

# *Funteán*

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 4, June 2008

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## **Dispelling the Myths**

Patricia O'Connor

## **Farewelling Greg Denning**

Peter Steele S.J.

# CHARLIE LANDSBOROUGH



## Latest Album

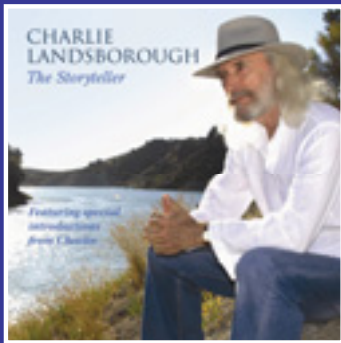
### Under Blue Skies (CDR1081)

Charlie has just completed a successful Australian Tour.

**Under Blue Skies** is one of his most accomplished works to date, featuring a variety of tracks which will please fans both old and new, one of the obvious highlights being the UK radio single 'Long Way Down'.

Charlie is a gifted singer songwriter who first rose to fame with the hit song 'What Colour Is The Wind'.

**Under Blue Skies** includes a **BONUS** live 10 track CD entitled 'Live Highlights'.



CDR1074



CDR0695



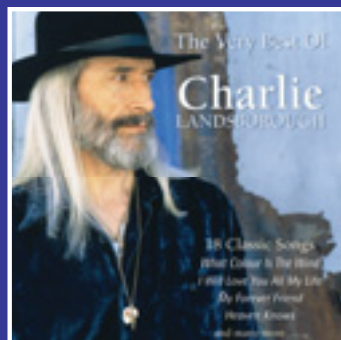
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CDR0701



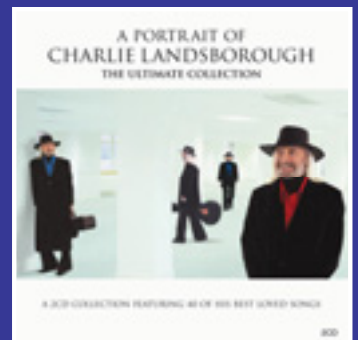
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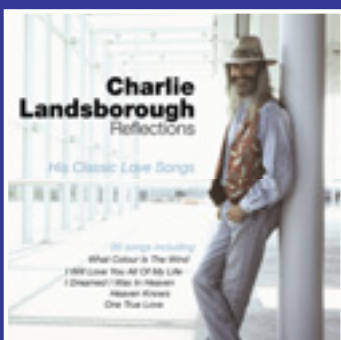
CDR0692



CDR0699



CDR0687



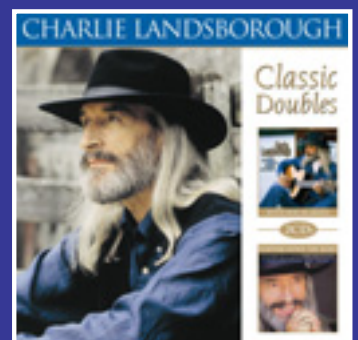
CDR0698



CDR0689



CDR0693



CDR0694

For the latest news and tour dates visit: [www.mra-news.com](http://www.mra-news.com)  
 For enquiries or to join our mailing list please email: [info@destramusic.com](mailto:info@destramusic.com)  
 Or Phone: 1300 663 845



## Tinteán No 4, June 2008

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The cover painting by Kathleen J. Boyle shows a flag inscribed with Celtic motifs, torn apart as a kind of desecration. It is placed over the sea to signify the sea voyage of the artist's grandfather who was placed in a ship to Australia after his parents died of starvation during the famine.

## 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 we are only there parttime so 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 put on social and educational events; disseminate news and information via the internet to disseminate news and information; offer recognition for service to literary and historical endeavours; issue cultural and political comment, and research and record our heritage.

# Letters

## Revive the parade

Thanks for a new interesting and enlightening magazine. Long may it flourish.

The article on page 3 "Beyond Monocultures" was timely and relevant.

One of the great traditions, the St Patrick's Day parade is no longer with us in Melbourne, once the second biggest St Pat's Day parade in the world. A parade that survived two world wars, depressions and Billy Hughes' opposition with his referendum.

The loss of the parade, colourful as it was, leaves our children and grandchildren deprived of a great spectacle and a chance to meet people from home and abroad each year.

Our thanks and gratitude go out to past generations who kept the parade afloat through rough and smooth.

We now look to the younger generation to revive the parade so that we can say again "It's a great day for the Irish"

Good luck to *Tinteán*.

**Paddy Furey, Strathmore, VIC**

## Can you help?

I have been searching for the score or some information about a song used by Joyce in his *Dubliner* story, *The Dead*. As they are all leaving the aunts' party, Gretta is seen listening wistfully to Mr. D'Arcy singing from a closed room:

*O, the sun falls on my heavy locks  
And the dew wets my skin,  
My babe lies cold...*

Mr. D'Arcy named it as *The Lass of Aghrim*. Can anyone help identify it?

**Peter Kiernan, Malvern, VIC**

*Editor's note – Prof. Frances Devlin-Glass has solved Peter's problem and writes:*

'The Lass of Aghrim' occupies a pivotal moment in Joyce's most ambitious and accomplished story in *Dubliners*. Gabriel's wife Gretta's response to a sung version of the song occasions a crisis of confidence in the doting husband's image of himself as a lover and husband, as it is associated in her memory with her thwarted first love, one that ended tragically in death.

The song 'in the old Irish tonality' is probably a version of Lord Gregory, and similar but not identical to it. It was a song Joyce loved to sing and he had learned it from his wife, Nora, and she had learned it from her mother.

Donal O'Sullivan's *Songs of the Irish* contains a similar ballad, 'An Cuimhin Leat an Oiche Ud?' ('You Remember that Night, Love?').

Ruth Bauerle in the *James Joyce Songbook* provides what she thinks is the 'most nearly authentic printed version of it'. Dr. Hamish Henderson from the School of Scottish Studies believes it was originally collected by Percy Child from a Cork informant, and that it has seen a gradual shift in title, in the time-honoured manner of the oral tradition, 'The Lass of Roch Royal', to 'The Lass of Loch Royan' to 'Annie O'Loughran', to 'The Lass of Aghrim'. Quite a genealogy!

It is memorably sung by Frank Patterson, playing the role of Bartell D'Arcy, in John Huston's *The Dead*, perhaps the most admired Joyce-based film ever.

**Frances Devlin-Glass**

## Thanks

Thanks so much for the copies of *Tinteán*. They have been beautifully produced and are an absolute credit to everyone involved. I enclose a donation for what is objectively a great idea, as a gesture of support. With my best wishes for the success of *Tinteán*,

**Anne McPhee, Abbotsford, VIC**

I appreciated the contribution "Spirit and Courage" by Max Charlesworth.

**R. Corcoran, Edithvale, VIC**

Peace and best wishes with the publication and your aspirations.

**Joan Saboisky, San Isadore, N.S.W.**

We are subscribing as we like the magazine. The picture of the three sisters in your No. 3 is a gem and Ed. Campion is always worth reading. Fond regards to Felicity Allen of your team.

**Michael and Margaret Costigan,  
Lavender Bay, N.S.W.**

*Tinteán* is a really classy magazine and I say that with the utmost ardent admiration and congratulations on the immense labour involved over so many years now. I raise my hat in particular (tipping my cap) to my great old friends Val and Mary. My thanks for what you are doing,

**Dan O'Donovan, Beagle Bay, W.A.**

A really good edition: Interesting, erudite, wide-ranging! I especially liked the article on the Mercy order and the overview of the Irish influence in ecclesiastical appointments (Cullen). By the way, what does the front cover depict? Crackling on the pork, for the breaking of bread, or nun's tea cake?

**Áine O'Rafferty, Balwyn, VIC**

I read the latest copy of *Tinteán* with interest. Val Noone's review and the photos of St Patrick's Day 1920 were most interesting. I found it great to see the faces and stance of the 12 WW1 Victoria Cross winners – it is all part of Australian Catholic tradition.

I also found the article by Edmund Campion on Cardinal Moran full of interesting Australian history. All very good work. Congratulations!

**Máire Connell, Geelong, VIC**

*(The following corrections were drawn to our attention by Sr. Noela Fox in her article "Singing A New Song" in Issue 3.)* Saint Kilda was the first Presentation foundation on mainland Australia and was founded in 1873 (not 1883 as stated in the article) from Limerick.

Gardenvale/Elsternwick, Star of the Sea, was founded from Wagga Wagga in 1883. A foundation was made in Perth in 1905. Many thanks. I am looking forward to your next edition.

**Sr. Noela Fox PBVM**

## Thanks for the support

Well done, yet again, to the producers of this wonderful magazine which fills an essential void in our Irish culture and the acknowledgement of our ancestry. I would imagine that there is a lot of unpaid effort put into this production by our editorial committee but I am sure that this publication could not continue without the support of those who place advertisements in it. My guess is that they do so out of loyalty to the cause rather than any commercial decision.

Suspecting this, I carefully scan each issue to see how I might return the favour to our advertisers by using their services where appropriate. I trust that other readers like me make a conscious effort to support the advertisers who are featured in this magazine.

**Robert O Byrne, Shoreham, VIC**

# A new view of Celts in the British Isles

The new science of DNA testing has revolutionised many areas, including history. By sampling the genetic history of populations, researchers can now speculate on past migrations patterns. This has led to new views of the historical demography of the British Isles, including its Celtic element.

The accepted view until now has been that a Celtic invasion of the British Isles took place about 300BC, spreading Celtic language and culture over most of the isles. After the Roman *imperium* collapsed in Britain, the Romano-Celt population was taken over from the fifth century AD onwards by invading hordes of Angles, Saxons and Jutes, who entirely subjugated the existing population and its culture, and established a new entity, Anglo-Saxon Britain, which continued until subsequent Viking and Norman incursions.

Genetic and other evidence suggests a different picture. From very early times the British Isles seems to have had two separate populations. The western and northern regions we know today as Ireland, Wales and Scotland were populated by people moving north, mainly by sea, from the Iberian peninsula. In contrast the area we know as England was populated by people from continental Europe opposite it, from Saxony, Friesland, other Germanic areas, and from Scandinavia. These people must have spoken an early Germanic language.

There is no evidence of a massive Celtic invasion of Britain about 300BC. Some Celtic speaking people must have come, perhaps at a much earlier time, to implant Celtic language and customs. We know that Galicia in Spain had a Celtic population, but the 'Celts' of the British Isles are not genetically related to those of the Celtic heartland of central Europe. Language and race do not always go together, as we have previously thought. Those who spoke the Celtic language in the British Isles may not have been a 'Celtic' people. What language was spoken in England, as distinct from other parts of the British Isles? The evidence is mixed and confusing. There is no substratum of Celtic words in the English language, which suggests that it was not widespread in England. On the other hand England has many Celtic-derived place names.

When the Angles, Saxons and Jutes came to England in the fifth century, genetic evidence suggests they were not as numerically dominant as previously believed. Scribes of the conquered people, like Gildas, naturally depicted the new people as an invading force who decimated the original population and totally destroyed the old way of life, but this may not have been the case. Though they ruled, their numbers were smallish, and mainly male, and they married into and assimilated with the locals. The existing population may have been speaking an early Germanic language, and thus had something in common with the newcomers, though if this were the case one would have expected Roman writers commenting on Britain from Caesar's time onwards to have mentioned this original German-speaking people in Britain. In summary, the genetic findings suggest that the 'Celtic' and Anglo-Saxon intrusions into England were not obliterated

ing invasions, but much more like the Roman, Viking and Norman conquests.

These new historical findings are speculative, and should be considered provisional for the time being. Nonetheless, what conclusions can we draw from them? While there may be no hard evidence of a genetic 'Celtic' race in the British Isles, we can still celebrate in a sensible way the distinguished contribution Celtic culture has played in Europe over the past two millennia, which had become a significant fact in itself, whatever its base. We don't have to go to the opposite extreme – genetics isn't everything.

All races are mixed – they are not ethnically pure, but consist of leaders who impose their 'race' and customs on those they take over. Written accounts often use an all encompassing label which hides the ethnic diversity underneath. The novelist Anthony Burgess shocked us into this realisation when he described English as a creole language. We should also realise that in the longer perspective it is false to divide races and nations into imperial and colonised cultures. All have had their ups and downs, periods of domination and well as ones of being suppressed. Seeking revenge for alleged victim status has caused bloodshed as well as imperial domination.

On a personal level, we should move beyond the conflict model of nationalism, which sees us as having a monochrome identity, one primary marker to distinguish us from others – British versus Irish, Croat versus Serb, and so on. It is much more rewarding to view our identity on the archaeological model of stratigraphy. We all have varied and diverse backgrounds, many layers and deposits built up over past generations. Freud described memory as 'a mental entity in which nothing once created has perished, and all the earlier stages of development have survived alongside the latest'. It is our task to try and retrieve these variegated remnants and to reconcile them into an intelligible whole, not to set them that at odds with each other, as ethnic nationalism, which defines us by our difference from others, does. Thus we each summon from the depths of consciousness our own personal myth.

On a broader level, each country has a public consciousness called nationalism, which is an amalgam of all that has gone before it, and which, with new accretions, is always subtly changing and developing. As citizens we naturally give allegiance to the topmost and visible layer, in our case the Australian one, while all the time being aware that we are assimilating diverse elements into it. Just as we should not overly privilege the visible majority layer, nor should we privilege any one minority layer at the expense of the whole.

**Patrick Morgan**

*An informative summary of the findings of new DNA research can be found in Stephen Oppenheimer's book *The Origins of the British: A Genetic Detective Story*, Constable, 2006.*

# News



## Greg Dening 1931 - 2008

Emeritus Professor Greg Dening, known to many *Tinteán* readers, died in Hobart on 13 March after suffering a stroke while walking in west-central Tasmania near Lake St. Clair. Originally a Jesuit priest, he was one of the leaders of the innovative anthropological approach to historiography, which emerged in the 1970s. This approach informed his first book *Islands and Beaches, Discourses on a Silent Land* (1980), based on his doctoral dissertation, continued most famously in *Mr Bligh's Bad Language* (1992), and was manifest in his last published work (2006), *Church Alive*, a history of St. Mary's Catholic Parish, North Sydney. At the time of his death, Greg was working with a group of well-known Melburnians on a study of the university apostolate at the University of Melbourne and at Newman College, where Fr. Gerry Golden, SJ was chaplain in the 1950s. Many readers of *Tinteán* will recall Greg's contribution to the seminar component of last year's 'Bloomsday' in Melbourne, when he reflected on his time as a Jesuit student and teacher.

## Memorial to John O'Donohue

A fitting memorial to John O'Donohue prepared by Maraid Sullivan and Catriona Devlin CSB took place at the

Kildara Centre Malvern on 16th May 2008. A beautiful video prepared from a more lengthy film by Maraid Sullivan was shown followed by readings from some of John O'Donohue's poems. Then various tributes took place, especially from Rose Joyce CSB who recently made a retreat in Co. Clare under his direction. All who took part felt it was a fitting tribute to someone of such great spiritual stature.

*C. Arthur*

## Save Tara!

Why is the Irish Government placing a double-tolled freeway through the valley between the Hill of Tara and Hill of Skryne, in County Meath, when there is a shorter and cheaper route to the west, along the old Navan rail line? This ancient archaeological landscape is more than 7000 years old, –the pulse of the heart of Irish civilization, the seat of the High Kings of Ireland and the place where St. Patrick is said to have converted the Irish to Christianity.

Irish Nobel laureate Seamus Heaney recently described the routing of the M3 through the Hill of Tara environs as a "ruthless desecration".

The Irish government has flatly refused to take the shorter cheaper route to the west allegedly because influential speculators and developers paid farm prices for the land along the route of the M3, long before the route was chosen.

What is happening to the region surrounding the Hill of Tara has arguably worse implications for Irish heritage than anything else in Ireland's long history of fighting oppression, which threatened the survival of Irish culture in the past.

All Irish people, including members of the Irish diaspora! need to participate in the effort to save Tara by becoming informed, informing others and writing letters to the Irish government. Learn about the Hill of Tara, at our website which also carries addresses for those who wish to write to the Irish government: [www.GlobalArtsCollective.org](http://www.GlobalArtsCollective.org)

*Mairéid Sullivan, Melbourne*

*For the Anam Cara for Tara Arts Action Campaign*

## Flight of the Earls

The three masted barque Jeanie Johnston has successfully followed the route

of the voyage of the O'Donnells and the O'Neills known as the Flight of the Earls. Setting out from Rathmullan, Co. Donegal in 1607 the noble families and over 90 of their followers left Ireland for France. Although their power had been greatly reduced after losing the Battle of Kinsale, their reasons for flight remain unclear, though their every move was dogged by spies for Dublin Castle. Even today, travelling under sail down the west coast of Ireland round Land's End and across the Channel is no light undertaking. Adverse winds held back the modern crew until the fresh water supply ran low and the bread was rationed. The original Earls were greatly assisted by a relic of the true cross which the dangled over the stern in the water to moderate the storms, although they were ultimately forced to lower sail and let the ship drift. The modern crew greatly enjoyed the change in fortunes once they rounded Land's End and got the benefit of the easterly winds which had delayed them until then. Just as in 1607, there were women aboard, but in 2007 they formed part of the crew – bos'un and watch captain. When last heard from, there were only 220 miles to go to the mouth of the Seine.

*From Seán MacConnell, Irish Times, 22.12.07*

## von Butler

A quite recent example of a descendent of the 'Wild Geese' was the German Army general who was the commander of all NATO troops in Afghanistan about 3 years ago – his name was 'von Butler'!!! A County Waterford family that left Ireland to serve as army officers in the Catholic Austro-Hungarian Empire, and gravitated to the army of the Catholic King of Bavaria – to the Kaiser's army in WW1 – to Hitler's army in WW2 – and finally to the German army in today's NATO forces.

*Source: Michael Doyle*

## Taoiseach resigns

The Taoiseach Mr Bertie Ahern resigned as leader of the Irish Government on Tuesday 6 May after leading his coalition government to victory three times in the polls since 1997. During his term as Taoiseach, Mr Ahern's presided over the "Celtic Tiger" economic boom which

transformed Ireland from a largely agricultural country to an economically prosperous nation attracting immigrants from all over the world and reversing the century long trend of emigration. However his most lasting legacy may well be the part he played in the 1997 Good Friday Peace agreement, brokered by Mr Ahern, Mr Tony Blair and the Rev. Ian Paisley which eventually brought an end to decades of violence in Northern Ireland and laid the groundwork for a power-sharing administration in the North. Another lasting result could well be the his role in transforming relations between the Irish and British governments.

Mr Ahern was a popular as well as populist Taoiseach. However the last few years of his tenure has seen him come under increasing pressure because of allegations, now the subject of a tribunal investigation, of planning corruption and payments to fellow politicians, charges which he denies.

In a twist of fate, his resignation comes less than a year after the resignation of the British Prime Minister, his partner in brokering the Northern Ireland Peace Agreement and coincides with the resignation of the Rev. Ian Paisley, the other party to the agreement. His successor as leader of the Fianna Fáil Party and Taoiseach is his Finance Minister Mr Brian Cowen, a fluent Irish speaker, who has pledged to “strive to build a country strong and free, with decent living standards for all, where our elderly are secure and respected and where our young people can look to their future in Ireland with confidence.”

*Source: The Australian 03/04/08*

### **Ireland offers to take 600 sacked Timorese soldiers**

The Irish Foreign Minister, Mr Dermot Ahern, on a recent visit to East Timor offered to temporarily resettle the 600 soldiers who were sacked from the East Timorese army in 2006 because of desertion and who have triggered the unrest leading to the attempted assassination of the President, Mr Horta. He suggested that the ex-soldiers could work and/or study in Ireland for two or three years learning vital skills they could apply for the benefit of their country when they returned. Ireland has close ties with East Timor which is a beneficiary of Irish for-

eign aid. In 1999, Irish troops served as part of the UN Peacekeeping Force in the wake of the vote for independence from Indonesia.

*Source: The Australian*

### **Alternative Anzac Day Commemoration**

An innovative Alternative Anzac Day Commemoration was held at the Melbourne Unitarian Peace Memorial Church on 25.04.2008. The theme was simple, to emphasise the urgency of peace as opposed to war. Several speakers, led by Val Noone, addressed the gathering of over one hundred people on topics ranging from the care of returned Anzacs to the well-being of the relations of deceased and injured soldiers from both world wars and other war theatres. The frightening material costs of war, current civilian deaths in Iraq and Afghanistan and the hideous injuries ensuing from nuclear bomb testing and the risk of neglecting the dire yearning for peace as against the military context of Anzac Day were also raised. An excellent and most moving audio-visual program with music was designed by Michael Noone. The fight for an alternative to war was promoted as extremely important for our planet. It is intended to establish this commemoration as a yearly event. At its completion, the Amir Bakery of Brunswick supplied delicious Iraqi food and the participants lingered and chatted in the attractive courtyard.

*Peter Kiernan*

### **Reddans of Bulla**

On Sunday 24th February The descendants of John and Ellen Reddan gathered at Bulla Cemetary to celebrate the dedication of John and Ellen's Headstone and enjoy a Reddan Family Reunion. Special guests Brendan and Geraldine Reddan from Co. Clare and Anne (nee Reddan) and Pat Neligan from Co. Kerry joined the family in their celebrations.

John Reddan, born in Co. Clare in 1835, arrived in Australia as an unassisted migrant on the “Arabia” in 1860. His sister Johanna had arrived as an assisted migrant in 1854 on the “Matoaka”. Another brother, Michael and sister Mary, joined Johanna and John in the colony in the next few years, while two brothers and a sister remained in Ire-

land. On the 11th January John married Ellen Geary, also from Co.Clare at St. Francis Church in Melbourne. They had six children. John worked as a farmer and in time acquired several blocks of land in the Bulla – Digger's Rest area. Just before he died in 1909, John and his brother James and nephew Willy in Ireland reestablished contact, connecting the Irish and Australian branches of the family. Ellen lived until 1927, when she died aged 82.

A great time was had by all at the Reunion Lunch at the Jack McKenzie Community Centre in Green St Bulla.

*Source: Luke Reddan Jan/Feb 2008*

### **Republicanism and the 20/20 Summit**

The recent 20/20 Summit in Canberra and the appointment of Quentin Bryce as the first female Governor General but maybe the last one to hold the office has sparked a renewed interest in the idea of Australia becoming a Republic. Mr Rudd could do worse than to enlist the services of Irish-born Australian, Dr Philip Pettit, a renowned philosopher and author of a book “Republicanism”, which caught the attention of Jose Luis Rodriguez Zapatero, the Prime Minister of Spain. Dr. Pettit delivered a lecture on his philosophy in Madrid in 2004 before the new Prime Minister of Spain soon after the terrorist bombing there brought Zapatero to government. He is also part of a 14-member international committee Zapatero has appointed to oversee his strategy for re-election.

Pettit spends some part of every year in Australia and has a very high regard for Australian democracy “one of the most admirable in the world”. He believes that Australians to “see that it's a great country with a fantastic intellectual tradition and we need to have more pride about it.”

*Source: The Australian HES 23/01/08*

### **Free CDs**

The first twenty new subscribers to Tinteán will receive a free gift of two recent CDs featuring internationally well known artists such as Moya Brennan, Louise Morrissey, Daniel O'Donnell, Mary Duff, Charlie Landsborough and “The Irish Connection”. Take advantage now of this special offer which will run until the end of June 2008.

# What's on

## Lalor Clan Meeting

The O Leathlobhair Clan meeting will be held over the weekend of July 11, 12 13 at the Manor Hotel, Abbeyleix, County Laois, Ireland.

The weekend brings together all families bearing the name Lalor/Lawler/Lawlor. Since the Eureka Stockade 150 year celebration in 2004, stronger links have been built between the Lalors/Lawlors/Lawlers of Australia and Ireland. There is a renewed Irish interest in the events of Eureka.

People wishing to find out more about the Clan meeting can contact this writer on (03) 56 832375. Bookings can be made through the honorary secretary Mary Lalor-O'Mahony: +353 57 8739754.

**Peter Lalor Philp, Clan Committee Member**

## The IACC Weary Dunlop Rugby Test Match Lunch

Join in the celebrations in the lead up to the might of Ireland taking on the Wallabies at a luncheon to be held at the Palladium Ballroom, Crown Casino Complex, Melbourne on the 12 June 2008 at 12 for 12.15 pm. Cost is \$135 per person (members), \$150 per person (non-members) and \$1350 for a table of ten. Post Lunch at The River Room At the Crown for drinks. The 'Official After Party' will be held at PJ O'Brien's Irish Pub, Southbank, 6pm till late.

For bookings and enquiries please contact: The VRU on 03 9529 1377 or mary-lou.silveira@vicrugby.com.au

## Farewell Marcia & Damian Howard and the Ploughboys

A farewell for Marcia and Damien Howard and the Ploughboys will be held at the Brian Boru Function Room, Level 1 Celtic Club, on Sunday 22 June from 4pm.

Entry Fee is \$20, children are free. It will be a feast of Music, Song and Dance not to be missed! For further information contact Marion on 0407 317 539

## Songs and stories from the West of Ireland

An evening of songs and stories with Mossie Scanlon, Greg Hunt and Mary Kenneally at The Celtic Club on Sunday 13 July at 2 pm. Admission is \$15.

Mossie Scanlon is an internationally acclaimed sean nos ('old style') singer

who will be singing songs in Irish and English, and sharing his personal recollections of the places and stories associated with these songs.

Greg Hunt is a superb musician who will both accompany Mossie and perform solo pieces.

Mary Kenneally has had a successful career in many facets of stage, radio and television, and will link the music of Greg and Mossie with readings from the best of Ireland's poets and storytellers.

## Kilmore Celtic Festival

The eleventh annual Kilmore Celtic Festival will be held from Friday 27th June to Sunday 29th June, inclusive. It is one of the many great Celtic Festivals in Australia. Enquiries: 03 5781 1711 or kilmorecelticfestival@yahoo.com

## Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Irish Heritage Network will be held in the *Tinteán* office in the basement of the Celtic Club on Sunday 24 August 2008 at 4pm.

## Joyce + Double-Helix

Bloomsday in Melbourne Inc. on 16 June 2008 will mount *Brave New World?* in the Melbourne Museum where the Dublin-born Bloom of 1904 will meet the newfangledness of 21st century Melbourne. He will be shown around the Museum by Bloomsday's fictional creation, his great, great, great grand-daughter from Acland Street.

What will he make of ipods, computers, cctv, film, Myspace, avatars, climate change? What will his Australian progeny make of his pin-up, the Photobits girl, who doubles as the Poulaphouca nymph, the sea-creature whose home is at the headwaters of the Liffey? Will Bloom find the statues in the Life Gallery to his taste? 95% of Bloom's language is Joyce, so encyclopaedic and modern is this 86 year old work.

The Museum makes a superb backdrop for doing Joyce, and for exploring technology and change over a century. The arcade-style show will be directed by Brenda Addie (who directed in 2006), a specialist in Museum Theatre. David Adamson (Simon Dedalus in 2007 Bloomsday) is grandpapachi to Stevie (Jane McCarthy). The tour will be led by

a dextrous tour-guide, Francesca Waters. Experienced thespians, Kirk Alexander and Bill Johnston (Fr Arnall and the preacher in *Jejune Jesuit*, and The Christian Brother more recently) will play a variety of roles.

This year's seminar will be in the Age Theatre at the Museum (Lower Level) and features Wolfgang Eubel on the Revolution of 1923 (you didn't know there WAS a revolution in 1923?) and Joyce's role in it. Another paper by Barry Cleland and Philip Harvey will explore how the heavens have changed since 1904.

A second show will take place in the evening. It takes the form of a dinner/oratorio and will reveal how Joyce invented the Human Genome project. *Dubble-in-It: A Roaratorio in Praise of the Progenitors of the Humane Genome*, takes a passage of *Finnegans Wake* and performs musical mayhem on it. It is a delightful and funny musical pastiche, which follows Joyce's lead in deploying different kinds of music for its own pleasure. Monties, an elegant new bar/restaurant at 347-51 Smith St, Fitzroy, will serve a 3 course meal in the course of the show.

Seats at both venues are strictly limited so patrons are advised to book early, as we have booked out for many years.

## Celtic Soiree

A Celtic Soiree will be held to celebrate the Winter Solstice at St. Carthages' 123 Royal Parade, Parkville on Sunday 6th July 2008 at 7.30 pm.

Featured artists will be Lynne Muir on the dulcimar and Robyn Payne on the guitar as well as the Willowmavin Quartet led by composer, Robert Soutar & the Hughes – Norwood Family Ensemble performing 'Songs of the Diaspora' in an exciting program of Australian, Irish & Scottish compositions. Entry is \$15 per person (\$10 concession) at the venue.

## Carty's Party

Tommy Carty will be inducted as a Legend of the Lake at Micky Bourke's Koroit Hotel on Saturday July 5 2008 from 6.30pm.

'Rant' will perform, followed by a mighty session led by Tommy and Pady Fitzgerald

Cost is \$20 including a meal and entry. Contact Felix on 0413 801294 or felix@bushwazhee.com



# Bolg an tSoláthair/Odds & Ends

## Brennans and Goldens and all

The Melbourne autumn morning was, as usual, cold but sunny. We came out of the studio at the community radio station and stood around talking. Elanor, tall with curly black hair, was happy with how our breakfast show discussion of Anzac Day had gone.

She had asked me about an alternative Anzac commemoration which I was involved in at the Unitarian Church. The idea of grieving for the lost soldiers while also calling for the withdrawal of Australian soldiers from Iraq and Afghanistan seemed common sense to her.

On air, I had mentioned the Australian peace movement of 1914-18, the Women's Peace Army whose march in Smith Street, Collingwood, where we were, had been broken up by special constables. I had, of course, spoken about the successful campaign against conscription for World War I.

Rachel, who had been at the microphone before me to analyse the morning's front page stories, was listening to us. "Some of my family were involved in the 1916 and 1917 protests," she said quietly.

I asked her who and she explained that her great-grandfather, Frank Brennan, had been an active opponent of conscription. He was later attorney-general in the Scullin government, she added with pride. She is a great-great granddaughter of Nicholas O'Donnell who founded the Gaelic League in Melbourne in 1901, and a granddaughter of Niall Brennan, writer, ALP candidate and public debater.

Elanor followed all this and then surprised us with "My family are McInerneys and we are related to the Goldens." Over the past year or so, my wife Mary and I have been part of a group project about the history of Catholics at Melbourne University in the 1950s and 1960s. A key figure in that story is a Galway-born Jesuit priest, Jerry Golden, who is rightly remembered as an outstanding counsellor and a thinker way ahead of his time. Elanor is Jerry Golden's great niece.

My meeting with Rachel and Elanor reminds me of a saying I learned from Seán Mac Réammoin, a veteran Irish radio journalist, "There is no such thing as coincidence."

## Frank McEwan's son, Mick

I met Mick McEwan back in March, a few days after St Patrick's Day. We were down at the Good Shepherd Hostel in Abbotsford. He was born and bred in Collingwood, in Budd Street, he said. I tried a long shot, "Any relation to Frank McEwan?" "My father," Mick replied. "Was he the one who was active in all the Irish



At Good Shepherd Hostel, Abbotsford: Ambassador Máirtín Ó Fainín, Elsie Byrnes from Donegal and Mick McEwan from Collingwood

community events?" "That's him."

Mick is 83 and his father, under his Irish name, Prionnsias Mac Eoghain, was active from the 1920s through to the 1940s. Indeed, Ambassador Máirtín Ó Fainín had mentioned Frank McEwan in his speech to the Irish Language Summer School at Rowsley in January.

Ambassador Máirtín had quoted a circular letter signed by Prionnsias and dated St Patrick's Day 1922. Prionnsias (Frank) of Budd Street, Collingwood, along with Fr J O'Dwyer of Coburg and Arthur Calwell of Moonee Ponds, was inviting people to the annual festival of the Gaelic League, MacSwiney branch, to be held in June 1922.

Frank McEwan had signed the circular: "Do chara sa chuis", "Your friend in the cause", and this had made a big impression on Máirtín, and on me, a serious phrase to use in March 1922 during the war of independence.

When Ambassador Máirtín spoke of the Collingwood address I was miffed at not knowing much about Frank McEwan. Budd Street is a stone's throw from our home.

I rang Liz Coyle, secretary at the Irish embassy in Canberra, to let them know. With typical generosity, and within a week, Ambassador Fainín visited Mick at Abbotsford, went to Mass with the Good Shepherd Community, and had an morning tea there. Though the visit was an informal one, Fr Ernie Smith welcomed him publicly at Mass and in his few words Máirtín praised 27-year-old Mother Mary of St Joseph (Bridget Doyle) from Roscrea, Tipperary, and the three other Irish sisters who started the Abbotsford convent in 1863.

Ambassador Máirtín thanked Mick for what his father had done for Ireland, all those decades ago. It was a moving and also a humorous occasion.

Mick farewelled the Ambassador with a phrase he remembered from his father, "Slán go hEireann agus go h-ifreann an rí, God bless Ireland and to hell with the king." **Val Noone**

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# The evolution of linguistic groups

On a well known day in March the SBS TV news reporter breathlessly informed us that “10% of the population is Irish Australian” against a backdrop of people drinking Guinness and wearing green hats. I would argue this figure. If you counted just those born in Ireland it would actually be lower, in common with all the other groups of overseas-born living here. On the other hand if you counted all those with identifiable Irish ancestry it would be a huge figure indeed. Previous estimates of this have shifted between 30 and 35% And it’s set to get higher after the success of the genealogy based TV show *Who Do You Think You Are?*. Actor Jack Thompson and a few others discovered Irish roots and lots of viewers are now doing their own research, inspired by the program.

But according to SBS, 10% it is. Healthy enough you might think, and based on this, you could be forgiven for wondering why we no longer qualify for our own SBS radio program. In short we are apparently “not ethnic enough”. One rather mischievous rumour doing the rounds is that if they gave us back our program they would have to give one to the English and that would be unacceptable to the other groups currently on air.

So for now we paddle along with the help of the local community radio sector and abandon any hopes of a national presence. The recent *listening to the listeners* tour by Paula Masselos, head of SBS radio, was not widely publicised and quickly acquired its own subtitle “no Irish need apply”.

Lest this all start to sound like an anti SBS rant, I should point out that over the years they have done a great job in

furthering knowledge of languages and have produced a wide variety of books, CDs and videos to promote the subject.

The SBS Atlas of Languages (ISBN 0-7333-1211-X) is a good case in point. The book itself has an interesting genealogy. Designed and produced by Quarto publishing in London, printed by Star in Singapore, first published here by ABC books and then reissued and re-badged with the SBS logo.

The authors are Bernard Comrie, Stephen Matthews and Maria Polinsky. A quick google will confirm that these three are all respected international authors in the field with a healthy list of credentials. Editions like this used to be known as coffee-table books, being much too large to slip into the handbag for reading on the bus or whatever, but big and beautiful enough to grace your coffee table when the photographer from *Modern Interiors* just happens to drop by. And the ability to lie flat when open helps things along nicely. One does need both hands for clasping that skinny double half decaf latte.

At 224 pages including index, bibliography and glossary of terms, the book is quite capable of being devoured in a weekend should you choose. Chapter 1 deals with the development and spread of languages, chapters 2-7 cover different regions of the globe, chapter 8 is about pidgins and creoles while chapter 9 is on writing systems. An epilogue deals with the looming issue of language loss and revival. Although it doesn’t say anywhere I suspect the epilogue has been added for the current edition. The overall layout of the text is very well done with plenty of high quality pictures and graphics to illustrate and explain.

Much of what we “know” about linguistic groups and the evolution of individual languages is of course speculative and even now new theories are emerging to fill in some of the holes. The authors have wisely steered a middle course through all this and use the most widely accepted definitions. In the case of Indo-European for example, ten sub-groups are listed, most of which quickly expand further into the names we would recognize today. There is mention (but no discussion) of Brythonic vs. Goidelic in the Celtic branches of the tree. Indo-European descendants now comprise 12 of the top 20 world languages, counted in terms of native speakers. To even get into the top 20 a language would need at least 50 million native speakers and the case of the top 10 that number goes up to 100 million.

The maps do a very good job (using colours) of showing how linguistic borders do not necessarily line up with political ones. The large scale as used on the maps does preclude some fine detail so you wouldn’t use it for planning a tour of the Gaeltachts in Ireland but at least you would be in the right area. Where the maps really shine though is in showing the variety of languages to be found and how they relate to each other via family groupings. This idea of family groupings is central to the structure of the book.

The chapter on the Americas deals separately with the North, Central and South. For North America the subject of language grouping is introduced by the double disclaimer that (a) familial relationship takes precedence over geographical or political and (b) the resulting scheme is based on the pioneering

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work of Edward Sapir, some of which is still hotly debated by specialists. That said, we are given seven super families and an acknowledgement that a few isolates still defy classification even today. This makes for a very interesting chapter. Any idea what was spoken in the movie *Dances with Wolves*? For the record it was Lakhota Sioux.

Moving down to present day Mexico, a tantalisingly short outline of Mayan hieroglyphs shows how words are made using the rebus principle, in a way not dissimilar to ancient Egyptian. Again, full details are still to be worked out but it does certainly appeal to the part of the brain that deals with puzzles and riddles.

For those who like their puzzles a degree or three harder you could read elsewhere in the book about the undeciphered Rongorongo script from Easter Island or the Phaistos disc from Crete. Both of these are well documented on the Internet and have been the subject of much scholarly thought for decades. Crack the code if you can and add your bit to our knowledge store.

The chapter on writing systems is probably on safer historical ground than some of the preceding sections. Writing systems are well attested and generally tie in with historical records. It is recorded that Sequoya, a Cherokee from North Carolina created a phonetic writing system for his Iroquoian tribe in 1821 and within a very short time most Cherokees had a high degree of literacy. Prior to that there was of course no written version; everything was passed on by word of mouth.

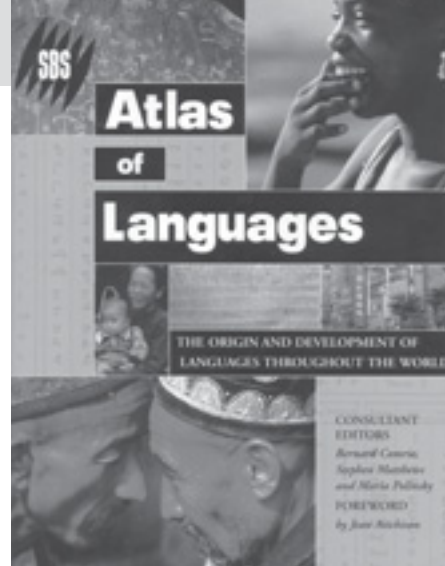
Reading about language loss and revival stirs mixed feelings. Taking one

example there are at least 20 “minority” as opposed to national, languages in Europe and the current status of each is generally shaped by two colliding forces.

First the degree of self-identity as seen by the speakers themselves and secondly the view of this group as seen by the larger state(s) in which they reside. Look around the edges of Britain and Ireland to see a string of very well known examples of this. But then look around the edges of France and see the same thing with Breton, Gascon and Occitan. Or try looking at Spain and see Galacian, Basque and Catalan. In each case the minority language lives on in an uneasy but not yet fatal relationship with that of the majority.

Part of this may be due to the fact that these peripheral groups, while separate from each other, do have a slight advantage in that they are not completely surrounded by the corresponding “national” language. The maps really make this clear. Elsewhere in Europe the other minority languages (eg Romantsch, Ladin, Friulan, Istro-rumanian, Arumanian, Upper Sorbian, Frisian, Letzebuergisch) generally form pockets deep inside the larger territories and as such can only be viewed as having a finite life expectancy. The fact that few people have even heard of them can be said to confirm this bleak assessment.

An unusual but very topical case is Macedonian. The former Yugoslavia had no national language of its own (that I can recall anyway) but since it imploded in the early nineties the fragments have tended to coalesce along linguistic and/or religious lines. The names of the new states are generally those of the



language spoken, just in case anyone outside needs reassuring. Macedonia came into existence because its language is different from that spoken in areas to the west (Albanian) north (Serbian) and east (Bulgarian).

Unfortunately the southern demarcation is more problematic because Macedonian is spoken across the top part of Greece as well and the new arrangement is causing great concern to the government in Athens. They are pushing the line that while the language itself can be called Macedonian; the state cannot because that could give encouragement to those who may be seeking a land grab at some future date. Whether this ever happens may not concern you much unless you are Greek, although it can't be said to be a new problem. Back in 1878 the Irredentists had similar ideas and wanted to unify Italy with some outlying areas based on linguistic grounds. Neighbouring countries did get uneasy for a while.

Overall, highly recommended reading no matter how deep your interest in languages goes. If you can't wait for your birthday to come around and drop a few hints, then your local library may well have this book on the shelves.

*Stuart Trill*

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# The future of the Irish language

The Minister for Community, Rural and Gaeltacht Affairs, Éamon Ó Cuív, TD, recently visited New York University where he gave a talk on what the future holds for the Irish language. He opened his talk by asking if Éamon deValera could have foreseen the success of 21st century Ireland?

The Minister informed his audience that the Celtic Tiger years saw Ireland increase its economic influence in the world. In addition, there has been an international renaissance where Irish culture is concerned. Part of this results from the development of links between Ireland and the 50 universities and third level institutions worldwide that teach the Irish language and Celtic Studies, and the provision of funding for this work. He welcomed the ongoing collaboration with the Fulbright Commission, which cements the traditionally strong ties between Ireland and America and builds on the initiative of Presidents John F. Kennedy and the Minister's own grandfather, Éamon de Valera, who founded the American Irish Foundation during Kennedy's Presidential visit to Ireland in 1963.

When we look at the situation in relation to the Irish language today, one must first look at the situation of the language in the 19th century. Irish declined rapidly in the 19th century, and by the end of that century, only 1% of the speakers were monolingual Irish. This is of particular significance, as at that time, once people became bilingual, there was a rapid transition in the following generation to monolingual English.

At that time the following statement

was written by an anonymous source. "As to the Irish language, toleration and patronage have come too late. It cannot be saved alive by any human power. It is at present confined to about 1/3 of the peasantry and those the most ignorant and uncivilised. As a spoken language, it can hardly survive the present generation. The fathers and mothers will retain it until their death, but by the children it will be neglected and forgotten. The time for educating them in the native language has gone by forever. It is not the language of business, of modern civilisation, and will not enable a man to get on in the world. However, we may regret that any language, especially one so primitive, so expressive, so powerful as the Gaelic should cease to live, its doom is inevitable."

The forecaster's lot is not a happy one, as Irish remains alive more than 150 years later, and in spite of all the changes we have seen in modern Ireland, the death of the language is no longer forecast. This is a good thing, as world linguistic diversity is of great importance, because each language involves a unique thought process that adds to human knowledge and experience. The importance of linguistic diversity to the cultural heritage and present-day richness of all humanity is something that societies have only begun to understand and appreciate in recent years.

Although he was speaking in a University, the Minister declared that his interest in the Irish language is the use of Irish as a modern vernacular in every-day life, recognising at the same

time its national and historical significance. The Irish State recognises the importance of the Irish language as a vibrant expression of national identity, and of Irish culture, along with our games, dance, music etc. He said he would try to set out very simply where the Irish language stands today.

Irish is the first official language of the Irish State, and is recognised as such in the Irish constitution. In June 2005, Irish was once again restored to its rightful position in Europe and from 1 January 2007, Irish became the 20th official and working language of the European Union. In 2003, a Languages Act was passed for the first time, giving legislative effect to the provision in the Irish constitution, and providing for the establishment of the Office of the Language Commissioner, or *Cóimisinéir Teanga*, to enforce and ensure compliance with the provisions of the Act. Other laws have been passed in recent years with significant provisions in them in relation to the Irish language. These included the Education Act 1998, the Planning Act 2000, which has special provisions in relation to planning in Irish speaking, or Gaeltacht areas, and the British-Irish Agreement Act 1999, under which the Language Body was set up. This last Act made special provision for the setting up of an all-Ireland Irish language body, *Foras na Gaeilge*. This arose out of the provisions of the Good Friday Agreement. There are also significant provisions in the Broadcasting Act 2003 in relation to the Irish language.

Another big challenge has been the transformation of the Irish-speaking



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community from a poor, rural community to an effectively middle-class community, and the maintenance of the language in the transition. No stability can be reached in relation to the future of the language unless there is an Irish speaking middle-class, not only in the Gaeltacht, but throughout the country. There has also in recent years been a significant interest in growth in all-Irish medium education. For example, in 1972, there were only 16 all-Irish primary schools in the country, outside the Gaeltacht, and this has since increased to 184 schools.

The Minister also made reference to the position of the Irish language in the world. He described how, the Canadian Language Commissioner on a visit to Ireland, compared the situation of Irish in Ireland with French in Canada. She also pointed out that if the French language were to die in Canada, it would still survive as a major world language, but if the Irish language were to die as a vernacular in Ireland, then it would cease to exist as a vernacular language anywhere in the world.

She further pointed out that the Irish language is part of a world heritage that is of not only national importance, but of world importance. This is particularly so because the Irish language is the oldest written vernacular language in Europe, with a very rich literature stretching back to the 5th century. Its poems and literature are the repository of a major part of the history and culture of the island of Ireland and are part of the common cultural heritage of all humanity.

The Minister said it was important for him to outline the political vision of the Government and the State in relation to the Irish language. The Irish State is committed to increasing the use of Irish nationally but that it is not part of the Government's object to get rid of, or in any other way decrease the knowledge of English amongst its citizens. What the Government is striving to achieve is functional bilingualism, where people will use both languages with ease. It is also an objective of the Government to increase the comfort of the community at large with the Irish language. The Government set out its vision in a Policy Statement published

in December 2006 and the Minister's Department is currently working on a 20 year Strategy for the language. This will be finished by the end of the year. It will be a Strategy which will set out what needs to be done at a policy and practical level, rather than a detailed operational plan. To set the task in context he quoted from a piece written by his own father, Professor Brian Ó Cuív, in 1951:

"Probably no more than 35,000 persons use Irish as their ordinary medium of speech, and no more than 3,000 are ignorant of English. Moreover, the districts where Irish is still normally used are among the most 'uneconomic' in the country, and they are separated from one another by large English-speaking areas where most of the people cannot speak Irish. If we expect this language spoken by thirty or forty thousand persons to fight for its existence against English, which is spoken by over 200 million persons, while we withhold our full support in the struggle, then we deserve to see it die."

Due to the tremendous work that has been done in the interim, the Government now knows that there are some 80,000 daily speakers of Irish in the country at present. Irish is being taught in more than 50 universities around the world outside the island of Ireland. It is an official and working language of the European Union and is alive on the internet, TV and radio. The Minister said that he personally believed that if, in 20 years time, we have 250,000 daily speakers of Irish, the tide will have definitively turned and that we can reasonably expect to have an Irish-speaking community of sufficient strength to ensue that the future will be one of further growth for the language. If the initial revivalists in Conradh na Gaeilge had sufficient courage to keep with it in conditions that offered less hope, he can see no reason other than lack of courage and leadership now why Irish will not remain alive as a spoken, community language in the new globalised world that has been created.

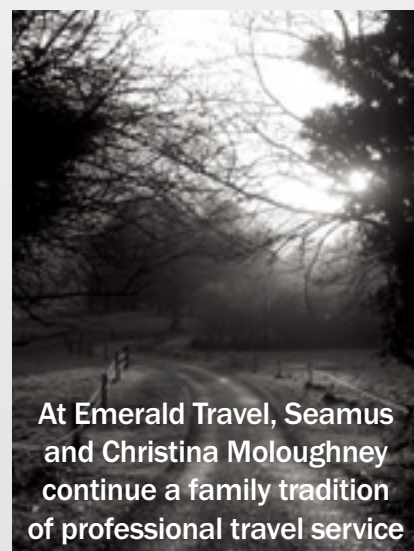
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*Éamon Ó Cuív TD is Minister for Community, Rural and Gaeltacht Affairs*



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# Ease liquidity pressures

**Plenty of drama in the first three months of 2008 as the mortgage crisis worsened with write-downs in the financial sector passing the US\$200bn mark. A rogue trader incident that shaved 4.9bn euro off a company's annual profit helped sustain volatility. Time will determine whether implementation of a range of measures by the central banks to help ease liquidity pressures will prove effective.**

## 3 Month Review to 31 March

The first three months of 2008 provided plenty of drama and delivered the worst quarter of returns seen on many equity markets for more than five years. Unlike the previous few quarters, there was no sense that a decoupling was in place as markets around the globe tumbled. China's high-flying Shanghai Composite Index fell to earth with a 34% decline in the three months after nearly doubling in 2007, while Germany's DAX Index declined 19% after significantly outpacing the performance of its European neighbours last year. The best performing market in the period was Mexico, which achieved a gain of 4.7%, while US equities tended to outperform with the S&P 500 Index declining a relatively modest 9.9%. Elsewhere, double-digit losses were the order of the day and the French Cac-40 (-16.2%) and UK FTSE 100 (-11.7%) captured the breadth of the demise.

There was precious little in the way of new rationale for what lay behind this equity demise, but there was an acceleration in the trends seen in the second half of 2007. Principally, the sub-prime mortgage/leveraged debt crisis worsened with writedowns in the financial sector passing the US\$200 billion mark and claiming one of its most prestigious victims as Bear Stearns was rescued from collapse by JPMorgan Chase. The US economic slowdown began to carry the look of an economy slipping into recession, hastened by the still-deteriorating housing market and a noticeable weakening in the labour market.

The last thing the financial markets probably needed in January was the rogue trader incident that shaved €4.9 billion off Société Générale's annual profit. This incident helped sustain volatility notwithstanding an emergency rate cut of 75 basis points by the US Federal Reserve (Fed). In total, the Fed cut interest rates from 4.25% to 2.25% in the quarter. The Bank of England rowed in behind with a more modest easing of monetary policy, taking a quarter percentage point off their own interest rate to 5.25%. The European Central Bank maintained its mantra about inflationary risks, but suggestions that it might increase rates evaporated. All major central banks made funds available during the quarter in an attempt to thaw credit markets, as spreads continued to widen.

The pick-up in commodity prices this

quarter, even as economic growth slowed, generated significant comment and concern. Food prices have climbed as more agricultural land is set aside for biofuel and commercial development, causing unrest in a number of countries, including Vietnam and the Philippines. The price of a barrel of oil broke through the US\$100 barrier in February and stayed above that level for the remainder of the quarter, peaking at US\$110. Iron ore prices soared as Brazil's Vale achieved a 71% increase in prices from Asian steelmakers for the year beginning in April 2008.

On currency markets, US dollar weakness accelerated as the US Federal Reserve's rate cuts opened up a notable differential with Australian and Eurozone interest rates. In the middle of March, the US dollar fell to a 12-year low against the Japanese yen. While this has ramifications for imported inflation, US exporters have been able to offset weak domestic demand with increased overseas sales.

## Outlook

The near-term economic backdrop will be very challenging for markets as recent evidence suggests that the sub-prime problems and resultant liquidity crunch are filtering more broadly through economies. We do, however, believe that the actions of the monetary authorities, most notably those of the Fed, together with US Government initiatives will ultimately prove effective

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in stabilising the situation. We have been encouraged by the speed with which the Fed have reacted to the deterioration in the economic backdrop as well as its implementation of a range of measures to help ease liquidity pressures facing banks and other financial institutions. At the same time we don't foresee a rapid economic recovery, a slow-paced improvement commencing in the second half of the year. We therefore expect that markets will continue to experience heightened levels of volatility. That same volatility is however throwing up some attractive stock picking opportunities.

We expect the earnings cycle to reach a trough towards the end of this year. Forward Price/Earnings multiples are currently close to 20-year lows for the broad European market and are also at depressed levels for the US market. Even if earnings are subject to further sharp reductions, valuations remain attractive; stock markets have effectively priced in a recession. When liquidity and the money markets do normalise, the question becomes an old-

fashioned one: how deep and how long will the downturn be? In Financials there is a lot of uncertainty over the final bill for capital market losses. There are worries that banks are about to see a cyclical rise in bad debts in their consumer finance businesses. The considerable de-rating of financial stocks over the past year leaves many stocks looking cheap. Bank re-capitalisation was a feature of quarter one and we expect this to be a feature going forward, with the growth in Sovereign Wealth Fund investment showing few signs of easing. The hope is that further bank losses linked to sub-prime-related assets will be uncovered and reported speedily.

There are very tentative signs of an end to the liquidity crisis. Despite inter bank interest rates remaining elevated, a small degree of stability has emerged in corporate credit markets. In addition, central banks, particularly the Fed, have shown a willingness to engage in both conventional and unconventional measures to restore stability and confidence to markets. The European Central Bank has maintained



**Simon Good**  
Client Services Manager  
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a tough line in relation to inflation, but we believe that the combination of slowing growth and the strength of the euro will result in some easing, most likely in the "latter half of 2008. We see the need for further UK rate cuts as the economy appears to be facing substantial headwinds in the form of a straining property market and substantial liquidity pressures. We anticipate further action is needed by the Fed albeit at a less aggressive pace than has been witnessed to date.

*Simon Good*

ADRIAN BOHM PRESENTS

# Daniel O'Donnell

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# A parent's tribute

In her too short life, which ended tragically on the night of 13 September 2007, Mairead Fionnuala Costigan never set foot in Ireland, but there was much of Ireland in her blood, in her name and in her ways.

Mairead could claim Irish ancestry on both her parents' sides. There were also Welsh ancestors (the Gwydir) on her mother's side and Scottish (the Martins, of the Cameron clan) on her father's. In truth, an all-round child of the Celts.

When she was born, in the Sydney suburb of Surry Hills on 17 November 1976, my wife Margaret and I indulged to the full our predilection for Irish names, calling her Mairead Fionnuala. We had been inspired that year by the deeds and heroic spirit of forgiveness of the Belfast peace activist Mairead Corrigan, who was soon to be declared the recipient of the 1976 Nobel Peace Prize. Mairead Corrigan and Mairead Costigan – only two letters of the alphabet separated the names. Is it any wonder that Mairead turned out to be herself such a compassionate and forgiving lover of peace and justice?

As for Fionnuala, that lovely name combined rhythmically and poetically, we thought, with Mairead – even if both names were to give spelling and pronunciation problems to some who knew her in infancy, and later. (I once suggested to her that school friends having trouble with her name should be told it rhymes with “lemonade”. Not a good move – for a time, of course, “Lemonade” became her schoolyard nick-name.)

News of Mairead's sudden death, a short time after she had qualified brilliantly for a PhD in Ancient Philosophy at Sydney University, inspired a wistful poem by the Irish poet Patrick Chapman, an old friend of our daughter Siobhan and her partner Dave Bardwell from their Dublin years. At Siobhan's suggestion, Patrick had visited Mairead while in California in late 2000, when she was on a postgraduate scholarship at Stanford University.

Writing to us recently and sending a slightly revised version of his sonnet, Patrick remarked that, although he and Mairead had met only once, for those four days in Stanford, they kept in touch via email during the following years. He wrote: “I found her to be one of the most brilliant and quirky and warm people I knew. I was ever more impressed by her and her achievements.”

With Patrick Chapman's kind permission, I reproduce his poem here:

## The Philosopher Dances *For Mairead*

*“I would not know what the spirit of a philosopher might wish more to be than a good dancer.” Friedrich Nietzsche*

There is a moment when we stand  
Before a mockup of the Shuttle  
At the NASA base in Moffett Field.  
You speak of the Platonic –  
That all we know is only a reflection  
Of some higher truth; our finest achievement  
Only a clue to some greater endeavour.  
Our senses imperfect, we live in the world.  
To dance between a man and the essence of Man,  
Between a woman and the essence of Woman,  
Between a flower and the essence of Flower,  
You bring back a note from the garden of Time –  
But you love earthly music, equating it with higher math,  
The beauty of the universe, the spirit of philosophy.



The original version of Patrick's poem was read by Siobhan and included in the booklet prepared by her for Mairead's private Requiem Mass, celebrated on 22 September 2007 in a Macquarie Park Crematorium chapel by our relative Father Des Purcell SJ.

In the same funeral booklet we made use of a reflection by that other fine Irish poet and mystic John O'Donohue, whose own premature death a few months later was to catch his multitude of admirers by surprise.

Here is one paragraph from the reflection, from John O'Donohue's *Spiritual Wisdom from the Celtic World*: "We do not need to grieve for the dead. Why should we grieve for them? They are now in a place where there is no more shadow, darkness, loneliness, isolation or pain. They are home. They are with God from whom they came. They have returned to the nest of their identity within the great circle of God."

Later, after his death in Avignon in January, I came across O'Donohue's beautiful poem *On the Death of the Beloved*, which has this evocative conclusion:

*May you continue to inspire us:  
To enter each day with a generous heart.  
To serve the call of courage and love  
Until we see your beautiful face again  
In that land where there is no more separation,  
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,  
And where we will never lose you again.*

All of Mairead's adult life, from the time when she left school for university at the age of eighteen until her death at nearly thirty-one, was devoted to the study of her beloved philosophy and in particular, in her postgraduate period after winning the University Medal in Philosophy, to reflection on Plato's ideas on justice. The title of her doctoral thesis is *The Figure of Justice in Plato's Republic: Kindling a Noetic View*.

Her supervisor and principal mentor at Sydney University, Associate Professor Eugenio "Rick" Benitez, told us that the groundbreaking thesis had within it the ingredients for a life-time career devoted to continuing academic research and publication.

The doctoral degree was awarded posthumously to Mairead at a Graduation ceremony and presented to her two sisters, Siobhan and Sascha, on 14 December 2007 by the NSW Governor and Sydney University Chancellor, Professor Marie Bashir. It was a proud and sad day for Mairead's family and for her friends and colleagues in the Philosophy Department, who held a special commemorative function for Mairead after the ceremony.

Mairead, however, is not remembered by those who knew her as just a studious young woman absorbed by elevated thoughts about philosophy. She was a friendly if shy, humorous, warm, generous (but self-critical) person who loved, among other things, music, films, theatre, good food, walking, good literature, the natural environment, animals, anything Greek and, in a special way, Australian Rules football. She and I never forgot the experience we shared watching our beloved Collingwood win the 1990 AFL Premiership. On that occasion we were the guests of Mairead's Melbourne-based godparents, our dear friends and (at least on that day, ecumenically minded) Essendon supporters, Val Noone and Mary Doyle. The event is but one of a thousand joyful memories of such a dear and very special girl.

We have received hundreds of wonderful tributes to Mairead from her relatives and friends. No words were more moving than those spoken by her sister Sascha at a reflection organised by Caritas Australia, the Catholic aid agency where Sascha works and where Mairead worked sometimes as a temporary helper or volunteer. Among many other lovely reminiscences, Sascha said

of her sister: "She was passionate about that which she believed. Her whole life represented social justice. Her thesis was about justice. She was the first on the phones at Caritas during the tsunami. She wrote songs based on justice and she lived and breathed it every moment of the day. She was incredibly generous – a giver. She never wanted anything in return. She was gentle and very sensitive... Words cannot encompass all and everything she was. Above all, she was my sister."

During the last year or more of her life, Mairead had trouble sleeping while completing work on her thesis. The controversial medication Stilnox (zolpidem) had been prescribed for her a number of times during much of this period. About a week before she died its closely related "cousin" Imovane (zopiclone) was prescribed. Our subsequent research on their side-effects has confirmed our conviction that these medications played the crucial role in Mairead's fatal fall while sleepwalking on that terrible night and in much that occurred in her life during the preceding period.

All of this led to a good deal of publicity in the media in and after February this year – something that would have embarrassed such a limelight-avoider as our beloved Mairead.

We believe, however, that the memory of our daughter and sister can best be honoured and her death can be given some meaning through the campaign launched to warn others about the dangers of these so-called "zed" medications.

At the time of writing (late March 2008) our online petition calling for them to be banned had attracted over 3800 signatures. Many very alarming allegations about and descriptions of the dangerous and sometimes fatal side-effects of the medications came to our notice through the petition. I urge readers of this tribute to Mairead Costigan to consider adding their signatures to the petition and, if they wish, including accounts of any adverse reactions to the drugs that they or others known to them have experienced. The petition can be accessed online at: [www.ipetitions.com/petition/stilnox/](http://www.ipetitions.com/petition/stilnox/)

**Michael Costigan**



# Emeritus Professor Greg Dening (1931–2008)

This is the week, of all weeks in the year, when millions of christians throughout the world celebrate their belief that love is stronger than death. For any thoughtful adult, this will not be a conviction arrived at without challenge. It may sound strange to say of Jesus Christ that he was ‘a thoughtful adult,’ but he was certainly that, and his conviction that love is indeed stronger than death was tested in the grossest of ways, as every cross or crucifix attests. But we should not be folding our loving memories of Greg Dening into this particular ceremony unless the christian community believed that, after the suffering and the death, love was to triumph, by God’s power, indestructibly.

This present ceremony is called ‘a eucharist’, which means, ‘a thanksgiving’. There are thanks to be given for many small treasurable things – for jokes, for gestures, for savoured moments: but also, in the christian perspective, for the promised vindication of the whole human project, a vindication in which, we hope, no least thing will be found expendable, and in which the grandeurs of our species and our cosmos will be transposed into a new and altogether blessed key.

In the first of the readings from scripture this morning, the writer, John, says as though it were a matter of course, ‘This has taught us love – that [Jesus] gave up his life for us: and we, too, ought to give up our lives for our brothers and sisters.’ Such phrases have what we might call a moral elegance, and a moral eloquence, about them, but that does not matter very much unless people render them actual as they tramp their way along on life’s paths. Greg, over many of his earlier years, was exposed to just such recommendations, whether as a boy or as a Jesuit, which is well and good: and your presence here and mine today attests the fact that he found highly distinctive ways in which he could turn his life into a gift for other people. At the end of this ceremony Douglas Kennedy will be reminding us of some of the ways in which this was so. For a few moments now I should like to reflect briefly on our readings from scripture with Greg in mind, and indeed in his presence, which I believe to be the case.

John’s letter enjoins generosity upon his readers, a sometimes taxing generosity, but the declared motive for this is not a free-standing ethical nobility, but sheer gratitude, gratitude for God’s solidarity with us, from the cradle to the grave,

in the person of Jesus. Greg remarked once of the process of understanding that ‘our clarity is in many ways the product of somebody else’s creativity’, and the ‘somebody else’ who is being creative on our behalf is, in the christian view, a very diligent God. There is an old tradition that the elderly John would simply repeat to what we might call his graduate students, ‘Little children, love one another’. This is not senility: this is acuity: and it is founded in just such a spirit of gratitude as many of us witnessed in Greg himself, the more abundantly as the years went by. There is an unattractive character of Shakespeare who says, at one point, ‘I am not in the giving vein.’ Greg was in the giving vein, and John would have applauded.

If we turn to today’s gospel, we may remember that the word itself means ‘good news’: but this time round, as is often the case, the story does not begin with good news – quite the contrary. The couple of travellers who are walking from Jerusalem to a village seven miles away, called Emmaus, have been thunderstruck by the arrest, the rigged trial, the torture and execution of their prized teacher. They are talking these events over, no doubt in anguish of spirit, and are joined by a risen Jesus whom they do not recognise, but with whom they speak. When the three pause for an evening meal, the two are disconcerted once more, but this time by an abrupt joy, since now they recognise their master at the most companionable of moments, namely when the bread is blessed and shared. He vanishes, at which point they agree that talk with him was a kindling experience for their hearts, as he ‘explained the scriptures to us.’

You will not expect me to match Greg’s practice with Christ’s to the point of identification, a gambit which he would have regarded as at once profane and absurd. But it is surely quite in order for us to remember several elements from that narrative which bear on Greg, as they bear on us. Those two travellers might be emblematic both of the many voyagers whose practice he detailed and upon which he reflected in one narrative after another: and they might also stand for what has been called ‘homo viator’, humanity on its way, in all weathers and in all conditions. The shared discourse of those who were walking wounded from life’s incursions is in effect part of the vast textile of talk in which we weave together the things that come our way – a

textile of which Greg was an acute analyst, and to which he made a strikingly distinctive contribution.

The meal, like the ritual meal towards which our present ceremony is moving, is part of the theatre which was crucial to Greg’s understanding of human practice, and is also part of those signalled affections without which our lives become virtually intolerable. The eagerness of the reanimated disciples to pass on their good news is something which many of us will recognise as something which we knew in Greg, that man who did indeed have his part in Christ’s elan, his fervour for the truth, his instinctive affection, and his fidelity to those whom he encountered.

There is much more that might be said, but it will be said elsewhere. Let me close by alluding to that passage from John’s gospel which is printed in the booklet which you have to hand. In it, there is an account of the healing of a man who had been born blind. It is there by Donna’s wish: she and Greg had, during Lent, been reading together various passages from the gospel, and the night before he had his stroke, they read this passage. You will draw your own significance from the passage, but none of us need look far to find a poignancy. Those who profess christianity must acknowledge that Christ is the one by whom, uniquely, they are enabled to see as they should: but on that very account they may be the more grateful to the many women, and the many men, at whose hands they have been helped to see well, and Greg Dening will be high in that roll for many of us here.

The final thing to say is a word and a prayer of thanks for all of those who stood by Greg, with skill and dedication, not only in the exacting circumstances since his stroke, but in earlier times of mortal need, and in fact all through his life, whether they were his relatives, his students, his intellectual colleagues, his Jesuit confreres, friends old and new, or Donna, the love of his life. This present eucharist celebrates Greg’s life and achievements, and prays for his eternal wellbeing, and it also gathers in gratitude and hope all of us here, and many others besides. May he, and they, thrive eternally.

*Peter Steele SJ*

*Requiem Mass and homily on 19/3/08  
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# Dispelling the myths

Much has been written on the Irish who left Ireland in Famine times. Libraries worldwide have shelves devoted to the tales and plight of these 18th century emigrants. The closer we get to modern times, though, the fewer texts we find. As for the post-1980 contingent, little is available.

My mission was to uncover the reasons why these recent immigrants left Ireland bound for Australia and to tell the tale of their lives since coming here. Why? Because, having come here in 1993, I am one of these more recent statistics. As an immigrant and more recently as an academic, I was enthralled (substitute 'horried' at times) by the myths about us. An important part of my research work was therefore to challenge these myths. In this article, I have selected three particular myths to discuss.

The first myth was that post-1980 arrivals were economic refugees. At face value, this myth seems to have some credence. After all, Ireland in the 1980s underwent a major economic recession and people emigrated in droves. At the same time, Australia was busily seeking overseas workers. The recruitment campaigns of Qantas and various nursing boards resulted in many skilled engineers and nurses taking up appointments in Australia. But could the explanation be so simple?

The second myth had to do with Ireland and being Irish. In my first job here my boss pestered me every morning to say "Top of the morning". Why? Because he thought that that's what we said in Ireland! He still had the Maureen O'Hara and John Wayne imagery of thatched cottages in his mind when he thought of Ireland. It didn't help that people I had grown up with suddenly metamorphosed into these individuals who routinely used the terms "me darlin'" and "me dear" when talking in Australia especially when their audience was Australian-born. These same people wouldn't have been caught dead using this terminology back in Ireland! Other friends told me of being asked if we had fridges and electricity in Ireland yet.

The Ireland I left in 1993 was nothing like these popular myths. Nor was it as multicultural as it is now. Once it was exotic to date or marry someone from the next village; someone from the next county was an absolute foreigner – a 'blow-in' for generations. Here in Aus-

tralia, we are the blow-ins. This is a way bigger experience than moving within Ireland. It impacts people in different ways. If you met me today, you'd see that I am proudly wearing my 'history of Ireland' and 'I'm of Ireland' rings. I felt no need to wear such rings in Ireland. So this begs the question of what it means to be from Ireland and to be Irish today.

The third myth was the belief that Australia is so Irish that the Irish have no bother settling in. That certainly wasn't the case for me or the Irish people I palled round with. Don't get me wrong – the Australians we've met are lovely. It's just that we missed Ireland. Family, friends and the life we knew were there, not here. It just wasn't the same.

Even to this day I get confused when someone tells me that they are Irish, especially if there is no hint of an Irish accent. In the early days I used to think that my hearing was defective or that somehow I had lost the capacity to tell an Irish and Australian accent apart. I soon came to realise that they were talking of ancestry, not place of birth. Many were referring back to convict times, when their great-great grandparent arrived. Even though they were born here, they still called themselves Irish. Then there were my friends from Northern Ireland. Some Protestants I knew confused me by happily calling themselves Irish one day and being adamantly British the next. I wondered how people who weren't Irish all the time coped with being considered Irish in Australia. Surely this suggested that settling into Australia wasn't as easy as the myths suggested?

So spurred on by these and other myths I encountered, I undertook a study of the contemporary Irish. The end result was a PhD thesis. I interviewed 203 Melbourne-based people from Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic who had arrived in Australia between 1980 and 2001. To simplify the analysis, I interviewed only those who were over the age of 18 when they arrived and who had not previously lived outside Ireland. This certainly didn't make recruitment easy. I spoke with at least 500 people before getting these 203; the remainder disqualified for having first spent time in the UK, America, New Zealand or elsewhere. This, in itself, is testimony to the diversity of places that today's Irish live in and the mobility that is part of the modern Diaspora experience.



Dr. Patricia O'Connor

The stories of these 203 did much to challenge and dispel the myths that had bothered me both as an immigrant and an academic. Firstly, these 203 were most certainly not economic refugees. All but one had been employed in Ireland before leaving. The one exception was a student who came out to a job here after he graduated. Indeed, many had never intended their trip here to be 'emigrating.' They were on an adventure with every intention of returning to Ireland. Love, children, careers and life generally meant that stays got extended indefinitely. Secondly, being in Australia was where many discovered what being Irish meant, personally and collectively. Most interesting of all was that many of those from Northern Ireland became Irish for the first time here, as much through being free to express their Irishness as through having little choice, being labelled Irish whether they liked it or not. Thirdly, for all the talk of Australia having Irish roots, many felt homesick and were in constant touch with family and friends in Ireland. As one person put it: "Australia is similar on the big things but very different on the little things". The end result was people travelling back and forth to Ireland on a regular basis and a frequency of phone calls that helps to keep the Australian telecommunications industry afloat.

These brief insights into the life and times of the contemporary Irish in Australia clearly show that all is not as it initially seems. These three myths relating to their coming and staying were ill-founded. While their numbers are far less than the 18th century predecessors, their stories nonetheless tell of experiences that were richer and more complicated than popular myths suggest. They too have a story worth hearing. My task is to ensure that through the further publication of my work that this story is more fully heard.

Dr. Patricia O'Connor

# Quintessential Australians

## A memoir of the Irish diaspora

Uncle Pat rode into our lives in the winter of 1942. Until then we had scarcely heard of him. My father knew him from childhood, but Uncle Pat was seven years older than my father, who was at home with his younger brothers and sisters until both their parents died in 1883 and the remaining family was dispersed. My father, then aged seven, passed his schooldays in St Vincent de Paul's orphanage in South Melbourne, leaving with a Merit Certificate and an ear cocked for the call of the bush. Despite, or perhaps because of, his early separation, he kept in touch with brothers, sisters and cousins. So he corresponded with Pat and he was the 'family' named when a hospital asked Pat if he had any relatives.

Of the fourteen children born in Dunolly to James Hannan and Mary Mangan Uncle Pat is the second Patrick. The first was born in 1861 but lived one day in this world before he joined the angels. Three others also died in infancy. The second Patrick was born in 1867 and in 1874, his brother, Cornelius William, my father, was born. He preferred to be called Bill.

There is not much trace in the records of my ancestors. Australia's best-known Hannan is Paddy Hannan of Kalgoorlie. Like his cousin, my grandfather James, he came to Victoria, but soon wandered. James arrived in 1848, went to Dunolly and stayed there. Three years later he married Mary Mangan. He died at 61, she 45. His official cause of death is inflammation of the lungs and liver and exhaustion. Mary died in the same year. Although it was common then to attribute proximate deaths to broken hearts, it is more likely a common disease killed them both.

Paddy and James were both from Quin in East Clare. Mary Mangan was from Clare and possibly also from Quin. There is a plaque in Quin to mark where Paddy lived. Tourists come to Quin today to visit that and the great ruins of Quin Abbey. Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland* (1837) says that in 1831 the village housed 173 people in 34 houses. The area, said Lewis, had good bog land but poor soil for agriculture.

Lewis finds no room in his account

of East Clare for any Hannans. Nor does he mention Ballyhannan among Quin's townlands. There is, however, such a townland and even a Castlehannan; traces of the Gaelic world that invaders and land grabbers – many themselves of Irish lineage – have not obliterated. According to modern sources, the O'hAnains

“Inevitably, in  
Dunolly, he must have  
looked for gold, if only  
after Sunday Mass.”

were a Gaelic sept. Descendants have used both Hannan and Hannon as English spellings, but my father recognised only the 'an' Hannans as part of his mob. Family legend had it that all – 'an' Hannans are related, but I have met some with whom I can find no connections, for example, Joseph Francis Hannan, 1875–1943 a prominent Trades Union official and a parliamentarian.

Hannans do not figure in the published history of Dunolly either. The Welcome Stranger, the world's largest nugget, does and is a reminder of my father's two stories of gold. My father's approach to stories was that they should be brief, few and often told. The hammer, he would say of the small one he used for shoe mending, 'struck the Welcome Stranger'. If the name of Paddy Hannan arose, he would declare that the 'streets of Kalgoorlie are paved with gold'. This turned out to be true when metallurgists found that they could extract some gold from the black stuff used to pave the streets of Kalgoorlie.

In 1848 when the 27-year-old bachelor, James Hannan left Quin, there were no sudden fortunes to be made in Dunolly – it was a tiny farming settlement. However, this was the time of the Great Hunger. The fact that he came to Australia rather than North America suggests that he was not among those desperate, starving creatures forced to wander the roads and fill the holds of ships going anywhere away from the blight

and the landlords that had destroyed their lives. Even so the dire condition of Ireland must have made emigration seem inevitable. The story is that a priest in Quin organised an emigration party to establish a scent farm in Victoria. It would have been easy to take up land at Dunolly before its golden days.

There is no evidence of this scent farm – though it would have been a nice touch to make a living from supplying ephemera to the quality – but James Hannan took to bridge work and other rural tasks as a 'contractor'. Inevitably, in Dunolly, he must have looked for gold, if only after Sunday Mass. Only one of his sons, another James, followed the lure of gold, to Walhalla where he is buried in the cemetery so steep they say that the dead were sometimes buried upright.

Since my father married late and was 58 when I was born, I met few of my aunts or uncles. I visited two aunts who lived in Sydney, but of the uncles I knew only Pat. I have photographs only of one aunt, and of course of my father. Then there are photos of cousin Paddy and the famous drinking-fountain sculpture in Hannan Street Kalgoorlie. These images, along with my memory of Uncle Pat, leave no doubt as to family resemblance. When I first saw Paddy's statue I thought it a dead-ringer for my father, but photographs show a straighter nose, more like my aunt's and Uncle Pat's. My father's nose was in the Roman mould.

Paddy Hannan of Kalgoorlie arrived in Victoria in 1862, in his early twenties. He died in Brunswick in 1925, before I was born. There are a few accounts of his manner and style: reserved, self-effacing, rather abstemious and with little sense of humour – the very opposite of the wild Irishman of fiction. Such descriptions, supposing they are accurate, could well apply to my father or Uncle Pat.

Uncle Pat was in his early seventies when he stayed with us in the dwelling we had above a pastry cook's in Windsor. He looked older, like a man who had walked in from the desert, which in a way he had. He had been droving around the Riverina. One night on the way to Balranald, with a bicycle, a packhorse but no sheep as yet, he fell ill. Unable to rise, he saw that his

horse had wandered away with whatever he might try as medicine. Bushmen usually carried patent cures. Not that they would have done him any good, since he was too weak to get around. Someone found the straying packhorse, and early in the afternoon Uncle Pat was found and taken to the hospital in Lake Cargellico.

Once he recovered, he was told he needed to rest for a good while. Did he have any relatives? He did, a sister in Sydney who was a nun and a brother in Melbourne, whose address was obtained from the sister. The hospital wrote to my father asking us to meet him.

He came on the train, from Tocumwal I suppose, and we met him at Spencer Street station. I still remember him descending from the carriage, quite tall, thin, and dressed in a black suit with waistcoat and a fob watch on a gold chain. He carried a Gladstone bag. More of his gear was following on a goods train and would be delivered to us at home. The delivery included the biggest bicycle I had ever seen. Its handlebars were turned up. In those days, only sporting bikes had flat or down turned handlebars. The front and back forks both had swags tied to them. Most wondrous were the tyres. In order to foil the fearsome burrs of western New South Wales, he had filled his tyres with dry grass. Too big for us kids, the great bike stayed in our shed until Uncle Pat left.

My fondest memory of Uncle Pat – remember I was only nine – is of meeting him in the street on the way home from school. There he was in his black suit, black hat and watch chain. He would stop, we would greet him and he would say he had a lot of coppers that were too heavy for his pockets. He'd hand these to us and we'd rush into the nearby milk bar to buy sweets. At the time I thought it was just chance that he always seemed to meet us coming home from school and near the shops in Punt Road.

My worst memory is of Uncle Pat at table. He was toothless. My mother prepared pap for dinner: mashed potatoes and pumpkin, rice, mince, stewed fruit and the like. Uncle Pat, however, had not learned to eat with gums alone. Some of the sustenance must have gone into him

because he stayed alive, but in our view as kids it all coursed down his chin and on to a napkin tied round his neck or sometimes into his lap on the way to the floor. He was a mess.

One reason he paid so little attention to his food was that he was talking to my father. They talked about the old days, the 1890s when squatters ruled, the unions took them on, the *Bulletin* backed the workers and Henry Lawson and Banjo Patterson created the Australian legend. At that stage I developed a lasting taste for memorising poetry. The *Victorian Readers* nourished this taste with plenty of Patterson, Lawson and other songsters of the bush. Somewhere in my mind, I saw Uncle Pat, teeth intact, as Clancy of

“So devoted  
was he to merinos  
that on seeing the  
opening scene of *The  
Overlanders* he snorted,  
‘Crossbreds’ and  
went to sleep”

the Overflow. The analogy was a bit out, in that Clancy was a drover and a horseman whereas Uncle Pat in his prime was a shearer and a unionist. But I had never been out of the city, so it was all romance to me.

My father cryptically summed up Uncle Pat's career with the words: ‘He was an intimate of W.G. Spence’ (founder of the AWU). Uncle Pat was an organiser of the Shearers' Union in Bourke in the Great Strikes of 1890 – 92 when the miners, the maritime unions and the shearers went out. He called the men out in Bourke, according to my father.

The workers lost but subsequently gained from the strengthening of the labour movement and the growth of the Australian Labor Party, but the squatters were vindictive. Uncle Pat was blacklisted from the sheds, changed his

name to Russell to get work and took up lone jobs like droving and prospecting. He sounds more like one of Lawson's characters down on his luck than Patterson's carefree horseman riding into the vision splendid, but he was clearly no tramp or drunkard.

My father was also a bushman, of a more settled type. As a youth he left the city to become a boundary rider in the Riverina. Working mainly for the Falkiner family he rose through overseer to the rank of manager. Before his rise in the ranks he worked for a while in New Zealand. Falkiner flocks were renowned for their merinos, and as manager at Wanganella Estate he had a key role in breeding the horns out of merinos. So devoted was he to merinos that on seeing the opening scene of *The Overlanders* (one of only two or three films he ever saw) he snorted, ‘Crossbreds’ and went to sleep.

Uncle Pat did most of the talking about Labor history whilst my father made brief exclamations when a particular name was mentioned. Father's favourite story was of the time he appeared before Justice Higgins during the 1907 case that led to the Harvester judgement and the Basic Wage. My father appeared for the squatters about conditions on sheep stations. The barrister assisting Mr Justice Higgins asked what the men had for breakfast. ‘Mutton’, said my father. ‘And for lunch?’ ‘Mutton’. ‘And what are they served for dinner?’ ‘Mutton’. At this point Higgins intervened. ‘How many acres did you say Wanganella had?’ ‘A hundred thousand’, said my father. ‘Is it your evidence,’ said Higgins, ‘that on a hundred thousand acres you cannot raise a few pigs to give the men bacon for breakfast?’ My father was enchanted. The story lived on as his longest. His and our favourite short ones were: on Collingwood, ‘When Billy Mohr kicked ten goals on Jack Regan, Collingwood mounted the ball and presented it to him’; on the Murdoch press when he interjected at a Labor rally, ‘Sausage wrappers’; and on the quality of bread, ‘They fed a lot of canaries on white bread and they all died.’

**Bill Hannan**

# Have you lost your census?

Ancestors are like potatoes; the best are under the ground, but have you ever wondered if your great-grandmother was related to Royalty or our grandfather was in the Black-and-Tans, but did not know how to find out? In the last four hundred years, millions of Irish people emigrated; some through wander lust or a spirit of adventure but mostly because of economic necessity. People of Irish descent are now found in all parts of the world. It is a slight exaggeration to say that everybody has an Irish grandmother; but perhaps you have.

Perhaps your forebears sailed from Queenstown after a night of merriment turned into a tearful farewell, taking their last fond look at Irish soil. Eamon Kelly once said, "The best American Wakes were in Ireland and the best Irish Wakes were in America." If you think you have Irish ancestry what is the next step? With some information and a creative mind you could do a bit of designer genealogy yourself.

Let's say that your great-great uncle Patrick Murphy, a fellow lacking in character, was hanged for horse stealing and train robbery in Montana in 1868. A cousin has supplied the only known photograph of Patrick, showing him standing on the gallows. On the back are the words: Patrick Murphy: Horse thief, sent to Montana Territorial Prison, 1865. Escaped 1867, robbed the Montana Flyer six times. Caught by Pinkerton Detectives, convicted and hanged, 1868.

A pretty grim situation but if you were slightly dishonest (which of course you're not) you could revise it a bit. Simply crop the picture, scan in an enlargement and edit it with image processing software so that all that is seen is a head shot.

Next, rewrite the text:

*Patrick Murphy from County Donegal emigrated during the great famine and became a famous cowboy in the Montana Territory. His business empire included valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Montana railroad. Beginning in 1865, he devoted several years of his life to service at a government facility, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the railroad. In 1867, he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the renowned Pinkerton Detective Agency. In 1868, Patrick passed away during an important civic function held*

*in his honour when the platform upon which he was standing collapsed.*

But there is no need to go to all that trouble. *Irish Roots* magazine has been purchased by Historian Maureen Phibbs and her daughter Julie, a broadcast journalist and film director. You know you are a genealogy addict when your dining room table has been transformed into an office and the table has been pushed into a corner to make more room for

*I can trace my  
ancestry back  
to protoplasmal  
primordial atomic  
globule. Consequently,  
my family pride  
is something  
in-conceivable.  
I can't help it.  
I was born sneering.  
The Mikado*

your files. You introduce your daughter as your descendent, you have more photos of dead people than live ones and you would rather go to a cemetery than a shopping-centre. Maureen Phibbs had all the symptoms. She is from Cullen a village in Co. Cork. She is married to Pat and they live in Co. Wicklow and have six children. Maureen's passion for genealogy was ignited in 1984 when a relative contacted the family from Australia. The family had been unaware of these relations and so an exciting discovery of relatives was uncovered, as was a deep interest in genealogy and family history.

Maureen undertook courses in genealogy and local history. In 1998 Maureen founded the Blessington Family History Society which inspired many members and continues to be a thriving and invaluable part of the West Wicklow community. She has compiled and contributed to many books. Mau-

reen believes that research, like charity begins at home and organised the highly successful 'Phibbsfest' reuniting Phibbs family relatives from all over the World. The emotional celebration unearthed the Phibbs family tree and culminated in an enriching experience and a powerful tribute to the many Phibbs ancestors who had scattered across the globe.

Maureen joins the Irish Roots' team as editor and brings with her over twenty three years experience of research in the field. Her enthusiasm, zeal and passion for genealogy and family history will be reflected in her involvement in the magazine. Julie Phibbs is Maureen's eldest daughter ( or should that be descendent?). Julie's background is in TV Production with a career in Broadcast Journalism with East Coast Media in North East Lincolnshire in 2001. She proudly collected two NTL television awards in 2002; 'Best College TV Item' and 'Best Community or Business Item'. Julie was introduced to genealogy by Maureen. They combined their skills to document Gerard Wakelam's moving story 'When Evening Falls – The Search for Barbara O'Connell'. The documentary describes Gerard's search for information about his Irish mother who died when he was four. Gerard, from Herefordshire in England, was forbidden by his grief stricken father to speak of his mother after her death and so she remained a mystery to him. The documentary follows Gerard on his last trip to Ireland and his final chance to answer questions that had haunted him all his life. The documentary has been shown at film festivals around the Country.

Julie has directed videos and DVDs including 'A Journey through West Wicklow' and more recently 'Sunrise on the Wicklow Hills', a DVD commemorating four hundred years since the inauguration of Co. Wicklow. The County is depicted through ballads, stories and breathtaking scenery. See also [www.westwicklowfilms.com](http://www.westwicklowfilms.com). Julie is looking forward to working with the Irish Roots team and to extending her interest in genealogy.

The next issue has informative articles on many aspects of genealogical research as well as Links to archival material in Ireland. Back-numbers of the magazine contain articles on subjects as diverse



## The Land of Saints and Scholars... and hard-bitten fighting men!

as Irish National Dress, Hitler's Irish Relatives, and The Black Irish. If you have any interest in Ireland (or wish to develop one), *Irish Roots* is for you. Just remember it's not all plain sailing as this poem (written by a frustrated researcher) will testify;

I went looking for an ancestor I cannot  
find him still.  
He moved around from place to place  
and did not leave a will.  
He married where a courthouse  
burned. He mended all his fences.  
He avoided any man who came to take  
the US census.  
He always kept his luggage packed,  
this man who had no fame.  
And every 20 years, this rascal  
changed his name.  
His parents came from Wicklow, they  
could be on some list  
Of passengers to the USA, but some-  
how he got missed.  
And no one else anywhere is search-  
ing for this man.  
So I'm perusing Irish Roots to find  
him if I can.  
I'm told he's buried in a plot, with  
tombstone he was blessed.  
But the weather took the engraving  
and some vandal took the rest.  
He died before the county clerks  
decided to keep records.  
No family Bible has emerged in spite  
of all my efforts.  
To top it off this ancestor, who has  
caused me many groans,  
Just to give me one more pain,  
betrothed a girl named JONES!

If you discover a parsimonious fore-  
father remember... misers make great  
ancestors.

**Mattie Lennon**

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ington, County Wicklow.

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The term 'wild geese' in Irish history  
may refer to one of three events. First  
the 1607 'flight of the earls', which  
included many leading members of  
the Ulster aristocracy escaping from  
English oppression in northern Ireland,  
following their defeat by the English  
at Kinsale in 1601, to join forces with  
their Catholic allies in Spain. Second  
the 1653 flight of Irish Confederates to  
serve in several European armies after  
military defeat and genocide at the  
hands of Oliver Cromwell. Third the  
1691 exile of the Irish army of Patrick  
Sarsfield following their transportation  
from besieged Limerick and Cork to  
King Louis' France.

However the incredible story of  
Ireland's warrior elite fighting outside  
of Ireland goes back *much* further in  
time – and is of much wider scope on  
the world stage. Before the Normans  
invaded England, Irish fleets routinely  
raided the coasts of England and Wales  
for plunder and slaves; one of whom  
was later to escape from Ireland, and  
then return as a missionary to convert  
Ireland to Christianity, now known as  
Saint Patrick!

England's Norman King Edward I  
(‘the hammer of the Scots’) recruited  
Irish light cavalry (hobblers) to serve  
in France during the ‘100 Years War’  
and also used them to patrol the Eng-  
lish border with Scotland. In 1243,  
the Irish again fought for the Normans  
but against their fellow Celts, the  
Welsh – perhaps in memory of the  
Welsh mercenaries who had fought at  
Strongbow's side when he brought his  
Norman English invaders to Ireland in  
1169. In 1485, Irish warriors fought in  
England with the Yorkists against the  
Lancastrians during England's bloody  
Wars of the Roses.

When the wars of religion swept  
through Europe setting Catholic  
against Protestant, the Irish were to be  
found fighting for both sides. As early  
as the 1520's, Irish troops were to be  
found in the Netherlands. The German  
artist Dürer sketched ‘Gallowglas and  
Kerne’ on the continent in 1521.

The Tudor crown acknowledged the  
Irish as the hardest and fiercest troops  
in the known world. For this reason the  
English commander in the ‘low coun-

tries’ (Holland) in 1585 requested Irish  
Gallowglas (heavy infantry) and Irish  
Kerne (light infantry); these warriors  
duly arrived in Flanders in 1586.

The Irish served in the English army  
of the Netherlands as Stanley's Irish  
Regiment from 1587 till 1596, allied  
with the Protestant Dutch fighting against  
the Catholic Spanish. However their  
colonel, Sir Edward Stanley, a devout  
Catholic, then changed sides and took  
the Irish to fight for Spain. England's  
frustration would turn to fury when it  
was discovered that Guy Fawkes of  
Gunpowder Plot fame had been one of  
Stanley's soldiers. From 1597 till 1604  
the regiment was known in the Spanish  
Army as ‘El Tercio Irlanda’. In 1628 the  
regiment was disbanded into independ-  
ent companies. In 1698, Captain John  
Jordan commanded a ‘Tyrone company’  
of the Spanish forces in Florida.

In 1605, The Spanish raised their  
own Irish Regiment under Prince Henry  
O'Neill, son of Hugh O'Neill (‘The  
O'Neill’ – Chief of the O'Neill clan).  
This was known as ‘Regiment Tyrone’  
(named in honour of the O'Neill ter-  
ritorial title, ‘Earl of Tyrone’), and later  
it achieved fame as ‘Regiment Ultonia’  
as part of the famous Irish Brigade of  
the Spanish Army.

On November 1, 1709, Felipe  
(Philip) V of Spain collected all the  
Irish units into one brigade. The Ultonia  
Regiment came under the command of  
Diarmuid Mac Amhlaoibh (Dermot  
MacAuliffe) who had distinguished  
himself in defending Cork City from  
the invading Protestant forces of Wil-  
liam of Orange in 1690. As well as  
producing victories in campaigns in  
Europe, the Irish Brigade of Spain  
spearheaded the Spanish expansion in  
the New World bringing Cuba, Loui-  
siana, Texas, California and Mexico  
under the flag of their adopted country.

The ‘Wild Geese’ of popular myth  
and legend dreamt of returning to Ire-  
land, where military skills perfected  
on foreign fields, in the service of  
Spain (the ‘world super power’ of that  
time), would then be employed against  
English occupiers.

**Michael Doyle**

*More on the history of the ‘Wild  
Geese’ to follow in future issues...*



John W. Walshe

*Advocate* 26 February 1881

# John Walshe and the Irish Land League in Australia 1881-82

Unlike the well-known Redmond mission to Australia in 1883, the mission of another Irish nationalist, John Walshe, who paved the way for the Redmond brothers, has been neglected by historians of Irish Australia. There has been little acknowledgement of Walshe's role in the rapid spread of the Land League movement in Australia, particularly in Victoria where he spent several months in 1881-82.

John Walshe was a cousin of Michael Davitt and a dedicated supporter of the Irish patriot throughout his life. During the winter of 1879-80, Davitt spent time at the Walshe family home in Balla, County Mayo, as plans were developed for the Land League. John Walshe later claimed with pride that the Land League had its birth by the family hearth in Balla. The Walshe family had experienced evictions and other grievances of tenant farmers that the Land League aimed to redress. John was not the only activist in his family. Two sisters, Beatrice and Margaret, were prominent in the Ladies Land League, with the 'patriotic, high-spirited' Bea (possibly engaged to Michael Davitt) a founding member. John Walshe, an accomplished orator, was one of the organisers of the meeting at Irishtown in Mayo that laid the foundations of the Land League. In November 1880, he was one of the League leaders who were prosecuted by the Gladstone Government for criminal conspiracy.

This prosecution spurred Irish nationalists in the Australian colonies to provide more than just moral support for the cause of Parnell and the League. Branches of the Parnell Defence Fund raised funds to fight the prosecution. The first Australian branch of the Land League was formed in Brisbane in 1881, and a branch at Kilmore in Victoria two weeks later. (Michael Davitt, writing many years later, mistakenly stated that

the Gympie miners established the first Australian branch).

After the collapse of the prosecution case against Parnell and the other Leaguers in January 1881, Walshe, in poor health, made the long voyage to Australia to aid his recovery. At that time he was selected by Parnell and others to act as a delegate for the Land League movement in the Australian colonies. On 4 June 1881, Walshe arrived in Melbourne and was met by Joseph Winter, the proprietor of the Irish Catholic newspaper, the *Advocate*. Winter was known in Ireland as a key organiser for Irish nationalist causes and was treasurer of the Melbourne Parnell

“Land League had  
its birth by the family  
hearth in Balla”

Defence Fund (which became the central committee of the Victorian Land League). With Winter and the *Advocate* promoting his mission, Walshe spoke to large Melbourne meetings in the Irish strongholds of Hotham, Collingwood and Richmond, with branches of the League formed after each meeting.

In July, Walshe and Winter travelled to Temora in New South Wales in response to a request to form a League branch there. There were about ten thousand miners at Temora following the gold rush of the previous year and many were Irishmen. The name Temora, meaning 'Irish royal seat' was probably bestowed by these miners. A branch of the Land League formed at Temora, the first in New South Wales, with £500 subscribed by the crowd of one thousand, but Temora also had the distinction of forming the first branch of the Ladies Land League in Australia.

Walshe undertook with Anna Parnell,

who led the Ladies Land League in Ireland, to promote the movement in the colonies. He was successful in this and by the end of 1881, fifteen branches of the Ladies League had been established, all in Victoria except for branches in Temora and Albury. The largest branches were in Ballarat, Bendigo and Geelong but even in Moyhu, a crowd of one hundred women, mainly young, greeted Walshe and formed a branch of the 'Victorian Native Ladies Land League'. Ostensibly a charity to assist evicted families, the Ladies Land League, linked to both the men's organisation and the militant parent Ladies League in Ireland, provided a political experience for many hundreds of women incomparable with any previous non-religious women's organisation in the colonies.

Despite the hostility of the press and the Orange movement, by October 1881 the Melbourne central committee of the Land League reported that twenty-nine branches of the men's organisation existed. While support was lacking from the Catholic hierarchy and local Irish political leaders, there was solid grassroots support from the working classes and local priests, many of whom originated from the same worst-affected areas of Ireland.

With the arrest of Parnell in 1881, followed by the declaration that the Land League was an illegal organisation in Ireland, the organisation's existence in colonial Australia was in question. The sombre, yet defiant mood in the local Land League movement was typified by a meeting at Bungaree near Ballarat on the evening of 31 October. The *Ballarat Star* described the 'picturesque aspect' of this evening meeting with many in the crowd carrying lighted torches. Though the meeting heard rousing speeches and closed with cheers for Walshe and the League, there was little cause for optimism.

“A veteran whose activities in the National cause placed him in the dock in Ireland and made him a great pioneer of the Irish movement at the Antipodes”

The challenges facing the League in Victoria were compounded by Walshe's poor health. By December, however, he travelled to Tasmania where he successfully established Land League branches at Hobart and Launceston. In February, Walshe left for Sydney, completing the Victorian mission.

New South Wales, the second largest colony after Victoria, had been slow to support the Land League movement. By 1882, the only branches in existence were those that Walshe had established at Temora and Albury. This lack of support in New South Wales contrasted not only to Victoria, but Queensland which had supported the Land League throughout 1881. However, there was no lack of support in southern New South Wales throughout the diocese of Goulburn where Walshe received an enthusiastic welcome, no doubt primarily because of Bishop Lanigan's endorsement of the Land League.

In 1882, Walshe's mission was aided by the arrival of Hugh Mahon, a young Irish journalist, released from Kilmainham Gaol in January 1882 where he had been imprisoned with Parnell and for whom he had acted as a private secretary. Walshe and Mahon met with success in New South Wales and raised £7800 by October 1882 for the Land League since the commencement of Walshe's Australian mission.

By late October 1882, however, it had been decided that the Land League in the Australian colonies needed to be reorganised along lines similar to the Irish National League; a new organisation in Ireland closely linked to the Irish Parliamentary Party. Parnell was requested by the Australian Committee to send an Irish Party member to promote the new organisation.

The Australian mission in early 1883 of the Redmond brothers, John and William, is well known. What is less well

documented is the key role that Walshe played during the Redmond mission. In November 1883, John Redmond singled out two individuals who were responsible for the mission's success – John Walshe and Joseph Winter, the League treasurer and proprietor of the Melbourne *Advocate*.

Little is known about Walshe's later life. He settled in Sydney where he was joined 1884 by his sisters, Bea and Margaret, who were feted by local Irish nationalists for their role in the Ladies Land League. The Walshe's helped establish the Sydney Celtic Club. Despite continued involvement in Sydney Irish nationalist activities, John Walshe did not attain his former prominence. He married and owned a hotel. According to Patrick O'Farrell, Walshe 'fell sad victim to alcohol and returned to Ireland to die in obscurity'. O'Farrell's brief summation of Walshe's last years may not be entirely fair or accurate. He certainly returned to Ireland sometime in the early 1900s where he died in a Dublin hotel in 1915. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* paid tribute to 'a veteran whose activities in the National cause placed him in the dock in Ireland and made him a great pioneer of the Irish movement at the Antipodes'. It described Walshe in his last days as someone with 'numerous nationalist friends' who still tried to be active and 'though very feeble, he was to be seen in O'Connell Street, moving slowly but in absolute possession of faculties which had always been alert and keen'.

A great deal remains unknown about John Walshe. However, his significance in the Irish nationalist movement of the early 1880s is beyond dispute and this neglected figure is deserving of a full biographical study by both Irish and Australian historians.

*Patrick Naughtin*

## The Kellys Again

### Ned hero and healer

Jerilderie is the small town in Southern NSW which Ned Kelly and his gang held up, and where he produced the literary and very impressive Jerilderie Letter. At the beginning of February the town conducted a festival celebrating the raid. Alan Wedesweiler, the principal of St Joseph's, the Catholic primary school, in his school newsletter, praised Ned in glowing terms as leader and healer.

"Such is Life" is what he said in the end and had he been around for the last week here in Jerilderie, I reckon Ned would've said the same. Such is life that he would be proud that his raid is being re-enacted, proud that his politics of standing up for the repressed and anti-authoritarianism is still discussed and played out, proud that his imagery stands atop everywhere from the hardware to the bakery, such is life that he, despite his crimes, is pulling together a small rural community so many years after his amazing visit.'

### Infiltrating the English Royal House

Autumn Kelly, a 31 year old Canadian lass, of Catholic Irish background, is living with, and has become engaged to Peter Philips, a son of Princess Anne, the tenth in line to the English crown. Infiltration presents itself as a new and attractive strategy in the centuries long Irish war against the English royals.

However Autumn's religion of origin became a public issue in England in August 2007, when the British press reported that Autumn Kelly was a Roman Catholic. *The Tablet* had found evidence of her baptism. Apparently unless Kelly renounces her Catholicism, Peter Phillips will lose his place in the line of the succession to the Throne upon marriage in accordance with the Act of Settlement 1701.

How does one, these days, go about renouncing Catholicism?

*Terry Monagle*

*(Ask Autumn – she has since done just that. Ed)*

# Royal Hospital for Incurables

## The archives

Founded in 1743, the hospital is still very much in operation. Its long history means that it has an extensive archive. While some of the archival material deals with dry but necessary matters, other material deals with the more human side. Records of genealogical interest include the Minute Books of Governors' meetings (listing 1,373 Governors, 296 patients and hundreds of suppliers and visitors to the Hospital), the Patient Registry (with 3,165 names), the Candidates' Books (the waiting lists, with 2,643 applicants), Application Forms (with 269 names and other details) and a list of 814 Hospital employees. There are other sources such as Visitors' Books, showing visitors' names and addresses and the date of their visits.

## The background

When Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries in 1536, the plain folk of Ireland lost their centres of healing and their shelters against life's vicissitudes. After the dissolution, Ireland was, for most of the 16th century and all of the 17th century, without any nationwide centres of healing and help.

The Victorians held cleanliness next to godliness, but in Georgian Dublin, it was next to impossible, as was staying healthy. With the Georgian Enlightenment, some attempts were made to help the poor and the infirm, for example, the foundation of the Royal Hospital Donnybrook. That it is still flourishing is a testament to the commitment of its founders and to all those associated with it over 263 years.

What was the background to its foundation? A poem celebrates the occasion: "Verses occasioned by seeing proposals for Founding an Hospital for Incurables in Dublin." printed by and for George Faulkner. The poem clarifies the meaning of "Incurable" as a description of a person and explains why the Hospital was founded. It opens with God venting his anger on Ireland. Death "stalks in Triumph o'er the Land" thinning it "with an Iron Hand". The poem portrays the earlier patients of the Hospital as "sad Objects" and as "Incurables". In one consequence of having them "infest our Streets", Mothers recall how, on seeing these sad objects, the unborn child either died or they find: "Their wretched Offspring maimed or blind." Removing them from

public view was important for, as the poet says, the Incurables are "shocking to the human Eye."

## External records

The Records of Dublin Corporation for 1743 refer to supplying the Hospital for Incurables on Lazars-hill with piped water. The entry reads as follows:

*"The directors of the Hospital for Incurables setting forth that they have a house on Lazars-hill to receive and maintain poor persons who are incurable, to be allowed a pipe for the use of the said house Gratis, to be laid at their own expense: Granted that the Petitioners have a branch laid in of three quarters of an inch diameter gratis: during the City's pleasure the same to be laid at the expense of the Hospital."*

So if they paid for the laying of the pipe they could have free water.

The building in Donnybrook began in 1784 under the direction of Richard Woodward, Church of Ireland Bishop of Cloyne. Completed in 1785, "though partly furnished it was as yet unapplied." In 1786, it was bought for the Hospital for Incurables by John La Touche and became the new premises in late 1792.

## The Charter.

King George III granted a Charter "for the purpose of Incorporating the Governors of this Charity" in 1799. The Charter outlines the work of the Hospital. It "has for many years past been of great and manifest benefit to the Poor, in and near our said City, who are afflicted with disorders declared to be Incurable, by dieting, lodging, clothing and maintaining such poor persons...without Fee or Reward."

## The Governors

From 1771 to 1799 fifty governors were elected with another 1,323 governors (316 women) from 1800 – 1900. The first female governor was the Hon. Miss Southwell in 1865. They governed a voluntary Hospital which admitted patients for life, rather than for a short time to be cured. The Hospital was costly because its diet was generous. It also clothed the patients and provided "stimulants" (beer, wine, brandy and whiskey). Many governors used their own money to finance it. The Hospital relied on charitable dona-

tions, bequests, various types of fund raising, including Charity Sermons and in particular, on voluntary service.

In 1844 the governors made a public appeal for funds. Part of their appeal was that the Hospital was too well hidden from public view. It was "hid, as it were, in a corner & in a peculiarly healthful & secluded situation, it has never effectually met the public eye as to elicit Public sympathy." They pointed out that the Hospital was for those who are "permanently ill, from every variety of incurable Malady ... (they) are received within its walls, are nursed & tended with unremitting care & tenderness, it receives those who are rejected from every other sanatory (sic) Institution & is the last refuge on this side of the grave for suffering Mortality combined with poverty." So who were these patients?

When the 2nd Minute Book began in 1797 and recorded the name of every in-patient and when the Patient Registry opened in 1817, we begin to get a reliable record of patients. In 1797 there were 19 male and 15 female in-patients. The number reached 100 in 1864 and passed 200 in 1894.

## Those who were admitted

By the end of 1900, of the 2653 patients whose religion was known, 59.9% were Catholics, 40.0% were Protestants and 0.1% (2 people) were Jews. Between 1771 to 1900 there were 1,565 (49.4%) male and 1,603 (50.6%) female patients. Admissions from 1743 to 1771 were lost with the first Minute Book in 1805. The main diseases recorded are cancer, paralysis, consumption and heart disease. There were scores of other diseases; there was even one called "exotic" and another, "Tic Dolorease" [Now known as trigeminal neuralgia. Ed].

## Faraway Places

Some patients came from the other side of the Earth. In November 1829 James Francis, an East Indian servant, with neither hands nor feet, entered the Boardroom for his examination hoping to gain admission. He was told that he need not appear again at the Board (the Governors would waive that rule) and "that his case would be considered at the next vacancy". He was admitted in 1830, by reason of his double disability, and lived until 1841.

# Cancer among the Irish in Britain

George Hippi was a fourteen year old Australian Aborigine. A Protestant and servant, he suffered from Consumption and was admitted on October 19th 1869, Unfortunately, George died on December 12th 1869.

## Candidates

Candidates for admission completed an application form and Catherine Lawler's admitted on August 16 1859, is the oldest surviving one. It shows the genealogical importance of hospital records.

The application form shows that Catherine was a 21 year old servant under the care of J. Gordon at the Whitworth Medical Hospital for chronic rheumatism. Three former employers signed for her. They were: William S. Burton, 17, North Richmond Street, J. Alexander Scott, Baymount, Clontarf and Nicholas Walsh, 42, Ushers Quay. The Roman Catholic Chaplain (J. Faulkner) at the House of Industry stated that Catherine had attended divine service there. Catherine signed her own name and her witnesses were Eliza Balf and Anna Toussaint. Francis Bessonnett, Governor of the Hospital for Incurables, also signed. Dr Croker examined her and confirmed her complaint. Catherine died on October 9th 1916 after 57 years in the Hospital. There are 269 Application Forms available up to the end of 1900.

## Conclusion

James Adams, "Licensed Appraiser and Auctioneer, 17, Merrion Row, Dublin", undertook an Inventory of the Hospital in August, 1898. It is an entirely fitting way to end this article. Combined with the plans of the Hospital at that time, the Inventory allows us to recreate the Hospital as it was then. It runs to 271 pages with about twelve entries per page. In the linen store there was a "Roll of American Oil baize" and among other things "576 Blankets".

The bleakest entry for "The Dead House" reads:

*"5 elm coffins  
1 Bier (ashe)  
2 Rail top tables with loose marble  
tops for holding coffins  
Gas Bracket"*

**Stephen McCormic and Kate Press**  
*A CD-ROM containing the complete  
entire database is due shortly.*

Mortality among first and second generation Irish people living in Britain is 20% above the national average; mainly due to cancer deaths. The reasons are not understood, though behavioural factors (smoking, alcohol consumption and diet) play a role because of the high proportion of lung and liver cancers. Late detection of tumours is common. A high proportion of Irish registrations are 'death certification only' cases. Very little is known about health behaviour among Irish people and Scanlon and her colleagues conducted the first qualitative study of cancer beliefs among 100 Irish resident in Britain, comparing them with 100 indigenous White British participants.

Neither group knew much about cancer, with many believing that it was a single disease that could develop in any part of the body, but first generation older Irish had the poorest cancer knowledge. Some attributed this to poor education and literacy. Lower levels of education among Irish people resident in Britain meant that learning from family and social networks was very important to them, but unfortunately there was great reluctance to talk about illness, especially cancer.

All participants feared cancer, but especially older people and the Irish group. Their fear and pessimism were linked to their many experiences of death among friends and family members. Fear led to secrecy because of a general view that illness was a sign of weakness and would shame the family. Cancer was the word left unsaid when parents talked about it in whispers. The culture of secrecy meant many learned about cancer at home but knew little about signs and symptoms.

The general fear of cancer meant that people did not consider themselves at risk unless someone close to them had been affected. Men were more likely to ignore their problems and Irish men were reluctant to talk about cancer or any other health problem, because of their 'hard man' culture. A first generation Irish man linked this attitude to surviving in the UK as a migrant:

*"I think Irish men ... a lot of them become so hardened by their experiences of being here, they ..wouldn't express their emotions [...] when they came here, to survive in industries, to deal with the stuff they had to deal with, whether that's racism or anything that is thrown at them. (p.333).*

Some Irish narratives suggested that

Irish men adopted an unhealthy pub lifestyle to cope with the emotional trauma of not belonging or not being wanted in Britain.

Lack of knowledge about the disease meant a general confusion about causation. Stressing hereditary factors was common in Irish narratives, perhaps because many of them came from large families. They often gave detailed accounts of cancer among relatives, leading some to believe that cancer was a 'curse' in their families. Apart from smoking in lung cancer and the sun in skin cancer, there was a widespread scepticism towards lifestyle risk factors. A number of participants still believed that cancer could be caused by a knock or fall.

Irish participants thought that the high cancer incidence among the older first generation Irish population was due to lifelong socio-economic disadvantage. A first generation Irish woman said:

*I think my father's family.. they all worked manually on the docks years ago and four of them died with cancer and I'm sure it was something to do with the kind of work they did. (p.334)*

Amongst older participants in both groups, but particularly the Irish, there was a greater sense of stoicism about seeking health care. Many older Irish would rather not know whether they had cancer. Some suggested that many of the older people were influenced by childhood experiences of help-seeking behaviours in Ireland where people delayed going to the doctor because of cost. They also believed that older first generation Irish people had a very deferential attitude to doctors and a reluctance to bother them or take up their time.

Scanlon concluded that disadvantaged, first generation, older Irish people retained some of the traditional health practices of the past. Among younger second generation people, traditional beliefs learned at home coexisted with medical knowledge. A particular strength of the study was the extensive involvement of the civic leaders and organisations of the Irish community. That suggested potential to engage users in dissemination of relevant cancer information material.

**Felicity Allen**

*From: Scanlon, K. et al. (2004). Potential Barriers to Prevention of Cancers and to Early Cancer Detection Among Irish People living in Britain: A Qualitative Study. Ethnicity & Health, 11 (3), pp. 325 – 341.*

# From Co. Down to Downunder

Henry Fitzpatrick (born c1836) left his native homeland in Kilkeel, Co Down, North of Ireland to create a new Fitzpatrick legacy "Down under." He immigrated to Australia on the ship "Royal Charter" and spent his first few years mining in central Victoria as most pioneers did. After some success with mining he directed his attention to farming during the late 1860's where he took up land at Bradford via Maldon, Victoria, and established the White Flag Hotel. His first beer licence was granted in 1864 and he held that licence until his death in 1910, by which time he had also acquired property comprising 2,000 acres. (His married sons also had substantial farming properties.) While engaged in farming, he also did a good deal of contract work for the Shire Council and other bodies especially in building bridges.

Henry was keenly involved in public matters and anything pertaining to the welfare of the district had his warm support. In politics candidates sought after his support. He represented the country district as a member of the Maldon Hospital Committee for many years, and played a key role in the financial success of the Easter Fair, a celebration that is still held today in Maldon on each Easter Monday. He was made a Life Governor of the local hospital. As a member of St Brigid's Roman Catholic Church, he identified himself closely in its welfare, and was one of its chief supporters. He was a good businessman, and, in anything he took up, his object was to do it thoroughly.

He was married in 1865 at St Mary's Castlemaine to a young widow Mary Anne Walker (née Fenton) who died 18 months later leaving him with a young baby named Ellen (Mrs. Patrick O'Byrne of Maldon b 1866). In 1868 Henry then married another Irish lass named Mary Clancy (born Pallas Green, Co Limerick) and they subsequently raised a family of seven sons and six daughters: Elizabeth (1869-1930, never married), Henry (b 1871), Hannah (Mrs James Kavanagh b 1872), John (b 1874), Cornelius (b 1875), Theresa (Mrs John Collins b 1877), Catherine (1878-1905, never married), James (b 1879), Annie (Mrs William Collins b 1881), Emily (Mrs James Murphy b

1883), Patrick (b 1885), Hugh (b 1886) and Gerald (b 1892).

Over the long-weekend of 8-11 March 2008, more than 300 of Henry's descendants met at Maldon to celebrate 150 years since he arrived in Australia. On Saturday 8 March, a plaque was placed at Bradford, near Maldon, commemorating where the White Flag Hotel had been



Henry and second wife Mary Clancy

built some one hundred and sixty years before. Henry held the licence from 1864 - 1910, when the hotel was de-licensed after his death. Mr Alec Taylor, the current owner of the hotel property, kindly consented to have the plaque placed on his property near the gate. About 20 relatives were present as the plaque was positioned and many photos were taken to record the occasion. Another plaque had been placed on Henry's grave in the Maldon cemetery. That evening, 80 relatives gathered at the Maldon Hotel to share a meal, renew acquaintances and trade memories. Amid much talk and laughter, a poem written about life and times of the family in the district, by one of Henry's grandsons, Frank Fitzpatrick of Maldon, was recited and greeted with applause.

On Sunday, family members of the clan assembled at St Brigid's to celebrate the occasion. Father Mick Fitzpatrick, a grandson of Henry celebrated 11am Mass. Family members had travelled from all over Australia to be present. An Irish lass from Kilkeel, Co Down, Ireland, who was distantly related, attended. Music was supplied by Adrian Fitzpatrick (organ) and Kristian Rodoni (flute) grandson and great grandson of Henry.

After the Mass, presentations were

made firstly to Pauline Turner of Bendigo, a great granddaughter of Henry, for her work in organising the re-union with Angela Rodoni of Adelaide, another great granddaughter. Then followed gifts to Brother Majella, 60 years a Marist Brother, Sister Genevieve (Marie) and Sister Paulina (Joan), and Father Mick for each celebrating 50 years or more in their religious vocation, Father Gavan was unable to attend because of ill health (all grandchildren of Henry) - a remarkable tribute to their parents, Pat and Kit Fitzpatrick as well.

After Mass the clan mingled in the hall, viewing photos, documents and other memorabilia, which were displayed around the hall, together with the family tree, which occupied some twenty-two metres of typed charts. Others sought refuge from the burning sun in the shade provided by the trees in the churchyard or by the marquee. Here they were able to enjoy a BBQ supplied by the Maldon Netball/Football club. Others enjoyed lunch, which had been prepared at home.

At 1.30pm the total group assembled in front of the church to have its photo taken by a professional photographer. After this, each branch of the family was photographed in the hall. Souvenir stubby holders and bottles of white and red wine bearing the Fitzpatrick logo were on sale to cover the costs involved.

It would be remiss of the whole family, if special thanks were not openly given to Pauline and Bob Turner (Bendigo), Angela Rodoni (Adelaide), Frank and Brett Fitzpatrick (Bendigo) and Frank Fitzpatrick (Maldon) for the amount of work undertaken to make this reunion such an outstanding success. Little did Henry realise when he stepped aboard the *Royal Charter* in 1858 from Newry, North of Ireland, what a legacy he would leave behind in Australia. As at 9 March 2008 there were 1,535 names on Henry's family tree.

I am Kathleen Murphy (b 1947) - Emily Eileen Murphy (née Fitzpatrick b 1883) is Henry Fitzpatrick's daughter, my father James Murphy's mother and my grandmother.

How wonderful it was to be there on that day!

*Kathleen Murphy*

# Melbourne – Irish historical links

In 1886 John MacSwiney, a businessman, left his wife and family in Cork and emigrated to ‘Marvellous Melbourne’, then the unofficial capital of the southern hemisphere in the middle of its great ‘Land Boom’. Why he left his family behind is uncertain, it may have been for health reasons. What is known is that John MacSwiney became a real estate agent in Melbourne and died here just nine years later in 1895.

Two brothers, Edward and Thomas Burgess of Dublin also arrived in Melbourne in 1886. Their father Thomas Burgess Snr, a Dublin dealer in fine furniture and art works, had sent them to open a Melbourne branch in the boom city. The Burgess brothers were the eldest in a family of four boys and ten girls. Their business acumen may have been lacking or perhaps it was due to a rapidly escalating economic disaster in Melbourne, but in 1887 Thomas Burgess Snr rushed out to try to rescue his toppling enterprise. He failed and, worse, he fell out with his two sons, who left him. Reportedly, neither returned to Ireland.

Thomas Burgess Snr returned to Dublin a broken man and never recovered his business confidence. Only Edward married and had a daughter of whom nothing is known. She presumably lived her life in Australia, and may have left descendants who would be related to the third Burgess son Charles. He stayed in Dublin and had sacrificed his ambitions to be a doctor to rescue the family fortunes. This Charles Burgess is better known as Cathal Brugha, hero of 1916 and later TD for Waterford and a major figure in the Irish War of Independence and in the First Dáil. Cathal’s son Rory Brugha, later married the grand daughter of John MacSwiney. Her fascinating biography, “History’s Daughter”, was published only a year or so ago.

John MacSwiney never returned to Ireland. He was buried in Melbourne aged 59. His youngest son Terence MacSwiney became an ardent Sinn Féiner. When Lord Mayor of Cork City, he was arrested by the British authorities and jailed in England, where he died on hunger strike in 1920. The campaign to release MacSwiney was waged across the entire Irish diaspora. Dr Daniel Mannix, the Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, was a leading supporter. Dr Mannix sailed to Europe hoping to speak with Irish leaders as the War of Independence escalated. His outspoken support for the Irish cause meant Dr Mannix was taken off his ship into the custody of the Royal Navy, ‘their greatest victory since Jutland,’ as he said. Mannix visited MacSwiney in Brixton and said a requiem mass for him, but was not allowed to travel to Ireland to see either his own mother or the MacSwiney family, although Archbishop Clune of Perth was given unfettered access. Seán Ua Ceallaigh [‘Sceilg’] of Kerry a leading First Dáil figure, says that Clune was politically naive and Lloyd George believed he could use him, but considered Mannix was a different ‘kettle of fish’ entirely.

In 1922, when the Irish Free State had been declared and the Irish Civil War had begun, that ‘Sceilg’ a great friend of Brugha, began a ‘winning of support’ mission for the Republican cause. He toured the Irish diaspora to raise funds and refute the propaganda emanating from the British and the IFS governments. When he reached Melbourne in 1923 ‘Sceilg’ as president of The Gaelic League, dedicated the memorial to Terence MacSwiney on his father’s gravesite in the Melbourne



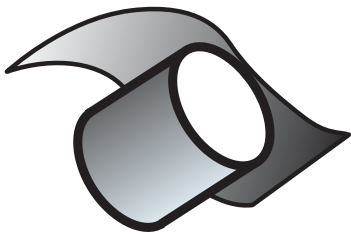
**The MacSwiney Memorial in the Melbourne General Cemetery, on McPherson Street, Carlton**

General Cemetery. ‘Sceilg’ was ‘detained’ for three days by the authorities while in Melbourne.

The MacSwiney Memorial, a well-proportioned Celtic cross with inscriptions in Irish, is easily accessed from the North Gate of Melbourne General Cemetery, on McPherson Street, Carlton. It is not far from the North Gate beside the verge of the old Twelfth Avenue to the left of North Avenue as one proceeds from the north gate. Twelfth Ave no longer has access for a vehicle off North Ave and has to be approached on foot.

Two other graves of historical interest for Irish people lie further along North Ave at the intersection with Tenth Ave. There, just behind the splendid Italian graves of the Bongiorno and Cini families, is the much older grave of Irishman Hugh Francis Brophy, a Fenian and political prisoner of Fremantle Jail. Immediately behind the Brophy grave lies that of another political prisoner Cornelius O’Mahony. Both men were transported to Fremantle for their involvement in the Fenian Uprising of 1867 and on release stayed in Melbourne. The descendants of Hugh Brophy still live in Melbourne.

*Chris Mooney*



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## There's a Fenian in the cupboard

Family history research uncovers many surprises. One line of investigation I have followed has revealed a passion for Irish republican causes in one of my wife's great-great-grandfathers, a man named James Fearon.

Fearon was born in Newry, Co Down, in 1826 and married Rose Ann McAteer in (1851). Rose came from Killeavy district, just over the border in South Armagh. This area continues to be a republican stronghold and, in 1975, was described as "bandit country" by Merlyn Rees, then British Secretary for Northern Ireland. It was alleged to be the most dangerous posting in the world for British troops at the time. Of course, with troop withdrawal, it is once more a beautiful and peaceful part of the world.

An early indication of the political views of James Fearon is evident in the names given to two of his young sons. His first born, who died in infancy, was named after the publisher of the *United Irishman*, John Mitchel, and his eldest surviving son, Patrick Sarsfield, after the leader of the Irish armies against William of Orange. It is more than possible that James Fearon and John Mitchel were well acquainted with each other.

James and Rose Fearon, with their surviving son, Patrick, came to Melbourne in 1856. A daughter was born at sea, just before their arrival, and they had a further eight children, three of whom died early. James Fearon was an accountant and senior civil servant in the Victorian Pensioner Treasury. The family built a home in Swan Street, Richmond, which they called "Newry Villa". It no longer stands and the site is now occupied by a bank. Fearon was a comfortably-off, respectable pillar of Melbourne society but he had an ongoing interest in Irish political affairs.

There is information about Fearon in a letter written by a pardoned Fenian, John Kenealy, who had been released from Fremantle jail. Kenealy's letter to John Devoy, dated 6 December 1904, was published in full in the *Gaelic American*, a New York journal devoted to Irish republican causes and culture. Much of it is also reproduced in Thomas Kenealy's *The Great Shame* and Liam Barry's *Voices from the Tomb*. The latter publication refers to James Fearon as a survivor of the 1848 rebellion which supports the thesis that he was involved

with rebellious movements prior to his arrival in Australia.

The Kenealy letter refers to Fearon having written to the Fenians in Western Australia offering his assistance. As a result, when Kenealy came to Melbourne in 1869 to raise funds for the pardoned Catenians, he called on Fearon at the latter's home. Kenealy described how

*"...the door was opened by a bright, interesting young fellow about 17 years of age, with long brown curls and attractive manners... This was Patrick Sarsfield Fearon, the eldest of quite a large family, to be well known to me during my stay in Melbourne. Presently a sight never to be forgotten appeared. A middle-aged man trying to divest himself of night clothes and get into some others as quickly as possible, coming down stairs, pale and trembling with nervous excitement, rushed to me, pulled me into a dark drawing-room or parlour, got everybody, from wife and baby, out of bed to come and take a look at me. I need scarcely add that generous refreshments of all kinds were forthcoming immediately. Some friends were notified, and Mr. Fearon stated that we have to go to Edward Dillon's, a brother of my friend, Brian, at once."*

In the same letter, Kenealy also recounted how

*"Charles Gavan Duffy asked my friend Fearon to bring me to the former's home out at Hawthorn on a certain day. Fearon and I went according to appointment."*

It is interesting to reflect on the networking for Irish republican causes that must have existed in Melbourne in the nineteenth century, hidden for the most part in a climate of suspicion of those of Irish background. Fearon's occupation and outward 'respectability' was no doubt responsible for much of his pro-Fenian activities being unrecorded. Given the sectarian, anti-Irish sentiments of the Melbourne establishment and his need to preserve his career, it is unlikely that Fearon would have demonstrated any public Fenian sympathies. Patrick Sarsfield Fearon also became a civil servant but there is no indication whether he shared his father's passion.

James Fearon maintained his allegiance to the end and was buried in 1912 in the Fenian graves at Melbourne General Cemetery.

**Robert J F Butler**



## Irish rebel honour linked to Australian rebel

The figure of Irish rebel, writer and patriot, James Finton Lalor (1807-1849) stands proudly in the centre of Portlaoise, County Laois, following the unveiling of his commemorative sculpture.

The James Finton sculpture links the political struggles of the rebel to those of his two brothers, Peter Lalor at Eureka and Richard, who as a member of parliament took his fight to the floor of the House of Commons.

The nine feet high bronze monument stands outside the offices of the Laois County Council. Tanaiste and Minister for Finance, Brian Cowan, officially unveiled the statue before a large crowd last December 15th.

James Fintan was the eldest son of Patt Lalor of Tenakill House, Raheen, County Laois. Patt was a Member of the House of Commons, a key figure of the Tithe Wars of the 1830s, and a strong supporter of Daniel O'Connell's Repeal movement.

One of many people who contributed to the erection of the James Finton Lalor monument was David Lawlor from Killeigh, Tullamore. While he was the Lalor Clan Chieftain (2003-2004), one of his priorities was to build a monument to honour James Finton and a commemorative committee was set up with David as chairman. Speaking on the day of the unveiling, David Lawlor said: "We worked hand in hand with the (Laois County) Council. This is a great day for the Lalor Clan and we find ourselves at this stage in a celebratory mood, honouring our great national hero."

Beside the statue is a solid limestone plinth, capped in bronze. Engraved into the side of the plinth is: 'James Finton Lalor's brother, Peter, led the gold miners uprising in Australia in 1854 and was a prominent Irish Australian politician.'

Cathaoirleach, Laois County Council, John Moran, said that the unveiling of the monument marked an historic day which commemorated the bicentenary of James Finton Lalor's birth and its location too was fitting, on James Finton Lalor Avenue.

"We believe that this monument is an apt tribute to a significant local and national figure who engaged directly with the political climate of his time, fighting for land rights on behalf of the oppressed Irish farming community and the working classes."



Initially, James Finton, like his father, was a member of O'Connell's Repeal Association. However, because of the critical situation in Ireland at the time, he demanded land reform as a priority. He believed that starvation, and lasting justice and peace, could be delivered only if peasants owned their land and grew their own crops. He called for resistance, suggesting that tenant farmers withhold rent from their landlords.

Writing in the *Irish Felon* in June 1848 he said: "The principle I state and mean to stand upon, is this, that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre, is vested of right in the people of Ireland; that they, and none but they are the land-owners and law-makers of this island; that all laws are null and void not made by them; and all titles to land invalid not conferred and confirmed by them; and that this full right of ownership may and ought to be asserted and enforced by all means which God has put in the power of man."

In 1848 the Young Irelanders enacted their threatened rebellion. James Finton was arrested and jailed only to be released soon after, due to ill health.

However, following his release, the rebel himself led unsuccessful armed attacks on a number of military barracks. He was re-arrested and died in prison in December 1849. More than 25,000 people attended his funeral.

Prominent Irish historian, Canon O'Hanlon, called him: 'The most far-seeing thinker and fiercest felon of them all.'

**Peter Lalor Philp**

*Peter Lalor Philp is a Melbourne journalist and is the great great grand son of Peter Lalor of Eureka.*

## Harry Smith: a reverse tale of immigration

Harry Smith was born in Adelaide in 1885 and his sister Myra the following year. His father was George Smith, a jeweller and diamond cutter from the UK, and his mother was Myra Collopy from Listowel, Co. Kerry, where her family had an inn. I don't know how they met and married. Myra died young and George put the children in an orphanage.

When Harry was 16 he and his sister made the long voyage to relatives in Ireland, and he never saw Australia again. In Listowel he went to St. Michael's College, and he opened a Medical Hall in Ballyunion Co. Kerry where he was a druggist.

Meanwhile, his sister Myra emigrated to the US, and when I met her she was over 90. In 1915 Harry married my grandmother, Kathleen, who was a national schoolteacher in Croagh, Co. Limerick.

They raised a family of 7 daughters there, of whom my mother Joan is one. We don't know if George ever remarried or if we have cousins now living over there.

As time went on, Harry and Kathleen split up and he died in Barnsley, UK in 1958. My aunt tells me that when they were young they used to call Saturdays "Animal Day" because on that day he used to regale the 7 daughters with tall tales about life in Australia, kangaroos, snake bites and all.

His kids clearly loved him, and I have only one lovely memory of Harry. He came to visit us when I was quite small and he brought a huge bag of sweets! *Kate Hennessy*

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# Poetry

## Sandra Bunting

Living in Galway now, Sandra Bunting was brought up in Canada. These poems – In the New World – are based on her great grandfather and grandfather. She thinks Australians might share similar experiences, though the landscape differs greatly.

### The Wild River

He did well on the river.  
Ships sailed up to the door  
of his general store  
carrying fashions from Paris,  
linen shirts from Belfast,  
oily wool from Scotland,  
fine muslin from India.  
He married well,  
bought out Sutherland,  
bought up land,  
invested wisely.  
He had a soft accent,  
never mentioned home  
to his nine children;  
only sharing a cúpla focail  
with his friend from Clare  
over a sentimental whiskey  
in his locked after-hours office.  
He was remembered  
in his homeland, the soft bog  
of East Galway.

*Yes, said his cousin Martin,  
he was the only one gone 'way  
that never sent a penny back.  
He recalled it differently.  
They never stopped fighting.  
I went home once, never went back.*

### Peonies

He didn't seem a man for flowers.  
Travelling slowly  
to struggling farms down-river  
in his black suit, dark hat  
pulled down over his eyes,  
driven by memory of a father,  
fragrances of home produced  
by poor sandy maritime soil,  
my grandfather took me by the hand  
led me to the best manure piles  
in the county, only horses' would do.

Deals struck to enrich the earth,  
encourage purple, red and pink blossoms,  
scent of Ireland on the way from China,  
too luscious for a rough new land.  
Preferring simpler native flowers;  
brown-eyed susans, Indian paintbrush  
but stuck with bouquets of peony roses  
that arched out of crystal vases,  
my granny sneezed in the parlour,  
eyes red, whispered curses  
about ants trailing out the perfumed centre,  
petals bleeding into polished mahogany.

### The Photograph

The family photograph shows us  
Dim in the hollow of a sitting-room:  
A settling pattern that chose us  
Has me the tallest, overweight, unsmiling.

From this Kodacolor rune a magic  
Arranges itself out of squared space:  
We've let go the hilarious and tragic  
And stuffed the frame with flash pretending

Three generations caught in the act  
Of posing for an imagined posterity-  
In every home a similar photo's tacked  
Up for visitors to look at as they're leaving.

#### **Fred Johnston**

*Belfast-born ex-journalist, editor, writing teacher and founder of Galway's Literature Festival, he is widely published internationally and awarded.*

# Rita O'Donoghue

In 1993 her poetry won an Eastern Arts Award in England. In 1995 she relocated to Ireland. At Galway Arts Centre she attends workshops and reads locally. She has translated her poem into English below.

## Peata Raighneach (Tuilí)

A luaithe is a chonaiceas thú  
le do chromóg bheag bhídeach  
's do shúile comh ghlé gorm  
le huan.farraige an gheimhridh  
D'aithníos aitheantas cianaoiseach  
ó smior na gcnámh céanna  
gurab asam a thánaís.

An nóiméad a leagas súil ort  
's tú gan ainm gan sloinne  
bhí a fhios agam go daingean  
Nach mbéinnse thú a fhágáint  
Le héadain choimhthíocha  
go rabhas ceangailte le grá dhuit  
Ní féidir tú a thréigean chóiche

## Child of the Rushes. (Love Child)

As soon as ever I saw you  
with your tiny hooked nose  
and your eyes the blue lightness  
of an ocean wave in winter  
From the depths of my bones  
A primeval knowledge arose  
that from me you came

The minute I laid my eyes on you  
And you without name or family  
I knew beyond ever a doubt  
that I could not leave you in the care  
of unfamiliar faces in a foreign place  
That I was tied by the bonds of love  
sure I could not ever leave you.

## Eulogy

*(for John O'Donoghue – an Irish Poet)*

Your outstretched hand  
held the smile of a thousand  
words, a wisdom of a thousand years,  
You come from an Island  
rooted deep in your soul,  
Always a returning journey  
the sea thrusts heavily against this Island -  
In travels with your soul  
you walked the Burren,  
Days with wild dreams  
held you close to the land,  
Your body and soul fused  
with its granules of light  
with its horizons of broken symmetry -  
Time has passed into its beauty  
with a steadfastness to always be  
a reflection of infinity,  
You dwell with us still, as we  
search for the 'other side'  
of what can be –

**Judith Morrison**

*From Victoria, O'Donoghue's obituary in Tinteán 'deeply shocked and saddened' her.*

# Heritage crisis

## *Ireland's Ancient Stones: A Megalithic Heritage*

Kenneth McNally  
Appletree Press, 2006

In 2003, Ireland's government heritage service, Dúchas, was abolished, in the face of opposition from senior Dúchas staff, unions and heritage organisations, and against the principles of the European Landscape Convention, signed by Ireland in 2002. Dúchas (usually translated in this context as literally meaning 'heritage') had been responsible for the protection and conservation of Ireland's natural and built heritage. Part of the Department of Arts, Heritage, Gaelteacht and the Islands (a culture-oriented portfolio), its primary concern was the protection and maintenance of Ireland's heritage for future generations. Since the abolition of Dúchas (popularly reported as 'briseann an Dúchas, 'breaking the heritage'), responsibility for environmental issues and heritage policy has passed to the Department of Environment, Heritage and Local Government (an administration-oriented portfolio), while the Office of Public Works has responsibility for management and maintenance of built heritage (historic sites).

In 2004, the Irish government introduced the National Monuments (Amendment) Act, which rewrote heritage protection legislation so that the Minister for the Environment, Heritage and Local Government now has sole discretion in deciding whether any archaeological site is a national monument and what to do with it – including authorising its demolition. That legislation came soon after a disagreement over Carrickmines Castle in Co Dublin, when archaeologists and conservationists were blamed for delaying completion of the M50.

In 2006, Appletree Press, in Northern Ireland, published Kenneth McNally's *Ireland's Ancient Stones: A Megalithic Heritage* – a timely publication. It is a pretty little book, perhaps too small for a coffee-table tome, although that seems to be its genre. McNally, now retired, made his living as a photographer, and the book is primarily a showcase for his superb photographs of various prehistoric stone monuments throughout the

island of Ireland. In this, it shines. The photographs are exquisite. Some are in colour, allowing us to enjoy the vibrant colours of the Irish countryside in which the monuments are set. Others are black and white, highlighting the intricate detail and texture of the stones. To enhance the selection of photographs, the pages are of different colours, although all from a neutral palette – ranging from crisp white through beiges and greys to dramatic black, heightened by white text. The photographs are supplemented by occasional plans of some of the monuments, and a selection of eighteenth-century drawings. These latter are an excellent contribution, as they often serve to highlight how much or little the monuments have changed in the recent past.

McNally's book weighs into the heritage question simply by existing: it is about heritage sites. But McNally is not shy to express his opinion on the matter of heritage conservation. Of the cairn-enclosed tomb at Audleystown (Co Down, p48), he says "As with many similar monuments in state care its presentation is not enhanced by the ugly protective wire fence surrounding it". Of the stone circle at Gowlane North (Co Cork, p103), "This monument is under constant threat from cattle roaming between the stones and eroding the ground around their bases ... its neglect is particularly deplorable and appropriate protective measures are urgently needed. Much of the damage is evidently recent ...". He includes drawings of two monuments (Cloghlea, Co Meath and Annacloghmullin, Co Armagh) which have disappeared since the eighteenth century, to highlight the loss of important elements of Ireland's heritage.

In a lighter tone, referring to an old photograph of Countess Annesley and two chums in full Victorian dress seated atop the well-known "tripod dolmen" at Legananny (Co Down, p124), McNally wryly observes that "the ladies' evident agility in those long dresses calls for comment, but such frolics at an historic monument would be disapproved of today." He fails, though, to draw attention to the evident graffiti on one of the portal stones in the photograph, perhaps the remnant of a quick game of noughts and crosses amongst the ladies before

their ascent of the monument. This, too, would be "disapproved of" today!

In what looks very like a token gesture, McNally includes one small photograph of the legendary Lia Fail atop the Hill of Tara, accompanied by a scant paragraph of rather scathing text: "There is little of megalithic significance here, either; however, one relic [the Lia Fail] has acquired a celebrity far greater than its size and appearance would suggest." McNally apparently suffers from that old ailment of rejecting incredibly rich and informative landscapes in favour of spectacular "finds". Adopting a strict definition of "megalithic", he is technically correct: there are few very large stones visible at and around Tara. McNally doesn't adopt a strict definition: he includes in this book some objects which even he concedes are not megalithic. It is this selective approach to definitions that has placed Tara and its surrounding area in their current state of crisis. Readers must by now be aware of the Irish government's shortsighted intention to route the M3 motorway ridiculously close to Tara. Their main argument in defence of the route seems to be that the motorway will not pass directly through the Hill of Tara, putative seat of the High Kings of Ancient Ireland. The problem is that the motorway *will* pass between Scrín and Tara, through a landscape of obvious significance. An enormous number of significant archaeological sites have been identified on the actual route of the road – these will be completely and irreparably annihilated. More importantly, the landscape will also be irreversibly destroyed. The relationships between the various sites will be lost. Curiously, in other entries in McNally's book, he does wax lyrical about the location of various monuments within significant prehistoric landscapes.

Much of the text of the book is interesting and informative. A pleasant and conversational preface quotes from an entertaining account of Gabriel Beranger's 1779 expedition to inspect some of the monuments which culminated in four hours' wandering lost in a peat bog: a salutary reminder that even Ireland's charming landscape can be dangerous.

Each monument pictured in the book



### Poul nabrone Dolmen in Co. Clare

is introduced by a short descriptive text, most of which give serviceable descriptions of location and matter-of-fact physical descriptions. Thus far, the text is reliable. However, when McNally ventures into speculation, he founders like Beranger in his bog. Describing a dry-stone wall which was incorporated into the monument at Millin Bay (Co Down, p75), he avers that “it was evidently held in sufficient reverence to be incorporated in the burial monument”. Surely the more sensible explanation is that the *site* was considered so important that the wall was no deterrent to the construction of the monument – more plausible than prehistoric fence-worship! Similarly, he claims that the non-megalithic, non-prehistoric (but admittedly famous) two-faced statue, or as McNally would have it “idol”, on Boa Island in Lower Lough Erne (Co Fermanagh, p104) suggests “a persistence of pagan customs well into the early Christian period in some of the more remote areas”. There is absolutely nothing on this stone that discounts a

Christian provenance for it: in fact I would be inclined to suggest that the so-called arms may perhaps be interpreted as ecclesiastical vestments, as on the similar (but single-faced) statue on Colonsay in Western Scotland.

McNally’s introduction is likewise to be treated with caution. He has obviously read the now outmoded accounts of Ireland’s prehistory, based on the largely discredited “migration theory”. He seems not to have read more recent works advancing alternative models for gradual change in cultural indicators, which point out that it is unlikely that every change in fashion for material objects heralded a new wave of migration.

The traditional names of many of the monuments derive, unsurprisingly, from the Irish language. Here again, McNally’s research may not have been as thorough as might be strictly desirable. For instance, he cites Leac an Scail (Co Kilkenny, p40), giving the alternative translations “the stone of the champion” and “the stone that casts a shadow”. He

may be simply reporting what he has read or been told, but a cursory check would indicate that “an scail”, which must here be in the genitive, is quite likely to mean “of the giant”, and since the tradition that these monuments were constructed by giants (unsurprising given their size) is prevalent, that would seem the best translation. On the other hand, “scail” meaning shadow could not take this form in the genitive.

If you enjoy beautiful pictures of Ireland’s prehistoric monuments, or if you are planning a tour of some of them, you would find this book a valuable addition to your shelf, as indeed I will. If you want to learn more about Ireland’s archaeology and heritage, you would be better served by one of the many available publications by reputable archaeologists and historians. Nonetheless, by its mere existence, this book is an important contribution to a cause dear to my heart: the ongoing preservation of Ireland’s heritage for future generations.

*Pamela O’Neill*

# A day with the Christian Brothers at Carlsruhe

*The Christian Brothers*, Ron Blair  
Paramoor Winery, Carlsruhe,  
9th March, 2008

Four of us set off for this winery to support Bloomsday Melbourne in a fund-raising effort. The bait was this classic Australian play by Ron Blair, premiered in Sydney in 1975 when it was directed by John Bell and starred Peter Carroll. We had all seen it in its early days and our memories were a little vague but approving and we expected a treat. We were certainly far from disappointed, the whole performance was top class. We had enjoyed a gourmet snack at Woodend enroute and the task of the theatrical world we then submitted ourselves to was to snap us out of our relaxed and jolly state, straight into a classroom of a desperate and depressed teacher of boys in the 1950s. The Brother, played by Bill Johnston, did this with professional and ruthless ease.

Blair's play demands that the solo performer displays a broad range of emotions, of deep insecurities and fears, of constant resort to power, to physical violence and moral dominance, of hypocritical appeal for sympathy and terrifying frustration. Johnston's exhibition was almost flawless. It was horrifying and humiliating and left his audience weakened, ashamed and struggling to find sympathy and understanding for the tragic teacher. It deserved the prolonged applause it drew. The play is so strong and so thought-provoking, that one cannot comprehend that it all happened to many of us in this very adult audience (to say the least), in our own lifetimes. Can we take any credit for subsequent generations being spared all this?

The performance was held in Paramoor's barn, a very generous space but cool and attractively embellished with antique farm implements and intriguing bits and pieces. Paramoor must be complimented but the main energy behind this excellent production was the Bloomsday in Melbourne Inc. Committee led by Frances Devlin-Glass. Stand by now for 16th. June next and Leopold and Molly who will appear at the Melbourne Museum then. Not to be missed.

*Geraldine O'Reilly and Peter Kiernan*

# Luck and the Irish

*Luck & the Irish: A Brief History of Change from 1970*,  
R.F.Foster  
Oxford University Press, 2008

The last three decades of the twentieth century have seen rapid and significant changes in Ireland. This book provides a comprehensive analysis of the steps which have led to these changes and the conflicts which have had to be overcome. Unlike the typical research scenario facing historians, the review of this contemporaneous period in Irish history is both assisted and encumbered by a plethora of information. The author had to tread a veritable tightrope between history and political commentary although it would seem that he attains this goal, at times, by largely ignoring the distinction.

The changes in the Irish economy over the last thirty years are often simply attributed to the country's membership of the EEC. Foster postulates a more transatlantic derivation for this new wealth with an influx of US money. He also notes that the profits from many of these ventures flow out of the country and that encouraging trade figures are distorted by the use of Ireland as a tax haven by US-based multinationals. The effect on the indigenous population as a result of this apparent economic prosperity is also questioned.

The influence of the Catholic Church on the government and legislation has undergone much change and the diminution of episcopal influence is an important factor in the developments that have taken place. These do not just include the obvious areas of contraception and abortion law reform but also changes in educational practice and the freedom of Irish women to participate at all levels of society.

It is in dealing with the political aspects and, in particular, the struggles within Fianna Fáil, that Foster gives vent to his talent for witty commentary. Charles Haughey is frequently the target and is often referred to in the narrative by soubriquets such as 'Squire Haughey' or 'the Squire of Abbeville'

There is much humour in this chapter of political analysis – an example being the description of the populist Haughey with a quote from the playwright, Hugh Leonard, alleging that, to catch a vote, he would unhesitatingly



“roller-skate backwards into a nunnery, naked from the waist down, singing ‘Kevin Barry’ in Swahili.” The corruption within Irish governments and the favours bestowed on developers and other favoured sons receives due and important emphasis.

Changes in the South were influenced by the events in the North and, in turn, affected the attitudes of those dwelling on the other side of the border. The book deals with the history of these northern conflicts in the latter part of the century and the evolution of new policies and the development of peaceful initiatives. It traces the erosion of hard-line unification agenda and the development of tolerance for partition, culminating in the 1998 plebiscite and the constitutional changes which followed.

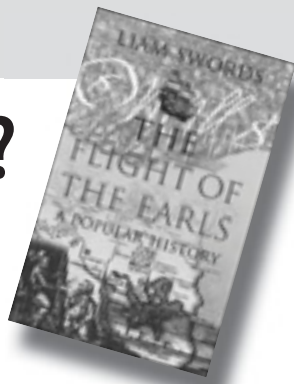
Foster points out that these political, social and economic changes were also accompanied by cultural achievements. Growth in popular music was soon followed by the “globalisation” of this element of the Irish culture. The achievements of Irish literature in the period became notable and the number of lauded Irish novelists grew steadily. Drama and film followed a similar path in a wave of international creativity. The marketing of “Irishness” became a magnet for attracting tourism while, at home, the growth of the Irish language was promoted with extended Gaeltacht influence and the creation of Irish language schools.

The publication is a most readable, witty and comprehensive analysis of what is a remarkable period of change.

*Robert J F Butler*

# Fly Earls – but why?

*The Flight of the Earls*  
Liam Sword  
The Columba Press, Dublin 2007



Like many readers, the flight of the earls from Ulster in 1607 has always fascinated me. What on earth could have prompted such tough characters as Hugh O'Neill, Rory O'Donnell and Cuchonacht Maguire to gather up as many of their families as they could and flee the country that they had sacrificed so much for? Naturally when this book appeared, I pounced on it, hoping to find the answer.

Unfortunately, despite a great ramble over swathes of history – even Pio Nono makes an appearance – this book gives no clear explanation. The first chapter begins promisingly by describing the difficulties that O'Neill had in assembling his children at short notice, at least two of whom were in fosterage, as was common at the time. He took John back from fosterage, collected three year old Brian and the rest of his household and set out on an all night horse ride over the Sperrin mountains in order to take ship at Rathmullan. Unfortunately, five year old Conn could not be found in time to go because he was with a family who were "...almost nomadic, following their herds in search of pasturage 'after the manner of the Tartars'." (p.18). Subsequent efforts to retrieve Conn were unsuccessful. What a fascinating contrast, the son of the aristocratic, cosmopolitan O'Neill living with a family whose Gaelic herding way of life had not changed for millennia! What a vivid vision of the desperate haste induced in O'Neill by *something*, but what?

Others of the earls and their followers left close family behind as well – Rory O'Donnell lost his 17 year old wife, then pregnant with their second child. The urgent letters sent before the departure asking loved ones to make all speed, and the persistent efforts, many thwarted by the English government, to reunite the families, testify that these abandonments were the very opposite of voluntary. Yet something made all these people believe fervently that they simply had to leave Ireland immediately. It's clear that, following their defeat at Kinsale (1601), the position of many of the Irish leaders was grim, but O'Neill had retained most of his earldom. The suggestion that they might have thought it over

and decided that a military career on the continent was preferable to staying in Ulster and that their desperate haste to leave, abandoning loved ones as they went, was inspired simply by the arrival of a ship, is unconvincing. It seems most unlikely that 63 year old Hugh O'Neill was hankering after the adventurous life of a mercenary when he fled his earldom precipitately, yet Swords seriously advances this as an explanation.

The preamble to the flight includes a description of the battle of Yellow Ford (1598) near Armagh, believed by some to have been the greatest defeat ever suffered by British arms. Hugh O'Neill was riding high and had total mastery over most of Connacht while English authority had collapsed throughout large parts of the country. Swords comments that the Irish kernes were the masters of guerrilla warfare, but the Earl of Essex seems to have been the master of dissimulation. Sent by Elizabeth I to deal with the situation, he spent five months giving a very good imitation of doing just that, until she lost patience and ordered him to go north and actually confront the rebels in Ulster. When Essex finally did come face-to-face with O'Neill, he sensibly organised a truce, which infuriated the Queen, who briskly replaced him with Mountjoy.

Nevertheless, as I read steadily on through the involvement of Phillip II of Spain with O'Neill, the tragic fate of the Spanish Armada on Ireland's hostile Western shores, and O'Neill's connections with the Franciscans (I did say this book rambled on!), I kept thinking "but what was it? What made them suddenly up and go, just like that?" Unfortunately, despite a very detailed account of the earls' wanderings through Europe until they reached Rome, and frequent allusions to the reports of spies or to the employment of various members of the entourage as spies, no answer is forthcoming. The fact that so much is known and still in existence makes reading this book all the more frustrating. You are left with a sense that someone knows very well why the earls fled, but they are still not going to tell you.

Felicity Allen



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[geraldineryan2000@yahoo.com.au](mailto:geraldineryan2000@yahoo.com.au)

# Wild, wild women!

*Sheela-Na-Gigs: Originals and Functions*, Eamonn P. Kelly  
Country House, Dublin: Dublin House in association with  
the National Museum of Ireland, 1996 (reprinted 2000)

If you're at the National Museum, it will presumably be easy to find this publication, and a publisher's rep recently asked us to review it for *Tinteán*, so presumably it is still available.

It's a short pamphlet written by one of Ireland's foremost archaeologists and a Keeper of Antiquities at the Museum, on the intriguing subject of Sheela-na-Gigs, little sculptures often appearing (from the second half of the c11) on the outside of both ecclesiastical buildings and secular buildings, e.g., castles and occasionally in cemeteries in which women display their genitalia, sometimes with great acrobatic virtuosity (I've seen the one outside the Romanesque Nuns' Chapel at Clonmacnoise which features a woman whose face is embraced by her legs. Full frontalism as it's rarely been seen since).

The first thing this scholarly work does is to tell you how they were read when they were first described by scholars in the mid-nineteenth century – as aggressively sexual and negative. The etymology of the Irish is uncertain – 'the old hag of the breasts/hunkers', the Evil Eye Stone, Whore, Witch, Hag of the Castle, among many possibilities. However, Kelly goes on immediately to say that these days they are more likely to be read as symbols of female power. The shift in valuation has a lot to do with feminist rereadings of ancient mythology and the rise of women archaeologists which began in the 1970s. Perhaps sexual liberation also played a part in the revaluation of such

phenomena, but prurience means that before they were revalued, many were defaced, removed and disappeared one imagines as building rubble.

Kelly makes much of the continental and English manifestations of similar phenomena, and reminds us that in the middle ages and in Gothic art (one thinks of the tradition of gargoyles) and thinks that pilgrimages and the inflow of new ideas as a result of that were significant factors in their sudden appearance in Ireland. He also reminds us that lust and avarice were among the favourite medieval sins, and that men were thought to have a special affinity for avarice and women for lust. What kind of projection does this portend? He does not return to the feminist readings of these stones, and because of the ways he describes their ugliness, so I take it he is not enamoured of the modern reading, but he fairly records it nonetheless, and briefly notes in passing the pre-Christian earth goddess, Anu, and the proactive sexuality of the women of *Táin bó Cuailnge* and even includes an example of modern art-work which uses the reference.

This is a well-illustrated catalogue of the phenomenon, with its 36 black and white photos, and 25 colour photos. For the curious, it is a great addition to the archaeology section of the Irish library, and a fine stimulus to debates about Irish sexuality.

*Frances Devlin Glass*



## Catalpa – a great Irish victory

*Catalpa*, Donal O'Kelly  
Itch Productions, Brunswick,  
Melbourne

Itch Productions' fact-based play was performed at the Mechanics' Institute Performing Arts Centre, Brunswick. The production was based on the 'Catalpa', the now famous ship which rescued six Irish political prisoners who had escaped from Fremantle gaol in 1876, conveying them to safety in the USA.

Des Fleming, the sole actor, acts out over thirty different characters using what can only be described as wild articulations, extravagant gestures and unusual body movements. He utilizes these elements to engage and ultimately connect with the audience. Admittedly, before attending the preview I was sceptical – how would Fleming succeed in conveying such a complex and tangled story on his own? However, he managed to draw the audience in immediately. His ability to transform himself into different characters was uncanny and magical. At one point he was a bird cawing and flapping, then passionately writhing on a bed, assuming male and

female forms.

His first character, the insomniac screenwriter, opens the play as the audience witnesses him act out an imagined un-filmed masterpiece entirely inside his own head, the story of the 'Catalpa'. It is a story within a story but relatively easy to follow and the two-act production is so experimental it is impossible to suffer from boredom!

The set is small and sparse displaying only a bed, some blankets and a desk but requires nothing more. Fleming's storytelling ability captivates and mesmerises the audience. He uses what props he has to accentuate each scene. At one point he magically transforms a red blanket into a dress and a white sheet becomes a ship's sail. In the love scenes, Fleming utilises the set to depict the intensity of the passion and love between the Captain and his wife – the bed becoming a vessel and vice versa.

Although about thirty characters are featured in the play, there are only three main characters: the Captain, Breslin and Devoy. Fleming spends most of the time moving between these three.

What makes them so interesting is that they are very different characters yet alike in one sense: they are driven by the same goal.

According to Fleming, one of his favourite things about performing this play was the constant role-hopping between the three men. The Captain, who chooses a life at sea for the sake of others, must deal with the separation from his wife. Breslin is a self-confessed womanizer and Devoy ultimately allows the mission to consume him.

'Catalpa' relies heavily on the piano accompaniment to set the tone of the play and the musician Wally Gunn skilfully creates suspense, sadness and exhilaration throughout the play.

Fleming's comedic sense is surgically precise. The accents are convincing and the direction is, for the most part, deft.

The production ran from Thursday 8 May to the Sunday 18 May at the Mechanics Institute Performing Arts Centre, Brunswick, Melbourne. Hopefully it will return for another run. If it does, go to see it!

*Kim Warnock*



# From McGettigan's Field to Gaelic Park

*"one lovely Sunday morning he was taking a stroll outside San Francisco on the edge of the Pacific, when he saw, hurrying with little bundles under their oxters, men of rural Irish complex. Sometime later he came on a Gaelic football match in progress. Everything was as at home... not a man of them had ever left home and the mysterious Pacific was just a bog-hole gurgling with eels and frogs. Yet there was something queer and wonderful about the sight... or the thought"* (Patrick Kavanagh)

Kavanagh was no great shakes as a goalie for Enniskeen Grattens and he even argued that since Joyce only mentioned sport once in *Ulysses* it couldn't be very important. Yet he acknowledged that it was wonderful when Irish men brought their Gaelic games across the world. They are doing it still.

In his memoir John Cassidy tells us, "Like most young people growing up in Donegal in the early nineteen sixties, I dreamt of one day playing for my county in an All Ireland Football Final in Croke Park.

Many neighbours' children would gather in our kitchen and listen to the late, great, Michael O'Heir give a blow by blow of the games one hundred and fifty miles away...we would assemble in McGettigan's field and replay the game...every one present was included which meant we often played twenty a side...With the goalposts (four jackets) in place the game would begin. It would end for one of the following reasons: Hunger, darkness or a pitch invasion by McGettigan's cattle."

John Cassidy knew from an early age that Gaelic football was the preserve of Irish Catholics. Didn't his fellow Ulsterman, author/journalist, Cormac MacConnell confess to altering the "Mc" on his birth certificate in order to show that he was born into the kind of "starving Papish family that plays Gaelic football rather than the wealthy Presbyterians of that era who played rugby".

Four decades later, while working as a supervisor with Dublin Bus, John recalled the words of that great American reformer W.E.B. Du Bois, who said: "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the colour line – the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea". Dublin Bus employs workers from over 50 countries. Thanks to overwhelming support and John's foresight, drive and Ulster cunning, thirty Gaelic players lined out on the Dublin Bus pitch at Coldcut in west Dublin at three o'clock, on Thursday 6th November 2004. Referee, Tom Kitt, was the only Irishman on that field!

John did get to Croke Park as a voluntary senior steward. And while engaged in this capacity at the 2005 All-Ireland football final, his mobile phone rang. A man with an American accent representing the New York Police Department Gaelic Football Club asked if he could field a team to play them in Gaelic Park, New York. John was busy. Micheal Muircheartaigh was telling the world that Tyrone was beating Kerry while also giving the pedigree of a centre half-back from Dingle; there was unrest on Hill-Sixteen. John said "OK" and hung up. Experience told him the call was a wind-up. As the final whistle blew John's phone rang again. The same voice re-iterated the request.

From the Gaelic Football teams of Dublin Bus, Bus Eireann and Irish Rail, John Cassidy picked his players. Peter Kearns, former Dublin hurler is Captain and Paul Curran, 1991 All-

Ireland medal winner with Meath, is Vice-Captain. And he didn't forget Donegal; a key-player is Kevin O'Donnell from Ballybofey while Ciaran McStay, Ref of the Year, 2007, will keep a sharp eye from the sideline.

A committee formed. Chairman, Martin Kenny, helped to organise this historic trip. Brendan Malone, who has given forty years to Gaelic games, and Keith Graham, prominent player and Meath man, are joint secretaries. Physio, Mick Feterston, from Roscommon, was a Clontarf hurler and footballer. Tom Kitt, member of a well-known political dynasty, referee and supporter of Galway football and Damian Donovan, a loyal Dublin supporter, are joint treasurers.

Tony Doran, (retired) and Chris Conway (Inspector) organized a trip to Ireland for members of the New York Police and Fire Departments after 9/11 and were instrumental in erecting a memorial to 9/11 victims in Donadee. This forged strong links. John Leonard, Chief Steward from Croke Park, is GAA

Liaison Officer. Kevin Fitzpatrick, CIE Sports and Social Officer, added fundraising experience. Public Relations Officer, John Cassidy, can be contacted at: johncassidy92@yahoo.com

A planeload of players and supporters will touch down at "Kennedy" on 15th October. The following weekend they will play teams from the NYPD and FDNY.

Billy Nolan, of The Emerald Society FDNY, told me;

"We here are very happy to have the CIE Football team here in October. Over the past 7 years we have had the Dublin Fire Brigade visit NYC and we in turn travel to Dublin to play them for The Lord Mayor's Trophy.

We hope to show everyone a great time here in New York, win or lose".

The "multi-culture" match in Coldcut in 2004 was a definite first and on Saturday 2nd February last John Cassidy brought his team to Omagh to meet a team from Ulster bus at Tattireagh/Saint Patrick's ground. It was the first time a CIE team had played north of the border. And when they grace the turf of Gaelic Park it will be the first time a CIE team play in America.

Gaelic Park was purchased by the GAA in 1926. After ten years it was forced into bankruptcy and the city took over the land.

Enter John "Kerry" O'Donnell a native of Camp in West Kerry. His daughter Kerry told the following story to Weeshie Fogarty of Radio Kerry, "my father and another man arranged to meet the solicitor to sign the agreement and save the grounds from falling into the hands of other sports or developers. My father was the only one to turn up on the day of the meeting. Dad decided to go on his own, it was a massive gamble.

He sold some of his properties...and with the help of family and friends he then ran the grounds." The O'Donnell family is still involved in Gaelic Park. Manhattan College took it over in 1991 and in 2007 artificial turf was laid.

Dublin Bus Chief Executive Joe Meaghar said:

"As a Kilkenny man, I was very proud to play for Donnybrook and Dublin Bus in the 80s. I am delighted that for the first time a football team will represent us in the newly refurbished Gaelic Park in New York this October 2008."

When jerseys and post-mortems are being exchanged in Gaelic Park on 19th October, win lose or draw, John Cassidy will not have to fear a pitch-invasion by Mc Gettigan's cattle.

**Mattie Lennon**

# “Wine to Gladden the Heart”

Some years ago three Melbourne based Irish businessmen, who shared an interest in good wines, decided to make a hobby of it and produce their own. Their aim was excellence in producing the best. They have been so successful that they have been awarded medals and trophies both here and interstate for their fine vintages.

From the outset they stated that this unusual passionate interest would be a hobby shared only with family and close friends. It would never become a commercial venture, sadly our loss, because their wines are of absolute premium quality.

Aidan Earley, Tony Griffey and Gareth Mulvey do not come from wine-making families. Aidan's father was involved in the beer brewing industry in Cork and Gareth is employed at senior management level in the hotel catering industry. Tony's wife, Sally, who is French, is the official “taster” and critic. She decides if each wine is acceptable. It is very much a family affair.

Their wines go under the prestigious name of “Yarra Valley Chateau Thornbury”. No one, not even the three directors' wives know where the winery is! This is “secret men's business”, never to be revealed to anyone!

Aidan, Tony and Gareth are involved in every step of the process of each year's vintage, from organising the collecting of the best quality grapes from the Yarra Valley vineyards, to the crushing and fermenting of the grapes and bottling of the finished product. Fermentation takes place in French oak barrels, which contribute to the quality, sometimes taking up to two years to complete. Then the wine is stored in stainless steel barrels.



Since only a half to two tons of grapes are used each year, the emphasis is on quality not quantity.

The elegant, black, maroon and white labels are designed by Berna Murphy, a graphic designer from Cork who has the privilege of sampling each year's batch! Environmentally friendly non-cork stoppers are used. The result is a unique, professional and upmarket product. Ethna Macklin, also from Ireland, has been a constant advisor and moral supporter.

About 600 litres of wine are produced annually involving much hands-on work and professional research. Each year, a different name is given to the vintage usually after the name of a family member or a particular event. One year it was named after their race horse! For Tony's son's wedding, it was presented in

magnum size bottles and called “Danny Boy”. Another year it was “Joy”, for a granddaughter's christening.

While these three Irish friends take their wine making very seriously, much enthusiasm and good Irish fun go into the process. A “director's dinner” is held each year after the vintage to discuss its quality. An agenda is set for the following year's product such as whether it will be a white or a red and what varietal grapes will be used. In the meantime, their collection of awards and medals is increasing.

It was a pleasure to meet these three entrepreneurs with such enthusiasm and passions for their unusual hobby. We wish then every success in their ongoing pursuit of excellence in amateur wine production in the future.

*Catherine Arthur*



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# Evolution of the Irish Red Setter

Irish Red Setters have recently been lumbered with a 'bad' public image, with a popular misconception the dogs are 'stupid'. In the 1960's and 1970's the Irish Setter was seen much more frequently in Australia than today. It was (and still is!) a very handsome dog, and in those days often featured in glamorous T.V. and print media advertising.



Unfortunately the breed then became 'fashionable'. The demand grew and grew. Some breeders 'mass produced' them with the show ring in mind, rather than maintaining the working ability of the breed. Many new and inexperienced owners did not invest time in training



and exercising their dogs and found the breed 'too hard to handle' ... therefore 'stupid'. The Irish Setter requires regular and vigorous exercise. It is the 'Ferrari' of the dog world and is *not* a dog for lazy or mediocre owners who blame the dog for their own shortcomings.

As with all pedigree dogs, the Irish Setter was bred for a special purpose; to range and hunt over the moors in search of game birds. Of all the 'setting' and 'pointing' breeds the Irish Setter is renowned for keeping going when the rest have stopped. It is the oldest Setter breed, established as early as 1800, and this is well catalogued in Irish history.

Referred to as the 'red setter', the Irish Setter did not start off as this rich red coloured dog. Its origin is unknown, although it may have evolved from a combination of land spaniels. These were imported to Ireland from Spain during the 1500's and 1600's when the Spanish aided the Irish against the English. The original colour of the breed was a combination of red and white. Through selective breeding, the rich chestnut and mahogany red colours we know today were derived.

Irish Setters were used to 'set' game, hence the name 'setters'. They found upland birds and crouched down close to their find so that the hunter could come and throw a net over dogs and birds. When firearms were introduced, this was discontinued, as the hunter wanted a dog that pointed, flushed game and hunted with an upright stance.

Setters are meant to work in pairs to locate game on the ground and 'point' the game to the 'guns'. On command they would then flush the birds into the air. This is the key to understanding the dogs' character. They are to run free and to have companionship – either yours or that of another setter! Irish Setters, with their keen noses and independent spirits, are still the choice of many sportsmen who enjoy going afield with a good bird dog. Their usual quarry in Australia is quail and snipe. In Ireland, England and North America the quarry is often Pheasant or Woodcock while in Scotland they often seek the famous Grouse.

If you take an 'Irish' into your heart and home, life will never be the same again! When an Irish Setter shares your life, be it a handsome Irishman or a

beautiful Irish colleen, these free spirits will love you unconditionally and will charm all who meet them. In return they demand constant attention and affection from you and need to be a large part of your lives. Once you have loved an 'Irish' no other breed quite takes its place.

The Irish Setter is an independent, sweet natured dog with a rollicking personality and makes a wonderful, loving companion. Shyness, hostility or timidity are uncharacteristic of this beautiful breed, best known for its outgoing, stable temperament and strong hunting instinct. Irish Setters are great adventurers and naturally inclined to wander. You will need strong fencing and gates to keep them securely confined.

Do you want to get yourself a puppy bred from traditional Irish Red Setter working gundog bloodlines? Please remember, we are *not* talking about the 'American type' show dogs. These puppies make intelligent family pets for *active outdoor people* – and they are easy to train using *positive methods*.

Small numbers of puppies are available, from time to time, for those enthusiasts discerning enough to want a magnificent 'red' dog that's not only beautiful to look at and full of vitality, but smart too. Litters of traditional Irish Red Setter *working dogs* are occasionally bred from imported European champions by a small network of specialist breeders, in Australia and New Zealand.

**Michael Doyle**

*To join a 'waiting list', feel free to contact Michael Doyle, P.O. Box 173, Dromana Victoria 3936; 041 99 88 260 or (03) 59 810 201.*





YOU  
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# Derry today

Of all the walls breached in Europe last century, Derry's in Northern Ireland was the last. As you stand on the Cityside walls looking across the River Foyle, you can visualise what the Protestants and the British soldiers saw – an enemy horizon – you can nearly smell the gunpowder. Only then do you understand the Rubicon that has been crossed in the peace process.

Derry is a city in transition. My trip takes in Good Friday, on the tenth anniversary of the peace agreement when Tony Blair made his 'hand of history' speech and almost the 40th anniversary of the civil rights march inspired by Martin Luther King Jr and the civil rights movement in the US. The Troubles began when police and protestors clashed at a banned civil rights march in Derry on 5 October 1968. Riots continued through 1969 culminating in the "Battle of the Bogside" as the Apprentice Boys tried to march on 12 August. The situation deteriorated and the British Army eventually took to the streets. As violence took hold, much of the Troubles centred on the town including Bloody Sunday on 30 January 1972.

Post conflict Derry has a modern and vibrant feel with boutique hotels, trendy restaurants and, of course, the craic. But something startling is happening here. Its museums and myriad guide books delve into its recent past. This is a city desperate to move on but it is the lessons from its past which makes Derry an inspiring site for cultural tourism.

The award-winning Tower Museum doesn't shy away from telling it how it was but it is also respectful and inclusive with interactive sections for children and great selection of idiosyncratic artefacts which all good local museums should have, such as suits of armour and early flint tools. Here is where part of the Spanish Armada landed on the Irish coast in 1588 and also some of the most spectacular natural history in Europe. Derry is a short distance from Coleraine and the Giant's Causeway and a short distance from the spectacular Donegal coast in the Republic.

There is a great walking tour and bus tours. Derry is one of the best examples of a walled city in Europe. There are other great walled cities such as Avila in Spain and Lucca in Italy, but Derry's is

unusual in that it is complete.

The cultural mementoes of the Troubles are the most fascinating. They tell stories of a bloody history of difference and of a terrible beauty of the search for justice and peace on a backdrop of colonialism and empire.

Walking on top of the very wide walls around the city and the huge arching gateway which the apprentice boys slammed shut shouting 'no surrender' you can see what effort went into building walls to shut people out. But the very same walls which imprisoned starving Protestants loyal to William and Mary inside during the siege from 1688 to 1689 also kept the warring Jacobites of Irish Catholics and Frenchmen loyal to James VII (James II of England) out. In this, the longest siege in the history of the British Isles, half the population of Derry died of starvation and disease. Building walls so high meant security at the cost of freedom. The next 300 years of Derry's history stems from this episode. It is only in the last 10 years that the inevitability of the violence born of division, from living within walls, has been averted. Derry



is an invaluable history lesson which, like the cannons on the Cityside and the bombs from the Waterside, reports with a loud bang that if there is no justice, there can be no peace. In their exclusion and shutting out, walls and barriers like hatred and sectarianism defeat only humanity.

It is also the history of the men and women of Ireland who fought on both sides and gave everything for their cultural rights and the faces of the people who either devoted or lost their lives to the Troubles. Huge paintings on the gable ends of houses depict Bernadette Devlin in the same prominence as the Queen, or the images of the Apprentice Boys or a young petrol bomber wearing a gas mask. Like gang graffiti, they mark territory. In some streets the huge murals confront each other in some sort of bizarre static face off. Or a Catholic mural is on the gable end of a house facing into a Protestant street. They are at once an expression of defiance, pride and despair. The saddest mural is 'the death of innocence' in memory of the 100th victim of the Troubles, 14-year-old schoolgirl Annette McGavigan. The

most recent is the dove of peace.

The Troubles hot spots such as the Nelson Drive estate or Bond Street are still predominantly entirely Catholic or Protestant but there is also a drive on the future, to make (London)Derry work in the face of the traditional shirt-making industry closing down and the other industries set to follow. Like other textile towns, Derry has a history of strong breadwinner women comparable to perhaps the Levi factory women in Dundee.

As you stay, you also come to understand the important role of the media in relaying and influencing the conflict. The news media recorded the lives of Derry men and women where violence had become an everyday norm, to a watching world and it changed their lives. A contemporary comparison would be the reportage of everyday life in Gaza. The short films which play in the museum become all the more vivid with news footage. The news clips show both the effects of the British army and the affect on the British army. When local press photographer the late Willie Carson moved the focus of his pre-1968 lens

from Rose of Tralee beauty pageants to the 1968 civil rights march and on, he became a photojournalist of international standing. Carson captured many of the iconic images of the Troubles, in particular those of Bloody Sunday. He also captured images of carnage and destruction, putting down a record for the future.

Despite this new found confidence and identity, the story of Bloody Sunday seems to be the hardest tale for Derry to tell. It is told sparsely and quickly and only the facts. How the event unfolded, who was present and the names of the 13 dead. The meaning, emotion and significance is communicated only by the media images and in the mid conversation silence of locals. Unlike the rest of Derry's history, Bloody Sunday is not up for discussion, not yet at least. How will Derry tell the story of Bloody Sunday when it passes out of living memory in 40 years or so?

**Kate Smith**

*Kate Smith is an academic and freelance journalist of Edinburgh.*

*Photos by Ben Kiernan*

# Update

# Tinteán

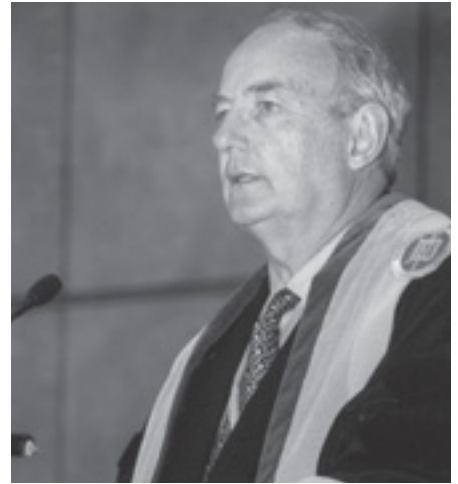
In our first issue, we included an item under a similar banner and outlined the genesis of our magazine. They were early days and the lack of experience for almost all of us was to be hopefully compensated by enthusiasm and commitment to the cause of our heritage and all that goes to preserve it. At that stage, we were unsure as to our future. Where are we now?

Well, the lack of experience is diminishing rapidly and the enthusiasm remains unabated. From a financial point of view we remain viable, albeit dependent on subscription growth and other fund-raising measures for the longer term viability of the magazine. Our circulation continues to grow and we are very optimistic for the future.

The only downside has been the

necessary withdrawal from most AIHN activity for our President and Convenor, Terry Monagle, whose health and other commitments required him to take a back seat, albeit he is still a source of wise counsel. Rob Butler has agreed to act in the position of Convenor pro tem. A separate administrative group has been created to cope with the increasing office administration and to support Liz McKenzie's editorial committee. It is a lot of hard work but proof reading meetings and mail-out working bees readily become enjoyable social occasions *(not to mention the furious exchange of emails! Ed.)*

Our immediate agenda items include several promotional and funding initiatives and we hope soon to bring good news about tax deductability for dona-



tions. We need your support in helping us to promote the network and the magazine and we value your comments and suggestions.

**Tinteán has sent its Business Manager on a fact-finding tour of the world. It will cover Antigua, Havana, Barbados, Boston (for Harvard) and New Haven (for Yale). We can expect some in-depth reporting. This photo of the Editor and Mr McNamara was taken at his farewell when Mrs McKenzie was laughing uproariously at her own jokes whereas he was more concerned about the extent of his expense account.**



# New Releases from destraMusic

## Around The World With **foster&allen**



DVD  
VIDEO

Featuring 45 of their favourites including  
Walk Tall, The Mountains Of Mourne,  
The Carnival Is Over  
and Far Away In Australia

## **FOSTER & ALLEN**

Touring Australia in May / June 2008

### New DVD

#### **Around The World With Foster & Allen** (RV0849)

The latest DVD release from Ireland's most popular duo Foster & Allen. The DVD takes you on a musical & visual journey travelling across the globe to the UK, the USA, Australia and Ireland. Featuring 45 of their hits including 'Walk Tall', 'The Mountains Of Mourne', 'The Carnival Is Over', 'Far Away In Australia' plus many many more.

### New 2CD Set

#### **Songs of Love & Laughter** (CDR1075)

Features 40 new recordings which have formed part of Foster & Allen's live set. This collection focuses on the two sides of Foster & Allen's stage set. CD One, Songs of Love, showcases Tony Allen's vocals which are delivered with such purity and sweetness on classic love songs such as 'All I Have To Do Is Dream' and 'True Love Ways'. Mick Foster's Songs of Laughter, CD Two, features some real belters as 'The Oldest Swinger In Town', Delaney's Donkey' and 'Seven Old Ladies', which he delivers with such force, so that his more comedic performances usually has the crowd in stitches and tears of laughter

## **foster&allen** songs of love and laughter



A 2CD Collection Featuring 40 Brand New Recordings

## MARY DUFF *Love Songs*



20 Classic Love Songs

## **MARY DUFF**

Touring with Daniel O'Donnell in August / September

### New CD

#### **Love Songs** (CDR1103)

New album from Mary Duff following the successful duets album 'Together Again', with Irish sensation Daniel O'Donnell.

'Love Songs' is a collection of some the greatest romantic ballads and wonderfully characterises the emotive and powerful voice that has become her trademark

Featuring many of the hits that Mary has performed at Daniel's concerts over the past 20 years, the highlights include chart hits such as 'Power Of Love', 'Hopelessly Devoted To You', 'Crazy', 'True Love Ways', 'Talking In Your Sleep' and 'Have You Ever Been Lonely' a duet with Daniel. Also contains 3 previously unreleased tracks.

For Tour Dates and the latest news visit: [www.mra-news.com](http://www.mra-news.com)

For enquiries or to join our mailing list please email: [info@destramusic.com](mailto:info@destramusic.com)

Or Phone: 1300 663 845



# CELTIC CLUB

## ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAY, JUNE & JULY

Don't forget our traditional Session every Friday  
from 5pm-8pm with the Fitzgerald family.

Live bands from 8pm

### May

Friday 2nd: Pat McKernan  
Friday 9th: Shane Pullen  
Friday 16th: Seamus Ryan  
Friday 23rd: Sporting Paddy  
Friday 30th: Pat McKernan

### June

Friday 6th: Pat McKernan  
Friday 13th: Shane Pullen  
Friday 20th: Cyril Moran  
Friday 27th: Sporting Paddy

### July

Friday 4th: Sporting Paddy  
Friday 11th: Shane Pullen  
Friday 18th: Cyril Moran  
Friday 25th: Pat McKernan

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### Local Musicians and Community Farewell for Marcia & Damian Howard and the Ploughboys

Brian Boru Function Room, Level 1, Sunday 22nd June 4pm

A feast of Music, Song and Dance not to be missed! Admission \$20, Children Free  
Shamrock Restaurant Open from 5pm Contact Marion O'Hagan 0407 317 539

### Songs and stories from the west of Ireland

With Mossie Scanlon, Greg Hunt and Mary Kenneally

The Celtic Club, Level 1, Sunday, July 13th 2pm

Admission \$15, full bar

## TRADING HOURS

### Tara & Cuchulainn Bars

Monday - Thursday: 10am-11pm, Friday: 10am-1am, Saturday-Sunday: 11.30am - 11pm\*

\*depending on sporting fixtures

### Shamrock Restaurant

Lunch: Monday - Friday 12-2.30pm, Dinner: Friday - Saturday 5.30-9pm

Don't forget our \$10 Bar Meals in the Tara Bar

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The Celtic Club is a licensed club. Members should present their membership cards on request by a staff member. Non-members are requested to sign the visitors' book. Visitors and new members are always welcome. Please ask our friendly staff about becoming a member.