our heritage.

Letters

Ballybunion connections

I am pleased to support your new exciting project. I am thrilled with your choice of name – *Tinteán* – which makes a homely connection with us here in Ballybunion.

**Noirín Uí Cháthain, Ballybunion,
Co Kerry, Ireland**

Noirín Uí Cháthain is a principal of the Tinteán Theatre, Ballybunion, opened in April 2006 as a major initiative in Co Kerry as a centre for cultural training and development.

An excellent start

Thank you for your excellent coverage of the Amy Castles concert held recently in Bendigo. I think that *Tinteán* has got off to an excellent start. Many thanks for everything.

John Clancy, Bendigo, Vic.

Bold Jack Donahue unmasked

I am writing in answer to Gerry Fahey's enquiry about Bold Jack Donahue (*Tinteán* issue 1). I am researching a book about this remarkable man.

The *Sydney Gazette* of 4 September 1830 reported that Donahue had been killed by a police party armed with rifles, whilst he had two pistols. A death mask in plaster of Paris was made by a Mr Morland. The mask featuring the head of the bushranger was used as a model for clay pipes that were sold in Sydney for twenty years. It must be the first case of celebrity marketing in Australian history.

There are no reports of any progeny of Donahue. At the time of his death, he had two other escaped convicts with him. By firing back and yelling abuse at police, Donahue enabled them to escape. One of them, Walmsley, an Englishman, was later captured and turned informer to save his life. He gave extensive information about Donahue and against Irish settlers in the Seven Hills area who had supported him. There was no mention of any wife or children of Donahue.

No image of the death mask seems to have survived but, in the Mitchell Library in Sydney, there is a fine drawing of Donahue after his death by Sir Thomas Mitchell, the NSW surveyor general, artist and map maker. The picture shows a handsome young man. (Donahue was 24 when he died.) Underneath the drawing Mitchell wrote, 'Fair in the face of death',

paraphrasing a line from the poet Lord Byron, 'Full in death's face'. Both Byron and Donahue were revolutionary spirits

David Toohey, Penrith, NSW



The Connecticut connection

I just received the November 2007 issue of *Tinteán* and find it, like the previous one, as good if not better than *Táin*, and that is saying something.

Several years ago, I was fortunate enough to be invited to lunch with Peter Kiernan, who was visiting his son at Yale University in New Haven. Out of that lunch some good things have come to the Connecticut Irish-American Historical Society in which I am active.

First, Peter sent us an entire run of the issues of *Táin* and we have placed them in our library and archives at Southern Connecticut State University. We reciprocated by sending Peter a full run of our newsletter, *The Shanachie*.

In the issues of *Táin*, we found mention of the Irish Genealogy Group of the Victorian Genealogical Society. Since our historical society has a lot of members interested in genealogy, we wrote to Maureen Doyle of the Irish Genealogy Group and she wrote back enthusiastically. So we sent her a run of our newsletter and she reciprocated.

We got the word out to our members about the link and urged our members who have Australian kinfolk to let us know so that we can pass the information onto Maureen. She did likewise and we have had a couple of interesting exchanges from members about Australia-Connecticut links.

Neil Hogan, Connecticut, USA

Neil has foreshadowed a full-length article about this interesting collaboration and some of the individual family relationships it is turning up.

Dalley in defence of Empire

Many thanks for including Frank Molloy's review of my book about William Bede Dalley in the second *Tinteán*.

I was surprised Frank didn't mention the episode Dalley is most often remembered for: the despatch of Australia's first expeditionary force, the New South Wales Sudan contingent of 1885.

Dalley commented euphorically at the time: 'Dear boy, this is a great business. It is gall and wormwood to the bigots, holy water to the Orangemen. Fancy, after all the years they have been calling us plotting Papists and Fenian rebels, the first men from Australia to serve the Queen on the field of battle are being sent by a Paddy and a Holy Roman'. Three years later, shortly before his death, he wrote of his despair at what he considered the misrepresentation of his motives by critics of the expedition. It's a moving human story.

The review also doesn't mention Dalley's literary interests and friendships – not least his close, but for a time dramatically fractured, relationship with that other memorable convicts' son, Daniel Henry Deniehy.

Another review can be found at <http://tinyurl.com/2p677c> (PDF file)

Robert Lehane, Canberra, ACT

Against capital punishment

It was gratifying to read of the recent publication 'Confronting the Death Penalty'. It was prepared by the Australian Catholic Social Justice Commission and illustrates the welcome but painfully prolonged change in the church's stand on this important question. Pope John-Paul II gave the lead.

The policy of any nation on state execution is surely a test of its humanity. The United States is the one remaining western democracy that practises state executions and, after China, conducts the most executions in the world. The last execution in this country was in 1967 and now Australia, under its new government, must vigorously lead in wiping out this barbaric and immoral practice world wide.

Peter Kiernan, Malvern, Vic.

Rich, happy, healthy Australia?

We like to think of ourselves as bronzed athletes and indeed we do fight well above our weight when it comes to winning gold medals. Even ordinary Australians are remarkably healthy by world standards. Current life expectancies at birth (83 for women and 79 for men) are well ahead of larger, richer countries such as America and England. In 1905 life expectancy at birth was only 58 years for women and 55 for men.

More and better food, immunisation programmes and sanitation cut the death rates from infections and meant that most babies survived infancy. Greater prosperity meant that people enjoyed better housing and clothing so could keep themselves cleaner, reducing exposure to infections. The widespread use of birth control methods meant that families were smaller, mothers were healthier and more adult care was available for each child.

Not all of these changes were positive. Falling death rates in infancy meant that the population aged and the major causes of death changed from infection and minor accidents to degenerative diseases such as cancer and heart disease and car accidents. Death from infectious disease can occur a matter of days or even hours, but the typical killers in modern Australia are chronic after diagnosis. People are usually ill for several years before death. This change brought in its wake one of our major moral questions – should we continue to keep dying people alive as long as medically possible or should we put in a place a system that allows people to choose a painless death?

Nevertheless, Australian society rose to the new challenges. Since 1968, death rates from coronary heart disease have fallen by two-thirds, stroke death rates have halved and car accident death rates have fallen by three quarters. These improvements are due to better medical treatment for the ill and life-style changes to prevent illness. Car seat belts were hotly debated in the 1970s, but are now accepted as essential – cutting the road toll. Smoking was normal at work but has now been relegated to the outdoors – cutting the lung cancer death rates. Health is not simply due to medical treatment and white coated heroes – it is an outcome of day to day decisions.

The large scale figures on declining death rates and rising life expectancy

show a wonderful picture of Australian health outcomes. However, avoidable mortality rates are much higher amongst people living in disadvantaged areas than in wealthy areas and their life expectancies at birth are distinctly lower. The comparable five year gender gap in life expectancy is well known, but the variation by regions within a country is almost as big, yet it is rarely discussed though the causes are understood. Poorer people eat more fast food than rich people because

‘Health outcomes are not simply a matter of modern technology; they require sustained action within a moral framework’

they are more likely to live near a fast food outlet. Positive health behaviours, such as regular exercise, are more difficult in areas with few or no facilities. Most of the resources needed to lead healthy lives are less available, or of poorer quality, in areas where poor people live. This is technically known as ‘deprivation amplification’. So this brings us to another moral question – how much longer are we prepared to let it go on? We know what needs to be done – provide people in poorer areas with the same access to nutritious food and vigorous exercise as enjoyed by those in wealthier areas – so why not do it?

Aboriginal health, if that’s not an oxymoron, remains simply dreadful. Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders (ATSI) are about 2.0% of the total Australian population, varying from 0.3% in Victoria to 22.4% in the Northern Territory. Their life expectancy is low *even when compared to other indigenous groups*. American First People, New Zealand Māori and Canadian Inuit all have life expectancies at birth of more than 70 years, but life expectancy for Aboriginal men and women is 56.3 years and 60.1 respectively. If you are born Black in Australia, you lose about a quarter of a century of life. Other indigenous groups

are improving their life expectancy, but Aboriginal life expectancy is declining. How can this happen in rich, happy, healthy Australia?

Most Aborigines now live in major cities and/or regional areas and their lifestyles vary from fully Westernised to ‘fringe-dwelling’ on the edges of rural towns. Only about a quarter live in remote or very remote areas, where conditions can be extremely harsh, characterised by contaminated water, irregular or no access to health care, breakdown of law and order and inadequate or absent rubbish and sewage disposal. Fresh food is rare and expensive. Without cultural activities to give their lives meaning, many people engage in binge drinking, drug abuse or both. Interpersonal violence (domestic and other) is not uncommon and causes many deaths. In the cities, Aborigines are often found in inner suburbs (e.g., Redfern in Sydney) with poor living conditions. Unemployment rates are high, and when they are employed, it is usually in poorly paid, unskilled jobs. Although Aborigines are exposed to the greater health risks of poverty and rural dwelling as well as Indigenous disadvantage, their pervasive social disadvantage can not be solely explained by socio-economic factors. Aborigines have mortality rates three times higher than those of the most disadvantaged group of whites.

But the Federal Government’s initiative only focuses on child molestation rather than general health issues and is concentrated on Aborigines living in remote areas. Most Aborigines live in cities and their health could readily be improved by cheaper initiatives than sending the Army to Wadeye. Indigenous health problems are not insoluble; New Zealand, Canada and America have all managed to do it. So, why can’t we?

It’s time to put the moral dimension back into our thinking about health. Annual tax surpluses are frittered away in tax breaks for the wealthy and healthy. Surely the Australian Governments, Federal and State, can spend the money more creatively? It’s time our political representatives were told to come up with plans to spend vast tax surpluses on resources that will improve the life expectancies of all Australians, particularly the poor and Black.

Felicity Allen

News

Year of the Potato

The United Nations has declared 2008 the International Year of the Potato. Why on earth has the humble spud or murphy been singled out for such high level attention? According to the UN website it's because potatoes

- are grown worldwide
- feed the hungry
- are good for you, and
- demand for them is growing.

While there's no argument that they have been eaten for 8,000 years, arrived in Europe with the Spaniards in the 16th century and have now spread across the globe, the other reasons for their rise to fame are more contentious. They're probably good for you – rich in carbohydrates, protein and vitamin C, but should they really be a major component in “strategies aimed at provided nutritious food for the poor and hungry?” Reading the website's remorselessly upbeat information about the way potatoes are ideally suited to places where land is limited and labour is abundant is guaranteed to chill the blood. It all sounds so very familiar!

It's certainly true that potatoes produce more nutritious food faster on less land and in harsher climates than any other crop, as the UN say. They might also have said that they can be cultivated with very few tools, are easy to cook and palatable raw (if you can't even manage to cook them) and pigs like them too. Unfortunately, they make no mention of the fact that potatoes do not store well, so that people dependent on them will more or less starve every year until the new crop comes in. Of course, the fact that potato crops quite often *don't* come in isn't mentioned either. Let's hope that somebody with some kind of historical perspective proposes a rescue plan (if there is one) for the inevitable famine.

Potato Farls

The recipe requires cooked, mashed potatoes. These should be freshly boiled or better still, steamed and used while still warm.

1 kg/2 cups mashed potatoes

25g/1 cup plain flour

2tbsp butter

salt to taste

Melt the butter and mix into the potatoes with the salt. Work in the flour quickly but thoroughly and knead lightly. Divide

in two and roll out each half on a floured board to form a circle about the size of a large dinner plate. Cut in quarters (farls) and cook for about 3 minutes on each side in a heavy frypan in a little bacon fat.

Source: A Little Irish Cookbook.

Appletree Press 1986

Ambassador and Arthur Calwell

Getting to know Victoria and supporting its cultural events have been top priorities over recent months for Irish Ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín, and his wife Anne. On Sunday 2 December 2007, Ambassador Fainín was guest speaker at the annual Eureka Sunday Luncheon at the Old Colonists' Club in Ballarat.

Fainín gave a committed account of Irish history, of the republican movement of 1798 and 1848, of Daniel O'Connell and James Fintan Lalor, and he linked these to the story of Eureka. One interesting aside he made was that many in Ireland during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries could recognise what drove Ned Kelly to revolt.

Summer school: Máirtín Ó Fainín,



Ambassador of Ireland, and his wife Anne at Lake School, Koroit 2008

In January 2008, Ambassador Fainín joined some 250 people in the thriving Lake School of Celtic music at Koroit. Then, Fainín, a fluent speaker of Irish and a son of a leading Gaelic Athletic Association family, spent a day at the Irish language summer school at Lady Northcote Camp near Bacchus Marsh. He gave a bi-lingual address to open the school.

Fainín recalled aspects of Irish Australian history that have been submerged for

many years. He highlighted the contribution to Irish cultural heritage of the late Arthur Calwell, a former leader of the Australian Labor Party. In particular he quoted a St Patrick's Day 1922 circular of the Melbourne language group, Conradh na Gaeilge, of which Calwell was a signatory along with Frank McEwan of Collingwood and Fr James O'Dwyer of Coburg. They were organising their annual Feis, or concert, and taking a strong line on Irish politics.

Val Noone

Sorry Day

A fresh wind is blowing in Canberra since the election, symbolized by the firm and clear enunciation of the word 'SORRY' by the Prime Minister and parliament of Australia. To be in Federation Square on Wednesday 13 February at 9am, to give witness alongside thousands of ordinary Australians to this transformational event, was to be part of a passionate, attentive, emotional crowd who hung on every word of Rudd's historic statement (but who also got impatient with Brendan Nelson's curmudgeonly approach although thankfully, he too was big enough to say sorry).

There was much to impress: the welcome to Country for the opening of Parliament the previous day, the language and solemnity of rituals both religious and diplomatic, of contrition and atonement. A story (Nanna Nungala Fejo's, told with her permission) which was moving and eschewed victimhood, and was not without humour (the quip about the niceties of colonialist sectarianism was delicious), the acknowledgement on parliamentary record, of the grave wrongs against children and their families, done in pursuance of racist agendas. What we will remember are the tears of grief and joy, and overwhelmingly the sense of relief. A ceremonial coolamon (multi-purpose wooden vessel, often used to cradle babies) was borne by PM Rudd and Leader of the Opposition Nelson to the Speaker, full, we hope, of the nation's hopes for the possibility of moving forward together in a spirit of reconciliation, to deal with the ugly fallout of colonialist incomprehension of cultural difference.

Irish in Stitches

Volunteers in New Ross, Co. Wexford

are working on a tapestry which depicts the Norman invasion of Ireland. Loosely modelled on the Bayeux Tapestry, the project was started in 1998 by Countess Ann Bernstorff to promote understanding of local history and to encourage local participation. The tapestry is believed to be the largest of its kind in Europe, consisting of 15 panels, each 1.8m x 1.3m. While it starts in pre-Christian times, the main focus of the tapestry is on the 13th century when the town was established by Guillaume Le Marechal, adviser to the Plantagenets. King Henry II of England gave Guillaume land in Ireland and an 18 year old local heiress, Isabella, as his wife, though Henry's title to either of these items of property is unclear. The pair had 10 children and founded Ros, the precursor to New Ross. In the 19th century New Ross was a flourishing harbour and a main point of departure for the notorious coffin ships. The tapestry will be finished in 2010.

From: Hackett and Plater, Herald Sun, 13.1.2008, p. 12.

The Jageurs Literary Award winners announced

The Celtic Club's Annual Jageurs Literary Award was presented at an Irish Hospitality and Literary Night Dinner on the 20th February hosted by the Celtic Club Library Service and the Irish Australian Chamber of Commerce at the East Melbourne Library 122 George Street East Melbourne. The award was presented by His Excellency Máirtín Ó Fainín, the Irish Ambassador, to Karen Corbett, with special commendations going to Terry Monagle and Bill Hannan.

The evening also included the launch

of two popular Irish Current Affairs magazines, Magill and Village. The guest speaker was the well-known Media Analyst Anna McDonald.

Refreshments were provided by: Convent Bakery, Abbotsford; Magill Magazine; Mount Avoca Winery; Richmond Hill Cafe and Larder; Taste of Ireland; Village Magazine.

Magill Magazine: Established in the 1970s, Magill is widely regarded as a stable for the best political commentary and current affairs journalism in the country. It is Ireland's leading cultural and political magazine. Now headed by Eamon Delaney, author and former diplomat with the Department of Foreign Affairs, Magill magazine has undergone a revamp since its acquisition by the Cloughmore Media Group almost two years ago. The readership of Magill is wide and varied, ranging from students and young professionals to senior business and legal people, local and central government officials, as well as members of the financial services industry.

Village Magazine: Village was launched on the 2 October 2004 as Ireland's weekly current affairs magazine. It features Irish current affairs, politics, government and news events from the week as well as reporting on the weeks international events in articles on Africa, the United States, the Middle East and other regions. Vincent Browne has edited the magazine since October 2004. It is available online from midnight Wednesday.

Lively Brigidfest

The fifth annual Brigidfest was held at a luncheon at the Celtic Club on 3 Feb. The

speaker, Dr. Trish O'Connor, gave a lively paper on the social and economic backgrounds of migrants arriving in Australia from Ireland since the 1980s. Her paper raised an issue of important contemporary social history, disrupting stereotypes of Irish migration. She reported on the high levels of education of these more recent migrants who came to well-paying jobs in Australia and could not be classified as economic migrants. Most intriguingly, she discussed how they read their Irish-Australian and/or Irish identity.

Celtic harpist, Cath Connolly and fiddler/violinist Greg Hunt, who perform under the collective name Liminality, provided the music which fuses Australian and Irish music.

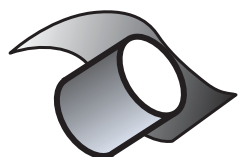
The poetic and social links between Summer and the early Spring celebration of Imbolc were properly honoured at Brigidfest, as is the tradition of the event.

Tall, Dark and Ó hAilpín

From Fiji and Australia to Irish sporting fame. A documentary about one of Ireland's most famous sporting families, Sean Óg, Setanta and Aisake Ó'hAilpín who have become household names through their success in Gaelic games was aired at The Irish Film Festival, sponsored by *The Irish Echo*, last November. Two of the brothers have made the move to Melbourne to play Aussie Rules with Carlton FC. This highly-regarded doco tells their amazing story.

Hill of Tara Motorway Update

Sinn Féin MEP Mary Lou McDonald today called on Minister for the Environment John Gormley to comply with European Commission demands and order a



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new Environmental Impact Assessment on the M3 at Tara.

Ms McDonald joined several dozen demonstrators in today at the TaraWatch demonstration at the Garden of Remembrance, unfurling an M3 mock up at the gates of the garden of Remembrance.

Gardaí locked the gates of the park permission was refused to hold the demonstration inside.

Demonstrations are also taking place in Belfast, New York, Chicago and San Francisco today, which marks the beginning of a series of protests that will continue up until St Patrick's Day.

Ms McDonald also called on Gormley to explain why the Department of the Environment had told the public that the Lismullin national monument would be handed over by the NRA to SIAC construction today, January 8, and then the NRA actually handed the site over on December 18.

"The Minister has flouted EU law since he came into office, by refusing to conduct a dew Environmental Impact Assessment on Tara," said McDonald.

"The Green Party Minister for the Environment has completely adopted the Fianna Fáil position and rejected demands by Environment Commissioner,

Stavros Dimas, to re-assess the damage being done to heritage there."

The Sea Stallion Update

Since Issue 1 *Tinteán* has been following the voyage to Dublin of Hahvingsten fra Glendalough, the Viking reproduction military longboat, Sea Stallion from Glendalough. You may remember that the Irish original was recently retrieved from the bottom of Roskilde harbour. The Danish government continues to cough up much patronage (2 million Danish kroner most recently), the crew is almost recruited, and the invitations pour in from harbours along the route. London will not be a port of call. Trouble is local yachting clubs underestimate the size of the crew, the cost of feeding 60 hungry rowers, and the space needed to pitch their tents.

The voyage also seems to be guaranteed prime time on BBC. How times have changed! Departure date is 29 June 2008. The return route is expected to be more challenging, and they certainly won't be matching the late Dark Ages times of their Viking ancestors, especially not with all those welcoming beacons along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. Watch this spot.

Farewell! our lovely red Fox

Obituary for Carmelita Maria Fox Ridgeway, 1968 – 2008

The family and many friends of Carmelita Maria Fox Ridgeway were saddened by her unexpected death on 10 January.

Carmelita, who came from Sligo seventeen years ago, had been unwell for some time, but died suddenly of a massive heart attack. She was looking forward to her 40th birthday on January 19.

Carmelita, a marine biologist, was a talented artist and very proud of her Irish heritage. She was passionate about Irish music and loved dancing. One could not help loving this vivacious lady with her contagious enthusiasm for Ireland.

Even when she was battling her own problems, everyone who visited her home was struck by her flamboyant and unique creativity and hospitality. She leaves two young daughters, Sinead and Clodagh and ex-partner Noel who live in Melbourne and is mourned by her mother Ira, brother Tom, and sisters Valerie and Majella in Ireland.

We will all miss Carmelita our "lovely red fox". May her dear soul rest in peace

Catherine Arthur

Words to Let the Light in

Obituary for John O'Donohue, 1956 – 2008

'If approached in friendship, the unknown, the anonymous, the negative and the threatening gradually yield their secret affinity with us.'

John O'Donohue, Anam Cara

On 3 January 2008, the esteemed Irish poet and philosopher, John O'Donohue, died in his sleep, aged 52. Though sad at the loss of this inspirational and generous man, his insights endure to lead and comfort us.

The son of a stonemason, he was born in County Clare, trained for the priesthood at Maynooth and was a Catholic priest for 19 years before resigning. With a Ph.D in philosophical theology, he lectured and gave workshops in America and Europe. He leaves behind his mother Josie, two brothers, a sister, and a wide circle of family, friends and readers.

Since learning of his death I am revisiting the coming of light, of revelation in his books: *Anam Cara* (1997), *Eternal Echoes* (1998), *Divine Beauty* (2003), *Benedictus* (2007).

Anam Cara – Spiritual Wisdom from the Celtic World, his lauded international best-seller, was given to me in 1997 by a friend in Donegal to help me through a rocky patch after my father died. I, in turn, gave a copy to my friend in Edmonton and we have been 'soul friends' ever since. Our deep friendship started in 1984 but, before John O'Donohue's reminder of this Celtic tradition, we had not known what to call our open sharing of life stories and hopes with each other. This book enriched my being and perspective beyond measure.

Spiritualism guru, Deepak Chopra, called it 'A rare synthesis of philosophy, poetry and spirituality...a powerful and life-transforming experience for those who read it.'

When *Eternal Echoes – Exploring our Hunger to Belong* followed in 1998, I sent two copies to Edmonton for my friend and hers. We rejoiced in such graceful and embracing ideology. 'The ancient and eternal values of human life – truth, unity, goodness, justice, beauty and love – are all statements of true belonging.'

So, it seems that John O'Donohue truly belonged not just to the wild coast of Clare but to the wild heart that he awakened in others.

Meg McNena



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CITY OF GREATER
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Events in NSW

"We'll all be ruined"

The Annual John O'Brien ('*We'll All be Ruined, Said Hanrahan*') Festival, to be held on 13-16 March in Nerrandera, keeps the work of the Irish-Australian priest, John Hartigan, and more generally bush poetry and song, alive. In 2006, a singer well known to the Melbourne Irish, Eileen McPhillips of 'Clonandra' Mt Macedon, won the busking competition with her adaptation of 'Around the Boree Log' to an Irish air, and returned as a featured act in 2007 and will again perform in 2008. Her repertoire is a mix of Scots, Irish and Australian songs, and her album is entitled *Eileen McPhillips Sings around the Boree Log* (see www.clonandra.com.au).

Those with an ear for the long, leisurely beat (often iambic pentameter) of bush poetry might want to investigate the Bush Poets' Association. It's a national association with fingers in lots of Australian heritage events around Australia (see www.abpa.org.au).

More information about the festival, which occurs on the St. Patrick Day weekend, will be found at www.johnobrien.com.au, or by phoning the Nerrandera Visitor's Centre on 1800 672 392.

Oíche le Phádraig Céilí

Oíche le Phádraig Céilí on 8 March 2008, from 7pm. The Gaelic Club, Devonshire Street, Sydney. Cost is \$15. Music will be supplied by Ceili Band and MC and musician for the night will be Fintan Batty. Bring a picnic supper. Tickets are limited to 120 so to avoid disappointment book early. Contact Eilis O'Rourke on 4268 4201/04140659634

Scoil Gheimhridh

The Scoil Gheimhridh Irish Language Winter School is on again in Sydney on

6-9 June 2008 – the June long weekend. Classes cater for all skill levels from beginners to fluent speakers, with other recreational activities organised for the evenings. Watch for more information from www.irishlanguageschoolsydney.org.au or register your interest with eilis@internode.on.net. Deirdre Ronai deirdronai@hotmail.com

Tullamore Irish Festival

The Tullamore Irish Festival is to be held again this year at Easter, 20-24 March.

Tullamore is nestled north-west of Parkes and south-west of Dubbo. Its annual festival promotes Tullamore and offers an exposure to the district's Irish culture.

Opening on Thursday with the Visual Arts Exhibition, the program features a Campfire Celtic Concert, the Wearing of the Green competition, the Tullamore Irish Hurdles, a Poets' Breakfast, traditional Irish Hooley and many other attractions. Maria Forde, one of Australia's finest songstresses, will be a featured performer at the Festival.

See www.tullamoreinc.com.au

Events in Victoria

Bloomsday in Melbourne

Bloomsday in Melbourne's Autumn fundraiser is Ron Blair's play, *The Christian Brother*. It's a thoughtful satire on '60s religion and sexuality, and Bloomsday's interest in it grew out of the 2007 dramatisation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which also featured Joyce's own nemesis, a strap-wielding unjust Jesuit.

Bill Johnston, well-known to Melbourne audiences, will play the eponymous role. When he last did so, it was commissioned by the Christian Brothers for their community and at their novitiate.

They even presented the actor (himself formerly a Protestant cleric) with a newly made pandybat/jack for the occasion.

Bill will don the soutane (weather permitting!) on two occasions:

- Sunday 2 March at 5pm for 5.30pm in the amphitheatre at 5 Courbrant Court, Mont Albert North Vin Ordinaire, Tea, Coffee and Cake. Cost \$25.

- Sunday 9 March at 3 pm, at Will and Kathy Fraser's delightful Paramoor Winery, near Woodend. Cost: \$25, and delicious wine and local produce will be available at the winery at modest prices. Patrons are recommended to turn up early to experience the farm, the barn and the local produce.

Bookings Essential for both these events (space is limited) and they can be made by contacting Bob Glass on (03) 9898 2900.

Irish Cultural Day

Melbourne Comhaltas – Irish Cultural Day, Sunday 16th March 11am-4pm, Colingwood Town Hall, Hoddle Street, Colingwood 3066. There will be workshops, displays, dancing exhibitions and an all-day free concert. Fun for all the family! The day concludes with our annual St. Patrick's Family Dance 7-10.30pm. Music by Paddy Fitzgerald & friends

Contact Mary McBride, 9435 4435 St Martin de Porres Parish Office.

Irish Australian Person of the Year

This event will take place on Friday 14th March 7.30pm at the Celtic Club. Music will be provided by Pat McKernan & Friends. There will be a special appearance by the new and exciting Irish Trio, Saoirse. A 3 Course Dinner will be served – \$45 Per Person. Drinks at bar prices. This is always a very popular night! So be sure to book early to secure your place.

Contact Marion for more details on 9482 3865

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Dr Shelley Meagher
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Union to the Famine, 1801-45**

Tues. 8 April

Dr Lindsay Proudfoot
(Queen's University, Belfast)
**Ethnic Contribution Histories and
the 'Double Colonisation' Thesis:
What's so special about the Irish**

Tues. 29 April

Craig Pett
(Monash University)
**Jonathan Swift and his Publisher
John Harding: A Question of
Money?**

These are free public seminars. For further details, ring (03) 8344 3924 or (03) 9479 2440
or email P.J.Bull@latrobe.edu.au OR e.malcolm@unimelb.edu.au OR frang@deakin.edu.au

Convenors: Elizabeth Malcolm (University of Melbourne); Frances Devlin-Glass (Deakin University); Phillip Bull (La Trobe University)

Song and Dance at the Lake School

The ninth annual Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance kicked off with the Billy Moran Memorial session at the historic Micky Bourke's Pub. A strong team of musicians lead by Paddy Fitzgerald played powerful sets of jigs and reels till very late – and set the tone for an exciting, but hot and exhausting week in Koroit.

About 150 students – many of them first time visitors to Koroit gathered for the Lake School program which involved over 100 workshops sessions, ceilidhes and concerts.

New to the program was Mossie's Scanlon's Irish language classes which were well attended and obviously very funny as well as informative – any time I poked my head in there plenty of laughter. Kevin McCarthy, from Queensland, also author of the Blarney Bulletin said, "I must say I was particularly impressed with Mossie's Irish Language classes – I just went along for something to do, and came away very pleased."

Also new to the Lake School was a Youth Program organised by Gary Egan, Gary's team of teenagers produced a four page newsletter every day during the Lake School week. The newsletter included interviews and articles and drew interesting and amusing portraits of Lake School and Koroit people. The Newsletter interviewed Irish Ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín, who visited the lake School on Jan 4 and 5, and followed him around as he visited Vince Brophy's guitar classes, Fay and Morgan McAlinden's Irish Set Dance class, Ewen Bak-



Slow Session

er's fiddle class, and Lynnelle Moran's flute class.

The Ambassador said he was impressed by the strength of the event and the enthusiasm of Australians for celtic culture. The Ambassador also visited St Brigids and Crossley Hall and was shown plans for the hoped for Irish Cultural Centre there.

The Spud Poets Award was held at the Lake School for the third time this year, and a dramatic evening saw the \$1000 prizemoney go to Francis Duggan, from Peshurst, with his poem about a dying piper, Old Casey. While the judges were considering their decision the audience was entertained by Shane Howard, who

sang a number of beautiful ballads.

The Lake School Grand Ceilidhe, on Sunday Jan 6 lived up to its name when all the school members gathered at the Koroit Theatre to present what they had learnt for the week. A four and a half hour concert and ceilidhe revealed some amazing talent and learning. Mark McDonnell's slow session impressed with its cohesion and good spirit, young piper Corey Henderson played a beautiful air that brought many a tear to the audience's eyes, and the Paddy O'Neill Award winners, Rant, showed they could overcome many obstacles (one of their members had been in hospital during the week) when they performed to close the Ceilidhe.

The final night of the Lake School brought together 25 songwriters who had been working away feverishly during the week to have their song ready to be performed.

Dennis O'Keeffe, songwriting tutor told the 150 audience crowded in to Micky Bourke's Hotel that many of these songwriters have never written a song or performed in public.

As has become the way the Songwriters concert saw many great new songs being created and performed for the first time. The excitement and the anxiety of the songwriters seemed to rub off onto the audience who were extremely supportive and appreciative... and the Lake School was over for another year!

Felix Meagher



Fiddlers with Ambassador and his wife

Love of language

Bhí Daonscoil 2008, an triú scoil déag, ar siúl ag Campa Lady Northcote í rith an seachtaine in mhí Eanáir. Tá an eagraithe ag Cumann Gaeilge na hAstráile agus bhí daoine ag freastail ó gach aois ar duine is óige ceithre bliaina daois a caint as Gaeilge, Bearla and Dutch agus an duine is sine, óchtú chuig bean a tháinig ó Baile Átha Cliath!

Ón Daonscoil bhí seachtain bríomhar at na daltí ó thaobh iodachas, spiradáltas and carthanacht. Ó thaobh iodachas bhí cúpla focal at gach duine at deairead na seachtaine – fiú iadson nach raibh focal agaibh or dtús. Bhí sé ócáid do gach éinne go bhfuil grá don theanga agaibh foghlaim óna chéile, oibriú le chéile agus a carthanacht a cur chun cinn. Táim cínnte go raibh athas ar gach duine a bheith arias at Lady Northcote an bliain seo chugainn!

Bhí an File agus Academic, Louis De Paor, at freastail ar an chéad Daonscoil i 1995. An mhí seo chaite, thug an Ambas-sadóir, Máirtín Ó Fainín, agus a bhean chéile, Aine, cuairt orainn don chéad uair. Bhí job beag le déanamh at an t-uasal, Máirtín, sé sin and Daonscoil a oscailt go hoifigiúil. Ar oscail na Daonscoile dúirt an t-Ambas-sadóir go raibh cruatan at ár dteanga fannach beo fiú siar 1922 go mór mór an Austráil. Úirt so go raibh gá at daoine beith ar an airdeal ó thaobh an

teanga a choimead beo. Tug faoi ndeara an lá inniú. I 2007 dúirt Máire Mhic Giolla Íosa go raibh an teanga at dul ó neart go neart de bharr an sár obain a bhí deanta at cumann éagsula. Tá sé fíor thabhactach go bhuil aitheantas tugta at Aontach Europach don Ghaeilge mar theanga duchais. Thar rud ar bith eile, is an nasc cultúrtha a cheanglóinn muid mar theaghlach domhanda no nGael.

Ba starúil an rud é, gur oscail and T-Ambas-sadóir and Daonscoil, ach, bhí rud starúil eile nach raibh eolas again at an am. Sin go raibh Cupid at freastail an Campa Lady Northcote. Siad Máire-Áine McManus agus Seán Curran an chead lanúin a thit faoi dhraoich an grá-cro trí grá don teanga. Bhuailleadfar le chéile at Daonscoil Victoria cúpla bliain ó shin, f'fhógairid gur rabhadar gealta at an Daonscoil is deanai.

Ba mhaith linn chur in umhall an cabhair agus deontas a fuair Daonscoil 2008 ó Embas-sáid na hEireann i gCanberra.

Le hagaihdh gach eolas ar Cumann Gaeilge na hAstráile cuir glaog ar Deirdre Uí Ghiolla Easpaig at Club Celtic 03 9670 6472.

Deirdre Gillespie

**Irish Ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín,
and Irish Language Association
Victorian President Deirdre Gillespie**

Daonscoil 2008, the 13th Irish Language Summer School, was recently held at Lady Northcote Camp at Bacchus Marsh, Victoria. The summer school is organised by the Irish Language Association of Australia and, this year, was attended by people of all ages, including a tri-lingual four year old who is proficient in Irish, Dutch and English and an 85 year old who travelled from Dublin to attend!

The first Daonscoil was attended by Irish poet and academic, Louis De Paor, in 1995. This year, we had our first visit from the Irish Ambassador to Australia, Mr Máirtín Ó Fainín and his wife, Anne. When he opened the Daonscoil, the Ambassador told us that, as far back as 1922, it was difficult to keep the Irish Language alive in Australia. He said that people, then, needed to be watchful to keep it going. He contrasted those concerns to 2007 when the Irish President, Mary McAleese, said that the language was now going from strength to strength on account of the work that has been done by various groups around the world. These comments are especially significant in light of the fact that the European Union has now recognised Irish as an official language. It is the most important cultural link that binds the various Irish speaking groups around the world.

It was an historic occasion when the Ambassador opened the Daonscoil but there was another historical occasion that we did not know about at the time. That was that Cupid attended Lady Northcote Camp! It was Mary-Anne McManus and Sean Curran who came under the spell of love through the love of language. From Sydney, they met at Daonscoil in Bacchus Marsh a couple of years ago and announced their engagement amongst the recent gathering of 86 participants.

We would like to acknowledge the financial support received from the Cultural Division of the Irish Embassy in Canberra for Daonscoil 2008.

Deirdre Gillespie

For information on Irish Languages classes in Melbourne, contact Deirdre Gillespie via the Celtic Club on 03 9670 6472.



Bear eyes Bull's territory

2007 was a year when the words 'sub-prime' and 'credit crunch' were added to the lexicon of terms that come to define significant financial market events. In this piece we concentrate on the key economic/financial events of the most recent calendar year. We also turn our attention to the outlook for 2008 and whether the threat of recession in the US will materialise.

12 Month Review to 31 December 2007

A weak December brought the curtain down on a year of extraordinary activity on global equity markets. It was a year of extremes as China's stock market doubled in value and Irish equities shed 30%; banks boasted record profits before succumbing to massive writedowns in the second half of the year as sub-prime default worries mounted. The US dollar slumped as the economic prognosis turned sour, while the Canadian & Australian currencies stormed ahead on the back of rising commodity prices. The Federal Reserve cut the federal funds rate by one full percentage point in the space of ten weeks, the December cut coming just days after the European Central Bank (ECB) put markets on notice that it would increase rates if inflation stayed high. All in all, it was a year in which 'sub-prime' and 'credit crunch' were added to the lexicon of terms that come to define significant financial market events, while the end of the year was also noticeable for mutterings of the dreaded 'R' word, as US economic data deteriorated.

Notwithstanding episodes of significant market weakness, it is noteworthy that global stock indices have in general achieved posted gains in 2007. The initial months of 2007 followed the pattern of strong equity market gains and the robust global economic backdrop that was apparent for much of 2006. Equity markets have been underpinned by the robust performance of the global economy, most notably the continued strength of the Eurozone economy and surging Asian expansion, especially in China and India. Although there was a general increase in interest rates outside the US in the first half of 2007, rates remained at historically low levels and the abundance of liquidity that characterised the initial months of 2007 provided the perfect environment

for global equity markets and commodities to hit new peaks this year. This environment also provided a solid backdrop for strong M&A activity, although credit market weakness impacted the potential for new corporate deals in the latter months of the review. In a global context, mergers and acquisitions amounted to a whopping US\$4 trillion by the end of 2007, surpassing the 2006 total value of deals which was some US\$3.5 trillion. Private-equity investment (especially in the first half of the year) and increased emerging market M&A fuelled much of the increase in overall activity.

2007 was in many ways a tale of two markets – the first half was very risk assuming, followed by a sharp lurch to risk aversion on fears of a credit crisis and a dramatic increase in volatility (albeit from historically low levels in recent years). The health of the US economy had been in the spotlight heading into 2007 due to the malaise affecting its housing sector with rising defaults on mortgages, particularly in the sub-prime segment. Credit market weakness intensified in the latter half of the year, as a number of global financial institutions reported losses linked to investments backed by these sub-prime mortgages. Ultimately, banks refused to lend to one another as exposure to these sub-prime assets remained unknown. Credit markets broadly recovered into mid-October following a number of central bank liquidity injections into interbank money markets and an easing in monetary policy in the US. However, continued unfavourable news about the US housing market and deepening losses by financial institutions subsequently revived earlier concerns and heightened volatility became a hallmark of much of November. It took the co-ordinated action of five leading central banks to provide a little respite to liquidity pressures in money markets, while significant injections of liquidity in banking systems appeared to be working at year-end as the cost of borrowing fell from the elevated levels witnessed in November.

Another dominant feature of this year has been the steep rise in commodity prices. Surging demand from emerging markets, geopolitical tensions (particularly in the Middle East and Nigeria) and falling US inventories all contributed to keep the price of crude oil elevated.



Simon Good
Client Services Manager
BIAM Australia Pty Limited

November saw the price rise to an all-time record high of US\$99.29 per barrel. Copper prices accelerated for much of 2007 as demand for the metal, driven by China, increased. Supply disruptions in Latin America have also buoyed copper prices which have risen almost 25% since the beginning of February 2007 to the end of December. Increased demand and diminishing stockpiles saw the price of wheat double over the past year, breaking through the US\$10 per bushel level, capping a 79% gain for the year. Meanwhile, investors increasingly sought the safe-haven status of gold amid inflationary concerns as oil edged closer to \$US100

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per barrel and the US dollar weakened significantly. Gold came close to the US\$850 per ounce level at year-end, the highest in 27 years.

Outlook

Equity market uncertainty looks set to continue into 2008 as the true extent of the fallout from the US sub-prime market remains unclear. Stock markets have, on balance, achieved strong gains in 2007, with emerging markets from Asia to Latin America powering ahead. However, investors are concerned that the global credit crunch will have a material negative impact on the wider global economy.

Many have adopted a more cautious outlook to equity market prospects. Defensive stocks have performed relatively strongly while there are signs of support for financial stocks – sovereign wealth funds have been actively taking stakes in banks such as Citigroup and Morgan Stanley. We believe that markets are pricing too negative an outcome to 2008 for a number of financial stocks and expect that to change as earnings bear out that belief.

All eyes are on the consumer, particularly in the US and UK where data suggests some reining in of spending. Stocks most exposed to discretionary spending are recording earnings downgrades. Markets have increasingly turned to central banks to help alleviate the stresses felt on financial markets, although money market rates may remain elevated for some time. Despite inflation worries, we expect that UK and US base rates will be cut to combat the threat of recession. We see the ECB on hold in the immediate future in relation to monetary policy, although the chances of a rate cut will increase should data point to a further slowing in the Eurozone economy.

Simon Good

Boxed tenors

Boxed sets come in boxes right? Not any more. This lot comes in a wee tin with a hinged lid like something you would keep buttons in. The artwork is even embossed into the lid to give a 'gift pack' feel. Just what you need for added credibility if the surplus of shamrocks doesn't cut it. As is usual with compilations that are compiled in Botswana or somewhere, we get mistakes in the song titles – like *Mountains Of The Mourne* (sic).

Enough of the nitpicking, just who are these tenors? In order of appearance we have Leo McCaffrey, Cathal McCann, John McCloskey, Roly Daniels, Brian Coll, Red Harper, Brendan Quinn, Ray McCreavey, Josef Locke, and John McCormick.

If you grew up in Ireland you will recognize most of these names (Roly was big in country music for a long time) and feel suitably reassured, although overseas purchasers may only be familiar with the last couple. An added bonus is the 16 page booklet entitled "The Music of Ireland". This has been a real labour of love on someone's part and covers the history and structure of the music in some detail. A section covering dance music is followed by a rundown on each instrument found nowadays, including guitar and bouzouki. Very well written and quite instructive.

But the music described in the booklet is not what we find (or expect?) on the CDs. The collection of songs from our ten tenors seems to have been culled from recordings made over a fairly long period judging by the arrangements and general production. Although it doesn't say outright anywhere I'd guess late forties to mid sixties.

Old stalwarts like "Star of The County Down" and "The Butcher Boy" sit alongside some material that is very hard or



impossible to find nowadays, like "Gort na Mona" and "The Old House". There are even a couple of songs I never heard before, including "Eileen McManus" and "Whispering Hope".

Standout performances are Brendan on "How Great Thou Art" with gospel choir and honky tonk piano. Or perhaps Brian on "Rose of Tralee", my own favourite from way back when. These types of songs often trap unwary singers who think theatrics are part of the answer, when the question was in fact much simpler. But most listeners will quickly find their own favourites, there is plenty to choose from. One thing I noticed is that a lot of the best songs are in waltz time, "Wild Irish Rose" being a famous case in point.

The vocal performances are actually first class, these guys can really belt it out, although the aforementioned arrangements might sound a bit dated for modern tastes, with often just a piano for accompaniment, or sometimes a ceili band type of backing.

All up there are 33 songs to be found on the 3 discs. All of them are good examples of what Ireland was producing before the showbands carved a swathe though history. If you are of a *certain age* or maybe just curious about music of a *certain period* then this set will provide lots of listening pleasure.

Stuart Trill

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Profile

Kim Keenan: Manager of the Celtic Club Melbourne

What is your role as the manager of the Celtic Club?

To ensure the club meets the needs of the members. To promote the club to all. To make it a warm and inviting place for members and visitors to visit.

What did you find most challenging about your role?

The role is particularly challenging for anyone. You have to try and balance the needs of the members with trying to run a viable 'business'.

What do you think the Celtic Club contributes to the Irish Diaspora in Melbourne/Australian society?

We offer a place where people can gather to discuss/experience Australian Irish Heritage and culture.

We also offer a venue where people can come in and watch the major sporting events from Ireland and other overseas venues. There are organized functions celebrating Irish festivals and

cultural occasions which are celebrated in Ireland. (St Patrick's Day!)

And to the Australian-Irish community?

We hold events/functions for the wider community and hope they will attract more Australian-Irish to visit the Club.

What are your plans for the Club?

To inject more 'life' into the Club, (not that it isn't lively already!) by letting people, young and old, know that we are here. Yes, we are the oldest – I prefer to say 'first' – Irish Club in Australia, but that doesn't mean that the Club itself can't be an inviting place for young and old alike to gather, whether to watch sport, learn a language (classes in Irish and Scottish Gaelic and Welsh among others!), or listen to the great live music we have regularly on Friday nights.

How long have you been in Australia and what brought you here?

I arrived in Australia on 8th October 2001. I initially travelled over here with my best friend on a year-long holiday working visa with the intention of staying for 10-11 months. However I fell in love with the place. My best friend travelled home after 10 months. I met a lovely Irish guy and was lucky enough to get sponsorship. So here I am six and a half years later!!

What was your work experience before you took up the position of Manager at the Celtic Club?

At home I worked in the Bank of Ireland for 5 years. On arriving in Australia I decided I wanted to do something different. My best friend Bernie, was unable to get work in Sydney so when we arrived in Melbourne we were in desperate need of work. We had a contact, Fr Alan, who was the Irish priest in Bondi at the time. He put us in touch with Marion O'Hagan, who in turn put us in touch with Norma Taylor, who was the Manager of the Quiet Man Irish Hotel at that time. In Melbourne, I was very lucky to get work at "The Quiet Man" Irish Pub in Flemington.

Later, I moved to Finnegan's Irish Pub at Highpoint, where I was lucky enough to get sponsorship. I was Restaurant & Functions Supervisor there. I worked there for 2 years and then moved to the Celtic Club and here I am.



What part of Ireland do you come from and do you still have family members there?

I am from Crumlin in Dublin, it's about 4 miles from Dublin city. Both my parents still live in Crumlin; one of my brothers lives in Meath and the other in Wicklow. I have no sisters.

What are the happiest memories of your childhood/teenage/young adult years in Ireland?

The happiest memories of my childhood years would have been going every year to Asdee (just outside Ballybunion in Kerry) on holidays. We used to rent a house there every year. My family have been going there since I was 4. In fact my parents still go and when I was home in August we visited for a week. It was fantastic – the scenery, the beaches, absolutely beautiful. As good as anywhere in the world, if only you were guaranteed the weather!!

What do you miss about Irish society?

The only things I miss from home are my family and friends. I love going home for a holiday but wouldn't like to live there at the moment I'm very happy here, thank you very much!!

And what do you like most about Melbourne/Australia?

I love the fact we actually get a summer!! At home, your summer could be a couple of days sunshine, if you're lucky!!

In Melbourne, there's always something going on, sporting events, footy, the Grand Prix, tennis, etc.

Do you think it would be a good thing if more young people migrated to Australia or do you think it's a good thing they settle in Ireland after their Aussie experience?

I would encourage everyone to travel over here at some stage. It's really up to the individuals themselves whether they settle here or not. I can only comment on my experience, it's the best thing I ever did!

Catherine Arthur

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Bolg an tSoláthair/Odds & Ends

Peggy of Kilmore

In January 2008 Peggy Butler of Kilmore, Victoria, turned 91. At her ninetieth birthday last year I was delighted to be given a copy of a memoir she has written.

She gives a striking account of carving out an independent life. Taught book-keeping by the nuns in Kilmore, Peggy moved to the city, boarded with aunts, developed further business skills, and made a career in a wide range of offices before moving back to a bank in Kilmore. She reports examples of anti-Catholic and anti-Irish bias among employers but shows that such attitudes were not universal.

Kit of Ballybunion

On 27 December 2007, in Ballybunion, Co Kerry, Kit Ahern, an outstanding friend of Irish Australia, remembered by many for her 1963 visit to Melbourne and for her hospitality in Ballybunion, died a fortnight short of 93. One who will miss her especially is Mary-Ita Collard, of Mt Waverley, Victoria, daughter of Kit's friend, Thomas Culhane. Tom, a Gaelic scholar from Glin, Co Limerick, lived most of his life in Brunswick, Victoria. I too will miss her. As editor of *Táin*, I received fantastic support and help from Kit, here and in Ireland. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a h-anam dilis.

Kiernan of Yale

Ben Kiernan, a leading history professor at Yale University in USA and son of Peter and Joan of Melbourne, has written a most extraordinary book. Entitled *Blood and Soil*, it is a world history of genocide and extermination from Sparta to Darfur. Melbourne University Press are about to release it.

This work of astounding learning, a culmination of Ben Kiernan's life's work to this point, is worth buying for many reasons but at least for the chapter on the English conquest of Ireland 1565-1603. Kiernan has marshalled a strong case to prove the horrifying genocide of the Elizabethan invasion.

Basic wage centenary

In Melbourne on 8 November 1907, an outstanding Irish-born judge Henry Bourne Higgins ruled that employers should pay a fair basic wage to all employees based on need. The fixing of a minimum wage was a world first. The test case was for agricultural implement makers at H V McKay's Harvester



At Sunshine photographic exhibition: Olwen Ford, local historian; Nora O'Connor, café manager; and Brendan O'Connor MP (not a relative)

Works at Sunshine, Victoria.

The unionists and their wives, especially Mary Smith and Kate Russell, did an enormous amount of work in preparing facts and figures for their case. For their court appearance, they hired prominent lawyer Frank Gavan Duffy, son of Charles, a well known Irish and Victorian politician.

The main centenary events were a one-day conference at the University of Melbourne; an evening of re-enactment and speeches; and a photographic exhibition at the Granary café in Sunshine. All were of high standard and well attended. At all three, discussions turned to the prospects of progress in today's situation where wages are often fixed without regard to the needs of the workers.

The accompanying photograph was taken at the Granary café on Friday 9 November. Olwen Ford, well known as a founder of the Living Museum of the West, orchestrated the re-enactment on the Thursday. The other two in the picture are Irish. Nora O'Connor, a graduate of Melbourne University's Irish Studies program, who runs the friendly Granary café, was born in Cork and migrated in 1989.

Brendan O'Connor, born in London of Irish parents migrated as a teenager and entered Australian public life as an official of the municipal employees union. He is now MP for the seat of Gorton which covers the Caroline Springs-Ardeer area. He has since become minister for employment participation in the ALP government.

I set out to report the centenary and am a bit surprised how many Irish links showed up.

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Daonscoil 2008

Mar a deir an seanfhocal: tús maith leath na hoibre. Agus bhí tús an-mhaith don bhliain dúinne siúd atá ag iarraidh an Ghaeilge a fhoghlaim, gan aon agó, a chaith an dara seachtain i mí Eanáir ag freastal ar an Daonscoil.

Bhí an scoil ar siúl i mbliana arís in Lady Northcote Camp, atá an-oiriúnach dúinn. Tá áiseanna maithe sa champa agus i dtólamh bíonn atmaisféar an-chairdiúil ann – cuireann na cuileoga áitiúla fáilte Uí Cheallaigh romhainn i gcónaí!

In iomlán bhí sé dhuine dhéag is trí fichhead cláraithe sa scoil, agus tháinig cuairteoirí eile le linn na seachtaine. Bhí daoine ann as Adelaide, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Canberra agus Éire.

Fadhb amháin a bhí againn an babhta seo ná go raibh easpa múinteoirí ann. Bíonn daoine óga de chuid na turasóirí mála droma ar fáil dúinn, de ghnáth, le cuidiú leis an múinteoireacht, ach i mbliana níor aimsíodh fiú duine amháin acu. Is mór an trua é sin, mar, chomh maith leis an múinteoireacht, tugann na hÉireannaigh óga seo fuinneamh agus eolas úrnua dúinn.

Bhí triúr de na gnáthmhúinteoirí ar iarraidh chomh maith. De bharr sin, b'éigean do dhaoine nua ranganna a theagasc, agus ba dhóigh liom go ndearna siad sár-obair. Níl slí níos fearr teanga a fhoghlaim, ná í a mhúineadh.

Bhí an líon mic léann i gcúpla rang an-ard, trí dhuine is fichhead sa dara rang is airde, agus seacht nduine dhéag i Rang a Trí. Bhí craic agus spraoi sna ranganna céanna, áfach, ach caithfear a rá go mbíonn sé níos deacra comhrá a chur ar siúl leis an ngrúpa ina hiomláine nuair a bhíonn líon chomh hard ann.

É sin ráite, bí sé an-deas a fheiceáil go raibh go leor mic léinn ann ag déanamh a ndícheall an teanga a labhairt an t-am ar fad. Is fearr Gaeilge bhriste ná Béarla cliste, agus arís is arís eile nuair a shuigh mé sa seomra bia le haghaidh béile bhí na daoine eile ag an mbord ag

caint as Gaeilge.

Bhí 'Comhar na gComharsana' mar chuid den chlár, mar is gnáth, agus de bharr nach raibh ach líon an-íseal san ard rang, bhí deis ag na mic léinn i Rang a Ceathair an ról mar mheantóirí a ghla-cadh. Dála na múinteoirí nua thuasluaite, rinne siad sár-obair.

Ag breathnú siar ar an tseachtain anois, bhí a lán buaicphointí. Thar aon ní eile, is cuimhin liom an dráma a léirigh an cúigear páistí ar oíche Aoine, drámú den scéal 'An Fear Sinséir'. Bhí sé an-deas na páistí a fheiceáil ag an Daonscoil agus ba riléir gur bhain siadsan an-sult as an tseachtain.

Bhí mé féin páirteach i ndráma eile, leagan amaideach de 'Hamlet', agus bhain mé an-sásamh as. Ghlac deichniúr againn róil ann agus ní raibh ach triúr as an ard rang ina measc. Cé go raibh gach focal as Gaeilge, rinne na haisteoirí ar bheagán Gaeilge an-jab agus bhí am ar dóigh againne, le linn na gcleachtaí agus ar "an oíche mhór" í féin.

Bhain mé úsáid as an seanfhocal, 'tús maith leath na hoibre' cheana féin, agus cinnte bhí tús fíor-mhaith againn. D'oscail an t-ambasadóir Éireannach, a Shoilse Máirtín Ó Fainín, an Daonscoil, agus ba spreagadh an-mhór é dúinn nuair a labhair sé as Gaeilge faoin dul chun cinn atá déanta ag an teanga le fiche bliain anuas, in Éirinn agus san Eoraip.

Agus bhí ár gcéad lánúin Daonscoile againn! Bhuail MáireÁine Nic Mhánais le Seán Ó Curráin ag an Daonscoil den chéad uair, agus anois tá a gelearnas déanta acu. Saol fada dóibh dís.

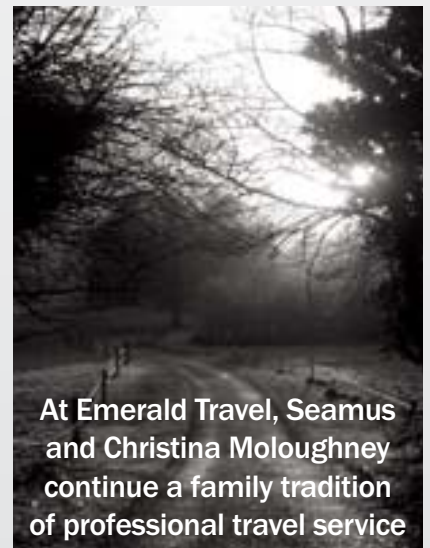
Labhair mé le gach éinne a bhí sa champa le linn na seachtaine, agus ba léir dom go raibh siad ag baint suilt agus tairbhe as an scoil. Bhí sé go deas mo sheanchairde a fheiceáil arís, agus go deas freisin bualadh le daoine nua. Táim ag tnúth le cuid mhór acu a fheiceáil arís ag Scoil Gheimhridh in Sydney i mí an Mheithimh.

Barney Devlin



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Irish Episcopal Imperialism

To observe that the Roman Catholic Church in the English-speaking world is heavily influenced by the Irish is to state the obvious. Think of St Patrick's Cathedral, New York – or Melbourne. Or consider that even in the United Kingdom the two incumbent cardinals are called Murphy-O'Connor (Westminster) and O'Brien (Edinburgh). It is often assumed that this Irish character is the natural consequence of successive waves of Catholic Irish emigration, both before and after the Famine. To a certain extent this is true, but it is not the whole truth. In the nineteenth-century, in every part of the English-speaking world, the Irish secured (or sought to secure) control of the Catholic Church first at episcopal level, and in the teeth of determined opposition on the part of pre-existing, ethnically-based, hierarchies: French and German in the United States, Scots in the Maritime provinces of British North America and Scotland itself, English Benedictines in Australia and French Marists in New Zealand. Additionally, the Catholic hierarchies of the Cape Colony and India were (transiently in the latter case) heavily populated by the Irish-born.

This process began in earnest in the United States from about 1830, and continued with great success beyond the turn of the twentieth-century. Only Scotland repelled the Irish, and then only for a few generations. In spite of its long duration, this process was not in any way accidental, not the inevitable consequence of immigrant demographics. Rather, it was carefully planned, and centrally directed, by one man: Paul Cullen (1803-78), successively rector of the Irish College in Rome, archbishop of Armagh, and, from 1852, archbishop of Dublin. Cullen ensured that a substantial proportion of episcopal appointments in the English-speaking world were directed towards the Irish. Not simply any Irish: from 1850, Cullen sought to ensure that his candidates adhered to his own ultramontane, Hiberno-Roman, brand of Catholicism. To that end, he secured mitres for his relatives (the Quinn brothers of Brisbane and Bathurst, Cardinal Moran of Sydney, Michael Verdon of Dunedin, Murray of Maitland), former students (Croke of Auckland, Dunne of Brisbane, O'Connor of Pittsburgh, Spalding of Louisville and Baltimore, plus the Quinns, Murray, and Moran), and diocesan priests (Power of

Newfoundland, Grimley and Leonard in the Cape Colony, another, un-related, Moran in the Cape and New Zealand). Before 1850 – when he was appointed to Armagh – Cullen had used his influence on behalf of friends to ensure a rapid growth of the Irish component of the episcopate in the United States (on behalf of Francis Patrick Kenrick of Philadelphia), British North America (in support of William Walsh of Halifax), India, and the Cape Colony (at the request of Archbishop Daniel Murray of Dublin). In this phase of his career, Cullen acted as the agent of others, and many of those he helped to appoint turned out to be less ultramontane than he would have wished. After 1850, he began to act on his own account.

Cullen could do this because of his almost unique influence in Rome. This influence was partly the result of his own success as a student there in the 1820s, when his brilliant academic career attracted the notice of the future Pope Gregory XVI. It was his patronage that secured Cullen's appointment as rector of the Irish College, and ensured his access to the highest levels of power in Rome. The second reason for Cullen's influence was a lucky chance: few Roman officials could read enough English to understand the complicated disputes emerging across the world, many involving Irish complaints against their non-Irish bishops. Cullen was often called upon to explain these disputes, and his advice – which was almost always in favour of the Irish – was usually followed by Rome. More often than not, the advice included the recommendation to do one or more of the following: appoint an Irish coadjutor to a non-Irish bishop (New York, Halifax, Glasgow, Hobart); replace a deceased or retired non-Irish bishop with an Irish successor (Baltimore, Newfoundland, Auckland); divide the diocese of a non-Irish bishop, filling the new diocese with an Irishman (Halifax, Wellington, many times in New South Wales); create entirely new dioceses with Irish bishops (the western district of the Cape, Bathurst, New Brunswick, and too often to enumerate in Australia and the United States). Once the Irish secured a local majority, identifiably Hiberno-Roman disciplinary and devotional practices (such as the Forty Hours devotion) were imposed on the remaining, non-Irish majority by means of diocesan,

provincial, or national synods. In this way, the Irish – and more particularly Cullen's Irish – came to dominate the Catholic Church in each of the affected countries (save Scotland) from the top down, and against the resistance of the pre-existing national hierarchies.

This phenomenon – which I have elsewhere called “Irish Episcopal Imperialism” – had profound consequences, both for the Church and for its host societies. Hiberno-Roman Catholicism emphasised papal authority over the episcopate, episcopal authority over the clergy, and clerical authority over the laity. The Hiberno-Roman bishops were everywhere in the forefront of demands for religiously separate education. They were also enthusiastic builders, not just of churches and cathedrals, but also of hospitals, schools, and convents. They helped spread favourite (Irish) religious orders throughout the United States and the British Empire, most consequentially the Sisters of Mercy and the Christian Brothers. By building seminaries modelled on the Irish College at Rome, Cullen's bishops ensured that their own policies and attitudes permeated their successors, and through them the laity.

Although Cullen and his bishops never enjoyed total success – Scotland was a notable failure, and the result in New Zealand was at best ambiguous in Cullen's lifetime – they did create a distinctively Irish episcopate, which in turn created a distinctively Irish Catholic Church in much of the English-speaking world. To be sure, Irish domination of the Catholic Church would have eventually come through sheer force of emigrant numbers. It was Cullen's distinctive contribution to pre-empt demography, and build what (from 1850, at least) was an ideologically homogeneous, confident, and *Irish* episcopacy throughout the English-speaking world, owing a common loyalty to ultramontane, Hiberno-Roman Catholicism and the cardinal archbishop of Dublin.

Colin Barr

Colin Barr is Associate Professor of History at Ave Maria University (Florida) and a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society (London). His publications include Paul Cullen, John Henry Newman, and the Catholic University of Ireland, 1845-65. A fuller version of his account may be found in The English Historical Review (forthcoming, 2008).

Were Irish & Catholic synonymous?

For a lot of the time in Australia, the words *Irish* and *Catholic* meant the same. Yet it wasn't always like that: once upon a time Irish Australians, of whatever faith, on big occasions like St Patrick's Day could celebrate together their common identities and their Irish origins. The man who changed that was a tall, scholarly controversialist, Patrick Francis Cardinal Moran, Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, 1884-1911.

When he came to Sydney most Catholics and their priests were Irish but their bishops had been Englishmen. Moran set out to give the religion an Irish face. Thus, from now on, new parishes were dedicated to Irish saints – in time, there would be in Sydney nine parishes named for St Patrick, while many others were given Irish saints' names. The seminary Moran built, at Manly, was called St Patrick's and staffed with Irish teachers. Needing an auxiliary bishop, he looked homewards and chose a parish priest in Ireland. Irish marriage rules, the Irish catechism, Irish devotions (some French in origin, but who knew that?), Irish sacramentals, Irish history as a school subject – all were brought into Australian church practice, giving it an Irish accent. When Moran published his big book, *History of the Catholic Church in Australasia*, it was notable as a story of Irish triumphs in which his English Benedictine predecessors in Sydney were accorded scant attention.

St Patrick's Day revealed most clearly the pastoral plan behind all this determined Hibernicism. Previously, 17 March had been a lay, unchurched celebration. Now, taken over by the clerics, it became a Catholic feast day with ceremonies in the cathedral, athletics at the sports ground, a vice-regal luncheon and at night a concert in the town hall featuring a half-hour lecture on St Patrick. For Moran and his men identifying Catholicism and Hibernicism was a deliberate pastoral strategy. With unflinching zeal, they promoted the idea that the only true Irish person was a Mass-going Catholic. Oh, yes, they might admit, there were Protestant Irishmen – who, in Australia, were responsible for many things such as Melbourne's library and its university, and much of the legal system, and the evangelical strain of Australian Anglicanism – in clerical rhetoric, nevertheless, to be Irish was to be Catholic.

By and large, the Catholic people went along with this. Too often they were made to feel outsiders, so they welcomed a champion willing to go in to bat for them. What matter if some of Moran's strokes were slap-dash and even brutal and that at times he might sound no better than a sectarian bigot; the other side were just as bad, they knew. Great battles of the past were fought again on Australian soil as the Reformation divide split society. As well, here was a continu-

“The early success
of the Australian
Labor Party owed a
lot more to Cardinal
Moran at St Mary's
Cathedral, Sydney,
than to Karl Marx
at the British
Museum, London”

ing contest about the pressing national question, what does it mean to be an Australian? Protestants, and none more than Irish Protestants, tended to answer that the most important thing about Australia was that it was part of the British Empire, with all its attendant rights and duties. On the other hand, Catholics emphasized the newness of Australia and what was being called the Australian national spirit. Polarised religion thus infected differences in social thinking.

Then came one of those explosive events that give you a clear view of tensions beneath the surface of a society. Denis Francis O'Haran, an urbane young Irish priest, had accompanied Moran to Sydney as his secretary and thereafter remained as the cardinal's right hand man. So when a test cricketer's wife, Alice Coningham, said O'Haran had seduced her, the subsequent court case seized national interest. Behind Mrs Coningham and her husband, who initiated the court action, was an Irish Protestant clergyman, making no secret of his belief that

their target was Romanism, not simply an errant priest. Catholics thought like that too, and in defence of their faith (as they saw it) forged letters, faked evidence and stole mail. Great was their jubilation when their man got off. Celebratory meetings up and down the east coast raised thousands of pounds for O'Haran's legal fees, and the Catholic press trumpeted the defeat of 'a foul conspiracy against God's church'.

Allied to Moran's encouragement of an Australian national sentiment was his support for the labour movement. Famously, he sided with the emergent trade union movement and the young Australian Labor Party. During the national maritime strike of 1890, he was cheered by a parade of strikers and their supporters. When criticized by conservatives for his pro-labour stance, he replied that Australian 'socialism' was sanitized and acceptable. Most Catholics were then working people, which explains Moran's advocacy; yet as a church leader he also made sure he could deal with whoever was in power. The cardinal found reasons for his pro-labour stance in traditional Church social teaching. When Pope Leo XIII published the social encyclical *Rerum Novarum* in 1891, Moran was quick to claim it as validation of his own positions. So Graham Freudenberg would write a century later, 'The early success of the Australian Labor Party owed a lot more to Cardinal Moran at St Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, than to Karl Marx at the British Museum, London'.

Moran died in 1911 and two years later Daniel Mannix came to Melbourne picking up the dead man's episcopal motto, *Omnia Omnibus – All things to everyone* (what!) – and his pastoral project of identifying Catholicism with Irishism. While Mannix has many biographers – only Ned Kelly has more Lives – Moran has eluded the various scholars who have tried to capture him in a book. To date, the best account has been A E Cahill's in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*; but, alas, Cahill was not spared to write the biography (his papers are in the Mitchell Library, Sydney).

Now comes Philip Ayres, a biographer whose previous books have been Lives of a judge, an explorer, and a politician. Commissioned by the Sydney Archdiocese, *Prince of the Church: Patrick Francis Moran, 1830-1911* (the



Cardinal Moran, Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, 1884-1911

© MDHC Catholic Archdiocese of Melbourne

Miegunyah Press, 2007), is a triumph of assiduous research, which at times slows the narrative: one problem, one paragraph; so that you long for the biographer to escape from the archives and show you something of Moran's flesh and blood, his humanity. Perhaps there was in Moran, as in many higher ecclesiastics, little humanity to write about: the office absorbs the man.

You would not say that of Denis O'Haran, who buried his 'Chief' and then had to face twenty years under the successor archbishop, that mitred mediocrity, Michael Kelly. No one will write a biography of O'Haran, but there's a meaty novel in the man. Despite the acquittal, Alice Coningham always claimed that her last son was O'Haran's and people said the boy, later a Sydney

lawyer, looked like the priest – but where is there a photograph? Not here. In seventeen measured words, however, Ayres has his say on a case that once split Australia: 'Still, Alice was evidently convinced on the matter, and that convinces me, for she was not mad.'

Edmund Campion

Edmund Campion is writing a book on Ted Kennedy, priest of Redfern.

Swift as philanthropist

I have given many lectures and talks over the years in various places, but never I confess from a pulpit before. It's a little daunting, and especially when I remember what Swift had to say about pulpits at the beginning of *A Tale of a Tub*. He identified 'three wooden machines' by which people sought to elevate themselves above their fellows: the pulpit, the ladder and the stage. The stage he associated with travelling 'mountebanks' or conmen, who were likely to end up on a ladder – that is hanged on a public scaffold – or in a pulpit – that is in a public pillory. I hope you will not take his cue and treat this pulpit as a pillory.

We are familiar with Swift in many roles. Most famously we know him as a writer, and especially a satirist in works like *A Tale of a Tub*; he was a churchman who administered this cathedral for over 30 years; and he played a significant part in the political affairs of his time, in both Ireland and England.

Yet there are other aspects of his life that I must say I find even more intriguing. What other Protestant cleric and writer of sophisticated tracts became a folk hero in Ireland? Who else had bonfires lit around his home, the Deanery, by working-class Dubliners to celebrate his birthday? Who had pubs named after him? Whose life attracted such a plethora of popular stories, poems and folklore? Indeed, what churchman was lauded even by the feuding urban gangs of his day? The fearsome Kevin Bail of the 1720s, based in the Kevin Street area, which specialised in rescuing its members from custody, viewed Swift as a hero, as did its successor of the 1730s the notorious Liberty Boys, composed largely of weavers from the Coombe.

Of course if he was very popular with some people, he was equally very unpopular with others. Many of his peers, for instance, deplored what they characterised as his pandering to the 'rabble' or the 'mob'.

Swift's remarkable popularity among the ordinary people of Dublin certainly came from a variety of sources. What I want to do briefly today is to concentrate on one, and in doing that, I'm going to use a word that Swift probably wouldn't have used, but which we've heard a good deal of in Ireland – and elsewhere – lately.

That is the word 'philanthropy'.

The 18th century preferred the word 'charity'; charity being of course one of the cardinal Christian virtues. But the 19th century gave charity a rather bad name and thus it's a word that's somewhat out of fashion these days. Instead we have philanthropy, which is perceived to have a more 'user friendly' feel to it. Popularised in the USA, it's a democratic word, while charity tends to be associated with Victorian values of class and condescension.

Recent books, speeches and newspaper articles have been discussing philanthropy, and some have suggested that it's in rather short supply in Ireland these days, despite the country's economic successes since 1990. Some have argued that Ireland's new rich are far behind their American counterparts, many of whom have long followed Andrew Carnegie's famous dictum that: 'He who dies rich, dies in disgrace'.

This discussion has made me think of Swift, who was noted in Dublin for his charity. In our terms, he was a leading philanthropist.

Actually, he was not especially rich – he was certainly no Bill Gates or even Chuck Feeney of his time. Indeed, having studied his financial affairs, it seems to me that, in terms of his haphazard management of them, it's probably more Bertie Ahern who comes to mind. Thus, I'm not surprised that in folklore, he is sometimes celebrated humorously for his gullibility and impracticality regarding mundane matters.

Long before his death in 1745 Swift was giving away his money, lending it out, sometimes without interest, and making plans to rid himself of it entirely. He certainly did not intend to die rich.

Some of his forms of giving would perhaps be frowned upon today by a professional charity worker, but others seem altogether more modern. He did give money to beggars in the street, yet he also supported schemes to license beggars so that only deserving, local beggars, rather than vagrants from outside Dublin, would benefit from such largesse.

But he also invested significantly in small business, lending sums of about £5 to at least 100 local traders and artisans to help them set up businesses or to tide

them over periods of recession, of which there were a number during the 1720s and 1730s. This he termed his 'industry money': it was intended to promote local industry and industriousness.

But Swift's greatest act of philanthropy was his decision, made about 1730, or 15 years before his death, to build and endow a hospital for, in the terminology of the time, 'ideots and lunatics'.

Like so much else that Swift did, this final benefaction deeply divided people: some lauded his generosity, others questioned his sanity. Of course he only added to the controversy himself with his reference in one of his poems to Ireland badly wanting a 'house for fools and mad'. And yet he was right, such an institution was sorely needed.

Various schemes had been put forward since at least the 1690s for the erection of a hospital for the mentally ill in Dublin to serve the whole country. By the 1730s when Swift was planning his hospital, many thought such a venture long overdue.

In reading newspapers articles last month complaining about the lack of philanthropy in Ireland, I noted one which argued that the Irish people often questioned the motives of those involved in philanthropy: they suspected people who raised money by means of celebrity events, who had buildings and institutions named after them or who accepted awards for their activities. It all rather reeked of self-promotion and, beyond that, self-justification.

I think one can find hints that 18th-century Dubliners too questioned the motives of those who offered them charity, even someone as popular as Swift. He named his hospital St Patrick's, but for decades it was always called Swift's Hospital. In part this reflects the fact that for many years it was believed that Swift had actually built the hospital for himself and that he was its first inmate. Indeed, the idea of Swift living, not in the Deanery, but in a mental hospital has been remarkably persistent. I was amused to come across folklore associated with Portrane Asylum, near Donabate in north Co. Dublin, which was built in the 1890s. Apparently there were local stories that Swift, with Stella, had once lived at the back gate of the hospital.



Bust of Jonathan Swift near his burial spot in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin

Well, why not? I have a suspicion that Swift might actually have relished some of the popular fables associated with his life, and also with his philanthropy.

Why did he give virtually all his money to establish a 'house for fools and mad'? Were his motives noble or ignoble; altruistic or selfish? Was he inspired by the less attractive aspects of charity or by the more humanitarian aspects of philanthropy? We don't really know for sure. But does it matter anyway, in the long term? I wonder if it's worth questioning the motives behind philanthropic gestures – something about 'not looking a gift horse in the mouth' comes to mind.

Swift's hospital opened 250 years ago this year: in 1757. It's now the oldest psychiatric hospital in the British Isles still situated in its original building, and almost certainly it's among a handful of the oldest psychiatric hospitals in the world. For a quarter of a millennium

now staff and patients have wrestled in that place with the terrible suffering of mental illness.

Swift's legacy to the world has primarily been his writings, but his legacy to Ireland has, importantly, included his hospital. His enemies, and even some of his supporters, questioned his motives at the time, suggesting he'd built it for himself, to cater for his own needs. But he hadn't. He left his estate to build an institution to care for groups of the most deprived and marginalised people in 18th-century Irish society.

Whether you want to call his act charity or philanthropy, it has undoubtedly proved a valuable and enduring gift. For, nearly 3 centuries after Swift made his decision, the people of Ireland are still benefiting from his 'house for fools and mad'.

Dr Elizabeth Malcolm

Swift Address, St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, 21 October 2007

The 6th Dublin Symposium on Jonathan Swift was held in October 2007 at the Deanery, beside St Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. Swift, the author of 'Gulliver's Travels', was a fierce critic of English rule in Ireland, as well as being a prolific pamphleteer and poet. The Symposium, at which talks are given by Swift scholars concludes with an Annual Service of Commemoration in St Patrick's Cathedral for Swift, who was Dean of the cathedral from 1713 to 1745. In his will Swift left his estate to establish a mental hospital St Patrick's Hospital, Dublin, which opened in 1757 and is now the oldest psychiatric hospital in Ireland and one of the oldest in Europe.

Elizabeth Malcolm, who has written a history of the hospital, spoke at the 2007 Swift Commemoration Service in the cathedral to mark the 250th anniversary of the admission of the first patients to St Patrick's Hospital.

Heroic Medicine

As well as feats of valour and bloodshed, the Táin Bó Cuilaigne describes medical interventions of the Iron Age period. As might be expected, given the times and personalities involved, patient feedback was robust.

When the warrior Ceithern was so badly wounded that his intestines were exposed, he called for medical help, only to be told that nothing could be done. His response was to strike the doctor so hard that his brains came out of his ears and to demand a second opinion. The second opinion was the same as the first, receiving the same response. After 15 doctors had been 'struck off' in the same way, one heroic physician – Fínghin – agreed to treat this obstreperous patient.

Tactfully, Fínghin offered his patient a choice between 'watchful waiting' (a period without treatment, followed by treatment if necessary) or high level Iron Age technology, with the patient's view to be the deciding factor. Ceithern went for technology. The first stage of the cure was binding the board of his chariot to his stomach to keep his intestines in place followed by a blood transfusion. The blood used was not obtained from human beings but from cattle, this being well before the days of mad cow disease. A herd of cattle was killed and reduced to a barrel of marrow, bones, meat and hides. After being steeped in this mixture for three days and three nights, to allow it to seep into the wounds, Ceithern recovered fully. He sprang up and rejoined the battle with all his old vigour – a testament to the effectiveness (and strong nerves) of his physician and the toughness of the Fianna.

Fínghin, clearly a transfusion medicine pioneer, probably worked around 100BC or even earlier as the Táin Bó Cuilaigne was not put into written form until the 8th century AD. Further investigations of the curative effects of blood transfusion were not made for another 1800 years when again, animal blood was often used. Regrettably modern day doctors only expose themselves to patient feedback in the form of questionnaires.

Felicity Allen

From Petticrew, M. British Medical Journal 1998, vol 317, p288.

Singing a New Song

As in the 21st century, the mid 19th century Australian education system was a shambles. Teachers' poor pay made it the profession of last resort. Schooling was voluntary, so the low calibre of teaching staff discouraged wealthier parents from sending their children to school. The children of the poor learned what they could from their surroundings. Understandably, home schooling was popular, particularly for girls and in remote areas, where governesses were employed by the financially secure. Boys, when old enough, were sent away to school. This gender difference reflected confusion about the appropriate curriculum for girls, whose only imaginable future was to be wives and mothers. Should they be taught the same subjects as boys, or should the focus be on domestic skills? Bedevilling girls' education, this conundrum was solved in different ways by different schools. After 1850 urban Ladies' Schools, attended by some daughters of the elite, offered senior girls a wider variety of subjects. Quality education was reserved for the affluent, while for those from the lower stratum of society, it continued to be limited.

A series of Education Acts, making education free, secular and compulsory for children up to 13, was passed in the 1880's decade. But it could not eradicate poor attendance and incompetent teaching, particularly in Government schools, in country areas, and for girls. The secular aspect of these Acts and the withdrawal of Government assistance to denominational schools, motivated the Australian Bishops to establish a Diocesan system of education staffed by Religious, mainly from Ireland.

When the 10 volunteers from Presentation Convent, Fermoy, Co. Cork, landed at Hobart in 1866, to begin the first Presentation mission in Australia, they began a movement which changed the face of education in what was to become Australia. The sisters not only provided a high standard of education to all students irrespective of gender or social class,

they introduced striking new initiatives into the way education was organised.

The first group opened Mount Saint Mary's (1868), a day and boarding school, which offered equality of education for both boys and girls in junior school and higher education for girls in the "select school". In the latter, where fees were charged, they subsidised the education of those unable to pay. In a move revo-

‘Should girls be
taught the same
subjects as boys,
or should the focus be
on domestic skills?’

lutionary in its day, the girls were offered the typical girls' subjects plus sciences and mathematics, usually only taught to boys. Languages, an astonishing array of cultural subjects, religious education and character building were always of paramount importance.

The educational expertise of the Sisters was recognised throughout the Colonies with parents sending their children from as far afield as Queensland. Other parents, for example, Lord and Lady Strickland, Governor of Tasmania 1904-1909, left their children in the care of the Presentation Sisters. By 1873, the Hobart Sisters opened a school in Launceston.

Between 1877 and 1900, Saint Mary's had won £1,000 for its pupils in university and other Scholarships. From 1896 to 1900 alone, the College, gained annually thirty certificates from the Royal Academy of Music and Trinity College, London. The musical festivals of Saint Mary's Convent, in Lismore, also show the extraordinary musical accomplishments of Presentation Schools. In contrast, Government schools limited music to classroom singing, and instrumental

music was confined to bands associated with military drill. The Presentation Schools' annual results from the Royal Academy of Music, Trinity College and the junior exams for the universities, revealed their impact on classical and cultural education throughout the Colonies, well into the next century. The musical and drama productions in their schools were forerunners of the productions now an accepted part of Australian education.

Education similar to that in Hobart was implemented in all Presentation Schools. The first Presentation foundations on the mainland was Saint Kilda, Melbourne (1883), and, as in Hobart, annual exhibitions were held of the students' work. They included exquisite needlework, lace, woodwork, drawings, paintings in every medium, recitations in many languages, dramatic presentations and musical recitals. These exhibitions showcased the students' work, and publicised the standard of education in the Presentation schools. Their success stimulated other school systems to conduct similar exhibitions. The first school bus services in the Colonies were established to collect Presentation children from remote areas. Wagga Wagga, founded in 1873 from Kildare, Co. Kildare, took the initiative of introducing the Kindergarten system to the area.

Presentation education in the 19th century rapidly spread to country centres, offering the same type of education as in the cities. The Sisters were moved between schools making this possible. Parents of both the elite and the working class clearly desired this egalitarian type of education. In remote Hay New South Wales, a group of parents wrote to the Bishop complaining that the Sisters refused to segregate servant girls from the general classroom, but this was the only recorded opposition to the Presentation practice of non-discriminatory education.

The Presentation order had a great influence on education in isolated areas shown in foundations from Geraldton,

and Wagga Wagga. The Sisters arrived at the former from Sneem, Co. Cork in 1891, when Geraldton was the poorest, largest and most isolated diocese in the Australian Colonies. When the Geraldton Academy for Young Ladies opened, consisting of the usual boarding and day school facilities, the local papers declared it a “great boon” providing “a first class education ... without the expenses of sending students to Perth or out of the Colony.” Later the local paper declared that as mining towns sprang up in the spinifex country and across the deserts, so did Presentation Schools where both white and black Australians, boys and girls were given a comprehensive education, first at Geraldton and later on the Western Australian goldfields of Southern Cross and Longreach, Queensland.

Presentation day and boarding schools, with their emphasis on equal and quality educational opportunities for boys and girls, spread throughout the Colonies, with the exception of South Australia, by the first decade of the twentieth century. They provided the nucleus of the Australian Diocesan system of education for both primary and secondary students. The staffing of the schools by non-salaried Religious, assured their survival until it was possible to employ well-educated salaried lay staff. The Presentation schools’ emphasis on cultural education promoted activities which have become part of all school curricula. The high educational standards of the early teachers from Ireland, raised standards expected of all teachers. In order to compete for students, schools needed to employ highly qualified, zealous teachers. An examination of Australia today reveals that the provision by Religious of quality education for the working classes, and a “superior” education for girls, wealthy and non-wealthy, Catholic and Non-catholic, has influenced not only the educational scene but Australian social fabric.

Sr. Noela Fox PBVM



The photo of three Presentation Sisters was taken at Windsor Convent, in the late 40s early 50s. They are Sr Eugene Welsh, Sr Lawrence Welsh and Sr Bernard Welsh who were also “real” sisters – Eithne, Nora and Amelia. Eithne and Nora travelled as Presentation Sisters to Australia in the 20’s from Limerick. Amelia joined them later, first as a schoolgirl at Windsor and later as a Presentation Sister. Sr Amelia (92) is still alive – the last member of her family of 13.

Mission to 'poor-rich'

Catherine McAuley, a wealthy heiress, founded the religious institute of the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin in 1831. Her primary aim was social alleviation for the distressed poor, by the provision of residential care and further training for vulnerable young women out of work. But this aim soon extended to encompass a free school for poor children, care of orphans and visitation with nursing assistance to the sick poor. Catherine adopted the Constitutions of the already established Presentation Sisters, the emphasis of both being the free service of the gravely disadvantaged. Each Mercy community was independent, with its own novitiate and range of services.

Before long Mercy Poor Schools were linked with the Irish National Board, established in 1831, to provide public elementary education across the country. The Mercy schools could now receive monetary support. By the later 1830s a need for more widely available further education, still the preserve of private enterprise, had become obvious; hence a demand for 'middle schools'. These provided for a lower middle class 'who did not want their children in a Poor School, but could not afford to send them to a boarding school'. The latter provided a comprehensive education for the upper classes. This level of education had not been envisaged in the Mercy concept of their mission, though, in view of the growing need for such educational facilities, the Mercy Communities began to establish middle schools.

Soon, with the proliferation of the Irish diaspora, communities of Mercy Sisters were invited overseas. In 1846, a community arrived in Perth, the second group of religious Sisters to come to Australia after the Irish Sisters of Charity in Sydney in 1838. There they carried out a mission, with residential care, for Aboriginal children and orphans, established a free school for the poor and opened a middle school for the better off. The middle school offered French, musical and artistic accomplishments in

addition to a basic academic education and attracted non-Catholic as well as Catholic enrolments.

In 1857, the enterprising Perth foundress, Ursula Frayne, at the invitation of Bishop Goold, established Australia's second Mercy foundation in Melbourne. But here a serious difficulty was encountered. The bishop had earlier unsuccessfully sought a teaching institute offering the highest level of education for Catholic girls – the convent high school with its boarding provision. For Ursula, the request to open such a school posed a serious problem. The establishment of such schools in the United States had caused division in the Mercy ranks. (Permission to do so in the USA was obtained from Rome in 1852, but it still remained for some time a divisive issue.) Ursula's own priority was to meet the needs of the poor and she felt unable to deviate from this. However, Goold pressed the need, in his words, for the 'poor rich', especially in country areas, while pointing out that he already had an extensive system of parish elementary schools. Ursula, seeing the need, acquiesced. She and her teaching staff, themselves products of convent high school education, were well equipped to teach the languages and accomplishments which such a school was expected to offer.

A 'sea-change' was underway, illustrated by these first two Mercy foundations. Boarding at convent high schools was becoming as much a function of distance as social class and, when Ursula agreed to merge her poor school with the parochial school already staffed by the Sisters, another significant Australian development took place: the readiness of the Mercy Sisters, as well as other teaching institutes, to staff parish primary schools. This readiness to continue their mission must have been much appreciated, in the wake of the secularising Education Acts passed in the colonies which withdrew funding from denominational schools. These parochial schools charged a small fee and were not charity schools

in the older sense.

Their ready adaptability in providing appropriate education, their mission to visit homes, hospitals and gaols, their care of orphans and of young migrant girls in the tradition of Catherine McAuley's House of Mercy, ensured that further foundations of Mercy Sisters were soon sought, especially in the new dioceses being created across the Australian continent. Initially, each foundation was canonically independent, with its own major superior, its novitiate and its own convent school. Seventeen such separate foundations were made from various overseas houses of origin, principally in Ireland – the final one from Derry to Victoria Park, Perth, in 1898. A sample of the spread of these houses is given by the following: Goulburn, from Westport, Ireland, in 1859; Brisbane, from Dublin, 1861; North Sydney, from Liverpool, England, 1865; Adelaide, from Buenos Aires, 1880; Cooktown, from Dungarvan, Ireland, 1888. A further 34 independent houses stemmed from these foundations, bringing Mercy Sisters to further and, at the time, pioneering areas of Australia, the final one being established at Balranald, in New South Wales, in 1907. During the 20th century a series of amalgamations began, leading by 1941, to the seventeen Mercy congregations, which in a federation today form the Institute of the Mercy Sisters of Australia, known as ISMA.

Meanwhile, another structural development arose. At the urging of local bishops and sanctioned by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide (the Vatican department responsible for mission territories) houses opened by these independent centres began to be incorporated into a branch house system attached to its founding house, initially within one diocese. This too had implications for education. While the Sisters staffed local parish schools in a wide range of suburbs and towns, they provided further education in developing centres through their 'middle school' practice. There was a fee differential between these and the con-



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Celtaclysmic, Jack Mancor
Friday 29 February, 8 pm
Mechanics Institute

vent high school attached to the mother house: for example, the boarding fee at Carcoar, a branch house of Bathurst, was £20 p.a., while Bathurst's convent high school charged £52 for its more enriched courses. The Brisbane mother house, All Hallows, established eleven such 'middle schools' in country towns with a general boarding fee of £30 p.a. compared with All Hallows' initial £60. (Fees at both Bathurst and Brisbane were later reduced to cater for a poorer class.) For many young people, irrespective of gender or religion, these regional schools were the only post primary education available. All Mercy convents offered tuition in music, providing welcome income as well as a local cultural service.

In the first decade of the 20th century a public system of education was implemented throughout the Australian states. Secondary schooling followed on primary education in an age-based progression rather than the earlier class-based separate schools. The Mercy convent high schools and many of their regional schools sought registration as new-type secondary schools, a move facilitated by having from the 1880s, presented their brighter pupils for the public examinations of the colonial universities. The Mercy Sisters also contributed to teacher education, using the pupil - teacher system familiar in the colonial schools. Both the amalgamated Melbourne congregation and the Ballarat congregation had their teacher training programmes recognised by the Victorian government in the early 20th century, while the extensive teacher training involvement of Queensland Mercy Sisters received government recognition from the colonial era on. The Mercy Training Colleges in Melbourne, Ballarat and Brisbane were later to be founding campuses of the Australian Catholic University.

Rosa MacGinley PBVM

From: A Dynamic of Hope: Institutes of Women Religious in Australia (Sydney: Crossing Press, [1996] 2002), where the relevant references are given.



Martin Hayes and Dennis Cahill

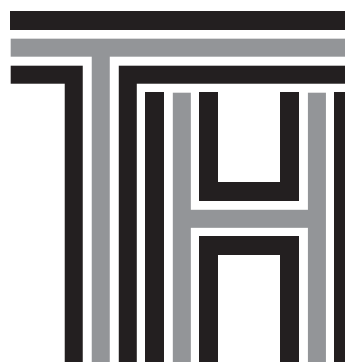
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The Dillon Mission to Victoria

In the second of his series of articles, Patrick Naughtin describes the rallying focus of the Dillon mission of 1889 for the local Irish nationalist movement.

The purpose of the 1889 mission to Australia of Irish Parliamentary Party members, led by John Dillon, was to raise much-needed funds to support the cause of evicted tenant farmers in Ireland. However, the mission was to achieve much more than this in Victoria where it was to be profoundly significant in rallying and re-organising the local Irish nationalist movement.

The Dillon mission has not been well documented by historians. This general neglect is surprising considering Dillon's status as the most prominent Irish political leader to have visited Australia up to that time, and his subsequent importance as a key leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Even F S L Lyons, a leading Irish historian of the period who has written the standard biography on Dillon, pays fairly scant attention to Dillon's Australian experience, despite the latter's six months there at a particularly formative stage in a career that was already very prominent in British and Irish politics. Among Australian historians, only Gregory Tobin's early unpublished study makes any attempt to detail the Dillon mission. Even the leading historian of Irish Australia, Patrick O'Farrell, only gives cursory treatment to the Dillon mission.

Recent research, however, that has been undertaken by the author using the extensive Dillon papers at Trinity College Dublin, including Dillon's diary, has shed important new light on an Australian experience that warrants much fuller examination.

The mission led by John Dillon that arrived in Australia in April 1889 was the first such mission of Irish Party members since the much-publicised visit of the Redmond brothers in 1883. While both were primarily fundraising missions, the circumstances of the Dillon tour were markedly different. In the intervening years, the momentous impact of William Gladstone's endorsement of Irish Home Rule had, in the eyes of so many, now added respectability to the Irish nationalist cause. The Tory government's coercion policies in Ireland and Parnell's alliance with the Liberals had further rallied public support

to the cause among more liberal-minded colonists, including several prominent Protestant clergymen. And the Catholic hierarchy had finally swung behind Home Rule with the arrival in 1887 of Archbishop Thomas Carr who supported the Irish nationalist cause, even if he was not prepared to provide a public lead.

Dillon's work in championing the cause of the Irish tenant farmers, and his recent imprisonment for this, had accorded him the status of an Irish patriot, 'almost as legendary as Parnell himself' Patrick O'Farrell has claimed, in the eyes of many Irish Australians. His rapturous Melbourne reception reflected this status.

‘...there does not seem to be single man amongst the Irish worth a straw as a leader...’

With the well orchestrated welcome that Dillon and his fellow envoys, Sir Thomas Esmonde and John Deasy, received in Melbourne on 27 April 1889, their mission could not have begun more auspiciously. The envoys' carriage, with the horses removed, was paraded from Spencer Street railway station through Melbourne's streets, thronged with thousands of cheering supporters. This demonstrative display was much more than an enthusiastic welcome for the Dillon party or defiant expression of support for the Irish nationalist cause. It had become an outpouring of Irish solidarity and pride in the face of opponents who had, many believed, tried to deny a rightful place for the Irish in colonial public life.

Inside the packed Hibernian Hall, itself a new and grand symbol of Melbourne's Irish (with its construction influenced by the refusal of public halls to the Redmonds) the official welcome was chaired by Sir Bryan O'Loughlen who had lost the Premiership and his parliamentary seat during the Redmond mission but was now a member of the Legislative Assembly again. Beside him was his fellow MP, John Gavan Duffy, along with other members of what William Redmond had

referred to as the 'respectable class' of Irish who had deserted them in 1883.

One aspect of the Melbourne reception for Dillon had changed very little since the Redmond visit. This was the intense opposition of the Melbourne press, particularly the *Age* and *Argus*. Editorials strongly condemned the Dillon mission. The *Age* indicted Dillon and his like as the cause of Ireland's problems. The *Argus* in similar vein deprecated 'these efforts to divide this community by old-world racial strife stirred up by professional propagandists'. Dillon later singled out the Melbourne press for particular criticism as providing the most intense opposition that the envoys encountered throughout the Australasian colonies. Esmonde, and others, however, suggested that this constant press attack could be beneficial to the cause: 'The more bitterly we were attacked and the more villainously abused, the more generously and more bravely did our friends rally to our support'.

The unrelenting, vehement opposition of the *Argus* and *Age*, trying to outdo each other in ultra-loyalism, has a number of explanations. The *Argus*'s opposition was generally more explicable, consistently following the Tory anti-Gladstone line of the London *Times*, though often more strongly, reflecting the power accorded by distance and control of the cable agencies.

The *Age*'s intense opposition was more complex. Dillon was particularly intrigued by what he called 'the *Age* phenomenon', referring to the penny newspaper's remarkable influence and daily circulation of over 80,000. He noted in his diary that he had been told that the *Age* 'rules this Colony'. Under the dictates of its proprietor, David Syme, it had always been prepared to put aside its professed liberalism to exploit Irish issues as a means of limiting local Irish Catholic political influence.

While in Melbourne Dillon was approached by a group led by the outspoken MP David Gaunson to assist in an attempt, still in its infancy, to establish a new daily newspaper 'that would truly represent Irish affairs' and counter the influence of the *Age*, *Argus* and *Daily Telegraph*. Dillon agreed to promote the venture but believed privately that it was doomed to failure.



This cartoon suggests that the hostile attention of the *Age* (represented by David Syme) and the *Argus* (represented by its long-term editor Frederick Haddon) was actually helping the Dillon mission to succeed, despite the influence of the Loyal Orange Lodge, represented by the shadowy figure at the rear. The *Melbourne Punch* continued the tradition of its London counterpart in using the pig as a derogatory symbol of the Irish.

Melbourne Punch 9 May 1889

Dillon's meetings in Melbourne and the major Irish strongholds of Ballarat and Sandhurst (Bendigo) were resounding successes, and set the scene for a fundraising mission that would well-outstrip the successes of the Redmond tour. In late May he left Victoria to spend nearly four months touring New South Wales and Queensland and, in his absence, Deasy and Esmonde conducted successful public meetings throughout regional Victoria.

It had always been planned that the Dillon mission would culminate in an Irish-Australian convention, as at the end of the Redmond mission in 1883. Originally planned for Sydney, Dillon made the decision that this second convention should be held in Melbourne, with delegates only from Victoria, in an effort to unify and consolidate the nationalist movement there.

Dillon had been well aware from the time of his arrival in Victoria in April that, despite the apparent unanimity displayed by representatives of the Irish organisations at his meetings, all was not well within the Irish nationalist movement in Victoria. The Irish National League had been struggling for support while at the same time, the Celtic Home Rule Club, formed in September 1887 and now boasting 400 members, had become more influential in the Irish nationalist movement in Melbourne. While there was overlap between the League and the

Celtic Club in membership and a common nationalist purpose, increasingly tensions developed between the two organisations with dissatisfaction with the League's leadership being openly expressed.

Dillon was pessimistic about the prospects for success of the convention to be held on 17 September 1889. The day before he noted in his diary: 'Melbourne is evidently rotten with quarrels'. Despite these misgivings, an air of conviviality pervaded the actual proceedings, which only lasted one day. With nearly 400 delegates present, Dillon was able to describe the convention in his opening address as 'the largest and most representative body of Irish-Australians that had ever come together in this colony'.

Unlike the 1883 convention, there was no national representation. However, there was broad representation of all the colony's Irish organisations, with the clergy, including a significant number of Protestant clergymen, prominent both in the assembly and on the platform. No members of the Catholic hierarchy were present, though Archbishop Carr sent a letter of support.

As at the 1883 Convention, there was no evidence of any dissension and the moderate resolutions were hardly controversial: self-government for Ireland was supported, just as Victorians enjoyed 'the benefits and blessings of Home Rule here' and the policies of

Parnell and Gladstone were endorsed.

The Convention's most lasting achievement was the election of Dr Nicholas O'Donnell as the new president of the Irish National League in Victoria. O'Donnell, aged only twenty-seven and native-born, was essentially a compromise candidate, being on the committees of both the League and the Celtic Club.

Despite Dillon's misgivings – that evening he confided in his diary that 'there does not seem to be single man amongst the Irish worth a straw as a leader' – O'Donnell was to provide, as president for the next twenty-seven years of the League (and its successor, the United Irish League), the leadership that would see the Irish nationalist movement endure more actively in Victoria than elsewhere in Australia.

The significance of the Dillon mission for many Irish Australians, like the Redmond mission before it, went well beyond the cause of Irish tenantry or nationhood. The missions provided a much-needed rallying focus for local Irish nationalists, though at the same time intensifying their opposition. From the resultant attention and conflict that was aroused, the Irish nationalist movement in Victoria would emerge re-organised and strengthened, if only temporarily.

Patrick Naughtin
Patrick Naughtin is a PhD candidate at Melbourne University researching the history of Irish nationalism in Australia.



The Convict Brick Trail

Linking Launceston and Hobart in the island state of Tasmania, is the Heritage Highway. When known as the Midlands Highway, it took a more leisurely course through the towns of Kempton, Ross, Tunbridge and Oatlands. Then the road twisted and turned as it followed the route of the horse and cart of earlier years. The old road was flood-prone outside Ross and the dark shadows of Epping Forest, stretching ominously on the narrow stretch of bitumen, were feared by children. Those were the days when parents would tell children to watch out for the 'Disappearing House', a pile of gray stone half hidden behind a hill. As the road curved near the junction to the Esk Highway an old home came into view and then, to the eyes of a very innocent child, seemed to disappear.

But that was all in times gone by. The highway has been widened and the distance between the 'northern capital' and the 'southern outpost' lessened, and there are bypasses for most of these charming towns and villages. So the residents of these places now have to be creative in attracting travellers from the highway. In these settlements the Georgian architecture alone should entice many a traveller. Indeed Hobart and Launceston, established immediately after Sydney, carry the proud titles of being the second and third cities of Australia. Their architectural style conveys the elements of the reigns of George III and George IV: semi-circular fanlights above wide, panelled front doors; tall elegant sash windows, the glass divided by thin wooden bars. A sense of classical proportion becomes evident even though the island had its beginnings as a penal settlement.

The residents of Campbell Town have been particularly innovative in their desire to attract travellers from the highway. Not only did they want people to focus on their town but in discussing their proposals in 2003, they also wanted

to celebrate the bi-centenary of the white foundation of Tasmania, then known as Van Diemen's land, in 1804.

The Convict Brick Trail was the brainchild of John Cameron, a resident of Campbell Town who has become totally devoted to the development of this concept. The idea, endorsed by the townspeople, was to create a perpetual memorial to those who had hewn the rock, cut the stone, fashioned the bricks and then created beautiful homes, arched bridges, lofty churches and strong highways by laying a "brick trail". An individual brick would be dedicated to each transportee. His or her name would be formally inscribed on the brick as a way of acknowledging each one's contribution to the Celtic-Anglo-Saxon establishment on the island. Over 68,000 men, women, and children were transported to Van Diemen's Land between 1804-1854. Not all reached our shores; many perished and were buried at sea. The many thousands who did arrive worked under the lash, were housed in appalling conditions, and perished in ignominy. They were often buried where they fell, mostly in shallow, unmarked graves.

John Cameron's hope was to contact as many descendants of the 68,000 transportees as possible, and to invite them to subscribe to an individual clay paver brick – 230mm x 115 mm, on which would be sandblasted each convict's details: name, age, county of origin, crime committed, the name of the ship on which they were transported and, if possible, her or his fate. The bricks were to be laid, end-to-end, along the streets of Campbell Town. If 68,000 subscriptions were obtained the trail would stretch over 11 kilometres. To date, this figure has not yet been attained. But along the Main Street, commencing at the convict-built inn, Foxhunters' Return, and close to the similarly convict-built Red Bridge, there is a continuous ochre strip jutting out about 450mm from property boundaries

in a straight line. The advantage of the bricks being placed close to the shop fronts or fences is that they are not in the common thoroughfare and one can pause and reflect without stopping other pedestrian traffic.

Reflection is enhanced if the pilgrimage is started at the foundation stone, a fine piece of granite outside the Foxhunters' Return with the general dedication... "to those who died on their way to Australia and were not lucky enough to see our magnificent land..." Factual information follows: the 1,500,000 bricks made by the convicts for the Red Bridge (the oldest in Australia and still in use), their building of the bridge and the subsequent redirection of the course of the Elizabeth River. Mayor Kim Polley laid this dedication stone and the first brick of the Convict Brick Trail on August 28, 2003. Since that date many, many bricks have been laid. Each descendant who has subscribed has also been issued with a certificate containing information similar to that on the brick. It is John Cameron's aim, and that of the townspeople, to extend the invitation to anyone who has, or even who does not have! convict ancestry. It is possible to adopt a deportee – a quite unknown individual, thus acknowledging the significance of her/his existence, generations after that person's demise.

Reflection can take many turns. To this writer, the great-grandchild of such deportees, it is a cause for celebration and gratitude that three generations of their descendants, both men and women have enriched their island home, and places well beyond, in farming, mining, hostelry, orcharding, service in World Wars I and II, engineering, business and industry, theatre, music, photography, agronomy, public service, education and the law. One can but stand humbly in the face of such reality and salute these forebears in whom our pride and gratitude rest.

Rosemary Gleeson

Francis Stuart, writer & sometime broadcaster

The renowned Irish writer Francis Stuart was born in Townsville in 1902 to Protestant parents from Antrim. In later life Stuart wrote that ‘his hard-hearted Ulster forebears had gone to Australia and made fortunes in sheep-farming, all except (my) father who’d drunk himself to death too soon’. This happened in his infancy, and his mother took him back to Ireland.

If his life in Australia began in tragedy, in Ireland it ended in controversy. In 1996, just a few years before his death, after a long and impressive writing career in which he produced many well-regarded novels and other works, he was elevated to the rank of *saoi* (wise man) of the Irish arts academy *Aosdána*, the highest honour that body can bestow. The *Aosdána* is comprised of eminent Irish writers and artists. But the award was greeted with disquiet and protest in some quarters in Ireland, as Stuart had broadcast from behind the German lines during the Second World War, and some of his comments were regarded as anti-Semitic.

Stuart led a turbulent life at the centre of crucial political events. Many of these experiences form the basis, in transmuted form, of his writing. In Ireland as a young man he soon moved to the centre of the literary and political worlds. In 1920 at the age of eighteen he eloped with and married Iseult Gonne, daughter of Maud Gonne, wife of the Easter Rebellion martyr John McBride. Iseult’s father was a French politician, not McBride. WB Yeats, who had – remarkably – proposed to both Maude and Iseult Gonne, encouraged the young Stuart in his literary endeavours. During the Irish civil war Stuart fought on the Republican, anti-Treaty side, was captured while gun-running and imprisoned by the Free State forces.

His first poetry collection, *We Have Kept the Faith* (1923), was a success and brought him to literary attention. In addition he published plays, short stories and autobiographical works but became best known as a novelist, publishing more than two dozen novels during his long literary career.

Between the wars Stuart lived as farmer in Ireland while succeeding as a writer. But his marriage was falling apart and he took up some lecturing engagements in Germany just prior to the second world war. He acted there as an agent for the IRA in contact with German intelligence services, part of a plan to try to enlist Germany in the Irish cause, as happened

in world war one. He then fatefully took a position as an English lecturer at the University of Berlin. From 1942 to 1944 he made broadcasts on behalf of the regime on radio, including praise of Hitler.

Due to the on-going controversy over Stuart’s views, the texts of his war-time broadcasts were published in 2000 just after his death, with editing and commentary by Brendan Barrington. Germany’s policy was to keep the Republic of Ireland neutral; Stuart argued for this position in his talks. In addition, as an Ulsterman, he

‘In his talks Stuart rejected democracy as a sham’

pointed out the dangers Northern Ireland faced as a combatant, with Allied military bases on its soil. Stuart’s general approach as an Irish nationalist was to argue that a German victory was more likely to see the Six Counties re-incorporated into a united Ireland than an Allied victory.

In his talks Stuart rejected democracy as a sham. He admitted he had admired Hitler since his rise to power and reserved his scorn for Churchill and Roosevelt, whom he claimed represented corrupt financial interests. The implication in his talks was that a small group of behind-the-scenes financial powerbrokers ran Western societies. In one talk he identified the ‘handful who control the machine’ as Jews. Recent research has revealed he had made a similar anti-Semitic remark as far back as 1924. Stuart’s wartime broadcasts from Germany were worse than those of P.G. Wodehouse, but not nearly as bad as those of his fellow Irishman William Joyce (‘Lord Haw Haw’).

At the end of the war he was imprisoned by the French for a year on suspicion that he had collaborated with the Nazi regime, an allegation he rejected. After being released he had to live for more than a decade in France and England, as his step brother-in-law, Sean McBride, then Irish Minister for External Affairs, refused to renew his passport. He eventually returned to Ireland in 1958 with his second wife, Madeleine Meissner.

In Dublin, Stuart and his wife pursued mystical and religious interests rather than overt politics in this period. Some said in his defence that he had always

indulged in vague philosophical nostrums, which meant he was out of his depth in war time Germany with its Nazi brutalities. However Brendan Barrington shows that Stuart had well-developed political views, as revealed in the war-time broadcasts, so that the idea that he was a naïve misguided aesthete out of his depths in politics is hard to sustain.

In 1971 the publication of *Blacklist Section H* (1971), purportedly an autobiographical novel, the last third of which covers his German experiences, revived his literary reputation and career. But was it a work of atonement for his past, or a subtle apology for his Nazi fellow-travelling?

The American editor of the novel, Harry T. Moore, who obtained his information from Stuart, made three claims about the author’s past – that he wasn’t anti-Semitic, that he didn’t support Nazism, and that he made only a few broadcasts. All these claims were wrong. As some commentators have pointed out, the novel’s protagonist, called ‘H’, is not totally identical with Stuart – the broadcasts, for example, are only incidentally mentioned. In the novel the hero’s rationale is that as an artist he is an eternal outsider, whose role is to criticize the conventional wisdom of that day, which in this case was the belief that the Allies had right on their side. He therefore justifies himself, as an adversary thinker, presenting arguments for the Nazi case. Another rationalization is that he is like Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment*, a person who wishes to commit some abnormal act simply to see what the experience is like. At other stages Stuart presents his *alter ego* as a passive victim of circumstances, who unfairly reaped the whirlwind.

In old age Stuart became a respected figure who helped younger writers, while himself remaining reserved and inscrutable. When he was promoted to the rank of *saoi* in 1996, the poet and fellow *Aosdána* member Máire Mhac an tSaoi, wife of Conor Cruise O’Brien, moved that the award be cancelled, but the motion was defeated. Just before his death Stuart took out a libel action against *The Irish Times*, because of an article which alleged he had supported Nazi ideology. The matter was settled out of court.

Francis Stuart died in Clare aged 97 in February 2000.

Patrick Morgan
Patrick Morgan is a Victorian writer interested in the connections between literature and politics.

Poetry

Gort Inse Guaire

You came with your wife and child
from the banks of the Corumbá
to a curious disappearing river
from a four lane highway
to limestone grykes
and turloughs
feeble imitations of your Pantanal.
A time-warped Main Street
not yet by-passed
genuine old style shops
selling now, passion fruits
manioc and cans of lo-cal Guarana.

When you first came
they welcomed you
with warmer clothes
and recycled bicycles
your puzzled smiles
confused the locals
this place where king and pauper
were famed for the lámh fhada
the longhand of friendship.
the old church over-spilling
and country folk overwhelmed
to find the Mass in Portuguese
but Monday morning
still brought the hiring fair.

Deirdre Kearney

From Omagh, Co Tyrone, Deirdre has lived in Galway since 1983. Her poems have been published in The Ulster Herald, Crannóg, Words on the Web, West 47 Online, Treoir, Exposed & Cúirt New Writing 2007.

Welcome to my country

You're welcome to my country
Here we have de Oirish Mirror and de Oirish Star
Fierce excitin' altogether, hah?
de wetttest weather outside of de rainforests
and four of de greenest fields in Europe
and we have killed for them.
Didn't we drag the seaweed from the shore with our bare hands?
and what we didn't use to fertilise the spuds and cabbage
we threw into the bath to soak away our aches and pains.

Here we have culture by the bucketful,
Boyzone and Ireland's Own
Sean Nós singing, dancing and Fleadh Nua
Festivals and fringes and more
Eurovision winners than you could shake a shillelagh at.
Shane McGowan lives a Fairytale in New York
Dustin goes cold turkey and Christy goes on and on
John Spillane asks 'What's it all about, like?'
while Louis de Paor tosses his Titian locks.

Here we have langoustines
and Parma ham for brunch
smoked salmon and chorizo
on dandelion leaves for lunch
with rocket, and olives and feta cheese
on paninis, ciabatas or naans and pitta bread
we sip cold chardonnay and jasmine tea.
Yes, it's far from red onion marmalade
and camembert we were reared.

Here the crack is ninety
and Heineken cans rule the scrum
You must yield at our road signs
and hope your GPS has Gaeilge
Smoke outside in the rain, and
Big up the Fields of Athenry
And shout Olé, Olé, Olé
And when a drop kick goes over the bar
watch grown men weep.

You'll meet Chinese at the checkouts
Croatians on the sites,
Latvians in Lidl and Aldi
Estonians strutting around poles
Polish priests saving Mass
Russians building products,
Bulgarian baristas
Moldovians serving baltis
but no Irish on the Ferries.

'Tis a great country all right.
We have three wheelie bins to every house .
Welcome to my country.
Please, speak English, we're Irish.

The reading

Everything is going to be all right

From a poem of the same name by Derek Mahon.

A grey Galway evening,
threatening rain,
the bay cold but at ease,
the stony hills of Clare astray in the mist.

I sit in our favourite room,
the big window, the garden, then the sea,
making notes, reading Derek Mahon,
trying not to worry about you so far away,
counting down the days,
the wound healing nicely.

A shaft of pale sunlight slants through
as if to finger sacred ground,
the forgotten resting place of some ancient saint,
or else a blessed nook where years ago
two long-dead lovers dreamed and kissed.
The sky slowly closes like a heavy door
and drizzle thickens all along the pier.

It is later then I thought, shadows and silence
and the house growing cold.
I hear the 'beep, beep' of your text.
My awkward thumb replies -
Goodnight sleep tight all fine xx.

I light the yellow candle we brought back from Spain.
Finding the page I read Mahon's poem aloud
to an empty room, and to you five-hundred miles away.
There are many ways to reach,
and many, many ways one can be reached.

Gerard Hanberry

Currently working on his third collection of poetry after Something Like Lovers (2005) and Rough Night (2002) from Stonebridge Publications, Gerard is widely published. He holds an MA in Writing from National University of Ireland, Galway, where he teaches a seminar on poetry. He won the Brendan Kennelly Poetry Prize in 2004.

Spectres

Swaddled by the mountains of Glendowan
And Derryveagh, interned in trees in a National Park
Stands the Castle of Glenveigh.

Tanned tourists amble around dappled gardens
Revelling in a seldom sun,
And climb hills purpled in rampant rhododendrons
To see swathes of moorland, lake, and mountain
Heartstopping in its desolate beauty.

In the castle, couched in careful sentences
A guide tells how the evicted
Sought the scant shelter of a damp ditch,
Or the cold charity of the workhouse,
Or journeyed to the Antipodes
With only broken dreams.

Then on she moves to talk of Venetian glass
And furniture inlaid in mother-of-pearl,
And how the round room rang with music
When Yehudi Menuhin played the violin.

In a walled kitchen garden neat as a new pin
I flop on a summer seat,
My gourd-like stomach heavy as history.
Meadow pipits plummet from a blushing sky,
Even the lake looks lachrymose.

On a sultry night in Sydney,
When outside cicadas sing,
I wonder if a Sweeney snuggles closer
To his lover, scenting golden skin,
To purge his dreams of haunted sodden faces.
The spectre of the scattering looms,
A shameful shadow, down all the years.

Maureen McAteer

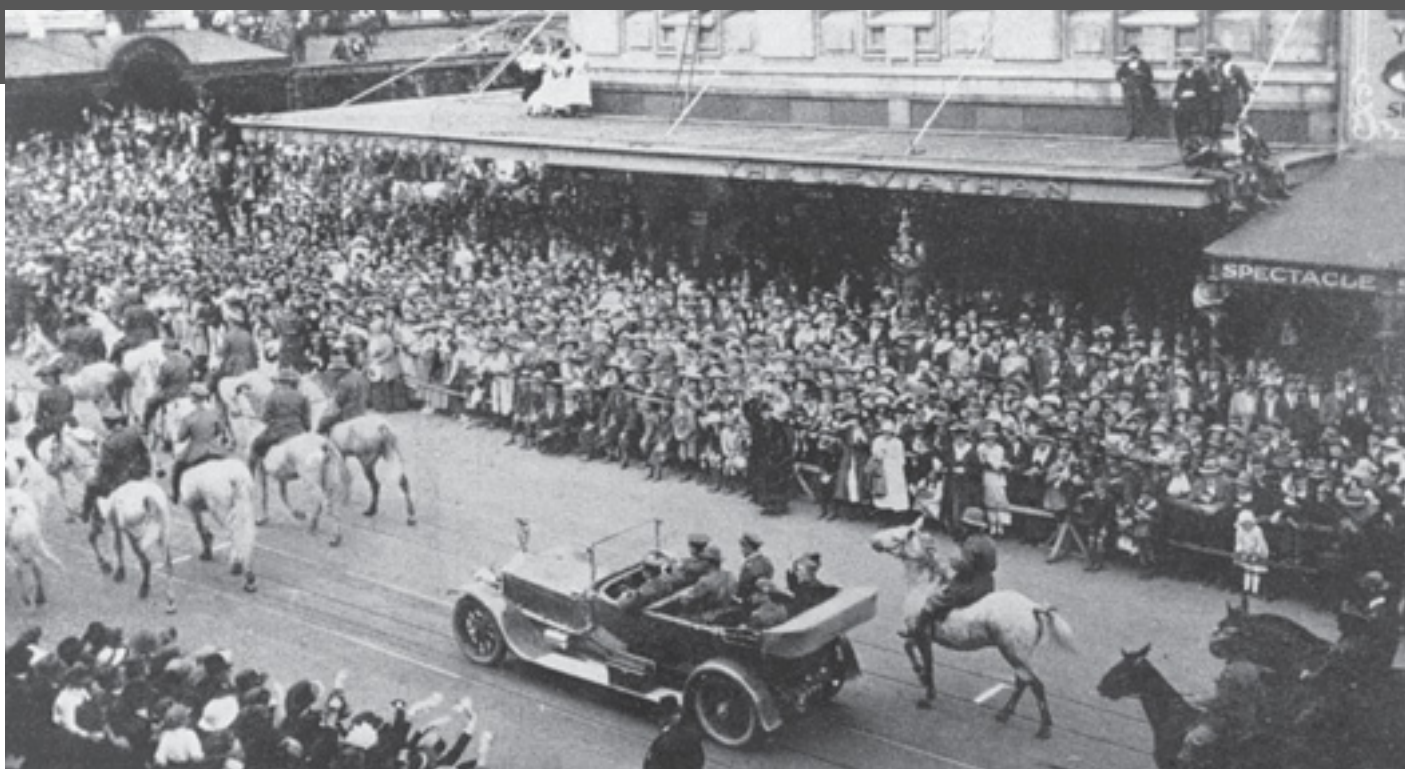
Limerick-born resident of the Donegal Gaeltacht, her poetry is awarded and widely published. With first place in the Magill Summer School literary competition, this poem was written after a visit to Glenveagh Castle. There in 1861, landlord, John George Adair, evicted 244 people in the Derryveagh evictions. In Melbourne distinguished Irishmen like Charles Gavan Duffy formed The Donegal Celtic Relief Committee. It paid the passages of the younger members of the evicted families who wished to emigrate to Australia. On 18 January 1862, 143 young men and women boarded The Lady Eglinton steamer and sailed to Melbourne via Plymouth.

St Patrick's Day 1920



These photos were taken at the St Patrick's Day Parade in March 1920. Archbishop Mannix and John Wren were seated in the midst of 12 WWI Victoria Cross winners who, on 12 greys led the archbishop's car in the parade. It is interesting to note that this occasion was not long after the bitter conscription debates and referenda in which Mannix and Wren were high profile opponents. However this show of solidarity overcame the Melbourne civic fathers' objections to the St Patrick's Day Festival by ensuring it became a celebration of the bravery and resilience of Australian soldiers.

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Kildea links Irish to Anzac myths

Anzacs and Ireland,
Jeff Kildea,
Sydney, University of NSW Press, 2007

With detailed research, Jeff Kildea's *Anzacs and Ireland* has drawn attention to neglected Irish and Irish Australian aspects of World War I. He has recovered from obscurity the names and graves of 25 soldiers of the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) who are buried in Ireland. He has recorded details about 74 AIF soldiers commemorated on memorials in Ireland and he gives a glimpse into the experiences of the thousands of Australians who visited Ireland on leave during the war.

He also points out that some 6600 Irish-born men and women enlisted in the AIF, of whom some 1000 died during the war. He re-tells the story of Irish men fighting in the British Army on the Gallipoli peninsula. Families with ancestors in any of the above groups will find much of value in this book.

An extraordinary feature of this book is the story of a handful of Australians who fought, some as snipers, for Britain in Dublin at Easter 1916 against the Irish patriots led by Patrick Pearse. While Kildea mentions the interesting cases of sympathy with Sinn Féin from John Clark and Chaplain Thomas O'Donnell, he explicitly excludes from this book details about those Anzacs who sympathised with or supported the Irish Republican Army during the war of independence.

In general, Kildea has presented his findings in a framework of support for the current establishment. Indeed, the retired Chief of the Australian Defence Force, General Peter Cosgrove, launched the book last September. Kildea tells his readers that he has decided not to revise further the uses of the Anzac tradition. For heaven's sake, that is exactly what is needed.

The ruling-class view of the Anzac tradition, expressed by former Prime Minister John Howard at Gallipoli in 2005, is that Australians were selfless and brave in serving the Empire and should be ready to do similar things today, this time in Iraq and Afghanistan for the joint Anglo-American empire.

Many Australian families who lost loved ones in World War I remember the loss and suffering, bravery and mateship, yet at the same time they remember the senselessness of fighting other people's

wars. Some carry a hatred of war in general.

Others remember the view expressed by Archbishop Daniel Mannix of Melbourne, and earlier by Vladimir Lenin of Russia, that World War I was a trade war. Kildea mentions in passing, without drawing out the implications, that controlling the oilfields in Persia (Iran) was one of the goals of the British war policy.

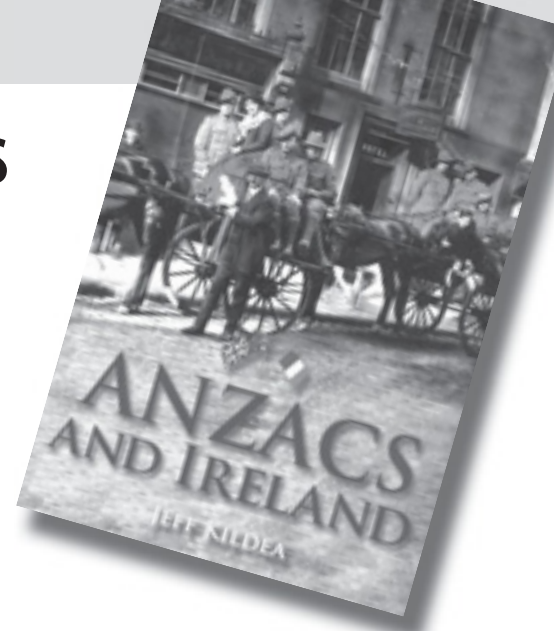
Around 1916, Australian critics of the war such as Mark Feinberg pointed to another factor. Quoting the Russian foreign minister, they suggested that one of the goals of the Gallipoli campaign was to hand control of Constantinople (Istanbul) and the Dardanelles to the autocratic Czar so that his forces would have access to warm-water ports in the Black Sea. In the last sentence of the book, Kildea remarks on the reasons for the deaths of Irish Anzacs. He says that they "died fighting for their new country", Australia. Many Anzacs acted for that reason but we owe it to them to ask tough questions such as, in whose interests did they die?

In Kildea's book the language of many of his comments is sanitised like an army PR handout. For instance, he speaks of the battle of Hamel on the Western Front in 1918 when Australians and Americans killed about twice as many Germans as they lost as "the finest military achievement of the war". Was not the Anzacs' killing ratio about the same on Gallipoli? And has he anything else to say of such factors?

For Kildea, Anzacs "serve", take part in "offensives", suffer and die but never seem to kill anyone much except some Irish rebels in Dublin. His first choice for describing the fighting at Gallipoli is "the landing". As his later remarks show, Kildea knows it was an invasion of sovereign territory. The Turks were fighting to defend their homeland. Better to call the fighting, "the invasion".

In this book Sinn Féin are "advanced nationalists" and "sectarianism" is an explanation for developments that are basically political. Kildea praises recent increased respect among nationalists in Ireland for those who fought in the British army. Indeed, he tells the Irish they should be doing more commemorations of World War I and that they should learn from Australia.

Well, Australians too have a bit of learning to do about commemorations of war. There is a Turkish monument at



Gallipoli which addresses the mothers of the Anzacs and other foreign soldiers: "Your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace. After having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons." Can we match that on our Anzac memorials? Can we put up a monument to the Aborigines who died defending their homeland? Can we have a national memorial to conscientious objectors to war?

Forty years ago, as a young Catholic chaplain to an old soldiers' home in Frankston, I was lucky to get to know a group of returned Anzacs. Like a lot of other Anzacs whom we knew in those days, they said, "We thought the war would be over by Christmas". These men had come home with anti-war views vastly different from the naïve enthusiasm they had gone with. Indeed they encouraged me to oppose the Vietnam War and conscription.

These were the blokes who found their bitter experiences echoed in the novel, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, written by a former German soldier, Erich Remarque. The stunning climax of Remarque's novel lies in the soldier confronting his responsibility for killing one of the enemy.

In the peace movement I learned a saying, "Hate the war but love the warrior". I am confident that Jeff Kildea agrees with that. He has lavished many months of work on the holy and wholesome task of remembering the dead, wounded, shell shocked and surviving soldiers of the British Army and the AIF during World War I.

His love of the warriors makes the book worth reading. However, in my opinion, the author's views as printed in *Anzacs and Ireland* are in danger of giving comfort to today's imperialists.

Val Noone

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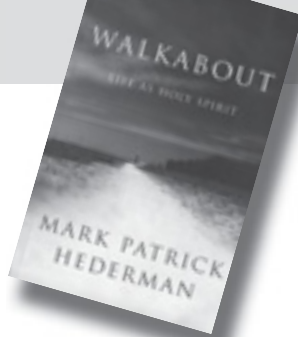
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Too much spirit?

Walkabout: Life as Holy Spirit

Mark Patrick Hedermann

Blackrock, The Columba Press, 2005



In June 1995, after a three year stint teaching at a seminary in Gwagwalada, Nigeria, Mark Hedermann, a Benedictine, was recalled to Glenstal Abbey. He wrote to his abbot that he believed he was ready for another task, the aim of which is “to try to make Christianity an energising, plausible even though ‘alternative’ lifestyle for the next century.” This book is largely a diary of his subsequent attempt to convert the Abbey into a centre ‘where art, culture, science and religion can meet’ (p.44). This requires a transformation of the Monastery physically and spiritually: “every rule, ritual, custom and practice must be examined and re examined to ensure that it is promoting freedom and joy of life rather than prejudice, intolerance, elitism, discrimination, competition, domination, alienation” (p.157).

Hederman writes (p.19) that there are two kinds of diary – one recording “the life you plan: the concrete you lay in the back (and front) garden of your everyday home”, the other “the eruptions in that concrete: intrusions from another world which seek to enter yours.” Though he asserts that his book is a diary of the second kind, in fact it is both. Sections II (The Book of the Icons 1976-2001) and III (Walkabout) are primarily concerned with the concrete details of the project (everything from physical planning to finance) of redeveloping the Abbey to realise Hedermann’s ‘vision’ for the place, including its internationalization. Sections IV (Mosaic of Time and Space) and V.

(Middle Alphabet) focus more on the philosophical, religious and cultural issues underpinning the project. I’m oversimplifying, since there is also discussion of broader issues in the earlier sections of the book.

The latter sections are the most challenging. The ‘Middle Alphabet’ comprises, as Big Bird might have put it, the letters H, I, J K and L. These stand for Seamus Heaney, Iris Murdoch, James Joyce, Brendan Kennelly (“Ireland’s most endearing and reckless poet”) and the artist, Louis Brocquy. Hederman reports correspondence with the four of these artists whose lives spanned the second half of the 20th century. Indeed, in Section II of the book Hederman acknowledges the extensive influence on him of

Heaney and Murdoch in particular. Each of these pieces – one hesitates to call them vignettes – stands alone. There is, it seems to me, food for thought in all of them, more perhaps for the general reader than the relevant specialist. “Mosaic of Time and Space” on the other hand is an extended, rather more cohesive discussion of the (primarily) religious thinking underpinning the Abbey’s redevelopment. The focus, perhaps unsurprisingly, is on Hederman’s personal interpretation of traditional Catholic teachings about, for example, the resurrection of Christ, the Trinity and the role of the Holy Spirit. Hederman sees the Holy Spirit as the source of all things creative – everything from the birth of Christ to his own book – “This is not my script. I have been secretary to another presence”. Simultaneously, however, in this section Hederman links his own ideas for renewal of Glenstal Abbey and Ireland more generally to similar calls by other iconic Irish writers such as James Joyce.

The earlier sections are much more prosaic. These are little more than an extended travelogue as Hederman visits twelve countries – everywhere from the Bahamas to Russia in pursuit of support for the Glenstal venture. (Hederman seems to have had an enormous travel budget, courtesy of the financial support for the venture from the American philanthropist, Chuck Feeney). A theme of these sections is the role of leading Irish people in America in helping Hederman achieve success. Perhaps instead of the Spirit these fortunate outcomes reflect the presence of the Irish diaspora in the US, and the increasing interconnectedness of cultures in a progressively integrating global village where six degrees of separation may be an overestimate.

This book both inspires and frustrates. The inspiration comes both from the ‘feel good’ success story and from the poetic language Hedermann uses to articulate his indebtedness to Heaney, Joyce and Murdoch. The book could have been shorter and clearer, though, had it been so, perhaps the reader would have lost his appreciation of the complexities of the ‘unusual form of consciousness’ the author believes he is seeking to present.

Robert Glass

Heat, flies & homesickness

Reminiscences,

Rosemary Gleeson (Editor/Collator)

Ellikon Fine Printers, Fitzroy

In the beautifully produced *Reminiscences*, Rosemary Gleeson has collected and collated the stories of the Presentation Sisters in Victoria, spanning almost all of the 20th Century. Stories of hardship, of achievements and failures, of comedy and tragedy come alive as the Sisters recall their experiences in both urban and rural communities across the state. Many early Sisters were Irish and struggled with the heat, flies, homesickness and the Australian accent! In fact, many of the young Australian Sisters struggled with the same problems!

Several common themes run through these stories. What impresses is the total dedication of the Sisters, Irish and Australian, young and old, to their mission – the education of Catholic children. There is overwhelming evidence of their commitment to and love of their faith, their loyalty and obedience to their Congregation and the Church, the strong and affectionate ties established between them and the local communities of which they were very much a part.

The book celebrates the lives of the Sisters and their contribution to Catholic society in Victoria. As such it is a welcome positive balance to the horror stories of abuse “by religious personnel” so beloved of our national media. *Reminiscences* is the story of the triumph of good, of grace under pressure and most importantly of all, of good humour. The achievements of the Sisters is reflected in the fascinating photos of happy children and nuns in impossible coifs and habits (no wonder they suffered in the heat!) That good humour is still alive and well in the Congregation is reflected in Sr Rose Derrick’s wonderfully whimsical sketches. The cover by Sr Patricia Daniels, is striking, symbolic of the Sisters journey from the green fields of Ireland to the sunburnt landscape of Australia – many, many paces beyond what their beloved founder Nano Nagle might have envisaged for their “pilgrim hearts”.

For me, the greatest pleasure of this book is reading the stories to my own elderly aunt, Sr Amelia Welsh PBVM. Our favourite story? – her own of course! I have listened to her stories many times but actually reading it from a book! – well, that’s something else again!

Elizabeth Mara

The underbelly of the Celtic Tiger

The Pride of Parnell Street,
Sebastian Barry
Dublin Theatre Company
Tivoli Theatre,
Dublin Theatre Festival 2007

This is a story of Dublin's underbelly – dark, gritty and often deeply moving, Sebastian Barry's new play is a superb warts-and-all love story of a hidden underclass that touches on a part of Dublin life often conveniently ignored by contemporary media in the new ostentatious, debt ridden commuter belts of modern Ireland.

Set at the dawn of the new millennium, the play tells the story of inner city Dubliners, Joe and Janet Brady, whose marriage collapsed a decade previously amid a violent domestic attack and the tragic death of their six year old son. Using interconnecting monologues, we are told of the individual events in their lives that have passed in the decade since they last saw each other.

The main characters, played by Mary Murray and Karl Shiels hide in the underbelly of Ireland's Celtic tiger. They

are Dublin's "piss poor," always have been, probably always will be. Joe is the kind of man that you'd probably cross the street to avoid, yet Sebastian Barry's major achievement is to portray him in a sympathetic light, despite a lifestyle of waking up at noon, robbing a few cars and spending his "earnings" – and the rest of the day – in the pub. Janet raises the young family, yet she can still manage to convey the love that she feels for the man whose shortcomings are all too apparent.

Throughout the course of the play we come to realize how Janet's life has been defined by violence. The death of their son, the murder of her father, the 1974 Dublin bombings, and most tellingly the night Joe beat her to a pulp when his drunken dreams of Ireland winning the soccer world cup in 1990 were shattered. It is this brutal incident of domestic violence that causes Janet to leave Joe and also sets Joe off on a downward spiral of events which sees him lose his family, liberty, dignity and health.

This powerful tale is part love story and part metaphor for the problems that have beset Ireland. The clever script man-

ages to emphasise the extent of change that has taken place by pointing to events a Dublin or Irish audience will easily recall. What becomes obvious is that they have essentially been left behind. Parnell Street, their home but now the heart of Dublin's burgeoning ethnic communities, is used as a locational hook for reflections on this recent cultural change and history, yet their lives seem relatively untouched by modern Ireland's new wealth. Barry's great achievement is to depict a section of Irish society which has been pushed ever more underground as Ireland moves rapidly forward.

The Pride of Parnell Street is an intense production awash with regret and despair yet laced with lucid humour. During the thoroughly deserved standing ovation I wondered what it must be like to look out at a commuter belt audience, most with tears in their eyes and some visibly shaken by the performance, knowing that that they have been similarly bludgeoned by health cuts, extortionate property prices and four hour commutes to work. Compelling, gripping theatre.

Mark Quinn

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The Irish Red Setter: Its history, character and training,
Raymond O'Dwyer,
Cork University Press

O'Dwyer has written a history of part of Irish society like no other I have read. He begins by urging the reader to

"Picture ... Ireland without coniferous plantations, without mechanical peat extraction or artificial drainage, and you will see a land of mountain and bog. The vast expanses of heather were the home of red grouse, snipe and woodcock." (p.7)

The introduction of rifles and shotguns to the Irish landscape is considered solely from the viewpoint of shooting birds, and a little later he approvingly quotes a Colonel Millner (1924) to the effect that:

"From the time of King William III to the unfortunate rising of 1798, rural Ireland was the fairest field in the civilised world for manly sport and the inhabitants, rich and poor, were as they are today – keen and the best of sportsmen." (p.10)

The two world wars and the liberation of Ireland "...caused great hardship.." (p.39) and may explain the poor record-keeping about champion setters between 1900 and 1950. In other words, have all the revolutions and Shannon electrification schemes that you like, just don't stand between us and the grouse!

If you can get beyond these views, the book itself is quite a love poem to a very handsome and charming animal, that has clearly been close to the Irish heart for several centuries. A brand of tobacco was named after the great champion 'Garryowen', who was also immortalised in *Ulysses*. Apparently, the red setter has retained its iconic status even in modern times by becoming the logo of Bus Éireann, the dog's well known powers of tireless galloping symbolising the bus line as a swift, reliable, national service.

For a breeder or lover of the breed, this book would give invaluable guidance on the bloodlines of the various great champions. The text is lavishly illustrated with drawings and photographs of champion animals demonstrating both their finer points and the characteristic postures of 'setting' when a bird is found.

There is the usual controversy between

whether dogs should be bred predominantly for show trials or for the work they are supposed to do, that is found in so many other breeds, notably Alsatians. The author obviously believes that dogs should work for a living and that they should be bred accordingly. Throughout the text, it's clear that O'Dwyer is an innately kindly soul who truly loves dogs and is only too happy to relate stories of dogs being saved from unhappy situations or untimely deaths and moved to a country life where they can breed and do the work that they were meant to do. He comments that up to the end of the 19th century:

".. the interchangeability of field-trial and show blood is notable. There was only one type and it was free from exaggeration, as Irish setters were still functional dogs. [...] Thus all seemed well for the breed.." (p.37).

All of this changed in the 20th century, with many setters being bred for show alone, becoming placid, and losing the characteristics that made them useful working dogs. O'Dwyer opposes this trend and writes approvingly of those breeders who can produce big, powerful setters equally at home in the field as in the trial ring. His disapproval for the "...new type of owner, urban based, that selected Irish setters as a fashion accessory in the 1930s.." jumps off the page!

His love of the breed is very clear in chapter 6 when he writes about the modern standards for the dog. He is openly emotional about the effect that a stylish dog in the hunting field can have on him and emphasises the need for grace and harmony in action. In specifying the need for intelligence, he stresses the ability of human and animal to communicate – provided the animal has been bred with the necessary intelligence. The temperament of Irish setters apparently makes them difficult to train unless you understand and accept them. Many Australian dog owners would sympathise with the need for a working dog to be "...fiery, full of energy and high spirited.." (p.163) – qualities which are not important in the show ring and which O'Dwyer hates the thought of being bred out of modern Irish setters.

His discussion of training these dogs illuminates his understanding of, and

affection for, them. He is clearly in the line of Irish trainers who believe in working with the animal, not against it – a strategy which shows up well in the Melbourne Cup arena with a different species. Like many Celts, apparently, these dogs work best for those with whom they have a bond, so that individual affectionate attention for each puppy is the key to training them. He advocates beginning gently in the first few weeks of life:

"Ignore your pup at your peril in this early stage. If it goes without the caress of a human hand, your setter will grow up without the ability to communicate with you and will require far greater effort to train.." (p.174).

O'Dwyer argues against physical punishment, on the grounds that human disapproval is quite enough to train these dogs. He gives a detailed description of how to train a young dog to locate and 'point' for birds, all the while advocating patience, persistence and a laid back attitude on the part of the trainer.

If I have a criticism of this book it would be for the very poor standard of proof-reading – many pages are marred by typographical errors – and of editing – at least one quote appears twice. All in all, a gentle ode to a distinctive part of the Irish countryside and an exemplar of some distinctively Irish views on appropriate training methods.

Felicity Allen

If you would like to know more about these wonderful dogs, contact Michael Doyle PO Box 173 Dromana Vic 3936. Ph: 03 5981 0201; MOB: 0419 988260; or email Michael at: doyle@doyle.com.au (no attachments please)



Dublin women

Dubliners: What's the Story?
Audrey Healy
Currach Press, Blackrock,
Co. Dublin, 2002

Audrey Healy's *Dubliners: What's the Story?* is an interesting collection of interviews and pen pictures of more than fifty of the city's most famous sons and daughters. The book is pleasantly entertaining, the people interviewed interesting in their ways. It lists famous historical figures with whom a lot of people would be familiar, for example, James Joyce, Charles Stewart Parnell, George Bernard Shaw. It refers to current identities several of whom live in Dublin, the most notable being The Taoiseach, Bertie Ahern, Senator David Norris and novelist Maeve Binchy.

Dubliners is described as 'a personal invitation to the reader to engage in friendly conversation with some of Dublin's most distinguished citizens. At the same time the reader is asked what constitutes a real Dubliner? Is it

the young girl soaking up the summer sun in St Stephen's Green? Is it the talkative taxi driver putting the world to rights? The high profile politician in his government office? The 'oul fella holding up the bar in Dicey Reilly's? The frazzled housewife struggling to raise a family in a high-rise block of flats? One interviewee, Anthony Clare, a Dublin psychiatrist, describes the average Dubliner as being wary, captivating and humorous, people who don't put their faith in money or buildings, don't take themselves too seriously, and don't get corrupted by "all this gold and the Celtic Tiger".

It was a little difficult to get a sense of that description from *Dubliners*. Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that most of those mentioned in the book were male (48 males and 10 females listed). I could not find "the young girl sunning herself in St Stephen's Green" or the "frazzled housewife" among the pages. Are there no female Dubliners of note worth noting? What about Maureen

Potter, Brenda Fricker, Ria Mooney, actors? What about Deirdre Purcell, novelist, Maire Mhac an tSaoi, Poet and Author, Sybil Connolly, Couturiere and Designer, Maria Cranwill, enamellist and metal worker, Grace Gifford, cartoonist and active republican? Every one of these women were Dublin-born and made an impact of Irish life down through the years. The Moore Street traders, traditionally women, are as Dublin as you could find; however, their contribution to the City is apparently not worthy of a mention. Pity.

The book is not intended to be an in-depth analysis of Dublin life. Rather, the author has attempted to capture a little of that rare and extraordinary sense of belonging which endears Dublin to its people and tries to identify the unique ingredients which make up its inhabitants. It didn't quite make it.

Deirdre Gillespie, Dubliner



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Familial insight into great events

A Memoir, Terry de Valera
Currach Press

Children of Nelson Mandela still carry anger at their father's greater priority for nation over family. Terry De Valera, Eamon De Valera's youngest child, though his father was often absent, on the run, in gaol, or campaigning at home or overseas, expresses only admiration for his father and mother in this intimate memoir.

Terry, baptised as Toirdhealbhach, (abbreviated to Toirleach) was born in 1922, the youngest of seven children. He finished writing this memoir in 2004 having seen his parents, despite their long lives, and his siblings all die.

His viewpoint of the first 80 or so years of the Irish state is invaluable. He provides very specific details through the eyes and voice, particularly of his mother, and father, on the Rising in 1916. It is fascinating to hear the story of Mrs De Valera's fears and hopes during her husband's imprisonments, expected executions, escapes, reprieves and the frequent raids by either the British or the Free Staters. There is graphic detail, narrated in the first person, by Sinead De Valera of the Treaty negotiations and the civil war which split such close friendships and loyalties. There is extensive material which Terry has collected from his mother and this could be considered the most valuable part of a very satisfying book.

The family, given their father's prominence, were essentially Irish aristocracy with all the children having prominent careers, in Irish society, living in comfortable homes with maids, and having the leisure for the arts and other interests. Terry appears to have been the family geneologist ferreting out the details of the families Spanish and American connections.

Terry, rejecting political opportunities, spent most of his working life in the law, but the arts, music and sculpture were his main loves; though motor cars, planes and guns were a balancing interest.

The narrative is at its most intense when he relates events such as his father's description of his command of the insurrection post in Boland's Mill and his family's preparations for the expected English invasion of Ireland in 1940. Terry had an unofficial role as the wireless operator from the prime minister's home, liaison with special branch, and the

courier with mysterious packages.

The intimacy of relationships and politics in Ireland is illustrated by an incident involving Michael Collins' brother. Johnny Collins had come to live in Boosterstown with his family and became a member of the same church as the De Valeras. One Sunday morning Johnny Collins saw the De Valeras walking to church, crossed the road, shook hands with them and the two families walked on to the service together.

Toirleach's relationships with his mother and father were happy and loyal, as far as we can judge, ditto with his siblings. If anyone was a black sheep, or if there were factions in the family, we are not told.

He ran his own solicitor's practice in Dublin for many years, especially in conveyancing, and finished his legal career with a long stint as the Taxing Master, retiring at seventy, in 1992.

He defends his father's political judgements, strategies, opposition to the Treaty, and the social conservatism of this father's governments as totally predictable given the tenor of the Irish people, and Catholic church at the time. He is at pains to defend his father and the great heroes of the past from the cynicism of revisionist historians.

He gives excellent detail, I have found nowhere else, on the ancestors of his father and mother, how we end up the ethnic name De Valera and he is intent on asserting that his father was not, despite some claims, illegitimate.

There is no muckraking, no settling of scores, there is a dignified good word for everyone. He seems to be innately conservative. Most recent modernising trends in Ireland have been a discomfort to him, people in the past behaved with much greater integrity, he believed.

He became an expert in the music of Chopin and John Field, and travelled to Poland giving lectures on their achievements.

He himself composed, he sculptured and painted and gardened. These were his great loves and he achieved some success, he was fair to average.

Despite his modesty and discretion, his story illuminates the man, the politician, De Valera, his wife Sinead, (Jane); and the intimate circumstances of Irish politics and society over this long period. A most useful book which gives familial insights into great events.

Terry Monagle

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My generation

The Generation Game,
David McWilliams
Gill & Macmillan Ltd 2007

David McWilliams has an enviable talent in conjuring up striking nomenclatures. To get their head around his take on a consumerism-gone-mad-society – his latest assessment of the economic state of “The Celtic Tiger” – readers must first absorb a plethora of tags – Bono Boomers, the Jagger and the Juggler generations, the Botox Economy and permalescents. Not for him mundane categorizations such as “baby boomers”, “x-geners”, “y-geners”. But once the tag system is mastered, the most difficult part of reading this book is over – except perhaps for Chapter 10, which requires more concentration than other chapters.

McWilliams deftly uses pop-psychology case studies and clever caricaturing of contemporary fashions to drive home his economic/social commentary on what he sees as the sad and declining state of Irish society. His ability to convey both the historical and contemporary ambience of his chosen locations is impressive. Chapter 1 is devoted to the frenetic activity in any one day at Dublin Airport. A staggering 21 million passengers per year are handled by the airport – in a country with an overall population of 4 million!

But it is the ethnicity of the arrivals that interests McWilliams. For the first time in its history, Ireland is attracting immigrants in large numbers, legal and otherwise, who perceive it to be a better place to live than their homeland – usually in Eastern Europe or Western Africa. McWilliams pulls no punches in making us aware of the effect these newcomers have on Irish society in general and economic activity in particular. And it's not good news.

In fact, his somewhat strident thesis is that the Irish are living in a fool's paradise, almost everyone is ratchetting up overwhelming debts and living beyond their means. This scary state of affairs is the result of a perception of the availability of cheap labour (the new immigrants), irresponsible borrowing, and out-of-control, extravagant, unnecessary construction of housing which those who need it most cannot afford, thus leading to an economically unviable vacancy rate.

A rather grim scenario. But McWilliams is no doomsday peddler. The second half of his book looks for solutions by trawling the history of the Irish experience



David McWilliams

abroad in the 19th & 20th centuries. This was not always edifying – like the Black Irish in Chapter 13 – or even optimistic. In Chapter 14, he traces the rise and fall of Uruguay as an economic miracle in the 19th and early 20th centuries. The parallels with late 20th and early 21st century Ireland are obvious. McWilliams does not hesitate to drive his point home. Unless the Irish heed such historical precedents, the present era of economic prosperity will soon be but a memory.

McWilliams argues at length and I must confess, persuasively, for the Irish Government to withdraw from the EMU (European Monetary Union). His claim that by limiting economic strategies available to the government, such as devaluing the currency, membership of the EMU will lock Ireland into a long and costly recession. Of course, such a move is easier said than done, particularly when it comes from a populist economist.

Creating an advantage from an historical disadvantage can also help in an economic downturn. Small, it seems, is flexible. Flexibility and resilience have long been virtues of Irishness. McWilliams sees no reason why this should change.

Last but not least, McWilliams places a great deal of hope on the role of the Irish Diaspora in the revitalization and continuing prosperity of Ireland. Enticing back to the Emerald Isle the well educated, prosperous descendants of those, who in a harsher age left her shores, would encourage like-minded success, prosperity and a spirit of achievement. Whether members of the Diaspora feel the same way does not seem to have been factored into his argument!

This is in many ways a compelling book. In spite of a scholarly bibliography and a comprehensive (and very useful appendix), the style is sometimes irritatingly populist. So I was not surprised to learn, quite by accident, that *The Generation Game* had, like its successor, *The Pope's Children* started out as a successful RTE series.

Elizabeth McKenzie



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Shane Pullen & Band 7.30pm - 9pm

The Colonials 9.30pm - 00.30am

Brian Boru Function Room

Seamus Ryan 12 noon - 2pm

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Tara 6pm - 9pm

Sporting Paddy 9.30pm - 00.30am

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March

Friday 7th: Sporting Paddy

Friday 14th: The Colonials

Saturday 15th: Pat McKernan (Playing before
Ireland v England Six Nations Rugby Match)

Monday 17th: St Patrick's Day - as listed above

Friday 21st: Closed (Good Friday)

Friday 28th: Pat McKernan

April

Friday 4th: Pat McKernan

Friday 11th: The Colonials

Friday 18th: Cyril Moran

Friday 25th: Sporting Paddy

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