

Tinteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 11, March 2010

PRINT POST APPROVED PP 336663/00047



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Tinteán No 11, March 2010

Tinteán is a publication of the Australian Irish Heritage Network

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Melbourne, 8010
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Published four times per annum

ABN 13643653067

ISSN 1835-1093

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Printing: Arena Printing
2-14 Kerr St Fitzroy Vic

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Views expressed in the articles, letters and advertisements are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the Australian Irish Heritage Network or of the editor.

Cover: Famine Rock, Williamstown

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The Australian Irish Heritage Network

Objectives

The Australian Irish Heritage Network aims to build the social, cultural, sporting, historical and literary consciousness of Irish Australians and to explore and celebrate the development of Irish heritage and culture in Australia.

Principal Activity

As its first priority, AIHN produces the literary magazine *Tinteán* (meaning hearth in Gaelic and pronounced 'Tintawne' – the fada on the á giving the syllable the dominant stress and the 'augh' sound, as in 'taught'). The focus of the magazine is to build and explore the Australian Irish identity. The magazine welcomes material which explores the big themes of exile, diaspora and settlement. It also encourages 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, AIHN plans to conduct social and educational events; disseminate news and information via the internet; offer recognition for service to literary and historical endeavours; issue cultural and political comment; and research and record our heritage.

Membership

Anyone identifying with Irish heritage is welcome to join.

AIHN Committee 2008–2009

President: Peter Kiernan

Vice-President: Frances Devlin-Glass

Secretary: Bob Glass

Treasurer: Patrick McNamara

Committee Members: Felicity Allen, Catherine Arthur, Rob Butler, Don McKenzie, Liz McKenzie

Letters

Historical howlers

They often say don't let the facts get in the way of a good story but sometimes historical howlers do slip through. In the review of *Fugitive Ireland* (page 35 last issue) it was said that Oswald Mosley 'thought of coming at one stage'.

For the record, Oswald and his wife Diana Mitford did a lot more than just think about Ireland. In 1951, they arrived after buying Clonfert in county Galway, the former palace of the Irish bishops. It later burned down, around Christmas 1954, and they then moved on to Lismore staying there until 1963, when they moved again, this time to France.

Mosley's life and times are widely documented so it would be difficult to miss this, but *Tinteán* readers may be glad that we were spared the PR from Nicole Kidman's press people, which was duly reported, without any checking, in another local publication. The claim is that two of her ancestors left Ireland 'in 1842 to escape the famine'.

One wonders if they were clairvoyant.

Stuart Traill
Melbourne, Victoria

A successful riddle

I was delighted to get *Tinteán's* December issue, No. 10 and to have the luxury of three copies of a very interesting issue. The cover design is brilliant, one to catch the eye and draw the reader in to Patrick Morgan's very generous and closely argued review of my book, *The Riddle of Fr. Hackett*. It's lovely to have it reviewed in a journal which will be read by people with background knowledge of the Irish chapters.

I am getting very enthusiastic letters from Irish readers who have bought it on the internet. The Australian success is beyond anything I ever expected, given all the warnings I had about writing the life of 'an unknown priest who died fifty years ago'.

Xavier College has asked for the portrait of Hackett by James Quinn,

and in exchange for a good copy, Jesuit Communications has agreed. It will be seen by more people at Xavier, where they have other paintings on show but there is a certain irony in the return of Fr. Hackett to the school, given his unceremonious dismissal as rector.

My publisher, the National Library of Australia, is very pleased with the *Tinteán* review and other publicity, and the reprint is now selling very well in the crucial pre-Christmas period.

With warmest wishes and thanks,
Brenda Niall Melbourne Victoria
Dr Niall is the author of 'The Riddle of Fr. Hackett'.

Cover story

The excellent and arresting cover of your last issue, number 10, has raised several comments. Surprisingly, several readers have asked for two portraits to be identified as they are merely described as 'friends of Willie Hackett'.

Of course, those famous heroes of Irish history are Pdraig Pierson and Michael Collins, no less. Admittedly, most of those asking for their identification are of a younger generation.

Peter Kiernan, Malvern

More on mixed marriages

I enjoyed the two recent programmes on ABC Radio National recently presented by Siobhan McHugh and her comprehensive analysis of mixed marriages in Australia (reviewed in the last issue of *Tinteán*). I agree with the reviewer the programmes gave an excellent account of the bitterness often resulting from marriages between Catholics and those of other faiths.

However, the Irish origin and Sydney domicile of Ms McHugh prevented her getting to the more serious aspect of mixed marriages in Victoria. Our Catholic family coped well with the marriages of three of my siblings to non-Catholics, as did the in-laws. However, there was considerable grief and upheaval when my sister married a (Catholic) Carlton supporter who refused, unlike my own bride, to provide the family with a written declaration to bring all children up as Magpies.

Robert O'Byrne
Shoreham

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Hidden ethnicity

Australia is a multi-cultural society, a proud claim and a term well-established and accepted. An obvious indication of this is seen in the SBS television and radio programme guides where a plenitude of languages and cultures is represented. The observer could be forgiven for assuming that all our major ethnic groups are represented here. However, there is one glaring omission – the Irish, whose unique language, music and culture are unrecognised in this media sector. This could be excused if the number of Australians of Irish origin was relatively small but this is far from the case.

Of all the ethnic origins of non-indigenous Australians, the Irish element is the most difficult to quantify. Yet, in the 2006 Australian census, over 1.8 million people still identified themselves as having Irish ancestry. This was the third most prevalent source quoted for ancestry, behind ‘English’ and ‘Australian’. However, most experts concede that a large number of those respondents who stated their origin as ‘Australian’, as for those claiming other ethnicity, would include people of Irish ancestry. So, the real figure for Australians of Irish origin is very much higher than has been stated in this census and largely unrecorded. The Australian Embassy in Dublin puts the figure for Australians of Irish ancestry as 30% and it is said that for most of Australia’s history, Irish Catholics have been the country’s largest minority. Indeed, it is difficult to find many Australians who lived here before the Second World War who did not have some Irish ancestry.

Our first non-indigenous settlers included some 40,000 convicts of whom a large number were Irish. Many of these were political prisoners from the rebellions of the late eighteenth and mid-nineteenth centuries or those whose ‘crimes’ were committed in response to the oppression, economic or otherwise, of their foreign landlords. After 1831, many Irish arrived as part of the assisted immigration scheme to take up menial occupations in this new land and over 4,000 young female orphans arrived during the Great Famine. Irish immigration persisted for the next 100 years. Only in the 1960s, did immigration from the south of Ireland drop significantly.

It is not only due to the lack of specificity in census recording that the real

impact of Irish ancestry has not been revealed. Regrettably, our Irish origins have often been hidden in the sanitised version of Australian history that many of us were taught as children. It was full of the exploits of famous historical figures from our colonial past, described as British. A number of these were actually Irish but, like the rest of us at the time, under the umbrella of British passports. Many Irish Protestants had achieved positions in the law and politics but their origins were hidden under the British label while their Catholic countrymen did not enjoy the same opportunities. The era of sectarian bigotry which existed in this country from British settlement to less than fifty years ago made it ‘unfashionable’ to admit to Irish ancestry, thought to be synonymous with the deadly sins of Catholicism and Fenianism. Job advertisements of the first half of the last century often featured the statement ‘Catholics need not apply’. The bigotry and ignorance of the times is not dissimilar to the attitudes of many modern Australians to our Islamic immigrants. Perhaps, we should be playing a leadership role in combating this more recent racism.

Sectarianism ensured that there were barriers to the pursuit of many occupations for Catholics, who comprised the majority of Irish Australians. Such a barrier existed on the conservative side of politics right up to the period following the Second World War. For example, in the Government of the post-war period, Prime Minister Menzies often referred openly to his Army Minister as a ‘token Catholic’ and Catholics were virtually unrepresented in the conservative parties at the time. Despite this barrier, seven of our 26 Prime Ministers have Irish origins, including the incumbent. A measure of the disappearance of this sectarianism in politics today is reflected in the fact that the last three leaders of the Liberal Party have been born to, or converted to, Catholicism. Irish Australians have served in the positions of Governor General, State Governor, Premier and as heads of public service departments. They feature as giants of commerce, prominent sporting, intellectual and cultural figures, and leaders in all walks of life.

Although this bigotry is almost completely gone, there are still important matters to address, such as the preservation

and promotion of our sense of identity. Our pride in our Irish origins is important in the recognition of the contribution of the Irish to Australian culture. One has only to look at our early music, poetry and slang to see these origins. The natural sense of fair play, questioning of authority based on aristocracy and privilege, and our sense of humour are no doubt due to our early Irish settlers as much as anybody. However, it has been most unfortunate that demographers have aggregated Irish Australians with those of British origin. Many of us grew up with the descriptor of ‘Anglo-Saxon’, a term which was both inaccurate and an insult to our Irish ancestry. Later, possibly with good intentions, the term ‘Anglo-Celtic’ was introduced and applied to Australians of both Irish and British backgrounds but this is equally misleading and insulting. This use of the term ‘Anglo-Celtic’ has been much criticised, although sadly it is still in common usage. Patrick O’Farrell has described it as ‘a grossly misleading, patronising and false convenience’ while Siobhan McHugh says it is a distortion of our past which fails to recognise the struggle of Irish Australians against oppression and demonisation. Surely, it’s time to give this description a permanent burial.

One of the reasons for a resurgence of interest in our Irish ancestry has been the growth of family history investigations. As a result, many have discovered their Irish roots, reflecting the significant contribution made by these immigrants to our new Australian society. *Tinteán*, the publication of the Australian Irish Heritage Network, plays a leading role in the recognition of our Irish heritage and culture. We have a loyal and growing number of subscribers which includes past and present government ministers, authors, musicians, academics and poets, not to mention a sprinkling of bishops and clerics, both Catholic and Protestant – all proud of their Irish origins. Our readership is not restricted merely to our subscribers. Issues of *Tinteán* are retained by public libraries and universities both here and overseas and the usage of these copies is evidenced by enquiries and new subscriptions. It is our mission to continue to provide a focus for the promotion and preservation of our heritage.

Robert J F Butler

News

Ongoing saga

The governor of the PNG province where veteran Australian pilot, Richard Leahy, miraculously escaped death in a plane crash several weeks ago, wants Mr Leahy charged with manslaughter. Six passengers in the aircraft died in the crash. The Governor, Luther Wenge, is demanding that Mr Leahy, who is in a Brisbane Hospital with serious injuries, returns to PNG to face charges, pays compensation and then leaves PNG where he is a permanent resident. Mr Leahy's son, Nick, has said that Kiunga Aviation, owned by Mr Leahy, had already met with the victims' families and endeavouring to help them.

Mr Leahy is a grandson of Mick Leahy, featured in 'No more memoirs' in Issue 8 of *Tinteán*.

Source: The Australian 08/01/10

Painful year for the Irish church

Archbishop Diarmuid Martin has acknowledged that 2009 was a painful year for the Catholic Church in Ireland. Five bishops, James Moriarty, Donal Murray, Eamonn Walsh, Raymond Field and Martin Drennan, named in the Murphy report, have resigned under unrelenting pressure to do so. The Irish government had also said sorry for failing to protect children in the wake of the latest report published only six months after the Ryan report, the landmark study which revealed widespread abuse of children in the care of the Catholic Church.

Following a three year investigation, the Murphy report revealed that there was an 'inexcusable' cover up by bishops named in the report of the ongoing predatory activities of paedophile priests in the Dublin Archdiocese over a considerable number of years. The bishops may also face police charges for failing to inform the police of the allegations. The judicial investigation discovered that the bishops did not report abuse to the police (until the 1990s) as part of a culture of secrecy to avoid damaging the reputation of the Church. The report stated that 'All other considerations, including the welfare of children and justice for victims, were subordinated to these priorities'. However it has also been revealed that police treated the priests as if they were beyond the law, thus allowing hundreds of children to suffer sexual abuse over a period of more

than 30 years. State authorities neglected their duty of care by not ensuring that the law was applied equally to all.

The investigations also revealed that the first details of the sexual abuse allegations were shown 14 years ago to Cardinal Desmond Connell (now deceased) who already had complaints against 28 priests in church files at the time. Again claims against priests or files alleging abuse were not passed on to the police.

Diarmuid Martin, Archbishop of Dublin since 2004 has offered an apology to all victims and their families. 'I offer to each and every survivor my apology, my sorrow and my shame for what happened'. Cardinal Sean Brady, Ireland's most senior churchman echoed Archbishop Martin's apology. 'I want to apologise to all those who have been hurt and their families'.

Source: The Age 28/11/2009

Success for Colm Tóibín

Colm Tóibín has won one of British's major book prizes for the Costa Novel Award (formerly the Whitbread) for his sixth novel, *Brooklyn*. It will now be in contention for the Costa Book of the Year Award, which carries prize money of £30,000. Tóibín's previous novel *The Master*: a portrait of Henry James, took the international IMPAC Dublin Literary Award, the world's richest literary prize, at €100,000, for a single work of fiction published in England but missed out on the prestigious Man Booker. He has been longlisted frequently for the Man Booker and shortlisted twice. Tóibín claims that he thinks 'losing is probably better for you as a writer. If you go home defeated then you get on with your work.'

Source: The Australian 06/01/2010

Blasphemy Law

A new blasphemy law came into force in Ireland on 1 January 2010 as part of the Defamation Act. Under the new law, blasphemy is now punishable by a €25,000 fine. Blasphemy is defined as publishing or uttering matter that is grossly abusive or insulting in relation to matters held sacred by any religion, thereby intentionally causing outrage among a substantial number of adherents of that religion, with some defences permitted.

But Chair of Atheist Ireland, Michael

Nugent claims that the new law is 'silly and dangerous' and 'unjust'. 'It is silly because medieval religious laws have no place in a modern secular republic, where the criminal law should protect people and not ideas. And it is dangerous because it incentives religious outrage and because Islamic states led by Pakistan are already using the wording of this Irish law to promote new blasphemy laws at UN level.', Nugent said on the Atheist Ireland website as part of its campaign to have the law repealed. He claims the law is also unjust because in 'a civilised society, people have the right to express and to hear ideas about religion even if other people find these ideas to be outrageous'. The group have published 25 quotes it says are blasphemous under the new law, attributed to people from Jesus Christ to Minister for Justice Dermot Ahern.

Source: The Irish Times online 03/01/2010

Professor Patrick McGorry Australian of the Year 2010

Professor McGorry who was born in Dublin in 1953 emigrated with his family initially to Wales and in 1968 to Australia. And while he is now a proud Aussie, he treasures his Irish heritage.

In a recent interview in the *Irish Echo*, he told editor Billy Cantwell, 'I think like an Irishman. I'm incredible proud of my Irishness'. He recently spent six months in Ireland accompanied by his son Fionn. While there he lent his considerable skills to improving youth mental health. 'There's some interesting mental health work going on in Ireland. The problems are major and very similar to here. Considerable reform is needed in both countries to address the growing problem,' he said. Ireland's economic problems he said had 'sapped the confidence' of Irish people, particularly the young.

Professor McGorry lives with his wife Merilyn and two of his sons, Liam and Niall, in Essendon, Victoria. Fionn liked Ireland so much he returned to Dublin where he is pursuing his studies.

Billy Cantwell

Source: Irish Echo 26/01/2010

Daonscoil 2010

This year saw the 15th annual Irish language camp take place again at Lady

Northcote facility in Bacchus Marsh. The festivities began on January 3 and we had many of our members from Victoria as well as from interstate, attend. Fifty-eight students in total immersed themselves in the Irish language as they worked through a program of classes, electives not to mention the *craic* that was mightier than ever!

Our program covered classes starting from beginners right up to more advanced students. This year, we had a dedicated children's teacher as well as our wonderful regular teachers. Throughout the week, as well as the usual Nuacht (News), we had dancing (rince), music (ceol), stories, singing (canadh) and even a quiz. On Saturday night, after some fine dining, we had our best ever Ceolchoirm (concert) to finish off the week! It really was amazing to see how far some students had come with their language skills. Not to mention how talented our little group was! Looking forward already to Daonscoil 2011!

Karolyne Paron

Devolution Deal in Northern Ireland

An agreement to create a new Justice Department in Belfast which will take control from Britain of the province's police force and courts was finalised between the Democratic Unionist Party (DUP) and Sinn Féin at Hillsborough Castle on 5 February 2010. The British government hopes to transfer justice powers to the NI government in April 2010.

The agreement, opposed for over two years by the DUP, has been hailed as a major breakthrough in the peace process in Northern Ireland. US Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton described it as 'another important step toward a full and lasting peace', and Sinn Féin leader Gerry Adams welcomed the achievement which he said would enable the crisis-prone coalition to 'proceed on the basis of equality, fairness and partnership'.

Other controversial issues such as 'parading' and the role of the Irish language are also dealt with in the agreement. Sources: irishtimes.com 05/02/2010 and Shawn Pogatchnik, huffingtonpost.com 08/02/2010

Climate change threatens another potato famine?

The potato, one of Ireland's main crops

is under threat from climate change. The warning came with the launch of a new pastoral letter, *The cry of the earth*, issued by the Catholic bishops of Ireland recently. In the pastoral letter the bishops said that scientific evidence shows that the 'shortage of water will have an impact on our agriculture, making it difficult to grow potatoes'. Their warning was confirmed by a university scientist in Dublin who agreed that warmer weather would have a negative impact on potato production and suggested that potato farmers would need to diversify and grow crops more suited to warmer weather. The bishops urged parish communities to adopt practical strategies to reduce greenhouse gas emissions and 'alleviate the stress caused by over-consumption'. The last time the potato crop failed led to the Great Famine of 1845 – 1852.

Source: Michael Kelly, *The Tablet* 14/11/09

Obituary: Mary Daly, 1928 – 2010

It's a sad day that sees the death of Mary Daly; the woman who put the fight into feminism. Born in New York, she gained a PhD from Saint Mary's College in Notre Dame. For 33 years, she taught theology, feminist ethics and patriarchy at Boston College, suggesting that the Jesuits are more tolerant than you think. One of the first women to train as a Catholic theologian, Mary Daly's best known book is *The Church and the Second Sex*, published in 1968. In 1969, she was denied tenure at Boston College, which many thought showed the church's opinion of her book, but the decision was reversed when 1500 students signed a petition. Nothing like getting some political support to demonstrate academic merit! In a nice touch, most of the petitioners were men since the college did not admit women to its liberal arts section until 1970.

In her later years Mary Daly ceased to practise Catholicism, coming to regard organised religion as patriarchal and called herself a 'post-Christian'. She was firmly of the feminist separatist stream of thought and declared in one interview: 'I don't think about men. I really don't care about them. I'm concerned with women's capacities which have been infinitely diminished under patriarchy.'

She looked forward to an evolutionary process which would drastically reduce the population of males. None of these views led to her departure from Boston College, aged 71; it was a threat of legal action from a male student denied a place in her class on feminist ethics. Mary Daly barred men from her classes on advanced women's studies on the grounds that their presence would inhibit frank discussion.

Later publications included a dictionary of non-sexist language (with Jane Caputi) and *Pure Lust: Elemental Feminist Philosophy* (1984). While critics both praised and condemned her for her biting witty writing style, one reviewer of *Pure Lust* acknowledged that the book demanded unusual effort from readers but concluded, 'It is worth it.'

Felicity Allen

Source: *The Age*, 2 February 2010.

Oscar nominations for Irish film industry

The Irish film industry is celebrating five nominations in the 2010 Oscar awards. Three animated films have been listed in three different categories. *The Secret of Kells*, directed by Tomm Moore and featuring the voices of Brendan Gleeson and Mick Lally, has been nominated in the Best Animated Film category and will be up against *The Fantastic Mr Fox*, *Coraline*, *The Princess and the Frog* and *Up*. In the Best Short Film category, *The Door*, written and directed by Juanita Wilson has been nominated. *Granny O'Grimm's Sleeping Beauty*, directed by Nicky Phelan and written and performed by Kathleen O'Rourke, got a nomination in Best Short Animated Film. All three films were co-funded by RTÉ, the Irish Film board and the Arts Council. Steve Carson, director of Programmes, RTÉ congratulated the three production companies involved, RTÉ, Brown Bag Films and Octagon Films 'It's a source of pride and gratification that we have played a role in supporting world class talent' he said.

The two other Irish Oscar nominees are Richard Baneham for Best Visual Effects for his contribution to *Avatar*; and Peter J Devlin for Best Achievement in Sound for his work on *Star Trek*.

Sources: Siliconrepublic.com, Ireland's Technology News service 03/02/102010 and *Irish Echo* 10-23/02/2010

What's on

Irish in Australia Exhibition

Opening March 2011, National Museum of Australia, Canberra

The exhibition will portray the story of the Irish diaspora in Australia as one of its major overseas destinations. Many significant historical artefacts from all around Australia and from Ireland will be displayed.

The curator, Richard Reid, is most anxious to cover the Irish presence in detail in the rural areas of Koroit-Port Fairy (Victoria), Illawarra (NSW) and Clare (South Australia).

The story of the Irish in Koroit, Killarney, Crossley and Port Fairy is a most significant chapter in the story of the Irish contribution to Australian culture and history. Local people and others with attachment to the district are encouraged to ensure that the area's unique history is fully represented by offering items from family collections for display: agricultural, domestic, family history, titles, photographs. The National Museum is keen to identify and collect these items as soon as possible.

Contact: Teresa O'Brien 03 5568 7239 or 0437 363 572
or PO Box 102, Koroit, 3282 email:goanna@westvic.com.au
or Richard Reid at the National Museum, Canberra

Connolly Association Radio Program

09:30 every Saturday – 3CR [855 AM]

Delivers Irish nationalist and republican news, current affairs and comment. Charts the involvement of modern Melbourne's community in Irish politics and affairs. Examines local issues for their implications for the local Irish community, as well as the broader Melbourne community.

Contact: Jim Cusack 0407 521 432 www.3CR.org.au

Celtic Folk Radio Program

09:00 every Monday – 3CR [855 AM]
Community Radio, Melbourne

Contact: Anne McAllister 0423 397 051 www.3CR.org.au

Melbourne Irish Community Radio Program

11:00 every Saturday and 18:00 every Sunday – 3ZZZ [92.5 FM]

Supported by the Melbourne Irish community and coordinated by Eugene O'Rourke, the program covers Irish music, news, interviews and Irish language items

17th Australasian Irish Studies Conference

Transnational Ireland: migration, conflict, representations

1–4 July 2010

Queen's University, Belfast, Northern Ireland

An interdisciplinary conference with contributions from areas of history, migration studies, sociology, politics, literature, the arts, gender, geography, anthropology and economics.

Papers are invited on topics especially relating to the Irish experience in Australia and New Zealand, influences and experiences of Australians / New Zealanders in Ireland, Irish and Australasian sports, and comparative experiences of emigration and conflict.

For proposals and details, contact: Elaine McKay, Irish Studies International Research Initiative, Queen's University, 53-67 University Road, Belfast, NI, BT7 1NN e.mckay@qub.ac.uk

St Patrick's Day Luncheon

Wednesday 17th March 12 noon

Dromana/Red Hill RSL, Gibson St, Dromana
Come and join in the 'Shenanigans'.

Irish music and dancing, green beer and great company.
The wearing of the green will add to the fun.

Contact: Eddie Hayes 03 5987 2448

Bloomsday

The Bloomsday festival annually celebrates James Joyce. In 2010 it will occur on: Wednesday 16 June 2010. This year's show and seminar will focus on the Nighttown episode of Ulysses, Circe. It will pit sexologists against purity snoopers, and explore the hopes and fears, anxieties and neuroses of Bloom and Stephen.

Venues and details will be advised in the next issue of *Tinteán*.

Irish History Circle

20:00 on the third Monday of every month
at the Celtic Club, Melbourne.

Interesting range of speakers of various aspects of Irish history

Contact: Dr Dan O'Connor 03 5978 6326
or Nell McGettigan 03 9419 6882

Echuca-Moama Celtic Festival

7th March and 12–14th March 2010

Experience the charm and hospitality of the steam capital of Australia at a festival of music and dance for all ages

info@celticfestival.com.au www.celticfestival.com.au

Australian Irish Welfare Bureau

Irish Australian of the Year Award

The Award for 2010 will be announced at the St. Patrick's Day Dinner dance at the Celtic Club. Friday 12 March

Contact: Margaret Boyle Secretary: 03 9482 3865

Afternoon Tea & Dance

14:00–17:30 on the last Sunday of each month at the Celtic Club, Melbourne

Contact: Marion O'Hagan 03 9482 3865

Celtic Club's Reading Circle and Film Club

Ballarat through Irish Eyes

A tour of Ballarat which will give participants an opportunity to see Ballarat through Irish eyes and learn of the contribution people of Irish background has made to Ballarat's cultural Social and industrial development.

Information and bookings: Phillip Moore 03 9850 4468
email: mrphillmoore@aol.com

Saoirse

Saoirse (freedom) are a vibrant vocal and dance group from Melbourne who delight their audiences with their beautiful renditions of traditional Irish ballads and original works.

5th March, 8pm, Port Fairy Festival, Port Fairy
13th March, 4pm, Echuca-Moama Festival, Echuca Vic
10th April, 8pm, The National Folk Festival 2010, Canberra, ACT

www.myspace.com/saoirseoz

Brigid's Well, Kildara Centre

Easter Celtic Conversation Evening

Tuesday, April 6, 6.30 – 9.15pm.
Suggested donation \$20

The Globalisation of God: Celtic Christianity's Nemesis

Thursday April 8, 10.00 – 12 noon. Suggested donation \$10

Special guest and presenter is Dara Molloy who lives on Inis Mór on the Aran Islands of Ireland and whose book, *The Globalisation of God: Celtic Christianity's Nemesis* has recently been published in Ireland. The book tells the story of Celtic Christianity's struggle with Rome, linking this history with contemporary globalisation.

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Book launch of *An Irish Woman in Czarist Russia* by Jean Lombard

Kathleen French lived a life rich in trials and scandal, of opulence in a world on the brink of destruction. The headstrong child of an Irish diplomat and a Russian heiress, she grew up on her family's estates by the Volga, touring Europe with barons and princesses, and visiting a home away from home: Monivea, her father's castle in Galway. Drawing on the candid letters of Kathleen and her family, Jean Lombard's deeply personal insights take readers into a vanished world.

15th March, 6-8pm, Melbourne, (location tba)
7th March, 5-7pm, Monivae College, Hamilton, Victoria
29th March, 5-7pm, Irish Embassy, Canberra

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The Famine, The Orphan Girls, and The Rock

On Sunday 22 November 2009 at 2.30 p.m., the tenth Annual Commemoration of the arrivals of the orphan girls was attended by a substantial crowd around the Famine Rock in Williamstown. It rained heavily all morning but miraculously the ceremony was held throughout in bright sunshine.

To open, Peter Kiernan welcomed all and paid tribute to the First Peoples for their stewardship of this land and in a spirit of reconciliation and in solidarity. In directing attention to the sacrifices made by the seventeen hundred orphan girls carried across the seas in six sailing ships to Melbourne and with all those who hunger, he quoted from the plaque: 'God never planned this work'.

A piece written by Pauline Rule 'From Famine to Melbourne' was then read by Robert Butler. This was first published in the original booklet prepared for the unveiling of the Rock in 1998 by the Irish Ambassador. A reading from shipboard diaries quoted in Don Charlwood's *The Long Farewell* then followed. The diaries were written by passengers in sailing ships of those times, with dramatic descriptions of the horrendous and frightening seas of the Roaring Forties.

Mary Kenneally, a well-known actor and enthusiast of things Irish gave a beautiful reading of a poem by her third cousin Brendan Kennelly, 'My Dark Fathers' a chilling account of a Great Famine husband and wife united in death. Mary chooses to read this every year because it explains the horror, the shame and the grief-stricken silence that fell on Ireland for generations after.

Our minstrels then did us proud and we heard traditional instruments as our ancestors would have heard them, acoustic and with deliberation. Leo Kelly, piper, explained the integral place a Bard had in a community's rhythm of life and he traced the history of the Union or Uilleann pipes (as they have been known since the 1930s). He played several pieces, a slow air, 'The Cause of my Pain' and other laments. The haunting sounds of his pipes held us spellbound and passers-by stopped and listened intently. More music followed with fiddler duettists Sean Kenan and Phil Cleary (no, not wearing a footy jumper) playing an air, 'For Ireland I'd not tell her Name', a hornpipe 'The Boys of Blue Hill' and a reel 'Drowsey Maggie'.

A highlight of the afternoon was the contribution of two orphan girls' connections, Debra Vaughan and Anne Ramage. Debra is a great-great-granddaughter of Sarah O'Malley who landed at the spot where we stood, from the *Pemberton* in May 1849. She spoke with love of her relatives and family and the contributions they have made to Australian society. She spoke of the dispossession of the Indigenous people echoing the Irish supplanted by Vikings, Normans English and Scots. Waves of people before us have learnt to bend and integrate and then love the people who next come to change again their splendid isolation. Anne has family connections with two Lady Kenaway girls, Bridget and Mary Costello from Galway and she boasted proudly of her pride and interest in that history.

To close, Kathleen Kiernan played, very expertly, a slip jig



The Fiddlers: Phil Cleary and Sean Kenan

Connor Kiernan



Debra Vaughan, Anne Ramage and Mary Kenneally

Sean Kenan



Leo Kelly, Piper

Sean Kenan

'The Butterfly', on the tin whistle. Heavy rain resumed and we all retreated for hot coffee and French crepes. It was truly a memorable day, that second-last Sunday in November.

Leo Kelly, Debra Vaughan and Peter Kiernan.



Lake School Number Eleven Koroit January 2010

If it's possible to say the weather was perfect – one might be inclined to say it was for Lake School Number Eleven in Koroit earlier this month. Cool and cloudy days, with patches of bright blue in the sky as you looked over Tower Hill to the Southern Ocean, or across the dairy and spud farms to Killarney and Port Fairy. When the sun did come out in the late afternoon, raising the temperature to a mild mid twenties, then a blessed breeze from the south west blew just gently enough to lift the froth off the pints of Guinness that were beginning to flow outside Mickey Bourke's Hotel.

In the evening the stars came out, but perhaps they didn't quite shine as brightly as the dancers and the players and at the Illowa Hall which was the featured venue for the Tuesday night Ceildhe. Marie Brouder, the dance tutor at her first Lake School, had a class fifty or sixty strong dancing the *Siege of Ennis* and *The Walls of Limerick*, to a band of thirty or forty musicians led by the legendary Paddy Fitzgerald on the accordion (impromptu Illowa Ceildhe Band below). It was the Lake School's first foray out to Illowa, and the locals voted with their feet and came out in force.

The Koroit Tower Hill Caravan park was the place to be during the week. There was a myriad of sessions, rehearsals and impromptu performances, while musicians in between classes strummed and relaxed in the shade of the exotic trees of the Koroit Botanical Gardens. For the seventeen strong Belfrage family, dinner was a show in itself. A line of tent

shades, a collection of camp chairs, children sitting in a circle humming the tunes of the day and an impressive buffet of pastas, curries and salads. A brief respite and coming together before joining the throng once more to rush off to the next session, ceildhe or concert.

Mary Bourke has likened Koroit during Lake School to Vienna. Music coming from every shop and residence and hordes of people hurrying around with violin cases, guitars and flutes. In place of the trucks of Koroit driving a load of bellowing milkers down a deserted streetscape in winter, the summer brings music and musicians and a colourful energy to "the Stroit." Gary Rose's song "The Trucks of Koroit" has renamed Commercial Rd "the Stroit" and they were the most requested lyrics of the week.

An open day at Crossley Hall attracted about thirty people keen to be introduced to the Irish Language, by Lake School tutor, Chris Mooney. Chris, also a first timer to Lake School – stepping in for Mossie Scanlon, noticed the energy and the youthful interest in the old language. Perhaps there is enough interest to drive regular local classes in Irish language and a weekend workshop is scheduled for July 2-4. The Youth Concert, later in the day at Crossley Hall attracted over a hundred people, and Teresa O'Brien reported "that we raised enough from donations to make our first mortgage payment on the St Brigid's Church and Hall."

Further into the evening fifteen poets competed in the Spud Poets Award. The Award was won by last year's win-

ner Clare Milesi. Her poem "Bless Me Father" about a priest who dies while hearing a confession and the confusion his death causes, was unanimously judged a winner, and was clearly popular with the audience.

The new Lake School Art Exhibition featured the work of Brenda Grimshaw, who hung her very finely crafted copies of *The Book of Kells* at the Crater Gallery, and gave all a chance to mooch around, nibble on the cheese and drink the champagne on offer. New also this year were the harp, mandolin and banjo class that played at the Grand Ceildhe, along with the usual fiddles, whistles, pipes, guitars, flutes and bodhrans.

A somewhat warmer day on Friday, the last day, saw a Tutors' Concert, the launching of yet another amazing Paddy O'Neill Award band – this year called *Shanachie*, and an epic Songwriters' Concert to "finish us all off". Those who weren't quite finished off lounged around in directors' chairs for another day before refreshing themselves, and cleaning out the effects of innumerable Guinness, in the waves of Eastern Beach or Potato Soup.

Record numbers came to the Lake School this year and they gloried in the beautiful music, the soulful singing, the energetic dancing, the congenial atmosphere and the warm friendships. Hopefully the weather will hold out for next year.

Felix Meagher

Felix Meagher is a musician, composer and music educator.

An Mám Ó Dheas

In this article Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin reviews Muirís Mossie Ó Scanláin's autobiography, *An Mám Ó Dheas*, which he believes is the first time that an autobiography in Irish has been published by an Australian.

Tá dírbheathaisnéis Mhossie Ó Scanláin leagtha amach go cróineolaíoch, ag tosú lena óige i mBaile an Lochaigh i nGaeltacht Chorca Dhuibhne agus ag leanúint a saol mar dhuine fásta in Éirinn, i Sasana agus san Astráil, an tír a bhfuil cónaí air sa lá atá inniu ann. É sin ráite, ní hionann sin is a rá gur leabhar coinbhinsiúnach é, mar go mbaineann Mossie úsáid as stíl an-chliste chun an léitheoir a ligean isteach ina aigne agus é ag fás suas agus ag taisteal ón bhfód dúchais ina shaol ilchineálach.

Tá an chéad chaibidil, 'Óige agus Scolaíocht' ar an gceann is faide sa leabhar - agus caithfear a rá, an ceann a bhain mé an sult ba mhó as. Déanann Mossie cur síos sa chaibidil seo ar an saol a bhí aige sa Ghaeltacht ó lá a bhreithe i mí Iúil, 1954, go dtí go ndeachaigh sé ó dheas thar Mhám an Lochaigh agus é ag fágáil sláin ar a bhaile dúchais. Baineann Mossie úsáid as stíl scríbhneoireachta an-oiriúnach mar tá an léitheoir in ann an scéal a fheiceáil trí shúile soineanta an linbh agus an pháiste ag foghlaim de réir a chéile faoi chúrsaí an tsaoil.

Chaith mé féin gach samhradh ag deireadh na bhfichidí agus ag tús na seascaidí i nGaeltacht Dhún na nGall agus bhuaíl an smaoinemh mé arís is arís eile a chosúla is bhí an óige a bhí ag Mossie i gCiarraí agus an saol a bhí ag muintir Ghaoth Dobhair faoin am sin. Ní raibh aon só i gceist lena óige sa bhaile, agus é an cúigiú mac de dheichniúr buachaillí agus triúr iníonacha. Cé go raibh saol sách cruu acu, ní raibh ocras orthu riamh, agus is ríshoiléir sa leabhar go bhfuil cuimhní ana-dhearfacha ag Mossie ar an tráth seo dá shaol.

Tá go leor le rá ag Mossie ar a thaithí ar scoil, ábhar eile atá an-suimiúil domsa. Bhí a chéad mhúinteoir ag Scoil Naomh Eirc, an Mháistreás, ana-dheas leis agus réitigh na blianta tosaigh go mór leis. Scéal eile ar fad a ba ea an seal a chaith sé i rang Jim Fitz, fear a bhí róthógtha leis an mbata, agus is minic a bhain sé úsáid as ar Mhossie óg agus é ag streachailt leis an matamaitic dambáilte. Níor aontaigh an bheirt le chéile in aon chor agus faoi dheireadh b'éigean don bhuaichill óg an fód a sheasamh in éadan chruálacht an mhúinteora.

Ag deireadh a chuid scolaíochta bhí an méid seo le rá ag an údar faoi chúrsaí oideachais:

Táim cinnte anois gur le spreagadh muiníne is misnigh, ceánúlacht is foighne an t-aon tslí amháin chun an óige a mhealladh ar mhaithe leo fhéin chun bolgam a thógaint as tobar an eolais.

Cuireann na focail thuas ola ar mo chroí. Cuireann siad i gcuimhne dom an seanfhocal, mol an óige agus tiocfaidh sí, an fhealsúnacht ar ar rinne mé iarracht mo chuid múinteoireachta féin a bhunú.

Tagann athrú ar stíl na scríbhneoireachta sna sé chaibidil eile sa leabhar, mar anois is ea Mossie fásta atá ag insint a scéil. Baineann sé an-úsáid as caint díreach sa dóigh is go bhfuil an léitheoir in inmhe na daoine éagsúla a shamhlú. Luann sé sa chéad chaibidil gur labhair muintir na háite Béarla leis na leanaí – agus leis na hainmhithe! Ach is fíorannamh a bhfuil



Mossie and Monsignor Ó Fiannachta, (Ed. & publisher) at the launch of *An Mám ó Dheas* in his home town, An Daingean.

aon Bhéarla le sonrú fad is atá Mossie ag cur síos ag a shaol sa Ghaeltacht. Sna caibidilí eile, áfach, is sa Ghalltacht agus thar lear atá cónaí air agus cloisimid na daoine a casadh air ag labhairt go minic.

Nuair nach raibh Mossie ach sé bliana déag d'aois chuaigh sé isteach i gCabhlach na hÉireann – scríobh sé go raibh sé bliain ní ba shine ar an bhfoirm iarratais! Chaith sé corradh is dhá bhliain sa tseirbhís, seal ar an long, Deirdre, nuair a bhí sí páirteach i ngabháil na loinge, Claudia, a bhí ag tabhairt airm is púdair isteach go hÉirinn ó Libia. Cé go raibh tréimhse ghairid i gceist sa chabhlach, mhothaigh Mossie gur thug an taithí seo misneach dó aghaidh a thabhairt ar Átha Cliath ar feadh seala sular bhog sé go Londain.

Ní raibh sé i bhfad i Sasana sular bhuaíl sé le Marie Ní Shíthigh, bean as Baile na hAbhann i gCorcaigh, agus phós siad ann sa bhliain 1977. Nuair a d'imigh deirfiúr Mharie, Eibhlís, agus a fear céile, Ned, chun na hAstráile ar imirce tháinig fonn ar Mharie triail a bhaint as an Astráil. Rugadh a gcéad mhac, Pól, sa bhliain 1981 agus go luath ina dhiaidh sin thug siad aghaidh ar na Fritíortha. Chaith siad bliain in Perth sular bhog siad ar aghaidh go Melbourne, áit inar chuir siad fúthu ó shin i leith. Tháinig an dara mac, Seán, ar an saol ann sa bhliain 1989, an duine "a shocraigh ar an dtalamh seo" iad.

Sa dá chaibidil deiridh tugann Mossie cuntas dúinn ar an mbaint nach beag a bhí is atá aige le cúrsaí Gaeilge san Astráil. Ní raibh mórán bainte aige lena theanga dhúchais le linn na dtréimhsí a chaith sé in Átha Cliath, Londain agus san Astráil sa chéad dul síos. Ach, mar a scríobh sé féin, "bhraitheas-sa uaim an Ghaeilinn" agus chuir sé agus cairde leis in Melbourne tús leis an ngluaiseacht atá ar siúl ar fud na tíre seo teanga ár sinsear a choimeád beo ar an taobh seo domhain.

Léigh mé 'An Mám Ó Dheas' go tapa agus thaitin sé go mór liom. Táim ag tnúth anois leis an dara léamh níos moille, agus an deis a chloisteáil, i m'intinn ar a laghad, Gaelainn bheo bhríomhar Bhaile an Lochaigh.

Bearnaí Ó Doibhlin

Australian Irish National Dancing Championships

In 2009 the Australian Irish National Dancing Championships were held in Geelong between 29 September and 4 October. As the National Championships only come to Victoria every four or five years, I decided to take the opportunity to attend for the last two days.

The reason for my interest was that many years ago I danced myself in Newcastle upon Tyne and was keen to see how Irish Dancing had changed since those days (the 50s!). Having never attended a National championship, I was overawed by it. The championship was spread over six days and there were over 1000 participants, aged from seven years old to adults, from every State and Territory in Australia. Musicians and adjudicators came from Canada, England, Ireland, and the USA. I was fortunate to meet a couple from South Australia whose son was a competitor and who were able to advise a novice about the rules and set up of the championships. The solo dancing that I watched was the older competitors from Senior Boys and Girls (16 years) through to Senior Men and Ladies. The competition at this level was truly fascinating and of a very high standard.

The changes I noticed were the more difficult steps in the solo dances, the colourful costumes with beautiful embroidery and the wigs (a change from 'rags' in the hair the night before a competition!), and the competitors wear different costumes for their solo dances and team dances.

The figure dances I saw were beautifully choreographed. The story of the dance was read first and then interpreted through dance. Marks were given for teamwork and presentation. The many different school teams' costumes were striking, making the whole experience most enjoyable. Altogether the standard of solo dancing with the more intricate steps and the superb presentation of the team dancing were much more involved than I remember from my dancing days. The whole event was a credit to both teachers and dancers in Australia. Well done.

After the competition, I interviewed the dancer whose parents I had met at the competition. I was interested in finding out the background of one of these young dancers whom I had observed in the competition. James McEvoy competed in the Junior Men (17 years). He is a dancer with the Scoil Rince Ní Murchu in SA and in his competition he came 2nd to Brent Pace-Rabusin from the Rabusin School in Victoria. James has danced since



he was four and has won his State championship at least nine times. James enjoys his dancing and the many friends he makes from travelling around Australia meeting other competitors. He combines his love of dancing with many other interests such as singing and playing the flute, the Irish whistle, and the piano. He also completed a very successful year twelve.

The competitors who qualify from the Nationals are eligible to attend the World Championships which this year will take place in Glasgow from 29 March to 6 April. We wish all those able to attend the best of luck. Interested readers can find out all the results from the National competitions by logging onto the AIDA website: www.aidainc.com and then to Australian Championships results.

Brenda Lindeman

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Gaelic qualities of Mary MacKillop

These days, many people in Ireland and Scotland are rediscovering close links in the native languages, song traditions and Gaelic culture of both countries. In that context Geoffrey Hull's comment about Mary MacKillop deserves attention. He said that MacKillop, whose Josephite nuns did much for the education of Irish Australians, showed Gaelic qualities.

Hull has unusual credentials in regard to cultural matters. In the 1980s he taught Irish language classes at Melbourne University and these days is best known as the author of the main dictionary of Tetum, one of Timor's national languages. Without making too much of the matter, I found his remarks that Mary MacKillop had strong Gaelic characteristics persuasive and I looked up a couple of points.

As is well known, Mary was born of Scottish Highland parents. Her mother, Flora MacDonald, was named after the Scots heroine who protected Bonnie Prince Charlie, and is named in the Skye Boat song.

In 1873 Mary MacKillop, then aged 31, visited Scotland. Writing to her mother from Keppoch, she said, 'All, even the MacKillops, declare that I am a regular MacDonald ... The moment I saw John Cranachan in church, I felt that I was near one of my own, and strange to say, it was more than I could bear unmoved.'

Mary translated these strong feelings for her ancestry into a lifestyle which embodied Gaelic values. Her passion for education, her concern for outback families and their children, and her dedication to community well-being ahead of personal promotion reflected ancient Gaelic views of what life is about. Hers was an alternative worldview to that of British colonial officials in Australia.

Amy Sherwin celebrated in Bendigo

One of the strengths of John Clancy's Bendigo concerts is that his music pupils such as Caitlen Tuohy in grade 6 at St Killian's primary school and Bronte Foster in grade 5 at St Therese's primary perform alongside Jennifer Schnatzle, a concert-standard professionally trained opera singer, and her accompanist, Peter Butler.

This third concert in the series moved from the reception hall at the Shamrock Hotel to a better venue, namely the Capital Theatre, Bendigo's performing arts centre in the old Masonic Hall. After the

Catherine Hayes 150th commemorative concert and then the Amy Castles of Bendigo concert, the focus this year was Amy Sherwin (1855-1935), 'the Tasmanian Nightingale'.

Sherwin, born in the Huon Valley, toured the world more widely than any other singer of her time. Clancy, music teacher extraordinaire, rates Sherwin as 'Australia's first internationally acclaimed operatic diva', a decade or two ahead of Nellie Melba.

As with previous years, these concerts combine the showcasing of the skills of Clancy's pupils with a lesson in the history of music in Australia. More than a dozen pupils ranging in age from eight to 80 performed. Narrator Hilary Guest outlined the major successes of Sherwin's life story and recounted her sad ending with an unmarked grave in Bromley, England.

As with many other nineteenth-century performers, Irish songs figured strongly in her repertoire alongside the favourites of Italian opera. In this context, Gemma Goldsmith gave a charming version of Siúl Aaron. To my untrained ear, Goldsmith sounds like a talented performer of whom you may well hear more in years to come.

Over supper John Clancy talked about the possibility of doing a concert in Tasmania next year focused on Waterford-born composer William Vincent Wallace who migrated to Sydney in 1835 and stayed a few years. It was well worth the trip to Bendigo to hear this enjoyable Amy Sherwin concert which was sponsored by the Bendigo Irish Association.

Lalla Gill and Lalla Rook

There are people whom most of us are happy to keep using a title for, even when we know their first name. And so it was with the remarkable Mrs Gill who died on 25 November last, aged 100 years and 18 days.

I first met Mrs Gill and her family some 50 years ago through my friendship with one of her sons, Peter. I got to know her better in the 1990s when, with a bunch of others, we were active in family history in the Irish Ancestry Group.

Mrs Gill was born Johanna Harding and was known to family and friends as Lalla, which they say means Princess. Lalla married Virgil Gill and their children are Virgil, Lillian, John, Peter, Mary and Margaret. She was widowed for 46 years. She was active in family and



Capital theatre, Bendigo, 6 November 2009: John Clancy conducts the finale of the Amy Sherwin concert

community affairs until the end, picking Shoking in the Melbourne Cup.

Among the tributes at the Requiem was one by Virgil who is a member of the Irish History Circle. Those interested in the story of the Irish in Victoria will find it worth their while to get a copy of Virgil's eulogy. On this occasion, my small tribute to Mrs Gill is the following remarks about her familiar name, Lalla.

In recent years I have been intrigued by the huge enthusiasm many of our forebears had for a long, and long-forgotten, narrative poem entitled 'Lalla Rook' written by Thomas Moore, the famous songwriter.

Published in 1817, the poem tells the story of Lalla Rook, a Persian princess who led her people's resistance to an invading Arab army. Everyone in Ireland who was in the know knew that Lalla Rook stood for the recently executed patriot Robert Emmett. The poem sold like hot cakes and was reprinted many times.

So, while I am not sure, it is my guess that when Mrs Gill was young the nickname Lalla came to her at least indirectly from Princess Lalla Rook.

Part of the fascination of the name is that it crops up in other parts of Australian history. There was a gold mine near Ballarat called Lalla Rook Diggings. An anonymous poem about early Victoria said, 'May sirens fair as Lalla Rook, Tempt all old men in Tullarook.'

One amazing connection is that Truganini of Tasmania (c 1812-1876), also known as Trugernanner, was widely known by the nickname of Lalla Rook. Some of her contemporaries, especially those who read Thomas Moore's poem, saw her as a princess trying to defend her people against an invader. By the way, the concert reviewed above portrayed Amy Sherwin as sympathetic to Truganini. Lalla Gill who enjoyed all the twists and turns of Irish heritage would no doubt welcome a chance to meet up with Lalla Rook.

Val Noone

Dr. Val Noone, O.A.M

In the June 2009 Honours List, our friend Val Noone was awarded the Medal in the Order of Australia.

All at *Tinteán* and all of Val's friends and a wide circle of associates were delighted with this formal recognition of Val's achievements. Val's interests and community work are spread across a vast field. The official citation which accompanied the award's announcement indicated that it was 'for service to education as an academic and historical researcher and to the community.' Such a summary of Val's contribution to our community barely touches the true story. He has been an inexhaustible and encouraging advisor, carer and mentor to so many, particularly to the disadvantaged.

As a Catholic priest in the Melbourne Archdiocese during the 1960s and 1970s, Val was involved in the publication of *Priest Forum* leading to the formation of the National Council of Priests. He has been an office-bearer of the Australian Vietnam Society, involved with post-war reconstruction and the collection of historical records. He wrote a definitive and exhaustive study of Melbourne Catholics and Vietnam, *Disturbing the War* (Spectrum) published in 1993 and which formed his doctoral dissertation.

He is a Senior Fellow, School of Historical Studies, University of Melbourne.

He was a board member of the Celtic Club in Melbourne for 5 years and was the winner of that club's Dr Michael Sullivan Award in 2006. He has been involved with the Irish Language Association and is an ardent student of that language.

Val Noone was the founder, editor and publisher of *Táin*,



Mary Doyle and Val Noone forever smiling

the precursor of *Tinteán*. *Táin* established itself as a serious and scholarly journal in the forty-five issues and seven years of successful publishing over which Val presided.

We offer Val our sincere congratulations on this milestone achievement and honour.

We also offer him our apologies for this belated tribute – he will no doubt understand our proffered excuse – a glitch in the system!

The Tinteán Editorial Committee

Irish economy

The Great Financial Crash continues to affect the Irish economy, with consumer prices falling for a full year over 2008 – 2009. Prices were 5% lower in December 2009 than they were in December 2008. This is the first time that they have declined continuously for such a long period since 1931. While prices also fell throughout the European Union, the size of the prices decline in the Republic was twice the size of that in the rest of the EU. The size of the changes in costs within the Republic varied widely, with the largest fall found in the Housing, Water and Electricity sector (-21.2%).

The extent of the crash, the enormity of the losses and the inability of the Irish government to deal with the problem and restart the economy have led to widespread calls for greater accountability, especially for the banking sector. An Irish banking enquiry is to be held and will report on the role played by the banks in the crash. The Taoiseach, Brian Cowen, had refused even to consider a banking inquiry until very recently and has apparently only agreed to hold one in response

to mounting political pressure on him and his party. Many people have questions about the extent to which reckless lending (largely dependent on foreign borrowing) and the sale of bank assets to developers contributed to the crash in Ireland. At the time all this was happening, the Minister for Finance was none other than Brian Cowen, so that he could be called as the chief witness to the inquiry.

Apart from the role of the banking sector, the contribution of the euro to the fall of the Celtic Tiger is being raised. There is a serious debate about the possibility of the Republic leaving the Eurozone, by reintroducing the punt, in order to increase competitiveness of Irish industry. Some have condemned the idea as 'suicidal', particularly as this move might mean defaulting on euro debt. Such a default would damage the Republic's credit internationally and would mean only a temporary palliative for the economy unless fundamental reforms including currency devaluation were embraced.

Michael Hennigan, editor of *FinFacts*, pointed out that reform had not yet been

tried in Ireland and that it was not necessary to devalue the currency in order to bring down the price of electricity from among Europe's highest.

Whether the Republic should ever have joined the Eurozone is now being queried, but it seems unlikely that Bertie Ahern and Charlie McCreevy would have refrained from cutting taxes and extending property incentives just because the Republic had remained outside the euro. Nevertheless, there is a belief that returning to the punt would improve the competitiveness of Irish exports. Hennigan argues that people putting forward this argument are overlooking the enormity of the task and ignoring basic questions such as: how would capital flight be prevented? What would be the implications of returning to the punt if Ireland decides to default on its Euro debt? He argued strongly for undertaking fundamental reforms and then taking advantages of being a member of the European Common Market with over 300 million people.

Compiled from *FinFacts*

Felicity Allen

History for the asking

Can you airbrush something right out of history? In some cases, yes. When Sir Paul McCartney got his gong from the palace he was understandably pleased, but something else happened around the same time. A little tune he wrote called *Give Ireland Back To The Irish* vanished from his back catalog at EMI. Despite being a sizeable UK hit, it no longer appears on any of his compilations and can only be found by trawling the internet.

Across the pond meanwhile, Paul Simon, being an American citizen, was never in danger of incurring regal approval but nonetheless he once felt that one of his albums was no longer 'representative' of his work and had the entire thing pulled. Overnight it vanished from the shops. Unsold copies were melted down and backorders cancelled. It was called the *Paul Simon Songbook* and if you have an original copy in your possession hang onto it as a valuable item. The 2004 CD reissue, which came out when he finally relented, is not identical and considered by some as a poor substitute.

They say be careful what you wish for because you just might get it. Some years ago I came across a book called the *Warner Guide to the UK and US Hit Singles*, compiled by Dave McAleer. As a reference it's the absolute best, covering all the years to date and very extensively indexed by both song title and artist.

I still use it but have always wondered how big a job it would be to assemble a full collection of all the tracks listed in the book. Would it take years of searching or have some of them vanished for good? To be sure, period compilation albums do exist for certain eras, and I have quite a few already, but they tend to come from a single record label and feature various artists

chosen from that label's own roster, and are not a complete picture by any means.

Then I read an interview in Keyboard magazine with Troye Kinnett. Troye handles keyboard duties with the John Mellencamp band, and during the interview casually tossed in the throwaway line that the band has a complete archive on an iPod of all the U.S. chart singles right back to when charts started. Very useful when looking for (say) examples of 60's style organ chops, but where did it all come from I wondered, and how could I get my mitts on it?

A bit of googling soon revealed the answer. The official US charts are, and always have been, compiled by Billboard magazine. From 1946 to 1953 it was generally a top 30 but from 1956 they have published an annual top 100. The good news is that you can now find and download tracks from for any complete year(s) that you want.

They won't all be found in one place, but a bit of searching will soon reveal the best sites for each decade. Downloads of large numbers of files are generally achieved by combining them into an archive so they can be downloaded in one hit. It can then be expanded at your leisure. Zip files and RAR files (i.e. data containers) are two common types of archive. For the latter you will need 7-Zip which is a free download, simple to install and works very well. Once you have extracted the files from the archive they will be in mp3 format. If there are any mistakes in the tags, e.g., typos in the artist names or song titles then you will have to fix it yourself. This does not stop you listening to the music, it just looks wrong when you scroll through a list on your iPod screen.

Very occasionally the same track will

appear in the top 100 for two consecutive years. This is because the original record was released towards the end of one year and it still sold strongly into the new year (e.g., *Tennessee Waltz* by Patti Paige in 1950 & 51). Cover versions of hit songs were extremely popular. Frank Sinatra scored big in 1946 with *Oh! What It Seemed To Be*. But then, so did three other artists that year with the very same song. Listen to the competing versions and see if you agree with the final chart placings.

Some artists had runs of chart success that remain impressive even to this day, Perry Como's 26 hits up to 1958 included the Grammy-Award-winning *Catch A Falling Star*. Once in a while a title simply arrests the attention, as it was no doubt intended to, and *Throw Mama From The Train* sounds like it should come with a parental warning, but hear the song and all is revealed as a soppy ballad – really.

You will probably need around 20 GB of storage space for the entire history from 1946 to the present. The not so good news is that you will definitely need access to a high-speed internet connection and the whole exercise may have to be spread over a few months if you don't want to blow your monthly limit and get hit for excess usage charges.

So all up a bit of work is still involved but the end result will be your very own slice of recorded music history (albeit a rather high calorie one). A veritable encyclopedia of music trivia. Before the Beatles, the biggest British act in the US charts to date had been Laurie London singing something that you probably learnt at Sunday school. Any guesses what it was?

In next issue – Modes in Irish music, what are they and how do they work?

Stuart Thrill

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Mercy from Age to Age

On 3 December 2009, Geelong's St. Mary's Basilica was packed out with worshippers, celebrating the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first Sisters of Mercy there in 1859. Six Sisters arrived in the blistering heat of the Australian summer from Baggot St. Dublin in heavy habits, designed for Ireland's freezing temperatures. They were to be employed in the areas of education, welfare, health and pastoral care in Geelong and the Western District.

The original group of six – Mother Xavier McGuire, Mother Gabriel Sherlock, Mother Margaret Mulally, Mother Regis Manley, Sister Rose Lynch and Sr Aloysius – had no idea of the huge challenges facing them in this new country. But they did know that they would never see Ireland or their families again. Sisters Rose and Aloysius subsequently left the Congregation but the remaining four courageous women soldiered on under the able leadership of Mother Xavier McGuire. She was a gifted woman of enormous foresight. She did not always agree with Bishop Gould, who had brought the Sisters to Geelong but he acknowledged her management skills. At the commemoration Mass, a chalice, which he had presented to those Mercy Sisters, was used.

Bishop Gould had gone to Dublin to invite the Sisters to Geelong but his mission was at first refused by Bishop Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, on the grounds that the Sisters could not be spared. Not one to give up easily, Gould asked again and with the help of a letter from Mother Xavier. He received a terse reply but in the affirmative. He gave Mother Xavier £50 toward their clothing. The little band went on board the 'Ocean Queen' at Liverpool where their long journey began. On arrival in Melbourne, they spent a short time at the Melbourne foundation (now called the 'Academy') with Mother Ursula Frayne, who with two other Sisters had arrived from Western Australia to set up the Fitzroy foundation two years earlier in 1857.

When the Sisters arrived in Geelong by train, they had no house and had to live in the Catholic orphanage, St Augustine's. Meanwhile an appeal was launched and an 11-acre property in Newtown was 'rented' to the group. They had been led to believe that the house, in very bad repair, would be furnished, but it was not. They struggled with finances, but with fund raising activities they were

able to open their first school to Australian students on the 18th April 1860.

The bishop had great plans for the school and convent. He knew of Mother Xavier's ability to supervise a suitable building plan from her success with the building of the Mater Misericordia hospital in Dublin. He introduced her to William Wardell, the famous architect of St Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne. So the beautiful unique bluestone building, affectionately known as 'The Abbey', was planned and built in various stages. Mother Xavier had impeccable taste and made the unique chapel 'the jewel in the crown'. As in the chapel in Baggot St Dublin, she had exquisite stained glass windows imported from Ireland and installed by Irish craftsmen. The result was one of the most beautiful chapels in Australia but of course she was accused of spending too much on it.

In order to meet the needs of the Geelong community, Mother Xavier set up an orphanage, a day school and a boarding school – the fees of which she hoped would support the rest of the establishment. The Sisters worked hard and the health of

several of them deteriorated but other staff were recruited. Eventually the orphanage was moved to St Catherine's, Highton and Sacred Heart College was established with both boarders and day pupils. Mr Daniel Bunce, a botanist who was planning the Geelong Botanical Gardens, sent one of his workers to set up the orchards and plan out the gardens so perhaps he was the pioneer of the famous 'Rose Avenue'.

Over the years the Apostolate grew and widened, mainly with the support of the local people who had welcomed the Sisters with open arms. Primary schools, welfare and parish work proliferated. In fact, the Mercy Order became an integral part of the Geelong community.

Today, Sacred Heart College has facilities many other schools would envy. The boarding school has closed but there are over 1425 day students. It has an excellent academic reputation and music has always had a strong tradition. Mother Xavier and her companions had certainly successfully planted the seeds to spread Mercy from age to age up to the present day.

Catherine Arthur



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Sarah O'Malley Smith, Irish Famine Orphan

Whether you call it serendipity or the agency of the Old Folks giving a helping hand from above when it amuses them, discovering the Famine Rock on Williamstown Strand was one of the greatest pleasures for me of moving to Williamstown 18 months ago. Touched by the wording on the Rock, I felt it to be a profound moment, since my great great grandmother Sarah Matilda O'Malley was one of these Irish Famine Orphans. It was as though my life had completed another circle and I felt proud to realise that Williamstown was the first place in Australia to create such a memorial.

The inaugural Famine Rock ceremony was opened by Richard O'Brien, the Irish Ambassador, in 1998. The Rock is basalt or bluestone as it is known, quarried from Deer Park. The suburb was named after an actual deer park of early local landowners, the famously horsey Chirnsides, who wanted to make the West of Melbourne the racehorse capital of the world. Added to the equine tone, the limestone here too is quite Isle of Erin.

In the wreck of Ireland during the Great Famine, one million Irish died and one million emigrated from a population which dwindled from eight million to six and a half million in the decade from 1841, comparable to any Holocaust horror. The worst of all the famines, the potato blight with its attendant epidemics, was at its fiercest between 1847 – 1852. Surprisingly, given the enormity and effects of the tragedy, relatively little has been written so far, using Australian sources. It is clear there was enough food produced in Ireland at the time to feed her people, but it was funnelled almost exclusively for export to England. It is worth remembering the potato crop failed throughout Northern Europe, but famine arose only in those countries administered by and for foreigners; Ireland and to a lesser extent Scotland.

Victims of persecution for several hundred years the Irish could neither live in corporate towns, attend school legally, bequeath land nor take public office unless they converted from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism, and gave up their Gaelic language. Consequently, a growing population held decreasing land holdings, suited only to growing potatoes. Grains, expensive to buy, needed much more extensive acreage than was available and machinery to cultivate them. This situation was exacerbated by the Gregory Clause in the *Poor Law Legislation* 1838, which demanded that farmers relinquish their land before any poor relief was granted, in or out of the workhouse. Of such institutions, 'the pathway of the dead', the mission statement was to make the conditions and treatment within its walls repellent to all but the most desperate.

In truth the social services were inadequate to the calamity, as to funds, facilities, operation and hygiene, and workhouses had no hope of saving up to 25% of their inmates. Folk dreaded workhouse segregation of men and women, and further breaking of the family unit and bonds. Up to 1850, the Irish formed a quarter of all Australian emigrants, forced or otherwise. By census today, 35% claim Irish heritage. Of over one million Irish who emigrated to America, thousands perished on what became known as 'coffin ships'. Still, it was both more affordable and closer to home than the Antipodes.

Four thousand Irish Famine Orphan Girls were sent to Mel-

bourne, Sydney and Adelaide, under the Pauper Immigration Scheme, headed by Secretary of State for the Colonies, Earl Grey of Twinings Tea fame. In Hobson's Bay, the arrival of six shiploads to Melbourne spanned December 1848 until March 1850. Nearly 2,000 girls were processed by Government Depot 26, William Street, Melbourne. The ships were:

- 6 December 1848 *Lady Kennaway*
- 14 May 1849 *Pemberton*
- 9 August 1849 *New Liverpool*
- 10 January 1850 *Diadem*
- 25 February 1850 *Derwent*
- 31 March 1850 *Eliza Caroline*

In the hope they would learn to read with shipboard classes, the girls were provided with clothing and a prayer book. It is hard not to think that merely recovering their health and poise on the trip out would have been achievement enough for the time being.

By lucky coincidence, the Dublin Royal Hibernian Military School also sent via *Pemberton* twenty one volunteers, who had benefited from a more formal education, as had the girls sent from the Cork Foundling Hospital. On board, these volunteers acted as teachers and monitors, and kindly taught literacy and needlework, adding to the other girls' skills and job prospects. The *Sydney Morning Herald* commented that these girls' 'education, discipline and general appearance reflected credit on the conductors of these humane establishments.'

In spite of these commendations, the orphan girls had to deal with a more immediate prejudice. Expected to be adults ready to meet the demands of the labouring and wife shortages of the new colony, they were young girls who had been on the literal brink of destruction, undeserving of *The Argus*' fulminating slander as bedraggled, immoral slatterns, 'most stupid, the most ignorant, the most useless, and the most unmanageable set of beings'. As they had come from a country where folk had been forced to sell or barter their clothes for their next meal, to call them 'barefooted little country beggars' was sadistic. Their deaths were openly welcomed as a solution to 'the Irish problem' by English politicians and in letters to the editor. Some of the personal criticism they attracted for a plight that was no fault of their own has an echo in our own complex response to refugees and the starving today. The negative public and media frenzy was tempered by the journalist Edmund Finn, aka 'Garryowen', and the efforts of The St. Patrick Society, but fuelled by the colonists' high expectations of being provided with a skilled labour force. By 1850, legislation ensured there would be no more such schemes.

Recorded as ranging in age from 13 to 20, some were as young as nine or ten. Expectations of experienced servants being sent *gratis* by the Government were unrealistic. Many of the girls were untrained for their new occupations and debased by the grind of poverty and the fears of the self-righteous. Their wages reflected the low regard in which they were held. In Australia, knowledge of convict ancestors was submerged into the past, as were the shameful incidents of the Great Hunger. Buried in the subconscious of newly forming Australian families, it emerged later, with a more subtle show of complexities. However, here

we stand, grateful testament to the strength and foresight even when *in extremis*, of these courageous and resilient girls.

My great great grandmother Sarah Matilda O'Malley arrived on the *Pemberton*. We assume she left Ireland after twelve months in the workhouse, since that was generally a condition of passage, and the records show her as from Limerick, but leaving from the Roscrea Workhouse, Co. Tipperary. There were more than 64,000 souls in this one workhouse, Number 38, alone.

Sarah Matilda has always been cloaked in mystery. We only confirmed her as a *Pemberton* Irish Famine Orphan a few years ago, from notes deposited at Colac Historical Society. Although there were some firm foundations of previous cousinly findings, we needed to start from scratch to research and understand her life and times, since no family stories had flagged her status so specifically. Perhaps the wish to forget hard times or the furore re the Irish emigrants also led her, like others, to obfuscate her origins.

After a month in Melbourne along with about 20 other Irish Orphan Girls, Sarah took passage on the brig *Raven* to Portland. She worked for James Allison's family, as they were expecting their third child. After 16 months, probably as housemaid and nursemaid, if not more, her place was taken subsequently by another Famine Orphan, Mary Casey from the *New Liverpool*.

Sarah's suitor was Richard Smith, probably the R Smith who came from Van Diemen's Land in 1847 for the Hentys. Married in Portland in 1850, their first child, John was born there two years later. So far we know the Smith family children were John, Edward, Elizabeth, Mary Jane, Ellen, Henry Clarke and Charles Clarke, and their birthplaces ranged from Woodford Forest, Yangery and Tower Hill to Koroit. The 1856 electoral roll of the Villiers Division cites Richard as a (wood) splitter, a householder in Yangery, near Koroit.

By 1871, Sarah applied through a Crown Land Grant for two blocks Yarpturk, near Koroit. The acreage now is part of the Warrnambool Regional Airport runway. Her 'Application for Licence under Part II of *The Land Act 186*' records her occupation as seamstress, which perhaps harks back to her days on the *Pemberton*. One declaration of the application confirmed what some of us had suspected, 'my husband has been away from me for thirteen years'. Family anecdote says Richard was killed by lightning, but so far no death certificate can be found, nor mention in any inquest index. His photo, which I saw for the first time a few weeks ago, looks to be circa 1880s. Sarah's photo portrait clearly shows a black-clad well dressed woman, with leg-o-mutton sleeves characteristic of the 1890s. The open book on which her right hand rests is a photographic cipher for her literacy. Suffering is etched clearly into her face.

The riches of Australian historical records give hints of the occasional substitution of one girl for another in the depot before leaving, attempts at aliases, even some rule bending re emigration prerequisites by benevolent bureaucrats. A few months before her death in 1914, Sarah told her son Charles she was actually born in Derbyshire, and that her original name was Goodchild (Derbyshire is on her death certificate). Another son certified her maiden name as 'Black'. While four children outlived her, she bequeathed all her estate to Charles, her youngest. He was



Top: Sarah O'Malley circa 1890s, featuring leg-o-mutton sleeves in moiré taffeta/watered silk, likely her own creation. Her glasses in hand, an open book signifies literacy.
Right: Richard Smith's newly discovered photo, b. 1827/31 d. 1889. Further mysteries include origins: Plymouth (embarkation?), Carmarthen & Cornwall; two of his children born on Bendigo goldfields.



afflicted by epilepsy and died in his early fifties.

Although, according to family story, my great great grandmother's father and two uncles fought in the Peninsula Wars in Spain against Napoleon, I have found no connection back in Britain so far. If so, it is not unlikely they were British veterans from Wellington's campaigns. Apparently, upon news of the three men's death in battle, her mother went into a decline and died of a broken heart. As to her Irishness, her mother's people may have been O'Malleys in Limerick, since she lists this as her birthplace on one of the children's certificates. There are stories of emigrants occasionally taking on a relative's name for ease of contact in the future. Or perhaps her father left Irish barracks for the Spanish campaign.

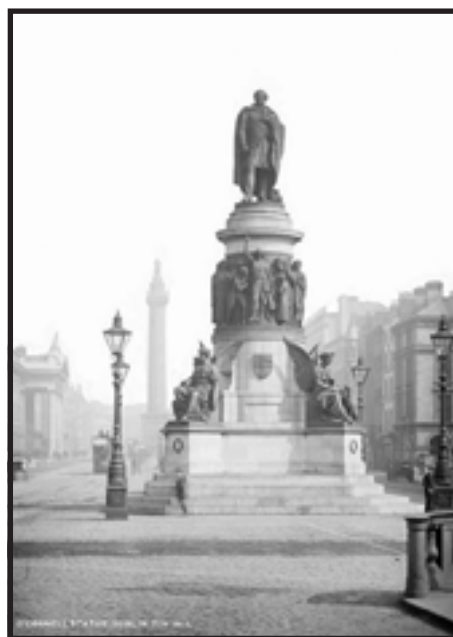
But however elusive those who went before us are, what remains most important is how much we owe our pioneers for the gifts of their courage, achievement and endurance.

Debra Vaughan

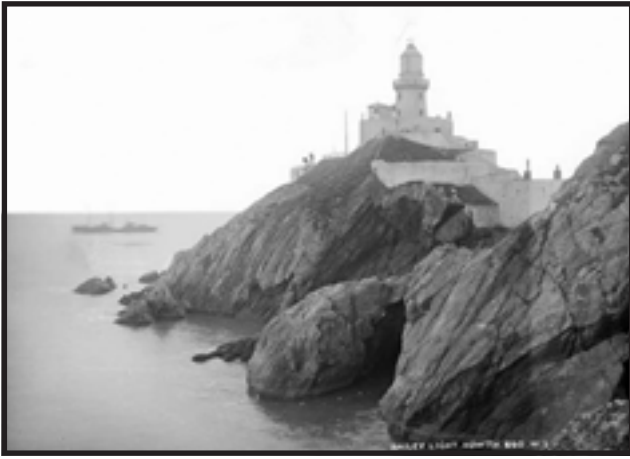
Article references will be posted on-line. For comment or if you wish to be notified of commemoration ceremony activities, you are welcome to contact Debra via debonairdv@iinet.net.au Debra Vaughan researches and writes early Australian history. Her Western District Irish forebears hailed from Clare, Cork and Limerick.

Miscellany

Dublin 1880–1932



Clockwise from top: Dublin ruins 1916; O'Connell Bridge 1916; O'Connell Monument; Dr Douglas Hyde installation as president – cavalcade halt at GPO; British troops buying fruit before evacuation; Custom House on fire.



Clockwise from top left: Bailey Lighthouse Howth; Kingstown (Dun Laoghaier); College Green; The Four Courts; Leinster House; Druids Altar Howth.

All pictures courtesy of National Library of Ireland.

In June 2009 The National Library of Ireland introduced a new online service that allows 20,000 photographs from *The Lawrence Poole* and *Independent Newspapers* collections to be viewed on the Library's website www.nli.ie/digital-photographs.aspx

These pictures are from the National Library's photographic collection, the largest collection in the world of photographs relating to Ireland. They form part of an ongoing digitisation project intended to increase online access to the Photographic Archive's extensive collection of glass plate negatives.

The images were taken between 1884 and 1936 and capture town and country scenes of that period throughout Ireland. The photographs were taken by the Waterford-based commercial photographer AH Poole.

The selected *Independent Newspapers (Ireland)* material covers the period 1912 to 1936. These images are part of the Library's 300,000 item *Independent Newspaper Collection* which provides an excellent record of almost every aspect of 20th century Irish life with a particularly strong coverage of politics and sport.

Happy St Patrick's day and Happy Easter everyone.

Joseph Murphy



A Melburnian's memory of Raftery the Poet

One of the last of the travelling Gaelic-speaking bards in Ireland was the blind poet and fiddler Anthony Raftery (1784-1835), known as Raftery the Poet. Like his predecessor, the blind harpist Turlough O'Carolan, Raftery wandered the roads of Ireland staying at houses where he sang for his supper. Raftery's poems are well-known in Ireland and are still taught in schools. In 1902 an 80-year-old Melburnian, Martin Hood, revealed that he had known Raftery in his youth when the poet visited his parents' home in Ballylee, Galway. Hood came to Melbourne in 1854 with his wife and two children.

The catalyst for Hood's disclosure was the publication in Melbourne's Catholic paper *The Advocate* (April 19, 1902) of a Raftery poem set in Ballylee, 'Mary Hynes'. The poem appeared both in the original Gaelic and in an English translation by Dr Nicholas O'Donnell, Australia's foremost Gaelic scholar. In the opening stanza the poet meets Mary Hynes one Sunday morning:

*Going to Mass by the heavenly mercy,
The day was rainy, the wind was wild;
I met a lady beside Kiltartan
And fell in love with the lovely child;
My conversation was smooth and easy,
And graciously she answered me,
"Raftery dear, 'tis yourself that's welcome,
So step beside me to Ballylee."*

(Frank O'Connor's translation has been used here.)

Raftery falls in love with her; the poem is a paean of praise to the girl's beauty which the blind poet cannot see. In the next issue of *The Advocate* Martin Hood published his letter of reminiscence:

Ballylee

Sir, I was much interested in the Irish song, "Ballylee", printed in the "Advocate" of last week; not more because of its clever translation by an Australian native (Dr. O'Donnell) than that the author was personally known to me in my early years, and that I was born and brought up within a few miles of Ballylee. I remember Raftery paying one of his itinerary visits to my father's house – I think about 1834 – when he remained a few days. He had with him as a guide a boy of about 14. He was of course blind from his early childhood and learned to play on the violin. He was in the habit of paying periodical visits to the houses of the gentry and well-to-do farmers. He was welcome everywhere he called, and, I may say, his poetry was more appreciated than his music. He had other favourite ladies besides Mary Hynes. His song "Bridget Vasey" was more popular and more generally sung in my native place than "Mary Hynes". He composed a remarkable dirge on the "Cholera Morbus", a scourge that committed fearful ravages in 1832, and this was one of his best known productions.

Raftery had great command of the Irish language and a good general knowledge of history. He had frequent altercations

with kindred poets – one in particular named John Burke. Their recriminations were frequently recited at the firesides on long wintry nights. As indicated in "Ballylee", Raftery was by no means indifferent to an abundant cellar.

Ballylee is in the parish of Kiltartan – a parish that takes in the northern portion of the town of Gort – a town well known to His Grace Archbishop Carr. If the departed spirit of poor Raftery could take any interest in mundane matters, he would view with satisfaction the feelings excited by Dr O'Donnell in the recitation of his eulogy of "Mary Hynes" at the other side of the globe, and which was in Raftery's day a recreation ground for the kangaroo and the emu. – Yours, etc.

MARTIN HOOD

Melbourne's Archbishop at the time, Thomas Carr, was born in Galway and was Bishop of Galway when appointed to the Melbourne See in 1885. Raftery wrote poems berating rival poets – his poem on Shawn a Burke (John Burke) imagines Burke being hunted through the countryside as punishment for his poetic transgressions.

Raftery's poems were not committed to print during his lifetime. Oral versions were later collected and published in 1903 as *Songs Ascribed to Raftery* by Dr Douglas Hyde, a leader of the Gaelic Revival movement. Hyde says of Mary Hynes: 'She was the handsomest maiden, they say, who was born for a hundred years in the West of Ireland.' An old fiddler remembered her: 'Mary Hynes was the finest thing that was ever shaped. There usedn't be a hurling match in the country that she wouldn't be at, and a white dress on her always.' Another man said: 'If she went to a hurling match or a gathering the people used to be running on top of other to lay their eyes on her.'

Raftery's most famous poem was occasioned by someone asking who the blind fiddler was:

*I am Raftery the poet,
Full of hope and love,
With sightless eyes
And undistracted calm.
Going west on my journey
By the light of my heart,
Weak and tired
To the end of my road.
Look at me now!
My face to the wall,
Playing music
To empty pockets.*

Ballylee is near the town of Gort. The Gort-Kiltartan-Ballylee area in south Galway has many associations with W.B. Yeats, who bought an old tower at Ballylee in 1917, as he tells us in his poem 'To Be Carved on a Stone at Thoor Ballylee:

*I, the poet William Yeats,
With old mill boards and sea-green slates
And smithy work from the Gort forge,*

*Restored this tower for my wife George;
And may these characters remain
When all is ruin once again.*

In Yeats' poem 'The Tower' the blind poet is Raftery. As Yeats recalls, Mary Hynes herself and Raftery's poem celebrating her had not been forgotten in the neighbourhood:

*Some few remembered still when I was young
A peasant girl commended by a song,
Who'd lived somewhere upon that rocky place,
And praised the colour of her face,
And had the greater joy in praising her,
Remembering that, if she walked there,
Farmers jostled at the fair
So great a glory did the song confer.
And certain men, being maddened by those rhymes
Or else by toasting her a score of times,
Rose from the table and declared it right
To test their fancy by their sight.*

Martin Hood in Australia was one of those who remembered the Raftery poem set in his home town of Ballylee.

Hood was a stalwart of Melbourne's Irish Catholic community for over fifty years. He was a founder and six times President of the St Patrick's Society which staged the annual St Patrick's Day procession and fete from 1857 onwards. Though a teetotaler he worked in a wine and spirit store, and later as manager of a brewery. Hood was a prominent member of many organisations – the Melbourne Athenaeum, the Benevolent Asylum, the Mutual Society, and the Irish National League which campaigned for Home Rule for Ireland. He died in 1909 at the age of 86.

Dr Nicholas O'Donnell, who was President of the local Gaelic League and also a leader in the agitation for Home Rule, published a column in Gaelic in *The Advocate* during the first decade of the 20th century. He had persuaded the management of the paper to import type with a Gaelic font. Each week he published a text in Gaelic with his own translation into English. In the issue of May 21, 1904, O'Donnell disclosed he had been able to buy a number of handwritten manuscripts in Gaelic, which included a text of Brian Merryman's long poem 'The Midnight Court', and a 250-page version of the most important ancient Irish epic, the 'Táin Bó Cuailgne'.

It is remarkable to think that a century ago Melbourne harboured ancient Gaelic manuscripts and a man who knew Raftery the Poet.

Patrick Morgan

Val Noone has recently published an article on Nicholas O'Donnell's Gaelic Column in the papers of the 16th Australasian Irish Studies Conference.

Pages from *Abhráin atá leagtha ar an Reachtúire, or, Songs ascribed to Raftery* by Douglas Hyde



Fac-simile of a pen and ink sketch, by some unknown person, in one of the many uncatalogued MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy, marked 23/09. Underneath it is written "ANTHONY RAFFERTY, Irish Minstrel, died October, 1835. Aet. 51."

ABHRÁIN ATÁ LEAGTA AR
AN REACTÚIRE
OR
SONGS ASCRIBED TO RAFFERTY.

BEING THE
FIFTH CHAPTER OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED EDITED AND
TRANSLATED

BY
DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(an eileabhrán aoiúirne.)

DAILE ATÁ CLIAË:
CUPCA AMAC TO GILL AGUS A THAC.

1903.

Still crying 'Save Tara' – it's not over yet!

Over the past decade, we've all much too slowly become aware of the considerable controversy regarding construction of the M3 Motorway along the valley between the Hill of Tara and the Hill of Skryne in County Meath. This ancient landscape is over 7000 years old and considered the cradle of Irish civilization. Yet the construction of the M3 tolled motorway has unrelentingly cut through it, with the proposed opening date set for July 2010.

For many long years the battle to save Tara has raged on as ordinary Irish people have tried in vain to defend this sacred valley.

The Celtic City of Tara was a royal astrological and ritual centre. The planned road cuts through the centre of this city. If the road goes ahead we will lose this world heritage site forever. Tara is believed to be 6000 years old, and predates the pyramids. (Dr. Muireann Ni Bhrolchain, Historian, NUI, Maynooth, and founder of SaveTara.com)

Tara is central to the cultural heritage of the Irish people. Many of its complex archeological monuments, numbering at least 141, known, identified sites such as Baronstown, Rath Lugh, Roestown, Lismullin and Soldier Hill, and including newly discovered underground chambers and passages possibly belonging to the Early Christian period, have been destroyed by a government entrusted with protecting them.

In a late 2007 Irish Times Poll on Tara, 82% voted YES! to the question: 'Do you think the Hill of Tara should be added to UNESCO's list of World Heritage Sites?' The European Union says the decision to place the M3 freeway along this route was flawed and flouts directives designed to protect our heritage. Now it is feared that this move is a first step to opening this previously untouchable protected area to development. By contrast, governments of third world countries are going to great lengths to restore and preserve and protect their monuments.

What's more, a shorter, cheaper and archaeologically superior route lies outside the historic valley, along the old Navan rail line to the West of the Hill of Tara, which would be a straight run, rather than the circuitous and in this case unnecessarily longer route around the Hill of Tara.

This area, to the west of the hill of Tara, is a much more environmentally friendly location (if such a place can be said to exist in all of Ireland) for a new roadway, and would make for a shorter commute and less traffic through an already congested convergence of roadways.

Two-thirds of the Irish public when polled supported this alternative route. The existing N3 is an average two-lane road, built within the existing contours and shape of the valley. However, the M3 is radically different.

Unlike the current and established road system the four-lane motorway and major floodlit interchange will not respect the topographical contours of the landscape but will be ramped or gouged through the valley as required to meet motorway construction standards. And, in subsequent years, industrial

parks and housing estates will inevitably spring-up around the purpose built interchange., a little over 1.5km to the north of Tara's 'Banqueting Hall'. (The Geophysical Survey of the M3 Toll-Motorway Corridor, from Journal of the Meath Archaeological and Historical Society, 2005).

Tara, at present, is surrounded by green fields in the heart of rich farming land. The impact of building the M3 through Tara is truly irreparable, because settlement and industrialisation will inevitably follow, since Tara is so close to Dublin. If the National Roads Authority (NRA) has its way Tara will be a tiny hill, surrounded by spreading urbanisation. It is also important to note that the major floodlit interchange, only 1.5 km from the hill itself, would take up more than 25 acres (10 hectares) in size. We already know that a shopping mall developer purchased 200 acres on all four corners of the proposed interchange, long before the M3 go-ahead.

Many laws have been broken in planning for this route, including Meath County Council planning guidelines. The National Monuments Amendment Act 2004 was passed to support the construction of PPP (Public Private Partnership) toll roads, destroying historic places of great natural beauty.

Many share the suspicion that developers are behind many inexplicable development decisions. The Irish Government's refusal to discuss the flaws in the planning process and purchase of lands by developers along the many new freeway routes crisscrossing Ireland helps fuel rumours that developer's money is behind the government's intransigence. The expectation is that developers will be ready and waiting to pounce with plans for development along the route when the current real estate boom-bust cycle runs its course. According to a 1980 Lincoln Institute of Land Policy report *Land into Cities* it takes 15 years between speculative purchase of land, at farm prices, and sale of land to developers at inflated prices. This time-line takes us right up to the next expected real estate boom in the mid 2020s. The Chairman of the NRA, Peter Malone is also Chairman of one of the biggest Real Estate Development company in the world: CB Richard Ellis, Ireland.

On Feb. 1, 2010, an Irish Independent report revealed a fine example of PPP rotting:

A private company is set to reap a massive €1.15bn windfall from the M50 West-Link toll bridges it built for just €58m, the *Irish Independent* has learned. National Toll Roads (NTR) almost recouped the entire construction costs in 2007 alone, when it took in €46m in tolls from motorists. And it is going to get up to €50m per year for the next decade in compensation from the State, which bought out the notorious tolled link in 2008.

The article revealed that the State did not insert a termination clause in the West-Link contract. As a consequence it was in a weak position when it wanted to buy out NTR in 2008. National Roads Authority (NRA) chief executive Fred Barry said he agreed the contract had led to a 'windfall situation' for NTR,



while a spokesperson for the Department of Transport said it was akin to ‘winning the lotto’. According to the Independent report, at the time of the State’s buyout of the West Link Toll Bridge in 2008, the chairman of NTR, Tom Roche Jnr commented that the buy-out had decimated the company’s Irish toll business ‘albeit at a good price’.

The Irish Government’s ongoing *Tribunal of Inquiry Into Certain Planning Matters and Payments*, commonly known as the Mahon Tribunal in honor of its chairman, and previously as the Flood Tribunal, which was established in 1997, continues to hear evidence that political donations have been paid, in cash and via deposits to offshore bank accounts, to several named Irish politicians, who’ve since become known as the Thieves of Tara. An excerpt from the first Flood Tribunal report, page 2, reveals how the Tribunal came to be established:

On the 3rd July 1995, a notice appeared in two Irish daily newspapers offering a £10,000 reward to persons providing information leading to the conviction of persons involved in corruption in connection with the planning process. Donnelly Neary Donnelly, Solicitors of Newry, Co. Down, placed this notice on behalf of unnamed clients. This notice was the subject of much public comment at the time of its insertion, and subsequently, both in the print media and in Dail Eireann.

The Irish government has yet to explain why they selected the Tara route when it is widely known that:

- An argument by the Project Archaeologist, based on archaeological information by Tara world expert Conor Newman that the route chosen was the least desirable and most disastrous for the Tara landscape;
- The Council decision not to supply the details or the information that was needed by objectors was wrong. The Planning Board agreed it had a ‘customer service’ problem but that was not its concern;
- The dismissal of the public consultation section because ‘it was not a legal requirement’ after it was proven that the Council’s figures were rigged and the public chose a route outside the valley.

Internationally, climate change and energy commentators are calling on governments to scrap all airport and road network expansion forthwith, because there will be plenty of spare capacity when we reach Peak Oil, in the near future!

American energy economist Dr. Roger Bezdek had this to say,

I recommend that any proposed improvement or expansion projects (airports and roads) be subject to oil vulnerability analysis. How viable are these plans, not next year or the year after, or five years from now, but 10, 15, 20 years or in 30 years does it make economic sense to invest billions and billions of dollars. The point is that you have to do a vulnerability assessment as due diligence.

(More information on this is available from the Australian Association for the Study of Peak Oil and Gas)

Yet, there is hope!

This may not be a Great Depression, but it is a good one! Perhaps the Irish will learn something from the hard lessons associated with the current recession, their first direct experience of Real Estate Boom Bust Cycles. A more enlightened Irish government could reclaim the land surrounding the Hill of Tara and the M3 under ‘Just Terms’. In support of this possibility, an alternative proposal to development along the route of the M3 double-tolled freeway has been put forward – the imaginative, far-seeing and visionary Meath Master Plan. (see www.MeathMasterPlan.com)

The long-term benefits of a Meath World Heritage Site should be weighed against Ireland’s reputation as a Heritage tourist destination. Issues surrounding the building of the M3 double-tolled freeway through the Tara/Skryne valleys is more than about preserving Ireland’s unique cultural heritage. It is also about making sound judgments on issues of sustainability for Ireland’s future!

Tara quotations

It appears that Tara has been sold to the highest bidder, a business consortium that will stand to reap a substantial profit at our inestimable loss. To add insult to injury, each time we pass through the M3’s toll-plaza barriers, we will do so in the knowledge that part of our money will be used to offset the costs of this cultural desecration. The real toll will be more than monetary; it will be at the expense of our self-respect as a people and dignity as a nation.

Joe Fenwick, Department of Archaeology, NUI, Galway

We have pledged ourselves to the dead generations who have preserved intact for us this glorious heritage that we, too, will strive to be faithful to the end, and pass on this tradition unblemished. Eamon de Valera, who served in public office from 1917 to 1973, holding prime ministerial and presidential offices. Tara is surrounded by historical reminiscences which give it an importance worthy of being considered by everyone who approaches it for political purposes and an elevation in the public mind which no other part of Ireland possesses.

Daniel O’Connell, speaking to more than a million people converged on Tara. He is remembered as the founder of a non-violent form of Irish nationalism.

Mairéid Sullivan

Mairéid launched the Anam Cara for Tara international arts action in 2007, under the auspice of the GlobalArtsCollective.org. Her short film, ‘Tara: Voices from our Past’ shows that the complexity and importance of The Hill of Tara goes well beyond what we’ve known about the site for the past few millennia. View the film on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/user/lyrebirdchannel>

Photo: Looking towards the Royal Enclosure at the Hill of Tara from the top of the Mound of the Hostages

Rowan of Ravara (flickr.com/photos/rowanofravara/)

Poetry

Cromwell's Arch

Under the crenellated top of Water Gate's
Pointed archway, I was able to imagine
A stern man with a self-satisfied expression
For a job well done, trotting out of Youghal
Towards a ship at the ready to take him
Away to England, never to return.

Perhaps I saw in the sudden gush of water
From behind a closed door, (spilling out
Onto the laneway, splashing my shoes)
Blood flowing in the gully and heard
His horse's hooves on the cobbles,
Sparking An Eochail ablaze.

I could also feel a stultified growth in the old
Stones of the Base Town, divine how such
A driven man made a country tremble,
Bend to his will – To hell or to Connaught –
But there have been others since then
With different weapons, as brutal.

From today's perspective men like him
Still sack villages, slit throats, plunder for glory.
They too will have gateways or arches
Named after them, localized to renew
The memory of future generations
As they freely pass through.

John Liddy, born in Cork, raised in Limerick, graduated from the University of Wales, is a teacher/librarian in Madrid, a founder of The Stony Thursday Book (a longstanding Irish review) and organizer of The Well/El Manantial, a Madrid poetry festival. Of his published collections, the most recent is, 'The Well: New and Selected Poems' (2007). Forthcoming: 'New Poems,' 'La Barca de la Arena', 'Ivy Down' & The Very Very Clever Little Fox (children's tales).

Shiny copper things

Mum bought an old copper boiler
Shining a golden-pink mirror
Of my tongue poker.
I longed to use a pointy stick
And dig deep into the soft metal
To make pictures in the sides.
But I knew, that it was to sell
When the object became antique.
So instead, I tore the copper wire
From the electrical cords
Left over from renovations.
Then I'd bend the shiny metal
Into crafty things, sometimes earrings.
I didn't realise that they'd turn
The wearer's ear green.
Didn't realise
What I was doing, was green.
Didn't realise, I was green.
A young school girl
In a little Irish potato town
With a shock of hair
That shimmered copper colour
Such that I looked like
I had a head of electric wires there
Which turned green in the pool
Because of the chlorine.
My eyes too, were green
And green-eyed meant jealousy.
Jealous I was, of so many a thingamie
That others had, which used copper
In circuits of excitement and lure.
I wanted the toys, the video and computer
And and and and AND...
Instead, there was the left-over wires
From the electricians next door
Which I crafted into earrings
Nobody ever wore.

Initially NO composes punkgothic edgy songs for guitar and vocals. She performs comedy with her trumpet, 'Hornie' and poetry around Melbourne. Her poetry is published locally and her visual art is available online. Initially NO, her official name, is a compression of her original birth name that had the initials NO.

Two Faces By A Window

In all the years
I've been going to asylums
I've never once seen a white coat.
Though there was that time
young Lisa, inside
for smothering her baby,
then slitting her own wrists,
asked if next time I was in church
I would light a candle
for the infant?

I told her I didn't go
to church, but I would.
And I remember, as we sat there
two faces by a window
lost in the ruins
of a spent conversation,
the grass outside
was covered in snowdrops,
a thousand white coats
trying to save us from ourselves.

Tony Curtis was born in Dublin, studied literature at Essex University & Trinity College and is a member of Aosdana, the Irish academy of arts. Of six acclaimed collections Arc published the most recent, 'The Well in the Rain: New & Selected Poems' in 2006. He gained a Varuna Fellowship in 2003, The Robert Horne Award in 2007 and the National Poetry Prize. In 2008 Brooding Heron Press, Washington, published Days Like These. His new collection 'Folk' and a book of poems for children 'An Elephant Called Rex' are eagerly awaited

Back of Byzantium

*Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing
WB Yeats, 'Sailing to Byzantium'*

Laying yourself out straight on the ledge of long discipline
you draw out your Om and drag a last blade of cold air
into acid lungs and throat grabbed hard
by oxygen-short muscles.

The third eye
removes itself to watch: up your still sides begin
the eager moulds and fungi, action stations
for family reunion with their cousins
who've lurked your life in scalp and eyelashes.
Lapsed, unbreathing, your meat no longer knows
it's a friendly takeover: a crochet of green over the rock
walks fernwise up the ladder of your limbs
feeling for your quiet cells to flesh its cells, puffing
generations of spores into your gaped pores.
And where the blowflies gather, there will the spiders be.

The watching lens tracks endless time-laps round the vault
chittering softly among the bats, recording
a bodily form being recomposed
entirely of Nature.

Aileen Kelly

Brigid – Queen of Song

Brigid, Queen of song
Loving, strong, compassionate
Ancient matriarch
Priestess of sorcerers

Oh! Brigid, while you wept
Over your fallen royal harp
Your tear drops were transported
Be-mingled in distant hearts

Winds echo your heart strings hum
O'er seas on far off lands
Through the strains of a foreign tongue
Voices linking an epoch's span

Exquisite sad refrain
Hear the tune, the voice, the song
Of heroes, poets, bards
The memory has not gone

Familiar figure on a vast horizon
Inter-weaving sweet love and myth
To soothe the precious pain
Whose fragments we inherit

Beside you we will stand
Reconciling hope and heir
Lift the veil, mourn no more
Ere we stir, fearless and fair

Mairéid Sullivan, born in Ireland, is an internationally renowned traditional singer/songwriter and poet. She is an award winning filmmaker and a student of history. She has toured regularly and is about to embark on a new world concert tour.

Equinox

My old young-country is night
this minute where the cold
calls itself Spring, the sheep shift
rubbing their moony curls
or suckling in close-fenced fields
and a dog ratting the hayloft
speaks a perspective for quiet.

I elbow my desk in a glow
of yellow reflection: slant sun
and the immigrant leaves piling down.
Parrots flock out, somebody's
saw growls through the trees
and I curl a few words into fleece
to comfort what's cold in the bone.

Aileen Kelly is an adult educator and poets' mentor in Australia, where her poetry has won major awards. Her latest book is: 'The Passion Paintings' (John Leonard Press Australia www.johnleonardpress.com) from which these two poems are taken.

Liberating Spirits

Larrikin Angel: A biography of Veronica Brady

Kath Jordan

Perth: Round House Press, 2009

ISBN: 978-0-9806108

RRP \$32.95

As a practising literary critic, I jumped at the opportunity of reading about an Irish-Australian elder in the field. Three female colossi bestrode literature in the 1970s, and I am privileged to have been taught by two of them – Judith Wright (who taught Australian poetry to honours students at the University of Queensland in 1968) and Dorothy Green (my post-grad supervisor). I have met Veronica Brady often in the course of my career, have often been reviewed by her, and am proud to think of her as a fellow-traveller in Australian Studies, but of the holy trinity of redoubtable female Australianists of this era, she is the least well known to me, so it was a pleasure to find out a lot more about the pilgrim journey of this great Australian. I've admired her for a long time – for her feistiness, fearlessness, feminism, passionate advocacy of Aborigines and other marginalised people, and for her energy.

Kath Jordan's biography confirms her place in the genealogy. She has a lot in common with Wright and Green, and it is no accident that she re-entered their orbits later in life giving the inaugural Dorothy Green address at the annual conference of the Association for the Study of Australian Literature in Ballarat in 1992, and writing an authorised biography of Judith Wright. Separated by half a generation, all three of these women are/were tiny, nuggetty persons physically, with not a whiff of old-lady-ness about them, and very prepared to use their tongues and gimlet eyes in defense of their beliefs. Each of them cultivated mild eccentricity both as a defence against the bourgeois expectations of women of their respective times, and for the freedoms eccentricity confers on such outré souls. Each of them was a passionate educator, and charismatic (even Judith Wright after deafness made her vocation as a teacher difficult), but with an edge of dogmatism and abrasiveness. All three were radicals, with strong views about the corrupting influence of money, and left-leaning to

the extent that at least two of them earned the dismissive and derogatory moniker, 'commie'. Each of them was driven by social justice agendas which literature was made to serve, and this in times that long predated the academy's easy acceptance of aestheticism as a norm, and each suffered for this choice. It is easier for the academy to support them in a post-modern and post-colonial theory-driven context. They were pioneers for women in the academy, and suffered the disdain

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of their male contemporaries, as this book makes clear.

Veronica Brady was born into a strongly Irish clan, Bradys from Cavan (in the 1860s), farmers originally, and later railwaymen, but not as strapped as many famine migrants, with the family's wealth augmented by marriage into the Molloy and Collins families, who had a much stronger entrepreneurial streak. Second-generation Irish-Australian is an affiliation Veronica was pleased to acknowledge throughout her career. The family had middle-class money and good connections in a period when most Irish were working class, and girls in the family were educated by the Loretos. After taking a degree in History and Literature at the University of Melbourne, Veronica became a Loreto nun. She honed her

skills as a teacher in secondary schools, and later, because the Loreto rule followed the Jesuit one, got the opportunity to teach at tertiary level, first at Christ College in Melbourne, and later as a tutor at University of Western Australia. There she established the first serious course in Australian Literature at UWA. She also fitted in postgraduate studies in Chicago and Toronto, making a major contribution to Patrick White studies in her PhD. Her research had always strongly focused on the sacred, and on heterodox forms of religious experience, and White was a passionate master for the young Veronica Brady, with his anti-bourgeois satire, mysticism, hyper-nationalism, his troubling of gender fixities, and his yearning for European sophistication and aestheticism. There are many traces of Patrick in the trajectory of the young academic. She was at the younger end of the generation which made Australian literary studies respectable. It was hard to dislodge the cultural cringe and instal Australian literary studies as a central part of the curriculum, and Veronica and her ilk deserve much credit for this. However much Patrick may have fallen into desuetude in recent years, he was a strategic piece of armoury in what could be bloody battles (the case of Sam Goldberg at Sydney University is part of this story). Kath Jordan reminded me of the pleasures of consuming the latest new work by Patrick White in long, days-and-nights reading sessions, and as soon as the books came on the shelves in bookshops, or if the cost was prohibitive, in libraries.

Whether Veronica Brady's social conscience came from her father, the scriptures, or life experience, does not much matter, but from her early days she was a fearless unionist (hence the appellation 'commie nun'). She got many opportunities to put her beliefs into practice at the university, and later when she took on a highly visible role as an ABC commissioner in the 1980s. The question of whether she was a good appointment

(she unwisely let it be known she did not watch TV) is too lightly skated over by the biographer, but certainly in this short-lived role the staff appreciated her characteristic efforts to get to know them. This kind of genuine interest from the board was exceptional. As in her teaching, she had a passionate commitment to the educative and cultural roles of the ABC and stoutly resisted commercialisation. She had the temerity to suggest that if money were to be saved, it should be done in sports coverage.

The book details, in a rather fractured and fracturing way it has to be said, the myriad of causes with which this dynamo of a woman has been and is associated. She proudly teaches Aboriginal literature and culture (in properly post-colonial consultative and collaborative ways with elders), but also concerns herself with living conditions, land rights and native title, and deaths in custody. She preaches and enacts reconciliation as a speaker and writer, and deals with racism in head-on ways with students. She reports finding that difficult in Western Australia, and she often despairs of the 'Perthlings' whose outlook it has been her life's work to change. Other causes include East Timor, campaigns against nuclear proliferation, the ordination of women, Amnesty International. The list is long and one senses that she feels obliged to say 'yes' if the cause is good, even if it might be wiser to say 'no' because of the ways in which she is stretched. I am sure the organisations that can claim her as a figurehead or as a spokeswoman are grateful for her energy, even if she is hard to pin down.

Kath Jordan's book gives a good sense of her as a clannish family woman, of the simplicity of her living arrangements, and also of the chaotic whirlwind she seems to generate. It's a story of warmth, and compassion and giving. However, I do have reservations about this book and believe it does not serve its subject well. I think Veronica should have said no to a close (and admittedly good-hearted)



friend writing a biography. It is gushy and overwritten, sentimental (witness the title, which is intended affectionately but does disservice to a firebrand of a woman who is neither angelic, nor truly a larrikin). There is too much unsubstantiated enthusiasm, too many hurrahs ('very' is a key word). I longed for the counter-evidence to be examined and for the writer to engage critically with the data she has amassed. The segues are often baffling and trivialising (from ironing-boards to aborigines on p.125), and too chronology-driven. There's not a lot of argument to act as spine for the book, nor a deep immersion in the intellectual world Brady inhabits.

Jordan's book gives a lot of background, but if it ever goes to a second edition, there's much more that could be done with the material. I'd appreciate some analysis of how it is that a woman with her 'crypto-heretical' (she has called herself an 'unbelieving believer') views of church teaching (on abortion, gay rights, ordination of women) is able to skate under the Episcopal radar when her male colleagues (like Peter Kennedy in Brisbane) are being threatened with excommunication? Does her order offer protection? Are women better buffered than male religious? Are her education and her ability as a debater forms of armour? Is it her high-profile public intel-

lectual status that protects her? Or her independent means? Or her femaleness? Clearly, she makes waves within her order, but maybe it is her personal charisma, or forthright challenging manner, which protects her? We get glimpses of her struggles with church, but also of her compliance with its demands at less strategic moments. She is a woman who has strong personal loyalties, and somehow seems to be able to accommodate the demands of her order. Jordan's puzzlement is too easily defused by Veronica's too glib 'explanation': 'that's the deal.'

Perhaps my misgivings about this book suggest that we need a frank and thoughtful autobiography. This is a woman with a sense of humour and she undoubtedly has a huge capacity for modesty, so I'd really like to see her muster that fierce, even lacerating honesty to explain the enigma that is Veronica Brady. In doing so, I am sure she would justify my locating her in that superb genealogy of sisters-in-literature: Wright-Green-Brady. Between them, they helped forge a nexus between social justice, environmental awareness and the literary arts.

Frances Devlin-Glass in 'retirement' continues to profess Australian (and Irish) Literature as an editor of the *Journal for the Study of Australian Literature and as the founding director of Bloomsday in Melbourne.*

Ancient text restored

The Natural History of Ireland

Philip O'Sullivan Beare (translated by Denis C. O'Sullivan)
Cork University Press, 2009, RRP €39 ISBN: 9781859184394

This book took me quite by surprise: its easy style and its visionary overview of Ireland's rich natural endowments in ancient times held me spellbound. This translation makes what is purported to be a very complex manuscript very easy to navigate: the Latin manuscript is printed on the left hand page, with the English translation on the right hand page.

Until now, the Latin writings of the Irish have remained neglected and untranslated. In the Foreword, Keith Sidwell, Professor of Latin and Greek at UCC, comments

Between 1500 and 1750, when Latin was the medium of European intellectual discourse, more than 300 Irish writers produced more than 1000 printed works, and probably as many, if not more again, like Zoilomastix, never reached print (though this may not have stopped them circulating and having their own influence).

In the Introduction, Denis C. O'Sullivan surveys the historic period with specific focus on the O'Sullivan clan's political struggles—driven from their lands from the 1200s, and finally, after the battle of Kildare in 1602, when Philip was an impressionable 12 year old, many members of the O'Sullivan Beare clan were exiled to Spain. Don Philip became an important historian in his time, best known for his *Historiae Catholicae Hiberniae* (Lisbon 1621), usually referred to as the Compendium, and also known as 'O'Sullivan's Catholic History'.

In 1625, Don Philip wrote Zoilomastix in an effort to refute Giraldus Cambrensis' derogatory report on Ireland, *Topographia Hiberniae* (1188) (available as an e-text on the internet). This translation of Zoilomastix, Book One, takes us on a highly colloquial and entertaining journey into the Irish environment, region-by-region, a survey of landscapes, birds and bees, beasts and man—offering a whole new slant on life in pre-modern Ireland.

From the first English/Norman incursions in the late thirteenth century, which continued until the Tudor invasion in the late sixteenth century, the Irish were slandered and slaughtered for political gain. A critical analysis of the 'fraudulent' Norman incursion into Ireland can be found in Maurice Sheehy's *When The Normans Came to Ireland* (Mercier, 1998). Not as well known is the fact that at the same time many significant writers described Ireland as a paradise. This is confirmed in a recent in-depth geographic study of Ireland, undertaken by Ulf Erlingsson, a celebrated Swedish scientist with a unique background in marine geology and disasters (coincidentally, also from the University of Uppsala), who claims that Plato based his geographic description of Atlantis on Ireland: *Atlantis from a Geographer's Perspective—Mapping the Fairy Land* (Lindorm Publishing 2004).

In *The Natural History of Ireland*, Don Philip O'Sullivan opens with the question: 'What are the things that were said by Giraldus that need to be refuted here?' He compares Giraldus Cambrensis' disparaging criticisms with his praise: 'Giraldus is refuted by his very own words with which he praises Ireland in a wonderful way.'

Don Philip supports his argument with a broad spectrum of commentaries on Ireland. For example, on the comforts of early Irish life-style, he quotes Richard Stanihurst (1547-1618), from *De Rebus in Hibernia Gestis* (Antwerp 1584), (which, by the way,

has recently been translated by John Barry, lecturer in Classics at UCC). Stanihurst was a keen pupil of Giraldus Cambrensis, but even he refutes Giraldus' judgments:

'He alludes, not aptly, to the verse of the prophet, in Psalm 62: *'In a land deserted without road and unwatered.'* Truly it appears clearly, even from the testimony of Gyraldus himself, that Ireland was not deserted. In Chapter One he wrote as follows *'I could, like others, have chosen for your sublime highness small gifts of gold, falcons, and hawks, with which the island abounds'* (Chapter 6). He tells us that the plains are covered abundantly with crops (Chapter 7). He attests that a great amount of wine is imported into Ireland. He declares everywhere in his history that a great multitude of Irish men were under arms. With these and with other errors, which Stanihurst has compiled more comprehensively, it is satisfactorily established that Giraldus was 'neither constant in truth nor consistent in lying.'

Don Philip quotes Stanihurst again:

This land is the most temperate of all lands. The exhausting heat of the tropic of Cancer does not drive one to the shade. The cold of the tropic of Capricorn does not invite one urgently to the fireplaces. Here, you will see the snows rarely and then lasting a limited period of time. ... Grassy pastures grow green in winter time, as in the summer. Thus they are not accustomed to cut hay for fodder and never prepare stables for the beasts. With the pleasantness and the mildness of the air, almost all seasons are moderately warm. ... The island is in little need of the services of doctors. You find very few ill people apart from those who are about to die. Between continuous health and final death, there is scarcely any mean. In the same way, no one of the natives born here who has not left the land and the healthy air, ever suffers from any of the three kinds of fever...'

Don Philip O'Sullivan knew the heart of the Irish peoples' deep respect for nature—they were artists, naturally, in the truest sense of the word,—hence 'Saints and Scholars'.

Today, we are struggling to maintain a healthy relationship with nature and it is never easy to articulate our deeper insights. Irish songs and poetry often succeed. My song 'Rapture' (*For Love's Caress* CD 1998) comes to mind as an intuitive response to Don Philip's vision of his homeland:

Womb of time—bearing down
Impelling light—seeking life
Spirit flower—living river
Melodies merging—praising glory.
Breathless rapture—pressing, primal thought
Weaving the link of fire and air
Hearing—knowing—tracing an ancient call
Dancing on living sacred ground.

The Normans introduced power struggles over separation of Church and State to Ireland, thus exposing the Irish to previously unheard of levels of cruelty and chaos, resulting in the separation of heaven and nature.

The book finishes with biographical notes on Authors Cited, giving further glimpses into the mind of the times, especially in relation to Ireland's connections with Europe. Dr. Denis C. O'Sullivan's translation is a landmark contribution to all aspects of Irish scholarship, natural, cultural, and political.

Mairéid Sullivan

Mairéid Sullivan (maireid.com) is an internationally acclaimed singer and composer of Irish music.

The other rebellion

Conor Kostick, *Revolution in Ireland. Popular Militancy 1917-1923*
Second Edition. Cork University Press.
2009
ISBN – 13: 9781859184486
RRP €39

Most published history of Ireland shows the efforts to gain freedom from the British yoke in terms of military activity and political manoeuvrings. This book shows in some detail the militancy of the working class throughout Ireland in the period between 1917 and 1923 and the significance of this in terms of the potential and actual outcome of the struggle for independence. Conor Kostick makes no secret of his socialist sympathies but has channelled his passion into enthusiastic research and it does not diminish the value of this analysis. This second edition takes advantage of more recently published work and the release of archives from the Bureau of Military History in 2003 of interviews with veterans of the independence movement.

The book illustrates how British rule in Ireland was not just a subjugation of political independence, Irish culture, religion and civil rights, but also an oppression of the working class. The union militancy which resulted from this oppression is suggested as being a significant factor in the 1916 rebellion. The usual published record of revolution, with its focus often restricted to armed rebellion, ignores the depth of workers' reactions in terms of land seizures, strikes and factory occupations. Indeed, there were over 100 workers' 'soviets' created during the period, the most notable being in Limerick where bakeries, creameries and food production were taken over in 1919 for non-profit

service to the population, extending even to the soviet issuing its own currency before eventual negotiation saw the return of the businesses to their owners. Actions of workers were significant in the anti-conscription movement of 1918 and the release of the Mountjoy prisoners in 1920. Boycotts and the resignation of a number of magistrates paralysed the legal system. The resistance of workers to the transportation of munitions and troops and the boycotts preventing the provision of food to military barracks were features of these times. The National Union of Railwaymen was particularly strong in these activities and, in one instance, a locomotive driver stared down a soldier who held a pistol to his head in an attempt to persuade him to proceed. It is suggested that, although high level encouragement had been given to military intervention in these strikes, the British Government was very fearful of possible widespread public reaction if a resisting unionist was killed.

The union leaders, such as William O'Brien, Tom Farren and Tom Johnson, were reluctant to assume leadership positions in the struggle for Irish independence and left this role to Sinn Féin, which was largely a Catholic middle class organisation. It is suggested that a different attitude may have been taken had Connolly been alive after 1916 or Larkin not been languishing in a US prison. The relinquishing of the leadership role to the likes of Griffiths, Collins and de Valera led to the political impotence of the working class revolution and the ideal of a socialist republic in Ireland was certainly not shared by the Sinn Féin leaders. The subsequent weakness of the Labour Party in Ireland, compared with its counterparts in Europe, is attributed to the lack of resolve of the

union leadership at this time. Those whose primary intention was the establishment of political independence prevailed over those who sought a socialist republic in the first instance.

The author suggests, nevertheless, that the threat of worker uprisings played a major part in the willingness of the British to negotiate a settlement with Sinn Féin. This softening of the British stance was not just due to the armed struggle or the skill of the Irish negotiating team. The optimism of the Redmondites that freedom could be reached by negotiation was certainly not on the agenda of the British Government, and it is suggested that worker militancy was a factor in changing it to a more conciliatory stance. It is also suggested that, in allowing Sinn Féin to be the voice of the movement for Irish independence, the solidarity of workers, both Catholic and Protestant, in the six northern counties was compromised. Protestant workers who were enthusiastic participants in trade union activities with their Catholic colleagues were fearful of the rise of Sinn Féin and retreated behind the protection of the Crown. Thus, the author postulates that the question of partition was significantly affected by the reluctance of the officials of the worker movement to seek positions of national leadership.

Conor Kostick makes a valuable contribution to any analysis of the struggles for freedom in Ireland and redresses the usual omission of the part played by Irish workers in these struggles.

Rob Butler

When not licking stamps in the Tinteán office, Rob can be found, when not relaxing, pursuing his favourite physical exercise of turning the pages of books.



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Bittersweet nostalgia

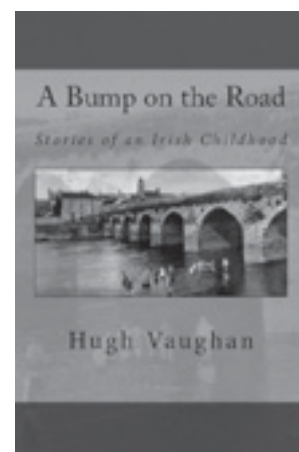
A Bump on the Road

Hugh Vaughan

online only: abumpontheroad@yahoo.com.au

One of the strengths of *'A Bump in the Road'* is the author's ability to recreate the small boy's experiences of his world so that the reader participates in—not just observes—it. The child's observations are acute if not astute and were concerned with the minutiae of everyday living. Significant adults in the boy's life—his parents, aunt, neighbours, granny, as well as school friends, neighbours' children and perhaps most importantly the enemy neighbourhood gang—are drawn as a six year old sees them. This has a twofold effect. On the one hand, there is a real sense of ominous fear, even deadly danger in the games the children play, out of the hearing and sight of adults. 'Crunches of wood on wood and wood on legs and arms, thuds and yelps shot through the air.' However the worst injuries sustained in these fearsome battles with sticks and swords whittled from pieces of wood, were mere cuts and bruises and perhaps a parental cuff/scolding from getting your clothes dirty. Valuable life lessons were learnt and applied, the most important for the author – a small boy for his age – was 'Run'. On the other hand, adults are irrelevant and remain two dimensional, even stereotypical. Mothers and Grans are there simply to provide toast and custard, and Dads and Grand-dads deliver the occasional history lesson and administer 'clips, thumps and thrashings' to toughen up the recipient in readiness for manhood. The uniformity of the 'voice' of the small boy is very well maintained but the brooding quality of several plotlines in the narrative might have been enhanced by a sense of the adult reader's awareness of the nuances of a situation that the child, because of his innocence and naivety (used to such great effect by L P Hartley and John Boyne) could not understand.

Given that these childhood tales are set in Northern Ireland (with an occasional foray over the Border into



Donegal), within the time span of 'The Troubles', there is little evidence in the stories that these volatile times impinged on the protagonist's six-year-old reality. Only in *'Incident'* do we hear the rumbling of Saracen tanks and in *'Big Pol'* the sound of gunfire and Wessex helicopters. These situations, initially almost farcical, quickly degenerate into very menacing scenarios, and the closest we get to the real life dangers and potential tragedies that stalked the small town communities during that time. Stories told from the adult narrator point of view are scattered throughout the book and though their themes deal with the tragedies of life more directly (death of a baby, and an old lady, a life disrupted by a misunderstanding), they are straightforward conventional narratives.

There are a few gripes. I found the chronology disconcerting and was grateful for the author's 'reminiscing ramble *Down Memory Lane* that formed the basis for the stories' and which appears here as the last chapter. I also found the repetition of passages in several stories (the Hoover washing machine under the stairwell) slightly tedious. The author's predilection to anthropomorphise inanimate furniture, rooms, and even scenes was sometimes irritating. I longed for the active voice and a severe pruning of the plethora of adjectives. Last but not least, more careful editing would have eliminated 'grannies' for 'granny's' (lunch) and 'illicit' for 'elicit', amongst other small glitches.

Liz McKenzie, Editor of Tinteán

Iconic Irish films

A Quiet Man Miscellany by Des MacHale
Cork University Press, Cork, 2009
ISBN 9780955226175; RRP €25

I am a film buff, so it is paradoxical that I will now indulge my love of the cinema in a review in this journal of Des MacHale's book.

I have long relished some excellent films on Irish society. As a young boy I was bowled over by John Ford's *The Informer*, made in Hollywood; its star, Victor McLaglen, won the Academy Award for best male actor in 1935, beating Charles Laughton's Captain Bligh in *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It is of incidental interest that McLaglen was not Irish, but English, and a former British Army heavyweight boxing champion. In *The Informer* he looked 'Irish' and put his fighting skills to good use. In 1936 I wept during the last scenes of *The Informer* – the only time a film has moved me to tears (I still get the sniffles when it is on TV). Liam O'Flaherty, who wrote the novel, was a cousin of John Ford. And it is one of the few examples where the film is better than the book.

I now move to London in 1947 and Carol Reed's *Odd Man Out* which again is better than F L Green's novel on which it is based. The film is about a terrorist organisation in Northern Ireland. Englishmen James Mason and Robert Newton were in staggering form, and the Irish actors FJ McCormick and W G Fay acted superbly. Reed's *Odd Man Out* is considered to be his second-best film. Two years later he directed *The Third Man*. So it is worth noting that both Hollywood and London can do justice to Ireland in cinema.

The great Director, John Huston, lived his last years in Ireland. In a tribute to his adopted land, and to James Joyce, he directed *The Dead* (1987) which is indeed an impressive film. So they can also make good films in Ireland about Ireland!

So at long last I come to the film, *The Quiet Man* (1951), which is the subject of MacHale's book. Here the film re-unites John Ford with Victor McLaglen. The female lead is Maureen O'Hara, who is gorgeous (I have been half-in-love with her for decades!). The brothers, Barry Fitzgerald and Arthur Shields, have supporting roles and are a delight to watch.

I saw *The Quiet Man* soon after its release here and, sad to say, was bored stiff with it. It was one of John Ford's last films and he might have been in his dotage. Another

doubtful omen was that it was produced by Republic Pictures, one of Hollywood's low quality studios on Poverty Row. The male lead was John Wayne, who has Irish roots, but he looked all Hollywood. Politically Wayne is not my cup of tea, so maybe I am a trifle prejudiced, but a slightly disguised American cowboy looked out of place in the Ireland that I know.

Of course film-makers are entitled to interpret our society as they see it. Nevertheless many of us would be disheartened if the world at large thought that Crocodile Dundee and Bazza McKenzie were typical Aussies. Similarly, the Ireland of *The Quiet Man* is at times remote from reality and unbelievably cute and bonny.

When invited to see *The Quiet Man* in 1953, an advertisement trumpeted the news that I would witness the longest, fiercest and bloodiest fist-fight in film history. Wayne and McLaglen went up hill and down dale in that mammoth fracas. The advertisement certainly lived up to its promise, but all this was blatant stereotyping. Sure, the Irish, like the Aussies, have their faults; both like a few fights, but the film exaggerated this proclivity. Victor McLaglen, of course, was in his element as one of the two slaughtermen.

On p. 64 MacHale makes an interesting observation about the film:

'Many Americans are so taken with it that it is shown frequently on television and always on St Patrick's Day.'

I think that we can therefore conclude that *The Quiet Man* presents an image of Ireland which a sentimental percentage of Americans want to see. I am not aware of any such fervour in Australia or Ireland. Note again that, by comparison, *The Informer*, *Odd Man Out*, and *The Dead* still stand tall in world estimation.

The Miscellany is a reasonably diverting coffee-table book. The background to the making of the film is well researched. It is interesting to note that staff used the services of Eileen Crowe, the actor widow of the great F J McCormick. Stills of the film and photos of the Irish countryside are attractive and informative.

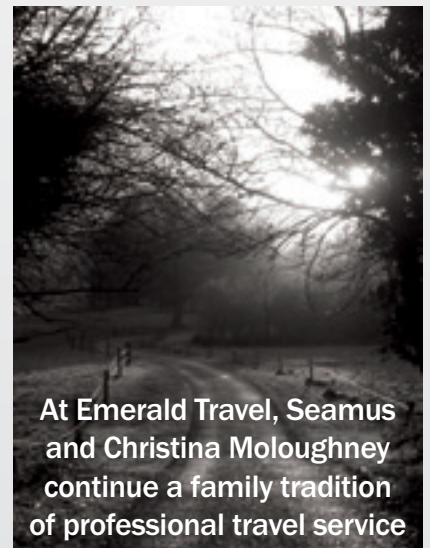
At the end of the book there are ten pages on the opening of Pat Cohan's Bar at Cong in 2008, the older, fictional bar featured in the film. After writing this review I think I deserve a beer there.

Sidney Ingham,
historian and film-buff



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Part 1 lists, as authors, all those who have contributed articles, poetry, reviews and letters and the title of their contribution, abbreviated where required, is listed shown by the issue and, after the colon, the relevant page number(s). A comma is used to separate page numbers in the same issue.

In **Part 2**, the authors of any reviewed publications are listed both separately and with the actual titles of these publications. Significant subjects covered in the pages of *Tinteán* and titles of poems or reviewed books, films or plays are listed in Part 2, in *italics*. Authors of poems are shown with the titles.

The Editorial Committee would like to express our gratitude to and admiration of Robert Butler for the compilation of the index. It was a mammoth task, done with great skill and aplomb by Rob, who is of course a very valued member of the team and without whom, you, dear reader, would probably not receive your copy of the magazine!

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PERFORMING ALL THEIR HITS INCLUDING "MAGGIE" AND "A BUNCH OF THYME"



<p>IPSWICH 20 MAY CIVIC HALL NAMBOUR 21 MAY CIVIC CENTRE GOLD COAST 22 MAY ARTS CENTRE BRISBANE 23 MAY KEDRON WAVELL SERVICES CLUB TOOWOOMBA 24 MAY EMPIRE THEATRE BALLINA 25 MAY RSL CLUB GRAFTON 26 MAY SARATON THEATRE TAREE 27 MAY MANNING ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE NEWCASTLE 28 MAY WESTS LEAGUES CLUB ROOTY HILL 29 MAY RSL CLUB REVESBY 30 MAY WORKERS CLUB</p>	<p>WOLLONGONG 1 JUNE ILLAWARRA PERFORMING ARTS CENTRE BATEMANS BAY 2 JUNE SOLDIER'S CLUB CANBERRA 3 JUNE HELLENIC CLUB WODONGA 4 JUNE CIVIC CENTRE BENDIGO 5 JUNE THE CAPITOL SHEPPARTON 6 JUNE EAST BANK CENTRE BALLARAT 7 JUNE HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE HORSHAM 8 JUNE CENTRE CINEMA WARRNAMBOOL 9 JUNE ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE GEELONG 10 JUNE FORD THEATRE</p>	<p>FRANKSTON 11 JUNE ARTS CENTRE MORWELL 12 JUNE KERNOT HALL MELBOURNE 13 JUNE HAMER HALL CASTLEMAINE 14 JUNE ROYAL THEATRE LAUNGESTON 16 JUNE COUNTRY CLUB RESORT BURNIE 17 JUNE TOWN HALL HOBART 18 JUNE WREST POINT ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE ADELAIDE 19 JUNE HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE MANDURAH 20 JUNE PERFORMING ARTS CENTRE PERTH 21 JUNE CONCERT HALL</p>
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GAA's Founders' Mass December 2009

To celebrate the establishment of the Association in Thurles, Co. Tipperary on the 1st of November 1884, one of the last events in celebrating 125 years of the Gaelic Athletic Association, Canadian Chairman Brian Farmer and the Canadian County Board invited members and friends of the Association to gather and remember GAA Founder Joseph Patrick Ryan. On Saturday 19 December 2009 at an 11:00 a.m. Mass in St. Mary's Church in Cranbrook, British Columbia, was part of the wreath laying ceremony at Ryan's grave .

The mass was celebrated by Father Harry Clarke (Mayo) who travelled from Castlegar, BC.

Western Canada's Connections to Two GAA Founders

The meeting that led to the formation of the GAA in Ireland was held in Miss Hayes' Commercial Hotel in Thurles, Tipperary on 1 November, 1884. At least seven people attended the Association's inauspicious beginning but there may have been more. There is no doubt that Michael Cusack, Maurice Davin, John Wyse Power, John McKay, J K Bracken, Thomas St George McCarthy and Joseph Patrick Ryan deserve the title of the GAA's Founding Fathers, and they are remembered and honoured in this 125th Anniversary year of the Association.

Joseph Patrick Ryan

On 1 April, Professor Mike Cronin, the Academic Director of Boston College's Centre for Irish Programs in Dublin, contacted the Canadian County Board of the GAA requesting more information about Joseph P Ryan who 'had little involvement in the GAA beyond attending the first meeting. A qualified solicitor, he emigrated to Canada around 1899. He settled at Cranbrook in British Columbia and died there in 1918.'

By the end of that same day Cronin had a copy of a 24 page book that had been published by the County Tipperary Historical Society in 2002 called *From Tipperary to Joseph's Prairie: the Story of Joe Ryan, the Seventh Man in Hayes' Hotel* by Alf MacLochlainn – the husband of Ryan's granddaughter.

'Amazing, I ask a question in the vain hope that you might be able to help, and I get everything!' said Cronin.

Joe Ryan was born in Carrick-on-Suir

in April 1857. As a solicitor he practised in Callan and Thurles. He would have known Maurice Davin well and that friendship was possibly the reason he attended the meeting in 1884. In 1899 Ryan emigrated and became immersed in British Columbia's life with the Board of Trade, the Mining Industry, and serving as a Police Magistrate as well as becoming a prominent journalist.

In May 2000, Ryan's grandchildren put up a new headstone to remember him in the Old Catholic section of the Cranbrook cemetery. In conversation with GAA President Christy Cooney in Toronto this year, the correspondence regarding the location the grave of this GAA founder was discussed. The President confirmed that there were plans for the re-dedication of the Founders' Graves in Ireland and these included GAA plans to honour Ryan.

Thomas St George McCarthy

On September 9, John Arnold, Bride Rovers GAA Club member in Cork and a member of the GAA National Awards and Presentations committee contacted the Canadian County Board with a request for assistance.

Arnold wrote about the longest surviving GAA founder, Thomas St George McCarthy, who was born in Bansha, Co. Tipperary in June 1862. Like his father, George Thomas St John, he joined the Royal Irish Constabulary. McCarthy joined Michael Cusack's Academy in Dublin and it was Cusack who prepared him for his Cadetship Examination in 1882. At the time of the November 1884 meeting McCarthy was stationed in Templemore. He retired from the RIC on January 23, 1912 and lived in the Ranelagh area of Dublin. He died on March 12th 1943 at the Linden Convalescent Home in Stillorgan and was buried in an unmarked grave in Deansgrange cemetery in Dublin.

A Father William Ryan (d.1966) was the registered owner of the grave in 1959 and permission was recently granted by Ryan's relations for HQ to put up a headstone, after months of diligent work by John Arnold.

Trying to trace any living relations of McCarthy, Arnold knew that a son called George McCarthy had emigrated to Edmonton, Alberta. GAA members in Edmonton responded enthusiastically

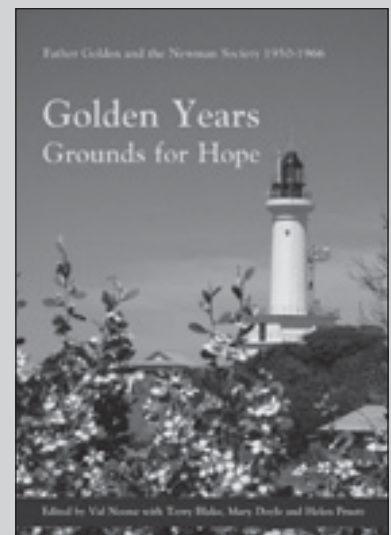
once contacted. Victoria and Pat Tully, John Doyle and Jason Morris diligently researched to find if there were any living relations of George McCarthy in Alberta.

They discovered that George was born in 1888 and the *Henderson Directory* identified a Geo. E McCarthy as a clerk with Credit Foncier, a Canadian Loan and Investment company in 1937. In 1945 he is identified as a solicitor with the same company and with a residence at 9535 - 109 Avenue. The sleuths in Edmonton did a marvellous job finding out information – even going down to his old house which is still standing, very dilapidated and unoccupied. In 1949, McCarthy is recorded as a clerk, with wife Alvina and in 1974 shown as retired at the same residence.

His wife died at the age of 85 on 20 March, 1973 leaving behind George and two step-children. George passed away 2 January, 1978, at the McGugan Nursing Home at the age of 89 years.

John O'Flynn

Rúnaí - Canadian County Board:
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