

Funteán

THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH HERITAGE NETWORK

No 6, December 2008

PRINT POST APPROVED PP 336663/00047



Terry Monagle 1946–2008
Eileen Monagle, Peter Kiernan, Val Noone

DANIEL O'DONNELL



NEW ALBUM

Country Boy

Featuring 20 timeless classics including:

'Ring Of Fire', 'Oh, Lonesome Me', 'Lucille', 'King Of The Road', 'Mother's Birthday Song', 'If I Said You Had A Beautiful Body Would You Hold It Against Me', 'Me And Bobby McGee', 'Little Old Wine Drinker Me plus' Duets with country legends

Charley Pride 'Crystal Chandeliers' and

Loretta Lynn 'I Wanna Be Free'

CDR1157

PHONE ORDERS via
SONGLAND RECORDS
02 6293 4677
(Free Postage)
Shop 156 Tuggeranong Hyperdome
Anketell St, Tuggeranong ACT 2900

NEW DVD

At Home In Ireland

Live concert filmed live at Letterkenny Performance Hall, in County Donegal. Includes 'Stand Beside Me', 'Oh Lonesome Me', 'Dear Old Galway Town', 'Foolin' Around', 'Heartaches By The Number', 'There Goes My Everything' and the hit song 'Save Your Love' (duet with Mary Duff)

RV0946



Available now from all good music stores

Tinteán No 6, December 2008

Tinteán is a publication of the Australian Irish Heritage Network

PO Box 13095, Law Courts,
Melbourne, 8010
Tel 61-3-96708865s
Email info@tintean.org.au
Web <http://www.tintean.org.au>
Published four times per annum
ABN 13643653067
ISSN 1835-1093

Editor:

Liz McKenzie

Deputy Editor:

Felicity Allen

Business Manager:

Rob Butler

Advertising:

Marie Feeley, tel 03 5996 3343

Production:

Andrew Macdermid

Other workers on this issue:

Peter Kiernan, Frances Devlin-Glass,
Bob Glass, Catherine Arthur, Meg
McNena, Kate Clifford, Rob Butler,
Don McKenzie.

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.

Contents

Regulars

- 2 **Letters**
- 5 **Editorial:** *Tinteán is on course*, Peter Kiernan
- 10 **Music:** *Music from days gone by*, Stuart Traill
- 11 *Bolg an tSoláthair/Odds & Ends*, Val Noone
- 12 **Profile:** *Dr Owen Clarke*, Catherine Arthur
Word Watch: ucalegon, Felicity Allen
- 25 **Poetry:** Barbara Smith

Features

- 8 *Terry Monagle 1946–2008*, Eileen Monagle, Peter Kiernan, Val Noone
- 15 *Arthur Lynch*, Patrick Morgan
- 16 *A magnificent man*, Richard J Sullivan
- 18 *Connecticut connections*, Neil Hogan
- 21 *Blood and Iron*, Felicity Allen and Brenda Lindeman
- 22 *Convict woman*, Christina Henri
- 24 *The Penal Laws in action*, Michael Doyle
- 26 *Colcannon*, Mattie Lennon

Reviews

- 28 *Wicked Waste makes Woeful Want!* Felicity Allen
- 30 *Lyrical singer of Irish ballads*, Chris Woodland
- 31 *Potential of the human heritage of joy*, Mairéid Sullivan
Running for himself, Bob Glass
- 32 *A lesson in industrial relations*, Graeme Cope
- 33 *Roaring swoonfuls of the human double helix*, Roz Hames
Saint Oscar and secret London, Frances Devlin-Glass
- 34 *A worthy son and socialist*, Dr Bill Anderson
- 36 *Grand Dame of the desert*, Sidney Ingham

The Australian Irish Heritage Network

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

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

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

Objectives of the AIHN

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

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

Activities

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

Letters

Fenian paranoia

Dear Editor

I share Perry McIntyre's praise for Paul Bew's *Ireland: The Politics of Enmity 1789-2006*, reviewed in the last issue of *Tinteán* but I take issue with a minor point in this otherwise most well-researched tome. In his chapter on the Fenians, Bew refers to "the Fenians executed in 1868 for an attack on the Duke of Edinburgh in Sydney". The inference is that more than one person was involved in a Fenian-organised assassination.

Firstly, there was only one would-be assassin involved and, secondly, there is no evidence that this was a Fenian exercise. Although the perpetrator, Henry O'Farrell, described himself as a Fenian, there is no evidence that he had been accepted as a member of that organisation. O'Farrell had only recently been released from being committed to an institution suffering from delirium tremens and he made several contradictory statements about his supposed Fenian connections. No doubt today, he would have been judged as unfit to plead to any charge. Nevertheless, the royal personage had been wounded, albeit not seriously, and the hapless Henry was sent to the gallows the following month.

In Sydney at the time, there was considerable anti-Irish feeling and paranoia about the Fenians, rather similar to the anti-Islamic hysteria of today. It's a pity that Bew fell for this ancient propaganda, as such allegations of Fenian involvement in the assassination have been widely discredited.

Rob Butler, Shoreham

Byrne Family Tree

Dear Editor,

Hi! My name is Glen Byrne. I congratulate you on the publishing of this magazine after *Táin* ceased. I subscribed to both. I have been tracing my family tree of Byrne. I first had a letter published in *Tain* No.29 making enquiries about my father Joseph Byrne and that was of great assistance. In May 2004, my wife and I travelled to Ireland to see where Dad came from and do research. We found that in 1798 the Byrne family was involved in the controversy with the Wicklow rebel chieftain Michael Dwyer.

In *Tinteán* No.2 November 2007, I read the article by Val Noone on p7 about

Esther Thomson, a seventh generation descendant of Michael and Mary Dwyer and Esther is named after their Esther Dwyer born in 1804 in Kilmainham Gaol. What would be the best way to find out some detailed information on that part of Irish history?

Sincerely,

Glen Byrne

9 Iluka Court, Bundoora, 3083

(Can any reader help Glen to follow his quest? And sadly, we can report that dear baby Esther Thomson passed away recently. Our sincere condolences to her parents. Ed.)

Brian Keenan

A chara!

The tantalisingly brief obituary of Brian Keenan in your last issue makes me wonder whether anyone will have the courage to write a biography of this enigmatic but powerful man and the backing to get it published. The obituary raised so many questions, for example, how did a working-class man with limited opportunities master four languages? Was Arabic chosen because of the Gaddafi connection? Does this explain the fate of Shergar? Did he end his days as a gift to some Arab potentate? We can only hope that in the interests of Irish history, someone will take up the challenge of researching this man, preferably before all the eyewitnesses have died. Is mise,

Jacinta Mc Bride, Carlton

From English Crown to Irish Free State

Dear Editor,

I enjoyed Val Noone and Francis Devlin-Glass' reviews of the book "*Blood and Soil*" by Ben Kiernan, in the September edition. Your readers may also be interested in the book, "Who Owns the World" by Kevin Cahill, (from Co. Laois, and now living in Devon, England). His website has sample chapters: www.who-owns-the-world.com The book was released in the UK last year and will be released in the USA in April 09.

The chapter "IRELAND – SERFS not CITIZENS" caught my eye, but that chapter isn't featured on the website. Instead, his earlier book, "Who Owns Britain and Ireland" (2001) details the history of land ownership in the Irish Republic, and extensive information can be found on this

website: www.who-owns-britain.com

The gist of his latest book, "*Who Owns the World*", is that when Ireland wrote the Free State Constitution, they simply transferred the ownership of land from the English Crown to the Irish State. To this day, serious attempts at revisions to the Irish constitution have not even touched upon the basic fact that the Irish State stills owns title to the Republic of Ireland, and land owners only have a freehold or "an interest in an estate in land". Not only that, but all Commonwealth countries are owned "absolutely" by the Queen – that includes Australia. Surprisingly, his chapter on Australia doesn't mention the historically significant implications of the 1992 Mabo Ruling on Native Land Title. While Native Title is only available to Aboriginal people who have remained on their traditional lands, other Australians can only have a freehold or leasehold – "an interest in an estate in land". The USA was the first to 'allow' individual deed ownership, because of 'irregularities' in the way the country was first settled. When Australians begin serious discussion on becoming a Republic, we won't be interested in following the 1921 Irish Free State example, therefore, we are in for a wild ride when details of the formation of a new constitution are aired over the coming years.

Mairéid Sullivan, Ringwood North

Hannan – the new Lawson?

Dear Editor,

Bill Hannan must write with a grin. Well that's what I was doing, as I got caught up with 'Quintessential Australians' (*Tinteán* 4). Hannan knows about the power of the opening sentence and the rest didn't disappoint. Packed with stylistic gems (the turns of phrase, the images, the dialogue.....), Hannan still allowed 'Uncle Pat' to stay centre stage. Lawson also got a mention and who is surprised? There is something of Lawson in there. And thus Hannan's deft historical links rang plenty of bells. Justice Higgins especially came to life.

So, *Tinteán*, I hope Hannan has a big family, because there could be more treats for us!

Yours,

Carmel Brown, Footscray

MacSwiney Monument

Madam,

Would you please allow me space to advise readers that in providing a photograph of the MacSwiney monument for my article in the last issue p29, I neglected to thank its owner, Denis Hawkey, for allowing me to use it and I now do so. My apologies.

Yours,

Chris Mooney, Melbourne.

Mornington Celtic Festival and Race Meeting

Dear Editor,

I would invite any readers interested in becoming volunteers to assist with the organisation of the Mornington Celtic Festival and Race Meeting on Sunday 24 May 2009 to contact me. Besides the horse racing, the Celtic celebrations include Connemara Ponies, Irish Horse Sport Display, Irish dog breeds and Irish bagpipes, dancers and bands. The Mornington Racing Club and Mornington Peninsula Tourism are helping to develop this premier Peninsula festival.

Yours,

*Michael Doyle,
P.O. Box 173, Dromana, 3936
Tel. 041 99 88 260*

Terry Monagle

Madam and AIHN colleagues

It was with deep regret that I learned of the recent passing of our friend, former neighbour and colleague Terry Monagle. It is with fondness that I recall the bi monthly working bees and mailouts for the old *Táin* magazine, which always contained moments of laughter, debate and camaraderie. On many an occasion these moments would be replicated as we shared a coffee in our local café on Bel Air Street in Kensington, me taking a break from house renovations and Terry from his writing. He was Catholic, Labor and Collingwood. He was helping to keep the tradition alive. But most of all, he was an absolute gentleman who will be sadly missed. Ar dheis Dé go raibh an am

Mark Quinn, Dublin, Ireland

Demise of the Irish Language?

Dear Editor,

I found myself nodding in agreement as I read John Clancy's letter in the latest *Tinteán* (No5, Sept '08). In fact reading it has prompted me to 'have a go at' the

academic world of Victoria where I find the absence of the modern Irish language at tertiary level also most regrettable. In my view 'Irish Studies' without an Irish language component is a bit like having a puff but not inhaling.

It is indeed hard to understand how such a central component of Irishness as the language seems to have been ignored in this way given that the Irish made up a very significant component of Victoria's society in its formative years. The inevitable result is that I am continually meeting people who consider themselves as Irish and are making a real effort to understand the full import of their Irish heritage but really have little or no idea that the country of their ancestors had its own language for the greater part of its recorded existence.

This deficiency is all the more inexplicable to me now that the Irish government has been making funds available to tertiary institutions in many countries around the world to help in promoting the study of Irish. Oxford University has recently commenced teaching Irish and one can read of its being taught at such prestigious American universities as Harvard and Notre Dame as well as several European universities.

Yrs sincerely

Chris Mooney, Melbourne

Trail of Tears

A chara,

In your last issue Jack Sheridan enquired as to the whereabouts of a monument to the American Indians who sent aid to Ireland during the Great Famine. A donation of \$170 was in fact sent by the Choctaw [not Cherokee] nation. The only such monument of which I am aware is the handsome gold plaque located in the entrance hall of the Dublin Mansion House in Dawson Street.

It reads as follows:

An Gorta Mór. To commemorate the generosity of the Choctaw nation of Oklahoma (forcibly removed from Mississippi in 1831) who, together with First Nations located in Upper and Lower Canada, responded with immense kindness and compassion towards the suffering Irish during the

Great Famine of 1847. Their humanity calls us to remember the millions of human beings throughout our world today who die of hunger and hunger-related illness in our world of plenty. Unveiled by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor Councillor Dr Seán Kenny PC 29 May 1992. Sponsored by AFRl (Action from Ireland) Dublin.

The monument was the brainchild of then director of AFRl, Don Mullan, a native of Derry city. In the summer of 1992 Mullan and a contingent of Irish joined a group of Choctaw people in a walk from Oklahoma back to their original lands in Mississippi, thus traversing in reverse the "Trail of Tears" of 1831 which had resulted in hundreds of Choctaw deaths. This trek was intended as an act of solidarity between the Choctaw and Irish peoples, each remembering the other's tragedies.

Danny Cusack, Kells, Co Meath

Australian Irish Welfare Bureau .inc

The Australian-Irish Welfare Bureau is a non-profit voluntary organisation whose aims are to assist, where possible, any person or persons in the Irish community of Victoria or any person who may be associated with the Irish community who is in distress.

440a High Street,
Northcote 3070
03 9482 3865

What's on

St Patrick's Day 2009

A 'St. Patrick's Festival' meeting attended by members of the public was held in the Celtic Club on Monday the 5 May 2008. The meeting was called to report the Festival Committee members' progress in their quest to organise a 2009 St. Patrick's Festival in Melbourne

The Festival will cater for all ages especially families. Sean Lavin, the President of the Committee assured his audience that the day would be full of surprises and fun for young and old alike. His hope is that the Festival will blossom over the years. The committee members also agreed that the issue of sponsorship was something that needed more attention. The Irish – Australian community must generate publicity and support for the Festival themselves. The committee members are volunteers and any support would be greatly appreciated.

The committee would like to thank the public for their attendance at the meeting. A website should be in place in the next few months. If you have any queries or would like to make a donation, Denise can be contacted at denise@summitfw.com.au

Greg Denning Seminar

On Thursday, 11 December 2008, at University of Melbourne, a seminar in memory of the late Greg Denning will be held in the evening in the Gryphon Gallery. Refreshments will be provided, followed by the inaugural Greg Denning Oration by a speaker to be appointed.

Enquiries to Prof. Joy Damousi, School of Historical Studies, University of Melbourne, ph: 8344 5961 or email: j.damousi@unimelb.edu.au

Echuca Moama Celebrates The Celtic Music And Dance

The heritage of many Australian communities is due to the great influence Celtic communities have had on the development of Australia. The Echuca Moama Communities are no exception. Many of the farming communities on both sides of the Murray River have families with strong ties to Ireland, Scotland, Cornwall and Wales.

Echuca and Moama are twin towns on the Murray River two and half hours drive from Melbourne. At one time Echuca was the busiest port outside Melbourne

and now attracts many visitors to view the old Port precinct. Echuca Moama has been claimed as the steamship capital of the Murray River with its large fleet of side-wheel paddle steamers. It is also known for its many festivals including a festival of Celtic music and dance from 27 February to 8 March 2009. Included in the programme will be a three day Pilgrimage along the Murray River.

The Festival Committee are very excited to host such a festival in the Echuca Moama twin towns bringing together some of Australia's great Celtic bands, singers and dancers.

Further information about the programme is available through the Celtic Festival Office, P.O. Box 1140, Echuca 3564 or Phone 0400563399.

Celtic Soiree

The annual 'Summer Solstice Celebration' at St Carthage's 123 Royal Parade Parkville will be held on Sunday 7th Dec 2008 at 7.30pm.

'In the Celtic Tradition' will feature music & song by 'Euphonia', the trio of Mairead and Deirdre Hannan and Alice Garner. Brian Gillespie – Donegal born thespian, will read from 'Around the Boree Log' and Bill Hannan – writer & thinker will read and share his thoughts on Henry Lawson's prose

His Excellency the Irish Ambassador, Máirtín Ó'Fainín will be the special guest.

Cost: \$15 pp (\$10 concession)/pay on arrival.

Proudly sponsored by The Celtic Club's Culture & Heritage Committee
The Celtic Club, 320 Queen Street, Melbourne 3000

ph: (03) 9670 6472 fax: (03) 9670 5153

www.celticclub.com.au

info@celticclub.com.au

Co-ordinated by B. Heasley & M. Shanahan

The Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance

The 10th Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance will be held again this year at Koroit in Victoria from Sunday 4th to Friday 9th January. Many activities are planned from Irish music master classes with Dan Bourke, Slow sessions with Mark McDonnell, an Oral History Project conducted by Teresa O'Brien as well as

the Maity Swallow Ceilidhe Band. There will be daily tuition of tin whistle, flute, guitar singing anglo concertina as well as DADGAD guitar, song writing, Irish set dancing, fiddle, uilleann pipes, Irish language, bodhran, and a kids' program!

Two established awards will also feature, The Paddy O'Neill band award and The Spuds Poets Award with Paddy Fitzgerald as Session Master.

14ú Annual Daonscoil

Cumann Gaelige na hAstráil

What is it? A one week residential course in the Irish language, catering for all levels from beginners to fluent speakers.

When? From 2 pm Sunday 4 January 2009, until 10 am Sunday 11 January 2009. Please plan to arrive between 2 pm and 3 pm for registration.

Where? Lady Northcote Recreation Camp, Rowsley (near Bacchus Marsh), Victoria, approximately one hour drive from Melbourne.

Cost: Weekly Rate Adult \$470; Student (4-15 years) \$355; Child (2-4 years) \$235

Daily Rate \$75 per day. Daily rate includes lunch, dinner, overnight stay and accommodation and breakfast the following morning. Please note that if you are not staying overnight the daily rate still applies.

Shared accommodation and meals are provided. Classes are held during the day, with other activities in the evening including singing, talks, a quiz and poetry sessions. There will be a gala evening with a concert and ceili on the final night. Use of Irish is encouraged as far as possible, with due regard for the needs of beginners. A dance teacher will teach Irish dancing. There will also be sporting activities. Bring musical instruments, singing voices and refreshments.

www.gaeilgesanastrail.com

A celebration

The Australian-Irish Heritage Network invites you to a presentation by Dr Val Noone: *A Rock for Famine Immigrants to Victoria*, on the 10th anniversary of the Famine Rock on Thursday 4 December at 7:30pm at The Celtic Club. Finger food provided, drinks at bar prices. RSVP preferably by email: info@tintean.org.au; or phone Tintean: 9670 8865, Rob Butler: 5989 8496, Peter Kiernan: 9509 1625. www.tintean.org

Tinteán is on course

Tinteán is firmly established now after six issues. Subscriptions are growing and the quality is being maintained, even improving. So we can be proud. In particular, we have persisted with observing and commenting on change, both in our society and world-wide and on the interpretation of history.

In regard to our Irish inheritance, it is *Tinteán's* major concern to foster discussion on its history and development. That discussion has continued unabated and has added a volume of innovative research and serious study of Irish history from many angles. Have you observed that anti-Irish jokes are not circulating, admittedly long after the demise of anti-Semitic jokes, but they do seem to have fallen out of favour. The common perception in Australia of Ireland has matured over past decades. It is well over two hundred years since Archbishop Polding, the first Catholic bishop to Australia, tried with his fellow-English Benedictines to relate to and communicate with his Irish convict flock but Irish priests, who could do so, were brought in. In addition to the major institutions established by the British colonisers, the Irish contributed some fine tuning. Of course we are grateful for the Westminster system when it is practised and for our legal institutions when they reflect the common demand for human rights and justice. In that context, it is interesting to reflect that more than 75% of the dissenting judgments of Justice Lionel Murphy in the High Court are now established.

The Australian-Irish Heritage Network is not the Irish-Australian Heritage Network. I hold an Australian passport and my old British passport is a relic which holds some fascination for my grandchildren. I queue up with other foreigners at Heathrow. Hence, it is exciting to see Indigenous Australians play such prominent roles in the production of the current TV series on SBS, *The First Australians*. Following the memorable Sorry Day earlier this year, it is an invaluable educational experience for all white Australia, an exercise which *Tinteán* is consistently promoting.

In Ireland itself we observe changes that are far-reaching. The Celtic Tiger has roared but is whimpering under the present crisis. The importance of Ireland in the European Union is significant and forceful. In the six counties, there are changes, slight but apparent to the visitor. In our June 2008 issue, an Edinburgh Scot wrote about Derry today and described her guided tour of its historic wall and the promotion of the myriad of its famous murals as tourist highlights. Our article was matched in September in *The Age* which reported on the same topic and described a joint guided tour of those murals by two guides, one Unionist, the other Nationalist. In Melbourne Martin Flanagan reported on his interview with the Collingwood star, Martin Clarke, who springs from the Catholic minority in his Co. Down village. Before he runs out onto the ground before every game here, he prints on his arm the capital letters N.I. That also tells an eloquent story.

In *Táin's* first issue of January 2000, Val Noone wrote:

'Our history, warts and all, gives us a rich identity. Whether the subject be music, dance, books, theatre, art, family history, migration, religion, politics or whatever, asserting our links to our past is a way of resisting pressure from the global economy, pressure to think of ourselves

solely as producers and consumers. Deeper understanding of our own traditions also equips us better to relate to people of other ethnic and cultural backgrounds. *Táin* will promote a broad-ranging dialogue with all such groups and maintain an international outlook'.

Eight years later, Terry Monagle, of fond memory, wrote in *Tinteán's* first issue:

"Surely this country
can lift its spirit above
such primitive and
brutal principles"

'Should the Australian-Irish be considered as just one strand of a multicultural society? Or have we been here so long and are now so integrated that we are indeed 'indigenous' within Australian culture? Perhaps we can debate the claim that the penetration of a dominant Anglo culture by the Irish from below transformed this place and built a society which would welcome subsequent immigrant groups. So we in the Australian-Irish diaspora live with ambivalence. We treasure our ethnic inheritance. We frequently travel back to our Irish home of origin, Ireland, and continue our deep affection for it. But we are also proud of the contribution we have made to Australia. We are enthralled by its evolution and continually deepen our sense of belonging to and caring for this continent.'

Today, we are part of a world crisis, a crisis in civilisation in these early years of the new century. The most powerful and richest country in the world is spiralling downward both in its economic health and in the respect in which it is held internationally. Change must come and judging by the historic and inspiring victory of president elect, Barack Obama, the American people have demanded this. When Yeats wrote his 'September 1913', he mourned the death of his romantic Ireland and its heroes who fought and died for freedom and justice:

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave?
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

We might well translate those fears to our own current dilemma – can we survive global warming, the destruction of our environment? Can the starving billions be fed by the collapsing free – market economies, by extreme capitalism? Are we ready to concede that greed is not good? A term that was used pejoratively in the recent Presidential election was the word 'socialism'. Does this mean that a society that is not based solely on competition and the spurious balancing of market forces is unacceptable? Surely this country can lift its spirit above such primitive and brutal principles.

But we are proud of our firmly established *Tinteán*, a magazine of weight and significance. We must continue to be searching and provocative, demanding and accurate and tireless in the pursuit of excellence. We are a voluntary and dedicated team and are determined to preserve and disseminate the best of the Irish and Celtic influence in our beautiful country.

Peter Kiernan

News

Ireland's International Rules team

The Irish Ambassador hosted a reception for the visiting Irish International Rules team at the Celtic Club on the evening of 28 October 2008.

Words of welcome were spoken by the Irish Ambassador, Máirtín Ó Fainín, and the President of the Celtic Club, Seamus Moloughney. Nickey Brennan, the President of the GAA, elaborated on the role of the GAA in the diaspora, pointing out that the organization provided not only sporting facilities but a point of contact and community for emigrants in a foreign land and culture! He also remarked that the father of the Ambassador was a past GAA President. It was noted that most of the Irish team had Australian surnames!

Fresh from a narrow victory in Perth against Australia, the players were conspicuously abstemious which stood them in good stead for the second of the matches, played several days later at the MCG, on the 31/10/08 which they subsequently won.

Rob Butler



Vincent O'Connor

Baritone, Vincent O'Connor, whose 'Profile' was featured in our last issue was chosen to sing the Irish national anthem at the International Rules game on Friday, October 31, and did us all proud. He can be contacted on 0413 932 983.

T'ogar Ceilteach: an endangered species?

The Celtic Tiger, famed for 25 years of prosperity and growth has drifted into a

recession. The Irish economy has contracted for the second successive quarter after domestic property prices dropped for 18 months in row so that Éire has become the first of the 12 countries in the euro-zone economy to enter recession. High oil prices, a strong euro and weaker consumer spending also contributed to the economic downturn. Average house prices have fallen by 13% from their peak. More than half of Irish home owners have been caught in the rise in interest rates. All of these negative indicators have been accompanied by a rise in unemployment from 5% to 6.1% over the past nine months.

This is a political disaster for the Taoiseach, Brian Cowen, though he has pointed out that Italy, France and Germany are not far from recession themselves. Nevertheless onlookers would be unwise to write the Celtic Tiger off too quickly. Dublin is determined that its banking system is not going to collapse and on 28.10.08 guaranteed deposits and debts for six of Ireland's largest financial institutions. This decision came after the money markets seized up because no one was prepared to lend money. For Irish banks, the problem was not exposure to US losses, but simply acquiring normal day to day funding from the interbank lending market.

The Irish government's move went beyond anything being offered at the time in the Group of 10 industrialised countries (which includes Britain and the US), although many of these countries have now followed the Irish lead to give partial or even complete guarantees to borrowers. The first signs of success have emerged in the recent decision by British companies to shift their headquarters to Éire. They will thus avoid planned changes to British tax law and take advantage of the guarantee on bank debt.

While Ireland has been criticised in banking circles for making the first move that forced others to follow, it is hard to criticise their determination to protect the small depositor if you are one!

Felicity Allen

Blessing of the Bonnets

Cristina Henri is organising the first Memorial to all convict women transported to Australia. This includes over 9,000 Irish convict women. Through *Roses from the Heart™*, participants worldwide have been invited to be

involved and to make a bonnet commemorating the life of either their very own ancestor or to 'adopt' a convict women to commemorate.

So far, Cristina has received 11,000 bonnets and so is nearly half-way. She expects to have received the full quota of bonnets by about 2012.

She is holding events around Australia in this cause and will be conducting a major 'Blessing of the Bonnets' ceremony in Melbourne, hopefully at the end of April in 2009. The information will be on her website www.christinahenri.com.au as soon as the venue and dates are confirmed.

Mossie Scanlon, celebrated Irish sean-nos singer will be singing his newly released tribute to convict women, Mary Walsh – 'The Bells of Ireland' – at the 'Blessing of the Bonnets' event.

Christina Henri
cjhenri@iinet.net.au

Maity Swallow Award Winner

The Maity Meeters at the Upwey Belgrave RSL, in conjunction with the Lake School of Celtic Music Song and Dance have awarded the Maity Swallow Award to young Melbourne musician, Mischa Hermann.

The award, dedicated to the memory of Maity Swallow, one of Australia's finest button accordion players, is given to a young musician with talent in the field of Celtic music. The \$500 Award includes tuition at the Lake School which is held every January.

Felix Meagher, Program Director of the Lake School, said 'I am thrilled that the first ever Maity Swallow Award is being given to such a fine and promising musician as Mischa Hermann. I first heard him play when he was a young boy, and even then it was possible to predict that Mischa would grow up to be one of Australia's finest musicians in any style. I am sure Maity would be very proud!'

Misha will be presented with the Award at the Upwey Belgrave RSL on Sunday October 12 in conjunction with the Hills Idol which is being held that day. After the completion of the Hills Idol, Mischa will join the young super group Rant to perform a bracket of well-loved Irish songs and wild Celtic tunes. Following the performance by Rant will be a traditional Irish music singalong and session. So

bring your voice and/or instrument!

Mischa's interest in music first began when he started learning recorder, piano and oboe at primary school. He began attending folk festivals from a young age, where he was first exposed to Irish music and the tin whistle. While at high school, he continued to play the recorder and took up the bagpipes as part of the school's cadet program. After hearing the popular Irish band 'Flook', he was inspired to create an Irish band at school. It was around this time he first attended the Celtic Lake School of Song and Dance, where he learnt tin whistle from Barbra Scott.

In 2005 Mischa travelled to England and Ireland to go to as many folk festivals and sessions as possible (including a brief stint in Bulgaria)! This year he applied successfully for the Paddy O'Neil award and formed the Irish group RANT, which with support from the Lake School, has enjoyed great success at many festivals around Victoria. In the future Mischa plans to study Sound Engineering at RMIT, for which his first ambition is to record and launch a new album with RANT.

The Paddy O'Neill Award Group is created annually at the Lake School in Koroit and is open to young Celtic musicians over 16 years of age. The award is supported by the Port Fairy Folk Festival.

Rewriting Irish History

Keith Pescod, has won a Victorian Community History Award for his book *The Emerald Strand: Nineteenth Century Irish-born Manufacturers*, which was reviewed in Issue 1 of *Tinteán*. Dr. Pescod's book investigates Irish immigrants involvement in establishing the manufacturing industry in Victoria. His research debunked the idea that Irish immigrants to the colonies in the 19th century were only good for labouring. It revealed that they were involved in the growing manufacturing industry of the colony producing such products as beer, saddlery, footwear, food and chemicals.

Dr Pescod spent most of his working life in the manufacturing business. When he retired he attended La Trobe University where he attained a PhD in history. 'It was a natural progression that my long interest in manufacturing and interest in immigration came together, so I wrote a book about Irish manufacturers,' Dr Pescod said.

Source: Progress Leader 24/06/08

Sea Stallion Homeward Bound

Another item of interest in Issue 1 and subsequent issues of *Tinteán* was the journey of the Viking replica, the *Sea Stallion*, from Roskilde in Denmark to Dublin, an early Viking site. In June the ship departed from Dublin on a 1400 nautical-mile journey back to its home base in Roskilde. The replica is modelled on a longship built in Dublin in 1042. The *Sea Stallion* under its Danish captain Carsten Hvid and a multinational crew of 65 will complete a research project into how our ancestors endured their journey across northern Europe more than 1000 years ago. Part of the research involved studying 'stowaways' – the marine organisms which attach themselves to the ship's hull en route.

Dublin's Dockland Authority hosted a Viking festival to mark the ship's departure with a Viking village, market, battle re-enactments and a 'living history' encampment. There were displays of woodwork, boat building, silversmithing, leatherwork and textiles and of course the *Sea Stallion* was also on view. The departure was as cacophonous as the arrival almost 10 months previously.

Source: Irish Times Magazine 28/06/08

Ireland a multicultural nation

At the time of the 2006 census in Ireland it was revealed that people from 188 different countries were living in Ireland. The largest group were UK nationals followed by Poles, Lithuanians, Nigerians and Latvians. The smallest groups were represented by Anguilla and the Western Sahara.

The Central Statistics Office report showed that there were Polish people living in every town and city in Ireland. Poles also had the largest group of single males (average age 27) to any of the other groups. A surprising find was that a much higher proportion of immigrants than was thought were married, almost 42%, although many were not accompanied by their spouses – usually wives. Another surprise was that 17% of Lithuanians aged from five to 19 could speak Irish! Most Nigerians and Chinese preferred to live in Dublin while Latvians favoured provincial cities and towns. Among nationals of the EU, three quarters were employed in manufacturing, construction

wholesale/retail trade and the hospitality trade. More than one fifth of those from other countries worked in health and social work, mostly Asians. However there was wide speculation that as Ireland sank deeper into recession and with no respite in sight in the global economic downturn, immigration to Ireland would be reversed and the first to leave would be the 'new migrants'.

Source: The Irish Times 01/07/08

Schools to be open to all faiths

Until a few years ago, Ireland's educational system was strictly denominational with 95% of Catholic children being educated in Catholic primary. There were strict requirements such as proof of Baptism and regular church attendance for a child to be enrolled in school. But in the heady days of the Celtic Tiger the demand for education for non-catholic children soared. Independent non-denominational schools could not be built fast enough to keep up with the demand and many non-catholic parents had problems finding a school for their child. A new independent school in an outer suburb of Dublin, opened precipitously to meet the need of such parents, had an all-black enrolment leading to fears and accusations of 'apartheid'. The Government's response was to start a building program of community schools but the situation remained critical. In July, the Catholic Church agreed to allow children of other faiths to attend Catholic schools thus establishing the first multi-faith primary school in the history of Irish education.

Source: The Weekend Australian 06/09/08

AIHN Office Bearers

At its Annual General Meeting, held on 24 August 2008, the following office bearers were elected:

President: Peter Kiernan

Vice-President: Frances Devlin-Glass

Secretary: Robert Glass

Treasurer: Patrick McNamara

Committee Members: Felicity Allen, Catherine Arthur, Bernard Brophy, Robert Butler, Don McKenzie and Liz McKenzie.

Liz McKenzie and Felicity Allen were appointed, respectively, as Editor and Deputy Editor of *Tinteán* magazine.

Terry Monagle 1946–2008



A man for our times

Terry Monagle came into my life in June 1969 when he was 22 and I was 19. So obviously we have grown up together. There are so many matters I would like to speak about tonight but I will restrict myself to just four.

Firstly I would like to share with you how treasured I felt every day of my life as Terry's wife. I have been cherished and loved in ways of which, back in my early twenties when Terry and I married, I had no understanding. As Terry said, a marriage is like a cathedral – it takes years to build. To be loved and cared for so deeply and unconditionally gives one an inner peace and contentment. I have been so blessed.

Secondly, Terry was an exceptional father. Clare and Catherine will speak tomorrow and I know they will express eloquently their experience, and Brigid's, of Terry as a father. But as a mother I could not have asked for a more sensitive, giving and loving father for my children.

I am so proud of Terry in so many ways, but for my final two matters for tonight I will talk about some matters of particular pride.

Looking back I think I am most proud of Terry's role in developing the association of teachers in Catholic Secondary Schools, an association which has morphed over the years to become VIEU. This work took place in the early 80's. Terry found it really difficult to listen to the gospel about justice and fairness, and to sermons about the same matters, and then to see some of the actions which were happening in Catholic schools. So he did something about it. He was so brave. This work took a great toll on Terry. For one year our home phone number was the phone number given for the association. I remember seeing

him, several times, psych himself up to ring a congregational leader or principal. The Abby Thompson case was particularly taxing one of the reasons being it was so public. But it also had some great side effects. My mother had found Terry problematic in the early days for reasons I won't go into here, but she always liked him very much and over the years a great bond developed between them. My conservative Catholic mother, incensed at what she saw as the injustice being done to Abbey and fiercely loyal to Terry, became well versed in the moral, theological and legal aspects of the case and became very adept at discussing the matter with members of the Catholic Women's League.

The other facet of Terry for which I am enormously proud is the way he lived in the last 4 years when he knew his time was limited. He faced the realities of his situation with grace and often humour. Terry found himself in this situation because for many years he had ignored medical matters. Prior to his diagnosis, his solution when feeling not well was to go for a 5km run. His attitude to matters medical is illustrated by the following conversation I had with him only 2 weeks ago. He asked me did I know where the title to the grave was. I said it was in the top drawer of the filing cabinet, adding – which folder is it in? To which he answered: Health! We lived well and we lived honestly over the four years. Our conversations covered the sacred and the important. He insisted I talk to him about my plans for the future.

So now, after 36 years of marriage, I must go on without him by my side. As Terry and I discussed, it wouldn't have mattered if we had 66 or 96 years – it wouldn't have been enough. But as Catherine says, it helps to think in geological time, and in this way of considering time, it will only be a blink of the eye until we meet again.

Eileen Monagle



A memory

Terry's very first article for the first issue of *Táin* in January 2000, was on Irish Mouth Music and it opened with, 'Communicating with like minds is as easy as switching on the internet'. Now, that was when I first met that lovely man but little did I realize then how truly it fitted his own nature. Over the ensuing eight years I felt we grew close, our personalities seemed to be in rhythm and it became a very relaxing relationship. But that was all due to Terry, his patience and his tolerance. Of course, his public admission that he was formed by his Catholicity, Labor and Collingwood, only cemented our friendship on even more solid ground. He settled me down and I venture to claim that this applied to everyone who sat around the table at *Táin* and later *Tinteán* meetings. He was extremely sensitive and aware of the nuances of the meeting and we all responded in our different ways.

When Val Noone and Mary Doyle finally chose to end the *Táin* innings after eight years and forty-five magnificent issues, the remaining members of the team were left floundering. An embarrassing hiatus became apparent but not for long. Terry pulled us up by the bootstraps and a meeting was called and chaired by him. We were away! *Tinteán* was born and *Tinteán* No.1 was issued, his inspiring editorial piece laying down the keel for our future journeys. Thanks to Terry, this issue is No.6

Recently, Terry and I were sitting together at the office table in The Bunker and exchanging news and views, not too seriously, when he said to me, 'Peter, do you believe in God?' This surprising and unexpected question was delivered, not fired, in his usual modulated and gentle tone and I appreciated it. I think I asked him for his understanding of a creator or divine spirit so that we could proceed. We dismissed grey-bearded old men with outstretched arms floating in the clouds above the Sistine Chapel but without him stretching my thin theological talents, we talked a lot about nature, the earth and human life experiences. The question he put to me revealed, I felt, a lot about Terry Monagle himself at that time as his life drew to a close. He suffered terribly but was so stoic and heroic. He was the most gentle man I ever met.

Peter Kiernan

Peace comes dropping slow

There aren't many friends whose viewing I go to as well as the vigil and the Mass and the cemetery. Terry Monagle is one of them.

The funeral revealed what mighty clans he and his wife Eileen O'Leary are part of. They sent him off in style.

Terry Monagle and I go back 35 years. In the 1970s we had a falling out over the Vietnam War but friendship, trade union activism as well as Irish and Australian republicanism won out in later decades. As a matter of interest, it was a talk at the Celtic Club by John McLaren about working class people in the poetry of William Butler Yeats that led to us working together on *Táin*.

Peter Kiernan and a few of the blokes among the workers on *Táin* were privileged to share Terry's stories about his battle with prostate cancer. He was told three years was likely and he lasted four and a half.

Terry looked death in the eye and wrote a book about it. He even wrote a piece in *Táin* about choosing his burial plot at Taradale among the eucalypts and the graves of the early Irish settlers of the district.

Irish Australia is the richer for his efforts to get us talking and reflecting on our heritage. His articles in *Táin*, along with his other writings and public speaking, leave an enduring legacy. He used to say that we needed to work out what baggage which our migrant ancestors brought on the boat from Ireland should have been left on the wharf.

Bernie Monagle and I reckon that among Terry's last thoughts were something like these lines which Yeats wrote about in the Lake Isle of Innisfree:

I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow ...

I will arise and go now, for always night and day

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore;

While I stand on the roadway, on the pavements gray,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Val Noone

Music from days gone by

Tracking down and getting hold of a particular piece of print music, especially from years gone by, used to be one of those things that could very easily discourage people. Often it was all too hard. Scouring junk shops and flea markets takes up valuable time and even the occasional copies for sale on the internet could turn out to be in poorer condition than the seller had advertised or, worse, cheapo bootlegs rattled off on an office copier.

But help is now at hand. Allans Music in Melbourne has launched an instore digital download service which allows you to find music and to download and print it there and then. It's not a scanned image; instead it's from a fully computerised score that will print you out a pristine copy, usually on three or four pages for most popular tunes. If you have a particular key preference in mind to suit a particular instrument, say for saxophone or whatever, then it can be transposed to any key before printing. This feature alone makes conventional print music sales now seem rather antiquated.

Allans are selling a full service so they will print it for you at \$8.99 a pop and for that price will include a protective folder for your new purchase. The download and print service will be available in all their stores which are now located in Melbourne, Kew, Ballarat, Brisbane, Sydney, Alexandria and Adelaide.

The claimed stock at present is over 100,000 titles to choose from which sounds pretty impressive. To start with, I looked for some obscure ones which

I knew to be long out of print and was delighted to find them right away. One piece was missing the 4-bar introduction but the assistant explained that's just the way the music has been arranged, meaning it may not always be exactly the same as the recorded version. This is slightly unfortunate but in fact has always been true for popular music when purchased as a printed score, so I suppose we can't grumble too much. Long ago a friend of mine once went all the way downtown to Crymble's in Belfast, in dreadful weather, to buy the sheet music for the Hollies hit "Gasoline Alley Bred", a record on which you may remember the piano part was very prominent. He rushed home and was extremely disappointed to find that it was missing the one key phrase that he really wanted. But back to today and you will get a chance to preview it on screen and even hear it played in your chosen key before committing to a purchase.

If you don't live near one of Allans stores you can also log on from home to www.allansmusic.com.au/print but you will need to have the scorch viewer installed on your computer. This is a free download from Allans website, although somewhat time consuming on a slow connection (the filesize is a hefty 6.6MB), and it permits viewing of the score on your computer screen. Viewing is a pre-requisite to any attempt at printing. Otherwise you will just see a big empty rectangle where your score should be, and you won't be able to proceed. Apparently if you are a Sibelius software user then you will already

have scorch installed on your computer so you can skip that part.

The keychange ability and the listening preview are both huge selling points in my estimation and easily outweigh any minor niggles about the individual arrangements. If you are uncertain about levels of difficulty then look for a piece that you already know well and see how it's been arranged to get an idea of the standard. In many cases you will have a clear choice between alternate versions of the same piece. Check out the versions of the "Hill Street Blues" theme by Hollywood writer Mike Post to see a good example of how something can either be simplified or left "as is".

Searching can be done by keyword, artist name or musical genre giving plenty of options if you can't remember a particular title. Irish music fans will quickly find there are currently about 90 titles available under the "Irish" genre. Of these the Corrs, individually and collectively account for nearly two thirds (57 at last count) and the rest are a good mixture including what they classify as Traditional (10), Traditional Folk (13) and Bill Whelan (14). Not surprisingly all of Bill's available compositions are from the hit show Riverdance, which might be worthwhile if you're planning your own mini-production in the local town hall. The remainder are mostly one offs from various sources but they do include the Wexford Carol, something that can be tricky enough to find.

Coming up in the next issue – what if it's not there ?...

Stuart Trill

Bolg an tSoláthair

Odds & Ends

Blue Mountains Irish calendars

Elke Watson and Craig Batty from the Blue Mountains, NSW, have designed a full-colour A4 calendar for 2009 which offers to teach the user some Irish language as the year rolls on. You can pick up the names of the days and months and the phases of the moon.

An amazing feature of this calendar is that it has 13 original oil paintings by Caoimhghín Ó Croidheáin of Donbate, Ireland. He is very generous in sharing his work. Readers of *Táin* might remember that a couple of years ago he gave us a fantastic cover image of Michael Davitt.

They have a companion desk calendar for learners called *Tuigim Anois*, Now I get it. It sits in a CD-sized stand, and is full of great learning material and activities. It is also supported by a companion website which features translations of the calendar contents, games and activities.

Both calendars would make good Christmas presents. The beautifully printed art one sells for \$29.95 while the desk one for \$25.95, postage is extra. You can order them from www.iorarua.com. Click on the link to Féilire, it means calendar. Iora rua is Irish for red squirrel, and I am not sure why they chose that name.

Boost to history of Irish in Victoria

In late August and early September this year, two groups organised seminars about the history of the Irish in Victoria, both of high quality and booked out ahead of time.

The Public Record Office ran a day on 30 August which included talks and walking tours around North Melbourne. This was in conjunction with their wonderful display, *Currach Folk*, of Bill Doyle's 1960s photographs of currachs, fisher folk and the Aran Islands. Professor Elizabeth Malcolm who had given an impressive introduction to the photographs a few weeks earlier chaired the day. Speakers were

Maureen Doyle on how to trace Irish ancestors, Di Hall on the new findings of her studies of rural Victoria, Phillip Moore on Celtic Club activities and me on Nicholas O'Donnell.

The From There to Here day was held by The Irish Ancestry Group (IAG) at the Celtic Club on 13 September. Maureen Doyle and the committee put together a first-class program. Richard Reid gave a wide-ranging presentation on objects with Irish connections to be seen on a walk up Swanston Street from the Arts Centre to the State Library. He spoke too about the big national exhibition on the Irish in Australia which he is coordinating for the National Museum beginning 2011.

Keith Pescod discussed the migrant depots of the 1850s in England and Victoria. Pauline Rule spoke of the Irish women who played an integral role in building the world of colonial Victoria. Charles Fahey outlined some successes of Irish settlers in the area north of Bendigo.

The IAG were celebrating their twentieth birthday. In May 1988, a hundred or so people gathered at a conference centre in Ballarat in the shadow of Sovereign Hill for the first Irish Ancestry Group conference. It was the year of the Australian bi-centenary and the Irish Ambassador was present. The late Des Regan was the leading light and president of the organising committee which also included Liz Murphy, Barbara McKenzie, Maureen Meyer, and the Rev Bill Coffey who was that at time running *Ulster Link* and taking genealogical tours to Ireland.

A story about that 1988 conference. My wife Mary Doyle walked into a room and the late Chris O'Mahony of Limerick who with Valerie Thomson did a lot to get down the story of the Monteaegle migrants to Australia looked at her and said, "You've got the map of Ireland in your face". Chris, on his first visit to Australia, was astounded at how many people he met here looked like people in Ireland.



At the unveiling of a plaque to Anne Howcroft née Ryan who died at Galong in 1855, aged 21: some of her descendants

Orphan girls gathering

From Thursday 2 to Tuesday 7 October, 90 people attended the Far From Famine conference at St Clements' conference centre, Galong, NSW. Many of them are descendents of the young girls who were brought to Australia by the British government from Irish workhouses from 1848 to 1850, during the Irish Famine.

The great range of speakers, the ecumenical prayer service and many valuable stories deserve a fuller report but for now I will include a photograph of a moving ceremony at the Galong cemetery to remember Anne Ryan, one of the orphan girls who became a servant at the Galong farm of squatter Ned Ryan, no relation. Anne is buried there in an unmarked grave.

Twenty trees were planted for each of the ships which brought the orphan girls to Australia.

Val Noone

O'BOYLES ROOF PLUMBING

Free quotes

- All metal roofs • Box gutters
- Spouting • Downpipes

Mark O'Boyle

ph: 03 9432 1030 mob: 0412 397 588
10 Hickory Downs Place, Diamond Creek 3089

Profile

What is your role with the Irish International Rules football squad?

I am a medical doctor travelling with the team, caring for team members should they be injured or become ill. I was invited by Sean Boyle, the Irish manager, and work as a volunteer. I have been doing this for two years.

Tell me about your family.

I am married to Anne who is travelling with me and we have four children: Emily, Ian, David and Gavin. We live in Proudstown, Navan, and built a house from local white stone and called it *Carraig Bán*, which means "white rock". Before that, I grew up in Dundalk, Co. Louth, and graduated in 1973. I came to Meath in 1977.

Are the Irish International Rules team members different from AFL players?

They are different in so far as that they are all amateur players. They all work in various trades and professions and are not paid to play football. They have to practise after

Dr Owen Clarke

Medical practitioner from Navan, Co. Meath

work and take part of their annual leave to come to the matches in Australia. They are all very dedicated and take enormous pride in playing for their country.

What other duties do you have?

Together with our physio, Grant Foley, I assist I assist them with instructions on nutrition, fitness and general well-being. There is a high degree of discipline and abstinence while playing and the lads have great commitment in playing for Ireland.

Does this position interfere with your work as a general practitioner?

No, not really. It is my hobby which I enjoy and it fits very well with my work as a doctor. I have also been team doctor for the Co. Meath team for 8 years.

You also work as a doctor in another area. Can you tell me about that?

Yes. For several years, I have been involved in the training of young GPs and am the Director of Post-Graduate Special

Training for GPs for North Eastern Ireland. I have had to attend meetings as the Irish rep of EURACT in Europe.

What do you do as a hobby?

Well, apart from the football, Anne and I both enjoy playing golf, gardening and travel.

Is this your first trip to Australia?

No. Anne and I came last year. We had heard such good reports about your country from some of the young people that had visited it and it totally exceeded our expectations. The weather, the friendliness of the people, the striking geographical diversity and respect for the land and, of course, the multi-cultural society. The lifestyle and emphasis on outdoor living and sport was also different. We had a wonderful time.

Owen, thank you for your time and I hope this visit is just as, if not more, enjoyable than your last time here.

Catherine Arthur

O'SHEA- RYAN

Academy of Irish Dance

Albury-Wodonga,
Echuca,
Bendigo, Hamilton,
Port Fairy,
Warrnambool,
Mildura, Warragul,
Kilmore

Geraldine Ryan ADCRG
Tel: (03) 9802 3920
geraldineryan2000@yahoo.com.au

Word Watch: ucalegon

From the people who brought you 'mondegreen' – how about 'ucalegon'?

A ucalegon is a neighbour whose house is on fire. Now that you know it, you'll wonder how you lived without it. It derives from the name and fame of an early inhabitant of ancient Troy – Ucalegon – an elder of the people, rather puzzlingly described as a sage. He appears briefly in *The Iliad* and is described as too old to fight but keen to sit on the tower of the Scaean gates with the other elders and gossip with them while the battle rages on the plain below.

He owes his fame to an appalling miscalculation in his real estate

decisions; he built his house next to Deiphobus, Hector's successor as the leader of the Trojan army. Naturally, when the Trojans lost, their commander's house was burnt to the ground by the victorious Greeks and Ucalegon's house went up shortly afterwards.

For some reason, this word has rarely been used in subsequent literature, but the etymological dictionaries do make it clear that living next to a castle, or in housing with inadequate party walls are also poor decisions. An essential word for people living in a bushfire ravaged countryside.

Felicity Allen

The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
Virgil, Aeneid 2.311.

Australian Irish Heritage Network

for lively and critical writing about the celebration of Ireland's heritage in Australia

SUBSCRIBE TODAY TO

Only \$55 per year
(4 issues)

*Australian Irish history • books • CDs • genealogy • travellers' tales
politics • family history • reviews • sport • current events*

Just fill in the form below and post it to:

Australian Irish Heritage Network, PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic, 8010

Yes, I want to become a member of AIHN

\$5 _____

Yes, I want to subscribe to Tinteán (four issues per year)

1 year: \$55 _____

2 years: \$100 _____

Concession (1 year): \$40 _____

Overseas Airmail (1 year): \$75AUD _____

Yes, I wish to make a donation

\$1000 _____

\$500 _____

\$250 _____

\$100 _____

Other _____

TOTAL: \$ _____

Please find enclosed my cheque made payable to **Australian Irish Heritage Network** for \$ _____

I have transferred the total amount of \$ _____ to the AIHN bank account:
BSB: 083 256 Account: 87 481 3344

Please charge my credit card: Visa Mastercard

Amount: \$ _____

Card no: _____ Expiry date: ___ / ___

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____ State: _____ Postcode _____

Phone: _____ Mobile: _____

Email: _____

Please send your order to: Australian Irish Heritage Network
PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic, 8010



Dear Readers and Friends,

Tinteán magazine is the journal of AIHN, which is a not-for-profit organisation established to encourage the growth of the social, cultural, historical, literary and sporting consciousness of Irish Australians. Tinteán is reliant for its production on the work and support of volunteers, readers and writers and, in particular, of subscribers, donors and advertisers.

If you are already a subscriber, donor or advertiser, thank you for your support.

If you are reading a friend's copy of Tinteán, please consider subscribing. Subscriptions are the lifeblood of magazines such as ours. Without them, the efforts of our volunteers will be in vain.

So we are asking you for help, please. If you write on the form below the names of people who, you think, might be interested in subscribing to Tinteán, we will post them a free copy.

To advise us of just one or two prospects will be fine. If you have a longer list, that will be most welcome also.

Very many thanks

The following might be interested in receiving a free copy of Tinteán:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____

State: _____ Postcode: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____

State: _____ Postcode: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Suburb: _____

State: _____ Postcode: _____

Name: _____

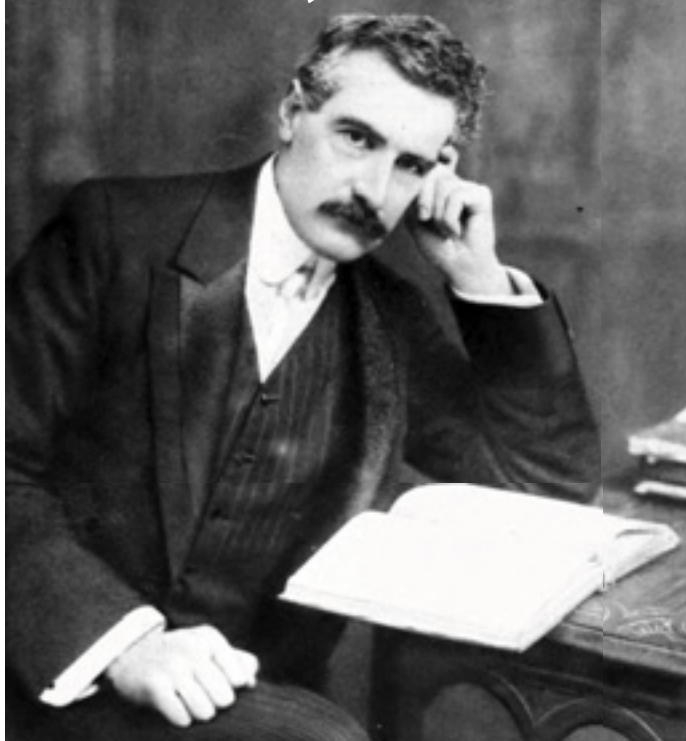
Address: _____

Suburb: _____

State: _____ Postcode: _____

Please complete this page, tear it out and post it to Tinteán, PO Box 13095, Law Courts, Vic. 8010.

Arthur Lynch



One of the most remarkable Irish-Australians ever to have lived was Arthur Lynch. He headed an Irish Brigade on the Boer side during the Boer War, was sentenced to death, became a member of the British Parliament representing Irish constituencies, wrote over two dozen books, and knew many of the famous public figures of his time.

Arthur Lynch was born in 1861 in the gold-mining town of Smythesdale near Ballarat. His father John Lynch was an Irishman from Clare, and his mother was Isabella MacGregor from Perth, Scotland. John Lynch fought at Eureka, was imprisoned and then pardoned. His son was to follow the same path of armed rebellion against British rule, but on a larger canvas and with more dramatic results.

In his twenties Arthur qualified in Arts and Engineering at the University of Melbourne. This was the beginning of a career as a scholar. He left for Europe about 1887, and never returned to Australia. He went to Germany to further his university studies, this time in science, philosophy and psychology. Like many seekers after truth at the time he lost his faith and became an agnostic. He saw in the new advanced thinking of the times the possibility of devising a worldview of his own to satisfy his enquiring mind, and wrote many rather diffuse books on his ideas. An autodidact and polymath whose yearnings were as much mystical as political, he became disillusioned with universities and university educated people. Throughout his life he had no fixed profession, though he held many positions. Later in London he completed a medical degree.

In Germany Lynch met an Irish girl, Annie Powell – they married in 1895 but had no children. In the late 1890s he moved to London and became a freelance journalist on Lord Northcliffe's Daily Mail and went to report the Boer War. While there, his sympathies were with the Boer side, and he persuaded the Boer President Kruger to let him form an "Irish Brigade", which he led, to fight on the Boer side. Despite the name, the "Irish Brigade" had some Irish members, but was a disparate

group of international supporters of the Boers, much like the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War. Kruger gave Lynch the rank of Colonel, though he had no previous military experience. The Irish Brigade which he led fought for six months with mixed results. It was this exploit that led to his subsequent notoriety in the British Isles.

On his return to Britain, he was elected as member for Galway in the British Parliament in 1901 as an Irish nationalist member, but with a maverick streak. Arriving in London to take his seat in parliament at Westminster for the first time in 1902, he was tried for treason by the British authorities. In his defence he argued that he was an Australian, and that as the Boers were not fighting Australia, the charge was not applicable, but he was found guilty and sentenced to death. There was prolonged agitation on his behalf. Some years earlier while touring the United States promoting the Irish cause, he had become friendly with President Theodore Roosevelt, who now successfully petitioned the British government for a pardon, granted in 1907. He thus avoided the fate of two other Irishmen, Roger Casement and William Joyce, who were executed for treason by the British. Remarkably, Lynch had repeated the experience of his father of taking up arms against the British authorities, and being imprisoned and pardoned.

Although he was based in London and never lived in Ireland for any length of time, Lynch served as member for West Clare from 1909 till 1918. He disliked the influence of the Catholic Church in Irish affairs, and his candidature was opposed by the Irish clergy. He got to know many famous people during the course of his eventful life, and provides brief sketches of them in his memories. They include Presidents Kruger, Clemenceau, Roosevelt, and W.B. Yeats, Generals Botha and Smuts, the sculptor Rodin, Asquith, Lloyd George, Joseph Chamberlain, and Lords Kitchener and Northcliffe. He practised as a doctor in London, and frequently visited France and Germany, as he was fluent in both languages.

As an Irish nationalist and republican he was loosely aligned with Redmond's party, but was never a 'physical force' nationalist nor an extreme anti-British ideologue, in spite of his Boer War exploits. In the first world war he supported Britain, largely because of his fondness for France and suspicions about Germany. As an Irish member of Parliament he agreed during the war to help recruiting in Ireland, and remarkably was made a Colonel in the British Army, the same rank he had held when fighting the British in South Africa two decades earlier. He opposed the partition of Ireland during and after the war, on the grounds that it would be permanent and therefore dismember the country, which has proved to be prescient thus far.

His later life was spent in London where he continued to write books, including an autobiography. He was a tall, handsome man, decent in his dealings with others, though a number of his contemporaries thought him vain about his ideas, and somewhat naïvely idealistic about politics. Lynch was an attractive person with multiple identities and complex motivations, who cannot be easily fitted into conventional categories. By the time he died in 1934, aged 73, he had published twenty-seven books in all.

The best sources on Arthur Lynch are his autobiography *My Life Story*, published by John Long, London, 1924; Geoffrey Serle's entry on him in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*; and Paucic Travers 'Arthur Lynch: An Australian Republican and Ireland's Vital Hour', Irish – Australian Studies, Ninth Irish-Australian Conference, Galway, 1997, Crossing Press, Sydney, 2000.

Patrick Morgan

A magnificent man

Growing up in the 1930's in the suburbs of Boston, the two most important male adults in my life were my father and my Uncle Tom. Both were first generation Irish-American journalists, largely self-educated, self-assured, urbane and successful. Good friends, they enjoyed nothing more than relaxing, glass in hand, discussing a vast array of subjects, frequently accompanied by good-natured needling. However, on one subject there was an almost reverential unanimity – that no other person had done more for the cause of the Irish in America than John Boyle O'Reilly. I remember it these occasions well.

Amongst those Australians and Americans who recognise the name John Boyle O'Reilly, the initial perceptions are likely to be different though both are valid. Australians will have the image of a recently transported young Irish patriot who staged a daring, successful escape from the Western Australia penal colony in 1869, the first man ever to do so. Americans will recognise the talented poet, writer and editor who waged a relentless campaign for the assimilation of Irish immigrants into American society in the late 19th century. O'Reilly cajoled new Irish immigrants into the benefits of 'honest hard work for one year' believing that this would assist the cause of Irish independence far more than 'a lifetime of worthless conspiracy.' At the same time, he railed against the systematic denial of basic opportunities and blatant discrimination such as "*No Irish Need Apply*" notations in job listings.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in 1844 in Dowth Castle (near the port of Drogheda, Ireland) where his father was a mathematician and a school headmaster. Young John grew up a very healthy, robust and active child, intently loyal and proud of his native Ireland. He listened to tales from his mother of her relatives who had been famous Irish rebels. Tutored by both his father and mother, he acquired a sound basic education as well as a great sensitivity to the long tragic history of his homeland.

At nineteen, he enlisted in the British Army (60 per cent of the 26,000 troops in Ireland were Irish). Already a member of the Fenian movement, a part of the Irish Brotherhood, O'Reilly set about recruiting additional members. When his actions were uncovered by British authorities, he was charged with insurrection, court-martialed and convicted. Probably because of his youth – he was only 21 – his death sentence was reduced to twenty years penal servitude. Twenty months later, he was transported to Western Australia.

Upon arrival at Fremantle Prison, the first thing he did was set about plotting an escape. Cautioned, but later vitally assisted by Father Patrick McCabe, an escape was finally effected on an American whaling ship, *The Gazelle*. The journey was filled with close calls and two changes of ships before he finally arrived in Philadelphia, just two years after his transportation.

O'Reilly did not linger in Philadelphia but moved on to New York City. There he spent one month before travelling to Boston where he would make his home for the rest of his life. His path in the States was eased by the many Irish organisations who knew of the young man's history – anyone who could create such embarrassment for the British Empire at the height of its imperial powers was going to be well received. Boston was a favored destination for Irish immigrants. It already had a significantly large Irish population, so large that strains between the Catholic Irish and the largely Protestant establishment were growing constantly. What was needed was



The John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial in Boston

a balanced and moderating voice capable of tempering the extremes of both sides.

He obtained employment as a reporter for *The Pilot*, a newspaper catering primarily to the interests of Catholics. His first meaningful assignment was to cover the Fenian invasion of Canada in Spring, 1870. As absurd as it sounds today, the Fenians did launch repeated raids into Canada between 1866 and 1890. The intent was to harass British installations, customs posts, railroads and the like. Beyond making themselves a periodic nuisance to the British, the Fenians accomplished absolutely nothing to further the cause of Irish independence.

O'Reilly reported accurately the poor planning and the ineptness of the Fenians as a fighting force. His coverage gained *The Pilot* and himself wide acclaim and propelled his career. Within the year, he was made *The Pilot's* editor. The Fenian cause was a diminishing force whose public acceptance was waning steadily. O'Reilly began to adopt an outlook that emphasised less outright violence but more a *political* opposition later championed by Charles Stewart Parnell. O'Reilly never outrightly repudiated his Fenian friends. He drifted towards a more thoughtful and restrained form of opposition typified by the 20th century leaders, Gandhi and Martin Luther King.

O'Reilly used *The Pilot* to broaden his concern about the injustices suffered by not only the Irish but also the Jews, Native Americans and African Americans. He also disparaged the harsh treatment of labor during America's Industrial Revolution in a period of accelerating expansion.

Meanwhile, O'Reilly's personal conditions changed when he married Mary Murphy in 1872. Early in their marriage, Mary wrote a children's column in *The Pilot*. They had four daughters and by all accounts, O'Reilly was a doting father and it was a very happy family.



O'Reilly stayed very well informed about events in Ireland during this period. He published detailed appraisals of these along with his own views in *The Pilot*. He endorsed the Land League and Home Rule movements fully but his endorsement became more restrained with the advent of the "no rent" manifesto. He saw in the manifesto the potential for injustices and he was uncomfortable with its radical tone. He became distressed at the proliferation of organisations springing up in Ireland which represented tiny variations of opinion over the same issues. He believed such organisations had the effect of diminishing the total impact of the Irish cause, thus playing right into the hands of the British.

Charles Stewart Parnell, a Protestant Irish landowner, arrived in the States in 1880. O'Reilly supported this ardent advocate for the cause of Home Rule in Ireland in the British Parliament. Throughout his political career, Parnell's disruptive tactics in the British Parliament had made him a thorn in the side of the British government, to the extent that they imprisoned him briefly in 1880-81. Sadly, the censure of the Catholic Church in Ireland for his long affair with a married woman, Kitty O'Shea, brought about his political downfall.

O'Reilly was the joint initiator and intimately involved with planning for the great *Catalpa* mission of 1876. The *Catalpa* was purchased in New Bedford, about thirty miles outside of Boston. When the mission was successful and six Fenian prisoners had been snatched to freedom from the Western Australian penal colony, Irish spirits throughout the world were lifted immeasurably. The British were subjected to even greater public derision than in the aftermath of O'Reilly's own escape.

O'Reilly never wavered nor deviated from his primary goal of a free Ireland. He felt that to accomplish that goal, achiev-

ing respect and acceptance for both the Irish and Catholicism in America were necessary. *The Pilot* regularly reminded its readers of their opportunities as well as their obligations in America and personal responsibility was demanded.

Moderation, tolerance, generosity and charm were fundamental elements of O'Reilly's character. No one was better suited to deal with the standoffish, cold and 'proper' native Bostonians who retained many of the traits of their aptly named Puritan forebears. To their credit, they accepted the intensely Catholic O'Reilly's efforts to eliminate obvious injustices and discrimination. Of course, none of these gentlemen welcomed the idea of becoming a target of stinging editorials in *The Pilot*, particularly since O'Reilly's and *The Pilot's* influence was increasingly nationwide.

The political scene in the US and its coverage in the paper quickly became O'Reilly's particular fascination. He was an ardent Democrat which was always reflected in *The Pilot*. His evaluations of senior government appointments always depended on the appointee's enthusiasm for the pursuit of freedom for Ireland and anything related to it. O'Reilly's level of influence was obvious when President Grover Cleveland met with him in New York to discuss the pros and cons of an extradition treaty with Britain that was then pending. O'Reilly opposed any treaty of any kind with Britain.

By 1890, Mary O'Reilly was very sickly and had become a semi-invalid. Her husband was the opposite and remained an athletic man. He was well travelled and in the spring of 1890, completed a transcontinental lecture tour. O'Reilly did, however, have a problem with insomnia, but had always managed to avoid a reliance on sleep-inducing drugs. On August 9, a Saturday night, sleep eluded him and he decided to try some of his wife's medications. They became a lethal combination and he never woke up. Barely 46, John Boyle O'Reilly was dead.

Boston was badly shaken by the loss of the man who had done so much to shape the city for a better, more balanced future. Condolences poured in from around the world and eulogies were delivered from pulpits, lecture halls, the press and even the British House of Commons. *The Boston Herald*, the city's most conservative newspaper, wrote:

He was a paladin of chivalry, sent down into our generation, except that he drew no credentials from palaces; his commission was always from the people. He had both mental and physical bravery to rank with either ancient or modern heroes.

Impressive memorials have been erected in Boston at an entrance to the Fenway, in Dowth, Ireland, where he was born and in the Leschenault Peninsula Conservation Park near Bunbury, Western Australia, the launch point of his great escape.

The thousands of later immigrants who settled in Boston, whatever their country of origin, whatever their faith, followed a path significantly eased by O'Reilly's efforts. Certainly the Irish, be they in Ireland or the great Diaspora, can feel pride and be thankful for this magnificent man.

For me, anything to do with O'Reilly sets off warm feelings and memories of a happy childhood and a young boy shamelessly eavesdropping on his two favorite elders. Thanks, Dad. Thanks, Uncle Tom.

Richard J Sullivan

Connecticut connections



Reynold's gravestone: a Celtic Cross with his likeness and the *Catalpa* engraved on it

In St. Lawrence Cemetery in Connecticut, stands the gravestone of James Reynolds 1832-1897. Etched on it is a likeness of the *Catalpa*, and Reynolds' nickname, "Catalpa Jim." In 1876, American Fenians sent her to rescue six Irish revolutionaries banished for life to Western Australia. Reynolds was the treasurer of the rescue committee. When funds ran short, he mortgaged his home for \$5,250 to refit the whaler. The *Catalpa* sailed on 29 April 1875, commanded by George Anthony.

American Fenians, John J. Breslin and Thomas Desmond found a Fenian network at their service. On arrival, Breslin registered at the Emerald Hotel where the proprietor, County Clare native Patrick Maloney, put him in touch with prominent Fenians, and arranged a guided tour of the prison where the Fenians were held. Breslin also met Father Patrick McCabe, County Cavan native and pastor of the Catholic parish in Bunbury. Prison chaplain, McCabe passed along information about the rescue plan. Former convict John Edward "Ned" Kelly, introduced Breslin to Dubliner John Flood, publisher of the *Irish Citizen* newspaper in Sydney. Flood became a major fund-raiser for the escape. Assisting him were John King, from Tallaght, County Dublin, a grocer, and the treasurer of the fund, James McNerny of County Clare.

On Easter Monday, 1876, the rescue came off, not without a hitch. The six Fenian prisoners – James Darragh, Michael Harrington, Thomas Hassett, Martin Hogan, Robert Cranston and James Wilson – were whisked off in two carriages rented by Breslin and Desmond and taken to an isolated beach. There, crewmen of the *Catalpa* waited with a whaleboat. Meanwhile, Australian comrades, Dennis Florence McCarthy and John Walsh, cut the telegraph wires out of Fremantle giving the rescuers a few extra hours to reach the *Catalpa*, in international waters.

Every extra minute was needed. A gunboat, the *Georgette*, came within 100 yards of intercepting the whaleboat. The *Georgette's* captain threatened to sink the *Catalpa*, yelling through his megaphone that he knew there were prisoners aboard. Captain Anthony replied that there were only free men aboard his ship. After a tense standoff, the *Georgette* steamed away, it was running short of fuel, and Anthony set course for America. On 19 August 1876, the *Catalpa* sailed into New York Harbor to a joyful Irish-American welcome.

A Chance Meeting

The *Catalpa* saga is the most dramatic Australia-Connecticut Irish link, but there are thousands of threads binding the Irish of Australia and America. Family members left from villages of Ireland to settle in the far corners of the world. Some were famine exiles, others were prisoners, canal or railroad builders or domestic servants, ending up thousands of miles from their native land, and from each other.

A serendipitous meeting in Connecticut triggered a revival of interest in exploring this phenomenon. Australian-Irishman Peter Kiernan came to New Haven in 2005 to visit his son, Ben, a history professor at Yale University. Ben invited another Yale professor, David Montgomery, a noted scholar in the field of

labor history, to join them for lunch. Peter had expressed an interest in connecting with the Irish community in New Haven and Montgomery, knowing that I was involved in the Connecticut Irish-American Historical Society, invited me to tag along.

After lunch, I gave Peter Kiernan a guided tour of our Connecticut Irish library at the Ethnic Heritage Center on the campus of Southern Connecticut State University. Our archivist the late Frank O'Day, loaded Peter up with some of our *Shanachie* newsletters and a couple of books about Connecticut's Irish. Peter later reciprocated with a full run of *Táin* magazine.

In *Táin*, we found references to the Irish Ancestry Group of the Genealogical Society of Victoria. We contacted the president; Maureen Doyle and agreed to poll members of the two groups to see if we could uncover any common roots between Australian and Connecticut sons and daughters of Erin.

Out of this initiative we in Connecticut have gained an exciting collection of Australian Irish materials for researchers. The collection includes 30-some issues of *Táin*, the latest copies of your new publication *Tinteán*, books about Australian Irish history, back issues of *Ancestor*, the quarterly magazine of the Genealogical Society of Victoria, a dozen issues of *Blarney*, the Irish Ancestry Group's newsletter and two helpful publications from the same group: *Irish Research Starter Kit* and *Griffith Valuation Kit*.

Our Australian kinfolk

Collaboration with our Australian kinfolk has proven to be a dynamic journey of discovery. Once we started looking, we found a number of links. One of our members, Jim Sheehan, is a Corkman known in Connecticut as the "Claddagh Carver," for his wonderful wood carvings. Jim has carved a bust of James Reynolds and a plaque of the *Catalpa*. He also has an Australian connection, his cousin, Father Jim O'Brien, spent a number of years in the 1960s as a missionary serving communities north of Sydney.

Patricia and Dottie Heslin, both of whom are volunteers in our archives, have cousins Theresa Nrir John Gildea and Mary Margaret Roche in Australia. 'They are my mother's first cousins once removed,' says Pat Heslin. 'I guess our family is lucky that it took until my generation to get to Australia. I assume they went by choice with some sort of positive outlook and hope for the future – not by transport. I am hoping I can get my cousin in Ireland (their brother) to fill in the blanks.'

Another volunteer is retired teacher Maureen Delahunt. 'About 15 years ago,' she relates, 'I travelled to Australia searching for relatives. I was fortunate to have a friend, Maureen Coves, who lives in Mt. Colah, New South Wales. I had met her and her husband Clem on a trip to Yosemite National Park in California. After staying with them for a week, they sent me on an overnight bus excursion to meet my cousin Philomena Condrón Le Page in Brisbane. Philomena had emigrated to Australia after graduating from nursing school. She and her husband, both now deceased, lived in Ipswich. She took me to visit her daughter Collette and her husband



Jim Sheehan with his wooden sculpture of the *Catalpa*

Tony Hooper in Rockhampton. Collette was teaching courses in film-making at the University. I also met Philomena's sons Arthur and Michael Le Page.'

Mysterious Links

Research by our members has also turned up several fascinating, but mysterious links. The first is a letter in the archives of the New Haven Colony Historical Society. It reveals, in barest details, the tale of a young Connecticut Irish-American struck with wanderlust that took him to the goldfields of Australia in the 1850s.

His name was Thomas Kelly, and his parents Roger and Mary McGuire Kelly immigrated to Connecticut during the Famine. They had nine children, some born in Ireland and some in America. Thomas' letter written on 26 January 1856, in Melbourne tells of his voyage and gives his first impressions of Australia. The story is clear and touching.

Dear Brothers and Sisters – I take the opportunity of writing these few lines hoping they may find you in as good health as those leave me at present. Thanks for all His blessings to us, after cruising in world of waters our passage was in 108 days. We had a calm outwards of five weeks. The first land we seen was the Brazils, South America, and the cause of us seeing that land, having a headwind for several days it caused us a great delay on our way especially we being so anxious to get to the gold mines we expected to make our fortune...

My mind is not made up what I might do. I could get employment in different work, but I intend going to the gold mines. It is costly too in Melbourne. Me board here is no less than 30 shillings per week. A laboring man can earn as much as a tradesman. The general wages here at present in the country is from 25 to 30 shillings per week with board...

And nothing here is much cheaper than in America. Some men has good luck in the mines. A man might make a fortune in a short time, a man might work a long time before he would ... It's life... the wheel of fortune.

Beyond those few words, we have found no record of Thomas Kelly. Did he find his fortune in gold? Did he settle in Australia? Did he return to Connecticut? Perhaps some day, a descendant will provide answers.

Another tantalising story of "the wheel of fortune" is described in the *Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times* of 14 October



Maureen Delahunty and Patricia Heslin, members of the Connecticut Irish American Historical Society

1884. The item reads:

If there are any Cunninghams in Waterbury (Connecticut), a share in a fortune may possibly await them. The amount is \$75,000 and is left by Bridget A. Pinn, or McDonnell, nee Cunningham, who left Ireland for this country in 1854, and, after various vicissitudes, became a well-to-do sheep raiser in Australia. She died a year ago without leaving husband or children and her fortune reverts to the Cunninghams, who are supposed to be in Connecticut. The Waterbury city directory contains the names of 19 Cunninghams..

As with Thomas Kelly, the tale of Bridget Cunningham Pinn ends in an unsolved puzzle. Did an heir claim her \$75,000? Or is there a Cunningham in Connecticut today who is a distant relative, but who never knew of the estate or of Bridget?

1925 Letter returns to Connecticut

Not all clues spin out to dead ends. One of the most fascinating links came from you, the Irish of Australia. Shortly after Maureen Doyle of the Irish Ancestry Group informed members of the interest in Connecticut about links to Australian Irish, she received a response from Eileen O'Callaghan, a descendant of a Michael Maher of Thomastown, County Kilkenny. In Eileen's collection of family memorabilia was a letter from Dr. Stephen J. Maher, a physician living in New Haven in the early 20th century. On a cruise, Dr. Maher whose grandparents also came from Thomastown, had met an in-law of the Australian Mahers.

On return to New Haven, the doctor received a letter from John Maher of Minyip in Victoria. Dr. Maher's reply, written in 1925, has survived. The doctor wrote:

"I was both pleased and surprised a few days ago to receive your very interesting letter. A long journey that letter had, over sea and land, bringing within its demure blue envelope a greeting from an Australian descendant of the Mahers of Kilkenny to an American descendant

of the same Mahers of Kilkenny... Your brother-in-law, Mr. Drum, who I met on the good ship Minnewaska last September told me that I looked and acted and talked like a Tom Maher that he knew... My father's father and mother came to America just one hundred years ago, from Thomastown, that is, in 1825. My grandfather's name was Stephen, and my grandmother's name was Catherine Strang... My mother's maiden name was Joanna Gorman... No doubt you have the same sentiments of love for Australia and Victoria and for Minyip that we have for America and Connecticut and New Haven, and you too thank God that you and your children live in a land of such freedom and such boundless possibilities as your great Southern Continent..."

Eileen O'Callaghan filled in some details about her branch of the Maher clan in Australia.

Michael Maher from Thomaston, Kilkenny, arrived in Australia in the mid-1800s, and in 1868 married Annie Hassett in Hamilton, a town in Western Australia. Annie was from Ballyscanlon, Cusheen, County Clare... John Maher, or Jack, as he was known, was one of seven children of Michael and Annie... on 17 September 1918, John married Elizabeth Drum at St. Mary's Church, Warracknabeal. In Dr. Stephen's letter to John, he mentions Mr. Drum. Michael Drum was Elizabeth Drum Maher's brother. Michael Drum and his wife, Effie, went to America for their honeymoon..."

Eileen also emailed to us a picture that we never knew existed, of Dr. Stephen Maher of New Haven. He was a tuberculosis expert and served on the Connecticut Tuberculosis Commission. The picture shows him discussing a TB vaccine with several other physicians.

Our Global Irish Family

It seems nothing short of a miracle that you Australian Irish and we Connecticut Irish have been able to reconnect and rejoice in our common ancestry. Our revived links remind me of a theme that Mary McAleese, president of Ireland, frequently stresses.

No other nation holds on to its children and its children's children like we do. Five generations away from Ireland, living in Chicago, Kuala Lumpur or Canberra we meet them and we interrogate them until the parish is found and the 'botherin' their emigrating ancestors set out from and the cousins of theirs we know back home in Ireland... We are a connecting people. It is our strength and our global Irish family is today one of our greatest resources, feeding our culture, expanding its imagination, opening doors, keeping faith with our intriguing homeland.

Hopefully, the link that has been re-established between Australia and Connecticut, thanks to Peter Kiernan, will continue to nourish our global Irish family in all these different ways.

Neil Hogan

Neil Hogan is a Connecticut journalist and leading activist and writer in Connecticut-Irish affairs.

Blood and Iron

Haemochromatosis is the most common inherited disease among the peoples of Northern Europe, but especially Ireland. Of the two authors, both have had personal experience of the illness. One had a student who developed it and the other has a relative who has recently been diagnosed. The names of two of the people who brought the disease to Australia are known; Olivia Gascoigne (servant girl) and Nathaniel Lucas (builder). Both were transported as convicts on the First Fleet and they now have 33,000 descendants here. Gascoigne-Lucas descendants are twice as likely as other Australians to be carriers. This disease is so common that it has been suggested that a mass screening programme of adults should be undertaken to identify people with the gene, because lives could be saved and better health promoted by simple measures.

How do inherited diseases work? Every human being has millions of genes, but they are all paired; one gene from mother and one gene from father. Haemochromatosis is caused by a fault in one gene. Diseases caused by single genes come in two sorts; dominant and recessive. If the disease is caused by a dominant gene, only one copy of the gene is needed for the disorder to appear; a common example would be dwarfism. If the disease is recessive, two copies of the gene (from mother *and* father) are needed before the child shows the disease; a common example here is albinism. People with only one copy of a recessive gene are carriers, but it will do them no harm. If two people who are carriers marry and have children, one out of four of their children will develop the

condition. In Ireland, between 14–25% of people are carriers (Ryan, O’Keane & Crowe, 1998).

Haemochromatosis is hard to diagnose, which is a problem because the sooner it is diagnosed, the sooner people can get effective treatment and prevent damage to their organs. Recessive inheritance is one reason why haemochromatosis is hard to diagnose; there are rarely obvious cases in the direct family line. The other major cause of underdiagnosis is the vagueness of the symptoms. Particularly in the early stages, the predominant symptoms are joint pain, fatigue, loss of sex drive and lack of energy – often misdiagnosed as depression or malingering. One author’s student kept going to doctors and asking what was the matter with her, and was told for nearly 10 years that she was suffering from “stress”, but all the time the internal damage was continuing. As the disease progresses, skin colour changes, liver damage or diabetes may appear and prompt some more focussed testing.

So what goes wrong? The body of a person with haemochromatosis cannot stop absorbing iron, carried in the blood as a compound called ferritin. Normal ferritin levels are 12–150 µg/ml of blood for women and 12–300 µg/ml for men; haemochromatosis sufferers can reach levels of 4000 µg/ml. Once the blood becomes overloaded with ferritin, the body will deposit ferritin in the liver, heart and pancreas. It is these deposits that cause the damage associated with the disease. Symptoms typically appear around the age of 30 leading to death around the age of 50 without treatment.

Once diagnosed, a liver biopsy is

done to see whether there has been any damage to the liver. Then treatment begins with the removal of quite large amounts of blood, gradually tapering off as the ferritin levels fall. At first, half a litre of blood is removed either weekly or fortnightly in order to reduce the ferritin levels in the blood to less than normal levels. Within about six weeks of the regular blood draws, people begin to feel better. The ferritin deposits in various organs are mobilised by the body and removed. The final stage of treatment is to decrease the number of blood draws to the frequency needed to maintain normal levels of ferritin. If this is done, organ damage can be partly reversed (depending on the stage of the disease) and normal life expectancy and full health will be restored. The high frequency of this gene in Ireland has led to recommendations that blood ferritin levels be routinely assessed there too.

If you want more information, there are many websites about this disease. Remember that there are two spellings: haemochromatosis and haemochromatosis. If you do decide to have the test yourself and you find out that you are positive, remember to advise *everyone* in your family circle to have the test. This disease is hereditary, you cannot ‘catch’ it from others, but you need to be aware of it. If your family has a genealogist, their hobby could save lives. Ask them if you are a Gascoigne-Lucas descendant!

Felicity Allen and Brenda Lindeman

Reading: Ryan, E., O’Keane, C., & Crowe, J. (1998). Hemochromatosis and HFE. Blood Cells, Molecules and Diseases, 24, pp. 428–432

R & C Conveyancing Property transfer specialists

Rose Brady – Associate member AIC (Vic Div)

Mobile: 0419 001 318 Phone: 03 5996 2759

Facsimile: 03 5996 3131 Email: rbrady@bigpond.net.au

Convict woman

Catherine (Whelan) Grace Born: 1815; Died: 1888

A very special bonnet arrived recently, made by descendant Karen Ritchie, for her great, great, great grandmother Catherine (Whelan) Grace.

Catherine was a most courageous woman. Her story is an example of the resilience of so many women transported as convicts.

She was just 147cm tall and of slight wiry build, but her tiny frame housed an indomitable spirit. Described as of fair complexion, grey eyes, brown hair and oval face, this Irish-woman from Tipperary overcame incredible adversities during her long life.

Catherine was born in 1815. She married her sweetheart Pierre Grace on 26 February 1832. Both partners could read and write. Their marriage was cruelly interrupted when Pierre was sentenced to transportation to the Colonies for sheep stealing. He was shipped out from Dublin in April 1844, aboard the *Cadet*, bound for Van Diemen's Land.

He left behind his pregnant wife and their four children James, Mary, Bridget and Catherine. Catherine and her children were soon evicted from their home and forced to roam the countryside, along with many others, in search of work.

Amidst the backdrop of the Great Irish Potato Famine, one of the greatest human disasters of the 19th century, Catherine had to keep on the move. Her choices were either being arrested for vagrancy if she lingered anywhere or sleeping under hedges or in ditches. All the while she was seeking work, desperately trying to stave off her children starving.

Catherine decided that survival necessitated getting herself arrested so she would be transported to Australia and be reunited with her husband. But her plan initially went awry. She stole a sheep but was acquitted. She immediately stole another sheep and this time her arrest resulted in her being sentenced but she was imprisoned locally with her children.

On her release, desperate to be transported, she walked into a nearby house and stole a tea caddy from the kitchen. The County Carlow Court dealt with her matter on October 17, 1844 and she was sentenced to 7 years transportation. During the 11 months she spent in jail in Dublin awaiting transportation, she became very ill with typhus fever resulting in the death of the baby she was carrying.

On the October 2, 1845 she left Ireland aboard the convict ship *Tasmania*. This was the ship's second voyage to Van Diemens Land. A few days before sailing all the convict women were fed large meals of fresh vegetables and meat. The administration of this nutritious food was regularly maintained to avoid a break out of scurvy and to ensure the continuation of good health of the passengers and convicts throughout the voyage. Prior to the commencement of the journey all the convict women were allocated a 'gift' of clothing which included one Hessian apron, a black apron, a cotton mop cap and a Hessian bag in which to store their garments. Also included was a white jacket and a checked apron to be worn in the hotter, tropical climates. How-

ever no thought was given to the plight of the accompanying infants and so Catherine's children remained barefooted and in rags. Her 10-year son Thomas, as a male over the age of nine, was deemed to be too old to travel on a ship transporting only female convicts and was left behind. Catherine is documented as having four girls in her care and it is believed one of them was a niece.

Once on board the *Tasmania* there was an outbreak of humaneness and all the children were fitted out with clothes sewn from cut up blankets and sheets taken from the ship's hospital. On December 2, 1845, the *Tasmania* anchored in the Derwent. After four or five days at anchorage the ship was boarded by officials and the children were taken from their mother and placed in the Queen's Orphanage in New Town.

Catherine spent the next six months aboard the female convict hulk, *Anson*, at Risdon Cove. Her occupation of domestic servant was utilised and in 1847 she was assigned to work for Thomas Gregson on his property in East Risdon. Her husband Pierre was also assigned to Gregson, and she was soon pregnant again. For that she was sent to the Cascades Female Factory, where she gave birth to a son, Phillip, that year. It is hard to comprehend the reasoning behind Catherine then being confined to work

for 9 months in the worst section of the Factory as a punishment for being 'immoral' when after all the father of her baby was her lawful husband. Nevertheless that was her situation. Following the birth of her child, Catherine was again assigned to work for Thomas Gregson and was soon pregnant again. This time her son John's birth was treated in a more sympathetic manner and Catherine was not forced to return to the Female Factory. Records show John's christening took place at Richmond.

In 1849 Catherine was granted her Ticket of Leave. She sought to have her children returned to her, a task hampered by the fact that the Orphan School was profiting from the aptitude of her eldest daughter, Mary and refused to release her. Catherine could not protest too vigorously in case the administration revoked her Ticket of Leave. Bridget and Catherine were handed back to their mother while Mary was retained as a teacher/monitor at the Orphanage.

Pierre was still serving his sentence so the care of the children was Catherine's responsibility. She set up as a midwife and was able to rent a hut in Macquarie Street where she and the children lived from 1850 onwards.

Pierre determined to continue his marriage, absconded from his work at the Hobart Town Hall and the couple subsequently had another child, Eliza.

In 1852 Catherine was granted her freedom and three years later Pierre received his. In 1853 their son Michael was born.

Meanwhile their eldest daughter Mary had been transferred from the Queen's Orphanage to work as a governess to the children of Dr James Wilson Agnew, who later became Premier and Chief Secretary of Tasmania (March 1886–March 1887). In 1855

“Her 10-year son Thomas, as a male over the age of nine, was deemed to be too old to travel on a ship transporting only female convicts and was left behind”



Left: Christina Henri and some of the 11,000 bonnets she has received so far.

Above: Painting by Ding Qaing of Christina Henri wearing one of the bonnets.

Catherine and Pierre moved with their children to the Huon area where they farmed a property at Graces Road, Glaziers Bay, initially leasing it from James McLaren for the annual fee of seven pounds. Later they purchased the property for £170. Catherine's fortitude was tested again when Pierre and a son-in-law were convicted of stealing a calf. This being a secondary offence for Pierre he was immediately sent to Port Arthur where he spent the next seven years.

Catherine at this stage was responsible for the care of an additional two children – Michael born in 1853 and William born in 1855. The family survived through Catherine's sheer hard work. Potatoes were the main crop grown on the property and selling them required great stamina. Ships moored in the Huon River were accessible only by barge, and the potatoes were carted in sacks down a bush track from Graces Road to Glaziers Bay to be put aboard awaiting barges. Catherine, unable to afford to travel by boat, walked the 30km to Hobart in her bare feet. At the Hobart wharf she stayed with the potatoes for however long it took to sell them before returning home. It is said that once in Hobart Catherine would change from her old clothes into her best outfit, donning her only pair of shoes to impress prospective buyers. Catherine was also the community midwife and would answer calls at any hour, walking in all kinds of weather, to visit her clients. Her daughter Bridget took on the responsibility of

minding her siblings when her mother was absent.

Eventually Pierre was freed and he and Catherine were reunited.

At the age of 73 Catherine died of cancer at her home in Glaziers Bay, Port Cygnet and was buried in St. James Church, Cygnet where other family members were subsequently laid to rest. Pierre died two years later of a stroke in hospital in Hobart Town.

Catherine left a legacy of at least 58 grandchildren from whom a few Tasmanians can trace their lineage. She may have only been small in stature but Catherine was a dynamic woman whose mental strength cannot be denied. One great-great-grand daughter, Yvonne Fitzgerald, says many of Catherine's offspring, particularly the women, display a similar firmness of purpose. Many anecdotes about Catherine have been passed down through the generations. The image of this diminutive woman routinely enjoying the smoking of a clay pipe has endured in family memory.

Yvonne's book *With my Shillelagh Under My Arm* reflects on the Grace family history and can be accessed through the Reference Section of the Tasmanian State Library.

Christina Henri

A blessing of the Bonnets' Ceremony in Melbourne is planned for the end of April 2009.

The Penal Laws in action

Nicholas Sheehy was an 18th century Irish Roman Catholic priest who was executed on a charge of ‘accessory to murder’. He was born in Ireland in 1728 at Fetard, near Clonmel and grew up near Newcastle on the Tipperary and Waterford border. His father was Francis, son of John of Drumcollogher.

Nicholas Sheehy was educated in France and became the parish priest for Clogheen in south County Tipperary. He was a prominent opponent of Britain’s ‘Penal Laws’, which persecuted Catholics in Ireland.

During these years, famine caused much suffering and death in Ireland. It is estimated that over 400,000 perished from malnutrition. The Irish Famine of 1740–1741 was of a similar magnitude to the better-known Great Famine of 1845–1852.

Unlike the famine of the 1845–1852, which was caused in part by a fungal infection in the potato crop, the famine of 1740–41 was due to extremely cold and then rainy weather in successive years, resulting in a series of poor harvests. Hunger compounded a range of fatal diseases. The death rate in 1740–41 was similar to that of the famine a century later, namely that about ten percent of the population died. The year 1741, when the famine was at its worst and mortality was greatest, was known in folk memory as the ‘year of the slaughter’ (or ‘bliain an áir’ in Gaelic). As there wasn’t a massive wave of overseas emigration in 1740–41, this earlier catastrophic famine has largely been overlooked.

Adding to the social unrest at this time was a rumour that the Catholic French would invade Ireland. Part of this concern stemmed from the emigration of many thousands of Irish soldiers – known as the ‘Flight of the Wild Geese’ – who had left for France after the Treaty of Limerick. The concern at that time was these Irish exiles would lobby the French monarch to support the Catholics in Ireland. This led to new persecutions of Irish Catholics and their priests.

Father Sheehy spoke out against the ‘Penal Laws’, the eviction of poor tenants by landlords, the elimination of common land by enclosure, and tithing taxes. These tithing taxes were for the support of the Protestant church. He believed they were unjust since they were levied against the poorest residents (Catholics) to benefit the

wealthiest (Protestants, including Protestant clergy). Furthermore, Father Sheehy was opposed to the English occupation of Irish lands. Father Sheehy’s beliefs led him into conflict with local Protestant leaders around the Clonmel district. In time, he was accused of conspiracy against the State (for involvement in a ‘Whiteboys’ riot that destroyed a wall preventing access to common land near the town of Clogheen). After a fair trial all the accused – including Father Sheehy – were acquitted.

“He said in his final speech that he was being executed for a crime which had never even been committed”

Following his acquittal, Father Sheehy was then accused of involvement in the disappearance or murder of an informer. A reward of £50 was offered by the government for allegations that led to a court conviction in this case. Father Sheehy was forced to go into hiding.

In 1764, the government issued a Proclamation and offered £300 reward for the capture of Father Sheehy. When he read the Proclamation, Sheehy wrote from one of his hiding places to Thomas Waite (Under-Secretary for Ireland) and offered to surrender, but only if he would be tried in Dublin. The offer was accepted and the trial took place on 10 February 1766, when he was acquitted of High Treason. Immediately after his acquittal, Father Sheehy was then charged with murder.

On 12 March 1766, Father Sheehy was tried at Clonmel for the murder of John Bridge. Many of the same witnesses who had previously testified against Father Sheehy also testified at this trial, in addition to some highly questionable testimony by a Mrs. Mary Brady (‘Moll Dunlea’) – described at the time as an “abandoned character”. The prosecution’s evidence was widely considered as being fabricated by local landlords and the Protestant Rector of the ‘Church of Ireland’ in Clogheen.

Evidence was also presented in defence of Father Sheehy, that he was “a respectable man and a man of property” by a Mr. Keating. Mr. Keating also testified that Father Sheehy was actually in Keating’s house at the time of the alleged murder. Mr. Keating’s testimony was then dismissed in court by a Protestant clergyman (a Reverend Hewitson), who declared Keating was an unreliable witness. Mr. Keating was then arrested and sent to Kilkenny Gaol (‘Kilkenny jail’) based on Reverend Hewitson’s allegations to prevent Keating giving any further evidence in defence of Father Sheehy.

Father Sheehy was duly convicted and sentenced to be ‘hanged, drawn and quartered’. Father Sheehy asserted his innocence of all the charges against him. He said in his final speech, after being sentenced to death, that he was being executed for a crime which had never even been committed; the murder victim (John Bridge) was known to have been present in Cork *after* the date of the ‘crime’ – and it was thought that he emigrated to Newfoundland. Father Sheehy’s attorney (a Protestant), on hearing the sentence of death, turned to the jury (Protestants) and said, “If there is any justice in heaven, you will die roaring.”

On 15 March 1766, Father Sheehy was hanged, drawn and quartered at Clonmel. Others accused of involvement in this ‘crime’ were also convicted for the ‘murder’ of John Bridge, and executed on 3 May 1766, including Edmond Sheehy, a cousin to the priest. Another cousin, Edmund Buck, was hanged in 1775, having appeared as a witness for the defence at Father Sheehy’s trial.

Father Sheehy was executed on a scaffold in Clonmel opposite St. Peter’s and Paul’s Church, where a plaque was later placed to commemorate his death. His severed head was stuck on a spike over Clonmel Gaol (Clonmel ‘jail’) as a warning to the Irish Catholics against agrarian violence. His head remained above the porch at Clonmel ‘jail’ for about twenty years.

His sister Catherine regularly visited the ‘jail’ and was eventually given the head. She took it home in a bag under her arm and had it buried with the rest of his body beside the ruins of the old church of Shanrahan.

Michael Doyle

Poetry

Barbara Smith, poet, mother of six and creative writing tutor, lives on the eastern coast of Ireland. She has just completed an MA in Creative Writing at Queen's University, Belfast. *Kairos* (2007), her debut collection, is available from Doghouse books.

Apologia

first line after W.S. Graham

I leave this at your ear for when you wake:
a beautiful six string banjo
that I stole from the musician's corner,
where it hung in the window,
suspended; cast off from the best
musician as he hung it up, last song ever
played on its sonorous strum.
This is the gift that I bring home to you,
from the public house where the clocks
always read ten to one and the tankards
are strewn on the walls as though thrown
high by drunken trolls – this banjo,
with its engraved silver bridge,
silenced so long, I leave here for
you to pick up and draw notes
from its tight drum.

The Sound Weaver's Son

Gravicèmbolo col piano e forte

It wasn't enough to know how to interlace
the notes; striking them singly or making
chords with the arc of your hand. You needed

to know how strings swept, fanning diagonals
of copper bass, brass trebles; a dense weave

of sound that hammers hit loudly or soft
when you depressed the pedal that your foot
couldn't quite yet reach from the seat's soft edge.

*The original Italian name for the piano – literally,
harpsichord with soft and loud.*

Blind Piper at the Whirlwind Session

The door bangs open and he is whooshed
in by the cold breeze. He straps on the uilleann pipes
as his arms emerge from coat-sleeves,
his cane folded by another pair of hands.

His fingers itch with the tidal pull of music
that called him into the pub; he feels
for the keys that glow with a slow build
poured into the notes. They fizz like fireflies
into the swirl above the other session players,
careening, bouncing off the ceiling, the faces
turned, jiggling elbows and swinging feet.

His girlfriend sits with him, her face vacant;
eyebrows high in black, nailed-on arches. Pale
partner, does she pump his urgency as he plays
an orgy of excess without raising a bead?

Silence replaces music, small talk voices murmur
the break. Now his face glows off hers.
Switched on like nursery-light bulbs,
their skin fades when they look away.

Colcannon

Did you ever eat Colcannon, made from lovely pickled cream?

With the greens and scallions mingled like a picture in a dream.

Did you ever make a hole on top to hold the melting flake

Of the creamy, flavoured butter that your mother used to make?

CHORUS

Yes you did, so you did, so did he and so did I.

And the more I think about it sure the nearer I'm to cry.

Oh, wasn't it the happy days when troubles we had not,

And our mothers made Colcannon in the little skillet pot.

It's that time of year again; post-Autumnal Equinox. (I feel sorry for the Americans, since they call it the "Fall" they can't use a word like "Autumnal".) Anyway we have less daylight than darkness. Tyrone has won the All-Ireland and the shops are stacked with masks, and all the grotesque trimmings of Halloween. This time of year conjures up images of scooped-out pumpkins, trick-or-treat and silhouettes of a witch on a broomstick partly eclipsing a full moon surrounded by wispy clouds. It is the time when, in bygone times, the veil between this world and the next was believed to be lifted and replaced the old Celtic festival of *Sámhain*; the Celtic god of death.

If, like me, you grew up in the rural Ireland of the 'fifties and 'sixties you will be aware of different regional Halloween customs, but the nationwide feature was Colcannon. Yes, I know; if you Google *Colcannon* you will get a ballad group in Denver, Colorado with Mick Bolger as their lead vocalist. The Colcannon of which I write is a simple and delicious dish of few ingredients and no need for lessons from a celebrity Chef for its preparation. *Cál ceannann ñ* (*white headed cabbage*) is made from mashed potatoes and cabbage, butter, salt, and pepper.

In Canada (especially Nova Scotia and Newfoundland), a local version of the dish, brought to the provinces by Irish and Scottish settlers, is popular among those raised in rural communities. The Welsh call their leek soup "cawl cennin", but I'm told there's no connection.

Did you ever take potato cake in a basket to the school,

Tucked underneath your arm with your book, your slate and rule?

And when the teacher wasn't looking sure a great big bite you'd take,

Of the creamy flavoured buttered soft and sweet potato cake.

I witnessed the cooking and consumption of Colcannon on a rather large scale recently. At a charity event, in the Wicklow mountains, Martin Byrne had the job of feeding 1,500 people (no,

that's not a typo) with Colcannon. What did he do? Well, I'll tell you. He mounted a stainless steel trailer, 8ft by 4 ft, on "ground-engaging" metal wheels salvaged from a defunct agricultural implement. He fitted a large valve in the rear panel; more about that anon. He then procured a half ton of spuds and the relevant quantity of green cabbage. After diligent preparation and the addition of appropriate seasoning the ingredients were put into the "trailer-full of water".

The whole assembly was driven in over an already blazing log fire. They say "a watched pot won't boil" but this one did. When it had reached the correct consistency Martin opened the aforementioned valve and the steaming H₂O poured onto the ground. Then came the mashing. For this job he had constructed a "two-man masher". Himself and his assistant Harry Farrington, on either side of the trailer, using plenty of elbow-grease converted the white and green load into appetising fare. With a number of brand-new shovels, one and a half thousand people were fed on Baltyboys hill. The "*loaves and fishes*" of the Bible came to mind.

Watching the willing hands around the "Colcannon pot" on Baltyboys Hill, I felt at liberty to make an assumption. I think it fair to say that not since the 1840s – the days of the "famine pot" – were as many people fed from one utensil in West Wicklow.

Did you ever go a-courting as the evening sun went down,

And the moon began a-peeping from behind the Hill o' Down?

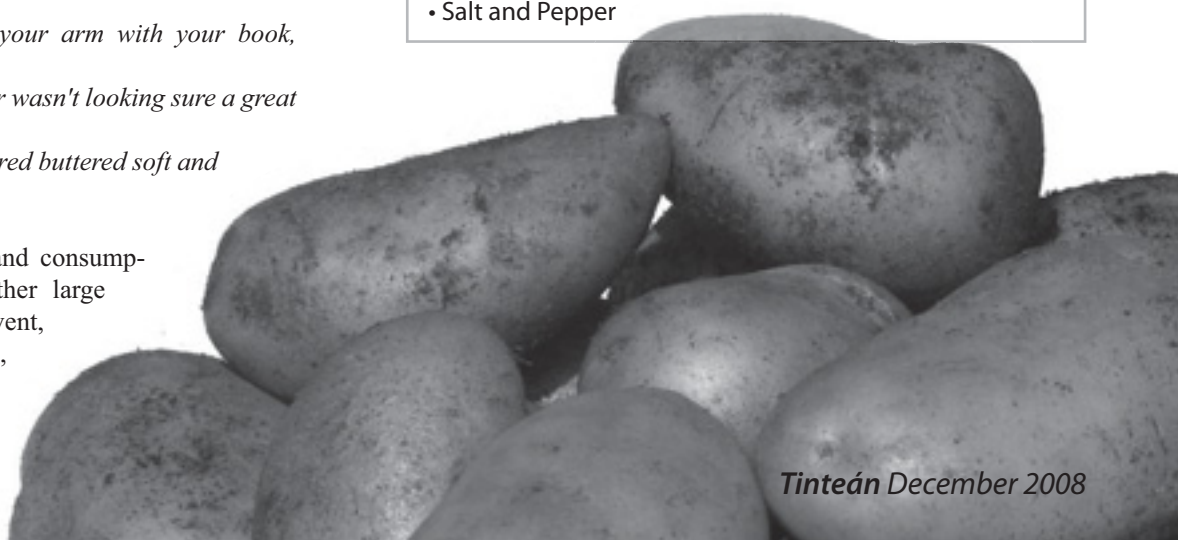
As you wandered down the boreen where the leprechaun was seen,

And you whispered loving phrases to your little fair colleen

Mattie Lennon

If you don't have 1,500 people for dinner, at Halloween, and you want to serve Colcannon on a smaller scale here's the recipe:

- 4 lbs (1.8kg) potatoes, or about 7-8 large potatoes ('old' potatoes or russet potatoes are best, waxy potatoes won't do)
- 1 green cabbage or Kale
- 1 cup (7 fl oz, 240 ml) milk (or cream)
- 1 stick (4oz, 120g) butter, divided into three parts
- 4-5 scallions (green onions), chopped
- Salt and Pepper





MARY DUFF

AUSTRALIAN TOUR

MARCH 2009

<u>Day</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Venue Ph</u>
7 th	Mildura Arts Centre, Australia	03 50188330
9 th	Norwood Concert Hall, Adelaide, Australia	08 82258888
11 th	The Capital Theatre, Bendigo, Australia	03 54346100
12 th	Eastbank Concert Hall, Shepparton, Australia	03 58329511
13 th	Warrnambool Entertainment Centre, Australia	03 55594999
14 th	Geelong Ford Theatre, GPAC, Australia	03 52251200
15 th	Warragul West Gippsland Arts Centre, Australia	03 56242456
16 th	Frankston Arts Centre, Frankston, Australia	03 97841060
17 th	Melbourne Crown Casino, Australia	1300 795012
19 th	Viking Club, Canberra, Australia	02 61212131
20 th	Wagga Wagga Commercial Club, Australia	02 69213012
21 st	Griffiths Arts Centre, Australia	02 69618388
22 nd	Goulbourn Workers Club, Australia	02 48213355
23 rd	Young Services Club, Australia	02 63821944
25 th	Batemans Bay Bowling Club, Australia	02 44724502
26 th	Smithfield RSL Club, Australia	02 96044411
27 th	Rooty Hill RSL Club, Australia	02 96255500
28 th	Western Suburbs (Newcastle) Leagues, Australia	02 49351200
29 th	Taree Manning Entertainment Centre, Australia	02 65525699
31 st	Tamworth Leagues Club, Australia	02 67657588

Tickets can be booked direct through the Venues
For further details go to: www.maryduff.co.uk

Wicked Waste makes Woeful Want!

Kathleen Lynn: Irishwoman, Patriot, Doctor

Margaret Ó hÓgartaigh,
Irish Academic Press, Dublin Ireland,
2006

Margaret Ó hÓgartaigh has given us a biography of one of the lesser known participants in the Easter Rising of 1916. Kathleen Lynn was an outsider in many ways; beginning as a woman in a man's profession, she went on to become a Protestant Irish Republican rebel, and ultimately an unmarried woman who insisted on maintaining independent employment as a public health doctor in the Catholic State of de Valera. Nevertheless she was a remarkable visionary and by making the least possible use of her talents the Free State, and later the Republic, denied thousands of its children the chance to grow up healthy or to grow up at all.

Born in 1874 to a Church of Ireland clergyman in north Mayo, the young Kathleen would have observed the near famine conditions of the 1870s and no doubt heard the grownups talking about how best to relieve it. She received an excellent formal education for a young woman at the end of the 19th century and ultimately enrolled to study medicine at the Catholic University Medical School. She almost certainly would have preferred to enrol at Trinity College – the Protestant tertiary institution – but they did not admit women until 1904. Graduating first class in 1891, she was Ireland's first female paediatrician.

Although Ireland was more advanced than England in the numbers of women allowed to qualify in medicine, it remained difficult for them to gain employment there. In 1902, a medical student named Mac Aodh wrote an ode to the "Lady Medico", published in the student newspaper, which ended "I know your aims are true, but tell me is there any need of you?" (p.13). At the time he penned his witty little ditty, Dublin had the fifth highest mortality rate in the world, but poor people were not especially important.

In the early years of the 20th century, Lynn became caught up in the many exciting revolutionary movements swirling around the capital including the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU). The WSPU's militancy ultimately gained the vote for women in England and Ireland. Her professional work as a doctor brought

her into contact with many of the leading lights of the Irish nationalist movements. In those early years, the Irish Citizen Army offered equal treatment to men and women and its leader James Connolly was a strong supporter of women's suffrage. During the 1913 Lockout, Lynn and her 'great friend' Constance Markiewicz worked in the soup kitchens and saw the desperate poverty of working class Dublin at first hand.

Lynn gradually became drawn into revolutionary circles, so that when the Easter Rising broke out, she was in the thick of the fighting supplying medical care to wounded Republicans and those who were there remembered "... her calmness and serenity while on the roof of the City Hall with bullets smacking all round her as she straightened and covered the body of Sean Connolly." (p.25). Like so many others, Lynn was fighting for a very different outcome to the one that emerged in the form of the Irish Free State. Unlike most of her comrades though, she endured the extra burden of family disapproval when her revolutionary activities led to her imprisonment in Mountjoy. The daughters of Church of Ireland clergymen rarely became inmates of that institution.

After her release, Lynn returned to medical work and attempted to deal with scourge of syphilis. This disease, often spread by soldiers, has a devastating effect on unborn children unless treated. In 1918, there was no effective treatment, but there was a great deal of argument about which army was most responsible and whether women should be imprisoned so that they could not spread the disease. There was never any suggestion that men be imprisoned. In response to the desperate need of the infected, and often abandoned children of syphilitic mothers, Lynn and her lifelong companion French-Mullen established a children's hospital known as St. Ultan's. Unfortunately for hundreds of sick children, Lynn's membership of Sláinte na nGaedheal, her fluent Irish and her strong commitment to the fledgling state were simply not enough to convince her detractors. Her Protestant background deprived her of the all important church support. The church withheld its support despite the fact that in 1928, infant mortality amongst illegitimate children was 30%!

Catholic social thinking had grave implications for women and children in the new State. There was a strong emphasis on the need for professionals involved in their care to be practising Catholics. Where medicine was concerned there were two main anxieties; firstly that time spent in Protestant run hospitals would be used for proselytising (especially for children) and secondly that doctors who were not Catholics might be more inclined to commit the "...impious crime..." (p.94) of abortion. These considerations were far more important than the fact that ten out of every hundred children born in Dublin in 1932 would not live to see their first birthdays or even that, just for once, there was plenty of money available courtesy of the Hospitals' Sweepstakes.

Throughout the 1930's, Lynn attempted to organise the amalgamation of St. Ultan's with the much larger Harcourt St. Hospital to provide the health services that the children of Dublin needed so desperately. This merger was opposed because it would create a virtual monopoly in the medical treatment of children on the south side of the city and, according to Dr. Byrne, Catholic Archbishop of the time:

"Clearly the atmosphere of the amalgamated institution would be over-whelmingly non-Catholic and in such an institution Catholic children, who would form 99% of the patients, would find themselves in a predominantly non-Catholic atmosphere. To this I would never consent." (p.101)

To emphasise his point he quoted Cardinal Newman questionably to the effect that the Church would rather save the soul of one person than carry out full scale sanitary reform of Sicily. Despite Lynn's hopes and continuing agitation, a large children's hospital was not opened in Dublin until after her death.

In addition to secular discrimination, Lynn along with the other women of Ireland suffered under the Conditions of Employment Bill (1936) which restricted the working hours of Irish women. This measure was taken partly on the basis of Catholic social thinking, but partly in response to the Great Depression of that time. She, and other women who had fought for the republic, deplored the way women were denied political and economic rights in the new State. The upshot

of the economic deprivation, religious control and medical timidity and indifference towards the sufferings of women was that by the end of the 1940s, Éire had one of the highest maternal and infant death rates in Europe. Ó hÓgartaigh's careful and scholarly analysis of the combined impact of religion and patriarchal politics on women's opportunities clarifies the reasons for this terrible result.

Lynn's medical views were often unusual, even for the time. She was a staunch supporter of breast-feeding – becoming old-fashioned then. She was also in the forefront of that strand of medical opinion which insisted on opening all the doors and windows in a sick room, even if there was snow on the ground outside. While on holiday, it was her practice to walk barefoot around the Glenmalure hills to milk the goats or get fresh water from the stream. While it cannot be denied that she followed her own regime, and lived a long, healthy life on it, it's a relief that weaker successors have moved away from that.

Despite the difficulties and disappoint-

ments of her larger scale plans, Lynn continued to care for her patients throughout the 1940s and 1950s, contributing as much as possible to the defeat of TB and malnutrition during this time. The tiny size of St. Ultan's meant that its impact could never be great, especially given the desperate need that surrounded the hospital. She saw many patients who were desperately impoverished and undernourished including one child in 1942 “..who has no clothes, 11 in family and £1.12.0 a week for everything.” (p.128), a case history which makes Frank McCourt's childhood look idyllic – he did have clothes, at least. It was in these poor families living in overcrowded conditions that TB was most likely and the association between TB and poverty meant that sufferers felt considerable shame. It was one of the St. Ultan's staff, Dorothy Price, who pioneered TB immunisation in Éire.

After her death, aged 81 in 1955, her summer cottage in Glenmalure was bequeathed to An Óige which used it for a youth hostel.

Felicity Allen



THE LAKE SCHOOL OF CELTIC MUSIC, SONG AND DANCE



Koroit January 4-9 2009

The Lake School of Celtic Music song and Dance January 4-9 2009 Koroit Vic - featuring daily tuition on flute, tin whistle, fiddle, guitar, DADGAD guitar. Irish language, Irish set dancing, singing, anglo concertina, kids program, bodhran, slow session, songwriting, uilleann pipes, as well as the

Billy Moran Memorial Welcome Session, The Spud Poets Award, the Songwriters Concert, the Blackboard Concert, Singers Night and the Grand Ceilidhe. New to the Lake School this year are tutors Danny Bourke (Irish music masterclass Jan 9), Youth Performance night, Oral History Project with Teresa O'Brien. Also Ray Argall from Sydney continues the Youth Program begun last year by Gary Egan, and Lou Hesterman will continue with the Events Recording.

Tickets \$165/95 Contact Felix 0413-801294 felix@bushwahzee.com www.bushwahzee.com

THE IRISH PROGRAM

Éistigí

RADIO 4EBFM

Saturdays:
12.30pm–1.30pm

South-East
Queensland on

98.1FM

The world on
www.4eb.org.au

Ph (07) 3240 8600
irish@4eb.org.au

Lyrical singer of Irish ballads

Around The Boree Log
Eileen McPhillips

In March 2007 a member of my U3A class on Australian Folklore asked if I would like to play a track from a CD that she handed me. This lady had just returned from the John O'Brien Festival that is run each year at the NSW Riverina town of Narrandera, where she had bought the album. A quick look at the CD cover showed familiar, favourite titles, though the singer's name was new to me. The name of the red haired lady on the cover was Eileen McPhillips.

The title of the album was *Around the Boree Log* and as that song was the initial track I played it. John O'Brien (Fr Hartigan) could not have been more delighted with the rendition of his much-loved poem that Eileen has set to a moving traditional Irish air.

So popular was that first track that the group wanted (demanded?) other songs from the album and were still wanting more after another three. Those other three were: Dumbarton's Drums, that heartfelt Scottish song made popular by Jean Redpath many years ago; Lawson's poetically poignant *He's Gone to England For a Wife* was another winner, as was the Mackellar classic *My Country*. Following each track, and subsequent playings since then, several members of the class would automatically comment, 'What a beautiful voice'; a sentiment with which I agree, although it is an understatement of the lady's vocal ability.

Eileen McPhillips sings with a lyrical Celtic voice (of Irish parentage, she was born and reared in Dumbarton, Scotland) with distinct diction. I particularly appreciate ballad singers accompanying themselves on guitar with no band over-



riding the lyrical fabric of the vocals, though I know others prefer – and we are used to – a variety of instruments behind the singer.

I must be honest in admitting that Eileen's selection of songs is something that I would be naturally drawn to. Other than the tracks mentioned, the album also has Percy French's beautiful *Come Back Paddy Reilley (to Bally James Duff)*, *The Catalpa*, Judy Small's historical *Mary Parker's Lament*, two traditional Irish songs *My Brown Haired Boy* and *Down By the Glenside* and Lawson's *Break o' Day*.

This album resulted from Eileen winning the Buskers' Award at the John O'Brien Festival in 2006. It is truly remarkable that this lovely lady with such a beautiful voice and selection of material has kept out of the folk mainstream for so long.

My one complaint regarding the CD is that not all verses of the Mackellar classic were sung. A small criticism indeed.

Chris Woodland

Copies of Around the Boree Log are available from clonandra@bigpond.com for \$25, which includes postage.

14ú Annual Daonscoil Cumann Gaeilge na hAstráile

What is it?

A one week residential course in the Irish language, catering for all levels from beginners to fluent speakers.

When?

From 2 pm Sunday
4/01/2009, until 10am
Sunday 11/01/2009.
Arrive between 2pm and
3pm for registration.

Where?

Lady Northcote
Recreation Camp,
Rowsley (near Bacchus
Marsh), Victoria,
approximately one hour
drive from Melbourne.

Cost?

Weekly Rate:
Adult \$470,
Student (4-15 years) \$355
Child (2-4 years) \$235
Daily Rate:
\$75 per day

Phone Guthán: Maurice Moore (03) 9720 7735 Email Ríomhphost: daonscoil@gmail.com

www.gaeilgesanastrail.com

Running for himself

The Irishman who ran for England

Jim Hogan

Dublin, Currach Press 2008

Born Jim Cregan in Croom, County Limerick, Jim Hogan is arguably one of Ireland's most famous – some think infamous – athletes. His fame derives from three facts: he ran barefoot; at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, representing Ireland, he failed to complete either the 10,000 metres or the marathon; thirdly, the apex of his career was victory in the European marathon in Budapest on 4 September 1966, running for England! Hence, the infamy.

In this book, Hogan tells his story. Largely, the book is a record of the major races in which he ran, and a discussion of the associated tactics and drama. Parts of the book are extracts from newspaper articles relevant to those themes. Hogan has a section on 'tough athletes including Australians Derek Clayton and Ron Clarke' (pp. 106–107) – he had a long association with the latter. Chapter 16

(pp.123–138) is entirely derived from the 1967 book *The Lonely Breed* by Clarke and Norman Harris. But there are important subsidiary themes – especially Hogan's seemingly endless conflicts with Irish athletic officialdom whom he sees as mean and short-sighted (p.63), the debt he owed to his wife Mary, and his disdain for current European distance runners 'who have given up and left it to the Africans' (p.150).

Hogan, however, offers few real insights. Perhaps the most interesting is his comment is that 'you never run for anyone but yourself' (p.82). His discussion of his wife Mary leaves out most of the critical details. The illness which first manifest itself on their wedding night (p.35) needed an operation where 'a piece of something or other was left inside her that caused all the problems' (p.54) She was 'well educated and held down a good job' but her work was never discussed (p.37). Moreover, Hogan is unaware of contradictions in his position. He defends his barefoot running on

the simple grounds that in fact he could run faster that way (pp.31–34), but then blames the slippery track for his failure to catch Mohammed Gamoudi in a race at White City in 1965 (pp. 103–104).

Hogan is a trifle defensive about his decision to move to England because there were 'no jobs in Ireland' and the country was 'riddled with class distinction' (p.30). If he had stayed in Ireland as an athlete, he 'would have wound up with nothing'. (p.29). He is (disingenuously?) somewhat baffled by the resentment he experienced on his return to Ireland (p.81).

This is far from the greatest book ever written. Perhaps Hogan's problems arose from the fact, attested by preface writer David Bedford, that 'If he didn't like you he told you in no uncertain terms'. Hogan seems to oversimplify matters and to hold grudges, e.g., about the decision to hold the Olympics in Mexico City which he believes gave an unfair advantage to the Africans!

Bob Glass

Potential of the human heritage of joy

Immersion: THREE Continents, TWO

People, Embracing ONE World

Mairéid Sullivan and Ben Kettlewell

This was Mairéid and Ben's first concert since 2005 and took place on the 19 September 2008 at 'Earth Harmony' in Warrandyte, Vic They entertained an appreciative audience with a program which interwove traditional and contemporary songs, poetry and spoken word with acoustic and ambient compositions against the backdrop of their award winning film *Time after Time*.

'We are celebrating the innate spiritual impulse that thrives in our heritage of joy, –bringing our most elusive dreams and ancient memories of the global commons into focus.' Mairéid said

The venue 'Earth Harmony' in Warrandyte proved to be a very good concert venue. The space is like a dance studio with relatively high ceilings and a low stage. It had great acoustics, helped by the fact that Robyn Jenes, the inspiring owner, has installed a sprung wooden dance floor, which she saved from

demolition!

The performers had much fun with their audience. During the second half of the concert, someone asked Ben about his Dobro, (the legendary resonophonic guitar) so he told its history, in his inimitable way. Then Mairéid asked him to show the people the style of music it was invented for, and he played an impromptu piece – a beautiful blues number – she had never heard him play before.

For this concert, songs and poems that revealed the 'spirit of joy' inherent in three cultures: Ireland, North America and Australia were chosen. Even though Ben grew up in a Scottish-Cherokee Quaker family (sitting in silence waiting for inspiration), he had been baptised five times (every year from age 7 until he, too, left the farm at age 12), because the Baptist revival tent meetings were the biggest annual entertainment in the rural North Carolina countryside.

Ben nearly brought the house down when he told the hilarious story of his first woollen suit He hated wearing it

and his grandfather told him he could wear it to the baptism. After being dunked in the river he was waiting in the scorching sun as everyone else got dunked, and felt the suit shrink and the buttons begin to pop.

A young couple sitting in the front row, were obviously relishing both the performance and the togetherness it was engendering. A woman who looked like she was in a state of ecstasy explained in the interval that she had recovered from cancer using pH alkalising methods and was seeking out joyous experiences. Tapping in to her heritage of joy!

Tim Flannery recently posed a provocative question: 'Sometime this century, after four billion years, some of Earth's regulatory systems will pass from control through evolution by natural selection, to control by human intelligence. Will humanity rise to the challenge?'

Humans' heritage of joy is the root of this imminent giant leap in human potential.

Mairéid Sullivan

Enrich your
life's major
moments!

Ceremonies by Celebrants

The Celebrant Centre provides professional well-trained celebrants who create a personalised ceremony to suit any occasion.

Elegant certificates of commemoration also available.

Weddings, namings, funerals – all are enriched with personal story designed by you.

Call the Celebrant Centre for unique and lasting memories.

03 9419 0460

www.celebrancy.com

A lesson in industrial relations

Off the Rails: The Story of ILDA
Brendan Ogle
Currach Press, Blackrock, 2003

Brendan Ogle's memoir, *Off the Rails: The Story of ILDA* is a lively introduction to a potentially unpromising topic: the do's and don'ts of contemporary industrial relations. On one level it's simply the David and Goliath tale of a small craft union's battle for recognition in the face of opposition from larger and longer established labour organisations, a particularly intransigent employer, indifferent ministers and government instrumentalities asleep at their wheels. On another level it's a critique of how worker groups might still gain traction in an age dominated by what Australians would recognise as Accords between big governments and big unions.

The first part of the narrative deals with the origins of the Irish Locomotive Drivers' Association (ILDA) as a splinter group arising from dissatisfaction with the way in which Irish Rail's engine drivers – of whom Ogle was one – were represented by more broadly based unions in discussions about the introduction of new work practices during and after 1994. Those – ultimately just under 50% of all drivers – who formed ILDA in September 1998 took exception to others voting on drivers' conditions and, asserting their concern for the public interest, opposed such moves as the recruitment of part-time or contingency engineers, what they calculated to be a likely increase in their daily hours, and an extension of their maximum daily driving mileage.

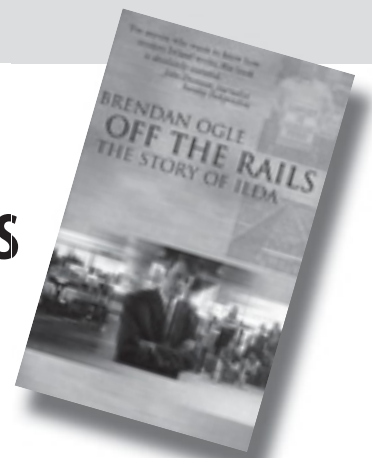
ILDA, however, always had a problem. Although it was finally (in July 1999) registered as a union (over the resistance of its perennial rivals, the Services Industrial Professional and Technical Union (SIPTU) and the National Bus and Rail Union (NBRU), it was never successful in obtaining formal recognition as an autonomous entity under the Industrial Relations Act of 1990 and consequently lacked a licence to negotiate conditions and pursue grievances on behalf of its members other than on a case by case basis. It was inevitably at a disadvantage when Irish Rail proposed a New Deal for Locomotive Drivers in 2000 and even more so throughout the subsequent ten-week lockout that followed from its

refusal to bow to what it argued were safety-threatening and unduly oppressive management demands.

A daily record of the June-August 2000 ILDA-Irish Rail confrontation and its aftermath forms the core of Ogle's work. While the author is not notably reflective or unusually candid about ILDA's own failures (for instance, its inability to recruit a majority of drivers and sustain momentum as economic hardship for its members became a real possibility), he does provide an intriguing outline of the quotidian minutiae necessarily involved in such a protracted disagreement and the bitter divisions they engendered. Besides an essential foray into the courts and bodies such as the Labour Relations Commission (LRC), he considers – and assesses – the roles of other parties variously involved in ILDA's difficulties. These include the media (“spin instead of substance; attack instead of debate; lies instead of truth” p.192); the legal profession; chambers of commerce; community action groups connected with tourism and local business; other unions and their federation, the Irish Congress of Trade Unions (ICTU). All in all, Ogle concludes, the dispute was a “conspiracy against ILDA” (p.283) and “an episode from which the Irish trade union movement can take no credit at all” (p.342).

Off the Rails is, of course, a partisan account of a hot topic. At the same time it is a vital historical document and, to Australians, an absorbing comparison with the infamous waterfront dispute of 1998. What we think of ILDA's actions and, more especially, Ogle's role in the conflict of summer 2000 will probably be determined by our politics. But that takes nothing away from the fact that this strangely absorbing study is both worthwhile and timely. Written as it is in terms of a contest between clear heroes and dark villains, it has the potential to appeal to politically engaged citizens as well as to students of labour relations.

Graeme Cope



Saint Oscar and secret London

Oscar Wilde and a Death of No Importance: A Mystery

Gyles Brandreth

Simon and Schuster, New York and Sydney, 2008

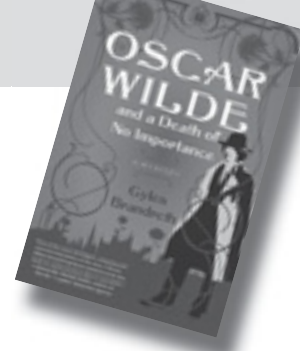
An old-style literary education leads one to scorn the detective genre, and I'm far from being an aficionado of the genre as a result of that bit of élitism. Determined to put that prejudice aside, I've read two in the last two months, the first detective novels since my childhood, and one of them is worth reporting on for this magazine's readers. It's a delicious and well-researched novel featuring not a detective as its main focus but Oscar Wilde functioning in his/her stead.

Oscar's intelligence and perspicuity is the flimsy basis for the literary stratagem of making Oscar the investigator, but it's a pleasing one if you happen to be a fan of Oscar, as I am. I must confess I'm in the middle of an Oscar jag in preparation for Bloomsday in Melbourne 2009. This novel had me consulting Ellmann's index often to check on real-life events and personalities who figure in this mystery. Brandreth cer-

tainly knows his way around the existing biographical machinery. His narrator (and Watson) is Robert Sherard, and this too is clever, as he was Wilde's first biographer, gay, and best of all not nearly as bright as his idolised friend. His wrong-headedness is a gift to a mystery writer.

Brandreth is also a Sherlock Holmes fan, and Conan Doyle, in his real-life medical persona, makes his own critical appearance in the novel. I was not aware that Oscar and Conan Doyle were friends. It is an ingenious move to have him use Oscar to solve a mystery that Doyle could not unassisted. Never mind that the fictional detective and the medico become a tad interchangeable.

Although unschooled in the genre, I know enough not to spoil the plot, which is wonderfully Byzantine. What Brandreth, a journalist by training gives us is plenty of Wilde (he circulates Wilde's witticisms with a lot of style). In addition, he is fascinated by 1880s London, scene of Jack the Ripper, and a clandestine community of upper-class gays who were prominent in the top levels of the British government and, as a result, always open to blackmail



– of the sort that caught up Wilde himself and cost him his career, and even his life. The murder victim belongs to the rent-boy class that Wilde was notoriously generous towards, and the collision of class interests fuels the novel which concerns itself with the pre-trial years (1880–early '90s). Brandreth's immersion in cultural and social history and especially the history of homosexuality makes the novel a journey in itself. Whatever slight reservations I have about the plot are more than compensated for by the historical framework of the novel.

This novel is a fascinating variation on the mystery genre. It is the first in a projected series featuring Wilde. I, for one, will be seeking number 2 (*Oscar Wilde and the Ring of Death (UK)/ Oscar Wilde and a Game Called Murder (USA)*).

Frances Devlin-Glass

The UK title is Oscar Wilde and the Candlelight Murders

Roaring swoonfuls of the human double helix

Dubble In It: A Roaratorio in Praise of the Progenitors of the Human Genome,

Phillip Harvey and Rod Baker,

based on Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*

There was not a bloom in sight but all hailed to the human genome for Bloomsday in Melbourne's evening performance this year. Phillip Harvey and Rod Baker's delightful "Dubble In It: A Roaratorio in Praise of the Progenitors of the Human Genome" transformed Joyce's babble on the pages of *Finnegan's Wake* into a oratorio in seven forms. The potentials and particularities of our chromosomes, first explained by Joyce as the double helix seven years before it was discovered, was traversed from tango blustering to a hallelujah chorus and silly walks in between.

The evening commenced with the introduction to the human genome in swoonfuls. Anna Scheer lamented "The pleasures of love" whilst David Adamson made us feel what Joyce "meant about it" leaving us smouldering just in time for the tango.

In part II "The tango lecture" Kirk Alexander was the university professor in flights of enthusiasm about the double helix. He was eventually edged out by a pair of zealous tangoists.

The dance of love became an intimate coupling in "her and him", part III. He (David) and She (Jane McArthur) moved from introspective musings like chromosome pairings edging each other on towards vocal histrionics ("his fatherjohnson" "her little mary") before getting over it.

Then things got really lively. Part IV "Reckonition" called for

a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus led by Bill Johnson. "With helixes so splendid", Bill reminded one of a mad band stand leader commanding his "betwixt", "yesterdicks" and "twomaries" out of a word box of somethings into something at least highly comical.

Part V, "The Plainchant of the Cloudyphiz", reminded us of the changeability of the human countenance, and the human physiognomy for good measure, and in the end we were encouraged to drink to change.

We then entered a Gregorian Plainchant coupled with an Elizabethan madrigal for part VI "A Coil of Cord". Jane's lilting "a colleen coy" sent many an eyelid down to absorb the echoes of love pleasures long gone.

The oration finale was a Messiah-inspired Hallelujah Chorus with the cast and audience singing "Your Ominence! Your Imminence! And delicted fraternitrees!" The conclusion of the performance was Joyce's words alone "A way a lone a last a loved a long the" leaving the audience in a state of transcendence. And then we sang again!

Kevin Lo, Musical Director, threaded and accompanied the performance beautifully with a rustic solo violin, and Brenda Addie's direction focused on using theatricality – heavy academic garb in blacks and ABC-princess accent – to achieve a sense of intelligence from the mad words. The performance delivered on lifts, lofts, laughter and leftness.

The atmospheric Monty's on Smith Street in Fitzroy was a perfect backdrop; lofty and yet the tables surrounding the ground-level theatre space brought the action up close.

Roz Hames

A worthy son and socialist

Roddy Connolly And The Struggle For Socialism In Ireland

Charlie McGuire

Cork University Press

While researching the political legacy of James Connolly in Dublin in 1985 I had the great good fortune to interview the great IRA leader, man of letters and sparkling conversationalist, Peadar O'Donnell. In the course of our discussion I asked O'Donnell about his assessment of Connolly's son Roddy (Ruaidhre), he replied 'A good man but he wasn't the man his father was.' Clearly this comparative 'but' to a large extent followed Roddy Connolly throughout his long and politically active life. It is, of course, an unfair comparison – who, particularly in Ireland, would fare well in comparison to the great James Connolly? – a man who was both a revolutionary Socialist widely recognised as the most courageous labour leader and creative Marxist thinker ever to emerge from the Irish (and British) Socialist movement but who also holds an exalted place at the very top of the pantheon of Ireland's national heroes and martyrs and is recognised as a founding father of the Irish Republic? A hard act to follow indeed.

When I was invited to review this book on Roddy Connolly I must admit my first reaction was one of some surprise – I wondered if his political career really justified a book length study. This is not to suggest that I had a negative view of Roddy Connolly, indeed when I studied the Irish Republican and Communist Left in the post-Rising years I had been impressed by Roddy's commitment and contributions. But still, I wondered if he would have justified such a study if he had not been the son of James Connolly. I am pleased to report that, at least for this reader, the labour that the author, Charlie McGuire, has invested in this book is well spent.

McGuire, who has a background as an active trade unionist in Ireland and is currently a history researcher at the University of Teeside, has performed a very useful service to Irish historiography in this work. McGuire does not intend his work to be a traditional biography – his focus is on Roddy's political contribution and development and there is only

passing note of his 'private life' and personal characteristics. Even the death of his first wife, Jessica, the mother of two young children (he was eventually, like his father, the father of seven children) after only eight years of marriage in 1930 and the break-up of his second marriage (after thirty-three years and five children) in 1970 and the 'new partner' who shared the last decade of his

“I never saw
him again. My
last meeting with
my father was that
Wednesday afternoon
in the GPO”

life, are given very short shrift. Having said this, by reading between the lines as it were, one can, with a little effort, build up a picture of the man that Roddy Connolly was and this added to rather than detracted from the book.

In the aftermath of the 1916 Rising, when James Connolly's wife, Lillie, visited him at Dublin Castle three days before his execution, she told him that their son Roddy had been imprisoned for eight days, he replied proudly 'Imprisoned for his country and not yet sixteen. He's had a great start in life, hasn't he?' Lillie's reply isn't recorded but we do know that she had previously expressed deep concerns about Roddy's participation in the Rising to her husband noting that he was 'still a child'. To which Connolly replied 'he is not a child, Lillie, he is fifteen.'

Thus it was that as a stripling of fifteen Roddy, armed with a .22 rifle presented to him by his father, and recently promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the Republican Youth organisation, the Fianna, made a notable and dramatic start to his own struggle for Irish freedom. Roddy marched with the main contingent to the GPO on Easter Monday and acted as an aide-de-camp to both his

father and to Pdraig Pearse. He was thus at the centre of the action until, being asked on the Wednesday to leave the GPO and deliver a suitcase of important documents to William O'Brien, a comrade and friend from the Irish Transport and General Workers Union. It is probably no coincidence that Connolly decided to send his son out of the GPO on the day that the building started to come under a fierce shelling. Roddy, unfortunately, wrote almost nothing about his own experiences but he did later recall this event:

When I reached O'Brien's home there were tears in my eyes. I felt or rather had a premonition that I would never see my father again. It was rather strange to see him cry, and at our parting in the GPO I saw tears drip down his cheeks – it was actually our last goodbye. I never saw him again. My last meeting with my father was that Wednesday afternoon in the GPO.

Roddy's adventures were by no means over when he left the GPO for the relative safety of the streets. He and O'Brien were arrested on the following Sunday when they went into Beresford Place in the Centre of town (where Liberty Hall the ITGWU/Citizen Army office was situated). Roddy, wise beyond his years, gave a false name ('Alfred Carn') to his captors (there was a fear that as the son of James Connolly he might be executed) and spent the next few days in the company of such Irish Republican luminaries as Tom Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada and Sean MacBride. MacDiarmada, the only one in the cell who knew Roddy's real identity taught the young fellow to play chess (a pursuit at which he excelled, and which became a life-long passion) and is reported to have told his fellow prisoners after Roddy's release – 'Connolly had that boy well trained.'

Connolly indeed did have Roddy well-trained and throughout all the years that followed in his long life he attempted to follow in his father's political footsteps. There is no space in this short review to detail Roddy's long political career; suffice to say that he joined the Socialist Party of Ireland (founded and led by his father) in 1917, made a number of dan-

gerous and secretive visits to the Soviet Union (where he frequently met and was hugely influenced by Lenin), played the leading role in forming the Communist Party of Ireland in 1921, fought in the Irish Civil War on the Republican side, helped found and lead the Workers Party of Ireland in 1926, joined the Labour Party in 1928 (again founded and led by his father) and helped organise and lead Republican Congress in 1934, was imprisoned twice in 1935 and thereafter rose through the ranks of the Labour Party being elected as both a TD (representing Louth), a Senator and Chairman of the party.

MacGuire is critical of Roddy's move away from Socialist revolution to democratic Socialism but Roddy surely can't be faulted for trying, indeed the influence he had on the Irish left and the left-wing of the IRA when he was still a very young man speaks volumes for his ability and cannot be explained away as being based purely on being his father's son. MacGuire writes well

and presents a painstakingly detailed account of Roddy's political life – it is a fascinating story, well worth the reading. Although the author doesn't devote much attention to Roddy the man as opposed to Roddy the politician, he does in conclusion pose and attempt to answer the question 'How will Roddy Connolly be remembered?' thus:

Although regarded by some as a cold and taciturn person, to those who were closest to him Connolly is recalled as a loyal friend, gregarious in company, refined in intellect, abstemious, and with a taste in literature that ranged from the classics of European history to textbooks on mathematics and engineering. He is remembered by his many friends and associates as a lifelong socialist who did not abandon his political principles... As a political activist, Connolly is certainly deserving of respect. He slogged his way through sixty years of socialist, communist and



Labour initiatives, in a quite self-sacrificing manner. He did not give up the struggle like many of his fellow activists and neither did he use politics as a route towards personal or financial advancement...

The Roddy Connolly that emerges from this fine book was a courageous, highly intelligent, politically committed and thoroughly decent man – his father would have been proud of him.

Dr Bill Anderson



At P.J.O'Brien's Irish Pubs throughout Australia people are enjoying the Christmas Season with Parties and Festivities. Book now for Lunch, Dinner or Cocktail Events.

Sydney and Melbourne venues open for Christmas Day – Taking bookings now.

Check our website for contact details www.pjobriens.com.au



BAR & DINING LOUNGE OYSTER BAR

P.J.O'Brien's Irish Pub, Southbank Melbourne invites you to enjoy P.J.O'Brien's Side Bar

Open everyday for Lunch, Dinner and offering an all day

menu including our delicious freshly shucked oysters from our Oyster Bar.

Specialising in private and corporate functions, from a dinner for 50 to a Cocktail Event for 250

Call Fiona B on 03 9686 5011 for further information or email her at functions@pjobriens.com.au

www.pjobriens.com.au

Grand Dame of the desert

Daisy Bates, Grand Dame of the Desert
Bob Reece
National Library of Australia,
Canberra, 2007

Bob Reece's excellent biography presents readers with paradox after paradox in the life of Daisy Bates (1859–1951).

Daisy had humble origins in County Tipperary, Ireland. In later years, she upgraded her social status revealing herself as an eighteen-carat first-class snob. And Daisy was also ashamed of her Catholicism which she soon jettisoned. Later in Australia she toadied to the 'Anglo' Establishment by opposing limited self-government (Home Rule) for Ireland. By contrast, the overwhelming majority of the southern Irish were fiercely pro-Home-Rule.

No doubt many readers will not be impressed by Daisy's strident *apologia* for British imperialism. Incidentally, this reviewer is a Catholic and has his fair share of Irish heritage; he, too, is not impressed. It is instructive to note that Daisy later hoped to be made a Dame of the British Empire (p.112). But she was anti-Semitic and therefore had reservations about accepting Sir Isaac Isaacs as our first Australian-born Governor-General (p.108)!

There are just a few more negatives about Daisy before I cheer up. Reece quite rightly sees Bates as an autocrat, very much wrapped up in her sense of self-importance both in her private life and in her work with the Aborigines. Within just fifteen months in the 1880s she contracted in Australia one marriage and two bigamous marriages (her first husband being Breaker Morant). Reece

sees Daisy's long years in the desert among the Aborigines as strengthening her autocratic tendencies—she did not want competition. The novelist Ernestine Hill helped her, but that assistance was not acknowledged.

Daisy was at pains to create the 'saintly feminine image' of the prim Victorian in the outback (p.99). In so doing she spent, for example, sixteen long years of self-imposed isolation at Ooldea on the transcontinental railway line. This personal sacrifice enabled her to compile a detailed and comprehensive knowledge of local aboriginal mythology. And the value of Daisy's ethnographic work has been acknowledged. Yet, on the other hand, academics have dismissed her as an amateur anthropologist.

It is perhaps understandable that Bates contributed to the old assessment that the Aborigines were a dying race whose pillow should be smoothed. That attitude is attested in her very dated, *The Passing of the Aborigines* (1938). But it is extraordinary that, despite all her research, she had no real liking for the Aborigines (p.150). And what are we to make of her observation that 'with very few exceptions the only good half-caste is a dead one'? Yet Daisy—in another paradoxical twist—left her Estate to the Aborigines.

It is worth noting that Bates was a harsh authoritarian to the end. In 1938 she wrote to a correspondent:

These are such delicate times for us and our Empire. I can only read headlines in the *Advertiser* and as I lie awake at night I think of the awful havoc that would ensue if by any dreadful circumstances Russia,



Germany and Italy would lose their Dictators. None to take their place at the crucial moment and the people of their respective countries reverted to 'Australian Aboriginal mob.' All my known Native Australia had no chiefs, no 'heads', local groups or 'mobs' only and see how they died out. It is a frightening thought—such hordes or mobs let loose in Europe. God spare us all. (p.131)

Bob Reece has indeed written an informative biography. He has made excellent use of the Bates Papers and, in particular, of her 3,000 letters at the National Library of Australia, Canberra.

Sidney Ingham
Former Senior Lecturer, History Dept.,
Monash University

LONERGAN FAMILY FUNERALS

INCORPORATING W.G. RAVEN EST 1849

DIGNITY • GENTLENESS • UNDERSTANDING

These are the qualities often referred to in the many thank-you letters received from our clients' families.

Secure pre-paid funeral plan

Providing Melbourne's Irish Australian Community with personalised funeral services at realistic prices.

Chapel and office located at 187 Queens Parade, Clifton Hill 3068
email: wwgraven@bigpond.net.au Freecall: 1800 650 211 (24 hours)

Discover the Emerald Isle with Emerald Travel.

Travel to Ireland and beyond with the
Irish and European travel experts.

- Airfares to Ireland & Europe
- Unbeatable Car Hire Rates
- Accommodation
- Personalised itineraries
- Specialised Groups
- Golfing holidays and more...



Don't forget we have an emergency after hours service
– call us at any time, day or night – 0418 344 308

Call Seamus and Christina Moloughney at Emerald Travel.
Continuing a family tradition of professional travel service.

Emerald Travel

Level 3, 316 Queen Street
Melbourne Vic 3000
(3rd floor of Celtic Club complex)

T: 03 9670 9696

E: info@emeraldtravel.com.au

W: www.emeraldtravel.com.au

Lic. No 32507

CELTIC CLUB

ENTERTAINMENT FOR DECEMBER

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

Live bands from 8pm

Friday 5th: Sporting Paddy

Friday 12th: Pat McKernan

Friday 19th: Tara

Please note there will be no LIVE music for the month of January
Live Session and Band will return in February 2009

UPCOMING EVENTS

Cultural Groups combined Dinner and End of Year Commemoration

Wednesday 3rd December, bookings essential

Julian Burnside, QC, Guest Speaker Speaking about 'Eureka and Democracy'

Soiree - Irish/Celtic Music at St Carthage's

Sun 7th December at 7.30pm, \$15

Featuring music & song by 'Euphonia', by Mairead & Deirdre Hannan and Alice Garner,
St Carthage's, 123 Royal Parade, Parkville

TRADING HOURS

Tara Bar

Lunch: Monday-Sunday 12-2.30pm (open til 3pm Saturday & Sunday)

Dinner: Thursday-Saturday 5.30pm-9pm

Shamrock Restaurant

Lunch: Monday-Friday 12-2.30pm, Dinner: Friday-Saturday 5.30-9pm Christmas Eve-open 'til 9pm

Christmas Opening Hours at the Club

Club will re-open on Monday January 5th

With limited trading hours: Monday-Friday 11am-8pm

Club will not open on Saturdays & Sundays until Saturday 31st January

The Club will be closed for Australia Day on Monday 26th January

Normal hours will resume on Tuesday 27th January

The Celtic Club
Melbourne

Founded 1887

t 03 9670 6472 f 9670 5153

info@celticclub.com.au www.celticclub.com.au

316-320 Queen St cnr Latrobe St, Melbourne