

Kerry Dreamtime

Legend & Lore
of the
Magillieuddyneeks

Thomas Tolly O'Sullivan

KERRY DREAMTIME

Legend and Lore of the Magillicuddy Reeks

Thomas 'Totty' O'Sullivan
2019

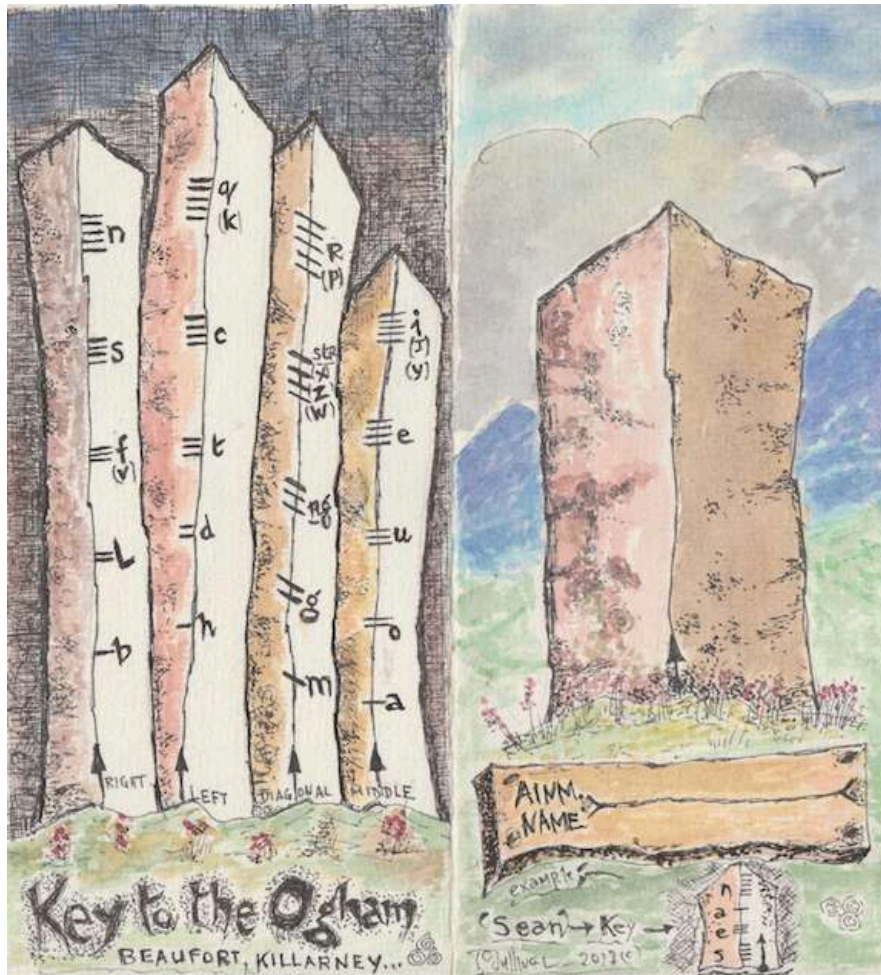


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Front Cover *'elements of the dreamtime'*
Back Cover *'kingdom @ hand'*

To Alanna & Finnegan



Sliocht, sleacht is sliocht bhúr sleachta.
May your grandchildren have grandchildren.

Aoibhinn Leamhain maidin cheoidh,
aoibhinn teora Locha Léin,
aoibhinn faichí Dúna Ló
aoibhinn Achadh Deo le gréin.
Aoghán Ó' Raithille

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Appendix ... Ted's Story/Abha Solais/The Spout/People of the Reeks Gallery.

DEDICATIONS ...

To ... Gail O'Donoghue, 'Coomapeiste' & 'Knitted to my Shawl' Compositions/Mary Coffey Coghlan ... sharing the stories, tall tales and scrapbooks of Jerome Coffey/Padruig @ Beaufort Community Council/Sharon, Brian, Gail @ CE Scheme/JD Digital/Sean De Buitléir, SKDP/Ria and Pat @ Walsh Colour Print/Gerard Harrison/'Dode' Moriarty/Maurice Tuohy/Pat O'Sullivan/Damien Mac Aodh/Con Moriarty/Jim O'Malley/Tom & Steve O'Shea/Mick Foley/Michael Leane, 'Keeper-of-the Songs'/Mike Coffey, 'Keeper-of-the-Biddy'/Dan 'Cash' Kissane/Pearse Bergin/Pauline Bewick/Sean Morahan/Stephen Thompson/Timmy Doyle/Patrick V. O'Sullivan/Amantha Murphy/Fionnghuala @ BlushAway/Sinead @ Splash Designs/John French ... Sammy the Squirrel.

Míle Buíochas go léir.

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Ná dtaga meirg ar luadracha ár gcárdachas.
That rust will not tarnish the hinges of our friendship.

Réamh-rádh ... I was reared in a boarding house ... *lodging house* & *eating house*, in Church Street, Milltown. My parents and proprietors were ‘Totty’ O Sullivan from Bleach Road, Milltown and Mary B. Kelly of Adamstown, Wexford. The house was a resting place for the weary traveler, ‘bed an’ board’, of all walks of life and from all parts of the world. This world was a big place in those days and the boarders all had diverse stories to tell. Sketches of some of the *heavy hitters* were as follows ...

John ‘Big John’ Mulanney from Warrenpoint, ex-boxer, worked for the Cultural Attache in the Lebanon ... and abhorred *sniffing*. He walked in an adroit fashion, extolling the benefits of deep breathing, fulfilling his morning exercises inside his open bedroom window. He tried to impart this discipline on all, unsuccessfully. Jim Carter, ex-navy seaman, pipe-smoking whiskey drinker, extremely bronchial ... abhorred *door-slamming* and lived in his bedroom, a recluse living in his ‘long johns’. So it was quite a balancing act to adhere to the foibles of our fee-paying lodgers, but still, we had to display a modicum of hospitality toward them, they being our ‘bread and butter’. There were throngs of those from ‘up the country’ who worked in the Maine Drainage Scheme in the early 60’s ... Bill McDonnell and Paddy Tuohy, hurling people from Borrisokane in Tipperary. Patrick Hassey from Nenagh, Jack Leonard of Dundalk and a Mr. Quirke, (we never knew his Christian name), retired millionaire builder from Dublin with ailing eyesight, never brought up the subject of money, no wonder ... but he had a ‘plantain’ herb cure for teenage acne. There was a man called chain-smoking ‘Sweet Afton Paddy’ who bought the Irish Press daily, neglected the headlines or sport and straight to the ‘stocks and shares’ page. Jimmy Slattery’s occupation was the buying of apples from the lush orchards in Callinafercy, selling them in Cahirsiveen and collecting fish there to sell in Mid-Kerry. His vendor’s call was ... *fish alive with their mouths open, pipes in their gobs and they all smokin*. Some years previous, Jimmy fell foul of the law and spent a term in Limerick prison. When his friend Paddy learned of his fate, he decided to go and bail him out for ‘ten-bob’. He went to his cell and said, ... *c’mon Slat, pack up, we’re going home* ... Slattery replied, ... *no I’m not, I’m staying put, I have a nice bed here, three meals a day and a rest from ‘bloody’ crowd in Milltown* ...

All the cohabitants squeezed into every available space at night, providing a din of activity with diverse opinions. No TV, radio or WIFI, so the locals piled into the already packed kitchen, lusting after new stories from far-flung parts, the ‘exotic’ accents being a condiment to the new tales that they heard. This assemblage of personalities was ably supervised by one, George McAuliffe who taught in the Presentation Convent and offered mediation to the heated discussions, especially the usual suspects of religion and politics ... lets call him, a spiritual advisor to the disparate crew.

The *eatin’* experience took on a life of its own on April Fair Day. The lino was taken up and the tables and borrowed chairs were set down to feed the dealers, drovers and farmers who together with their shepherd-dogs, sat down to feast on Larkin’s and Shea’s bread, Denny’s ham and Castlemaine butter. The menu was upgraded at a later stage, when Chef sauce and a tomato included to the humble-gourmet fare. That was all very fine until the frenetic talk of buying and selling was interrupted when a farmer, either by design or by accident let a piece of ham-fat drop under the table. All hell broke loose as the dogs vied for that one scrap. They were then, unceremoniously extricated from the dining area, dumped into the back yard and the serious business of the Fair was continued as if nothing had happened ... *woof!*

The inspiration for this book relied on my forays downstairs to eavesdrop into the ‘serious conversations’ of the adult world ... éisteóir ina scealtóir mar a déarfá. My nemesis being the creak on the ninth stair resulted in my marching orders up to bed or else they’d be whobegannit. Eventually, I became adept at avoiding that ‘give-away-pitch-pine-creak’ and continued to hone my listening skills.

The house took fire one Sunday morning in July 1963 and the boarders scattered to the wind. After the reconstruction, the ‘archaic boarding house’ morphed into the *very graand* ... ‘Totty’s’ B&B, Guesthouse, Bórd Fáilte Approved, no less. This brought a different kind of lodger ... err! ... I mean ... *guest* to the house.

See ... *Ted’s Story*.

Songlines and The Dreaming Tracks ...

| *Siúlóid na n-Dán ... Walk with the Lore, Legends and Poets.*

When the Australian Aboriginal peoples journeyed through their tribal lands, across hostile territories and over vast distances, they accessed their song tradition called *Altjerinja* ... the Songlines. These verses were composed throughout thousands of years of observations by the elders, outlining the 'walkabout' from the departure point to their destinations, hard-wired into the lyrics of the song ... Aboriginal Sat-Nav?. Songlines were committed to memory as part of the narrative guiding them through the deserts of the interior, seeking out of waterholes, dangers on their journeys and pointing out prominent features of the trail ... a cognitive map interacting with the landscape, via the melodic contour of song.

Siúlóid na n-Dán, Walk with the Lore, Legends and Poets of Na Chruacha Dubha, Magillicuddy Reeks, is the Kerry Dreamtime ... akin to the *Aisling* of the Kerry Poets in the tradition of Eoghan Rua Ó'Súilleabháin, Piaras Feiritéar, Aodhagán Ó Rathaille and Geoffrey O'Donoghue, the Spéirbhean Poets, a compendium of the lore and legends, songs, poems and music that inhabit the land, a cultural tapestry of the Dreaming Tracks of Kerry. The Irish song tradition featured the beauty of landscape, glories of mountain, river, lake, valley, glen and the journey, *an turas*, thematic of the song ... *Brosna Town* perhaps, a songline from a Kerry tradition ...

*Back to the Peaks of Cuddy's Reeks, from Killorglin by the Laune,
From Castlemaine to Coolnagrein and home by Brosna Town.*

... the lay of the landscape. *Siúlóid na n-Dán*, Kerry Dreamtime is an extension of the *sense of place*, an important determinant of culture from Loch Léin to Kate Kearney's over the Magillicuddy Reeks to Lough Acouse and Glencar ... *the whispered message of the landscape, I am watching you, are you watching yourself in me ?*. Go n-eirí do bhóthar leat, the shortening of the road, blessings on your travels, the road may rise to meet you on the lore of the job of journeywork ...

... *Solvitor Ambulando* ...

Bíonn an Siúltach, Scéaltach ... the walker has the stories.

Lios a' Phúca ... Beaufort ... Dún Álainn

The name Beaufort/Lios a' Phúca is but idiomatic of modern-day usage. The word Beaufort came into vogue at the time when the troops were billeted in the village, prior to that, it was called *Dún Álainn*, translated as the Beautiful Fort. The ancient name and full title, *Knockane ... Cnocán na hEaglaise & Cill Locháin ... 6th Century*, Paróiste na Tuaithe (Tuogh), Clann Úi Shéaghdha agus O'Fáilbhe ... a pre-Celtic Pictish Tribe, *Tuoghclanybea*, of the ancient land divisions, Áes Coinchinn of Kerry. Lios a' Phúca, with the stunning backdrop of Na Chruacha Dubha, 'black stacks' of the Magillicuddy Reeks has quite a story ... geologically, mythologically, socially and culturally. All began 400 million years ago when the Reeks were molded in the Varsican Folds of the Devonian Period, the sedimentary Munster Basin, a low-lying plain of Old Red Sandstone, *cloch iarainn*, along the spine of Iveragh. After the Carboniferous Period, the Varsican Phase with the northward thrust of the tectonic plates called the east-west anticlinal and synclinal layout of the Cork and Kerry mountains. The Magillicuddy Reeks Ridge Walk route traditionally begins from Kate Kearney's Cottage to Glencar ... 11mile/18 km with an accumulated ascent of 6,000 ft/1,830 m.

The Ice Age, Mousterian with radiating glaciers ... the Templenoe Ice Cap, a quarter of a mile thick, sculpting the Black Valley, Brida Valley, Gap of Dunloe and leaving in its wake, the Gearha Moraine in the Laune valley. This gifted us with a pristine landscape, attendant features of coom, pocket, arête and pater-noster lakes, compliments of the 'Ice Queen'. The boglands with birch and hazel were inhabited by the first tribes of the Mesolithic and Neolithic (3,500 B.C), Gortboy Rock Art, Derrynafeana Field Systems, Cloon Stone Slabs, the Pre-Celtic Picts and Goidels, bringing with them the Ogham script, the first utterances of the Tuatha and the tribes Toicaci and Eachii etched on stone leaving a legacy of Gallán, Árd Fergus fort of 9th Century. The Eogánacht Loch Léin brought O'Donoghue, O'Sullivan Mór, and MacCarthy Mór with their clan system within the medieval Barony of Dunkerron and as they say, the rest is history.

... *sin é an scéal, ach seo scéal eile ...*

The *ceo draíocht* rolls in from mid-Atlantic, lies brooding on the peaks of Corrán, Cnoc na Péiste and Cruach Mhór, diffusing throughout the valleys and the glens. Another vista looms large in the half-light ... Brighid, triple-goddess of the Daghdha. Bidy with her mantle spun of sunbeams, goes forth and lays it out on the unformed land, undulating onto mountain peaks and fertile meadows from Corrán Tuathail to the banks of the river Leamhain. Brighid summons her emissary Gobnatán/Gobnait, calling forth the Tribe of Tuatha with their attendant totems of Stag, Eagle and Salmon ... Bó Fionn with unending supplies of milk for sustenance and Gobnait casting spells to capture the bee swarms ... veritably, a land of milk and honey. The Tuatha give thanks for these blessings at the time of Imbolc on 1st of February when the 'Biddys' descend from the glens and mountainside from house to house.

Stories abound in Lios a' Phúca with each shadow cast on the landscape ... a *sense of place* like no other. It may be that the fairies or púca are still resident here and welcome. Visitors for hundreds of years came to this magical place, drawn by that spirit, some loath to leave and many return... *thinking* ? ... maybe I've missed something first time round ? ... obscure nicks on the Ogham ? ... Gallán or Ráth at dusk ? ... or maybe, the camaraderie of the descendants of the tribes of Tuatha.

*Ó áit go b-áit ba bhreá mo shiúl,
's do b árd mo léim ar bharr an tsléibhe.* D. De Híde.

Tobarchríost ... A Holy Well in the woods of Dunloe Castle and dedicated to Gobnait/Brighid where Good Friday Rounds are held.

Innisfallen Crozier ... found in Laune River, downstream from Beaufort Bridge by boatman Denis O'Sullivan in 1867, now exhibited in the National Museum, Dublin.

Dunloe Castle, Tomies, and O'Sullivan Mór ... seat of O'Sullivan Mór at Tomies on the mouth of the Laune.

The Big Houses of Beaufort ... Beaufort House, Cullenagh House, Banclune/Whitefield of Magillicuddy of the Reeks and Churchtown House of Blennerhasset.

The Old Mill/St. John's Mill ... was owned by Wm. Williams of Dunloe with its gigantic water wheel fed via a tributary of the Loe River. It was said to have been the largest wheel in Ireland and was used to grind grain throughout a vast area of Kerry.

Árdíonn áiteanna áirithe an croí, fágann Lios a' Phúca rian ar an anam.

Kalem Films ... *we are tucked in an isolated corner of the world with only peasants and mountains for company. But oh! dear Lord, how beautiful it is ! And over it all, the stillness, the brooding melancholy, the sad hearted-touching loveliness that belongs only to Ireland ...*

This was how Gene Gauntier described the village of Beaufort for the first time in the summer of 1911. The Kalem Film company secured a base for themselves in the O'Sullivan family hotel, 'quaint and full of atmosphere'. The Beaufort Bar was established in 1841 with proprietor, Patrick O'Sullivan whose daughter Annie tended the filmmakers and also featured in some of the films with a 'meitheal' of local people. . They were affectionately called the O'Kalems as they listened intently to the stories of emigration, fairy forts, folk legends and rebel dramas with the scent of turf-fires pervading the Beaufort air.

The Kalems arrived in Cork in 1900 with director Sidney Olcott and actress Gene Gauntier, with the film, *The Lad from Old Ireland*. Prominent landmarks around Beaufort constituted the *Kalem Film Trail*. 'Beaufort Bridge' in the *Vagabonds*. 'Beaufort Bar' featured in *For Ireland's Sake*. 'Churchtown Graveyard' was the set for *Colleen Bawn*. An incident relates, that a local priest condemned the 'tramp photographers' and urging the congregation the drive them out of town with sticks. The Bishop of the day intervened and it was lights, camera and action again for the O'Kalems. The 'River Laune' was the setting for *Bold Robert Emmet, Ireland's Martyr*. The iconic 'Gap of Dunloe' ... 'with emerald mountains towering above us' ... was part of the story of *Rory O'More*. Killarney's stunning scenery at the 'Colleen Bawn Rock' at Muckross Lake, 'Muckross Abbey' featured in *Peggy's Escape, Arrah-na-Pogue*, as well as natural backdrops at 'Dinis Cottage' and 'Torc Waterfall'.

Stand-in actors for the film scenes were paid five shillings a day at a time where a farm labourer would receive twelve pounds per annum. One can understand why the attraction to Beaufort Bar was far more than only having a pint. They produced thirty full-length motion pictures and Olcott remarked that the Irish were easy to direct as they were natural born actors.

Hollywood comes to Beaufort ... a brave statement ! ... but because of the outbreak of WW1 and Easter Rising 1916, events could have taken a different turn. *Hollywood* and the cutting edge of world

cinema could have been established 4,000 miles east of New York in Beaufort than west to California. The Kalem Films are preserved at IFT Irish Film Archive (1910-1915) and acclaimed documentary *Blazing the Trail : The O'Kalems in Ireland*.

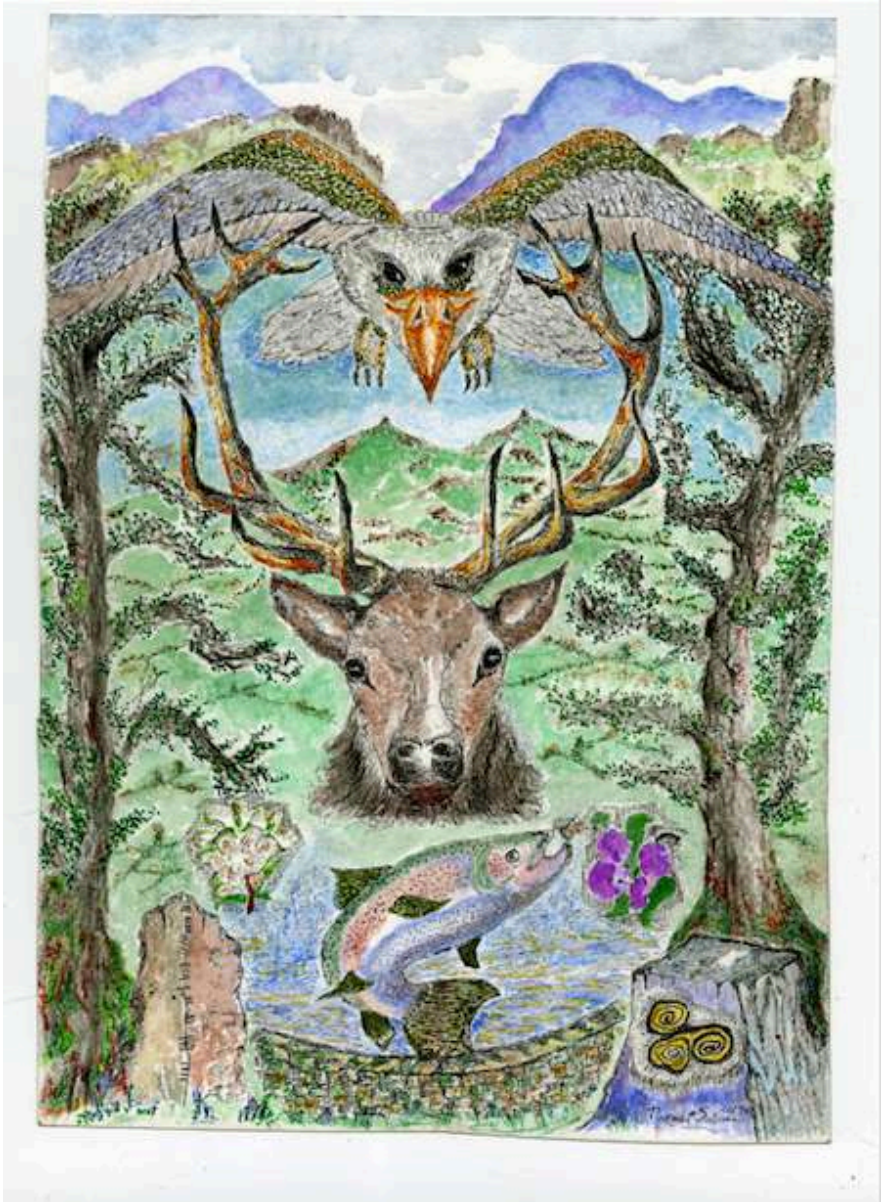
Parnell in Beaufort ... at O'Sullivan's field, located to the south of Beaufort Bar was the site of a mass meeting held by the nationalist political leader Charles Stuart Parnell in April, 1891. But not all were in favour of Parnell's struggle for Irish Home Rule. The field's owner at that time was John O'Mahony who lived in nearby Dunloe Castle and forbade his tenants, among the O'Sullivans to let the meeting go ahead. The overwhelming number of people who descended on the locale, quickly silenced any protests. Several thousand spectators had gathered to hear the famous orator talk and there would be no one turning away. Six months later, Charles Stuart Parnell died of a heart attack and with him Ireland's hope for Home Rule ... *the uncrowned King of Ireland*.

The Kalem film, *You Remember Ellen* and *The Kerry Dances* were set in Parnell's Field, with the backdrop of the Gap of Dunloe and including the nearby Ogham Stones at Dunloe.

GPS on the Reeks ! ... A visitor looking for directions for Killarney town, asked a man from Ballyledden, with the answer ...

Well, Sir! ... Go up here ... back above ... down behind and over below !!!
... I suspect the poor American is still around the Brida Valley, still trying to make sense of these convoluted directions. The people of the foothills of the Magillicuddy Reeks had this local GPS system in vogue for hundreds of years and has stood the test of time. My author of this story is Dan (Cash) Kissane of Ballyledden. A great storyteller with a prodigious array of children storybooks to his credit ... for example, *Jimmy's Leprechaun Trap*. He is a beekeeper and sheepman extraordinaire, naturalist, a good weather golfer and a natural sense of humour. In the introduction of one of his books he says that he taught himself to read, write, play the tin whistle and ride a bicycle. He still plays the tin whistle and occasionally rides a bicycle. His ambition is to do both at the same time !!!

... a close-up group of sharp peaks, overtopping all the hills around. Praeger.



Tales of Blackthorn Woods ... Cill Árne

SONG OF LÉN

Sure-footed mountain Stag
Bounding from the heather high,
Drinking of clear waters
On the shore of Loch Lén;
Silver-speckled Salmon-Wise,
Hiding under hazel-pools,
Eagles ride the updrafts,
Spreading wings they soar.

Ripples rise on Bár na Snáth,
Old Weir where the Waters Meet,
Guarding flows at Brickeen Bridge,
The Secrets of the Tribe.
Shehy, Torc and Tomies
Shedding tears of the sun,
Axe on flint, on stone reflect,
Fire *im-ag-in-a-tion*.

Rings of Copper, Lead and Tin,
Lore of the Smithy Lén,
Water, Earth and Air as one,
Forged Fire from the Sun;
Fowler, Fisher, Hunter
Of Eagle, Salmon, Stag;
Nature's wild abundance
Cill Áirne ... *in-can-ta-tion*.

Thomas O'Sullivan 2015.

Loch Lén in Killarney has many interpretations and one is inspired by Lén, the Smithy God of the Bronze Age, 3500 BC ... the Stag, Salmon and Eagle are the Killarney Totems symbolized with Earth, Water and Air Energies ... Fire, the fourth are the Fires of Human Imagination.



The Gap Girls ... 1900's

Strickeen Mountain

1 of 7

Magillicuddy of the Reeks ... direct descendant of Mugh Nuadat, King of Munster who ruled, 125 A.D. and his son, prince Oilill Olum (d. 234), 43rd descendant of the Spanish warrior Milidh or Milesius (1284BC), King of Munster of Eóganacht Chaisil Branch. The MacGillycuddy sept, originates from O'Sullivan Mór, Eoghán who sent his son MacGiolla, Mac-Gilla-Mochada, 'Servus-Mochudii' to be educated by St. Mochuda of Lismore, Cartach-Mochuda of Kiltallagh, Castlemaine, (650 A.D.) A Druid Labhán, visited Eochaid and asked from him to donate his eye and Eochaid relented. This became 'Labhán's Eye', Súilobhán/Súldubhán, anglicized to O'Sullivan ... literally 'hook-eyed' or Duban's Eye. It was said that the Magillicuddy of the Reeks would retain his title to the Cruacha Dubha while snow appears on the Reeks at anytime except the month of July.

St. Abbán ... Cill Áirne ... Killarney... translated as *Church of the Sloe* and has confounded historians as to the origin of the name. A theory and exploration comes by way of St. Abbán, *little abbot* of Moyarney/Magh Áirní/Arnaidhe, translated as *Plain of the Sloes*, Adamstown Co. Wexford. Abbán Mocu Cormaic of the tribe Laighin was a pre-patrician, wandering missionary in the 5th century and was said to have founded a church whereupon ever he settled. When still a boy he showed miraculous powers, restoring a calf that was eaten by a wolf, lighting a lamp with his breath, restoring a Queen that had just died and he banished demons with his staff from the stormy waters of the sea. He travelled westwards throughout Ireland and eventually founded a church in Killarney called the ancient, Cill Achaidh Conchinn at Aghadoe ... *Plain of the Two Yews* and prophesised that it would be dedicated to St. Fionán/Finan. It may well be that he named this church Cill Áirne, *Church of the Sloe*, in affiliation with his native birthplace, Magh Áirní, *Plain of the Sloes*. There existed an earlier church in Moyeighteragh, 'lower plain' on the northern side of Killarney town. Another theory is that the original Cill Áirne was sited at St. Mary's Church of Ireland. St. Abbán was spiritual brother to St. Gobnait of Kilgobnet and both of them are buried in

Ballyvourney, Cork. His feast day is interestingly enough 16th March.

Legend of Gulide and his Daughter ... about the end of the 4th century AD, Feidhlimid was king of Munster. On tour of his province he and his party got stuck deep in snow at Áth Lochí near Dunloe, Killarney. In the nearest dwelling lived Gulide, formerly a great satirist and a hospitaller, which meant that any great landowner was required according to Irish Law to give hospitality to travellers. Gulide was an old man of seven score years living alone with his daughter. When Feidhlimid and his party drew up before the old man's enclosure sounding horns and trumpets, Gulide notwithstanding his obligations, sent his daughter to make a fine speech, *segantus briathar*, so that they may pass from us tonight. The girl went out and made a tremendous speech about their past hospitality, their present poverty and absence of food. She apologized for her poor speech and wished that her sisters would have been there to speak instead. Feidhlimid however, was so enchanted with her eloquence, that he gifted her a beautiful stretch of land from Drung Hill, near Glenbeigh to Loch Léin. At this, the girl relented and invited the party into the house where they stayed in great feasting and contentment for three days and nights.

Legend of Loich/Lugaid of Dunloe ... Dunloe from Dún Loich of Áth Lóchí or Dún Lugaid Mac Curoí, Lug of Lughnasadh ... Fortress of Loich Mac Eamenis, ancient chief of Munster, who killed Cúchulainn as he took part in the war of Táin Bó Cúalinge on Queen Medhbh's side against Conor Mac Nessa in Ulster about 20 B.C. Loich/Lugaid killed Cúchulainn to avenge his father's death who was Cú Roí Mac Dáire of Caherconree on Sliabh Mis mountain. The Dunloe souterrain was excavated in 1838 and many Ogham Stones discovered were from the collection at Coolmagort.

Kate Kearney ... *Uncle Johnny did have a pet fox, people did stop to listen to Grandma Gap as she walked over 'The Sliabh' singing and Jerome did have a dog that used to walk to his parents house in Beaufort sulking after a scolding! Dan O'Mahony did help Dónal Mór Moriarty to get a licence to sell beer, wine and spirits. I think that the tobacco licence came later because tobacco was not on the earlier cottage signs.*

Kate Kearney's Cottage, the 'cradle of Irish hospitality', lies nestled at the entrance to the world famous Gap of Dunloe. The present cottage was built in 1849 by Dónal Mór Moriarty on the ruins of an old structure on his father's farm. These ruins were the home of his ancestor Kate Kearney and it was here in her *síbin* that she distilled her famous *poitín*, mountain dew. Up to the nineteenth century, the route through the Gap was one of the few links in county Kerry. Here, Kate played hostess to the many people who passed through. We are told that the *poitín* was 'fierce and wild, requiring not less than seven times its own quantity of water to tame it'. Czar Peter the Great of Russia used to say, 'of all the wines, Irish wine is the best', while another described it as 'an abominable draught of goat's milk and poitín, the one taken from a cow, the other brewed in a foul cauldron in Cork'. One sober traveller warned, 'This liquor was illicit, but Kate flouted the law and invited the weary traveller to partake of her hospitality'.

Times were hard in Ireland and across Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century. We know from family sources that Kate's husband James, came from Cork and he emigrated to America. Some say he was arrested for stealing food to feed his family and was transported to America where it was said, that he was involved in the American Revolution of 1776. Nothing is known of their children but it is believed that two of her sons joined their father in America and at least one daughter stayed at home with Kate. One hundred years ago, Paddy Doyle, 'The Bugler of Dunloe' used to recite of Kate Kearney ...

*I've met Kate Kearney's daughter's daughter,
I've seen Killarney's beauteous waters.
I've seen the Bull and the Purple too,
And I've drunk Kate Kearney's mountain dew'.*

Kate's beauty was celebrated and her melodious voice was equally legendary. She loved to sing, it is said that all work in the fields ceased and people were enthralled when her voice was heard lilting over the landscape, even the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth were silent. Kate loved the wild things of nature. She understood the medicinal use of herbs and wild flowers and never failed to help her neighbours through that knowledge. She loved

animals and rescued and cared for deer, cats, dogs, rabbits, chickens and birds when they were sick or wounded. Her favourite pet was her beloved Bran, a little red fox ... *madarín rua*. Bran was always close on Kate's heels except, when she had occasion to be angry with him. Then, he would put his head down and with his tail tucked firmly between his legs, he would then withdraw back to the wild, sulking, aloof and silently resentful.

In the early decades of the 1800s Major O'Mahony of Dunloe Castle put pick and shovel and sledge hammer to work on that track of the Gap ... *where the obstacles on one side of the defile could not be surmounted, the road was carried to the other side, traversing the stream over bridges of solid construction and not inelegant form.* (T. Crofton Croker, 1853). The existence of this road, together with a surge in tourism in the middle of the nineteenth century prompted Dónal Mór Moriarty and his wife Julia to open a public house in their cottage that Dónal had begun building in 1849. They very soon got a licence to sell beer wine and spirits with the help of Dan O'Mahony, son of the major. Kate Kearney's Cottage is still a family-run establishment and today is owned by Seán Coffey.

*Oh! have you not heard of Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
At a glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal 's the look of Kate Kearney.
While her eyes are so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet Oh!, I can tell, how fatal 's the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.*

*Oh should you 'ere meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney;
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple
And who dares inhale, her mouths' spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.*

Words Lady Morgan/Music Alexander Lee, 1820's.

O'Donoghue Brothers ... Pat and Mick Donoghue lived in Corraweal on the southern slopes of the Gap of Dunloe and had their own flocks of sheep grazing on the mountain commonage. Time came to sell the sheep, so the story goes, that Mick got up at dawn on the day of the Fair and headed down the Gap with his sheep and faithful dog. Pat set out an hour later and set up stall at the other side of town. The day passed and at evening time to return to the Gap. On his way home, Mick met the Parish Priest on the road saying his evening office, the exchanges were thus ...

Good day Mick, how'd the day go for you? ... Very good Father, I sold them all and I bought some more, thanks be to God, Father ... Time passed, Pat was on the road home and was faced with the same line of questioning ... *Good evening Pat, how were things today at the Fair? ... Well Father its like this, I sold my sheep to Mick and I bought his sheep for the same price ! ...* so that, the Donoghue's sheep returned to the Corraweal with only an exchange of owners ... *God is good, the priest mused ... exchange is no robbery!*

Louis Anthony Photographer ... was born in Alsace Lorraine, France in the late 1800's and set up as photographer and concentrated on the postcard format to tourists at the Gap of Dunloe. His modus operandi was to cycle to Dunloe, a seven-mile trip laden with primitive equipment and heavy emulsified photo glass plates. He'd then take photographs of tourists on horseback on their way up the Gap, then onto to the boats on the Upper Lake at Brandon's Cottage. Louis would then go back to his studio in High Street, making proof prints and on to Ross Castle to meet his prospective customers. Truly, a man with an entrepreneurial vision. The Killarney photographer, Daniel Mac Monagle was under the tutelage of Louis Anthony in 1908 and when Louis died in 1933, Daniel continued with the photographic family tradition in Killarney. In later years, another photographer worked in the Gap by the name of Jimmy 'Sailor' Coffey, who set up a photographic studio on the right-hand side of the road above Kate Kearney's Cottage. Lawrence, of the famed Lawrence Collection photographed the Gap of Dunloe extensively via the photographer Robert French, who seemingly lived near Augur Lake at the Gap of Dunloe.

Tourist Car Fired In The Gap ... 'from a tourist, who was a member of the party going through the Gap fo Dunloe on Tuesday, when a car was fired on' ... the following account of the occurrence. I went to Cook's office and booked a round tour. Instead of taking us by the usual way, they took us up to the lakes first. The party was three in number and it was a glorious day. When we got to the head of the Upper Lake we found a car to meet us there instead of the ponies. Just then, a large party of tourists on ponies came down the valley, we waited for them and hired a pony each for ourselves. The car went on ahead with our coats and it was escorted by two policemen and we suspected there was something wrong. We had just got to Gap Cottage, the car had reached the first lake and it was out of our sight when we heard a shot. This was followed quickly by three others, and some time after, by a fifth. The pony-men in our party told us to take cover quickly and afterwards they turned the car and sprinted back to where we were. The pony drivers say they saw the bullets splash into the lake as they must have passed very close to the car. We took our coats from the car and rode through the Gap escorted by the pony-men. There was about thirty in all, we had to ride all the way into Killarney and the car had to go back by the Kenmare road. It appears that Cooks had let this tour to a contractor and the pony-owners resent the cars going through the Gap. One of them told me, that there are three hundred people depending on the pony traffic.

Kerry Sentinel, 2/4/1898.

The Gap Girls ... are comprised of a series of seven black and white photographs from the late 1800's, heralding the birth of Irish photography and the arrival of stereo 3D photographs, portraying girls from the Gap of Dunloe. They were photographed barefoot with a rockface in the background and were selling 'poitín' and goat's milk called 'whey' to the tourists of Victorian times. By the 1890's, the girls had begun to sell postcards of themselves. The 'Gap Girls' was featured on a TG4 documentary entitled ... 'Tríd an Lionsa'.

The Ponymen of the Gap ... are part and parcel of Killarney tourism since the early 1800's on that iconic trek through the Gap of Dunloe, skirting the Black Valley, to the Upper Lake, *Bar na Snáth* and by boats down through the lakes to Ross Castle. These silver-tongued ponymen and 'giles' spinning yarns, legends of histories and mythologies to be taken with a grain of salt ... coaxing the money from your pocket, just telling you enough to match the tempo of the ride and the facts are away wide of the truth from these companionable leg-pullers. They were the masters of the calculation of distance over time and to mathematical precision on the bone-breaking traps (Hall 1865). The word *Jarvey* is derived from St. Gervaise ... *Art of the Whip*.

... *An Irish mile is a mile an' a bit, and a bit is longer than a mile !*

Blackberries ... Mikey was driving a Yank out by Dunloe one day ... The Yank asks ... *Hey Mikey , I say what are them berries growing by the ditch? ... Them are blackberries Sir ...* But the Yank presses ... *Well, why are they red then? ... Yerra ! them are the colour they do be when they do be green Sir !.*

... *An' over there, says the jarvey with a flourish of his whip is Carrantual, the highest mountin' in Ireland ...t'ree t'ousand, four hundred an' t'irteen feet, eleven an' t'ree quarter inches ... they had to take off a quarter of an inch to let the moon get by ...*

The 'Orrse ... Paddy was driving an English lady out by the Turnpike Rock one day. Everything was going fine when the grand old lady asked ... *I say Pat, how old is your 'orrse? ...* When Paddy digested this line of questioning, he got quite embarrassed thinking ... what kind of a question is that to ask a 'daycent' man ?, he then tried to deflect away from the conversation ... *Yerra, shure 'tis a fine day maam, surely it is ! ...* The lady pressed again ... *I Say Pat, are you deaf or what ... how old is your 'orrse? ...* getting more impatient, *Yerra we might get a drop of rain this evening, maam! ...* She got quite exasperated and shouted ... *for crying out loud, how old is your 'orsse? ...* In desperation Paddy answered ... *I'd say, I suppose 'tid be the same age as my face maam !.*

'Toas' Doyle, Gap Bugler ... won fame all over the world as Capt. Patrick 'Toas' Doyle, born in 1869 and died 1961. His father Jack was also a bugler and played for Queen Victoria on her visit to Killarney in the mid 1800's. Toas went to work in Scotland but returned to take after his father as the Gap Bugler. He went to Echo Lake to ply his trade, to 'blow the echoes' with great reverberation against the steep cliffs. The writer Hayward wrote of Toas ... *his bugle was battered as if a steamroller drove over it.* Toas was known for his sense of humour ... one day he said to a youngster at Serpent Lake ... *that's just the serpent below in his boat disturbing the peaceful waters!* He'd blow up his bugle at daybreak to sound the 'morning call' and in the warm days he would lay down with his horse for a siesta, for the horse's sake ... *mar dheal!*

Toas went to the bank with three buckets full of money. Says one to him ... *That's a fine pair of shoes Toas!*, Toas replied ... *I was born with them and they're the same age as my arse and no hole in them yet!*

*If e'er you want a right good guide,
In Captain Doyle you may confide,
If you are tired his voice will cheer,
Follow him you need not fear.*

*His bugle notes of magic sound,
Awakes with echoes all around,
The Captain you will find indeed,
True to the core a friend in need.*

*Up Carantuahtal's lonely height,
Three brothers toiled in weary plight,
With Captain Doyle the hours beguile,
With bugle notes and echoes wild.*

*The top was gained with joyful shout,
They passed the 'putteen' round about,
And drank each others right good health,
A peaceful home and well earned wealth*

Robert Burns, Exter College, Oxford.

He had but one meal a day and when he came down from the Gap, he bought half dozen of stout, brought the horse into the house and fed him with a half stone of oats and then put a pan loaf in the oven soaked with the stout. He boiled up enough home-cured bacon to last him a fortnight and lived to be nine two years of age. He was a great friend of the Friars in Killarney and he used to bring them out for a day at the Gap and buy them drinks in the evening. The inscription on his bugle read ... *Patrick Doyle, from Lieut. Col. G. Down R.A. 1948*'. When his feet slowed he took to the bicycle and he used to say ... *to ride a bike with a bugle on a rough path is hard on man, bugle and bike*. When Toas died, the sounding of the echoes died with him and canon-fire resounded at Blackstream Bridge that was fuelled by coarse powder bought at Wm. Martins in New Street, Killarney. Tennyson was quite struck with the bugler Doyle when he wrote the *Splendour Falls* ...

*Blow Bugles, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Oh love, they die in your rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river,
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.*

Lord Alfred Tennyson.

Gap Bugler sells 'turn' ... the sale by seventy five year old Gap of Dunloe 'pony-boy' Paddy Doyle, of his right to a 'turn' at the Gap, which meant that he had that right allotted to him by the Ponymen's Association of Dunloe to ply for hire with a pony to take tourists through the famous pass. This has been one of the most interesting sales in Killarney for a long time. Together with his right to a 'turn', Paddy also sold his dwelling house and gardens, together with a large outlet for the grazing of horses, sheep and cattle and a right to a free bog and two ponies. All sold to D. Coffey, a native of the Gap of Dunloe for a tidy sum of £220. A 'turn' was highly lucrative for the Ponymen, as they charge ten shillings per tourist. However Paddy continued his role as bugler, sounding the famous Echos and did so since he was eleven years of age, having taken up the profession from his father, the famous Captain Doyle.

The Kerryman Newspaper.

Wild Cats Story ... a hundred years ago wild cats (pine martin?), lived in the mountains, were hunted for sport and for their pelt which was a valuable commodity. Hawks were killing game around Dunloe, the landlords had the mountains poisoned and the population of the 'wild cats' were wiped out. They survived around Killarney for longer but it seems that the last 'wild cat' alive, was believed to have been poisoned in a wood near Killarney Lakes. He was a splendid specimen, stuffed, preserved in a glass case and was to be seen in a cottage at Kate Kearney's cottage.

School Bealoideas 1938, Barraduff /Domhnall Ó' Donnchadha.

The Red Cow of Dunloe ... many years ago there was a very old woman who lived in the country. She had no daughters or sons and her husband was dead. Also, she was very poor and no one would mind her and the only way she could make her living was by way of her Red Cow. Early every morning she got up to milk that cow. And it came, that the King came to live in Ireland for his good health and he was not long in the country when he wanted to build a castle. When he got his men to build the castle, they had to mix the cement with the blood of the cattle and it came to pass that the King took the old woman's cow for the blood. A few days after, the old woman died. Then a white cow came down from the mountains and across to where the woman was buried. When the cow was going back to her own place, some people saw her in the Gap. After that, they called it the 'Gap of Dunloe'.

School Bealoideas 1938/Paddy Mason, Dublin.

Pluais Bheatt/Batt's Cave in the Gap ... Batt (Kearns) was a blind fiddler that lived way up in the Gap of Dunloe. There was a hole or cave under one of the bridges. He and his wife plied their trade by wooing the tourists with Batt's music. Their system of operation seems ... Batt's wife was outside on the road and when the tourists were approaching, the wife would shout *O Batt ! O Batt ... play your bhesht now man, play your almighty bhesht!* ... so Batt played his fiddle way down in the hole in the cave and the tourists were aghast at this wonderful eerie music echoing from the rocks of the nearby steep cliffs of the Gap ... *'tis the music of the fairies and the pookas , 'tis that !* ... and the tourists emptied their pockets in appreciation.

School Bealoideas, 1938 Gortbuí School.

Up the Gap in a Trap ... ‘lord of lands over all’ ... Major O’ Mahony’s men put pick and shovel to carve a route through the inhospitable landscape of the Gap in the mid 1800’s, beginning at Kate Kearneys up through the Gap of Dunloe. You have entered a pristine, untouched landscape formed by the Ice-Age 10,000 years ago, carved by the ‘Ice Queen’ herself, a kilometre deep. The last wolf in Ireland was killed circa 1700 close to here, near the Magillicuddy Reeks. In 1901, Jarrott ascended the Gap in a 7 h.p. De Dion motor-car into the Black Valley. Onwards around the Devil’s Elbow by Céim on the left and onto Coosaun Lake, up to Black Stream Bridge for the iconic view of the Gap. Black or Echo Lake, always termed in the feminine ... *because Sir! she always has the last word*, via the Chimneys route to Tomies and Purple Mountain. Look over your shoulder to see the Turf Path, the *córach*, winding its way to Strickeen Mountain, Colleen Bawn Cottage onwards to the left and to the right you could make out O’Donoghue brothers’ house ruins in Corraweal. On to Cushvally Lake, the Old Barracks and Kiernan’s of Arbutus Cottage, a woodcarver of native woods called John O’Donoghue. The cottage took fire in 1953, destroyed his carvings, money and his sheepdog. To Augur and Cushvalley Lake, up through the Turnpike Rock, Duloch Bridge, to the Wishing Bridge and the Black or Serpent Lake. Gap Cottage or Patrick’s Cottage appears under Drishana and Bull Rock, to the Peep O’ Day, by Codladh na Súil’s healing waters and Balance Rock. Up the ‘stairs’ to the Head of the Gap and the vista of Black Valley appears by Gentleman’s Rock and Madman’s Seat where over a century and a half ago, a man built a stone hut as a hermitage but only stayed three months and disappeared. Then left to Lord Brandon’s Cottage and onwards to Bár na Snáth to join the throngs of the famous and fortunate who wore this well worn path, Queen Victoria, De Valera, Douglas De h-Íde, Sean Lemass, Spenser Treacy ... *and your good self Sir ... that’ll be ten bob in old money.*

The Postman ... some seventy years ago there lived a woman in a cottage way up the Gap, who took a dislike to the local postman ... maybe that he wasn’t delivering her letters on time. So in order to get her revenge she used to write umpteen letters to herself and post them so that he would have to toil up to her house several times a week ... the postman’s punishment!

Balance Rock ... ‘*A Week in Killarney*’ written by S.C Hall on his visit of 1864 ... ‘On the side of a lofty hill is the Logan Stone about 24 feet in circumference and it is doubtless, a Druidical remain of remote antiquity’. Thomas Moore likened it to the poet’s heart, which ...

*the slightest touch alone sets moving,
But all earth’s power could not shake it from its base.*

Proprietor Jerome Coffey, Kate Kearney’s Cottage confirmed that the ‘balancing rock’ was situated at the Gap of Dunloe but vandals knocked it from its perch and now lies on the ground.

Céim ... an area of land, a half mile beyond Kate Kearneys was the ancestral home to Dode (Barney) Moriarty. Dode had many stories on the lore of the Gap as he plied his trade as the premier ponyman living there all of his life. He told me this story in his grandfather’s time. There were seven boys in the family, each hoping that one of them would receive the land from their father. So the day of reckoning came and was eagerly awaited, as was the case in those days. The seven sons came down for breakfast to hear the decision and would have accepted the outcome. One of the sons was named as the successor to the land and the other remaining six, that very morning bade farewell to their family and left the house. Three went to America and the others to Australia, never to return. Céim was separated by stepping-stones over the Loe River and was called Brennan’s Leap so named, that a Brennan man was the only man able to jump it clear. Another of Dode’s stories related, that over a hundred years ago an American childless couple visited the Gap and noticed many children running helter skelter along the road. They asked of a mother could they take away one of the children, with a promise of a new better life in America. The mother relented and the couple took the child. Time passed and they changed their mind about bringing up the child. They went into a department store in New York and left the child on the sidewalk never to return to collect the child, who was then essentially orphaned. Time passed, that very child returned to the Gap to eventually find his people and it turned out that he was a prominent doctor in the Mayo Clinic in USA.

‘Satchel’ and the Griofán ... two tall Americans John and Patrick by the name of Moriarty from Philadelphia, with their wives, arrived in Killarney to the Great Southern Hotel one day in the late 60’s. The two brothers had memories of sitting on their father’s knee and hearing him say that he came from a place in Ireland. Before they came, they enquired from the Irish tourist board in Madison Avenue with their request and were directed to Kerry. They enquired at the desk of the hotel, that they were looking for their roots and the only information they had was that their father Patrick Moriarty came from a place in Kerry ... *in view of the highest mountain in Ireland* ... no other information. So a quick thinking taxi-man in a black peaky cap, drove them straight in his Damler Chrysler out to Mike Moriarty at the Gap, thinking that if anyone knew, Mike would. They arrived out to the Gap of Dunloe and Mike took one look at the Americans and said *Aha! I have ye ... ye have the nose of the ‘Satchel’ Moriartys, from down the road.* Mike told the taxi-man to go down to ‘Satchels’ and bring up ‘Mickey and Thady Cons’ who were porters in the nearby hotel. They came up after about an hour, washed and shaved, with their Sunday suit and wondering what this was all about. So Mike introduced the visitors to their new cousins and the Americans were understandably emotional to see their new-found relations. Their father Patrick worked on the railroad, married to a Polish woman and died a young man when the sons were five or six. The ‘Big Con’ Satchels were evicted by the landlord Blennerhasset like many of the same at that time, but they were later reinstated.

So the story went that young Patrick of seventeen years, nicknamed ‘Satchel’, was sent on an errand by his father to go ‘over Laune’ to Doona’s Forge in Faha to fix the handle on a reaping hook, was called a *griofán*. Tom Doonas was the hub, a meeting place and for jobs of all kinds, but Old Tom was always behind schedule. Patrick was waiting his turn at the forge and there was a girl called Annie O’Connor present. Young Patrick had a liking for Annie and Old Doona knew that and was playing what was called, ‘gooseberry’ or go-between. Along came the landlord’s son, young Blennerhasset with two friends who were going hunting in Tomie’s Wood. Their horse threw a shoe and Blennerhasset’s son doubled back to Doona’s but because of their status, they could jump any queue. They were dressed in warrior-type regalia, with an old family sword

on his belt and he was making a nuisance of himself, showing off, acting the bully-boy and began flirting with Annie. Patrick's father was evicted by Blennerhasset some years previous and young Patrick had a great dislike towards the landlord. He, as they say, 'had eyes' for Annie O'Connor and things got rather heated in exchanges. Patrick could take no more of this, in a fit of rage grabbed Blennerhasset's sword, cut his ear and opened the side of his jaw. There was blood, screaming and consternation all over the forge. The sword struck off the chimney of the forge and the top of it shattered. With that, Doona saw the gravity of the situation and quickly said to Satchel ... *run now, run like the devil, Satchel and don't come back ... don't turn back, boy ... go an' tell your father ... there is big trouble for you and the family !*

The young man, 'ar nós na gaoithe' sped off, fording the Laune until he got back to his home in the Gap. He told his parents what had happened and dropped the sword to the ground as he had kept a firm grip on it all the way from Doona's with the shock of the incident. Likewise his father read the situation, they washed him and burned his clothes. His mother wrapped up a loaf of bread for him and his father said ... *run now and don't come back, up to the Black Valley, up to the cousins, just rest there, don't stay there either and keep running until you run out of land !*

In the meantime, Blennerhasset with his men on horseback, baying for blood and came to Old Tom Doona to find the identity and the whereabouts of the boy. Blennerhasset gave chase with the intent of capturing him, to lynch him or maybe worse. Doona put his hand on Blennerhasset's boot and advised him to not go to the Gap as tensions were already at breaking point with regard to evictions. Patrick ran, he eventually reached Caseys in the Black Valley, kept on the move over the Magillicuddy Reeks to Valentia Island. He lay low for a few days, got to a boat to Galway docks and eventually set sail as a stowaway for Philadelphia with a price on his head in Kerry.

Mike said to them ... 'now that's your father's story' and they went happily away and quite gobsmacked with their family's tale. Mike began thinking and musing about it and suddenly he told a neighbour to go back down to Moriartys and look around the fireplace and particularly behind the turf-box. The neighbour did that and guess what he found? ... the sword with the piece missing

that Patrick ‘Satchel’ had dropped out of his hand that fateful day, a hundred years previous. He brought it back up to Mike, the next day it was delivered to the Great Southern Hotel and was presented to the American Moriarty brothers ... a fitting end to the ‘Satchel’ story, a souvenir to boot relating to Patrick Moriarty in the Gap of Dunloe from ... *a place where you can see the highest mountain in Ireland.*
Con Moriarty

Julius Rodenberg ... a German travel writer came to Kerry in the early 1860’s, providing a vivid impression of family life, the customs and belief at the time around the Gap of Dunloe. During his first stroll through the mountains of Killarney, he came upon a girl at a spinning wheel with a child in a straw cradle beside her. It was late in the evening then, a heavy mist adding to the gloom and she could only be seen through the half open door, caught in the glow of the firelight. Next day he met old Sally, a wise woman from the Gap of Dunloe, from whose conversation with his driver he gleaned that Hurley’s cow was in pain. The reason for this was simple enough according to Sally. Hurley, despite her warnings, insisted on leaving his cow to graze in a field in a fairy field where the little people amused themselves by pinching the animal and pulling it’s legs. At the Gap, he met the grand daughter of Kate Kearney, another Kate. She provided Rodenberg and his driver with a glass of milk, strengthened with the addition of a few drops of mountain dew. Further on he saw barefooted girls with bright red shawls selling more goat’s milk and whiskey. As he made his way down the lake in a boat he saw men in the meadows making hay with their pitchforks. He paid a visit to the cabin in the hills again, this time discovering that the young woman he had seen at the spinning wheel was called Brigid. The child Grania was not hers but her uncle’s. She was taking care of Grania for him because Grania’s mother had died four years before. There was nothing in the cabin but the hearth, the bed, a few chairs, the spinning wheel, the potato creel and along the back wall, the little dresser for plates, jugs and glasses. Opposite the fireplace was a kind of alcove where Brigid’s mother slept and the ceiling hung with St. Brigid’s crosses. Over the entrance door was a double cross carved in wood to protect Grania from the Evil Eye. A donkey shoe, nailed to the floor kept away the fairies and protected the milk from the witch.

Inside and close to the door was a sty for pigs, near it a straw mat on which hens sat, cackled and laid eggs. One of the hens was a pet and spent more time on Brigid's lap than it did on the straw mat. The cabin was built in the shadow of a hill on which stood a fairy fort and Brigid was very much afraid of the hill and the little people who lived there. She told a story of a boy sent by Mr. Herbert of Muckcross to plough a field near a fort. The boy refused at first but his employer insisted. The plough broke time and time again and during the night there was a terrible storm. The cattle broke down the fences and galloped round the grounds at Muckcross, bellowing all the while. If it had not been for the intervention of old Sally, the wise woman, the fairies would not have been appeased at all. Rodenberg however, managed to persuade Brigid to accompany him on a visit to another fort nearby. This was the place where Brigid's aunt, Katy was taken by the little people before her death. Katy told of rooms filled with handsome young men and pretty maidens and rooms crowded with hags and decrepit old men. She was brought before the fairy queen who had a child on her lap. 'Will you lay the child to your breast and let it suck, else it must die?' said the Queen. Katy, who had just given birth to Grania a few days before, felt sorry for the child and agreed to the Queen's request. When she returned home, Grania refused to suckle at her breast again and so the child had to be fed with bread and milk. Katy herself was dead within a fortnight. (See p.70/Ilvermorney)

The Wake at the Gap ... in the graveyard at Aghadoe, it was said that a ghost appeared to those whose relations were buried there. At the funeral, the ghost wailed until most of the mourners had gone and then revealed itself to the last of them. If the last mourner was a man, the ghost took the form of a beautiful young woman and if it was a woman she took the form of a handsome man. The spirit then kissed the mourner on the lips, filling them with a strange mad passion and making them to return at an appointed time.

This was what happened to a young man called Larry. The spirit came wafting over the hills in long white robes to lift him from his mother's grave and give him the kiss of doom. He promised to come to her again when yellow flowers began to fade. Rodenberg provided his readers with a graphic description of Larry's wake. His

first impressions were of clouds of smoke, countless candles and every visitor was expected to bring a candle. There was laughing, singing and yelling and the shrill sound of a violin. Larry's corpse lay on the table, over it a white sheet decorated with white ribbons and a pinch of salt directly above the deceased's heart. The rest of the table was covered with bottles, glasses and dishes, clay-pipes and little cakes. The atmosphere became subdued for a little while when the German entered the wake-house, but later, the boys and girls soon returned to their wake games. Sally from the Gap of Dunloe, then began to lament for the dead man, praising his lineage and his valour before his fatal encounter with the spirit in the churchyard. The strangeness of it all was overpowering. One day when he was out on his travels with Thady, his driver, the German was confronted by a swirl of dust blowing past. Thady assured him that this was how the little people moved from place to place. He pointed his whip to the glen into which the wind blew the dust-cloud towards the sun, which illumed it magically. *There they are !!!*

Strickeen Bogs & The Old Turf Path ... a winding pathway on the southern side of Strickeen Hill called *An Corach*, which in days of yore was used as an old turf path to bring the fuel from the bogs off Strickeen. This was done in baskets strapped on both sides of the donkey called a *srathar-fhada*, which was an oaten straw belt placed on donkey's back to take the weight of the heavy baskets of turf. The path was very steep and treacherous, but Wm. Williams of St. John's Mill, an enterprising man devised a system whereby he employed horses and cart to transport the turf in greater quantities. This invention was called the *check-rein* system. He had a plank placed in front of the cart, tackling one of the horses in front of the cart and another horse adjacent to it. In applying this system, he was able to guide both horses with one set of reins. He also had to fit a braking system of timber and a leather thong onto the wheels of cart. When the brake was engaged, its sound would reverb throughout the Gap floor to the Black Valley ... no doubt a form of high entertainment for locals and tourists alike.

The Case of Nonie V the Sergeant ... there was an action at the lawsuit of Nonie Cotter of the Gap of Dunloe, against acting Sergeant Gash for assault and damages being laid at £50. Mr. Sloane appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Higgins for the defendant. A jury of six tried the case. The plaintiff was a widow who had a huxter's shop in the Gap of Dunloe where she traded in an honest way with the tourists. She was found to be trading milk, but was alleged that she sometimes put whiskey into the concoction. Sgt. Gash obtained a warrant to search her house but found nothing except a bottle of stout and empty bottles. At the time, the plaintiff had a bottle of whiskey in her pocket. Mr. Sloane submitted that Ms. Cotter was entitled to have a bottle of whiskey as any of the person in the land and even so, many ladies carried whiskey in their pockets. When the sergeant entered the premises in a heavy-handed manner, he seized the plaintiff in her little bedroom, knocked her down and took the bottle from her pocket. The plaintiff's arm was blackened and she had to be attended by the priest and the doctor. The defendant, Ms. Cotter on being handed the quart of whiskey in the court, slipped it into her pocket amidst groans of laughter. She said that she spat up blood and was ill for some time and denied ever selling whiskey and mountain dew to the tourists ... (laughter). The guager and the police had an eye on her (laughter). Dr. Dodd stated he went to see her and met the priest at the door and Ms. Cotter was lying on the bed. She had a large lump on her left arm and he said that she would not be a match for the defendant in a quarrel. Cross examined, Mr. Dodd said he did know that the priest administered the last rites. When the priest asked if it was necessary, he said it was not. The defendant said that the bottle was on the floor, the plaintiff screamed, she tore up the warrant but he didn't in anyway assault her. Thady Connor implored the Sergeant, in the names of all the saints in the calendar to forgive her and said that the Gap was honeycombed with shebeens. After twenty minutes deliberation, the jury found for the plaintiff and awarded £10 for damages. Mr. Sloane applied for and awarded £1 costs ... the court rose at 6.20 pm.

Kerry Sentinel 1890's.

THE ANGLER'S REST

There's a village called Beaufort, its not on the map,
It stands near Killarney on the road to the Gap,
There once was a pub there called the Angler's Rest
And the beer that was sold there was known as the best.

On last Sunday evening on passing that way,
To my surprise, I heard a band play;
The Angler's Rest was no more to be seen,
But there on the ground was the Inn Between.

I thought I'd go there to sample the beer,
It tasted delicious and wasn't too dear;
I met Pateen and J.J, he was like a garsún,
Although in his 60's, he's still in full bloom.

The magnificent building in splendour did stand,
I can safely say its the best in the lands;
The proprietor is local and likewise the staff,
That should put Beaufort right on the map.

The music was playing and there was a sing-song,
And a large crowd was dancing before very long;
Dan Kavanagh sang songs about sweet Aghadoe,
We were all very happy and the drinks they did flow.

So now to conclude and to finish my rhyme,
I would say alot more but Darbys' called time;
If you want to go dancing, its plain to be seen,
You must go on to Beaufort, to the Inn Between.

Mike Dwyer, Ballytrasna, Faha.
Air ... Cod Liver Oil.



Gort Bui Rock Art

Cruach Mhór

2 of 7

DIARMAID

1922 – 2013

*... you breathed your first, the day
Collins breathed his last.
... a 'life for a life' ...
on the cusp of a nation's birth.*

Under Striucín's lazy-beds in Lachtán
within the babble of Abhainn na Chuillinn,
a sheep-man in the making, moulded from
elements of wind, rain, hail and snow.

Reared on Coolcummisk,
bred to arduous turnings of the stations of the year;
the lambing, the shearing, the dipping, the dealing
and a daub of red to claim your own.

Tutored by fox, sparrow-hawk, the birch
and that holly on the old-wall-ditch,
counting rings ... 89 ... 90 ... 91 as old as you ...
a rams-horn trophy perched on a sceach,
your quest ... to hone the handkerchief greens
against the onslaught of bracken, rush and gorse.

Piled bog-deal posts with miles of barbed
up by Cruach's Grotto, down to Carrig,
you pull your great-coat collar up to shield you
from icy winds from Coomapéiste ... the airman's grave.
Sharp gutturals, shrill whistles, the master calls
an obeyant collie by your side, she works the flock
on the round-up under Bhraca's long shadows.
the swirling fog ... your mistress, your mountain-home!

The Book of Jeremiah now closed shut,
shepherd of a thousand stories, now silent.,
lay sleeping under Churchtown yews ...
yet ... still, the sheep graze on the
lazy beds under Coolcummisk and Striucín.

Thomas O' Sullivan ... 2014.

The Laune and Ludlow and Loch Léin

*Ó bár Loch Léin go Loch na dTrí gCaol,
Ag gaiseadh, ag taisteal 's ag líbarnáil síos,
On riasc, ón sliabh, ón gleann go síor ...
Abha deas álainn an Leamhain.*

... from Cruach Mhór, panorama personified, lord of all surveyed in the Beaufort Valley, Loch Léin drained by the majestic Leamhain River of the Elm, with tributaries Gaddagh and Loe. Dingle on the western skyline ... Sliabh Mis with her attendant goddesses to the north ... Scotia and Fas, Scál and Blathnaid. Loch Léin of Killarney and Anú of the Paps, Tomies to the east and the tucked mountains of Neidín of the Roughty to the south.

Through pre-history the Laune was an inland waterway. One legend says that a boat sailed up the Laune and was mysteriously buried at Cnocán Árd Rua, a mound of red earth on a plain near Annadale. In 1650's the Cromwellian General Ludlow mustered together ship-parts in Kinsale, brought them up near to Killagha Abbey on the mouth of the Maine estuary, assembled them and set sail up the Laune toward Loch Léin to attack the fortress of the Castle of Ross. It was the stuff of legend that Ross Castle would never be taken by water on the west side ... being superstitious to a man, they laid down their arms when they saw the ship riding on the ghostly lake of Léin. Ross Castle was surrendered to Ludlow in 1652, an old prophesy proclaimed ...

*... Rosse may all assault disdain,
Till on Lough Léin strange ship shall sail ...*

Legend of the 'Sídhe Bean Gleann Léin' ... there once was a deep fertile Glen tucked under Tomies Mountain called Gleann Léin. There lived a wicked sorceress there called Shehy, who had thick shriveled and wrinkled skin like that of a boar. She was a tyrant and ruled the Glen from Tomies and Dunloe Gap in the West to Ross in the East. From her fortress called Torc, she had all of the children in Gleann Léin as her slaves for the cooking, cleaning, farming and tending her Kerry cows. One of the older children, Strickín tired of this and prompted the others to revolt

against the wicked Shehy. They decided to run away and flee the forbidding fortress of Torc. Having agreed with Strickín, the children headed off at dawn on toward the Horses Glen and Crohane Mountain to the east, vowing never to return again to Gleann Lén. Shehy awoke the following morning to her cold fortress and was astonished that breakfast was not prepared, nor fires stoked. Seeing this, she threw a fit of rage and vowed to punish the children and the people of Gleann Lén once and for all. She flew up to the fearsome Geimleach, who had commanded the magic waters of the Devil's Punch Bowl on top of Mangerton. Filling her apron to the brim with the waters, she dived toward Tomies, tossing the first drip from the apron on the Upper part of the Gleann Lén, Bár na Snáth ... a second drip on Muckcross Glen and then with greatest of venom, emptied the rest of the contents of the water on Gleann Lén ... now known as Lough Lén. The Glen was totally flooded and Shehy's fortress of Torc lay at the bottom of the lake. Suddenly realizing what she had done in haste and rage, she dived into the waters to rescue her magic charms of witch power and was never seen again. Strickín and the children on learning of this, they returned to Cill Áirne to live in peace for the rest of their days. It is said that on still and windless days, one can hear the wailing of Shehy trapped inside her watery fortress.

Timmy O's Melodeon ... was a renowned box player from Alohart, a place separated by a steep pass called the Cummer between Cruach Mór and Cnoc na Bhraca. Timmy O' Connor was a melodeon player in demand for the playing of polka sets in the Black Valley for the Bidy Balls and the house Stations. He would strap on the box, a spare pair of shoes, head for the Cummer Pass and landing right into the Black Valley via Derrycarna played slides and polkas until the early hours. Striking out at dawn with the early revelers, then along the Black Valley to Shamrock House for tae and brown bread. Strapping up again, heading back home towards the Cummer to Alohart and a days work into the bargain.

Ni beidh a leithéid ann arís.

Alohart and the Loclannaig ... on *Cnoc na bhFraochán*, Hill of the Bilberries. When the Vikings were in Ireland they used to make beer with the bilberries that were growing plenty on the hills of the

Reeks. The beer was called Viking beer but they picked all of the bilberries and left nothing for the local people. They were very angry and they did their best to find the secrets of the Viking beer. Brian Boru heard of this and did his best to discover the secret recipe but failed. It was said, that the Battle of Clontarf was on account of the Viking beer and that score was settled for once and for all on 1014. Gortbuí School, Bealoideas 1938.

Another version of events regarding the Loclannaig/Viking beer was that the locals put the Druideach Curse on them, killing all Vikings except a father and his son. They then issued an ultimatum to extract the secret of the beer. They said they would kill them if they didn't reveal the secret, but the father said to kill his son first, which they did. Then the father said then, that he would never reveal the recipe. His reasoning was that he knew that his son would be too weak and would relent and divulge the secret. The locals then killed the father and the secret was lost forever.

Brewing and distilling was practiced in prehistoric times. Alohart and the neighbouring townlands of Meallis and Lisliebane were a hotbed of rival poitín makers and tall tales, that of poitín rustling. Historians believe that the fulacht fia was extensively used in brewing in Neolithic times and even a Sumerian poet of 1800 B.C. proclaimed that of a brewing pit in the ground ...

*You are the one who handles the dough
(And) with a big shovel,
Mixing in a pit the bappir,
With sweet aromatics.*

Michael Leane told me that there was a placename near Lisliebane called *boweracha*, which was connected with the brewing craft and at nearby Gortcullinane, Dunloe. A place called Cnoc na Bracadh, meaning, the place of the fermentation and brewing. St. Patrick had a brewer called Mescán and the duties of a king states ... 'he is not a lawful lord who does not distribute ale every Sunday' ... I'll drink to that !

AN GIORRIA BÁN

An Giorria Bán rith racán,
Ar chlaon-glas árd Chnoc bhFraochán ...
Trioslógacht tríd an aitinn, dealgach buí,
Go bruach Loch na Cailí.

Níos aosta ná na sléibhte ...
Níos tapúla ná an ghaoth ...
Ag dornáil, sugrach is cleasaíocht,
Faoi scáth na gealaí bán.

Lá is a bhí Oisín ag seilg ar Chruach Mhór,
Ag cuardach, ag fiach is ag faire fíor go géar ...
Ghortaigh sé an Giorria Bán go marfach trom,
is d'éalaigh sé go Dún Struicín;
Nuair d'oscail é an charraig trean,
san phluais bhí an Spéirbhean Bán.

Fonn ... *'limerick's lamentation' / 'marbha luimní'*.

Thomas O' Sullivan ... 2015.

The White Hare runs riot on Cnoc na bhFraochán, all the way to the Hag's Glen through the yellow furze, clowning and playing, faster than the wind, under the shadow of the moon. One day, Óisín was hunting on Cruach Mór and he wounded the hare. The White Hare ran and escaped up to Strickeen. When Óisín gave chase, he got to Strickeen Mountain and opened the heavy stone door of the cave ... he saw the White Skywoman there on the floor.

There are many stories about the hare and associated superstitions. A story related by Tom and Steve O'Shea, about a man who went hunting a hare and it was wounded around the Shanara hills. The hare ran into his house and he followed it to find that his grandmother sitting down near the fire with blood flowing from her leg.

Tommy the Grotto Builder ... his name, Tommy O' Sullivan or Tommy 'Mullach', as he was named, from Ballyledder. A nice quiet, honest man as the days are long and he who went about his business of grotto-building day and night. His first grotto was built on the slopes of Glubba Hill in Ballyledder and later on, to the top of Cruach Mhór. He made an attempt to build a grotto on top of Carrantuohill at the base of the old timber cross that was erected in Holy Year 1950, but that failed him. He slipped coming down the Devil's Ladder and that put paid to his grotto building. He was also called 'Tommy 'cold-ear', as he always complained of such from working in all kinds of inclement weather, the howling gales on the Cruach Mhór and Ballyledder grottos.

He lived his life in full view of Corrán Tuathail and worked tirelessly with the local farmers ... as good as two men they'd say, the hay, the turf, no end to the man's energy. When he finished his day's work, the most important job was to be done ... a man with a mission, off up to the mountain, *God's work to be done!*. He built his two grottos with great dedication to the Blessed Virgin and it was remarked, that he built the grottos facing west, toward his home in Ballyledder and that the grottos were built in memory and dedicated to his mother, who died when he was a child. Maurice Tuohy of Meallis had great time for Tommy, trying to advise him somewhat. So he said to him one day ... *for God's sake Tommy you'll kill yourself up there on the mountain ...* but Tommy's reply was ... *sure if I don't do it, who will?*. His mission of dedication was very personal to him and nothing could stop him on his quest. He came to Maurice one day asking him for a big, heavy stone slab in the yard for the base of the statue in the Cruach Mhór grotto. Maurice obliged, of course and he hoisted the slab onto Tommy's back and away with him up on to Cruach Mhór.

He'd go fishing up to Loch Íochtar with a *leathaid*, which was an apron made out of a fertilizer bag, tied around his midriff. Catch loads of small sprats, he would bring them and share to the neighbours. Another story has it that on long summer evenings, the people from 'over Launers' by Faha and Listry saw a white little dot inching its way up towards Cruach Mhór ... quite the conundrum for the 'over-Launers'. But it was found that in the far distance, it was Tommy hauling white fertilizer bags full of sand and cement up toward the summit of Cruach. He had a 'human-chain-system'

whereby he would bring a bag so far and then go back until he had a half dozen of them and then would move them one by one up along the steep incline. Mike Coffey, the Bidy hat maker told me that Tommy borrowed a heavy old-type wooden twenty-foot ladder one day and he lugged up on his shoulder on to Glubba Hill, to work on his first grotto. Somebody told me that the bog went on fire one day in Oulagh, but Tommy ran for it and wouldn't go near the bog as he was terrified by fire. He lived in a caravan at Meallis and one night it was blown down in a gale one night may have been the straw that broke him. He was hospitalized in the 80's until the day he died on 2000. Tommy tried in vain to get the Cruach Mhór grotto blessed and eventually a visiting priest gratefully obliged. The first grotto, a fine structure on Ballyledder on the side of Glubba, can be readily seen in the slanting sun, where a kindly neighbour gives it a coat of whitewash from time to time. There is an annex to the left of it wherby Tommy had the idea to have a generator installed there to light the Grotto, but that never came to fruition. All these stories are gathered from those who knew him, therby building a profile of this exceptional, humble man at the foot of the Magillicuddy Reeks. A man with an extraordinary vision that single-handedly came to fruition driven by his great devotion and dedication.

His gravestone is inscribed at Churchtown thus ...

Thomas O'Sullivan, 'Tom Tomasín', Died 3rd February, 2000, in recognition of the building by Tom of Grottos, to Our Lady on Glubba and Cruagh in Kerry ... RIP.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam dílis, macánta.

It was said in order to survive on the Reeks you need to have ...

A good wife, good neighbours, A good dog and good weather ... Donie Foley.

Game of 'Cáid & Faction Fighting ... 'Cáid' or Rough an' Tumble was the precursor of Gaelic Games, where parishes played/fought parishes using a ball made of a pig's bladder, rags or straw and the object of the 'game' was to bring the ball over a designated parish boundary and 'bring the ball home' as it were. Some say that the game was just an excuse for faction fighting, to clear the air

especially between great rivals such as Siofraidh na Tuathe of Beaufort v Laune Rangers of Killorglin.

There are many references to Faction Fights and Puck Fair where the Foleys and the Kearns had it out. An account concerned Big Mick Foley from Anglont who challenged Courtney, a giant of a man from Tomies, to fight. The ritual being that a challenger would place his coat on the ground and anyone that would walk on it was interpreted as a challenge to fight. It so happened, there was a bystander present from Dunloe and pleaded with Big Mick, not to fight Courtney as he felt the latter would be killed in the exchange. Courtney later realised that the man from Dunloe actually was right and in gratitude toward the man and was rewarded handsomely for some years after.

Kerry Mountain Rescue ... was inaugurated in Killorglin in 1966, original members included were Seán Ó' Súilleabháin, Ernie Brick, Maureen Chevins, Maureen O'Reilly. Early stories include the first rescue of Bill Collins in 1967. The early days include working with primitive equipment; a mountain rescue dog lost on Brandon; training days abroad in 1991; an old Southern Health Board ambulance acquired; £10 insurance; early days of landline, pagers and now modern-day cell phone and eventually a helicopter deployed for rescues; 'Unimog'; a story of a honeymoon couple found by Lough Acouse as thought were lost, but it seems they just needed privacy ! A story of a training day at Árd na Lochá on the day of the World Cup & Ray Houghten's famous goal relates the story someone holding a TV aerial in desperation to view the match. Cronin's Yard is base-camp for all activities on the Reeks and now has comfortable facilities for the mountain treker. Other trailheads for the Reeks are Lisliebane and Glencar with car parking.

The Kerry Way ... *Slí Uibh Rathach*, 230 km/145 m is the longest way-marked trail in Ireland, a circular route with spurs and loops all around the Iveragh. It was established in 2003, brainchild of Sean Ó'Súilleabháin and is now the premier walking route in Iveragh Peninsula. The Kerry Way, making its entry at Torc via Derrycunihy Woods, along by the Black Valley through Coimín Dubh, towards Brida and the Lack Road to Lough Acouse and on

to Glencar, continues to Glenbeigh, toward Cahirsiveen eventually linking up back to Killarney. The Kerry Way takes you on a tour of evidence of earliest man in Iveragh ... shell middens dating to the Mesolithic era, early Field Systems (5,000 B.C.), Trackways through the primeval oak forests that were laid down in the Neolithic era and the Iron Age, 2,000 B.C.

Sliabh Mis Goddesses & Cú Roí Mac Daire ... from the Magillicuddy Reeks to the north lies the panoramic Sliabh Mis Mountains on the Corca Dhuibhne. Across from the bay, is the ancient name, Loch na dTrí gCaol, the three sand spits of Inch, Cromane and Rossbeigh, jutting out on the bay where can be heard the Tonn Tóime, that of the loudest roar of the waves of all Ireland. Sliabh Mis is very rich in mythologies with her goddesses.

Mis : Queen of Sliabh Mis, gives the mountain its name. She was daughter of Daire Donn, leader of the invasion of Fionntrá where he was slain. Mis then drank his blood, became demented and lived at Gleann na Gealt of the mad people and killing all before her. She was captured by the king's harper Dubh Rois, who treated her with watercress thereby restoring her beauty and her sanity.

Scotia : She was a Pictish Queen, daughter of Pharaoh of Egypt and wife of Milidh of the Milesians. She was slain in the Battle of Sliabh Mis and is buried at Gleannaskaghín known as Scotia's Grave.

Fas : Travelled with Scotia to Sliabh Mis where she aided her in battle against Banba of the Tuatha de Danann. After the battle she lived in Geannfash in Aunascaul and had a seven-fold love affair with the land.

Scál : Called Scál Ní Mhurnán, defended by Cuchalainn against the Giant, who later killed him with a huge boulder from the mountain across Aunascaul Lake after a week-long battle. Scál was so distraught that she threw herself into the lake and drowned.

Scéine : Sgene Davilsir, goddess and wife of Milesian Amergín Glúingéal of the White Knee. She drowned as the Milesian fleet was approaching Kerry from Spain. The harbour was named Inbhear Scéine, Kenmare.

Cessair : Her name means ... 'shower of hail and keeper of knowledge'. She landed in Ballinaskelligs Bay with the Partholans

forty days before the Flood, with fifty women and three men. It is said that she brought the first sheep to the land of Éire. Ladra, the pilot, died of an excess of women, Bith died when an oar penetrated his buttocks and Fionntán, the only survivor spent some time in the rivers of Éire as a one-eyed salmon. Cessair is said to have dined on eagle's breasts, drank but deer's milk and drove a chariot drawn by the great Irish Elk. When Fionntán died, Cessair, sometimes known as Garbh Orgh, died of a broken heart and is buried at Inis Tuaisceart in Dingle Bay ... *bandia mór ina codladh* ...

Blathnaid : Cú Roí Mac Dáire captured Cú Chulainn's wife Blathnaid and carried her to his fortress at Caherconree on Sliabh Mis. She alerted Cú Chulainn when Cú Roí was away quarrying stones for his fort. She then sent a signal, by pouring milk into the Fionnglas River near Caherblath.

Tuathal Techtmhar ... called after Corrán Tuathail ... inverted sickle of Tuathail, Ireland's highest peak in the old Parish of Tuatha (Tuogh). Tuathal Techtmhar with the epithet *aitbechtbuatha*, was the great voyager and leader of the vassal tribes of non-Goidelic origin. He did battle and defeated the Ligmuini, the Fir Bolg, the Galioin and the Domnainn, they being the first waves of invasion onto the land of Éire. Tuathail at this time conquered all of Ireland ... Lagen, Muma, Ulaid and Fir Ól nÉcmacht ... the four provinces of Ireland and fought battles in Munster with the Érainn, of the name 'Éire'. After conquering and taking hostages in the Provinces, he assembled the Irish leaders at the Feis of Tara, *ríg an cóiced* and made them swear to be loyal to his race forever. Tuathal kept possession of the northern of Ireland and the southern half was given to Mugh Nuadat of Eoganacht. Tuathail's mother was Eithne was a river goddess and his father Lugh, another connection with Dunloe via Dún Loich/Lugaid. Placenames in relation to Tuathal in Munster are, Carraig Tuathail in Cork and Lios Tuathail, Listowel. It is somewhat coincidental that Corrán Tuathail of Tuathal Techtmhar of the Magillicuddy Reeks has a similar root-name to that of the outlying parish, namely the Parish of Tuatha/Tuogh.

THE DANCE AT GLOSHEEN

Young and young maidens, I ask you draw near,
A few simple verses I want you to hear,
Concerning the sports of auld Erin so green,
That once took the lead, 'twas the Dance at Glosheen.

They're coming in thousands over heath-covered hills,
As they rest for a moment on top of the Kills;
And as I look around me, I must cast an eye,
At the pretty colleens as they pass me by.

The large rock behind is the seat of the player,
And the Green is as strong as the streets of Puck Fair;
The music is flowing in melody-sweet notes
And rapidly wafts 'oer the hills to our homes.

Success to the sports of Old Erin so Green,
And to the gallant leaders at the Dance at Glosheen;
Each country in Ireland if you give them a call,
You'll find County Kerry the best of them all.

Many of our members have been with us then,
But are now faraway in some far distant glen,
But they'll often return to the land of the Green,
To the fine sporting spot they have left at Glosheen.

As I am engaged, in these hills' purple brow,
In view of wild Meallis, Lisliebane and Coolrue;
May we all be united and to each other true,
The new school at Gortbuí stands out in full view.

Michael Leane
Air ... Johnny Jump Up

Com na Péiste

3 of 7

The Lost Skytrain ... on the night of December 17th 1943 at 7 am, a man going to work at the foot of Cruach Mhór, heard a loud thunderous roar, but little did he know that a Douglas Skytrain-C47/Dakota ...43/30719 had crashed at the side of Coomnapéiste mountain. Not until the following 3rd February 1944, a sheep farmer Tom O'Shea made the grim discovery of five crewmen laying on the hillside.

The names of those on board were, Scharf, Goodin, Brossard, Holstlaw and Schwartz. The C47 Skytrain together with eight other planes set off from Marrakech, Morocco and their destination was St. Mawgan, Cornwall. The C47 was carrying 'Battle Bicycles' in crates with a suggestion that they were to be parachuted on French soil behind enemy lines to aid the French Resistance. It departed from its intended flight path around Portugal due to a navigational malfunction, but the weather deteriorated in the south west on the Reeks which were snow covered at the time. Cloud cover was low and they decided to try and make for Rinanna (Shannon), but fuel was running short. They however approached Comeenapéiste from the north-west and crashed into the side of the mountain at a height of 2700ft. There was a major explosion at impact, plane parts were scattered around the mountaintop and part of the wing fell into the lake below.

The Gardaí in Beaufort were notified and the Army, up to thirty-five soldiers were called to cordon off the area and all the bodies were recovered seven weeks after the crash. One of the crew, Swartz had survived for some time, as he had crawled some distance. They were removed to Gortboy School and from there to the Town Hall, Killarney where a dance happened to be in progress at the time. They were buried in the New Cemetery, Killarney and interred in Belfast and then at a later date in USA and England. A memorial ceremony was held at Cronin's Yard, Meallis and a plaque was unveiled in their honour on 19th August 1984 under the shadow of the crash site. *Ar dbeis Dé go raibh a anam.*

From ... The Last Flight of 43/30719 & The Lost Skytrain Film.

COOMNAPÉISTE

1

Angels breathe, angels cry,
Awakening air on the mountain high ...
Clear hills of dew, thoughts anew,
You are there, splendid and true

Little bird, look the other way,
Wings unfold, fog of prey ...
Little bird, your fate forgo,
Silent mountain, cave of winds echo.

Chorus

Medal ... their pride ...
Buried deep, deep inside ...

2

Angels breathe, angels cry,
Awakening air on the mountain high,
Locked inside the serpents lair,
Angels sigh, entrusted care.

Gail O'Donoghue ... 2015

Naomh Pádraigh agus an Péist ... When St. Patrick had completed his mission to rid the snakes from Ireland, he took a break and came to Dunloe. On to a local hostelry to take a well deserved drink, he overheard from the local farmers that there was a Serpent still residing in Loch Coomnapéiste way up on the Reeks. Armed with a pint of whiskey, a strong-box and a lock, he arrived at the lake at the foot of Cruach Mhór and waited patiently. After some time the curious Serpent appeared to Patrick. A civilized discourse ensued and the Serpent was offered some whiskey and eventually drank all of it, compliments of the saint, agus bhí sé maith go leor. As the Serpent's defenses were down, Patrick grabbed him, put him in the box and flung it far into the bottom of Loch na Péiste. When the Serpent came to his senses, he shouted ... *Lig amach mé!, Lig amach mé!* ... Let me out !... and Patrick replied ... *Amárach', Amárach!*...Tomorrow! ... and they say if you

go to Coomnapéiste on the eve of Patrick's Day you'll hear the serpent cry out *Bhfuil sé amárach fós ?...* Is it tomorrow yet ?

Gortbuí School, Bealoideas 1938.

This story has also been attributed to Serpent Lake in the Gap of Dunloe. Another story goes, that in Coomnapéiste there is a monster there that emerges from the lake and eats the long grass at the shore. There was a man fishing there and caught many trout on the bank and later to find the monster eating his catch and retreated back towards the lake. The next day the man came with his gun and saw the black thing, fired a shot, hit him in the head and the monster jumped straight back into the lake. The man said that he was as big as a horse with a big tail, a big head, small feet and a mane on him. Later the man went up to lake Coomnapéiste to let water into the Gaddagh as he needed to power-up a new mill that he was building. When he was breaking the sluice, he heard a cry and turned around to see his house on fire in Meallis. When he ran down to quench it, he found no evidence of the fire there. The same thing happened the following few days and another time he thought that the whole of the townland of Meallis was on fire. He stopped working at Coomnapéiste after that in fear of the serpent.

Gort Buí School Bealoideas 1938/Diarmaid Leane.

The Munro Peaks ... the Magillicuddy Reeks have the chief's portion of the Munro Peaks. In fact eight of the nine designated in Ireland are Munros, the other remaining one is Mount Brandon. The Munro Peak concept is called after Sir Hugh Munro, a Scottish explorer that any mountain over 3000ft./914m. is a 'Munro Standard'. The Peaks of the Reeks are as follows ...

§ Carrantuathail/Corrán Tuathail ... *inverted sickle of Tuathail* 1039

§ Beenkeragh/Binn Chaorach ... *hill of the sheep* 1010

§ Caher/ Cathair na Féine ... *city or keep of the Fianna* 1001

§ Knocknapeiste/Cnoc na Péiste ... *hill of the serpent* 988

§ Maolan Buí ... *yellow knoll* 973

§ Big Gun/Lacagarrin ... *slippery bridge* 939

§ Cruach Mhór ... *big stack* 932

§ Cnoc an Cuillinn ... *hill of the steep slope/ bolly?* 926

... the traditional Reeks walk starts from Kate Kearney's Cottage, via Strickeen, traverses all the above Peaks to descend via Sreg Mhór to Glencar.

Isaac Weld's Carrantuohill Account 1812 ... explorer and artist, born in Dublin in the late 1700's and published the 'Scenery of Killarney and Surrounding Countryside (1812)', a classic of early Irish mountaineering. He was led by local guides and writes of a dozen eagles in the mountains towards, as he called it ... *Gerauntuel/Corrán Tuathail* ! He and his guides crossed Lough Léin to Benson's Point climbing rocky slopes holding on to oak saplings to reach a broad meadow of heath and coarse grass where hundreds of cattle grazed on Strickeen?. After hours of climbing the lofty solitudes, they reached what they thought was Corrán Tuathail but was actually one of the nearby peaks Cruach Mór?. Inquiring of an old grey-headed man, they were told they were not on the highest peak but then directed them to the much higher peak of Gerauntuel. Some time after, Weld and his guides climbed Gerauntuel and took in the view and on the summit of the mountain and gathered stones to build a small pyramid. He was told of a hero by the name of Shee, tempted by treasures of the devil, to swim in Dingle Bay. He was deluded by a white sheet on the water, got entangled in it and was dragged to the bottom of the sea. He wrote of a story circulating around Killarney at the time of a man Mr. Fox who swam entirely around Lough Léin and boasted that no one would emulate that feat. Now there's a Challenge/Mr Fox!

Dreach-Fhoula ... during a lecture in 1961, the Registrar of the National Folklore Commission, Seán Ó Suilleabháin, himself a Kerryman, mentioned a site which he called (pronounced *droc'ola*) or Castle of the Blood Visage. There was allegedly, a fortress high up in the Magillicuddy Reeks that was inhabited by blood-drinking fairies. The fortress was said to guard a lonely pass, but travellers in the region had to beware lest they become the prey of the *dearg-diulai*. Unfortunately, Ó Suilleabháin did not give any location for the fortress, nor does any further reference to it appear in any of his books. Neither does it appear in Breandán Ó Ciobháin's list of placenames for the barony of Drumkerron, which includes the complete placenames of Magillicuddy Reeks in *Toponomia Hiberniae*. This does not mean that it does not exist and cultural historians such as the late Cathal Ó Sandair (1922-1996) and Peter Beresford-Ellis have long been engaged in hunting through private papers to try to determine its location. Bram Stoker, it is said spent

some time living in New Street, Killarney and had ancestral connections with the family of Magillicuddy of the Reeks via Agnes Stoker/Magillicuddy. His brother Dr. George Stoker lived at Dunloe Castle and did explorations of nearby fort, Lios na Leacht. It would be interesting to explore the notion that the inspiration for Bram Stoker's, Dracula was based in the Magillicuddy Reeks. I did find a 'Cave' in the old maps in the townland of Meallis and this may be the infamous Castle of the Blood Visage of the Dún Dreach-Fhoula ... *tread carefully !!!*

Skellig's Lists

Now Baldy your chestnut get ready, I hear you're far back in the race;
You'll be in Skellig before them, if you don't win, you'll surely get placed.

Poor Tom from Bunbinna, your courtships' now getting old,
Take courage and marry your Nora and don't you be out in the cold.

Mike Joe, the heir of Bunbinna, he has money and cattle go leor,
Loved by young maidens, but his affections are around Inchamore.

Boxer is a funny old man, he goes to Blackwater to dance,
He has travelled the County of Kerry and now he'll catch hold where can.

Now for his brother Bud Carey, a young man that's fit for a queen,
He says he'll not get married, but stay herding sheep in Mucaline.
There is a fair maid in Bunbinna, she's both handsome and fair,
Deeply in love with Bill Farrell, who lives in the town of Kenmare.

Now Jackie's young man from Bealdarrig, he comes here often of late,
But I pity him if he's caught napping by Deasy, out at the Toll Gate.
O' Reidy from the Gap of Dunloe, he's home as the cocks' are crowing,
Take courage and marry your Mary, you'll need her for knitting and sewing.

There is a fair maid in Crossderry, to marry it is her intent,
She vows that she'll wed John Joe, he has no taxes or rent.
Now Mickey has started his courtship, a maid from Blackwater to yoke,
Bob says she'll never pull paddle, but she might be alright on the stroke.

Cáitíe, she loves her old homestead, a virgin she vows to remain,
Where the corncrake sings in the meadow, the river flows into the lake.
Peetie comes over the hills, through many a snow sleety shower,
They say he is sweet on young Josie, although Johnny and Keating are sour.

Next on our list comes Mick Cronin, to Skelligs he says he will go,
T'would hard to go there and back, then to cycle round Aghadoe.
Heapy he courted Kate Grady, but lately I'm sorry to say,
He has fallen in love with Eily, and forsaken Katie a chroí.

Campion is heading for 50, he's now light hearted and gay,
He has plenty time to get married, it's what his brother Dara would say.
Now on to the shortage of females, we'll conclude and finish our tune,
We'll send Sheasur, Doyler and Dommo, to feathered and put up in the
Cooome !!!

Lady Wilde wrote on the subject in 1888, when it was already a distant memory of 'the oldest inhabitant'. It became a custom for the young people of both sexes to make a pilgrimage to the Skeillig Rock during the last Lenten week. A procession was formed of the young girls and bachelors and tar-barrels were lighted to guide them on the dangerous paths. The idea was to spend the week in prayer, penance and lamentation; the girls praying for good husbands and the bachelors repenting for their sins. But the proceedings gradually degenerated into such a mad carnival of dancing, drinking and fun, that priests denounced the pilgrimage and forbade it to bachelors. In the 1830s the 'Lists' were so popular that up to 15,000 copies of them are said to have been printed by a firm in Cork. By the twentieth century however, they were generally handwritten.

The Dunloe Ogham ... the Ogham Alphabet is Ireland's earliest form of writing, dating from the 4th Century A.D. It is said that Ogham was invented by Ogma, the Sun-Faced God as he studied the flight of cranes in the Western Sky and deduced from their formation, the letters of the Ogham Alphabet thus ... thirteen in total, with five vowels and extra letters. Another theory suggests that the Ogham Stones denote a tribal boundary mark eg, *Degos & Toicaki* of Dunloe or a burial place. The collection of Ogham Stones at Coolmagort, Killcoolaght and the recently discovered Ogham, *Berac* in the Black Valley are said to be the finest examples of their kind in Ireland. An older spelling was OGAM.

Ogham, the earliest form of Gaelic, consisting of four groups of five strokes, called *aicme* and arranged in various positions on a stemline ... i.e. edge of an upright stone known as an Ogham

Stone. These can be positioned on the left, right, diagonal or across the edge itself and are read from the bottom upwards. One of the most famous collections of Ogham Stones is situated at Coolmagort, Beaufort, Lios ‘a Phúca where one of them reads thus:

(The Stone) of *Degos*, son of *Toicakos*.

Ogham is associated with magic and divination, invented by Ogma of the Tuatha Dé Danann ... *as proof of his ingenuity and should belong to the learned apart, to the exclusion of rustics and herdsmen*. In the Táin, Cuchulainn wrote an Ogham on a spancel-hoop and left it in the path of Queen Medb’s army. In another reference, Dálán, the Druid wrote an Ogham on wands of Yew and through divination, discovered Midir’s, Síd Breg Léith where Étaín was imprisoned. The first Ogham was written on a birch rod to warn the God Lugh that his wife would be carried into fairyland and another feature of the Ogham was the Tábhall-Lorg or tablet staff, the Poet’s Staff. These were collections of wooden sticks carried by the poets, usually of birch and were in a fan-shaped formation on which the Ogham was used to message one another in secret Perhaps the most telling tale associated with Ogham origination is as follows ... Lugh, Ogma and the Dagda went in pursuit of the Formorians who carried away the magic Harp and their Harper, Uaitne (Craftine?). Lugh and company gave chase and when they reached the banqueting house of the Formorians, they saw the magic harp hanging on the wall. Lugh then, uttered the Ogham incantation ... *Come Durdabla, Come Coir Cetbar-Chuir !* ... and the harp immediately ripped forth from the wall and played the three musical enchantments ... *Goltraí* ... the Wail-Strain; *Geannttraí* ... the Smile-Strain; *Suantraí* ... the Sleep-Strain The Formorians fell into a deep slumber that enabled Lugh, Ogma and the Dagda to escape unharmed back to their Dún together with Uaitne and the Harp.

Toicaki, Gobnait and the Ogham ... there once lived a tribe in Dunloe called the *Toicaki* and their shaman-leader Loich dwelt in the Fort of Dún Loich. They came from a land beneath the waves ... the Glass Island of Manannán Mac Lir and they alighted on Strickeen Mountain in a bank of fog, driven by headwinds from the

Great Western Ocean, Atlantach. On arriving, they met with a tribe called the *Eachii* ... half horse, half human, striking fear into the benign Toicaki who they deemed as trespassers onto their lands. The marauding Eachii thundered along the plains of the Laune River laying waste everything in sight. The Toicaki, however were small in stature and were easily manipulated by the Eachii who banished them underground and were warned, not to set foot above ground.

There they lived for many years, the rockpools providing salmon and watercress in hollows in the caverns deep but never dared to venture over-ground. The Eachaii would take Tocaiki slaves from time to time and that's how it was. The Toicaki lived there for over 400 years but all of a sudden, a silence pervaded the chambers and the usual thundering of hooves drew quiet above ground. The Toicaki were dismayed at this sudden silence in their world. Loich risked looking through the peephole to view the land above, hearing a bell-like sound to the rhythm of walking. Loich eventually ventured outside the Dún and saw a hooded hermit-like figure at some distance walking around the clearing on the forest floor with animals helping to construct a circular stone beehive hut. There was a Boar, a Stag, a Fox and an Eagle on lookout. Loich walked toward the hooded figure and introduced himself as leader of the Toicaki. The hooded figure replied and said her name was Gobnait and that she came to bring the word of the Ogham of communication and peace to the lands of Dunloe. This would enable the Toicaki to scribe on wood and stone, a new vision for a new era so that they could write their Annals and histories on vellum in a form known as the Ogham Script. Thomas O'Sullivan 2018

Note ... Toicaki and Eachii were tribal names from the Dunloe area and Gobnait is the Patron of Kilgobnet and environs.

The Hags of Meanus ... long ago it is said that there were very strong women going about the country called 'hags'. One of these hags it is said, took a bit off of the summit of a mountain in the Tralee range and carried it in her apron towards the Magillicuddy Reeks. It fell off from her near the river Laune in Lower Meanus and it remains to this day with furze growing on it. Seán Ó' Ciosáin, Mweelcaha, Gortnaskarry, 1938.

SWEENEY'S CROSS

When I was but a barefoot lad,
Some sixty years or more;
We assembled here at Sweeney's Cross,
To dance 'sets' by the score,
The music was supplied to us
By the accordion single-row
And many a 'cailín' was seen home,
By the sunsets' warm glow.

Some would arrive from Meallis,
Cooleanaig and Coolrue;
From Shanacloon and Gaortha
And some from Shanera too;
From Cappagh, Kilgobnet and Brookhill,
With the lads from Carnahone;
Would dance it out in gallant style,
To the music's gentle drone.

So now my life is ending,
In a distant land to die;
My thoughts flash back to Sweeney's Cross
Where I was a barefoot boy;
I worked to death for riches,
My health I did destroy,
But I know for sure I'll meet them all,
At the Golden Gates on High.



**Erection of the Cross at Corrán Tuathail
Holy Year ... 1950**

Corrán Tuathail

4 of 7

*I saw the summer sun go down behind the sea,
And o'er the pale moon grow a golden light,
From lonely Caran-tual's topmost height
Towering aloft in cloudless majesty.* Thomas Gallwey.

The Cross and its History ... *'the climax to weeks hard work and dauntless courage was witnessed on the summit of Carrauntuathail on Whit Sunday 1950, when 1,500 people assisted at Mass on Ireland's highest mountain and saw blessed the great twenty-foot Cross was erected to commemorate the Holy Year' ...*

From Lisliebane under the shadow of Magillicuddy Reeks, the great concourse set off on foot in the early morning. Again across the valley at Gortboy School, another large party took the rough bridle path across the waste that separates them from the mountain foot. It was hard going over the rock strewn ground, crossing mountain rivulets and soggy bogland but the pilgrims wended their way determinedly, beckoned on by Carrantuathail's cloudy peak. Passing the Hag's Teeth and two inky lakes ... eerie in their calmness, the Devil's Ladder was reached.

Here the pilgrims foregathered and it was decided that it would be safe to climb the mountain, although the mist had not yet disappeared. Looking back, one could see for miles a steady stream of people still approaching ... old men and women and young children, youths who made light of the journey and young girls who discarded their glamour and did the journey in their bare feet. The great climb had begun. Up the steep and sheer side of the mountain the people started. Loose shale tumbled down from those who had gone ahead. Looking up, the people appeared like flies on a wall, still climbing. You fixed your eyes on a red object ... the red jumper of a young girl that you had passed earlier in the morning. Then the speck of scarlet got smaller, giving place to the sombre brown of a Friar's habit. This again was absorbed by the height for your eye to be attracted by a moving patch of black ... a priest.

Such was the procession of hundreds, which continued for hours. It was cold and a strong breeze froze the marrow in your bones if you rested but on the move perspiration rolled off you and you oft' times found your heart in your mouth. Then came the FCA with rifles, followed by members of the Killorglin Piper's Band. At last the Ladder was scaled and those on top were met by the people from the other side of the mountain ... up they were coming from Brida, Glencar, Kenmare and the Black Valley. The congregation swung to the right, along the ridge and were lost in the mist. Visibility was reduced to twenty feet with the people in one's front a hazy and indistinct mass all. But at last the summit was reached, a summit crowned by the cross erected to commemorate the Holy Year 1950. Then a rough-hewn Altar appeared built from stones collected on the mountain-top. On it, rested two vases holding pure white lilies and the two candles burned in two storm lanterns.

The great moment arrived. Mass started and a hush descended upon the vast congregation. One could just see the vestmented form Rev.J. Murphy, Adm. Killarney with 12 attendant clergy. It was a truly solemn moment, one never to be forgotten by those who braved the mountain and turned the peak of Carrantuathail into one vast Cathedral. The guard of honour with the the Beaufort FCA. Following the Mass, the new Cross was blessed and Fr. Murphy said ... 'Mountains are the most majestic of God's creation ... before the mountains or the earth were made, the world was formed ... from Eternity to Eternity Thou are God'. He then delivered a message from the Bishop of Kerry ... Rev Dr. O'Brien, who congratulated all concerned. After the Mass the great homeward journey began. The host of people disappeared into the mist to emerge again at the top if the Ladder and undertake the long walk to the base enlivened by music selections by the Killorglin Pipe Band.

Tom O'Connor of Tralee chief promoter in having the Cross erected. John O'Sullivan, contractor and from the Parish of Tuogh a meitheal of willing men from the local families of the Reeks ...

O'Sullivans/O'Connors/Hallisseys/Gallivans/Leanes/Prices/O'Connells/O'Sheas/Doyles/Cliffords/Kissanes/Currans/O'Briens/Moriartys/Courtneys/McGillicuddys/Breens/Tuohys/Lenihans.

The Sheehans and Jerry Foley brought the Cross to the foot of the Ladder on a tractor where cement and sand had to be carried in

small quantities by hand for the concrete base. A pony belonging to the 'Boss' O'Sullivan from Alohart carried 2 cwt. of cement to the summit. James Cahill, Shanacloon was the oldest at 70 and Jackie Foley, Ballagh the youngest of eight years old. Killarney Ambulance and Knights of Malta were also present on the day.

The wooden Cross served its purpose until mid 1980's, when it was blown down in a storm. It was felt then, to erect something more permanent and a Cross made of steel was realized. Then a light was fitted on the Cross on the highest point in Ireland but this was deemed impractical and soon dismantled. What was to happen in 2014 could not have been imagined as overnight the steel Cross was felled, whether be it bravado or religious fanaticism, will never be known. That being said, a *meitheal* was formed from within the community, word went out and without much ado, they climbed up with welding kits and ropes and had the steel Cross re-erected that evening. All to illustrate, how the Cross erected in Holy Year, 1950 on Corrán Tuathail with its long history, is revered in the Parish of Tuogh.

Kerryman Reporter 1950.

Brother O'Shea's Gully ... *'Vain search for missing Brother'* ... the newspaper headline reporting of Brother O'Shea's tragic death on Corrán Tuathail in July, 1969. A full-scale search of Carrantuohill began yesterday evening for Rev. Brother Michael-Laurence O'Shea who was missing from Kenmare since Thursday morning. Bro. O'Shea, a Christian Brother was a regular climber on the Reeks and in this case he left Kate Kearneys on Thursday after getting a drive. Kerry Mountain Rescue Found his body on the Saturday on 'The Saddle' at 9.30pm and waited until 12.30pm to haul the stretcher over three cliffs, each 50ft high, reaching the base at 7.30, the following morning at the Hag's Glen where Mountain Rescue had a lean-to tent keeping vigil.

The remains were taken to Killarney District Hospital. The Gully, later named after Bro. O' Shea was strewn with personal artifacts, a watch that stopped at 3.30pm, a coat, scapula, crucifix and biscuits. A native of Clahanelinehan, Cahirciveen, born 1901 and was whole heartedly part of the GAA as was evidenced by prominent attendance of the GAA at his funeral ... J.J. Sheehy, renowned Kerry footballer and patriot, who delivered a stirring oration and with Tadhg Crowley, Murt Kelly and Jackie Lyne who were also

present. He was so well thought of in GAA circles, that on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, a ticket to Lourdes and Rome was presented to him. He was a great enthusiast of the Irish language, culture, the games, the customs and was a teacher of history, art, science and botany. He made an indelible mark while in Kiltrush, Clare at Corca Baiscinn School where he made hurleys, *camán* and where he had promoted the game unceasingly. Although football was the game of his youth in Kerry, hurling was his favourite, coaching and making the hurleys. He'd cycle out the country roads keeping an eye out for suitable ash trees and ask farmers to cut off suitable branches. The transporter of ash trees would get a promise of prayers and a copy of *Our Boys* as a reward. When he got notice that he was being transferred to another school, there was a petition by seventy eight citizens of Kiltrush to request a revoke. His father James, a centenarian, died ten months before Bro. Lawrence. His teaching methods were unorthodox to say the least. He would keep all the eggshells and fill them with clay, then put a pea inside to hasten the germination and plant them in the school plot. He always taught pictorially, being a good artist, with his philosophy being that a 'picture was worth a thousand words'. He taught all over Ireland ... Wexford, Dublin, Clare, Kerry and Belfast. He often scaled Ireland's highest mountains ... Errigal, Brandon and the Reeks ... very apt indeed, as he spent all his life scaling spiritual mountains and saintly summits ... *He was above all a Christian and a brother to all men*. One story has it, that being a very prayerful man, he would often retreat to his room to be heard praying aloud. If he was disturbed for some reason, he would quickly put away his beads and say, *I'd like to say a round on my own!* Brother O'Shea's gully is also called Collins' Gully and its traditional name was Céim an Fhiach ... the Step of the Raven.

The three levels of O'Shea's Gully are Coimín Iochtrach, Coimín Lar and Coimín Uachtrach ... lower/middle and higher and Michael Leane of Coolrue said, that he received his education on these three levels !!!

O'Sullivan Crón Poets of the Hag's Glen.

The 'Crón' poets from the Hag's Glen at the south side of Loch Caillí and the ruin of their house can still be seen. They lived in the 1850's and wrote essentially through the medium of Irish with great articulation and wit. Séamus na n-Amhrán was a herder up in Maol-Lios (Meallis) and he was supposed to have the charm to eradicate rats. One night, O'Sullivan's house was swarming with rats and leaving in the house in a litter. Séamus performed his charm and then they proceeded to Beaufort, four miles away. When Séamus was up at home Maol-Lios, he was tormented by a cock-crowing in the morning. He made a charm to get rid of the cock and an eagle came down from Com Caillí and made away with it.

Crón had many an altercations with the landlord Herbert, whom he called a *smugaire an glugaire*. Herbert threatened to shoot Seamus Crón on sight and hang him from the nearest tree. Crón was at Herbert's funeral and when the mourners departed, Seamus got his revenge by inscribing with a clay pipe, this not so flattering epitaph on his gravestone thus ...

*Fé lar na lice seo is ea do cuireadh an olla-phiast reambar,
Do chraigh le dlíthe on foireann ba mbinicí riamb teann.
Dob fhearrde mise agus a thuilleadh atá in imchian glean,
An diabhal á sciobadh tá tuilleadh agus fiche blian ann.*

*Under this stone is laid this oily fat pest,
What distress you caused to your staff;
I am but a common herder from the glen,
That the devil may snatch you from this hole soon.*

In the 1851 census, six persons were living close to the Devil's Ladder and the ruins of the Crón O'Sullivan's house still has remains near Cummeenmore Lake under Maolán Buí mountain ... we will give Crón the last word ...

*Ó, sin fógra Dhónaill na nGeimhleach,
Ma thógathar í ag dul ar cé,
Go dtógfaidh tú an tón den loing síúd,
Nó an bhfuilgeofá choíche na béir?
Ordaighse rompu na millthe*

*A an bhfeorainn seo thaoibh Lochá Léin,
Agus ceo dubh de thóirneachaibh draíochta
Do thógfaidh a bhflít in sa spéir.*

Faill an Comhraic ... a story about the Big Hag of Meallis ... *cailleach mór Maol-líos*. The police and rent collectors came to Meallis to collect their taxes and the Hag from Coom Callee who was perched on the cliff saw them coming from a distance. She started screeching and howling so loud it drew the attention of the people around. They found courage to confront the police with sticks and stones and a battle ensued. With that, the Hag jumped out of her body from her high cliff out onto the road and the police ran for their lives never to set foot in Meallis again. The cliff is named *faill an comhraic*, the cliff of contention or dispute ...

Gort Búí School Bealoideas 1938.

The Hag's Feet ... there were three Hags (witches) living in Kerry ... the first Hag lived on the Paps of Danú, the second lived on Mullaghanattin and the third lived on Carrantuohill. They shared a hair comb between them. Sadly the Hag of the Paps of Danú died and the two remaining Hags began to fight over the comb. The Hag of Mullaghanattin had an advantage over the Hag of Carrantuohill as she was nursing a baby. In order to keep her baby safe she jumped from Carrantuohill to the top of the Devil's Ladder. She turned towards the top of Eisc Caillí, ran down and couldn't stop and landed on Carraig na Lathí, causing her footprints to become embedded in the rock. The baby slipped out of her grip and the baby's footprints were also imprinted on the rock. The four feet of mother and baby can be plainly seen imprinted on Carraig na Lathí ... rock of the mud. The Hag then jumped off the rock, into the lake and was never seen again. To this day the lake is called Loch Calláí ... Lake of the Hag.

Michael Leane, Coolrue.

A variant of that story went ... there was a man from the Cork side fishing on the lakes near the Devil's Ladder and wasn't aware of night descending. As it got dark he saw a light in a nearby house so he made his way and the woman of the house invited him in. He had a few trout so she cooked them, fed him and he stayed the night. After nine months she had a child. Her two brothers, one from Iveragh and the other to the east, vowed to find him and they

would make ... *greamanna seabbach* out of him which means, the strips that a hawk tears off of its prey. So the woman, an *cailleach*, like the preceding story, climbed to the top of Eisc Caillí and threw herself and the baby landing on the rock, *Carraig na Laithí*, translated as rock of the mud with the resulting four imprints and then the Hag herself flung onto the island in Loch Caillí. Tom and Steve O'Shea, Shanera.

110 years of age and She Still Works in the Fields in the Land of Tír na nÓg... claiming to be the oldest inhabitant of Great Britain and Ireland, Mrs. Johanna O'Connor yesterday celebrated her 110th birthday at her home in the Magillicuddy Reeks, in Kerry. She was from Killorglin, still 'fogging' contentedly on her pipe for the last forty years with the commonest, blackest and strongest twist and she still works in the fields. She has a wonderful appetite, loves potatoes and doesn't like tea. Her home is near the highest mountain called Carrantwohill and her parents died when she was quite young. She can remember the days of Daniel O'Connell and the fight for Catholic Emancipation in Ireland. Bridget, her daughter, said her father died twenty years ago and he was also over 100 years old. Though she remembers the horrors of the Famine and she will tell you of how the people died by the roadside from want and starvation. They fought with each other for raw wild turnips, she saw the tillage full of black potatoes and she is reluctant to talk of the subject. Peggy O'Connor of Alohart of 92 years, remembered visiting Johanna in Meallis as a young child and that she had a pet-name called 'Biddeas'.

I can still smoke my pipe, and I do hold that a person should'nt go without a drop of punch, wine or stout, especially in the wintertime, she said. It is seldom I wear boots or shoes, but I never have had a day's sickness or suffered pains in my limbs. I had a family of seven. Five of them are alive and their total age is 480. Two of my daughters are married and live near here. One of them is over 70. I have my son Jerry, aged 81. John is 76 and my daughter Bridget, 73. Last year, another son of mine aged 77 died. I had another son, but in the Civil War he was killed and another wounded. I can speak Irish proper and very few had English but people came around and made us speak it. I feel as strong as I did 90 years ago and I work in the fields every day. My secret of longevity ? None ... but take the world easy and eat plain food.

Gort Buí School Bealoideas ... 1938.

The Courtcase of the ‘Gliogar and Reamhar’ ... an entry from a document found in Iveragh read:

The ‘Gliogar’ Grady was in court yesterday for hitting Reidy ‘Reamhar’ over the head with a stick ...

... intriguing to say the least. The case between ‘Gliogar’ Grady and his neighbour Reidy ‘Reamhar’ was quite famous for the time. The two men had adjoining sheep farms and a shared commonage. The case went as follows:

Judge : *Mr. Grady (Gliogar) approach the bench ... did you strike Mr. Reidy (Reamhar) over the head with a stick?*

Grady : *I did your Honour !*

Judge : *Why was that so, Mr. Grady? ... this is a serious matter of assault.*

Grady : *He called me names your Honour.*

Judge : *What do you mean, called you names?, what kind of names?*

Grady : *Not nice names, your Honour!*

Judge : *What names did Mr. Reidy call you, Mr. Grady ... we need to hear!*

Grady : *He called me ... ‘Gliogar’ ... your Honour ! (laughter) ...*

Judge : *What is ‘Gliogar’, in God’s name Mr. Grady?*

Grady : *A rotten egg, your Honour ... and was very hurtful to my family.*

Judge : *Mr. Reidy, approach ... was that so, toward Mr. Grady ?*

Reidy : *Yes your Honour, and a damm **** rotten egg he is too, your Honour and a damm fine blackguard also, your Honour.(laughter) ...*

Judge : *Theres no need of that language in my court, Mr Reidy !*

Grady : *That’s right your Honour.*

Judge : *You don’t speak out of turn in my court of law, Mr Grady.*

That was the gist of the case, the judge found ‘Gliogar’ Grady guilty and fined him ten shillings. Grady felt aggrieved and vowed never to pay the fine to his dying day. That was in the 1930’s ... roll on the years to the 30’s, 40’s right up to the mid 1980’s when the Grady farm was sold ... only ... to the neighbouring Reidy family. However, the debt was still attached to the farm and by this time in the late 80’s, had amounted to over ten thousand pounds and the Reidys eventually had to pay ... rough justice ?

KILLORGLIN PUCK FAIR

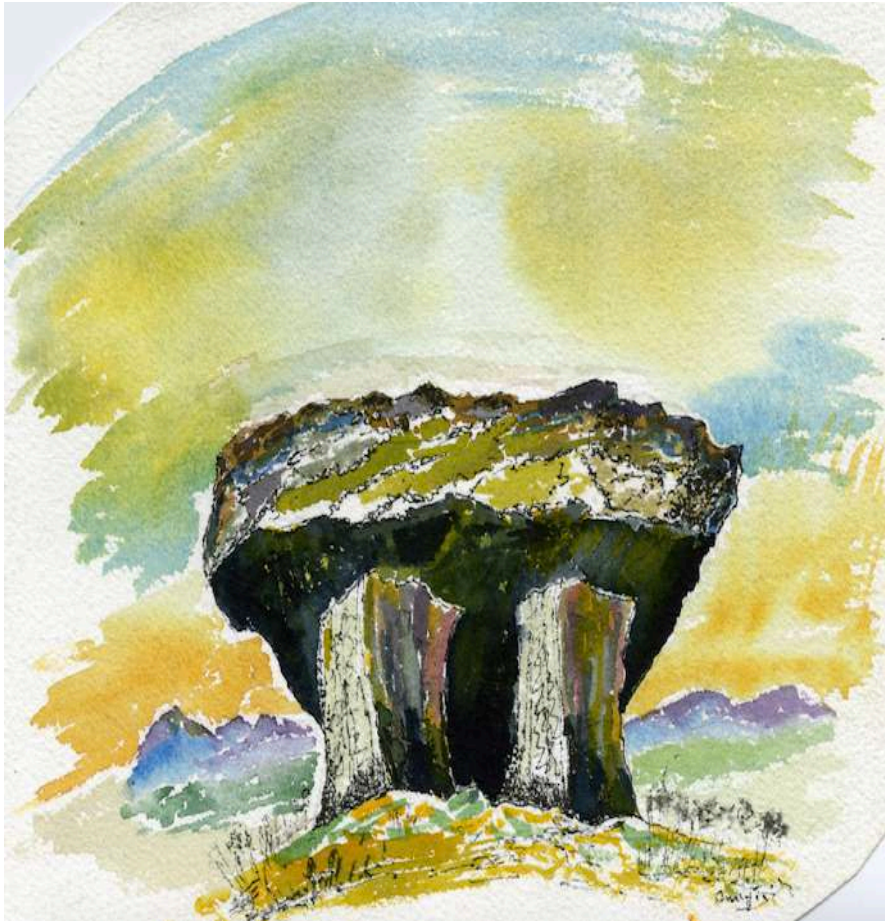
With my donkey and cat and a charming white hat,
I set out for Killorglin Fair;
Though the weather was bad, I felt ever so glad,
To think of the fun I'd have there.
T'was a long road an tough, sure my ass was great stuff,
And I had him since he was a foal;
It's thirty five years, since he cocked his ears,
In the charming old town of Listowel.

When we left Castlemaine, it was beginning to rain,
And I hastened the rug o'er my knees;
I'd a waterproof nook, t'was a blinking one too
And I borrowed my auntie's release.
When I came into town, sure the mare had sat down,
And the freedom of course she preferred;
That city so fair with his majesty there,
T'was the finest address ever heard.

He'd ribbons and bows from his head to his toes,
And I noticed he wore all his hair;
He'd a long flowing beard, upon my soul appeared,
To enjoy himself at the Fair.
I saw Mick with the mice and Ned with the dice,
And Fred with the thimble and pea;
There Flo with with the gun, she created great fun,
Sure her target was riddled with holes.

I strolled into the hall, though I danced none at all,
And I sat beside Molly astore;
There was Josie in pink, at me threw a wink,
Miss Smartie as green as a leaf.
After a drinking a glass, I hitched old ass,
Like a stag he jumped out of the Square;
And it cost me a sigh to bid there, goodbye,
To the friends and the fun of Puck Fair.

From Michael Leane.



Dún Álainn ... Lios 'a Phúca ... Beaufort

Binn Caoraigh

5 of 7

Goats on the Reeks ... gabhar sléibhe ... synonymous with Magillicuddy Reeks, when herds of these wild animals roamed and grazed on the hills with their long shaggy coats and sweeping horns. Called the feral goat, wary of humans and extremely hardy, their milk very nutritious and it is said that a quarter of a million of adult females were exported to England from the 1800's to as late as 1926. Archaeological faunal evidence has shown that every part of the goat was utilized, vessels and knives from the horns and bones, hides for clothing and the traditional bodhrán from the skin. Their milk was resistant to T.B., good for skin disorders and they ran with the cows to eat the poisonous ragwort to prevent cows aborting. It was believed that the drinking of *whey* ... goat's milk, laced with *poitín* having wonderful health giving properties comparable to taking the waters at health spa. A cure for baldness entailed filling a goat's bladder with human urine and suspending it up the chimney-breast to dry off. It was then ground down to be rubbed to the scalp with raw onion!!! The keeping of goats were of great economic value to the mountain farmers of the Reeks and of course its connection with Puck Fair where the iconic mountain goat is captured and crowned King Puck in Killorglin every August, 10th, 11th and 12th, part of the ancient Lughnasa Celtic Festival.

Kerry Cow ... Bó Chiarraí, Buinín or Bollatach ... the many names of the Kerry Cow of hardy stock that lived and survived the ruggedness on the Magillicuddy Reeks. The Kerry Cow was a Celtic Shorthorn, Dexter breed brought to Ireland about 2,000 B.C. Its mythology stems from that of the Táin Bó Cuailgne. Another tale tells of the Sacred Cows coming to Ireland emerging from the sea, called the ... Bó Finn/Bán, Bó Ruadh and Bó Dubh. They all choose different directions and the clever Black Cow headed for Kerry, as they thought that the fairies would steal the White Cow.

*I wish I had a Kerry Cow, a Kerry Cow, a Kerry Cow,
I wish I had a Kerry Cow, I'd milk her night and morning.*

Capaid... (G)

The Bata Draoin

LYRICS: Anon
Music: Thomas Sullivan (2017)

There are people always asking how we start-ed out Puck - Fair -
 We have seen so many versions from un-known ones here & there -
 But Pat Meara often told us in the turf-lights warm glow -
 How the first Puck Fair was started in those clear days long ago -

THE BATA DRAOIN

An Bata Scór/Draighean

There are people always asking how we started out Puck Fair;
 We have seen so many versions from unknown ones here and there;
 But Pats Meara often told us in the turf-light's warm glow,
 How the first Puck Fair was started in those clear days long ago.
 Now the greatest fair in Kerry, 'twas Kilgobnet then could boast
 And says Pat from Cork to Derry, men came their health to toast;
 Every night it was a wonder, all the tent-lights that were seen,
 Men shouting loud as thunder, fighting with the *Bata Draoin*.

There you'd see the minstrels and hear the piper's merry peal,
 The *buachaillins* and *cailíns* dancing dear old Kerry reels;
 There wasn't any waltzing or foreign dancing then,
 But Gaelic songs were echoing over every vale and glen.
 Now the fair it was successful and good prices did obtain,
 For cattle, sheep and horses bought for Leinster's wide domain,
 And many a glass of Spanish wine from barrels bright were drawn,
 The whiskey too, the best of brew from the *stil* at *Lisliebane*.

If people had a quarrel in Kerry at that time,
 They got no court to settle it, these men would pay no fine;
 Each man would go to gatherings, his faction there I *ween*,

To square it at the *pattern* with the famous *Bata Draoin*.
From time to time the fight went on with the blackthorn stick,
But one day from Anglont House, there strode the great big Mick;
The legions came from east and west, in front himself was seen,
He crushed the rival faction and put down the *Bata Draoin*.

Killorglin, at the same time, was budding towards a town;
Its people thought they'd help themselves to make it more renowned.

So they started out a fair on the very day before ...
The one held in Kilgobnet then, good fruit that moment bore.
They put up posters here and there, some far across the *Leambhain*,
Out by *Luascánach's* mountain far and west of *Gort na gCeann*;
But all was unavailing, no cattle came their way,
Folks took them to Kilgobnet, upon the following day.

The townsfolk were out early, they watched each road and lane,
From Castleconway's parapets, no sheep or cattle came;
But as the morning it wore on, with wonder all were struck,
When up the street an old man led, a Kerry mountain *Poc*.
They led him by a *súgán* rope and stood him in the Square,
His charger bound, he looked full round to see if buyers were there;
So the townsfolk held a meeting with their leader in the chair,
And they all agreed to buy the *Poc*, the first to reach the fair.

They pleased the old man with a price, they timber beams did bring;
And raised a platform high says they, 'we'll crown him now, our King',
And in every year, as you may see, we will have better luck,
From vale and glen they all pour in, to see the Fair of Puck.
Now says Pat, their prophesy 'twas true, Kilgobnet dwindled down,
Today all sheep and cattle come into Killorglin town;
And many a tale of love and hate is told today I *ween*,
About *Kilgobby's Pattern* and the famous *Bata Draoin*.

The *Bata Draoin*, *bata draighean/straiif* translates as the Blackthorn Stick, used to make *shillelaghs* as a weapon at faction fights. Kilgobnet Pattern Day falls on 11th February in honour of St. Gobnait/Gobnatán and the song tells of a widely held opinion that the famed Puck Fair, was originally held in Kilgobnet's village green.

BLACKTHORN

Straif

Draighean ... mother of the wood,
blossoms of virginal finery
flowers 'ere the leaf;
a quandary of nature ...
la mère du bois,
tree of fairyland, standing firm,
the dark crone of the woodlands.

fashioning a shillelagh from a
tree-stump ... *an bata draighean*,
companion to gentlemen and tinker's weapon
at the august rants at Puck ...
'bellicum' of the black rod.

scarbh na gcnuach ushers the shiver of May
when the north wind blows;
the blackthorn winter
sheds the bitter sloe;
sweetened with first frost,
sharp needle of the hedgerow,
and rostrum of the wren ...

Thomas O'Sullivan ... 2019.

Note : The blackthorn or sloe is botanically, *prunus spinosa* of the Rosaceae family is a thorny hardwood and designated as a chieftain tree, *straf*, in the Gaelic denomination. It associated with 'strife' and the tree is deemed unlucky. It was called the 'black rod' of witches and 'a pack of wolves' of Nimrod's Tower. According to the monks it was frowned upon, as it was thought to be the original Crown of Thorns. In Irish lore it was fashioned as the 'shillelagh' ... a weapon in faction fighting and its fruit was used for the making of sloe gin ... Cill Áirne/Killarney ... *Sláinte don Draighean!*

Ilvermorney School of Witchcraft and Wizardry ... J.K.Rowling

Set in Coomaloughra and Hag's Glen on the Reeks.

The great North American school of magic was founded in the 17th Century. Isolt Sayre was born around 1603 and spent her earliest childhood in the valley of Coomaloughra, County Kerry in Ireland. She was the offspring of two 'Pureblood' wizarding families. Her father, Willian Sayre, was a direct descendant of the famous Irish witch Morrigan and Animagus, whose creature-form was that of a crow. William nicknamed his daughter Morrigan for her affinity for all natural things when she was young. Her early childhood was idyllic, with parents who loved her and were helpful to her Muggle neighbours, producing magical cures for people and livestock alike. However, at five years old, an attack upon the family home resulted in the death of her parents. Isolt was rescued from the fire by her mother's estranged sister Gormlaith Gaunt, who took her to the neighbouring valley of Coomcallee, Hag's Glen and raised her.

As Isolt grew older she came to realize that her saviour was in reality her kidnapper and that she had murdered her parents. Unstable and cruel, Gormlaith was a fanatical Pureblood, who believed that her sister's helpfulness to her Muggle neighbours was setting Isolt upon a dangerous path to intermarriage with a 'non-magical' man. Only by stealing the child, Gormlaith believed that their daughter be brought back to the 'right ways', raised in the belief that as a descendant of both Morrigan and Salazar Slytherin, she ought to be associated only with the Pure-bloods.

She forced Isolt to watch and learn the Pureblood ways, as she cursed and jinxed any of the neighbouring Muggle animals that strayed too near the cottage. The community soon learned to avoid the place where Gormlaith lived and the only contact Isolt had with the villagers was when local boys threw stones at her, as she played in the garden alone. Gormlaith refused to allow Isolt to take up her place at Hogwarts School when the letter of invitation arrived. This was on the basis that Isolt would learn more at home than at a dangerously egalitarian establishment full of Mudbloods. However, Gormlaith herself attended Hogwarts and told Isolt a great deal about the school. In the main, she did this to denigrate the place, lamenting that Salazar Slytherin's plans for purity of wizardkind had

not been fulfilled. So Isolt being isolated and mistreated by her aunt, that she believed to be insane. However, Hogwarts sounded like a paradise and she spent much of her teens fantasizing about it. For twelve years, Gormlaith enforced Isolt's cooperation and isolation through powerful her type of Dark Magic. At last, the young woman Isolt developed sufficient skill and courage to escape by stealing her aunt's wand, for she was never permitted to touch. She also took with her a gold brooch in the shape of a Gordion Knot, that had once belonged to her mother. Isolt fled the country. Scared of Gormlaith's retribution and her prodigious tracking powers, Isolt moved first to England. But before long, Gormlaith was on her tail. Determined to hide in such a way that her adoptive mother would never find her, Isolt cut off her hair. Masquerading as a Muggle boy called Elias, she set sail for the New World on the Mayflower in 1620.

That is Isolt's adventures so far in relation to her young life in the Hag's Glen and if you want the rest of the story, check out *Pottermore-Ilvermorney School of Witchcraft and Wizardry* by J.K. Rowling.

Another famous author associated with Black Valley is Emma Donoghue, author of *Room*, that became the Oscar winning film and whose father Denis came from the Black Valley. They were known as the 'Doty Donoghues' from Meallis.

Leaba na Bó ... *fadó, fadó* ... there once was a cow who journeyed throughout the land and it was said that wherever she slept was called '*Leaba na Bó*' ... where the grass grew rich and luxuriant. She gave freely of her unending supply of milk and the local people accepted this graciously filling all their buckets and cans, as much as they could fill. There was a mischievous woman living up the mountain and vowed to find a receptacle that the cow couldn't fill. She proceeded to milk using a sieve, unbeknownst to the cow. However the milk gushed forth with such power that the woman nearly drowned but her life was spared. The cow disappeared from Lios 'a Phúca never to return again.

Mythologically, the cow was known as *An Glas Ghaibhneach* ... stolen by Balar of Ceann Fhaolaidh, also called The Grey White-Forked Cow of Port na Glaise. Gortnascarry School Bealoideas 1938.

The Hypnotized Cock ... the people in olden days were very frightened of the fairy folk that often threatened them on their way home late at night, especially after card games. However they knew of old, that a young cock-chicken was the antidote to the fairy folk's trickery. They brought the cock with them and as they neared the particular house of cards, they'd place the cock in the hedge or ditch, turn its head into its wing and by doing so, would hypnotize the young chicken. There, he would remain in that position until it was home-time ... all safe from the attentions of the fairies on the road home.

Willie Joy.

May Morning ... in Glencar, a man was going over a field with a shovel. He saw a woman running across the field with a big briar attached to her skirt. He drew at the briar, cut it and gallons of milk flowed from the cut briar. She was a witch and was stealing milk.

Spideóg River ... the Spideóg river flows into the Laune at Gurrane. A local Chieftain owed a debt, made a bargain with the Devil to get a loan from him and if it was not paid back at a certain time the devil himself, would claim his soul. The appointed day came and the chieftain hadn't the wherewithal to pay up, but the devil had pity for him and gave him another chance to pay. He gave him a sieve at the bank of the stream, he told him to fill it with water. The Chieftain tried in vain, he was about to give up and surrender to the Devil. Then a robin appeared on a branch of an oak tree at the bank of the stream. He whispered to him to smear the inside of the sieve with clay and then he could fill the sieve and escape the claws of the Devil. The Chieftain was so grateful and he named the stream, the Spideóg ... the Robin's stream.

A variation of that story goes, that there were three Chieftains ... O'Sullivan Mór, Mac Carthy Mór and O' Kelly and they were poor but made a pact with the Devil to get money from him. The Devil gave them such impossible tasks. He got O'Kelly to go to top of Corrán Tuathail, but he was lame and he couldn't fulfill that task. He told Mac Carthy to go to the top of Binn Caoirigh but laid in wait for him. He told O'Sullivan Mór to fill water with a sieve ... and the story repeats itself like the preceding one ... the Robin, again to the rescue.

Killoughane ... placename near the Gaddagh Bridge ... in Irish 'Cill Locáin', *Church of the Chaff*, where the gable wall of the remains of the original church still exists. This story is set in Famine times. There lived rich farmers of Cill Locáin and the poor, starving people of the locality, approached the farmer's wives for aid. That particular day, their men-folk were away from the farm, bringing goods to the Cork Butter Exchange. The rich farmer's wives took pity on the people and gave them all the oats they had from their barn stores, but they didn't want to divulge this to their husbands. When it came to planting time, there was nothing but oat-chaff in the barn. However they went ahead and planted the chaff, and lo and behold! there grew the finest fields of oats around Kiloughane. Rock Art from the Church of Killoughane was placed in the boundary wall of Churchtown Graveyard but is now displaced.

Church in the Valley ... Fr. Patrick Sears, called the 'overallled priest' built a church called the 'Our Lady of the Valley', in Kerry's secluded Black Valley. With his bare hands and local help, it was eventually opened on the Feast of the Queenship of our Lady in May 1955. He used gelnignite to blast away 150 tons of rock on the site and drove a tractor over miles of winding mountain tracks to draw material, made concrete blocks, built the walls and put on the roof with the help of nine workers. For months he spent every free hour he had in tweed cap and overalls. For a hundred years the thirty sheep-farming families of the Black Valley had waited for a church. Prior to that, the congregation had to make the hazardous trek across the hills and bog to Derrycunihy church. Fifty years ago, the landlord, O'Mahony of the Black Valley bequeathed £3,000 to have a church built and over the years it accumulated to £5,000, but far short of the target. Fr. Sears took on the onerous task with the help of local builders and extra funding from parishioners. This becomes a focus in the Black Valley and sought after for wedding ceremonies in an idyllic setting tucked away in the majestic, Magillicuddy Reeks.

'It will be a beautiful church in keeping with Black Valley ... its high-pitched roof is for the mountains, its long line of windows for the continuous flow of the river through the Valley'.

Fr. Patrick Sears.

Hidden Treasure at Castle Corr ... called Caisleán Corraigh, it was owned by the Magillicuddy of the Reeks in the 17th Century. It was built on a rough place and after some time, the Magillicuddys had a dislike toward it and left the place. They say that there is a pot of gold hidden under the ruin. One night a man went searching for the treasure, he was faced with a bull and he ran away in fear. When he got the courage, he went back another night but a stone fell from the old building and hit him on the head. He looked around, he saw a big hare with long ears looking at him and vanished. The hare made away with his pick-axe and when another stone fell on him, the man looked around and the hare began mocking him. The man ran away never to return to Castle Corr. Another story goes relating Castle Corr in relation to the satirist Aenghus Ó'Dalaigh, who lived there and was badly treated by Magillicuddy of the Reeks, wrote thus ...

Gortbúi School Bealoideas 1938.

*Lord of the Reeks ... meaning
Lord of Nothingness and Meanness and
Lack of Charity.*

Doyle eviction from the Gate Lodge of Dunloe Castle ... my Father was the best man I knew. His people came from the foothills of the MacGillicuddy Reeks and it was said, he had'nt been born, but quarried. Strong and muscular, with little schooling but he said, 'what use was writing when his pencil was a sixteen-pound sledge'. We lived at Dunloe Lodge within view of the Reeks where the thunder rolls were deafening and my mother would say, 'That's your Dada breaking a big rock'. I was too young to realize that, the lady owned everything inside the Dunloe gates including us and our job was to open and close the gate, making way for the Lady's Model T Ford, at the prompting of her horn. The lady of the house took offence to our large family and had some words with Fr. Sears P.P. who reminded her ... 'those children are the most precious creatures inside the gate'. Anyhow, a notice was handed to my parents ... NOTICE TO QUIT !. We heaped our meager belongings and headed up the Gap to a house in the Black Valley. Up through the Turnpike and the foreboding crags and cliffs, over the horizon to the Head of the Gap. Our new home was a low-slung cabin, aging thatched roof, mice ridden and leaking. This derelict house bound us together in hardship but we were

beholden to nobody. The valley people took us to our hearts and ensured that my father didn't suffer a day's idleness. It was decided that there was no future in the valley and the County Council provided a house in Corbally, near Milltown, where a vast panorama extended along the skyline, west of the coxcomb of Glencar and east, to where the gentle slopes of Tomies dipped into Lough Leane.

This is an abridged version of the story ... Timmy Doyle joined the Gárda Síochána and rose to the rank of Inspector and is author of two books ... *Peaks and Valleys & Get Up Them Steps*.

The Black Valley Archaeology ... Coimín Dubh, the black mountain lake is a glaciated valley that connects Bâr na Snáth, Upper Lake with the Brida Valley, through a pristine landscape of layers of the Mesolithic, Neolithic, Bronze Age, Iron Age, Christian and Medieval landscapes. There are sixty five recorded monuments as of 2018 in the Black Valley ... Neolithic Hut Sites, Standing Stones, Bronze Age, Boulder Burial site, Portal Tomb (Dolmen) Stone Circles, Field Boundaries, Rock Art at Bunbinna and Cummore Lake, Stone Row overlooking Brida, Boulder Burials, Killeen, children's burial ground and a Penal Mass Rock. An Ogham Stone ... reading *Berach* ... the valley's earliest utterance. Berach was a saint from a Roscommon.

The Black Valley was essentially an oak forest with hazel and holly and the placename, Derrycunihy from Doire as oak woods clothed the valley at one time. The early 1600's was a game changer in Irish history, wiping out the Gaelic way of life and culture. The lands of Black Valley were confiscated, given to Petty and the oakwoods denuded entirely. The wood was used for shipbuilding material for the English fleets. There was nowhere to hide for the native Irish 'woodkern' who sought refuge in woods ... *cad a dbeinimid feasta gan adhmaid*, Raftery's call. The wood was also used in Petty's blast furnaces and charcoal-making sites for Ironworks in the making of cannonballs. Deforestation was totally complete in forty years as tree-bark was used for tanning. The Black Valley made recent history in 1978 as it was the last region in Ireland to receive electricity.

THE BOYS OF MEANUS

Chorus

*We are the Boys of Meanus,
We're fit for any game;
Although we're few in number,
We're sportsmen just the same.*

1

The Doyles they were great ploughmen,
Many prizes they did win;
And the Sugrue brothers from Meanus
Were well known in the boxing ring.

2

To speak about some farming,
'Tis there you'll see it well done;
They cut the hay in the month of May,
And give it plenty of sun.

3

They're up at dawn each morning,
And work till dark of night;
For they must labour busily,
To save the electric light.

4

Danny Connor went to the creamery
And Micky went to town;
To licenced premises he proceeded
And eight pints of porter he did down.

Jer Hartnett, (Shadow/Check) - 1960 ?



Screig Mhór

6 of 7

Shanara O'Shea Forts ... Tom and Steve O'Shea of Shanera had a bi-valiate fort on their land which they opened to the public in 1967. Most unusually, it was cut out of Glacial Sandstone, called *cloch íarainn* and had many underground chambers stretching to a well in the last chamber that was fifty feet underground. Various theories abound Forts and their history and uses ... healing places, storage of butter and perishables, and/or places of defence. There was a vent on the top to act as a chimney and there was a seat there reserved for the 'fire-watcher'. Tom had a saying when negotiating the low chamber of the fort entrances ... *'go in after your back!'*

§ **Ballyledder ...** 'baile le dair' ... town of the oak trees or Dáire after Cú Roi Mac Dáire and contains a version of the Sliabh Mis Caherconree story. Cú Chulainn's long hair was cut off by Cú Roí Mac Daire and it took a year and a day to grow back, which shamed Cú Chulainn greatly. Cú Roi had captured his wife and they both journeyed throughout Munster to Ballyledder, being of great embarrassment to Cú Chullain. Cú Roí was living in an earthen fort at Ballyledder and he had promised Blathnaid to build a far superior structure on a promontory cliff at Sliabh Mis for her. Blathnaid made a pact with Cú Chullain that she would give him a signal that she would put milk into the draining of her bath. The milk flowed into the nearby river, which was called the Fionnglais, 'white river'. This was Cú Chullain's opportunity to attack the fort, slay the non-suspecting Cú Roí and carry Blathnaid away to safety. Cú Chullain in turn, was killed by the avenging son of Cú Roí.

§ A story goes that Tom Shea's grandmother Maire na Caipe Bána was dumping the ashes in the fort which was close to her house. A fairy woman called to Maire and asked of her to stop dumping the ashes as they were destroying their washing of the clothes.

§ Jim Maire na Caipe Bána kept sheep and a cross of black tar painted on their rump ... so a local poet Johnny O'Rua Sullivan wrote of it ...

*Not forgetting Jim Mháire, who lives near the Fort,
I'm told by some authors, he is a prime poet;
With his mangy auld sheep an' they looking for grass,*

And the cross of 'God help us' behind on their arse.

§ Tom O'Shea's great grandfather, died of fever just after the Famine, thirty six years of age. He made a will, he left the farm to his son and £100 each to his other son and daughter. But O'Mahony of Dunloe needed a loan of the money and but later defaulted. He gave them the lands around Coom Callee to the Sheas instead and it remained in the family until recent times. It was sold for £60 to the Mid-Kerry Water Supply Scheme.

§ There was a sword found in the Ballyledden Fort that was said to have been from the scattering of Kinsale. It was given up to the National Museum but never seen again.

§ Other placenames on the Reeks and very descriptive of place were Cuimín Fín na Móna/Leacha na Tabh/Plás na Coinneal/Plás Garbh/ Plás na Raithiní.

Gobnait and the Biddys ... the lore of the Bidy, a folk tradition embedded in Kilgobnet, Cill Ghobnait in the old Parish of Tuogh/Beaufort for centuries and indigenous to this part of the Kingdom of Kerry. As many as twelve Bidy Groups kept the tradition alive in the Parish of Tuogh throughout the years ... Kilgobnet, Coolcummisk, Alohart, Dunloe, Black Valley, Shanera, Carnahone, Meanus, Cooleanaig, Glencuttane and the outlying Killorglin, Ceannouvree and Glencar. The Bidy was a celebration of the Celtic Imbolc, February 1st, a vernal feast attributed to the sowing of the crops and more especially tending of 'cows and bees in the land of milk and honey'. They would travel the byroads, from house to house, often in inclement weather while dressed in white uniforms, sashes and ornate oaten-straw hats. This was done under the strict supervision of their Captain, who carried an effigy of Brighid represented by a straw-doll called a Brideóg. Certain protocols were adhered to ... firstly, as they approached a house the Captain would call out *Any objection to the Bidy?*, to which the reply was, *The Bidy is welcome here in this house.* They would then, in single file, march into the house to the strains of the 'Dawning of the Day'. The Biddys would dance sets and polkas round the floor bringing merriment to these quiet, humble country kitchens. They were welcomed into the homesteads, feasted on *bairín breac* and tradition has it, that pins were stuck on to the Brideóg in

thanksgiving and a good luck charm for the forthcoming year. Bridget's Crosses made of rushes were made usually on the eve of Imbolc and put underneath the thatch to protect the house from lightning for the forthcoming year. The traditional Biddy-Ball was the culmination of the Imbolc festivities where the participating Biddys held a celebration of their own. In later times the Biddy Ball was held in parish halls with celebrations and friendly rivalry.

Dreamtime of Bríd ... winter pregnant with spring, cusp of Imbolc ... she spun sunbeams, making gold cloth from their threads ... nicks cut on Ogham inscribed ... BRÍD ... the exalted one of learning, poetry and fertility of the raw earth ... hanging her cloak, brat Bríd on a shaft of sunlight seeping through the four corners and the land undulating forming hills and glens ... the Lands of the Tribe of Tuath. Bríd summon her pollinators ... *dordánaí*, intoning a 'hive of honeyed sound' ...

solas id thimpeall, solas id chroí, solas san míl, san bainne 's im.

... her emissary, Gobnait Nechtáin-Smithy, bringing Fire to the Tribe ... instilled into Dreamtime. Gobnait was mined of molten ore at the earth's centre ... sharp-mouthed, *máthair tine*, source of raking and smooing of the fire ... *coigilt an tine*. Bó Fionn gave of her milk freely under *bile* tree of the *tortan* ash grove near *spideóg river* ... Leaba na Bó with the ever-flowing Cauldron. Horses of the plough from Ballyleder ... Chestnut Mare, Black Stallion, White Mare and Pieball ... *corr ghobach* of the grove of *fid nemidh* ... 'reddening the earth' for three days in the shape of a latticed square.

... *Crosóg Bhríd* ... *the sacred three* ... *to save, to shield to surround the hearth, the house, the household* ... *this eve, this night, Oh! this eve* ... *this night, every night and each single night* ... *Amen*.

Homage to Brigit goes back thousands of years. She was a prominent Earth Goddess-triple Goddess here in Ireland to our ancient people and a Fire Temple was built and held in Her honour in Kildare, where a fire was continuously lit-up until the reformation, reminding all that first and foremost Brigit was a Keeper of the Flame. Brigit's triple Goddess faces were midwife/healer, patroness of the arts.

COOLEANAIG BIDDY

The Cooleanaig Biddy was a mighty success,
For the contest in Milltown they surely did dress.
‘Twas a night of excitement preparing to go,
For the time was expiring and the dressing was slow.
When they arrived in Milltown with no time to spare,
And quickly fell into a line at the Square;
They knew it was time to be on their way;
They marched to the Hall and made no delay.

They arrived at the door, all arranged single file,
And marched round the Hall in military style;
With a flag out in front and a light at the rear,
A signal for danger... *“Cooleanaig is here!”*
While marching around, they got well deserved cheers,
With their stripes, golden sashes and green bandoleers;
A beautiful Biddy with a cross in her hand,
And playing O'Neill's March was the Silver-Spoon Band.

There were four other Biddys competed that night,
When lined up in order, they looked a great sight,
To judge which was best ‘twasnt easy to do,
For the group from Kilgobnet could get a leg-in too.
When the judging was over, announcements were made
Cooleanaig and Kilgobnet came in for first grade;
There was no marks between then, they couldn't decide,
So first prize and second they had to divide.

“Very good” says Cooleanaig, *“our victory is won,
No one could defeat us, no more could be done,
Were the champions of Kerry for 1962,
If it was an All Ireland, tis’ the same thing we’d do.”*
When the dance was all over, they didn't delay,
And out of the Hall they soon made their way;
Home to Cooleanaig they quickly did drive,
They'd be *ceol* in the village, when they would arrive.

They stopped outside Jimmy's and got into line,
And over the road, they marched single file;
When Dan heard the music, he jumped in the bed,
And he shouted to Nora ... *“They won with my head”*.
'Cud' was the next to wake with the fright,
He jumped out of bed and switched on the light,
Kate ran to the window, rubbing her eyes,
“Rí na Glóire” says she “sure they must have the prize.

Jimmy ran out without a sock or a shoe,
His *'gallasses'* sideways, 'twas the best he could do;
He was so excited, he didn't feel cold,
And he waited outside 'til the story was told.
Now Milltown was over, 'twas down to brass tacks,
There was work to be done, no time to relax;
The Bidy Ball now was the next big event,
For it had to be over by the beginning of Lent.

So a bright frosty night was set for the Ball,
'Twas held at Mc Graths, an event to recall;
The boys they assembled with high hopes in sight,
And they were all prepared to have a good night.
The crowds they gathered two hundred or more,
And all were looked after by the boys at the door;
Set after set were danced in full glee,
And behind the back door were the men on the spree.

The minerals and biscuits and sweets they were shared,
And when that was complete, there wasn't much spared;
That didn't bother the boys in the least,
For enough had no waste ... was as good as a feast.
Soon the tea was prepared and all was going fine;
The crowd in the hall, they got into line,
They'd all get there sometime of that there's no doubt,
But to their misfortune, the light it went out.

At first it was thought, 'twas the switch at the door,
But soon they discovered their troubles were more;
The fuses examined it was was easy to see,
The only hope left was to call ESB.
And so to Killorglin the boys went in haste,
Their job being important, there was no time to waste;
They rang from the Barracks and to give them their due,
The lights were in full swing again before two.

Back at the Ball things were going fine and quiet,
With three or four *'tilleys'* supplying them with light;
The tea still in progress they thought they were free,
And finish with *'clamber'* but that couldn't be.
For the grub on the tables would be soon getting light,
The *'bracks'* and the butter being ordered too tight;
What could be done there were still crowds for tea,
But due to that racket by now you'll agree.

So on the road once again with the boys,
And before very long brought in more supplies;
All went on fine with the tea from that out,
And now we will see all is well with the stout;
We're judged by the drinkers 'tis the best way to tell,
There belting the floor like the hammers of hell;
There light in their head and there light on their feet,
And all *maith go léor* for 'tis seldom they meet.

The pencil and paper was going all night,
To keep an account if things were going tight;
With one *netty* left they had to retreat,
For they knew if they topped it the ends wouldn't meet;
From five until seven they went home by the score,
And even at eight there were some on the floor;
It was the best *booley* that ever was known,
And the boys had their breakfast before going home.

Michael Leane & Moss 'Cud' O'Sullivan

I got this poem from Mossy 'Cud' O'Sullivan a few years ago and I remember the Milltown Biddy Ball being a very prestigious event. Competition was very keen and up to a dozen groups could take part on a particular night. For the most part, Kilgobnet and Beaufort were always there or thereabouts as this proud Biddy tradition came from these parts from under the Magillicuddy Reeks.

Pattern Fair of Kilgobnet ... the Pattern day was held at Kilgobnet, the 'City' on February 11th on Seamus O'Shea's land. The 1st of February coincides with Feast of St. Bridghid and in earlier times, Rounds took place there on Good Friday. But there was a Holy Well nearby to facilitate praying and ablutions of the spirit. The Pattern was by all accounts the biggest fair in Munster and concentrated on buying and the selling of pigs. In fact it was stated many years ago that £3,000 worth of pigs were sold in one day in Kilgobnet and brought to market in Tralee. So much so, that the stream flowing through Kilgobnet is called ... *Glaisín Cach Much* ... Stream of Pig's Ordure. All were dressed up for the Pattern and a bar was set-up by a publican from Killorglin where whiskey and porter was sold from a cabin. A *síbin* was set up nearby, selling illicit *poitín* and when the men from the mountains and glens drank it, they went mad, roaring and shouting around

Kilgobnet. On the night of the Big Wind, 1839, a storm whipped up the porter cabins and there was a free-for-all on the Fair Green. When the Kilgubby Fair was in full strength, the Killorglin people took the fair from them and were said to be in league with the devil. The Kilgobnet Pattern Fair declined not long after. It was believed, that it was when the GSWR Railway opened and was more conducive to the ferrying animals to Killorglin. Kilgobnet had a stinging verse about Killorglin ...

*Cill Orglan gan greann,
Gan airgead, gan téir ann,
Baile beag briste
Lámh le h-uisge
Agus mná gan tuiscint ann.*

Holy Wells ... at the other end of the parish there is a Holy Well near Dunloe called Tobarchríost and locally dedicated to St. Brigid/Gobnait and is quite ornate, as there is a cairn of stones close by with a thick slate covering. It was a very popular place of worship and there was a designated track to get from the main road. There were two Holy Wells, ‘tobair beannaithe’ in Coolrue and Shanera at the foot of the Reeks.

Coolrue ... there is no name or no set day to do the rounds at this Well, but it was utilized at the Stations in the houses. There is a little wall around it, a little stream flowing closeby and there is a tree growing near it and is said, if you cut a branch from it, you would become lame for the rest of your life.

Shanera ... called *an glúnóg*, the little knee and its stream flows into the Fionnglas River. It was advisable to go there before sunrise or after sunset. One time, a woman went to fetch water there and it wouldn't heat it when she tried to boil it. She then looked inside and there was a frog at the bottom of the kettle. She returned the water to the well, including the frog and after that, the water boiled perfectly. They say if you see a frog at ‘an glúnóg’ well, you will have great blessings in the rest of your life.

Gortbui School Bealoideas 1938/Donal Leane.

Account from a Pattern & Holy Well 1829 ...

I went to the Pattern ... there were gooseberries, currants, and cherries for the children; ginger-bread for the young girls; strong ale and maddening whiskey for wranglers and busybodies, those who wanted a row and for those who tried to

make peace; open booths full of courting couples: bag-pipers and risp-raspers (fiddlers) playing music for the young people and pious people doing the rounds at the well. I left the well with my children at six o' clock. There were respectable well-dressed crowds coming from every direction.

Amhlaoimh Úi Shúileabháin ... Beaufort born Hedge-School Master 1829.

There was no drinking, no swearing, no fighting; the visitors were sober in mind as well as in habit and acted as though they considered the well a place for serious reflection rather than for idleness and dissipation. It was the day the matches were made with dancing and singing, the horsemen would come and jump the ditches and there were 200 tents there ... from Tralee, Killarney, Castlemaine, Milltown, Headford, selling whiskey and also the wheel of fortune men from Limerick and Clare.

§ There was a story about a woman from Shanacloon who brought butter all the way to the Cork Butter Exchange by horse and cart. She sold the butter and before her return journey, went to a *sibín* for a few drinks. She had one too many and got a little boisterous and wild and was thrown into the Cork Women's Jail. In the middle of the night she implored and prayed to St. Gobnait to release her :

*A Ghobnait Naofa ó Chill Ghobnait,
Go dtuga don cunamb...*

Suddenly the woman's cell opened and she walked out. When the others saw this they also started praying to St. Gobnait but a voice answered ... *Ta Gobnait Bodhar !!*

Faction Fight at Kilgobnet ... there is no other man in the Parish of Tuogh like Tadgh 'Beait' O'Connor. He was eighty years of age and he'd walk up to the church every Sunday, as light-footed and as straight as if he was but twenty. He was nearly six-foot tall and had shoulders as broad and as strong as the pillars of a gate. He had no lines on his face and he was as clean and well turned out as if he was going to a wedding. Tadgh usually never caused any trouble, but caused great strife at the Pattern Day at Kilgobnet.

A small broken town that was Kilgobnet and there was a big Fair there in the old days where many people bought and sold their goods. There were horses, cattle, sheep and pigs there, with *poitín* and mountain dew aplenty. There was great sport there, people dancing, singing and playing cards. They play *baitín buí*, a traditional local game played with sticks and stones. In the evening, when the

day's work was done, there was a lot of drink taken and often they would be much fighting and as a result many broken heads were evident going home after the day. There was a fight between the Coffeys from Coill and the Cronins of Meallis. The Coffeys won the day and the Cronins fled. Tadgh saw this and asked what was going on as he was a good friend of the Cronins. He wielded his blackthorn stick and gave it to the Coffeys. There was ten of them there and he beat them all. They couldn't lay a hand on him as he was so fast with the stick. They came to their senses eventually, even though bloodied, but there wasn't a mark on Tadgh. The women were looking on and they proceeded to wipe the blood from some of them. Tadgh walked home so steady as if he was going to Mass on Sunday.

Dermot Donoghue 73 years , Beaufort 1938.

Seamus O' Dúill ... 'Beirt Fhear'... no history would be complete without reference to Seamus O' Dubhghaill (James Doyle) or as he was known under the pen-name, *Beirt Fhear*. James Doyle was born in Cooleaning. He attended Cullina National School and succeeded in passing the entrance examination to the Civil Service directly from the National School and was posted to London. When James Doyle was a youth in the 1870's, the majority of the people had a good knowledge of the spoken Irish language and Seamus was well versed in it. Shortly after arriving in London, he joined the Gaelic League founded in 1893 by Dr. Douglas Hyde ... 'to keep the Irish language spoken in Ireland'. Books in the Irish language were scarce and people that had any flair for writing were awarded prizes for their essays and articles. Seamus entered an essay in 1902 under *Beirt Fhear*. His first attempt was a short story about a blacksmith, whom he had known as a young lad. The forge was on the side of the road, near the eastern end of the Gaddagh Bridge and was published by the Gaelic League under the name of *Tadhg Gabha*. It was a great success, as it described in simple language, the work and the experiences of local blacksmith Seán O'Duna. He described the interest younger people had as they watched the smithy at work from the forge door often though in haste to school. They'd see the sparks flying from the Seán's beating of the anvil, the strange odour as he nailed the red-hot shoe on the horse's hoof. The story reminds one of the grand old poem ... *Under the spreading chestnut*

tree the village smithy stands' ... from Goldsmith's, Village Blacksmith. He also describes the Sean's journey to Killorglin at regular intervals, to buy nails and as everyone knows, the smithy job is thirsty work. So poor Seán would be 'sugach go leór' on his return journey home over the Gaddagh River. He kept strict holidays during the year, especially Pattern Day and Puck Fair and nobody would dare approach the forge on those special days however urgent. Many more books followed from his collection in 1903 ... 'Beartín Luachra', 'Cleibhín Móna', 'Prátaí Mhicil Thaidg', 'Cathair Chonraí' and perhaps his famous work, ... *Muintir na Tuatha*. Beginning his life as a schoolboy in Cullina National School, he goes on to describe the way of life, the joys and hardships of the people of the parish and descriptions of everyday life of the rural community. He described the types of work in the farm during the year, setting and digging potatoes, saving hay, harvest time, also of wakes, funerals and the landlords in the area. Most of his work is now out of print, but still some copies of *Muintir na Tuatha* were used in the National Schools curriculum up to the 1940's. I presented a copy of each book for reference to Muckcross House library in 1964.

The O'Connell's of Grenagh kept a pack of hounds and regularly came into the parish for a days hunting of the foxes and the hare. When the huntsmen appeared, everybody set off after them in great excitement and it was often said that ploughmen left their horses standing in the field to run to view the hunt. Of course it was a wonderful day for the children as they mitched from school, then to be reprimanded the following day as described in the extracted below ... *An Fiach*. In 1860, ninety per cent of the people spoke Irish but reason for the decline was chiefly that of emigration and that the language was not spoken in the schools. The parents wanted their children learn in English as it was the language spoken in the countries to which they would eventually emigrate to ... America, Australia, New Zealand, and England. About fifty per cent of the people understood Irish up to the 1920's, but it declined again rapidly soon after. Later it had become a subject in the National School curriculum. Today, to our shame we hear very little Irish spoken in our every-day dealings.

Pete Coghlan ... 'Our Parish'.

An Fiach / Fiodach... an excerpt.

Maidin breá earraig a bhí ann agus duinn ag déanamh ar scoil. Ní rabhamar ach díreach ag sean-theampall Cill Locháin nuair a chonacamar na fiadaithe agus na gadhair fiadaig ag gabháil chuainn anoir ó Drom Locháin. Siúd chun siúil sinn ar steallach agus nuair a shroiceamar Crios Ceathrú na hUmhan (Leary's Cross), sé an áit ina raibh said, ná ag Tig an tSagairt (Jimmy Clifford's anois). D'fhanamar ag an gCrios chun go dtánadar seisear nó mór sheisear de dhaoine uaisle agus aon bhean uasal amháin ann agus an bóithrín síar leó go dtí an Geadach. Leanamar go léir an fiodach. Maidin lae ar na mhárach.

Ba maith liom da mbeadh aon leath-scéal agam chun gan dul ar scoil, teachaireacht go dtí Cill Orglan nó aon leath-scéal eile, ach ní raibh. B'eigin dom bailiu liom go mall réidh troma, schroidheach ar scoil. Bhí Seán Thaidgín is Diarmuid Óg ag feitheimh liom. Bhíomar anois in aice Cáisleán an Chorraig agus shocraiomar an congar a ghabhail tré Dromlochain agus tré Ceapadh an Fhinn. Bhíomar in am go leór ar scoil. Bhí an máistir romhainn ag geata na scoile. Bhí slaitín righin taithfhéilinn (woodbine) ina lámh aice. Níor labhair sé focal linn ach bhí a fhios againn agus an fuineamh a bhí air ag casadh ná slaite narbh aon dea-fuadar a bhí fé. Chuamar isteach. *Ná buachaillí a lean an fiadhach inniu, tagaidis amach ar an úrlár tá rud éigin agam lé rá leo I dtaobh lae an Fhiadhaig* ar seisean. Leis sin bualadh cnag ar an doras agus cé bhí ann ach fear uasal an lae inde. Shabháil siad sinn. Seamus O' Dubhghaill 'Beirt Fhear'.

Seamus Ó Dubhghaill (1855-1929) ... James J. Doyle ...

Obituary ... Born in gCúil Éanaigh I bParóiste na Tuaithe, his parents were, John Doyle and Kate Horgan and he used the pen-name *Beirt Fhear*, by which he was universally known in Irish-speaking circles. In 1900, his phrase book, *Leabhar Cainte*, took first prize at the Oireachtas and Dr. Douglas Hyde says of him ... 'With the exception of Peter O'Leary, Mr. Doyle is the raciest writer of Irish living'. He worked in Bandon, Belfast, Derry, Glasgow and London, made a special study of Irish placenames and his articles, which ran in the Derry Journal, in the Dublin Leader and other papers. They covered a wide field and were most interesting reading. His death, as one of the real old Irish speakers

and scholars in Kerry, is a great loss indeed to students of the Irish language.

Go raibh leaba i measc na Naomb.

Churchtown Church Contention, *Fearann na gCat ...* there is a churchyard in the Parish of Tuath, Churchtown/Teampall Cnocáin. Catholics like the Caseys were buried inside the *old* churchyard building. Protestants were buried there also but they built a church inside the existing churchyard building that displeased the Catholics greatly. Night after night, the Catholics knocked the previous days' building-work. Eventually because of the unrest, the police were called to do sentry duty in the churchyard. The Protestants went to court in Tralee, won the case and got money for damages. They distributed it voluntarily to Muintir na Tuatha and the trouble ceased after that. There are two paths into the graveyard, one for the Catholics and one for the Protestants and tradition has it, that the four of the dead deceased relatives carries the coffin through *bóithirín na marbh* round the church with the priest in front. Bealoideas 1938.

*Cé leag an Teampall,
Arsa an tSean Bhean Bhocht;
Bhí Conacabháir Breac is a clann ann
Agus muintir Cois Leambna,
B'e iad leag an teampall
Arsa an Sean Bhean Bocht.*

*Bhí fear ó Cill Áirne ann
Agus ós na Braíghde,
Bhí fear ó Gleann Fleisce ann,
Is é meirgeach go meidbreach,
Bhí rinceóir agus úird aca,
Is ba ghearr an chat ar sinbhail é,
Mar bhí dúil aca é loc.
Is mí-rathmbar tuitim istig sa reilg,
Is mí-ráthmbar uaig a oscailt Dé Luain;
Nuair a gheibheann duine bas ins an áit seo,
Leanann beirt eile é gan mboill.*

*Cé leag an Teampall ?
Arsa an tSean-Bhean Bhocht ;
Bhí fear is fiche ón nGleann ann,
Agus Siothbbraí Cois na Leambna,
Is do leagas féin ina dteannta é,
Arsa an tSean-Bhean Bhocht.*

The Cooleanaig Tradesmen ... a list of the trades in the village of Cooleanaig illustrating the self-sufficiency in the townland at the foot of the the Magillicuddy Reeks.

Jack ‘a Leasa ... the mower and reaper ... of hay saving.

The Boyo Jer ... the shoe repairer ... ‘taobhíns’ for shoes.

Maudy Heady ... the churn-stop beater ... of butter making.

Maurice Jer ... the chair maker ... of oak and elm woods.

Jer Shea ... the sheegóg maker ... súpán rope for a chair seat.

Johnny Hirk ... the long-jump taker ... so athletic and fit.

Maurice the Road ... the flail flaker ... threshing tool, a ‘gad’.

Sraher Doyle ... the Laune Ranger ... who played with Killorglin.

Paddy Hirk ... the wild horse trainer ... that had the gift for horses.

Paddy had a notion of wanting to fly and the only way available to him was to mount a horse with an umbrella. As he was jumping on top of a high wall, he’d open the umbrella to lift off the horse’s back and become airborne for a time.

Dan the Jobber ... the ‘skep’ weaver ... a hive for bees.

Dinny Din ... the butter taster ... he knew the freshness of butter.

Guerin John ... the ‘goggán’ dealer ... who dealt in eggs.

Maud Jack ... the ‘stampi’ maker ... of potatoes and flour.

Doctor Cahill ... the ridge maker ... for potatoes.

Kate Sean Tagdh ... the mantle-toe knitter ... a kind of sock.

Maurice Sweeney ... the churn and barrel maker ... butter making.

Curly Cahill ... the stone breaker ... called a ‘spawlee’ hammer.

Patie Shea ... fiddle player & **Tom Joy** ... the fife player.

Cooleanaigh ... ‘cúl aonaigh’ ?/ nook of the scrub land/bird’s poll due to the sloping shape of the land.

Other Placenames in or around Cooleanaig were ...
Laca/Bindraoin/Fothrach/Páirc Teahan/Latharán na Rince ...
where the fairies played hurling and football in moonlight.

Moss Cud O'Sullivan was quite a character and could make up verses on the spot. When he was in hospital and in order to answer the question from a fellow patient as to where he came from, he composed verses from Tralee hospital to his door in Cooleanaig. On one occasion, he pleaded with the nurses that he had to go home to look after his mother and Moss himself, over seventy years. The nurses thought that he was taking a turn for the worst but however, Moss was very much in his right mind as his mother Kate was in fact at home and was 103 years of age at the time.

Sean 'Flib' O'Sullivan & Dr. Digby Courtcase ... Sean *'Flib'* O'Sullivan (Phillip) lived near the graveyard at Churchtown and was a healer of sorts. A quack, bonesetter or cow doctor as he was called upon to heal people and animals around Churchtown. There was a local doctor in the Glebe House called Dr. Cecil Digby who took offence towards Sean Flib's 'healing' and quackery, as he felt he was giving people false hope. So he took Sean to court for not having a licence to practice. The judge asked Sean was that true. *Yes*, answered Sean ... *I fix bones, your honour!* The judge asked, *You fix bones?* ... *Yes!*, answered Sean. So he took a hazel stick from his pocket and he broke it in two. He gave it to Dr. Digby and asked him to fix it and Digby said, that he couldn't. Sean let the judge examine the broken sticks, took them back from the judge, said a few words and the sticks did mend again. He said to the judge ... *What I fix, I can also break!* The judge said, *Case dismissed!*

Sean was a weaver of spells to get rid of rats, which was his speciality. The story went, that he sent the Ace of Hearts to the shop to get a candle when they lights ran out while playing cards. Sean 'Flib' was in great demand as he could rid houses of rats by putting a spell on them. A woman was breastfeeding a child in Meallis and the rats were coming towards her trying to get the milk. She called on Sean, who came and he put an open razor between his big toe and the next. He waited and eventually the rat came out, over to Sean and rubbed his neck on the razor and bled to death on the spot. Sean said that he was sorry to the rat but that the deed had to be done in that case.

Another rat story went, that there was an infestation of rats in Meallis, so Sean was called again. He coordinated and assembled

the rats in single file and said to the people not to interfere with them. He marched then up to McKay's mansion in Pallis just like Pied Piper. As the rats were marching on, they began to lose their way and there were two young rats with a 'cipín' between them. The older and wiser rat came between them, grabbed the stick in the middle and led them all up to the Pallis mansion, thereby ridding the rats from Meallis. They settled down in McKays house.

The local priest didn't like Sean because he said that he was practicing the black arts and furthermore he wasn't attending Mass. He would never give Sean a lift on his horse and trap, but Sean put a spell on the priest as he was passing along the road. Down the road a little, the priest veered into the ditch and in turn, put a spell on Sean that he would die roaring up the chimney ... and he did ! To cure a sow was pucked by a cow, Sean's spell went like this ...

*Go mara an diabhal tusa,
Go mara an diabhal mise
's go mbeimis a dearfhainn,
leis an diabhal faoi dheire.*

... may the devil have you, have me and in the end he'll have us all. There was a man found a nest of rats in a wall and said to his workmen, to put all three in a barrel and cover them. The next morning there were only two, the day after that, there was only one. He said, let the other go free to the dismay of the workmen. The reason being that, the last one was a cannibal rat and would eat every other rat in the locality.

John Foley's Diary ... (1903 - 1988) ... John Foley, from Ballagh, Beaufort, born in New York in 1903, came from America as a young boy in 1912. He settled down in Ballagh, at the foot of the Reeks and proceeded to write a diary every day of his life until he died in 1982. He began writing the diary in July 1922, at a time of grave unrest in Ireland, War of Independence/Civil War and for these years, the diary is peppered with accounts of that torrid time. The remainder of the diary is essentially accounts of life on a small farm, his daily work routine with his friend, Jackeen. He recorded the deaths and births in the parish, comings and goings to and from America and England, daily weather reports for over sixty years that would be of great interest to the meteorology institutes researches. John's diary illustrates an accurate snapshot of life in

earlier times in a small townland in the Parish of Tuath ... unique. I asked his son Mick as to how his father came to record his diary day in day out for seventy years. He told me that, he wrote entries to the diary every third day or so as his wife was boiling the eggs ... he'd say ... *hand me down my diary*.

The Foley family, together with Mike Moriarty of the Gap of Dunloe set up Graineóg Crafts making blackthorn sticks and shillelaghs, to sell to craft outlets in the Gap of Dunloe and Killarney. John Foley and Grainneóg Crafts made a blackthorn stick for President Elect J.F Kennedy, a gift from the people of the Parish of Tuath. They said that when JFK entering the White House, he would be swinging a blackthorn stick from the Parish of Tuath, Beaufort. They also made a blackthorn crucifix for Jacqueline Kennedy. Some time later, JFK sent a letter of thanks to John from the White House, Washington, USA. John's son Mike still continues this indigenous craft at his home in Ballagh.

Some entries of John Foley's Diary ... 1922-28

July 1922 ... 60 Republican horsemen left Killarney on 23rd.

August 1922 ... The New Hotel & Police Barracks, Killarney burnt on 5th.
2 Red Cross doctors shot in Inisfallen last night on 18th.

The Black Stream & Colan Bridges, Dunloe were knocked 22nd.

President Michael Collins was shot dead at Bandon and prayed at Tuogh Chapel 27th.

September 1922 ... Fr. Fitzmaurice read the Bishop's Letter on 3rd.

Four girls were 'bobbed' and painted by Free State Troops in Killarney.

Republicans attacked Killorglin Barracks and was a failure 27th.

Pat Galvin, Republican Commander, murdered at Ballyseedy Wood by Free State soldiers on 30th.

October 1922 ... Pat Looney, Pat Murphy, Pat Galvin and John Flynn were killed in Killorglin fight and prayed at Tuogh Chapel 8th.

Sam Hussey's great house was burned at Aghadoc 12th.

November 1922 ... Casey of the Black Valley wounded at Spa on 28th.

58 Free Soldiers were ambushed at Gortbuí in a roundup by 5 men and 3 were taken prisoner. Commandant Dempsey was wounded in the eye 28th.

150 National soldiers came to Beaufort for the first time on 3rd, left on 5th.

200 more soldiers came to Beaufort the second time on 11th and left 18th.

About 30 soldiers came to round-up at the Chapel and they were attacked and 5 wounded on 17th.

Free State soldiers surrounded Beaufort Hotel and captured Johnny Coffey and he escaped on 22nd.

January 1923 ... Free State soldiers roundup the Board of Works Rd. and arrested Mike Doyle of Diorra on 10th.

February 1923 ... Free State soldiers raided Jim Coffey's house and carried his horse and many small things on 2nd.

A Coolcumisk wedding was raided by soldiers, they arrested 29 men and kept only 9.

March 1923 ... Jim Coffey's house was burned by Free State soldiers on 7th. The soldiers shot two Connor men in a roundup at Lisliebane. John Kevins was shot at Kissanes, behind the Hall at 8pm at night by soldiers that lay in ambush all day on 14th.

Jer Casey was shot dead on Patsy's middle field on 20th. At 8 o'clock on 21st he was only four days home from Clare.

April 1923 ... Mick Galvin, Gortbuí came from prison on 5th.

Donie Crowley sold his public house in Killorglin on 18th.

June 1923 ... 5 Civic Guards came to Beaufort on 1st.

July 1923 ... Jim Coffey's horse was sent back to him from the Staters 22nd.

September 1923 ... Pat, Jimmy and Tadie Galvin and Dan Casey were released from prison 27th.

October 1923 ... Mr. Harrington, Dunloe bought a two-ton lorry from Dublin for himself and he bought two little fields from Paidín O'Sullivan to make a lake of them to keep water for working the Mill.

January 1924 ... Free coal Supply of 2 cwt. each from the government on 10th: De Valera & Austin Stack and many others were left out of prison 15th.

February 1924 ... men began working at the Bord of Works with a Shea man from Caherdaniel on 4th.

August 1925 ... De Valera went to the Gap of Dunloe on 25th.

November 1925 ... Bord of Works road stopped ... funding expired.

August 1926 ... Inspection of bulls was held in Beaufort under new law.

June 1926 ... Mr. Harrington sold all his stock, crops and implements 26th.

September 1926 ... Mr. Harrington left Dunloe on 17th.

December 1926 ... Munster and Leinster Bank was robbed of £400 on 17th.

October 1926 ... Coolcumisk mountain road began on 10th: Kerry beat Kildare in the All Ireland Final on a replay on 17th ... (1-4 v 0-4).

November 1926 ... Night of the Big Wind on 4th.

August 1928 ... America played a draw in Tralee, with Kerry on 26th.

September 1928 ... The Bell was put up in our Chapel on 1st.

Gobnait's Church ... after some time as a hermit, Gobnait came to Tuath and decided to build a church, now called Kilgobnet called after her. As there were no Christians around, a Boar was deemed the first member of her community and helped her clear a site in the woods, felling trees and hauling logs. They were soon joined by a Wolf, a Badger and a Fox as well as a Deer and her Fawn. They worked together like Trojans for some time but the

native character of the Fox, wearying of the strict rule of Gobnait and the vegetarian lifestyle, stole her slippers made of animal hide and fled into the woods to chew them in secret. When Gobnait arose in the morning to find her slippers missing, she had her suspicions and sent her faithful Badger to retrieve them. The Badger brought the unwilling Fox back, the slippers unchewed. Gobnait admonished the errant Fox, ordered him to fast and do penance. The Fox finally settled down to the discipline of monastic life.

This story is attributed to Kieran of Saigir of the Corch Loegde, first born of the Irish saints ...357 A.D., a pre-patrician saint who came from Cape Clear Island and then via the old copper mine at Coad near Caberdaniel.

Kilgobnet, Cooleanaig, Shannera, Ballyledder Snippets ...

§ There was a cow called *Sckit* and she died, but the farmer and his wife heard her bellowing one night. He got up and followed the cow to Lisbath Fort at the top of Shanera. The cow went into the fort and the farmer tried to pull the cow out by the tail but the fairies kept pulling her in. Finally, the cow released herself and the farmer brought *Sckit* home.

§ There was a well in Kilcoolaght called *Tobar na Síobhradh*, the fairies danced and played music there and sounded like a mouth organ.

§ There was a field in Owen O'Sullivan's in Kilcoolaght called *Páirc na Cainnte*, there used to be candles lighting there and the fairies played football there.

§ There was a stone in Mick Doonas of Cappagh and a giant was carrying it along when the string broke.

§ There was a field in Kilgobnet called *Páirc an Aifrin* where Mass was said on an altar made of wood and there were four small women there dressed like nuns.

§ There was a stone in Cooleanaig called *Páirc na Cloice Bána* and it was said, that a stone was left there by the people who were building Caherconree, when the bell went for dinner. Another field in Cooleanaig called *Cnoc na Grafaí* where the old people worked moving stones and digging furze for four pennies a day.

§ There is a valley near Gulliba mountain called *Log na Scuab* where the heath grows and the people made brooms tied with ropes.

§ There was a rock in Caranahone called *Carraig Owen a Mála* ... a man called Owen built a little house there.

§ There was a well in Keel called *Páirc a Tobair* where a woman washed clothes there and then dried up. She then put Holy Water in it and the water came back.

§ A woman went to a funeral at Incharoo between Glencar and Brida and she found a man's head there between two stones. She brought it home and at one o'clock she had to return it again.

§ There was a Hedge School in Kilcoolaght made of stone and mud and the Master used to go the pupil's houses. Also, another at Meanus, taught by Master Dan O'Shea.

§ There was a piper at Meanus by the name of Shea and he used to play for the fairies at *Tobar na Sheefree*.

§ Myles of the Forge was in the Angler's Rest having a quite pint of a Thursday. Suddenly, a man came running in and said to Myles, that there was a man leading a horse up toward the Forge. Myles asked what colour was the horse and the man said it was a Grey, where Myles replied, 'I don't do Greys on a Thursdays'.

§ Tough and Killorglin used to play hurling matches. The captain of Tuogh was Dónal a' Dróma O'Sullivan man from Tomies and the captain of Killorglin was Peter Hartnett who came from Cork, the very day of the match. He being late, but joined in and Killorglin began to win after he had started to play. The ball went out of play and Peter found it, struck it, drove it into Joy's Marsh and over the hill to Laune Mount. The ball was never seen again and Peter died within the week. They said that he had the 'fairy stroke'. Tuogh were called, Sheefree na Tuatha, they played their matches at Loch Léin and had O'Donoghue of the Glen with them. O'Donoghue was like an extra invisible man and they couldn't be defeated. Donal a' Droma challenged a smithy to bring out some fire on his anvil to put in his pipe. After that he could hold back a team of horses with his bare hands.

§ There was a man coming home one night, he came across a *bulloboberk* in a field and it seems that the fairies were playing hurling. They shouted at the man to throw in the ball. It landed on the road and when he picked it up ... it turned out to be a skull !

*Greadadh is chradh agat a Geadaidh,
Is maraidh a bhí ar do luaib,*

*Tán tuisge go léar thar beartaibh
Agas an Caise ró árd ga na gcaonn.*

*Siobhán Ní bÍarlaigthe/ Travelling woman poet of Killorglin
(She couldn't cross the Gaddagh and wrote about it.)*

§ They were hunting hares in Shanera. One day, a man's greyhound turned a hare and drew blood. The hare made for a nearby house and when the man opened the door he saw a strange woman by the fire nursing a wounded leg. (See Giorria Bán p. 39)

§ Glubba Hill, near Ballyledden is a thousand feet high with wedge tombs on top. There was a field with very high fences and it was said if you entered it, you wouldn't be able to get out until the following day until dawn. This phenomenon was called *meascán maree*, meaning, being unable to recognize where one was.

§ There was a woman working on the Famine Relief Board of Works Road in 1847 from Sneem and she used to walk weekly from Sneem to work. One day a pick-axe went through her foot on a Friday, she walked all the way to Sneem that evening and was at work the following Monday.

§ There was a baby born on Cooleanaig but when the parents would approach their baby, he would suddenly sit up quickly and lie down again. At one time they got the smell of smoke in the room but none of them actually smoked. They said the child was ahead of its years, perhaps a *Changeling*. The priest was called to say Mass in the house and he remarked that there was an unusual feeling in the house and he continued with Mass. With that, the child walked out the door with a limp and was never to be seen again.

§ A football match between Tuogh V Bonane in verse ...

*On the 9th of July our Tuogh boys did go,
They made their way through the Gap of Dunloe,
Where the tourists do go and the cannon do sound
And the tramp of our heroes, that shivered the ground.
Ye young men of Tough the truth I declare,
Ye battled the bullies that day in Kenmare,
For but most of our men were but 22 years,
And indeed they beat the wild mountaineers.*

§ Kilgobnet Post Office was put out to tender before it opened. There were ‘nine applications’ sent to the relevant Post and Telegraph department and it was eventually installed at the Cross.

*'Tis nine applications that have been sent in,
By blacksmith and tailor and government men,
By cobblers and coopers themselves and their wives,
(Kilgobnet Post Office was indeed the great prize).
Mc Sweeney N.T., re-shackled his hut,
He brought Paddy Price to plaster the soot,
To plaster the holes which the rats they had made,
He brought in a thatcher to prepare for the mail.
Kate gave to the clergy, she gave them some turf
And plenty new milk for to cool down their thirst;
She brought Paddy to Killarney for to see could he write,
She bought him a hat for to make him upright.
Fal-de-fiddhyero fal diddle di day !*

§ There was a man living in Kilgobnet and he was building his stall but couldn't get a suitable flagstone to put in front of the door. There was a flag in a Lios nearby and he took it. When the stall was finished he put fourteen cows in it but when he got up the next morning there was a cow missing. The same thing happened for seven nights and an old man told him to put it back in the Lios. The cows returned one by one, for seven successive nights.

§ A local blacksmith in Gaortha wanted to put a spell on a neighbour. He'd have to get something easily available and another thing not so. So a raven's feather was the easy part and an eagle's talon was the other that not so easy. He asked another neighbour who had access to the Reeks to get the items for him and he did. But on his way down with the items, he found out what they were for, so he got rid of them He feared this had something to do with the blacksmith and his spells. Tom and Steve O'Shea and Bealoideas stories from the hinterland.

*Cias, Cuas, Gort Má Luan;
Srón Airí Beag, Srón Airí Mór;
Doire na Féinne, Cuar na Méine;
Macha na Moinge, Scrahan na Gréine.*

THE COOLCUMMISK BIDDY

*I'll sing a few verses about St. Bridget's night,
And the Ball that ensued filling us with delight;
Our Biddy in white and the full moon did shine,
With the Green and the Gold our good lady looked fine.*

We started at Florensheens, fifteen of us or more,
And into Sean Doona's, one and all did pour,
To the Half Way House and on by the lane,
With a hornpipe on the box, our Biddy showed game.
There at the shop, our Captain did knock,
We entered Kissane's at near nine o' clock;
'They're the Biddy from Coolcummisk, the boys up the road',
We danced a Half Set, out on Cashman's floor.

Then back to the bridge and on to Jack Shea's,
Journey on to Gortbuí and over the Caol;
O'Brien fell in with a loud 'olagón',
An order from Captain, 'on to Carranahone'.
Let the music be muted and the horn sound low,
For Maimie Breen who died a few weeks ago;
All through Carranahone, our Biddy paid call,
In the kitchens we were welcomed, every one and the all.

On by the Clydagh and Cappaganeen,
Then by Carruriach and back to John Breen's;
The welcome refreshments we downed with great ease,
It wont' be long, before we reach Donaleens.
There we got the lead from 'Thade Brien the Great',
Through woods and the streams, we came up to his gate;
He could see by our 'gimp', we were well on our way,
With one hornpipe played, he then made the Tae.

Paddy played polkas, they all sounded great,
We danced round the dressers with Brien and with Kate,
And onwards toward Diorra, the nights' nearly 'oer,
Our music in the glen, echoed hours before.
Arriving at home boys, our Captain he smiled,
Said he ... 'the Biddy Ball has to be organized',
We counted the money, making four pounds and eight,
And Florensheen said ... 'By God ye did great'.

STRONGMAN BUTTY SUGRUE

Reared in the shadow of Mac Gillicuddy,
Ran like the 'divil' with the brothers Drill and Fly;
Fished the Garraí salmon pools of the River Laune,
That's Butty of Tuogh ... the strongman of renown. ... (pron. Too)
Tough as *táthbhéithleann*, built low to the ground, ... (pron. taw hay lan)
No man in Ireland could ever put him down;
A rival to King Puck in all his finery,
Butty is our hero from Gortnascarry.

*Butty is the man to 'bate the band',
From the Green and Gold Kingdom in Ireland;
Muscles of steel, he's as broad as he's long,
Step up !!! Step up!!! I dare you take him on!*

Kilgobby Bidy Boys came knockin' on the door,
Dancing sets and polkas all around the floor;
A whisper from Saint Gobnait, this to seal his fate ...
'Butty, you're a legend, you'll be famous and be great!'
Running rings through Meanus, Tubrid and Ardraw,
Wielding the heavy 'sleán' in Oolagh and Scrahán;
Up Barna Mona, Joy's Fort and Bóthar Buí,
Fionn could'nt get the batin' of the bold Butty.

To the level Plains of Meath and the Allen Bog,
Pumping iron with the Army in the Curragh fog;
*I come from that Kingdom, of stalwart men you see,
There's Iron Mike, J.P and the Crusher Casey.'*
Off with Duffy's Circus travelling all 'oer the land,
Billed as the ... *'Strongest Man in all of Ireland,'*
There he was lovestruck, 'tis then he was stretched,
With Joan in the Ring, now Butty met his match.

Off to make his fortune, down to London town,
The governor of three pubs, but he was no Clown,
The Nelson, the Wellington and the Trafalgar,
Behold now Butty Sugrue ... 'The Entreprenaar!'
A ladies man he was as he swept her off her feet,
T'll hoist you on a chair maam ... with my own bare teeth';
Crowned King Puck inside a pub, right in Kilburn Town,
Sat down to eat raw steak, pound for bloody pound.

Looking out for Kerry ones, living far from home,
'No Blacks, Dogs and Irish'... those that were his own;
Pulled a bus with his teeth, indeed he was some card,
Up for those high-jinks in Her Majesty's backyard.
He fielded Guinness kegs away above his head,
Echoes of his circus days, sure Duffys' never dead!
Jousting with a motorbike, hear the exhaust roar,
Dragging men in cartwheels round and round the floor.

Buried Mike 'Tipp' Meaney, beyond in Keane's yard,
Kilburn now was a bidding, for the World Record;
Had a vision of Diana Dors underneath the ground,
Then emerged like Moses, from the Promised Land.
Free and easy with the rich and the famous too,
Freddie, Henry Cooper and the great Joe Louis,
The Kray Twins, Brando and Sophia Loren,
'When passin' this way again, be sure an' do call in!'

Not to forget his roots, to Killorglin he came back,
Went eyeball to eyeball at Cnocán na gCeap;
Like a Bog Pony with the bit between his teeth,
He dragged the Puck Goat, onto Upper Bridge Street.
He threw down the gauntlet to the 'Gorgeous Gael',
During round one, Doyler turned a deathly pale,
An uppercut to his chin ... all the lights went out,
'No hard feelings Jack, sure we'll drink ten pints of stout'

The biggest prize of all was when Ali came to town,
Rubbed shoulders with the '*Greatest*' for the Croker Crown;
Chub and Jack were there, to offer their support,
Ronnie sang Amhrán na bhFiann to rapturous rapport,
Jumping o'er on the walls, they refused to pay,
Butty's empty pockets now they began to fray,
He was down twenty grand but he was'nt fazed,
The world press were there, wide-eyed and amazed.

Living on his wits when he was down in luck,
He had the spirit of that old mountainy King Puck;
Or was it Biddy's blessing from nearby Kilgobnet,
To watch over him I'd say ... that's a safer bet.
Packing ten lifetimes into fifty three short years,
The toast of Beaufort and Killorglin town, no fear;
He is our homegrown hero, even sometimes given to hype,
Andrews would say ... *Michael Butty Sugrue ! This is your Life !*

Nineteen seventy seven Butty got his final call,
Down but not out, 'twas from Peter and from Paul,
'With these heavy gates, we'll be needing a good lift,
'*Sugrue, man we're sorry, for giving you short shift.*'
He lies now in the clay, over in Fearann na gCat,
Under pines at Churchtown, in the family plot;
With a toll of the bell, may he rest in peace,
A Laochra, Butty ! ní beidh do lethéid ann arís.

Thomas O'Sullivan ... 2016.

Pete Coghlan B.A. H.D.E. ... wrote a very comprehensive history of Beaufort on all aspects of life called 'Our Parish'...

A Mbuintir na Tuatha ...

Is mó duine a dhein iarracht cur síos ar a áit dúchais féin nár éirigh leo na daoine go léir do shásamb. Na mion rudaí is mó a chuireann na ndaoine suim ionnta ... áiteanna bailte fearainn, nó fiú ambáin feirm, go bhfuil seanachas ag baint leo a lionadh leabhar. Da bhri sin, níor dhein me ach scriobh cuntas forleathan ar an bparóiste go léir le síúl go músclód sé grá is suim í gcroidhfhe daoine an lae inniú ... Do rugadh is tógadh mé agus caith mé níos mó ná seachtó blian mar príomb-oide is Scoil an Chuileannaigh sa pharóiste seo ... Ta síúl agam go bhfanfaidh said mar sin le meas orthu féin is ar a bparóiste, is bród is moráil orthu gur Gaeil iad.

Dear fellow Parishioners,

We live in perhaps the most picturesque part of Ireland and we who have lived all our lives here do not realize that, until a stranger points it out to us. Our mountains are ever changing hue ... ag bagairt a gcinn thar dbruid a chéile ... with our valleys, our streams and rivers, our woods and copses, our level fields and well cared-for land. We are a pure rural community, we have no central town, we are wedged between Killarney and Killorglin and in modern times we are inclined to assert ourselves. We can be proud of our environment, our people past and present and of comparable freedom from pollution and commercialism. Long we remain so and may our future generations take example and courage from those that have gone before us and from those that are still with us ...

Ráth Dé oraibh go léir.

An rud a bhí rómham beidh sé im dhiaidhse, ag an duine is eolach fágaim an criathradh.

What is before me will be after me and with the knowledgeable person, I'll leave the sifting.

Beaufort GAA ... Beaufort has had its fair share of fine sports stars through the years to the founding of the club 1885, then called the Parnells of Tuogh. All Ireland medal holders include the Lynch brothers Brendan and Paudí but accolades also go to Mary Jo Curran, Nora Foley and Phil Curran, record holders of All-Ireland Ladies Football titles. But the ‘red letter’ day for the Beaufort Club was on Saturday of February 9th, 2019 when they won the All Ireland Intermediate Cup against Easkey of Sligo at Croke Park with great celebration that will last for many years into the future.

Peilídóirí na d’Thuathach

Fé Scáth na gCruach Dubh,
Laochra lasra na Leamhna,
Sciob leo as Teampaill an Chrócaigh ...
Cluiche Ceannais Peile na d’Tuathach.

Na Síofraí gnóthach in Árd Fheargus,
Déanamh ‘*clampair*’ sa Dhún Álainn,
Ag scríobh Cloch Oghaim,
Fhoireann Peile na bPúcaigh.

Ó Chorrán go Cathair na Féinne,
Ceo draíochta Ghobnait na mBrídeóg,
Í caitheamh hataí choirce tuí,
Clúdaithe bródúil, le ‘gorm is bu?’.

Na gaiscígh, fir na h-Iascaí ?
Íad buaite ach n-íad thíos!
Bualadh bos, trí gháir mholta,
Beidh lá eile ag na bPaoraigh.

Thomas O’Sullivan ... 9 ú lá Feabhra 2019.

Tuogh (Parnells) V Killorglin (Laune Rangers) ... Parnells and Laune Rangers played in Killorglin on Sunday last and to put it mildly, the affair was neither creditable to all parties nor to the GAA. Several of Laune Rangers, including the captain belonged and lived in the Tuogh parish and I give this report of this ‘*wrangle*’, as one of the Rangers played inch long spikes attached to his boots. The transaction lasted, there was not five minutes of interrupted play. In the first ten minutes Rangers got a goal and then a point. The Parnells were just preparing of

retiring from the field, but the calamity was averted as the referee thought it proper to disallow the goal. After that, every score by the Rangers was the subject of dispute between the Parnells as they seemed to be under the impression that it was to cancel every score by badgering the referee. Subsequently, upon a decision of the referee, allowing the Rangers a goal that Tuogh contested, the latter declined to play and the whereabouts of the beaten time could be known from the senseless *braggadocio* audible from that quarter. After the game was awarded to the Rangers, they re-opened the match at the request of their opponents Parnells, but there was no change either in the score or the spirit of the game. The Parnell's style of play possessed none of the qualifications for Gaelic play and was never practiced in the freest form of '*rough and tumble*'. The score was 2 - 0 for Killorglin, 0 - 0 for Tuogh. Referee : James Murphy (Milltown).

Tuogh Version of the Game ... the game was played at James Joy's Sportsfield, Killorglin and the referee of James Murphy, a fine man and good footballer. Both teams entered the field with a few brothers against each other, as there were four Tough men in the Rangers. Within 20 minutes the referee was allegedly, not giving Parnells justice and they wanted to withdraw altogether and wanted to bring the match to Tralee. Jeremiah Hayes, a Ranger as good a footballer as was in Ireland, went to the forge to Killorglin the previous day and got spikes made for his shoes. At the play, he exercised them. He sprang at James Doyle, the Parnell's captain and put the spikes through his boot. The game stopped with a terrible commotion and Hayes had to throw his shoes and get another pair. He folded the spiked pair and hid them under a bush, but the Tough fellows watched him and made ribbons of them. At the half hour, Jack Sheehan, Parnells got his jaw broken in a clash with a Tough man. Parnells left the pitch, several influential people intervened and agreed that Murphy, the referee was to go off. Parnells agreed to Ml. O'Doherty N.T., a Glenbeigh man, in the midst of the Rangers to referee the second half. Moss O'Brien, postmaster and a Ranger had to leave to get the post ready for the mail car, two horses and a wagonette from Killorglin station. Rangers got a fresh man, a D. Guerin. It was terrible with 21 men a side for a half an hour, without any score. But the Parnells full forward, James 'Buffer' O'Shea had the Rangers goal at his mercy. If he hit the ball with his little finger it was out the goal. Instead it hit it with his thumb and drove it a wrong way. It was the rule that any number of points would not beat a goal, so the goal that Rangers got in the first half saved them. As what I remember, it was two points.

Sunday, June 15th, 1890.



Kerry Bog Cotton

Glencar

7 of 7

*I am a ghost upon your path,
A wasting breath.
But you must know one word of truth,
Gives a ghost breath.*

Translation from Gaelic, attributed to Mac Carthy Mór.

Glencar ... the meaning and etymology of Glencar remains obscure and theories abound as to its meaning. The name derives from the Caragh River, An Cartach Beag, running from Lough Acouse, 'cave'. Caragh is said to mean 'stony river' but according to Smith, 'river of the wild mountain ash' as mountain ash is very prevalent in the vicinity. Other opinions state that the name derives from Earl of Glancarre, The Mc Carthy Mór/Glen of the Carthy.

*Cias, Cuas, Gort Má Luan;
Srón Airí Mór, Srón Airí Beag;
Cuar na Méine, Doire na Féinne;
Macha an Leambán, Macha na Moinge;
Screaban na Gréine, Macha an Sruthán;
Cappaanthlarig, Brida, Árd na Maun;
Moing an Ghearrtha and Currambacha
... half the size of Africa ... No Response !!!*

So went a ditty of the wonderful placenames around the Glencar. A local curate had a monthly collection for the upkeep of the local church, turned out to be a disappointment and was duly noted by the Bishop. He decided to give it another try and didn't want to embarrass the defaulters So, by naming out the townlands in the parish he hoped that would prompt contributions.

Old Sayings of the Brida Valley ... John Clifford (1911-2004) came from the Bridia Valley in Glencar and gave me these seanfhocail in the later years of his life. He received them in his youth, from his grandmother Peggy O'Sullivan, whose people came from the Bridia Valley in Glencar. He used to say that the first seanfhocail ... *Is mairg a bhíonn shíos i gcéad lá, tagann gach mbaith le cháirde* ... was the most popular one and the old people of Bridia

recited this seanfhocail when they heard news of a tragedy. The depth of wisdom of these people is evident in that, no matter what the calamity, they realized that ‘every good comes in time’. The seanfhocail are written exactly as John Clifford gave to me. Pat Gallagher.

Is mairg a bhíonn shíos i gcéad lá, tagann gach mbaith le cháirde.

Alas for the person who falls the first day, good comes in time.

Cé bhíonn téigeann as nua nach dteigeann as, ní theigeann fear na b-easrachán.

Whoever does or doesn't come out of it, the interfering man won't come out of it.

Is mó i thar lear a thoir do thiar.

Too far east is west.

Ní mór duit an síolta ná b-artbrú ós, ní feidir leat na gaoithe a b-iompaighí.

When you cannot change the wind, you must change the sails.

Budhtair teisghanaigh is búatha-beathna.

Life is what you make of it.

Is deise é a feasa, gur a bhé liomsa is fearr leat?

It's nice to be wise, would you like to be me?

An fear broistighéach do fuair sé báis agus do cuireadh é an fear leisgiúil.

The hurried man died and the lazy man buried him.

Eist le fuaim na b-abhainn and geóbhair breac.

Listen to the sound of the river and you'll get a trout.

Scéal a b-airig an scéal (arís), sceál fein scéal gach aoinne.

A story tells a story, a person's story is everyone's story.

An éantha le cleite céanna a cruinniú le céile.

Birds of a feather flock together.

Ní leigheas ar an gcathú acht é do smachtú le foighne.

There is no cure for fighting, but to control it with patience.

Ní raibh dá eagla ar aoine riamb.

There were never two fears in anyone at the same time.

Budhtair teisghanaigh is búatha-beathna.

Life is what you make of it.

Foil orm a deir an droich gnó.

The bad work will tell when you come back again.

Sé an diabhail a fhios agut, níos fearr ar an peaca diabhail.

The devil you know is better than the devil you don't.

CAITEAR NA GRUAIGE

He flexed the bag and bellows ... octave, fifth and ‘cran’,
across the reed-mouth ... the elder-cane speaks !

His flowing locks of hair to his hips
and the donkey grazing
on Coomasatharn bog.

He played *na goltraí* ... lamentations of
Cumba’s crying of the women at the slaughter,
... *Gol na mBan san Ár* ...
and the goats weeping bitter tears
on Faill na Grasán, at Teromoyle.

Brother Gildas played *na geanntraí* ...
a shimmering sun on ... *Skellig Mhichíl* ...
and the goats in shaggy pelts
with thundering hooves
danced out of their skins.

Ó’Súilleabháin of Úibh Rathach
spoke *a suantraí* ... *Ambrán na Leabbhair* ...
the goats slept and dreamed
as the books rested
on the deep, of Béal Inse.

Caitear tackled his donkey,
with uilleann pipes in a staunch box ;
he sauntered northwards
toward Puck Fair,
to ply his trade ...

Thomas O’Sullivan ... 2019.
... *Caitear (na) Gruaige* ... of the ‘long-plaited hair’ was a travelling uilleann piper in the 19th Century. He could play the ‘wail and ceol of the sídhe’ and the goats from Faill na Grasán near Bealach Beama were enchanted with his piping. He was a regular to the O’Sullivan home at Moulcore in Mastergeehy. *Note:* *Goltraí* (Grief-strain)/*Geanntraí* (Joy-strain) & *Suantraí* (Sleep-strain) were emotions that the Harpers of old effected toward their audience.

The Lough Brin Monster ... when Timothy O'Sullivan saw what he presumed a monster in Lough Brin behind the Magillicuddy Reeks on Christmas Day, he then went home to procure his shotgun. But on his return, the monster disappeared. When passing the lake he saw two objects in the water thought to be wild duck, however a bare back surfaced and two fins measuring to be twelve feet long appeared. Later, his wife saw the monster and there was a strong belief in the existence of such a phenomenon in Lough Brin. A youth, John O'Mahony said he narrowly escaped the monster as he basked on the shore. Other accounts include that of splashing in the lake and sightings from the mountain of a huge black wave like the bottom of a small dingy boat with short legs. On another day Timothy saw the monster again and he had his double-barrel shotgun ready. Taking aim, he took a shot and seemingly hit him. Timothy took refuge behind a rock, got into position again and the monster rolled over again and submerged. Mr. O'Sullivan said he would make an attempt to drag the lake as Lough Brin is practically denuded of salmon and trout. He said that the old people used to speak of a big worm in the lake, thought of as Fionn Mac Cumhail's famous dog, Bran. Legend has it that Fionn was hunting in the woods around Killarney, his dog Bran followed a stag and was drowned in Lough Brin. The Loch is called after his dog. Kerryman Newspaper 1954

Red Cloud and William Francis Butler ... a fascinating story (or a tall tale) of Sir William Francis (John?) Butler, (1838-1910) of Golden, Tipperary who befriended the Indian tribal chief Red Cloud (1882-1909). He was Lieut. General of the British Army and a Knight Grand Cross, travelled extensively in Egypt, Sudan, South Africa, America and author of several books including, *Red Cloud*. *In the upper of the glen there is a wild secluded lake called Lough Chuen. A solitary island stood under the shadow of a tall mountain wall, which overhangs the lake on one side. The island is little more than a rock, with yew trees and ivy growing over it. A ruined church half hidden in the trees stood on this rock. It was my father's grave. He had wished to be buried there.* Red Cloud 1904.

*Give me but six-foot-three (one inch to spare),
Of Irish earth and dig in anywhere;
And for my poor soul, say an Irish prayer ... Above the spot.*

Ag Déanamh Paidreacha ... there was a priest in the parish of Glencar and he had a fine suit of clothes. He promised to give the suit to the person who would compose the best prayer. This prayer was the outright winner and proud owner of the priest's suit ...

*Go mairir do chulaith nua, a Athair,
Go mairir do mbeoín I do mbeas,
Go mairir chéad blian beo,
Is go mairir go deo ar Neamb.*

*May your suit last forever,
May your mind live well,
May you live one hundred years,
And may you live forever in Heaven.*

Famine in Beaufort ... it was said people from the Reeks grew potatoes in the highlands in the false belief that the blight wouldn't strike in the rarified air in the altitudes, they were called lazybeds. Danny Cronin of Meallis that said there was a sign of ridges on the mountainside called Gairdín Coffey, which was tilled at Famine times. 'Criocháins' were small potatoes of little value to the rich farmer and given to the poor people. Another incident tells that a woman was seen eating watercress ravenously at the banks of the Spideóg River. Pete Coghlan ... 'Our Parish'.

Scéal na Móna ... the Bog Story ... when the cold, lifeless rule of the 'dark night' of the Ice Age receded 10,000 years ago, it left in its wake a land strewn with glacial deposits where lichen, mosses and pondweed took root. After a lapse of 1000 years, a mixed forest of hazel, willow, elm, oak, ash and pine grew, a rich arboreal carpet covered the land, the '*battle of the trees*' raged before being usurped by peat-forming plants, heralding the beginning of the blanket-bogs. The rituals of preparations for harvesting ... the wise bogman's ways bordering on the esoteric, obscure tea ceremonies, specific jobs of the sleánsman, the brincher, the spreader and later, the stooker, footer and stacker ... culminating in the tending fires on cold, damp nights, the scent of turf-smoke wafting through the glens and valleys. That the bogman's ways were instilled unto generations, that gene pool stretching back to the time when turf was first harvested.

BOGDEAL

Five millennia hollowed out of dreamtime
lying dormant under blanket bog –
time's frozen annals etched on layered leaf
compres'd between root, branch and twig.

Sleanfulls of pitchblack, yielding loaves
wrenched from the bowels of boglore-
lent to the *'brincher's'* commanding gimp
and flung to the ravenous routines
of three-pronged pikes ...

five ... six ... seven ... sods deep ...

Hallowed ground under sleansteel,
approaching terra firma of an ancient aeon ...
oakblack, brown-deal, elm, ash and yew –
ferment in the cauldron's pungent brew.

The sundrenched, rainedrenched, windwrecked loot
saved from the brink of extinction
by the artist's capable *'gabhail'* on to the craft table,
skilled and inspired, riding a shaft of light ...
ignites the chisel's preying edge,
gouging furrows deep into woodflesh.

mould ... score and whittle ... spl-it and fashion ... *like this poem*

sawtooth gnaw the blunting crossgrain ...
sandscrubbed dross shed clouds obscure
sensual salmon rising ... reflecting heron's eye ...
half-glance a tango'd stepdance ...
birthpangs of a hero yet unborn ...
begotton in dreamtime ... *bog-god*.

sléán ... Spade-like implement specially designed to cut through the soft
turf in the bog. *brincher* ... the worker in the bog who stands in front of
the 'sleansman' to pike the turf onto the workers to spread. *gabháil* ...
meaning an arm-full. *bog-god* ... In a Scandinavian language, the word *bog*
translates as *god*.
Thomas O'Sullivan ... 1996.

Dunaire Finn / Book of the Lays of Fionn ... so this completes our journey through the Magillicuddy Reeks, from Loch Léin, Killarney to Lough Acouse in Glencar ... *'idir dá loch'*. This is the final chapter of 'Kerry Dreamtime' and 'Legends and Lore of the Magillicuddy Reeks'. As I was researching this book, I found this 12th Century tract ... *Dunaire Finn, Dombnach Lodmair tar Luachair, One Sunday we went over Luchair*, which coincided with the scope of 'Kerry Dreamtime'. An Dunaire Finn was a manuscript compiled in Ostend (1626) for Capt. Somhairle Mac Domhnaill, an officer attached to the Spanish army in the Netherlands and is dated to the 12th Century. It relates the tale of Fionn and the Fianna, narrated probably by Oisín, who relates that having crossed Luachair, they hunted around Cruacha, around the margins of Loch Léin and confines of Gleann Faoinneallaigh. At this stage the women were left behind with the poets and musicians, while the hunters deployed themselves to the west of Loch Léin, westwards from Leamhain around Coirthe, Doire na bhFian, Gleann Broic, Gleann Con and Gleann Duine Dhá Dhubthar. This is a synopsis of the tale ... not for the faint-hearted !!!

After a strenuous day's hunting, the Fianna pitched camp and slept sound. Dubh Dala, who slept outside, to find one of Fionn's favourite hounds battling with a monstrous pig, whose sharp tusks ripped the unfortunate Cluasán apart. Dubh Dala dug her a grave and went to tell Fionn the sad news. The following day they tracked down the pig to the south of Bearnas Baoghlach. As she rushed at her pursuers, Fionn cast a stone and struck her in the head while Oisín armed a blow but drew no blood. There at Bealach Béime the pig killed 23 men – including two sons of Caoilte - and 97 hounds. As she passed through the black woods of Formaoil, Colla turned her at Scairbh Comair, leaping on her back as he did so and stabbing her nine times before Áth Cluig. At Srúbh Dairbhreach, Conán and Fionn awaited the pig, making splinters of Conán's two spears before Fionn's unerring cast slew the porcine monster. Sadly they counted their losses ... 39 men and lads and seven score sure-footed hounds. Still, the hunt continued and they killed ten hundred pigs, ten hundred deer and six hundred hares before the next Sunday.

This is an indepth and exploration of the placenames included in Dunaire Finn, geographically placed in the story ... *Luachair* ... rushy place, Sliabh Luachra, Teamhair Luachra of the Ciarraige Luachra. *Cruacha* ... na Cruach Dubha, Magillicuddy Reeks, Black Stacks in Derrycarna, Black Valley. *Loch Léin* ... the smithy Lén or Léan ... defeat, sorrow or thronged ? *Gleann Faoinneallaigh* ... fugitive's glen, Glena ... glen of the ford between Lower and Middle Lakes. *Leambhain* of the elm tree and the remaining names describe where the Fianna spread out from the Laune River. *Coirthe* ... rocky outcrop, Caher na Féinne near Corrán Tuathail. Doire na bhFian ... oak-grove of the Fianna, Derrynafeana. *Gleann Broic* ... badger's glen. Geann Con ... hound's glen. *Gleann Dúine* dhá Dhubhthar ... glen of the fort of two wildwoods, *Coill Dubh* (Kilduff) river near Lough Beg and Lough Acouse. *Bearnas Baoglach* ... dangerous gap. *Bealach Béime* ... pass of the cleft near Mullach an Aitinn at Leach an Dualgais ... stone of the tribute where O'Sullivan Mór used to watch the stag hunt and had a tollbooth to obtain payment from travelers. *Formaoil na bhFiann*, Fermoyle, the bare place. *Scairbh Chomair* ... shallow ford. *Áth Cluig* ... bell ford, west of Fermoyle. *Easaigh a Lathaigh/Áth Cluig* ... waterfall of the mire. *Srúbh Dairbhreach* ... nose-beak of the oakwoods. The tale terminates in the place of the pig and where are many placenames associated in Iveragh ... Hog's Head, Ceann, Oileán, Magairlí, Aonach, Garraí, Lúb, Cuas na Muice and Collach, a boar.

There is a tremendous feeling of magic when I look out on Magillicuddy's Reeks. I know this may sound fanciful but I can understand why legends have been built up here, inspired no doubt by the physical grandness, powerfulness and at times frightening nature of the mountains. I am already telling my own grandchildren stories I make up about 'Sean Giant' who lives in the Reeks. All human beings are in a sense alike when it comes to the creation of such legends and stories.

Pauline Bewick.

*O'Connells of the slender swords,
dwelt in bushy forts
between the Laune and the Maine.*

MAGILLICUDDY OF THE REEKS

Paul Muldoon

I saw her on Killarney's shore,
One morning in July;
When I still thought I was a thorn,
Trying to find a side.

I met her in the little launch,
That runs to Innisfallen;
Hunched together, haunch to haunch,
Trying to keep my balance.

Macgillicuddy's Reeks,
Macgillicuddy's Reeks
I was struck by Cupid's dart,
In Macgillicuddy's Reeks

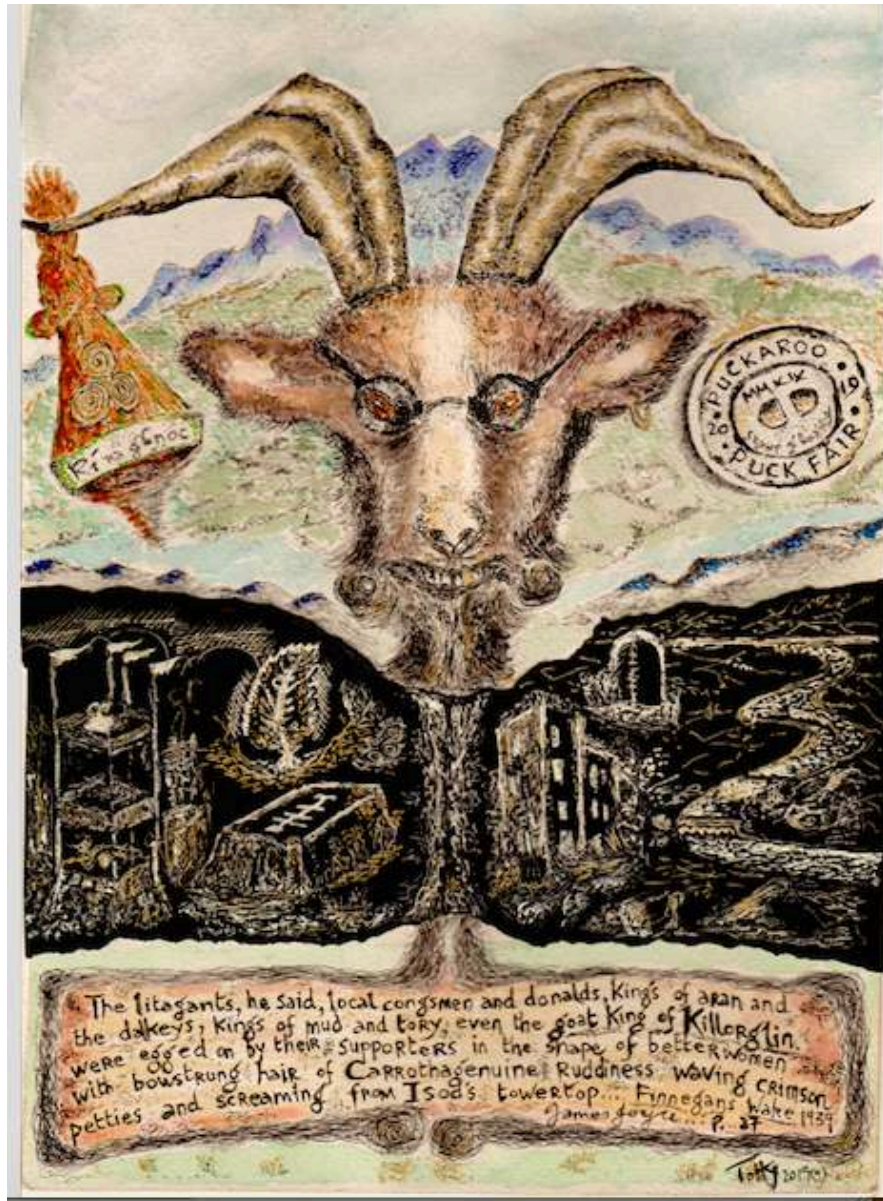
She stood beside my narrow bed,
To check my E.K.G.
She shook her pretty little head.
At what's become of me.

I thought I glimpsed a path that led,
Through rhododendron days
And fuchsia nights to the boat-shed
In which we two once lay.

But she gazed only at my chart,
The valleys and the peaks;
Brought back the time she broke my heart,
In Macgillicuddy's Reeks.

But she upset my applecort,
She kissed me on the cheek;
'You think because we've kissed,
I'll be yours eternally'.

Macgillicuddy's Reeks,
Macgillicuddy's Reeks
I was struck by Cupid's dart,
In Macgillicuddy's Reeks.



Puckaroo and the Legend of Puck Fair

PUCKAROO ... and the legend of Puck Fair ...

Ladra awoke from a troubled dream of an impending Deluge and resolved to build a sturdy vessel to sail to the Kingdom of Ciar in the Land of the Hyperborean ... to the edge of the world that would be spared the coming cataclysm. With Imramm, 'fair voyager', the crew included Ladra's granddaughter Cessair, Keeper of the Secret Moon, Kira, half-sheep, half-human and Bith the Ram. They set sail into the West and into the unknown, to seek the lush pastures of Érenn. Cessair's life's mission was to populate Hyperborean with their own kind, that of the Golden Fleece. Ladra fashioned a stone, the *keoptek*, to be used as a Foundation Stone for their Dún in this new land ... a stone with a triple-cross on its face, serving as ballast to be placed deep in the hull of the Imramm. Iolarbán, a white eagle would be on lookout for land, to source food and water on this hazardous journey. After a year and a day, Iolarbán returned from one of his missions to announce a mysterious land blanketed in fog with rich verdant pastures. Ploughing through rough seas and fierce tempests, Imramm held steady and this land eventually turned out to be the luscious island of Tuaisceart far to the westward where Blasket, the sleeping giant existed for a thousand years.

After three years, their tribe expanded and they would have to venture to the nearby peninsula in search of fresh grazing as they had picked Tuaisceart clean and had exhausted its resources. Corca Dhuibhne was shrouded in mystery and this realm of Dovina had been devastated by wars and pestilence some years previous. This was as the result of an invasion by maurading Lochlans from the northlands, who put most of the Dovinians and leaders to the sword and the remaining, scattered to the five provinces of Érenn. Cessair, and her crew eventually sailed to Corca Dhuibhne, landing at Com Dhineól. They then proceeded to Brandon, by way of Más an Tiompán to avail of the best grazing lands. A score years passed and Cessair, the rest of the crew had died in mysterious circumstances and Kira was now the tribe's leader, one with merciless ambition. With burgeoning numbers, they viewed Iveragh peninsula across the water toward the Cruacha Dubha.

Cú Roí MacDáire, dark lord of Sliabh Mis and lived in his Spiral Castle at Caherconree and kept a watchful eye on Kira of the

Golden Fleece. He would avail of any opportunity to launch an attack and plunder Tuathal's Kingdom of Na Chruacha Dubha and leading to the eventual annexation of Iveragh. He had an abiding ambition to steal the *batadraoin*, an instrument of ultimate power. Tuathal married Gobnait, Queen of the Cruacha Dubha and this arrangement fortified Iveragh from subsequent invasions. Cú Roí threw a fit of jealousy and seeing that any designs on he had on the the rich lands of Iveragh would be scuppered. He made an attempt to kidnap Gobnait that failed dismally as many of his Scálaí were slain on the shores of Lachtacallow.

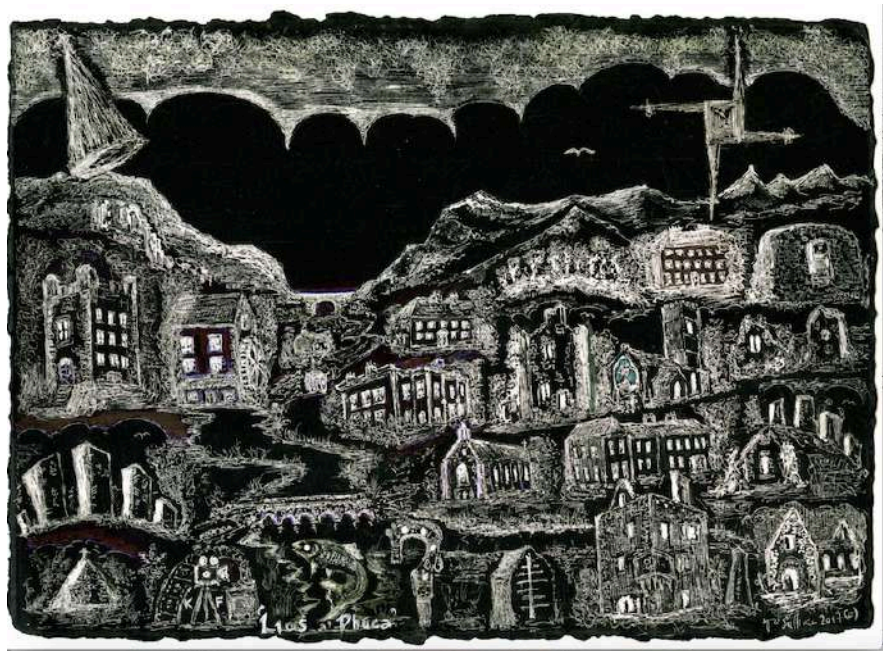
Tuathal had a Goat called Puckaroo, trusted confidant who resided with the goat-herd on high at Bealach Óisín. He came from a proud lineage who had been the first to set foot on the Reeks since the Tuatha de Danann, who lived underground. Puckaroo, of the progeny of Lugh an Lámh Fada, a *poc-goat*, bespeckled, erudite, and had a *meigheall* of thirty feet in length, trailing in his wake. An imbibber of *poitín* that was the source of his limitless power and he was given the task to go to Morrigan to bring back the sloe-seed from the *batadraoin* on the blackthorn tree, the magical tree of the Dagda of the Purple Sloe. The door to the Dagda underworld lay in a cave under Lough Acoose and Puckaroo had to shape-shift into the form of a Salmon to access it. He also had the Ogham Secrets of the Dagda by way of the Tábhall-Lorg, a tablet staff to interpret the magic charms. The *batadraoin* was most powerful in divining future times, it served as a weapon, a healing instrument and it intoned the Wailing Ceol of the Sídh. The Dreach Fhoula, the vampires of the Reeks Pass were now the safe-keepers as distillers of the Draoinán, brew of the Sloe which afforded immortality to the drinker and Puckaroo had received the secret recipe. Meanwhile, Kira sent Iolarbán on a reconnaissance mission into Tuathal's kingdom at Cú Roí's behest, but it was detected by Tuathal's messenger bees, the *dordanaí*, the sharp listeners to the energies of the land. Puckaroo, while grazing on Beenkeeragh had full view of Loch na dTrí gCaol and spotted a huge vessel making haste toward the estuary of the Laune. Sensing danger, he gathered his goat-herd and galloped down toward the town of Forglann to warn the chieftain Macsúldon at the Castle Keep and the inhabitants of this impending attack. Puckaroo and his herd of goats led them all back to the relative safety of the Cruacha Dubha.

When Kira and the Imramm reached Forglann, they were incensed to find it deserted and then set sail up river to strike a blow at the heart of Tuathal and Gobnait's kingdom in the Reeks. Magilla, their Tanaiste, in military fashion took up a strategic position at Dromin Hill overlooking the Laune at Páirc Poll Dearg, the field of the red hill. When he saw the Imramm sailing up river, he dug up a huge clod of red earth of ten thousand tons with his giant hands. He flung it in the direction of the Imramm. The missile made contact with the vessel's broadside and covered it completely with red earth where it lies buried to this day in a place known as Cnocán Rua Dearg ... an earthen sarcophagus. With the force of the impact, the *koptek* was prized from the hull of the ship, hurdling down the banks of the Laune and landed at Farrantoreen ... a lucky talisman afforded to the protection for the Tribe of Tuatha.

With the danger being averted, Macsúldon and his people gradually returned to Forglann. So indebted to Puckaroo and his herd of brave and trusty goats, they proposed a celebration in their honour. The town elders constructed a pedestal, one hundred and forty four feet in height at Cnocán na gCeap in town square. From there Puckaroo was led on a triumphant procession from Cnocán Rua Dearg. With bronze horn, pipe and bodhrán on to Cnocán na gCeap, Puckaroo was hoisted aloft and with delectable delights of seasonal Bilberries, thanksgiving for this brave deed done and rescuing them from the terror of Kira and Cú Roí. The Bodhrán was made from the skin of the oldest Puck Goat on the Reeks and with a roll of that great Drum, Puckaroo was crowned Rí na gCnoc, King Puck, by Queen Gobnait of Na Cruacha Dubha.

The first day saw all the tribes of Iveragh and Gathering from the vast Kingdom of Ciar. The second day was a Fair Day dedicated to Lammas, a time for games and feasting and on the last day and Scattering Day the people dispersed back to their respective *tuathas*. They celebrated for a customary three days and nights with music, dancing and merriment and called it Puck Fair ... *aonach an phoic* in honour of their hero ... Puckaroo Abú!

Ní fios dom cé a chum é agus má tá aon bréag ann, ní mise a chur ann é!



Nest of Memories ... Lios 'a Phúca / Beaufort



ANU



CIAR



TUATHAL



GOBNACT



BRIDEGGS



BRIDIANS



LOWNEY..THE POET



JORDANA

**AISLING CRUACHA DUBHA
 Tale of Gobnait and Tuathal
 ... of the Black Reeks ...**

... **ANÚ OF THE PAPS ...**

reambrá-prologue

Anú, goddess of the legendary Tuatha de Danann held council with her *Bandia* at Shrone, City of deep caverns under the Paps ... *dá chích d-Anú*. All seven goddesses were in attendance ... Scotia, Cessair, Mis, Fas, Scál, Scéne and Bláthnaid. Amergín Glúinfionn of the Bright Knee, *ard-draoi* and shaman of the Milesians who would after three attempts, traverse the ninth wave, make landfall and breathe life unto the land of Éire, which heretofore lay dormant within the spirit of the Tuatha De Danann ... cried out chanting and wailing from the shore ...

*... calling on wind, wave and roar of sea ;
lake, salmon and hawk on cliff ;
sun-tear, flowers and fire in the head ;
stag, boar and a spear on a hill of poetry ...
locked in the dolmen's secret on the mountain promontory ...*

... all life then poured forth onto the land ... time passed ... trickling through the aeons ... mountains, rivers, lakes poured forth upon the dormant earth ... feasting for the senses of sight, sound and touch.

... **CIAR OF CIARRAÍ LUACHRA ...**

anamchiar samhain-november

Ciar, overlord of the Ciarraí Luachra was approaching the end of his days at the age of 111 years. He appeared to Tuathal Techtmhar in a dream while he lay on his deathbed and appointed him king and chief of all Iveragh, the tribe of Uibh Rathach. Tuathal, pretender King of the Reeks lived in the three places ... the caves, peaks and valleys of the Cruacha Dubha, the spine of the Iveragh peninsula stretching to the rocky shards of Skellig Islands to the west ... *anamchiar*, spirit of Kerry ... Kingdom of Tuathal of Na Cruacha Dubha.

Ciar, the Black Prince came to the land of Érin on one of the many waves of invaders from Egypt after the Big Flood. Cessair, granddaughter of Noah, the goddess who commanded the fleet to Hiberium, land of the Hyperboreans, with Cíar as her *gile*. She rewarded him for his protection and for his bravery in fighting off the wicked Fomorian at the Battle of Sliabh Mis, who were then running roughshod over the land of Érin. She gifted Ciar with her newly formed kingdom which he then called Ciarraí Luachra of the ‘fertile plains and razor-jagged peaks’. He lorded over this Kingdom for many years and when he died, he was buried on the slopes of *Sliabh na n-Daidche* now called Brendan the Navigator’s Mountain, who was to be explorer of the vast oceans to the western setting sun.

Ciar died at the time when the ‘golden sun’ shone on the ‘green grass’ of his kingdom. *Green and Gold* were the colours of his shield that lay by his body on the funeral pyre, as his spirit ascended over Ríocht Chiarraí taking the shape of an antlered stag riding the fog, on his final *imramm* ... journeying to the Isle of Glass, the otherworld and resting place of noble kings. But he felt reassured on his deathbed that Tuathal who would take the *green and gold* ... to witness the dreamtime of the tribes of the Ciarraí.

*Cíar, from Egyptian arid deserts came –
To Hiberian mists on mountain peaks,
To the blessed Isle of the North West -
On ships riding rough seas quelled by Cessair...
... kingdom of the green sward and gold slanting sun ...*

... TUATHAL OF CRUACHA DUBHA ...

lughnasa – august

Tuathal Techtmhar, means, *leader of the people*, grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, of noble parentage. In his youth had the task of dividing the land of Érin into five provinces. He gathered the tribes, establishing the central hub of *Uisneach and Tailtiu of the Aonach Tailteann* ... the assemblies of peoples on the plains for the Lughnasa games which included great feats of strength and artistry on the field of play. Hurling and fidcheall were played, wrestling and running were part of the ancient games. The game of *cead* was played particularly by the

older folk which involved the flicking of a stone with a stick and striking it in the air to achieve great distances across the plains. Another game of *bowls* from ancient Egypt, entailed the throwing of a bronze ball from one side of the mountain and running at great speed to the other side to catch it in the socket behind the knee ... this to contend for the prestigious prize of the Golden Lunula of Lugh ... *an lámh fhada*.

Tuathal, having being chosen by Ciar had to undergo a series of tests in the quest for the kingship of Ciarraí. This was known as *gabbarfeis* ... an ancient ritual of killing three fierce mountain puck goats with his bare hands on the very pinnacle of Corrán Tuathal, drinking their blood to fortify himself and chewing their flesh to the bone, the remains of which then were scattered to the three peaks of Corrán, Binn Caorach and Cathar na Féine, ensuring the fertility of the land of the Reeks. By this practice he was said to have achieved *teinm laide* which was a druidic divinatory gift of accessing magical powers handed down from the Tuatha de Danann since the ushering of time.

While Tuathal slept on the mountain peaks at Samhain of the Hallows awaiting the time of awakening ... a time when the snowcaps melted on the Cruacha Dubha and full flood waters gushed in the River Gaddagh, onward to the great sea of Loch na dTrí gCaol, further westward to Tonn Toime ... the great sound of waves at Rossbeigh and onward to Oileán Breassil of the Blest ... underworld of the gods.

... **Eagle** ... *iolar* would rise from the deep and herald the end of the age of sleep, rising to catch the updrafts over Striucín Hill.
... **Stag** ... *damb* rutting on the heather, rich in profusion in the Cumeenduff Valley floor and mountain ledges of Mullaghanattin.
... **Salmon** ... *bradán* leaping to the fly in the Gaddagh River and the lakes of Dunloe. The three totems were harbingers of the new age of *dreamtime* ... all life would awaken ... the first stirrings of the age of nurturing, the '*green and gold*' of the Kingdom of Ciarraí.

Tuathal knew by now that the Cruacha Dubha needed to be tamed of its wild inhospitality and nurtured so as to fertilize the land. To do this, he needed to find a warrior band, pastoral farmers and goat herders to fulfil his quest. He lit a huge

fire, a *tine-cnámh* on the peak of Cathair na Féinne, where the smoke wafted throughout the nearby valleys, with the call to serve the cause of the Cruacha, *Rosc Sleibhte* ... the fulfilment of Anú's dream. He mustered three hundred from the Valley of Brida, naming the *Bridians*, fierce warriors like the Fianna of the ancient days. They would adhere to a strict code of conduct on three principles of character, namely ... *Strength in Arms, Truth on Tongues, and Clarity of Heart* ... and needed to be skilled in horsemanship, weaponry, hunting, keen of eye and fleet of foot.

Tuathal was known as the 'left handed'... *ciotach* the sickle-god of Corrán Tuathail, Chief of Lughnasa festivities. He was the keeper of the sacred goat herd of Binn Caorach, three of which were sacrificed for *Cibal Lughnasa* celebrations. A prize puck goat was sent to the lower plains of Kilgobnet and enthroned for three days and nights for the Festival of Lugh ... the fair of the Puck Goat on the Fair Greens of the City of Gobnait. The Bridians had a 'keep' at Cathair na Féinne, called after city of the Fianna and a training ground at Derrynafeana's Oak Woods, with tough manoeuvres in dense woodland, in preparation for life on the winter windswept Reeks. They feasted on nuts, fruits and sorrel from Derrycunihy woods and made a nourishing drink from goat's milk, which was a type of 'mead and whey' mixed with mountain dew called '*poitín*', distilled by the light of the full moon, it was said to be so potent that it had to be diluted seven times to tame it with the *water of life* from the magic well in Cooleanaig ... *the wood of the birds*.

Tuathal's life was indeed a lonely one on the Reeks especially when the winter winds howled through the valley floors but he busied himself with establishing his fledgling kingdom. His *tánaist*, second in command and confidante was a clever, fiercesome warrior called MacGiolla of the Red Branch. A faithful servant to Tuathal was MacGiolla, living in the fortress on Cruach Mór east of the Reeks. Mac Giolla had allies, the Dreach-Fhoula, guardians on the pass near the Devil's Ladder of the Castle of the Blood Visage. They were also called *dearg diulaí* ... the blood drinking Pooka and were at their most potent in Samhain, November. The Dreach Fhoula lived in the Dún called *eangaill* ... a look-out post on the Hag's Tooth enabling a clear vision from all sides of the Valley of the Cailleach for fear of attack. Mac Giolla

was both slayer and healer as he had a gigantic staff called a *bata-draoin*, which he confiscated from the vanquished Fomorians. With one end he could slay his enemies, whilst the other end would heal the wounded. The Bridians were assembled every nine days by MacGiolla for a *toríocht* ... hunting of the wild boar in Bealach Óisín and at days end, it was cooked at the *fulacht fía*, an open cooking pit and the prize of the hunt called the *slea bua*, in that the victor was given the *champion's portion* at the feast in the great dining hall of Cruacha Dubha.

*Tuathal ... the 'ciotach'....
destined to be king of Cruacha's wild terrain...
dreamtime of the Dagda's sickle at harvest time
and the festival of Lugh.*

... GOBNAIT OF KILGOBNET PLAINS ...

imbolc-february

Anú summons Loich of Dunloe and her retinue of poets to lay out markers on the western slopes of Ballyledden. Doing so going into a druidic trance called ... *imbos forosnaí* ... they spread a linen cloak across the land, marking the boundaries with Ogham stones on the territory where the corners of the cloak lay ... this land was to be called Cill Gobnait.

Gobnait was living on an island off the western coast Inis Oir of Árainn and set up a hermitage near Lios a' Phúca. Gobnait, the *sharp-mouthed*, was to become Queen of Kilgobnet, patroness of cattle, cheese and bees ... wholesome goddess of Imbolc festivities in February ... queen of spring sowing and of the *buailtine* ... the booley mountain dairies near Shanara. She was attended to by her 'Brideógs', her *derbfine*, *biddys of Tuath*, dressed in pristine white cloaks of linen made of flax from bleaching greens near Caranahone. They had headgear of fine design, made of oaten straw with sparkling tinsels and Ross-Copper bronze bells strapped to their ankles making sweet mountain music with each dancing footstep on the Fair Green of Kilgobnet. She was also in possession of a magic cauldron handed down to her from the Dagda ... the Cauldron of Sustenance, Cauldron of Poetry and the Cauldron of Wisdom ... the elements of the soul of the tribe of Tuath.

The bees were her messengers, able to sense immediate danger on the mountain passes and rivers to the open sea. Their store of honey was indeed of great value and contributed toward the health of the tribe. She had in attendance a poet called Ollamh Lowney of the O'Sullivan clan of ... *O'Suilleabháin ... rivers of the sun* of the Cois Leamhna Bardic School and he had the gift of the incantations ... *dícheall de cheannaib* which gave him access to the spirit of Amergín and to complete his poem, the Battle of the Trees. Thus spawned the alphabet, a gift handed down from the god Ogma as he watched a flock of *síle ragadhs* fly westwards, with flight formation of letters as they flew. The first one being the letter 'V', ... vowels and consonants followed. Trees were deemed sacred to Gobnait and she had a system of sacred tree-hierarchy. The chieftain trees led by the *Oak*, the peasant tree by the *Hawthorn*, the shrub tree by the *Blackthorn* and the bramble tree by the *Bog-Myrtle*.

Tuathal, on the other hand had a musician ... an uilleann piper, Caitear Gruaige of the long flowing locks and had the gift of playing the *wail of the banshee* on his *bolg is buinní*, enchanting the herds of wild goats on the hilltops of Bealach Beama, magic music of the Dagda ... the *goltraí*, weep-strain, the *geannttraí*, joy-strain and *suantraí*, sleep-strain. The goats on hearing the *wail* would gather across the valleys to Fail na Grasán, enchanted by Caitear's piping and bowing their heads in grateful appreciation. Both Lowney and Caitear were of the *aosdána*, the noble artists of music and poetry and freely exchanged between them providing this rich cultural tapestry. These *réalta na bhfile* were also the Brehon Law advisors, that entitled them to wear cloaks of seven colours, denoting members of the highly respected echelon of society. One had to greet them in the old druidic fashion of 'closed fist to forehead', bestowing blessings of the seven-antlered stag in this form ... *beann na déithe 's n-aindéithe ort*.

There existed a peaceful pastoral lifestyle in Kilgobnet ... sowing and growing at Imbolc, tending at Bealtaine and reaping at rich harvest time at Lughnasa, then to sleep the long sleep in mother nature's dreamtime at Samhain, to realise the full cycle and start anew again ... in harmony with the turning of the yearly cycle of sun, moon and stars. Every Imbolc in February, Tuathal gifted Gobnait with one of his prize puck goats from Binn Caorach and salmon from the Gaddagh fed on hazelnuts at Coom

Callee. Likewise, Gobnait would return favours with cheese, honey and beef from her prize herd of Kerry cattle for his Lughnasa Cibál. The Brideógs would tend the puck goat, as he was groomed to be King Puck in Kilgobnet at the Lughnasa festivities. Gobnait's Kerry cows called *bollatach* in direct line to the Bó Dubh ... a sacred cow given to Cíar from the Dagda and when Anú introduced cows to Érin, her Bó Find went north to Ulster and Bó Dubh to Munster ... *mumban of the fertile plains*. Having ownership of cows was a great symbol of wealth as they supplied the milk, cheese, meat and leather. Relations between Gobnait and Tuathal were amicable and had the tradition of the *meitheal*, that is, of helping and assisting each other whenever possible, especially during the booleying season to close the ties between both tribes ... Brideógs and Bridians ... *ar scáth a chéile*, living in each others shadow.

*Gobnait of the sharp tongue and
wanderer over the land of Érin ...
'til Anú's call she heard at Inis Óirr,
wafting in on sweet breezes ...*

... CÚ ROÍ MAC DÁIRE ...
lord of sliabh mis

There was a dark lord, Cú Roí Mac Dáire ... *the roaring bound*, son of Dáire, king of all of Munster, of Caherconree on Sliabh Mis over the wide ocean in Corcu Dhuibhne. It is said he had a gold and silver cauldron which he could fit thirty oxen and had a fortress which spun like a millwheel after sunset so that no one could enter, built at the request of his queen, Bláthnaid. He set about this willingly as Caherconree was to act as a fortress to keep the enemy out but also to keep Blathnáid inside away from prying eyes, as she was very beautiful and Cú Roí was very jealous. This was undertaken by his master *gobán*, Cinpdorn, overlooking the Three Crowns of Munster as Cú Roí deemed himself king of all he surveyed to the east and west. Some years later, there were torrid times on Sliabh Mis, nothing but famine prevailed on Caherconree. When times were better this mountain shelf was full of luscious and exotic fruits grown on huge stone walls troughs in nearby Caherbláth ... the sun then shone fairly on Sliabh Mis na Gréine. But due to Cú Roí's dark practices it didnt give forth its warmth,

therby rendering the land useless and barren of fruits, oats, wheat and corn. There was but one grain upon the stalk, one acorn upon the oak, a single nut upon the hazel, the rivers without fish and cattle without milk. He and Bláthnaid fell out of favour with each other and she eloped with Cúchulainn to Ventry near Dingle to escape the tyrant's clutches. She did this by way of a daring trick of pouring milk in the Fionnglas River as a signal to Cú Chulainn to rescue her from Cú Roí's fortress at an opportune and appropriate moment.

When all seemed a lost cause to Cú Roí, he spied rich pickings across the water on the foothills of na Cruacha Dubha, land of milk and honey ... the Queendom of Gobnait. Gobnait's messenger bees, the *dordanaí* had warned her many times of an impending attack on the Kilgobnet lands as they overheard plans while harvesting pollen and nectar on the foothills of Mis, however, she didn't heed their warnings. In a surprise attack one moonless night, Cú Roí and his Scaláí plunderers sailed up the River Laune on their long boats of yew, called *uaircheas* to capture Gobnait, pillage her cattle, butter stores, steal her magic cauldron and capture her prize puck goat, that gift from Tuathal. They made their escape down river past Gortnascarry, past Cill Orglan and onto the Callows of Feirste hiding in heavy *gilcoch* and boggy inlets there.

As dawn approached over Striucín, Tuathal's Bridian warriors learned of the attack on Kilgobnet and were sent to recapture Gobnait. Armed with the *bata draoin*, the blackthorn weapon, they spied them in the Callows. A fierce battle ensued on the marshes and before long, the Bridians found themselves outnumbered by the guile of the Scaláí as they deployed more warriors from Roscullen Island. They knew the lie of the land so well. Just as all was becoming impossible, the skies darkened from the south as Gobnait's *dordanaí* came to the rescue, went into swarm and attacked the Scaláí with great venom near Castle Rock, driving Cú Roí and his retinue beyond Caherconree, chasing them over the mountain and into Gleann na Gealt ... *of the madmen* where they remained in exile for the rest of their days, eating watercress and drinking of the bitter waters of Tobar na Gealt.

There was great relief and celebration as the flotilla came up the Laune bearing Gobnait and her cattle. This

proved a worry for the peace-loving Brideógs as this was their first brush with evil, striking a blow at the heart of their tribe. Tuathal saw these events as his chance ... something he mused on for many years to quell his lonely life on the Reeks. He was actually increasingly infatuated with Gobnait's beauty and intelligence. He made a deal with Gobnait that his Bridians would offer protection to her and her *derbfine* if she would offer her hand in marriage. This she agreed on the arrangement, after some deliberation. She held council with Ollamh Lowney and deciding this as being the best option in the circumstances and for the good of the tribe of Tuath. They sent the customary signals of three concentric smoke rings, a sign of acceptance that she would consent to Tuathal's advances and the date was set on May Day in the season of Bealtaine.

*Cú Roí cries from his fortress ... his heart fashioned in heroic mould,
fixed eyes on the cloud-capped rock ... Isles of Skelligs,
where first the billows broke ...*

... THE WEDDING AT CNOC AN BHFRAOCHÁN ...

bealtaine - may

The scene was set and nothing was spared for this lavish wedding on Cnoc an bhFraochán, hill rich in bilberries in Bealtaine when the sun rises to the highest point. The ceremony took place in the Marriage Hollow near Lough Acoose and centred around the *handclasp through the hole in the stone of destiny*, a longheld tradition to seal the union by the chieftains of old at Drung Hill. Then onwards to Cnoc an bhFraochán where harpers, adharc players, pipers and the *bodhrán* provided the fanfares and sonorous cachophonies throughout the ceremony. Annals of the Cruacha Dubha of the *filis and seanachies* relating the proud geneologies of both tribes were scribed. Nothing of the like was ever seen at Tech Midchuarta, the mead-circling hall on Cnoc an bhFraochán. Drums crafted from Tuathal's goat herd provided percussion for cattle and warriors to jump the traditional Bealtaine purifying fires. Fruit, nuts galore from the woods and orchards of Tomies, dining on eagles breasts from the peaks of Brida, venison from Céim an Fhia and salmon from the Gaddagh ... all presented to the king and queen's top-table and with life-giving draughts of *poitin* and waters from the Weaver's Stream in Alohart. For three days and nights,

the celebrations rolled on and Lowney gave instruction to the Brideógs to bade farewell to Gobnait and they returned to tend the pastures in Ballyledder. Great riches were bestowed on both highlands and lowlands with freedom of movement for all. They lived off the fat of the land in total harmony ... nature reaping in contentment. Tuathal built a druidic shrine of Kerry Diamond in his statement of love for Gobnait at Cnoc na Péiste and with gold and silver mined at Sliabh an Ór near Derrynafeana. Water was heated for spa pools at Cnoc na Bhracha from embers in the earths core and all the comforts of life ... the feasting from the Cauldron of Plenty in fulfilment of the dreamtime.

All being well for some months until Tuathal's commander Bridian, MacGiolla 'had eyes' for Gobnait in all her beauty and fell in love with her. He was first smitten as he watched her bathing on summer evenings in the pools of Abhainn na Chuilinn. They met many times in the glade there, a love trysting place in secrecy under thick covering of the shades of birch and alder woods ... as they thought.

However Tuathal's raven, Kilduff of the beaded eye, spotted Gobnait and MacGiolla while circling on the updrafts above Coolcummisk and immediately alerted him of the happenings. Tuathal was consumed with jealousy and threw a fit of rage. He pursued MacGiolla for five days over mountain passes and valleys, by Derrycarna, the Black Valley, from Brida to Glencar and finally caught up with him on the fifth day near the ford of the river at Alohart. The crash of sword steel was heard reverberating over Glencar and Bealach Beama over to Bealach Óisín. After three days of fierce fighting, MacGiolla lost his balance in the rockpool, fell and was put to the sword by Tuathal. He was buried in Caranahone, near Cill Ghobnait by his faithful soldiers, the Bridians. This was the beginning of a rift between Tuathal's Bridians and MacGiolla's Warriors. When Gobnait learned of MacGiolla's fate, she was distraught and consumed with grief and fearful for her own life and being isolated from her Brideógs on the lowlands of Kilgobnet. Tuathal's rage didnt stop there, he then turned on Gobnait. She would suffer the same fate and would die with her lover, but she summoned all her magic power to escape Tuathal's wrath.

They each obtained three talismans each that they received from the goddess Anú of Shrone, as a wedding gift ... a potent spell from any dangers they may face. In Gobnait's case ... having protection from a pursuer ... in Tuathal's case ... meaning if having the skill in stalking an aggressor. These to be used in times of the great emergencies only ... that of life and death.

Gobnait had no other option as it was a life and death situation, she soared high though as an *eagle of the air* over Drishana near Dunloe, to flee from Tuathal. He in turn summoned his powers and transformed into a *gaebolga*, to pursue the eagle. He narrowly missed her with a viscious swipe. Gobnait then shape-shifted into a *deer of the earth* at once, running through the Woods of Derrynafeana. Tuathal turned into a *fierce boar* to corner her in a nearby cave, but she made good her escape. Gobnait used her last talisman to escape Tuathal and turned into the form of a *salmon of the water* speckled from nose to fin to tail ... finding safety as she thought at the bottom of the River Gaddagh rockpools, where overhanging alder trees lined the banks. But Tuathal being the schemer, had other ideas to snare his prey. He accessed the last charm to transform into a *hazelnut*.

At the opportune time and with the aid of a slight westerly breeze from Pluais na Gaoithe, the hazelnut plopped right into the pool, in front of Gobnait's head. This being irresistible to her in the form of a salmon and she seized it and swallowed it whole, but though only to play with it being the salmon's instinct in fresh water. She immediately knew this was Tuathal's magic so she writhed and struggled for three days to expel the nut, but to no avail. She knew it would finally consume her. In her final gasp she jumped from the pool, swished her powerful tail and landed right into Coom na Peiste to the left of the valley, a thousand feet above the river. As she swam frantically around the coom she noticed her body growing longer and in the end reaching seventy feet in length. It had dawned on her now that she was trapped in the body of a serpent in the *coom of the péist* ... trapped inside the steep walls with a sheer cliff-face on all sides with no means of escape.

Gobnait's shaman poet Lowney on learning of this, held council with Anú as to what could be done to alleviate this tragedy which was having detrimental effects on Cruacha Dubha and Cill Ghobnait. It seemed that all would be lost, the

tribes would scatter and dissipate forever, if some form of magic power could be performed.

Anú, with the aid of Lowney's powers was transmuted into a Hag at Loch Callee. He was given the task of flooding the Glen with water from the Gaddagh River by building a dam at Meallis river, so that the water level would rise to the height of the rim at Coom na Peiste. Gobnait and Tuathail would then release themselves with Lowney's druidic charm, calling down Ogma to transform themselves back into their original form. Suddenly, with a great roar from inside the belly of Sliabh na Peiste and with a thunderous explosion, they were both transformed and fused into sandstone. Gobnait was flung on Carraig an Úllán, weeping stones in a wail of piping, rotating in a clockwise direction until she reached landfall where she remains to this day. Tuathal was flung to the great heights toward Carrantuohill in an anticlockwise direction, was wedged into the mountainside above the Hag's Glen, now called Stumpa an tSáimh ... the serrated edge of the mountain now, being his spine.

On Samhain nights of All Hallows you'll hear the wistful cries of Gobnait emanating from the Carraig an Úllán and the wailing of Tuathal on Stumpa an tSáimh. It is stated in the Annals of the Dagda at the City of Shrone, that not until the coming of the next Big Flood when the sea-water of the Great Ocean will rise up and merge with the crystalline-waters of the Gaddagh ... not until then will Gobnait and Tuathal be released from their bondage in stone and achieve their original form of Goddess of Kilgobnet and King of the Reeks respectively and live in peace once again on the idyllic ... *Cruach Dubha* ...

Epilogue ... and so the waters, through the valley of the Gaddagh, rising tsunami-like through the Hag's Glen, flowing over Loch Callaí and ... and ...

*mise an Gaddagh, a goideach
an Rí is an Bandia ...
Gobnait agus Tuathal
na Cruacha Dubha ... go deo!*

Foclóirín / References ...

Gobnait : Patron saint of Kilgobnet, Kerry... although she began her life in Inisoirr in the Aran Islands, she is now associated with Ballyvourney, Cork ... where there is a Holy Well, Hermitage and place of pilgrimage She is also patron saint of Kilgobnet, Kerry and associated with St. Bridget of Kildare. Abbán of Adamstown, Maigh Áirní, Wexford, also buried in Ballyvourney.

Tuathal : Tuathal Teachtmhar was a historical figure of the 3rd century and grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles. Corrán Tuathal means the Sickle of Tuathal ... the highest peak in Ireland, 3414 ft.

Cruacha Dubha : Translates as the Black Reeks/Stacks or Magillicuddy Reeks, on the spine of the Iveragh peninsula.

Anú : Goddess of the Paps in East Kerry ... ‘dá chích dAnú’ ... called the City of Shrone ... Queen of the Tuatha de Danann/Daghdha.

Tuatha de Danann : Magical, mythical people, first settlers in Ireland ... said to have come from India initially, migrated along southern Europe, lived under ground and were displaced by the Milesians of Spain.

Bandia : Irish for goddess. The seven associated with Kerry are Scéne, Scál, Cessair, Mis, Fas, Scotia and Blathnaid.

Amergín : Milesian shaman who wrote the first poem in Irish ... Dán Amergín, where he composed an incantation personifying the island of Ireland ... *I am the wind of the sea* ... etc., and were connected to the Ogham and Tree names via the 13 annual moon phases.

Iveragh : South Kerry essentially ... that of the tribe of the Uibh Rathach. The Ring of Kerry circumnavigates the peninsula.

Ciar : King of the Kingdom of Kerry / Ciarraí Luachra from the north of the county. Ciar is Irish for ‘black’.

Érin : Irish for Ireland. In the time of the Tuatha De Danann it was called three names ... Éire, Banba and Fódhla.

Árd-draoí : Druidic poet of the highest order.

Anamchiar : Spirit of Ciar or Kingdom of Kerry.

Gile : Means slave, servant or helper, especially in fishing circles ... ‘giolla’.

Sliabh Mis : Mountain range on Dingle peninsula ... called after the Goddess Mis.

Fomorians : Early invaders to Ireland. Others include Fir Bolg, Partholonians, Milesians, Picts, Nemidians and Formorians.

Brendan : St Brendan the Navigator ... said to have crossed the Atlantic in 630 A.D. in a boat made of hide ... *navagatio Brandarum* ...

Green and Gold : Kerry colours especially associated with the GAA.

Iamram : Irish for journey to the underworld. Voyage of Bran, Brendan and Mael Duinn.

Hiberium : Ancient name for Ireland ... the land of the Hyperboreans in the far western oceans, according to ancient Europeans.

Lughnasa : Celtic festival on 1st of August dedicated to the god Lugh of the Long Arm. Festivities include Bilberry eating and mountain pilgrimages.

Uisneach : The fifth province in Meath ... very centre of Ireland.

Tailteann : Games played in Lughnasa ... Aonach Tailteann or the Fair of Tailteann. Modern idiom is the Rás Tailteann, cycle race circuit of Ireland.

Fidhcheall : Type of chess or board game played by the ancient kings.

Bowls : A game to this day played in Cork on the roadways with a steel ball.

Lunula : Type of golden neckband worn in ancient Ireland. One such found in Killarney.

Lugh : Celtic God of harvest time, called Lugh of the Long Arm. Dunloe ... Fort of Lugh/Loich. Associated with Lén, the Smithy God of Loch Lén.

Gabharfeis : Ritual of killing goats at times to mark special occasions.

Puck Goat : Male goat synonymous with Kerry and related to the Puck Fair festival held in Killorglin in the month of August 10th 11th and 12th.

Binn Caorach : Means ... hill of the sheep ... situated near Carrantuohill ... one of the three including Corrán Tuathail and Cathair na Féine.

Cathar na Féinne : City of the Fianna warriors ... Derrynaféine/Oakwoods

Teinm Laide : Druidic divinatory practice of chewing raw meat to extract wisdom from the ancients.

Samhain : Winter Celtic season, November 1st ... season of darkness and the otherworld. Festivities include storytelling.

Gaddagh River : River rising at Carrantuohill ... the fastest in Ireland.

Loch na dTrí gCaol : Dingle Bay, translates lake of three narrows or sandspits which the beaches of Inch, Cromane and Rossbeigh.

Tonn Toime : In mythology, the great roar of the sea at Rossbeigh where Óisín left for Tír na nÓg on his White Horse across Bealach Óisín.

Oileáin Breassail : Mythic island of the Celtic underworld ... said too have been in mid-Atlantic and sometimes associated with Atlantis.

Striucín Hill : Situated west of the Gap of Dunloe, means ... little hill, commands a fine view of Kerry and traditionally, start of the Reeks walk.

Cumeenduff : Valley near Gap of Dunloe ... Black Valley/mountain lake.

Mullaganattin : Mountain in Glencar, sometimes named as the Matterhorn of Kerry ... hill of the furze.

Rosc na Sléibhte : War-cry of the mountains or a call to action or battle.

Brida : Valley beyond Cumeenduff Glen ... meaning ... a prison.

Bridians : Tuathal's warriors, getting their name from the Brida Valley.

Cibal : Means great revelry and celebration of all kinds.

Ciotach : Ciotóg is Irish for left-handed ... contra cum solem.

Derrycunihy : Woods near Upper Lake, Bár na Snáth ... top of the knot.

Derrynafeana : Oak Wood of the Fianna ... in Glencar.

Poitín : An illicit, potent mountain dew ... has health-giving properties when mixed with goats milk and associated with the Gap of Dunloe.

Water of Life : uisce beatha ... water of life or whiskey/poitín.

Tánist : Second in command to the chieftain or king ... *árd-rí*.

Mac Giolla : From Magillicuddy Reeks, mountain range in Iveragh including Carrantuohill. Giolla means slave ... Giolla Mac Chudda.

Cruach Mhór : One of the peaks of na Cruacha Dubha ... the big stack/peak. A Grotto was constructed by Tommy O'Sullivan in the 1970's.

Red Branch : The Red Branch Knights of the Fianna warriors.

Droch Fodhla : Folklorist Seán Ó Súilleabháin in 1961 mentioned a site called Dún Droch Fhoula (droc'ola) or castle of the Blood Visage which was inhabited by blood-drinking fairies ... *dearg-diulai* guardians a lonely pass on Magillicuddy Reeks. This was said to have been the inspiration for Bram Stoker's Dracula. Bram Stoker lived in Dunloe/Killarney and was related to Magillicuddy of the Reeks through marriage/Agnes.

Éangaill : Literally the cliff of the birds.

Hag's Tooth : Rocky outcrop near foot of Carrantuohill at the Hag's Glen ... Coomcallee , Hag's Lake.

Cailleach : Hag as in Hag's Glen, in Irish mythology ... *cailleach beara*.

Bata-Draoin : Blackthorn Stick or Shillelagh for fighting at Irish Fairs ... from Irish ... draighean or an bata draoin or bata scór.

Toríocht : Hunting of the Fianna ... three days hunting the boar or stag.

Bealach Óisín : Mountain pass on southern side of Iveragh. It is where Óisín travelled through to get to Tír na nÓg on a White Horse.

Fulacht Fia : Ancient cooking place in Neolithic/Mesolithic times where water was heated with hot rocks. Sometimes associated with brewing.

Slea Bua : The victorious spear of the great hunt of the Fianna.

Dagda : The magical Tuatha de Danann, when defeated lived underground.

Imbolc : Celtic festival of spring and sowing ... 1st February, dedicated to St.Bridgid and Gobnait. Imbolc/Bealtaine/Lughnasa & Samhain.

Loich : A poet living in Dunloe ... Dún Loich ... fort of Loich.

Iombas Forsnaói : a druidic divinatory practice.

Ballyledder/Carnahone /Shanara : Townslands in Beaufort of Tuogh.

Lios a' Phúcha : Irish name for Beaufort ... Púcha of the fairy folk.

Ogham : An ancient form of writing by way of carving nicks on stone ... invented by the god Ogma as he watched Cranes fly. Dating to 300 A.D.

Síle Ragadh : Irish local name for a heron or crane.

Buailtine : called 'booleying' ... a practice of bringing the cattle to the foothills of the mountain for the summer months to establish dairies there. Placenames still exist ... Boolteens of the Booley Fields.

Ross-Copper : Reference to the Bronze Age Copper Mines at Ross Island.

Ó' Súilleabháin : Irish for O'Sullivan ... river of the sun/one-eye/Dubán's.

Lowney : From one of the O'Sullivan Mór Clan of Dunkerron.

Cois Leamhna : Means ... by the Laune ... Leamhain ... of the elm tree or slow moving river. Flows from Loch Lén to Loch na dTrí gCaol.

Dícheall de Cheannaib : Another form of druidic divination, a monotone chanting called a *rudach*.

Battle of the Trees : Ancient poem connecting the native Irish trees, the Ogham alphabet and the Milesian shaman/poet Amergín/Inbhear Scéine.

Tuath : the old name for parish of Beaufort, Knockane part of Cnocán na hEaglaise and Cill Locháin ... one of the largest parishes in Ireland.

Derbfine : Extended family ties in ancient times to make up the tribe.

Bealach Beama : Mountain pass near Glencar. Fail na Grasán is situated there where Coitear Gruaige played for the goats.

Brideógs : The name given to Gobnait's attendants. There is an age old tradition in Kilgobnet in February of people dressing up in white uniforms and going about with the Biddy from house to house singing and dancing. Kilgobnet was also known to be the origination of Puck Fair according to the local song ... The Bata Draoin.

Bolg is Buinní : Old name for Uilleann Pipes ... literally bag and pipes made of pig's bladder. Uilleann pipes also known as elbow pipes invented around 1760. James Gandsey ... one of the famous Kerry pipers was personal piper to Lord Headley, Killarney and played at Ross Castle.

Banshee : Otherworld spirit that had a wail or cry when people died and associated with certain families ... Mac and 'O' especially.

Caitear Gruaige : Was a piper and dancer who played his pipes for the goats at Fail na Grasán, Bealach Beama ... known as Cotter of the long flowing locks of hair. The goats were attracted to the sound of the pipes and gathered around him as he played.

Goltraí, Geantraí, Suantraí : These were the harp strains played by the magical harp or 'cruit' of the Dagda ... the mark of a good harper was to effect these three emotions in one performance ... Lament, Joy and Sleep.

Aosdána : A select group of artists in ancient Ireland with magical power.

Réalta na bhFile : Star of the poets.

Beann na n'Déithe : The word beannacht ... 'blessing' comes from 'beann' ... antler of the stag.

Coom Callee : Lake at the foot of Carrantuohill ... Hag's Lake.

Bollatach : The Kerry black cow and connected with Anú of the Paps.

Mumhan : Means Munster ... fertile land. Munster was divided into three main sub divisions ... Munster, Thomand and Ormond.

Meitheal : Term used in olden times for communities helping and pooling resources ... especially in farming terms.

Cú Roí mac Dáire : Was king of all Munster and he built a promontory fort at Caherconree and had a revolving Glass Castle there.

Caherconree : The stone fortress of Cú Roí of Sliabh Mis mountains.

Corcu Dhuibhne : Dingle peninsula called after Dovina, the Goddess.

Bláthnaid : Cú Roí's wife ... eloped with Cú Chulainn, part of the famous legend of Sliabh Mis.

Gobán : Saor ... Mythical master builder of forts and had magical powers.

Three Crowns : Symbol of the province of Munster, of the Desmonds ... Thomand/Desmond and Iarmond.

Caherbláth : City of the Flowers near Caherconree.

Gréine : Sun ... Sliabh Mis na Gréine ... sunny side of Sliabh Mis.

Cú Chulainn : Mythical hero figure of ancient Ireland ... hound of Culainn, formerly Setanta who killed Culainn's hound.

Fionnglas : White River, near Caherconree, part of the Bláthnaid story.

Dordánaí : Means ‘droning’ sound related to the bees.
Scalaí : Cú Roí’s warriors ... from the goddess Scál of Annacaul Glen.
Cill Orglan : Killorglin, famous for Puck Fair ... Cill Forglann/Lorcán.
Callows of Feirste : Callinafercy near Milltown, estuary of the Maine river.
Gilcoch : A reed growing by the marshes used in thatching.
Roscullen Is & Castle Rocks : Townlands at the foot of Sliabh Mis.
Gleann na Gealt : Glenn of the Mad near Anascaul ... Tobar na Gealt had curative waters for the mentally ill. High incidence of Lithium in the water.
Ollamh : Meaning ‘poet’ of the highest calibre in ancient lore.
Bealtaine : Celtic festival 1st of May, marking the beginning of Summer.
Sionna : Longest river in Ireland called after the goddess Sionna.
Skelligs : Monastic island off Kerry coast, early Christian 6th century.
Fraochán : Billberries or hurts ... hill near Alohart ... Cnoc na bhFraochán.
Adharc : Bronze Age horn of Neolithic times. Derrynane trumpet.
Drung Hill : In Iveragh where the MacCarthy Mór was crowned chieftain.
Bodhrán : Indigenous Kerry percussion instrument made of goatskin.
Kerry Diamond : Type of quartz found on Kerry mountains.
Coom na Péiste : On the Magillicuddy Reeks ... lake of the serpent.
Cnoc na Bhraça; Cruach Mór : Peaks on the Cruacha Dubha ...
Bealach Beama : Mountain pass in Iveragh.
Alohart; Coolcummisk; Derrycarna : Townslands near the Reeks.
Gae Bolga : Magical spear in the great myths, that of Cuchulainn.
Pluais na Gaoithe : Cave of the Winds near Lough Acoose in Glencar.
Cappaganeen : Townsland in Beaufort ... little hill of sand.
Stumpa an tSáimh : Rock on the side of Carrantuohill ... the stump of the sorrel/hag’s teeth.
Drishana : Bull shaped rock above the Gap of Dunloe on the right side opposite Purple and Tomies Mountain.

Aisling Cruacha Dubha ... Tale of Gobnait and Tuathal

... was written in response to a void in the mythology, legends and stories of the Magillicuddy Reeks where little or none exists apart from the Duanaire Finn, a twelfth century manuscript . The story is written in the saga-style of story telling, faithful to the historical, placenames, mythology and culture of the Reeks.

Thomas O’Sullivan ... 2013



CŪ ROI MAC DAIRE



MAC GIOLLA



CORRÁN TUATHAIL



CILL GHOBNAIT



CNOX RA BHFRACHÁN



CAITEAR GRUAIGE



KINGDOM of CIAR

'Trilogy of Relics' ...

1 ... Prendergast Famine Letters ... 1840-50

My first contact with the *Prendergast Letters*, 1840-50, published in October 2006 in Boston USA was in June of 1997 where I met Prof. Ed Mc Carron via a strange coincidence in Milltown. Ed, of Stonehill College, Boston was a touring history professor in USA and his specialty was a set of lectures in 1997 on the 150th Commemoration of the Irish Famine. He told me that in the basement of the Burn's Library adjacent to Boston College, he found a box of letters, 48 in number, written from Milltown, Kerry, in chronological order between the years 1840 to 1850, written by James and Elizabeth Prendergast. He gave me copies of the letter fragments and I spent the day with him on Bleach Road pouring over the Griffith Valuations and an old Map where we ascertained the Prendergast site of their house on Bleach Road ... now where the Niaolann Solais childcare centre is now situated.

In October 1845 James Prendergast of Bleach Road, Milltown wrote to his children in Boston describing a blight that threatened the potato crop. That letter began a chronicle of the Famine from a Milltown perspective ... the voice of those who stayed behind, ordinary people living through extraordinary period providing a valuable lens to magnify an experience, living in the face of distress and disintegration. The year 1838 was the beginning of the exodus of the Prendergast family, settling in the Fort Hill district of Boston and the correspondence that followed for a decade of 48 letters reveal a community's anguish, survival and personal deliverance. Barely literate, James Prendergast dictated his story to local scrivener, Dan O'Connell ... letters remarkable for their eloquence, turn of phrase and depth of emotion providing a commentary of life in Milltown, in Kerry ... spanning the years of the Great Famine ... bewildering convulsions of the social landscape ... food shortages ... rising prices ... poorhouse relief and unemployment. The letters provide the clues in how the 'voiceless' experienced the Famine but also in their difficulty there was hope for the future ... news of family doing well in America, for instance ... as well as births of grandchildren, marriages ... food for the soul, as famine and disease ran roughshod from cabin to cabin. Elizabeth continues writing after James' death and with entreaties from her family to join them ... *in that Yankee Land*. She, at the age of 80 years, with her grand-daughter Julia and the widow Mahony, set sail from Liverpool docks on 20th September 1850 aboard the ship Niobe. Elizabeth died in Boston on St Patrick's Day 1857.

While on a visit to Boston in 2003, I had the opportunity to see the letters in their original and pleaded with the library archivist Shelley Barber to have them printed. This was finally realized in 2006, after some twists, turns, sub-plots, prayers even!. I had some input into the final publication, providing history, local maps and background knowledge

of the Prendergast family. Shelley, in her professionalism didn't leave a comma or exclamation mark unturned in her quest to compile the book. She later visited Milltown with the proofs and to see where the Prendergasts came from in Bleach Road. The letters returning back home to Milltown after a century and a half. I was invited to the launch at the Burn's Library and it was a proud moment for me, meeting the Prendergast diaspora and sharing stories of Milltown with them of their illustrious forbears. One lady related to me, that her aunt was living in Hyannisport, Cape Cod at the Prendergast residence. At that time the Kennedys lived next door and the young Kennedys, JFK, Robert etc used to play with the young Prendergast children. She related that she put Robert under the stairs on hide as the children of both families played hide and seek. The Prendergasts were well respected in financial sectors of Boston society and became personal friends of Joseph Kennedy.

... sample of the 48 letters in chronological order ...

20th August 1842 ... we have a good reek of turf ... also I have sufficient potatoes untill Christmas ... for the little I sat this year.

21st March 1843 ... 'be *civil and strange* to them' ...

12th June 1843 ... we have some nice hams of sound bacon waiting for your arrival home and a sound fat pig which will fit for the sticking after your arrival here ...

3rd August 1843 ... Repeal is carrying on in great splendour in this country by our Liberator Dan O'Connell M.P. ... the Government are sending over daily drafts of soldiers.

3rd December 1843 ... Dan O'Connell, the Liberator was on trial in Dublin this past time for '*trason*', for holding Repeal meetings.

6th December 1844 ... Dear Thomas you speak of death being amongst us, we have no case of this kind thank God ...

7th January 1845 ... James Fitzgerald begs of you to have an eye after his daughter Margaret who lately went to Boston.

21st May 1845 ... From Jeremiah Connor of Milltown, Publican begs you to let him know whether that country would be a good place to send his only son ... he is 17 years of age and a proper honest boy.

25th October 1845 ... beginning of the harvest was very promising, the crops in general had a rich appearance and it is generally expected that next season would be plentiful throughout the Kingdom ... it is dreaded that nothing less than famine must prevail next summer ...

27th December 1845 ... But before September it was discovered that the potatoe crop was rotting in the ground ... I will not trouble you with further accounts ... and the merciful Redeemer shower his blessings on ye.

11th August 1846 ... Relief Committees were formed in every locality and the Bord of Works empowered them to repair by bye-roads, to employ the labouring classes young and old.

20th November 1846 ... We entreat you to write on receipt of this and ease our troubled minds ... the state of this Country is beyond description ... we are now old and must of course be near our dissolution.

21st April 1847 ... Your brother Michael left this place Easter Monday to sail for America ... we pressed him to go, as we knew that if he remained what he had would be spent and he should remain his days in misery.

21st August 1847 ... From the accts daily arriving here, of the great mortality prevailing in America. We gave up Michael as lost but thank the great God we are now easy as we are sure that he is well and with ye.

24th September 1847 ... Maurice is in raptures for saying ye sent for his son James and the Boy himself is most anxious for the call.

29th October 1848 ... They had some meetings and speeches down the Country. Some of the leaders were apprehended and tried, some transported. Workhouses are scarcely sufficient.

15th December 1848 No. 40 ... (*James' last letter to his family*) ... I hoped my illness would wear off. In this I was mistaken. I have not a shilling in the house to defray my funeral expences. I am penniless. I attempted to write my name ... I was unable ... nature is nearly exhausted ... your father James.

24th December 1848 No. 41 ... (*Elizabeth's first letter*) ...

This is the first letter I ever addressed ye. I am sorry to be the only person to address ye announcing to ye the painful duty of the death of your father. He died on the evening of Monday the 18th instant. He was interred in Keel alongside his son John.

7th August 1850 ... The blight came in early this season and it is thought the potatoe crop is lost. Maurice had a large garden but is lost.

September 20th 1850 ... Postmarked Liverpool ... (*This is the last letter in the series*) ... I let you know that we are here 7 days under heavy cost waiting until the ship sails were here under heavy cost for 7 days. Her name is Niobe and her captain's name is Soule, which is to leave Liverpool on the 21st instant.

The Prendergast Letters ... Correspondence from Famine Era Ireland 1840-50 ... ed. Shelley Barber/University of Boston Mass. (2006).

'The Great Famine' is a misnomer of the times, 'The Great Hunger' being more accurate. During the period 1847-1852, between 40-70 shiploads of food, by day, including butter, ham, oats, barley, cattle, pigs and eggs were removed at gunpoint by 12,000 British constables, reinforced by the Militia, battleships, excise vessels, Coast Guard and by 200,000 soldiers from several ports in Ireland.

'Knitted to my Shawl' ... written from Elizabeth's perspective and her journey across the Atlantic. Her grand daughter Julia of seven years and a neighbour Widow Mahony, left Milltown for Liverpool, penniless. She took upon herself, for Julia's sake, to take the perilous journey across the Atlantic to rejoin her family in Boston. She died on St. Patrick's Day 1857.

KNITTED TO MY SHAWL

Eighteen fifty and twice the miles,
Widow Mahony and famished child,
blanket and featherbed in my 'gabháil',
Julia's hope ... knitted to my shawl;
With aching heart under heavy cost,
seven days bereft on Liverpool docks
her names' Niobe our Captain Soule,
quest now *'ship off'* across o'er the Western Bowl.

Two days from land we voyaged fair,
We chanced up on deck for a breath of air,
I heard a man mutter in dismay ...
'glóire Mhic Dé, is that Bantry Bay?'
The ship she creaks of Wicklow oak
Atlantic gales, linen sails preserve us folk,
a gull's lone cry, the call of the sea,
Iveragh shore, bear my tears a chroí.

My Julia sleeps in dreams confined,
stench of living ... comfort of life,
T'll rest not my bones with you dear James,
the grave by Keel ... my heart remains.'
Sailing six weeks or maybe more,
awoken from sleep in the berth below,
'America aboy' – land sights in view,
'dock in St. Johns in a day or two'.

*Two plain, two purl ...
My life for this girl ...
A stitch in time ...
Patterns will unfurl.*

Darning one night by dim candlelight,
a bundle of letters in a sock bound tight,
penned in Bleach Road by scrivener Dan,
knitted to gather now, our Prendergast clan.
To see my children and their kin,
it soothes my heart so deep within,
the hand of Providence kindly planned,
eighty springs now in this Yankee Land.

‘Trilogy of Relics’ ...

2 ... Ebenezer Turner’s Diary, 1869-74 ... ‘*Six Years in Ireland*’

Ebenezer Turner came to Milltown in 1869 employed by the Revenue Service as Excise Officer and took up residence at No. 3, Church Street. His Diary was part of an extended work – ‘*Striking at Swallows*’ ... *Six Years in Ireland* and published in the ‘Venture’ ... an essay club of which Ebenezer was editor. I am indebted to Arthur W. Turner, grandson of the author who acquired the original manuscript from Edinburgh Central Library – YAS 122. Excerpts of the Diary follows and illustrate a snapshot of life in Milltown from 1869 to 1874.

... The rules of the Revenue Service require an officer to remain one year in a place before asking away. On reaching Milltown in the middle of a blustering March day, travelling from Killarney in a covered car like nothing so much as a prison van.

... Milltown is a place of some 700 or 800 inhabitants, situated about twelve miles from the towns of Tralee and Killarney. These houses were built by an enterprising inhabitant in the bad times of 1846-48 when labour was paid at the rate of sixpence a day ...

... Milltown had a Nunnery whose inmates taught the girls in the adjoining school. It also had a few Christian Brothers (shall I call them Lay-Priests) who taught the boys. ...the Nuns seemed cheerful creatures and were glad to show ladies even of the heretical persuasion over their premises.

... The food of the Irish peasantry is simple, consisting chiefly potatoes boiled in their jackets with a ‘stone in the middle’, a hard centre ...

... A pig usually shared a corner of a room, fowls commonly perched on the rafters, frequently, a space for a donkey, a goat and as I have seen and a cow.

... The chapel was at the foot of our garden and we were kept awake all night by fresh outbreaks of noisy grief as a newcomer joined the band of mourners. The most evident trait in the character of the Irishman is his intense for a bit of land ... I have known one farmer prosecute another for the trespass of a hen and get one penny damages after three shillings cost. This incident illustrates another phase of the Irish character with their fondness for litigation.

... He was going to kill a half of a sheep and would we like a piece!

... ‘It’s a fine day God bless it’

... There was a saying current ... ‘dear as eggs at four a penny’ ... Baking is done in an iron utensil called a Bastable oven.

... I saw women along a road with their boots slung over their shoulders, until near town when they would sit down and put them on. About their own houses, the women mostly and children always went bare-footed.

... Dulse, (a kind of sea-weed) is eagerly eaten as an appetizer, a pennyworth being brought from a street vendor and stuffed into the pocket. Porter is a common beverage and whiskey of course.

... We could not understand a loud drumming sound, but later on found that was occasioned by the people beating their hands on the coffin with great force. 'Keeners' make a most unearthly wail as the procession hurries along the road, the noise increasing with any new arrival or any place of concourse. The coffin is often constructed so hurriedly that the course paint is still wet when the poor clay is put onto it.

... Tim Burke – sir you never paid me last Easter dues and you haven't been to Confession this year.

... Now the Irishman thinks that if he can possibly kissing 'the Book', his oath is not binding ... 'Your worship he didn't kiss the Book' ... 'I did your honour' ... 'You didn't sir, you only kissed your thumb'.

... My predecessor in the cottage, not requiring a large garden had let it to a small shopkeeper for the crop ... 'Con-acre' they call the system.

... Yet I recollect getting a ton of coals from Tralee across the Slieve Mish Mountains at a cost of forty-five shillings.

... I wanted to speak of the political of the Irish character – of what I saw of Fenianism (and my district was a very hot-bed of that movement) of the Home Rule and agitation of Parliamentary elections.

... To own or occupy a bit of land is the ambition of every Irishman.

... The first time I saw the worthy parish priest, Father Batt, (this is short of Bartholomew ... in Kerry the priests are called after their Christian names) ... he was brandishing a big stick.

... On the birth of a child, it is blessed by the priest and baptized. The top of the head being thereafter unwashed, lest the holy water should be removed.

... The woman sending across one night for a loan of my wife's Sunday bonnet that she might wear it to some wake or wedding ... we thought it time to draw the line.

... An old friend who had studied the people for fifty years assured me that the old fun went out when the Famine came in.

... as we left Kerry, never to return in August 1874 – God Bless them ...

SPIRIT OF PUCK FAIR

Air ... The Fenian's of Cabirsiveen.

When I first went drinking, I thought it was great,
To sit on a stool with a pint & debate;
'Twas the eve of **Puck Fair** & the music did ring
After three or four glasses, I thought I was king.

I started to drink at the **Railway Hotel**,
At the **Bakery**, at **Totty's** & **Sheila's** as well;
To **Jack** in the **Square** & **Patsy's** also,
To **Danny** at **Donovan's** & **Pat Lane's** I did go.

To **Bill's** & to **Paud's**, to **Murphy's** & all,
To **Mick's** & to **Peter's**, to **Flosse's** & **Paul**;
From **Tom's** down to **Morris**, to **John Joe's** as well,
To **Johnsie's** & **Coffey's**, sure you know them all well.

Up to **Eddy's**, **PT's** and the pub of King **Puck!**
Into **Powers** and to **Evans** through **Cnocán na gCeap**;
A jourum at **Sullivan's**, then **Connie** calls time,
One more at **Pat Joy's** and 'tis now I feel fine.

But after a while things didn't look all that grand,
I was compelled to sail to a far distant land;
To earn a living, the truth I will swear,
How often I wish, I was back at **Puck Fair**.

But as times they went by, with my fortune at hand,
It's back in **Puck Fair** I again took my stand;
In search of my comrades, to be told in dismay,
They had passed away quietly with many a day.

It's many a man I remember so dear,
And the stories they told me so loudly and clear;
But now as I sit down to ponder and sigh!
I go back to my young days when I was a boy.

But years have passed & the times they have changed
Over many a door there's a different name;
May **God** rest those dear ones, once happy and gay,
We're all certain to follow them, on some later day.

Lament of an Exile ... Kilgobnet Reader 1970.

Lament for an Exile ... I can still remember the thrill of my first visit to Puck Fair by the Banks of the Laune. It was about thirty years ago ... I was then a curly haired boy, in short pants and not yet left school. I had eightpence in my pocket but I had expected to meet relations ... who should be good for a few more ... In the excitement of the festivities they suddenly came across their curly-haired little cousin from the country. For a penny I could get a good dorn of Dillisk, a length of Blackjack, a Peggy's Leg not to mention a big fist of Bulls-Eyes, Jujubes or lovely assorted Gallon Sweets. You could walk from Briar's Lane to Dungeel Height with entertainment everywhere. You might see some old woman sitting on a donkey and car with her shawl and clay pipe flogging a fourpenny square of Rat's Tail tobacco listening approvingly to the man of the house displaying the tone of his voice in song or watching his unexperienced feet stepping it out to music of the fiddle or bagpipe ... after selling a ten months old fat pig or sucky calf. This was a long time ago and everything has now changed but the Spirit of Puck Fair ... the crowds and characters are gay, all out for enjoyment and nobody gives a hoot about tomorrow ... just as it was when I was a boy.

never died a winter yet, nor never missed a Puck ...

The Lughnasa celebrations in the month of August were held in honour of the God Lugh an Lámh Fada. Drung Hill, *hill of the throng* was one of the meeting places in Iveragh where assemblies of people would converge at Leach an Dáimh, the *ox cairn* on Bilberry Sunday, to celebrate the Feast of Lughnasa. Oenachs of Tailteann and they would celebrate with games, music, dance with customary festive meal of bilberries especially. Puck Fair has its origins from that era, where people came *from cúm and gleann* with herds of Kerry Cows to deal at the fair.

The litigants, he said, local congsmen and donalds, kings of aran and the dalkeys, kings of mud and tory, even the goat king of Killorglin, were egged on by their supporters in the shape of betterwomen with bowstrung hair of Carrothbagenuine ruddiness, waving crimson petties and screaming from Isod's tovertop.

'Finnegans Wake' 1939 - James Joyce ... P. 87

Ted's Story ... *Late for the Rising.*

This is a story spanning three incidences in Irish/European history, concerning experiences of Ted Kirwan, Dubliner. Ted and his extended family came as visitors to our guesthouse in in the 60's and became close friends of the family, at 'Totty's', Milltown. Ted played an *exotic* mandolin and throughout his holidays, he played his songs in a well-known hostelry of Denny O' Shea. They would come back to Tottys and a music session would continue well into the early hours. One day, I asked Ted how he came to play the mandolin and the following story unfolded ...

Ted's father worked for the British Civil Service in Dublin and was posted to London in 1914. Ted was sixteen at the time and joined the Merchant Navy out of London. Travelling at sea in time of war was risky to say the least. The ship docked at Suvla Bay the day after the Battle of Gallipoli of the Dardanelles Campaign, 1915 (ref. *Waltzing Mathilda* by Eric Bogle). He related torrid accounts of the battle's aftermath, hundreds of bodies strewn on the beach and the stench of death everywhere. After lending assistance there, Ted had leave for a day and complete with knapsack went walking up a mountain trail. He heard in the distance an exotic musical sound, followed its course and eventually came across a Turkish man playing a mandolin in a graveyard. Exchanging pleasantries in sign language, a deal was struck. The instrument was exchanged for a pot of jam which was one of Ted's few possessions.

Ted eventually returned on leave to London, Easter 1916 and heard of a 'rising to arms' in Dublin. He being a feisty lad, went and bought a gun, boarded a train to Liverpool and went across the Irish Sea to partake in the Easter Rising to find he was two days late ... as they say, you couldn't make it up!

He eventually settled down in Dublin and was mechanically gifted. He eventually worked for a Jefferson Smurfit at Turner's Cross? and was affectionately known to him as 'Ould Jeff'. That same Jeff came to Ted one night and said ... pack your bags, we're going to Manchester to look at a cardboard-making machine. Jeff couldn't afford such a machine and told Ted to keep his eyes peeled because when he'd have to build one in Dublin. And so on returning, Ted built the machine, the first cardboard making machine of the famous Smurfit International Co. He worked with Smurfits at Walkinstown until retirement. Ted's trilogy of themes ... that of World War 1, Easter Rising and the cutting edge of Industrial Ireland.

ABHA SOLAIS

sprung from the groin of Nauntinaun bog;
fathered by sweet mists of Farranamanagh
and weaned-off the soft rains of Ballyvirrane ...
from spring-new life, I babble eagerly westward
toward the sandstone peaks of Sliabh Mis,
kindled by the dawning over the Paps of Anú.

i dwell my idle days under
furze, elder and birch-laden banks;
'*síle ragadh*' in alder-shadowed pools
stalking the minnow and eel from Sargasso ...
ghostly figments of '*jack-the-lantern*',
the badger and the skulking fox's sup at nightfall.

in vigorous youth, force-fed into
alien turbine, cog and concrete crush ...
a transmutation into candlepower one hundredfold,
aided the deft flick of ace and deuce
on a sand-scrubbed kitchen table ...
camaraderie of winter nights' long.

love-matched in Lyre with Caol ... slender and virile,
journeying together we flow as one,
flaunting troughs gouged deep in the bridal bed;
sentinels of bog-oak lanterns illuminate the
cutting, carding, bleaching of flax and white linen
loomed to grace the tables of Spain ...
i, the willing slave of Mac Crohan,
bear a bustling town on the ford ...
Áth Solais ... the gateway to Iveragh.

i bid adieu to the bedlam of commerce ...
life's labours lent to dreamtime ... '*the fulton stone*';
lounging in the new demesne
'planted' luscious in exotic fruits and
bamboo from farfetched continents.
Hark !!! ... a cacophony of horn, hound, hoof and huntsman
running riot thro' the elm, chestnut, ash and the
oak groves of the Albanagh.

The sea breeze beckons from Dingle Bay,
i amble past White Church's sombre gravestones
and languish in marshes of 'gilcoch' and rush;
the curlew's cry and plainsong from Killagha's cloister ...
augurs hollow ... dark night descending,
the sun squats on Amergín, the moon over Magillicuddy,
i flow to the Maine ... the final cadence
to the Great Ocean ... Mother of all rivers ...

'I am the River of Light'

rejuvenate ... again ... and again ...

... sprung from the groin of Nauntinaun bog ...

Thomas O'Sullivan ... Feabhra 1992.

'Abha Solais' plots the seven ages of ... birth; youth; working life; marriage; retirement and death ... to be renew an the cycle again and again.
Abha Solais is the name of the stream that flows through Milltown, Kerry ... *river of clear water/river of light*. Abha Solais river proved significant in Milltown's flax processing history in medieval times dating back to 1200 A.D when the Mac Crohans grew flax in the fields around Ballyoughtra. They washed the fibres in the River, bleached them in the Bleach Fields and set up carding and spinning sheds nearby at River Lane ... The Milltown Flax and Linen Company. It is said that the hedges grew high around Bleach Road to facilitate the drying of the flax. When the by-pass road to Killorglin in 2019 was in construction, archaeologists at Lissaniska Fort near to Abha Solais, found evidence of retting troughs and a sheaf of flax to give credence that Mac Crohan's Flax Co. was in existence between 900 - 1200 A.D.

Nauntinaun, place of the nettles. **Farranamanagh**, land of the monks.

Ballyvirrane, place of the thorns. **Sliabh Mis**,mountain of the goddess Mis.

Paps of Anú, Anú of the Tuatha de Danann. *síle ragadh* ... the grey heron.

Sargasso, in the east Atlantic, where the eel originates.

Jack-the-lantern, phosphoric phenomenon of the boglands.

Lyre, townsland meaning a fork ... space between two streams.

Caol, the narrow stream which joins Abha Solais upstream.

Áth Solais, ford crossing on Abha Solais. *fulton stone* ... a dream figure !

Albanagh, large tract of land in the Godfrey Demesne ... 'scotsman'.

White Church, medieval church ruins north of Milltown.

gilcoch ... reed growing in the river estuary, used in thatching.

Killagha, Cill Achaidh 1217, Augustinian Priory with East Window.

Amergín, God of the Milesians who composed the first poem in Irish.

Magillicuddy, Reeks mountain range in Iveragh.

Maine, river at Castlemaine, means ... treachery from flooding.

THE SPOUT

if gallons and buckets could talk ...

they'd pour tall tales onto the flagstone of Spout Lane;

... spring-crystal waters

waned off ancient clouds of Knockreigh and Farranamanagh,
gravitate to the thirsty throng ... sustenance during the dry spell;

the dropping waters wears the stone, they say!

finding life and light in buckets bright ...

the quality of your metal, the measure of your status,

the butcher's whetstone ... the cutting edge;

sweet dissonances, clanking handles and waters' gurgling ...

incoherent babble of distant conversations ...

the hub of stories from afar ...

news from America and '*across the water*',

the trysting plays of youthful cavortings,

and the chore of drawing the water with aching arms;

free-flowing abundance for Saturday night's bath-ing,

Monday's washing and April Fair Day's scouring

trickling through the '*spic and span*' ...

from the dark recesses of a Ballyoughtra stratum.

Thomas O'Sullivan ... 2011

Spout Lane, situated in the middle of Milltown was a gravity feed from a 'well', a mile away at Ballyoughtra. Water, a necessity for all and the well/*tobar* had a communal dimension in all societies ... a metaphor and practicality of shared living. I heard a story from Tanzania that their water-well was four miles distant from the tribe. An altruistic engineer while visiting the area fundraised to sink a well closer to them. Standing to his promise he completed the project. He visited the tribe some years later and found to his dismay that the new well was covered in weeds and in disuse. It seemed that the communality of the well, even four miles distant from them, was the most vital important aspect to the tribe's welfare.

TALES OF BLACKTHORN WOODS

... tone poem ...

Cill Áirne ... Killarney

... in timeless temples of the Tuatha De Danann, Earth Spirit dreams ... breathes life-force into the Blackthorn Woods, *Cill Áirne* ... Templum of Sloe on the Plains of Moyeighteragh. Anú, daughter of Lyr of the Sea, Goddess of the Dagda, dwells in the Paps, Dá Chich Anú and weaves the Golden Cloth ... to create the land. Nuada of the Silver Arm, bears the *seedstone* of Danann Dreamtime ... Aisleacht, *dreamstone* ... the triple-spiral magic, sculpting the mountains, rivers, lakes ... and the tribe Toicacas, onto the Plains of Moyeighteragh. Morrighana, lays out her hair in knots and strands across the land to become the Blackthorn Woods. Morrighana, the crow-raven with attendant goddesses ... Éire, Banba and Fódhla, stokes the fires to fashion the energies of the Aisleacht to protect it from Crom Dubh. Spéirbhean, Crobh Dearg ... of the Crimson Claw from her Skydome fertilized Aisleacht diving landwards, radiating her feathers, glistening on the Prism of the Dagda and with the Seven Shrieks of the Universal Octave thus inscribing the Triple Spiral on the face of Aisleacht. Seven Bandia of Chiarraí ... Mis, Fas, Scéine, Scál, Scotia, Cessair and Bláthnaid residing at Lios 'a Bheagáin by the Piper Stones, calling forth Earth Spirit transmutation into the elements Earth, Air, Water and Fire ... morphing Totems ... Stag, Salmon, Eagle and Toicacas, custodians of the lands of the Blackthorn Woods until the end of the aeon. Amergín, Milesian shaman poet uttered the incantation ...

Stag ... *I am the Stag of seven tines* ... Stag of Gléna ... sure-footed lord of the heather on Shehy Mountain.

Salmon ... *I am the Salmon in the pool* ... Salmon of Knowledge ... *bradáin feasa* ... dwells in Mochudda's Well under the overhanging hazel trees.

Eagle ... *I am the Hawk on the cliff* ... Iolar ... banking on the updrafts over Derrycunnahy Woods.

Tocacias ... *I am a God who sets the bead afire with smoke* ...

... Lén, supreme artificer who fetched fire from the heart of the sun.

... MacCeacht triple-forged the mountains of Mangerton, Torc and Tomies, ...

MacCool forged the lakes of Bár na Snáth, Muckcross and Loch Léin,

... MacGréine forged the rivers of Flesk, Gearahameen and Laune.

Lén Fiachlach of the White Teeth ... magical Smithy of the Dagda inscribed a new utterance on the edge of the stone of Ogma, who formed the letters as he watched the flight of the Cranes to the westward ... Tocacias ...

the Hunters of the Wild Boar on Tomies ... Fisher of the Trout in the River Loe and Fowler of the Osprey over Augur Lake ... bountiful Nature, giving sustenance to the Firemakers with flint on stone to create the fire of regeneration ... Christian Monks with the Learning, inscribed Annals on Inisfallen and Eogánacht at Loch Léin ... gazing in wonderment unto the place called the Blackthorn Woods ...

Cill Áirne of the Sloe ...

Note ... *Blackthorn Woods* from Cill Áirne, trans. Church of the Sloes ... fruit of the Blackthorn / *Tocacias* ... earliest of Killarney Tribes / *Aisleacht*, from Aisling, trans. Aisling ... Dream and Leacht, trans. Stone ... *Dreamstone*. Stag, Salmon & Eagle ... Killarney symbols and totem animals.

Tales of Blackthorn Woods' (2014)... abridged version of a larger work.

I CORRÁN TUATHAIL

Thomas O'Sullivan

3

5

10

14

18

22

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Note : Solo guitar arrangement and an iTunes recording of full set of the tunes available here ...

kerryonwalking@gmail.com

087 9807122

Il Choc na péiste

Thomas O' Sullivan

Chord diagrams: G, D, G, Em, Em, C, Am, C, D, D, D⁷, G, D, Am, A⁷, D, D⁷, G, D, Am, G.

III CRUACH Mhór

THOMAS O' SULLIVAN

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 3/4 time signature. Chords: D, F#m/D, G.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 3/4 time signature. Chords: Bm, D, Bm, G, A. Includes a triplet of eighth notes on the fifth measure.

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 3/4 time signature. Chords: D, D, D. Includes first and second endings.

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 3/4 time signature. Chords: Em, F#m/D, Em/A. Includes a triplet of eighth notes on the first measure.

Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 3/4 time signature. Chords: D, Em, F#m/D.

Musical staff 6: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), 3/4 time signature. Chords: Em, A, D. Includes first and second endings.



RAP ROUND d' RING

Goathead Gillgooly and the Meigeall-Heads

1

I'll be your file, the 'gile - goats - guff'!
Take you and the 'kids' to see Kerry's stuff,
Round Cuddy's Kingdom ... *a ding-dung a Ringdom* –
I'll tell you tall tales with the beat of my drum.
Get your 'skids' on by the Town of the Sloe,
My 'tacho-clocks' ticking, head up to Two Yews,
See Fallen's fine Annals and with Brian's holy army,
The Jarveys study'n 'blarney' about the Lakes of Killarney.

Rap around d'Ring : The Ring of Kerry ... *an mór chuaird*, circumnavigates the Iveragh Peninsula ... world famous destination. **Goatee Gilgooly** : A goat-rapper of note, his ancestry being of Iveragh and the Magillicuddy Reeks. **Meigeall Heads** : Gilgooly's heavy metal-rap band. **File** : Irish word for poet. **Gile** : Irish for guide or slave ... *giolla*. **Kids** : Goat's offspring. **Kerry** : Known as the 'Kingdom' ... from Ciar's kingdom of the *Ciarraí* tribe. **Cuddy** : refers to MacGillicuddy Reeks in Iveragh ... *Mo Giolla Chudda* ... slave of Cudda. **Drum** *Bodhrán* drum made of the skin of a goat ... ouch! **Sloes** Killarney ... *Cill Airne* ... church of the sloe ... fruit of the blackthorn. (see note below) **Tacho-clock** : Tachometer clock on tour buses. **Two Yews** : Aghadoe ... *Achaid Eo* ... plain of the two yew trees. **Fallen** : 7th century church on Inisfallen Island on Lough Léin. **Annals** : Ancient manuscripts of Inisfallen. **Brian** The last high king of Ireland, said to have been educated on Inisfallen. **Jarveys** : Ferrying visitors around Killarney on pony and trap. **Blarney** : Jarveys well versed in this lingo. **Lakes of Killarney** ... need I say more ?

2

Hang a left at the Bunkers and Oops !!! mind the Gap !!!
See Dode doin' deals with his pony and trap,
With walkers and gawkers, fine sights at Black Valley,
A break at Kate Kearney's with fine stout ... but don't dally!
The Sullys at Dunloe all infested with Pookas,
Runnin' rings round the Kalems, the Oghams & O'Sheamans.
Carrauntuohill on the left, thinks he wears the crown,
We'll sort that out at Puck Fair, my beloved hometown.

Bunkers : Killeen Golf Course, Killarney. **Gap** : Gap of Dunloe. **Dode** : Dode 'Barney' Moriarty, one of the premier ponymen at the Gap. **Black Valley** : Cumeenduff Glen at the head of the Gap. **Kate Kearney** : Favoured stop of walkers ... *sheebín* in past times with Kate as proprietor dealing in mountain dew. **Stout** : Porter. **Sullys** : The O'Sullivan Mór ... chieftains of Dunloe Castle ... 16th century. **Pookas** : Type of fairy or otherworldly being. **Kalems** : Film company set up in Beaufort in the 1900's. **Oghams** : An ancient form of writing on stone /300 A.D. ... denoting boundaries or burial places. **O'Sheamans** : Play on words on the O'Shea surname and shaman ... druidic priests. **Carrauntuohill** : Irelands highest peak ... 3414 ft ... *Corrán Tuathail* ... sickle of Tuathal. Other peaks include Beenkeeragh ... hill of the sheep, Coomnapeiste ... Serpent Lake, Caher ... city of the Fianna Warriors. **Crown** : The crown of the Kingdom of Kerry. **Puck Fair** : Ancient three-day Lughnasa festival in Killorglin in August 10th, 11th, 12th.

3

My *meigealls*' in flitters at Cnocán na gCeap –
Three card tricksters, the dancing, the porter and *'craic*
They all act the goat while I sit on my throne,
My Gathering Days' marriage to *'Lilly the Laune'*.
The Fox calls at dawn through the bogs of Iveragh,
Cast a fly for a trout at the Coffin-Stone Caragh;
Oisín 's robbing sand from the Strand at Rossbeigh,
Dook Links Cromane , Fionn looks down in dismay.

Meigeall : Goat's whiskers. **Cnocán na gCeap** : Site of goat stand at Puck Fair. **Craic** : Means fun ... with a 'C' of course !!! ... from Irish Créach ... a raid !!! ... **Throne** : Puck Fair goat-stand. **Gathering Day** : First day of the three-day Puck Fair ... last day is called the Scattering Day. **Lilly the Laune** : Personification of the goat-bride ... Laune refers to *leambain* meaning elm. **Fox** : Red Fox ... tour-bus stop on the Ring of Kerry. **Bogs** : Turf cutting areas throughout Iveragh ... serves as fuel. **Iveragh** : Peninsula of the Ring ... Uibh Rathach tribe. **Coffin Stone** : Favourite haunt of fishermen near Caragh Bridge. **Caragh** : Both lake and river abounding in trout and salmon. **Oisín** : Mythological figure said to have departed for Tír na nÓg from Rossbeigh through Bealach Óisín. **Rossbeigh** : One of the fine beaches in Iveragh ... though in recent times losing sand due to erosion. **Dooks** : Fine links golf course. **Cromane** : World famous for its mussels and fishing. **Fionn** : Another mythological figure ... nearby Seefin mountain called after him.

4

The Butter Road to Drung where McCarthy 's crowned chief,
Satharn's *'artic-char'* spies on Kell's floral beach;
Shed a tear at the Viaduct, the *'ghost-trains'* now muted,
Drink a draught from the *'stil'* of Caitín Beater's dew-pot.
The hills meet the sea and 'the town it climbs the mountain',
Sive's Cathair Geal swapped for a Punjabi donjon;
Valentia 's resplendent her slates roofed the Commons,
'Luke the Sky' on the Skelligs, slaying milk chocolate Puffins.

Butter Road : Old road of Iveragh, used to bring butter to Cork Butter Exchange. 1800's. **Drung** : Mountain used for Lughnasa celebrations ... from *drong* meaning throng. **McCarthy** : Chieftains of Kerry ... Mac Carthy Mór ... crowned at Drung Hill. **Satharn** : Coomasatharn ... Ice Age lake in mountains. **Char** : Species of artic salmon/char in Coomasatharn Lake. **Kells** : Little beach and famous for its exquisite gardens. **Viaduct** : Railway bridge near Kells built in 1885 ... part of Great Southern Railway to Valentia. **Ghost Train** : Midnight train to Dublin ferrying Kerry football fans to Croke Park. **Stil** : Used in the distilling of *poitín* or mountain dew. **Caitín Beater** : The infamous Caitín who had a *sheebín* nearby. **Town Climbs the Mountain** : From famous song ... 'Boys of Bár na Sráide' by Sigerson Clifford. **Sive** : Mythological goddess giving her name to Cahirsiveen. **Caher Geal** : Stone fort, 'bright city', situated 'over the water' in Cahirsiveen, City of the Goddess Saidhbh.... **Punjabi** : Refers to castle in Cahirsiveen of Indian origin. **Valentia** : Island west of Cahirsiveen ... Béal Inse/Dairbhre. First telecommunication cable to Newfoundland, 1857. **Commons** : Slates (Blue-Banger) from Valentia quarry used to roof the House of Commons in London. **Bro. Luke** : Luke Skywalker of Star Wars ... filming in 2016. **Skelligs** : Called after St Michael ... *Skellig Mbichil* ... 6th century monastic settlement and World Heritage Site. **Chocolate** : Chocolate factory near St Finan's Bay overlooking the Skelligs. **Puffins** : Migratory birds that visit Skelligs in July.

5

Chaplin's auld '*gameeze*' starred in the silent theatre,
 Derry Dan's wild antics earned him the Liberator;
 Eightercua's stout Gallans for the Milesian Queen Scéine,
 A Black Cat 's for good luck on the Pass of Coomakista.
 Sneem lured the rainbow, the heaven 's now earthbound,
 For wrestling & rowing Crusher Caseys 'r world renowned;
 My ancestry runs deep on Bealach Beama's steep clefts,
 With Cotter Gruaige's bag-piping we're in wonderment rapt.

Chaplin : Actor Charlie Chaplin of the silent movies endeared himself to Waterville and holidayed there. **Derry Dan** : Daniel O'Connell of Derrynane led the fight for Catholic Emancipation in the 1850's and was sitting MP. **Liberator** : Name given to O'Connell. **Eightercua** : Imposing *gallans* or stone row in memory of the Milesian tribe. **Milesian** : Came from Spain and deposed the Tuatha de Danann. **Queen Scéine** : Wife of Amergin ... shaman poet of the Milesians. **Black Cat** : Refers to Castlecove ... *an siopa dubh*. **Pass of Coomakista** : Panoramic viewing point. **Sneem** : Village known for its colour scheme ... *snaidhm* ... means a little knot. **Crusher Casey** : World renowned wrestling champion brothers who hailed from Sneem. **Bealach Beama** : Mountain pass in Iveragh ... means the rock-scarred pass ... the other being Bealach Oisín ... way of Óisín **Cotter Grúaige** : An uilleann piper who played and enchanted the herds of goats on the cliffs of Bealach Beama ... Cotter of the long hair.

6

Kenmare's sea '*figary*' and sub-aqua '*tomfoolery*',
 Designed to lure Fungi from Dingle to the Roughty;
 The night 's shuttin' in, up the long drag we'll be heading,
 Fare thee well to Neidín, top of Moll now is bidding;
 'Oer the pass see Glена, Bár na Snáth and Brickeen,
 Adopt a Sheep while you're at it, then downhill to Comeen;
 Buy a Colleen Bawn rock from a souvenir stop,
 From the farm, '*spin a yarn*', visit Muckcross craft shop.

Kenmare : Ceann Mara ... head of the sea ... also an ancient name ... *neidín* ... a little nest at the head of the Beara Peninsula. **Sea-Figary** : A play on Seafari ... Kenmare's aquatic centre and sea cruises. **Fungi** : Dingle's resident dolphin for many years. **Roughty** : River through Kenmare. **Top of Moll** : Moll's Gap ... pass through mountains on way to Killarney. **Glена** : Place at the foot of the Eagle's Nest at the foot of Shehy Mountain ... *of the hide*. **Bár na Snáth** : Upper Lake ... top of the thread. Brickeen : Bridge separating Muckcross Lake and Lough Léin ... of the little trout. **Comeen** : Comeenduff Glen on way to Killarney. **Colleen Bawn** : Famous rock on Muckcross Lake and famous stage play of same name ... 1860. **Muckcross Craft Shop** : Muckcross Farm complex and amenities ... crafts, weaving and book binding ... including Muckcross House and Gardens.

7

Our '*jalopy*' speeds past the Torc Splendour Falls,
 The Boatmen on Long Range sound the last bugle call;
 The Friars of the Glen, tucked up prayerfully in bed,
 Eagle Nest's fledglings to the Old Weir have sped;
 The Gentry long gone from Herbert Halls and Demesne,
 Their legacy is still with us, Muckcross Gardens remain;
 Last stop for Vic's Ladies, see Lough Lein's in view,
 If it rains go to Dinis for a scone and a brew.

Jalopy : Gilgooley's rickety mode of transport. **Torc** : Famous waterfall ... mountain of the boar. **Splendour Falls** : From Tennyson's Killarney poem ... 'the splendour falls on castle walls'. **Long Range** : Narrow that connects Upper Lake with Muckross Lake. **Bugle** : Used by guides in Killarney to create atmosphere. **Friars** : Order of Franciscan monks at Muckross Abbey. **Glen**: Friar's Glen near Torc Mountain. **Eagle's Nest** : Named after the eagles that thrived in Killarney ... reintroduced in recent times. **Old Weir** : Picturesque little bridge near Dinis Cottage. **Herbert's Hall** : Landlords who built Muckross House in 1843. **Demesne** : Refers to Muckross House and surrounds. **Muckross Gardens** : Exquisite gardens surrounding Muckross House. **Vic's Ladies** : Favoured stop overlooking lakes ... Queen Victoria visited in 1841. **Lough Léin** : Lower Lake of Killarney ... called after the magical smith Lén. **Dinis** : Dinis Cottage ... built in 1830's ... a welcome stop for walkers.

8

The '*meitheal*' in the back, with *rí-rá* celebrating,
 A bad pint or the '*bends*'? ... I think I'm hallucinating;
 The Meeting of the Waters adorn for the day;
 Whist!!! A Phantom from the Abbey, the White Mare from the Lake;
'Stad !!! Cé tá ann ? ... we're the Copper Ross patrol !!!
A tourist-trap checkpoint you're not for parole;
For two horns, four hoofs, no tail-lights you're indicted,
Blow into this, don't think you can hike it.'

Meitheal : Irish for gang of helpers especially in farming terms. **Rí-Rá** : Bedlam or high spirits ... *rí-rá agus ríaille-bíaille*. **Meeting of the Waters** : Picturesque area on lakes close to Dinis Cottage. **Whist !** : Means ... Shhh!. **Abbey** : Muckross Abbey also called Rock of Song ... built by Dónall McCarthy Mór 1448 where he found solace there amidst the clan infighting. It was completed by the Franciscans some years later. **White Mare** : Phantasm of O'Donoghue on Lough Léin. On May Eve, Dónall would rise from the waters of Lough Léin on his white warhorse, ride the waves across the lake and disappear through the mist between Glena and Dinis. **Stad! Cé tá ann?** : Stop! Who goes there?. **Copper-Ross** : Play on words ... Copper – refers to the ancient copper mines dating back to 2500 BC. **Ross** – to the Castle of Ross by Lough Léin. The seat of O'Donoghue Mór of Ross in the 16th century.

9

'With too many penalty points, with no credit nor cash,
It's the 'pound' for you now in the Castle of Ross;'
 I've no visits, no tuck in this dungeon sore-wailing,
 Thinking of *Billy* and *Nan* on top of Tomies a-grazing;
'Goatee Gilgooley for these crimes you've been tried
And with fake Kerry Diamonds, The O'Donoghue you've bribed;
You'll get your comeuppance you insolent old Puck,
To be hanged next fair day, at Cnocán Gabhrach.'

Castle of Ross : Dates from medieval times ... O'Donoghue of Ross. **Billy and Nan** : Local nickname for male and female goat. It is said that up to a quarter of a million nanny-goats were exported to England in the 1800's from the Magillicuddy Reeks for their nutritious milk. **Tomies** : Spectacular mountain backdrop to Lough Léin ... means gravestones ...*tuama*. Tomies forms part of Purple and Shehy Mountains. **Goatee Gilgooley** : To give him his full title as befitting the King of the Reeks. **Kerry Diamonds** : Local name for quartzite rocks. **O'Donoghue** : Two branches that of Ross of Lough Léin and that of the Glen by Killaha to the east of the county. **Puck** : Male goat who is crowned King of the Fair at Puck Fair in the month of August in Killorglin. **Cnocán Gabhrach** : Hill of the Goat ... a poetic licence ... but historically the hanging- hill near the Friary ... **Cnocán na gCaorach** ... Hill of the Sheep or Martyr's Hill ... where the Kerry martyrs and poets were hanged in the 16th century.

And to my Drum Maker I offer my pelt;
 Chance a glance at poor Aisling, an Spéir Bhean Bhocht.
 With Eoghan Rua, an Béal Binn and his triumvirate of poets,
 Now that makes five, with this *'goat-rapper'* of note;
 To Stag-nation, wise Salmon, the Eagles' just landed,
 This *'goat-poet'* in company most highly regarded,
 Be honoured forever in a bronze-*'bodhrán'* commission,
 Playing with O'Leary *'slides'* and *'polkas'* with passion.

Drum Maker : Bodhrán maker ... traditional Irish drum made of goatskin synonymous with Kerry. **Aisling** : Poetic form used by Kerry Gaelic poets in 1700's ... means dream. **Spéirbhean**: Literally skywoman ... personification of Aisling ... commemorated in a sculpture opposite the Friary by Seamus Murphy. **Eoghan Rua** : One of the foremost of these poets ... Eoghan Rua O'Súilleabháin. **Béal Binn** : The sweet-mouthed Eoghan. **Triumvirate** : Other poets commemorated ... Feiritéir, O'Raithille and O'Donnchadha. **Stag-nation** : Red deer of Killarney Park. **Salmon** : Magical fish of Fionn Mac Cumhail ... abundant in Killarney Lakes. **Eagle** : Inhabited the Killarney mountains in times past ... White Tailed Eagle re-introduced in recent times ... Stag, Salmon and Eagle being Killarney's totem animals. **O'Leary** : One of the foremost musicians ... box-players ... playing in the Sliabh Luachra style and commemorated in a sculpture on Muckross Road. **Slides and Polkas** : Dance music from the Sliabh Luachra tradition in East Kerry.

Thomas O'Sullivan 2013

Gillgooly ... a biography

‘BIDDY OF TULLAIG MÓR’

Biddy O’Shea from Tullaig Mór, west of Killorglin town,
With a bog, a byre, a grass of a cow and neat drills of spuds were sown;
The hiring fair found this pretty young maid, who slaved ‘oer the daily chores,
For the three days of Puck, in Connie Leen’s Pub, she’d fill jugs of porter galore;
Madly in love with Peadar she was, as he fished Brigéis to Cloon Árd,
And Biddy did wonder what’d all come of this, hard toil and little reward;
Their trysting place was the old Oak Tree, at the top of Iveragh Road,
With the steam-train’s puff, all fooster with people and the cargo’s heavy load.

Peadar, he netted the Lúb by night and downward towards the Quay,
The landlord seized the ‘rights’ from him, *‘straining water I’m now, a chroí’*;
He heard a tale in olden days, of the Black-Eyed precious Pearl,
In the Belly of a Salmon Wise, the brightest and the rarest of jewels;
True love he had for Biddy O’Shea, t’was like landing a fulsome trawl,
But Sunday night was their delight, at the dance in Moloney’s Hall.
He’d hear Toime’s loudest wave, near the Birch Woods of Ross,
With valiant Oisín, on his Silver Steed, galloping over the Beama Pass;

The Circus, Clowns and the Great Big Top, came a week before Puck Fair,
Johnny played his pipes and drones, for throngs up in the Square;
He wrote a song for Biddy *a stór*, those enchanted words she’d hear,
Sweet nothings he whispered, all night long and she sang *‘Johnny Dear’*;
Promises he had a-plenty, she’d be a bright singing star in lights,
‘Come to America, my love with me, be ever and always my wife’;
Poor Peadar *bocht*, when he heard of this, for him t’was the bitter pill;
She boarded the east-bound Killorglin train, on a late November chill.

*Hunting the Wild White Salmon, in the deep pools of Loch Trí Caoil,
Fishing to find the Black-Eyed Pearl, it would adorn his Biddy’s soul;
The surf-sound roar from Rossbeigh’s strand, he’d hear it from the town,
That ‘loudest wave’ would carry Biddy, to a far-off distant land.*

Long years away, would come and go and Biddy’s life now was spent,
Just like the wind and a fly by night, Johnny Pickett, he wayward went;
With an old suitcase of broken dreams, she aged well before her years,
Homeward, back on that ‘iron steed’, she longed for home in tears.
She asked of her true love Peadar *a chroí*, a telling of a tale so sad;
He pined away, but inside Biddy’s purse . . . that priceless Pearl he had;
He drowned one night in a spring-full tide, while landing a heavy haul,
Now Biddy looks west from the old Oak Tree, listening to Rossbeigh’s call.

Background to Poem/Song ... 'Biddy of Tullaig'

One evening as I was walking along Iveragh Road, firstly, I noticed, the Great Southern & Western Railway sculpture, then the 'lady sculpture' on the old Sessile Oak Tree with assorted cases and CIE truck. Then on to Library Place and the Bewick sculpture of Niamh of the Golden Hair and Oisín ... and Tír na nÓg ...

Niamh lies under the great waves between Rossbeigh and Inch, a place called Tír na Óg, the land of ever lasting youth.

A reference to the hearing of the waves of Rossbeigh (trans. *birch woods*) at Iveragh Road. ... Elements of the story ... *Biddy O'Shea of Tullaig Mór* is associated with Killorglin folklore, mythology and its history. Also, a folktale of Pearl picking in the Laune River. Moloney's Hall was a dance hall at Upper Bridge Street. The characters of this story ... Biddy O'Shea (O'Donoghue), Peadar Cotter and Johnny Pickett (Patterson) and is inspired and based on the Legend of Tír na nÓg.

'Tonn Toime' ... The Loudest Wave.

*Silence is the language of God,
Everything is a poor translation.*

It was said of Killorglin people of olden times, that if one was to listen at the top of Iveragh Road, you could hear the sound of the waves crashing on Rossbeigh beach wafting on the prevailing westerly breeze. At that time there was a silence about the place, being devoid of the din of the internal combustion engine and general modern noise. This was also part of the mythology of Tonn Toime and the 'loudest wave in all of Ireland', heard between Inch and Rossbeigh sand spits and Rossbeigh (wood of the birch trees) is the setting for the myth ... Tír na nÓg. Mythologically, the hearing of this Wave was the sign of the death of a King. Dingle Bay was called Loch Trí Caol ... the three sand spits ... Cromane, Rossbeigh and Inch. Puck Fair association with the Lughnasa Festival in August, the Brigid Donoghue song, associations with

Johnny Patterson and the Laune Fishery and then the story of women looking for Pearls there ...

... this took seed and was the inspiration to compose a song/story/poem ... *'Biddy O'Shea of Tullaig'* from the elements gleaned from the above with plenty of poetic licence !!!

Bridget (Biddy) Donoghue ... Johnny Patterson on visiting Killorglin fell in love with Biddy Donoghue. She worked at Johanna Kelliher's Public House and he composed this song for her ...

*Oh! Bridget Donoghue, I really do love you,
Although I'm in a America, to you I will be true;
Then Bridget Donoghue, I'll tell what I'll do,
Just take the name of Patterson and I'll take Donoghue.*

Johnny Patterson from Clare ... uilleann piper, circus clown and entertainer. He was from Feakle, Clare in the 1840's, was in the army and then John Swallow Circus and billed him as the 'Irish Singing Clown'. 'Goodbye Johnny Dear' ... was one of Johnny's household songs as were 'The Garden Where the Praities Grow' and a plethora of songs including ... 'The Dingle Puck Goat' and 'The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door' to his credit. He died in Tralee in an unmarked grave on 31st May 1889.

Peadar (Peter) Cotter, fictional fisherman from Banshagh near the river Laune.

The phrase ... *'straining water now a chroí'* was one I heard from a secretive fisherman in Milltown on the Maine River when asked ... *How's the fishing Dan?*

Great Southern and Western Railway ... 1885-1960. The railway had just a eighty-year lifespan and was closed on the Saturday night of January 30th, 1960. There was a man present that night of the last train, Mike Sugrue and he was also present as a young boy at the first train in Milltown. I was there on that night in 1960 and still have the last train ticket.

Old Oak Tree ... A recent exquisite street sculpture on Iveragh upon a Sessile Oak. Lets call her Biddy complete with purse, hat

and assorted suitcases loaded on an old CIE truck. ... Looks like that Biddy always resided there and took root in that Oak Tree. The inscription reads and quote relevant to the story's context ...

*Emigration for too many is a bittersweet truth ...
The sorrow of leaving, the hope of new horizons
and the longing for home.*

Puck Fair ... Lughnasa, August Fair ... 10/11/12th. Connie Leen's Pub was a favourite haunt, hostelry and snug in Upper Bridge Street. The Square is called traditionally called Cnocán na gCeap.

Laune Fishery & Pearl Fishing Tradition on the Laune ...

The Laune Fishery was famous for years as a Salmon Fishery and Hatchery. Local tradition has it that women used to pick Pearls on the Laune. Another story has it, that a half salmon, half girl ... 'mermaid' ... would be seen picking pearls. The Pearls in fact called Margaritifera, a fresh water bivalve mollusc/pearl. Their larvae, called glochidia are inhaled by passing salmon and would snap shut on their gills. After a time they would drop off of their host ... hence the tradition of fishing Pearls on the Laune. The Lúb, Cloonárd, Brigéis and the Quay were famous fishing pools on the Laune.

Oisín and Tír na nÓg ... 'Biddy of Tullaig', a re-telling ...

Long ago, people in Ireland believed that there was a beautiful land in the western sea called Tír na nÓg ... the land of the young, where people would never grow old. One morning, the Fianna were hunting deer on the shores of Lough Leane. As they rested on a hilltop, a beautiful girl came riding towards them on a snow white horse. She was dressed like a princess and her long golden hair hung to her waist. As she drew near, Fionn called out 'What is your name and what land have you come from?' – 'I am Niamh of the Golden Hair and my father is King of Tír na nÓg. I have heard of a great warrior named Oisín, I have to come to find him and ask him to return with me to the Land of the Young.' Fionn was sad, for he feared that if Oisín went with Niamh, he would never see him

again. But it was too late, Oisín was already in love with the princess. He accepted Niamh's invitation and waving goodbye to Fionn and his friends, he jumped onto the horse behind Niamh. Away they galloped into the morning mist at Bealach Óisín (Bealach Beama Pass ???). Over the land and the sea the fairy horse ran, moving as swiftly as a shadow and at last they reached the golden shores of Tír na nÓg. The king and queen welcomed Oisín and held a great feast in his honour. It was a magical land. Oisín hunted and feasted and at night he told stories of Fionn and the Fianna and of their lives in Ireland. Oisín had never felt as happy as he did with Niamh and before long, they were married. Oisín lived in Tír na nÓg for three hundred years, but he being so happy it only seemed like three. Then a great longing came on him to go back to Ireland. Niamh did not want him to go but at last she agreed and gave him the White Horse. Niamh warned him that if he would set foot, even once, on the soil of Ireland, he would never return to Tír na nÓg. When Oisín reached Ireland he found that everything had changed. There was no trace of his father or the Fianna. As he passed the strand of Rossbeigh, he saw a group of men trying to move a large stone. 'I will help you' he said. The mighty Oisín stooped down in his saddle and with one hand, he lifted the stone. But as he did so, the saddle strap broke and he tumbled to the ground. Immediately the fairy horse galloped away and a great change came over Oisín. In the blink of an eye the great hero of the Fianna became a withered old man. Unsure of what to do, legend has it that the men brought Oisín to Saint Patrick. Saint Patrick tried to comfort Oisín in his old age. When Oisín learned that the Fianna and his father were long since dead, his heart was filled with sadness. Oisín spoke of the old days of the Fianna and the many great deeds of Fionn, when they hunted and feasted and listened to great stories. He spoke of his time in Tír na nÓg and his beautiful wife Niamh. Although Oisín died soon after but the wonderful stories of Niamh, Oisín and Tír na nÓg have lived on.

DHARMA DEILFE

Meabhracht 'Fungie'

*Cuir lámh sna tonnta,
Braith ann an fharraige;
Cuir lámh ar deilf,
Braith ann ár n-anam.*

Cogar ... Cogar ... Cogar ...

Leoithne ghaoithe timpeall gach coirnéal
Sráideanna folamha an Daingin;
Ag feitheamh ar thuile 's trá,
Ag faire do ... Laoch na Mara.

As láthair? ... Imithe? ... I bhfolach? ...
... b'féidir!

Deilf draiochtúil ... ag casadh ... súgrach,
Leipreach go háird thar uisce,
Á mhealladh a' cnagaint cloiche sa Sláidín,
gliondar páistí ag scréachach ar imeall na mbaidíní,
Anseo! ... Gaiscíoch na Mara.

Ón mBá go mBlascaoid Thiar,
Ag faire ... dócasach ... *le caoineadh pícaí,*
Manannán ó Emhain Abhlach ag glaoch chuige ...
... Ó Uaigh na n-Iasc.

*Cuir lámh sna tonnta,
Braith ann an fharraige;
Cuir lámh ar deilf,
Braith ann ár n-anam.*

Thomas O'Sullivan 2021

Dharma of the Dolphin

Meditation ... Fungie

*Put your hand into the waves
You'll feel the sea;
Put your hand on the dolphin,
You'll feel your soul.*

Whisper ... Whisper ... Whisper !!!

The whistling wind on every corner,
Dingle's empty streets;
Waiting on the ebb and flow,
Searching ... for the Hero of the Sea.

Not here ! ... Gone ! ... Hiding ! ... Maybe !

Magic dolphin turning and playing,
Jumping high over the water,
Coaxing him with clapping stones on the Sláidín,
Wonder of children screeching on the edge of the boats ...
He's here !!! ... Boastful One of the Sea.

Over the Bay of the Blaskets to the west,
Waiting in hope ... *on the fairy's lament*;
Manannan ... from the Island of the Apples calling ...
From the Grave of the Fish.

*Put your hand into the waves
You'll feel the sea;
Put your hand on the dolphin,
You'll feel your soul.*

Immram Bran

Voyage of Bran *Air ... Inisbeer*

1

Bran, he dreamed a dream, of *Mis* a vision clear,

'Go forth into the West and ride the white-capped waves;'

From the creek he then took sail, on a craft of wood and hide,

At *Hy Breassil* he dived deep onto the *Glass Isle*.

Chorus

Black Raven, journeyed west *go dtí to??Talamh Fé Thonn*,

Lured by the strains from the edge of *Great Manannán*;

Nine waves of billowed white, crashing onto *Duibhne's* shore,

The *Inch and Behy* sands, sound *Tóime's* loudest roar.

2

Nine score years and more, *Bran* then he? longed for home,

Stern warnings of his fate but neither did he heed;

The moon pulled on strong tides as he rounded *Skellig Mór*,

Alas!?? *Bran* lay fused onto the rocks upon that shore.

Chorus ???

Time and tide stand still, where the sun and sky meet,

The land beneath the wave ... *Maél Dúin's* horizon fleet;

Wild Atlantic Way bisect

Muir na nÓg where age does not grow old

Diarmaid and *grainne* ???

Notes

Immram ... in mythology the term for voyage ...

Voyage of Bran ... mythical voyager to Hy Breassil

Mis ... goddess of Sliabh Mis

Hy Breassil ... mythical island west of Ireland which appeared in old maps/known as the Porcupine Basin

Black Raven ... other druidic name for Bran

Talamb Fé Thonn ... mythical land beneath the waves

Manannán ... god of the sea in Celtic mythology

Duibhne ... Dóinas of Corca Dhuibhne ... written on ogham stones throughout the Dingle Peninsula

Inch and Beby ... Inch and Rossbeigh, sand spits in Dingle Bay and together with Cromane known as Loch na dTrí gCaol ... 'lake of the three sand-spits'

Tonn Tóime ... mythically, the loudest wave-sound in Ireland between Rossbeigh and Inch beaches

Skellig Mór ... 6th century monastic island off south west of Kerry

Voyage of Maél Dúin ... another mythical sea voyager

Air ... Inis Óirr

RAVENS IN THE RAIN

1 ... Fiach Dubh ... *Raven*

Charcoal smudge the grey and blue,
Gutturals issued from tree-tops-bloom;
Intermediary 'tween gods and time,
Ravens in the Rain.

2 ... Bandia ... *Morrigan* ... *Mór Ríoghán*

The Battle-Queen cloaked in feathers black,
A raucous roar rent the sky to shreds;
The maiden, mother and the elder crone,
Three Ravens in the Rain.

3 ... Mairnéalach ... *Noah*

Wearily he unbolts the hatch,
Those winged mentors to dispatch;
Scanned the land o'er the flooded main,
Two Ravens in the Rain.

4 ... Laochra ... *Cuchullain*

Three days of combat at the ford,
Perched on the hero's shield and sword;
Bearing his soul to Elysium,
A Raven in the Rain.

5 ... Clochán ... *St. Abbán*

A monastic cell ... foundations laid,
Corner stones dressed ... a Gobán's trade;
The tools were seized before the dawn,
By the Ravens in the Rain.

*Charcoal smudge the grey and blue,
Gutturals issued from tree-top-blooms;
Intermediary between gods and time,
Ravens in the Rain.*

Thomas O'Sullivan ... (2021)

The Reeks Gallery



Moss 'Cud' O'Sullivan



Timmy O'Connor



Bro. L. O'Shea



Pete Coghlan



Wm. Williams



Maurice Tuohy



Mike Coffey



Butty Sugrue

The Reeks Gallery



Tom O'Shea



Ted Kirwan



Diarmaid O'Sullivan



John Foley



Dodie 'Barney' Moriarty



Michael Leane



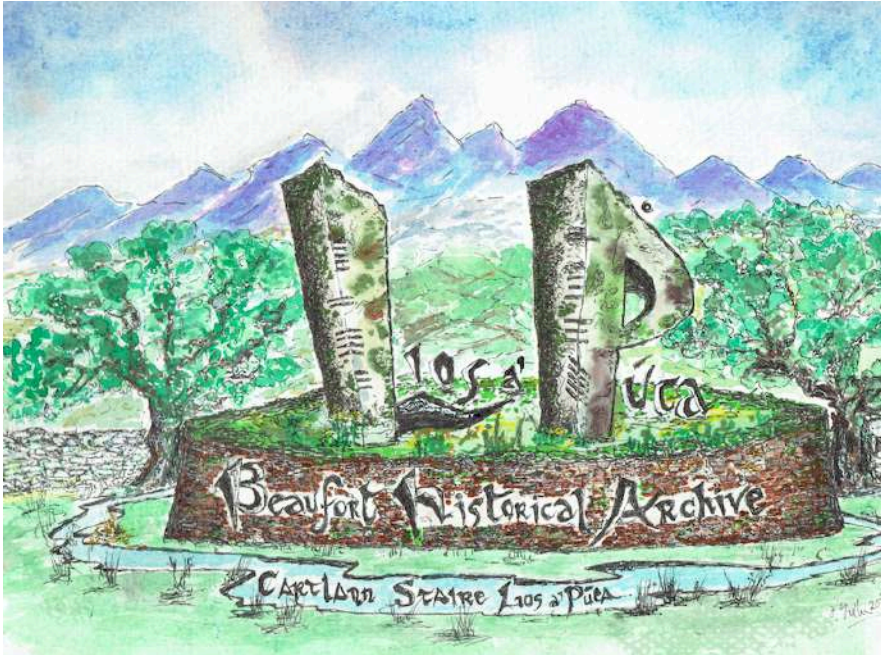
Thomas O'Sullivan



'Fánaí' of the Reeks

'O'Sullivan 'Ceart' from the Parish of Tuogh'
Deemie (Jeremiah) O'Sullivan.

Back Cover illustration
... the kingdom @ hand ...



Nead na gCuimhni ... 'Nest of Memories'...

Lios a' Phúcha

10,000 B.C. Templenoe Ice Cap/Gap of Dunloe/Black Valley/Gearha Moraine. 20 B.C. Loich Mac Eamines of Gap of Dunloe/ Toicaci Tribe/Suan Gods

Tuogh , from Tuath ... Tuath san Erann/ Firbolg.

300 Ogham Stones/Coolmagort, Kilbonane and Killcoolaght East. Clann Ui□ Sheaghda and O'Failbhe ... Pictish/pre-Christian.

500 Cill Both Fhiona in Church of the Cells of St. Finan Cam/Kilbonane.

550 Cill Gobnait's Church/Romanesque/11th Feb. Pattern Day.

600 Chocán na hEaglaise agus Cill Lochain/Clann OSheaghda/O□ Failbhe.

Tobarchriost/Brigid's Holy Well, Rounds made on Good Friday. 670

Eoganacht Loch Lein from Knockgraffon, Tipperary.

MacCarthy Mor/O'Donoghue/O'Sullivan/Moriarty. 900 Ard Fergus Fort/Kevin's Leacca/ Coolmagort.

1203 Parish of Tuogh/Cnocan na hEaglaise & Cill Lochain.

1215 Dunloe Castle/The Keep, John Fitzgerald, Norman.

1217 Barony of Dunkerron /Dun Chiaran Thuaigh/O'Sullivan Mor.

1267 Battle of Callan, J. Fitzgerald killed/Donal O'Sullivan Mor took

Dunloe. 1302 Keelohane/Killoughane/Cill Locain mentioned in the Vatican

Lists. 1450 Knockane under the rectorage of Innisfallen, Loch Lein.
1480 Castle Corr/Corraigh/Donal Mor O'Sullivan/MacGillicuddy.
1470 Ballymalis Castle/Moriarty/Ferris ... Line of the Laune/Eager.
1478 Monks left Innisfallen and settled in Tomies.
1511 Fr. Florence O'Sullivan P.P. Knockane/1494 J.Moriarty in Inisfallen.
1580 Donal Mac Gillicuddy killed.
1583 Castle Corr/Corraigh, Mac Gillicuddy/O'Sullivan Mor.
1588 Grenagh House/Florence McCarthy/McCarthy Mor, Pallis.
1595 Ormonde breached Dunloe Castle/O'Sullivan Mor to Dunkerron
Castle. 1598 Coolmagort Castle built by O'Sullivan Mor/Beaufort House.
1600 MacGillicuddy of the Reeks ... received name/title.
1613 Daniel O'Sullivan, Dunloe represented Kerry in English Parliament.
1641 Castle Corrih burned down and restored in 1660.
1652 Ludlow attacked Dunloe Castles via the Laune on way to Ross Castle.
1665 John O' Mahony, Dunloe Castle, Chieftain of West Cork.
1687 Donogh MacGillicuddy /High Sherrif of Kerry.
1688 Cornelius, Son of Donal fought in Battle of the Boyne/James 2nd.
1696 Denis, Donagh's son abandoned Castle Corr/Moved to Killorglin
Castle. 1690 Penal Laws/ Mass Rock site, Gortacuillane, Black Valley.
1702 Major O'Mahony fought in the Battle of Cremona.
1703 Cornelius MacGillicuddy m. Lady Blennerhasset/1718 received Land.
1707 Donal 'Caoch' O'Mahony inherited Dunloe Castle/died 1729!.
1720 Banlune/Magillicuddy of the Reeks House built.
1740 Churchtown House built by Roland Blennerhasset/Golf Course.
1742 Old Church, Coolmagort, site of modern church/Kenmare Manuscript.
1760 Beaufort House/Short Castle/Guillmagmore 'reedy plain'/Crosby.
1760 Beaufort/Kerry Woollen Mills, Ballymalis established/Eadie.
1762 Donal O'Sullivan died at Tomies/Clan deeds burned.
1763 O'Donoghue of the Glen/Glenflesk lived in Tomies House.
1790 Cullenagh House built by Florence O'Mahony.
1795 Churchtown House built by Roland Blennerhasset/Magill, 1860.
1800 Gurrane House, nth. of Cullenagh/Road from Beaufort to Meanus
built. 1822 Protestant Church near Cnocan na hEaglaise, Churchtown built.
1825 Knockane Parish, 94 Townlands, Independence from Killorglin Parish.
1822 Old Church knocked/burned ... rebuilt in 1825.
1826 Beaufort House Mullins 1826/Day 1847/Spaight 1886/Simpson/Craig.
1828 Glebe House, Dan Coffey's House/Dr. Digby resident, Cahoobeg.
1828 Fr. O'Mahony/O'Reilly/O'Regan/O'Connor/Tithe War, £260
collected.
1829 Catholic Emancipation/Daniel O'Connell.
1830 Cnocan na hEaglaise, Churchtown/Kean O'Mahony, Cullenagh
House.
1831 National Education Act/Catholics free to attend and teach school.
1833 Bishop Egan stayed at Cullenagh House.
1835 Cullenagh National School, Mr. Reidy/Galvin's Bar Established.

1836 Lady Blennerhasset established 2nd Fair at Kilgobnet/11th February.
1837 Beaufort/Laune Bridge, Droichead Scairbhe an Chuilinn/Plas na Rince.
1837 Knockane Topographical Dict./94 Townlands, 59,000 Acres, Pop.4716.
1837 Parish Church, 'Mary of the Moor', Fr. Batt O'Connor P.P. Killorglin.
1837 Police/Petty Sessions, Chapel Cross/Hedge Sch. Meallis, Gairdin Scoile.
1838 Dunloe Cave excavated/Ogham Stones/Commander O'Connell.
1840 Beaufort House, refurbished, Fitzgerald Day/Gap of Dunloe road built.
1841 Beaufort Bar Established/Kalem Film Studios (1910-1915).
1842 Presbytery built/Fr. James O'Halloran, Droumlokane.
1844 Fr. O' Halloran, 1st P.P of Knockane ... separated from Killorglin parish. 1844-1980 9 Parish Priests and 43 Curates in Knockane Parish.
1846 Cullenagh House, Mahony/Mac Donagh/Clifford/Coleman/Horgan.
1847 Famine Soup Kitchen, Jerry Mangan's house/Banclune Hse. wall built.
1850 Kate Kearney's Cottage built by O'Mahony, Dunloe.
1850 Gap of Dunloe on tourist itinerary/Bord of Works road commences.
1850's Seamus Cron na nAmhrain, Poet of Meallis and the Hag's Glen.
1850 Souterrain discovered at Dunloe/Ogham Stones at Coolmagort.
1850 Ball Alley built/demolished 1973/First Dancing Master to Beaufort.
1860 James MacGillicuddy Magill, Dairylands at Churchtown/ Blennerhasset.
1861 Fr. Peter Barrett, first Curate, Knockane Parish/ Lease for Kilgobnet Sch. 1865 Kilgobnet National Sch./Fr. J. O'Halloran/J. O'Sullivan & M. Kelliher.
1867 Fenians of Cahirsiveen aided by O'Mahony.
1867 Inisfallen Crozier found at Beaufort Bridge by Denis O'Sullivan.
1869 Black Valley/Gap of Dunloe/Scoil Coimisiún Dubh National School.
1868 J.P. O'Sullivan, 'The Champion' & Laune Rangers, Brookhill, died 1909.
1870 Hedge School, Kilgobnet/Mr. Fleming, Hedgemaster with 180 pupils.
1870 Sir R. Blennerhasset M.P. married in Munich/ Cullenagh Sch. Divided.
1870 Seamus O' Duill born/Author, 'Beirt Fhear'/'Tigh Gabha'.
1872 Bye-Elections/ Deasy V Blennerhasset.
1874 St. John's Flourmill/O'Mahony ... Wheel 26 ft. diam./10 tons weight.
1878 Bad weather prevented crop sowing and turf cutting.
1880 Fr. John O'Sullivan P.P and died of fever 1885/80+ children on Green Rd. 1880 Jack Mc Kay, Pallis founded 'Rugby Club' in Beaufort/J.P. O'Sullivan.
1884 Typhoid Fever outbreak in Beaufort Parish/Foundation of GAA.
1884 Brida National School fell in storm 1930/Rebuilt 1932/Closed 1952.
1885 Land Purchase Ashbourne Act/J. Sheehan elected to British Parliament. 1890 Tuogh Parnellites GAA Club founded/James 'Strather' Doyle.
1890 Tuogh(Parnellites) V Laune Rangers/ 'Strather' Doyle & J.P. O'Sullivan.

1890 Louis Anthony, Established Photostudio at Gap of Dunloe.
1891 J.P. O'Sullivan of Brookhill, Champion of Ireland in Athletics/Short Put. 1891 C.S. Parnell meeting at Patrick O'Sullivan's field, Coolmagort.
1892 Schools in Knockane Parish closed due to outbreak of fever.
1896 Gortbui National School/C. Coughlan/Closed 1964.
1896 Moving Bog, Rathmore, Dec. 28th/flowed to the banks of the Laune.
1896 Gortnascarry National School/Mrs. Cashman nee Foley/Closed 1969.
1897 New Presbytery, Cappaganeen.
1890's Tuogh V Listry Parish Rough and Tumble (Caid!) ... Scoreless!
1902 Seamus O' Duill, 'Beirt Fhear'/1st essay/Muintir na Tuatha.
1903 Beartin Luachra/Cleibhin Mona/Pratai Mhichil Thaidg/Cathar Chonraí
1903 RIC Barracks, Gap of Dunloe/Kiernan, woodcarver Gap of Dunloe.
1903 Kissane's Shop Established/Cook's London Tour Co. Gap of Dunloe.
1906 'Bulker' Doyle held record jumping Geadagh at O'Shea's field, 24 feet.
1908 Repairs to Parish Church by Fr. Nelligan.
1910/14 Kalem Film Company, Beaufort Bar headquarters/30 films made.
1910 'The Lad from Old Ireland', first film shot by Gauntier/Olcott.
1912 Beaufort Demesne divided between local farmers.
1914 Paddy Breen, All Ireland Senior Medal.
1916 Fr. Fitzmaurice of Lixnaw, P.P Knockane/Flooding in Beaufort.
1919 Last of the O'Mahonys/O'Sullivan Mo' r died at Dunloe/Barracks burned. 1917 Pats Connor, Gap of Dunloe wins Killarney/Aghadoe Marathon.
1918 Beaufort Volunteers Formed, 100 in number/Gap, Valley & Beaufort.
1919 R.I.C Barracks in Beaufort burned by IRA and then evacuated.
1919 MacGillycuddy Lodge/Ollie Masons burned by Black and Tans.
1920 Howard S. Harrington, Dunloe invents Turf Machine.
1920 Dancing Master, Sean Sweeney came to Beaufort.
1920 Sinn Fe' in Courts Est./fr. Court of Petty Sessions/Doyle & Leane.
1920 St Stephen's Day festivities in Beaufort/Local Game of Bata Bui' played. 1922 John Foley, Ballagh ... Diary begins on 19th July 1922.
1923 Cullenagh House, Beaufort sold to Tim Foley.
1923 Capt. Jer Casey/John Kevins shot by Free State Troops in Beaufort.
1924 Johnny Connor, Hop, Skip and Jump, 45 feet/Tailteann Games.
1924 Dunloe Castle tree planting/Harrington/Shanahan's Shop Established.
1924 Michael 'Butty' Sugrue born Gortnascarry, d.1977/buried Churchtown.
1924/28 Pete Coughlan, Three Sigerson Cup Medals, UCC, Cork.
1925 Banclune/Reeks House, Dining and Drawing Rooms added.
1928 Dr. Digby of Glebe House died, Carhoobeg/ Ferry Bridge built, Gap Rd. 1929 Beaufort GAA affiliated to East Kerry/ Parish Photographers of the Gap. 1930 First Tarmacadam road from Beaufort Bridge to Churchtown Cross.
1932 Garda Barracks built/Site of Shannahan's Shop/Beaufort drama Group.

1934 Renovations to Parish Church/Kilgobnet Sch. by Rev. Michael Dennehy.

1935 8th Kerry St. Mary's Boy Scouts/Shanahan's Hall built.

1936 'Dawn' film excerpts at Beaufort Bridge/ Beaufort Creamery Est. 1937-38 Bealoideas Project undertaken in all schools ... www.ducas.ie

1938 Bishop's Wood, Cullenagh sold to Dan Coffey.

1939 Miss Pettit bought Dunloe Castle from Dr. Slattery, Tralee.

1937/39/40/41 Murt Kelly, All Ireland Senior Medals/Kerry and Dublin.

1937 Fr. Tom Kelliher, Kilgobnet, Died 1979/FCA,LDF Drama in Hall.

1940 Seamus O'Duill, 'Beirt Fhear', First book pub., 'Muintir na Tuatha'.

1942 Fr. Maurice O'Connor, Currow, P.P./Parish Hall purchased/Died

1952. 1946 Last game Parnellites V West of Geadagh River/Beaufort GAA Club.

1943 C-47 Skytrain crashed on Coomapeiste Nov./Recovered Feb.

1944. 1944 East Kerry Junior Championship (Tuogh Parnellites).

1948 Road from Meanus Cross to Kilgobnet, Tarmac/Black Valley Hostel.

1950 National School, Cullenagh/Pioneers Founded/Hall extended.

1950 First Cross erected on Corran Tuathail ... Holy Year.

1953 Butty Sugrue & Jack Doyle boxing at Puck Fair/The Paddocks.

1954 Dora Carson purchased land/Post Office, Lios a' Phu^o cha.

1954 Dr.Craig of Beaufort House bought Dunloe Castle.

1954 Lourdes Grotto at Gurrane Cross, Marian Year/Muintir na Ti^o re.

1955 Our Lady of the Valley, Black Valley, Fr. Sears/Rural Electrification.

1955 Jack Scully Shop&Grain Crusher, Beaufort Bridge/3-Phase from Eadies.

1955 Gene Mangan, Ardlaghas won Ras Tailteann na hEireann.

1957 Choir Balcony and Mortuary added to Church by Canon Pat Sears.

1957 Torch-Lit Procession to the Lourdes Grotto/1963 Grotto Floodlit.

1959 Beaufort IFA/Macra na Feirme& Kilgobnet Creamery Established.

1959/62 Kevin Coffey, All Ireland Senior Medals.1956 Tea Rooms at Gap.

1961 Beaufort GAA, Mid Kerry Juvenile Champions/Sportsfield opened.

1963 Laune Salmon Anglers re-Formed from 1912.

1964 Gap of Dunloe Industries Est., Grainneog/Mike Moriarty.

1965 Doyle family donate house/farm to Franciscan Sisters,Whitefield.

1966 Foundation Stone laid at Whitefield/Kerry Mountain Rescue Formed.

1967 Beaufort House/Norman Cameron from Craig/Short Castle.

1967 New Altar and Lectern, Fr. John B.Daly/Fr. Pat Sears to Kenmare.

1967 Danny Kissane FG, Elected to Kerry County Council, South Kerry.

1968 St. Mary of the Angels, Whitefield opened/New Oratory 1980/CCE.

1968 Drama Group won National Drama Prize/Pantomime,'Cinderella'.

1969/70/75 Brendan Lynch, 3 All Ireland Senior Medals.

1969 Bro. Michael L. O'Shea died at O'Shea's Gully, Corran Tuathail.

1970 Beaufort Community Council Established/from Muintir na Ti^o re.

1971 Tommy O'Sullivan built Ballyledder Grotto on Knockbrack.

1971 Darby Guerin built The Inn Between, Angler's Rest/Youth Club.

1972 New Parish Hall, Beaufort, £11,000/Drama Steve O'Shea, 'Parnell'.

1972 Beaufort Co. Novice Champions V Annascaul/ Inaugural Club Social.

1972 Parish Hall/Galvins, Bishop E.Casey/Ml. O'Callaghan Band, Cork.

1973 Paudi Lynch & John Coffey, U21 All Ireland Medals/Ball Alley closed.
1974 Numbers exceed 100, St. Mary of the Angels, Whitefield.
1974 Beaufort wins Mid Kerry Sen. League & Minor League V Glenbeigh.
1974/78/81 Paudi Lynch, 3 All Stars.
1975 Tommy O'Sullivan built Grotto on Cruach Moine.
1975/78/79/80/81 Paudi Lynch, 5 All Ireland Senior Medals.
1975 'Tradisiun' show by Steve Shea in Beaufort Parish Hall.
1976 Mid Kerry Championship Final V Laune Rangers/Fr. Pat Sears died.
1976 Margaret O'Doherty/O'Connor, All Ireland Senior Medal.
1976 Black Valley connected to the National Grid/Last connection in Ireland.
1977 Dan Coffey, All Ireland Medal U 21/Our Parish, published S. Coughlan.
1977 County Junior Championship Final V Gneevguilla.
1977 Mid Kerry Water Scheme from Hag's Glen/Fr. Jerome Dennehy P.P.
1977 Metal Cross replaced the Wooden Cross on Corran Tuathail.
1977 Michael 'Butty' Sugrue, Gortnascarry buried in Churchtown. Born 1924.
1978 Beaufort 3-in-a-Row Mid Kerry Senior Championships.
1978 Black Valley, last place in Ireland to get connection to National Grid.
1979 Trudy Joy, Gortnascarry, Gold Medal at Community Games/Long Jump.
1979 World Special Olympics/3 Medal Winners/St. Mary's of Angels.
1979 Beaufort 4-in-a-Row Mid Kerry Senior Championships/London trip.
1979 Beaufort Drama Group won Muintir na Tire Cup.
1980 County Intermediate Chmps./Final V Dingle/Cloon Pottery Est/2004.
1980 Mary Jo Curran & Nora Foley, All Ireland Minor Medals.
1981 Mary Jo Curran & Phil Curran, All Ireland Minor Medals.
1981 New Chalets opened Whitefield by Bishop Kevin McNamara.
1982-90,93 Mary Jo Curran Coffey, All Ireland Senior Medals.
1982 Beaufort 6th Mid Kerry Championships in 7 years./Kilgobnet P.O. Opens.
1982-86,88 Nora Foley/Hallissey, All Ireland Senior Medals.
1982-86,88 Lil Lawlor/O'Sullivan, All Ireland Senior Medals.
1983-90,93 Phil Curran All Ireland Senior Medals.
1983 Field bought to provide for Beaufort GAA pitch/Deelis Park opened.
1984 C-47 Skytrain Commemorative ceremony in Killarney/1944.
1984 Donal Hartnett, All Ireland Senior Medal/'83, All Ireland Junior Medal.
1985 Banlune House/Reeks sold/Richard Magillicuddy to P. O'Sullivan.
1985 Opening of Pairc O'Coislaigh in, GAA Park/Publication of Beaufort GAA.
1985 The Black Valley New National School Opened/Scoil Coimin Dubh.
1987 Teacher's Strike for new school in Kilgobnet.
1988 Beaufort GAA Clubhouse officially opened.
1990 First Telephone link to the Black Valley ... April 26th.
1991&92 Mary Jo, Phil Curran & Nora, All Ireland Senior 7-A Side Medals.
1991&94 John Brendan O'Brien, All Ireland Junior Medals/'88 Minor/'90 U21.
1992 Blennerhasset Estate sold/Beaufort Golf Club Est./Coolmagort Avenue.
1994 Brian Murphy, Michael Foley, Cormac O'Maille, All Ireland Minors.

1995 Beaufort Golf Course Opened, designed by Arthur Spring.
1996 Pat Falvey, Ballagh/Everest/7-Summits/2008 Sth.Pole/2009 Nth.Pole.
1996 Beaufort U14 won All Ireland Feile na nOg.
1996 Paddy Cahill's Shop/Undertaker Closes, Kilgobnet.
1997 Beaufort Ladies All Ireland Junior Club Championships.
1998 Beaufort wins first Mid Kerry Championships since 1982.
1999 Patrice Dennehy/Bernie Breen/Grainne O'Maille, U16 All Irl. Medals.
1999 Beaufort Park/Estate built/opened.
2000 Beaufort Pioneer All Ireland Quiz Team ... 2nd Place V Pallasgreen.
2000 Beaufort Club wins Centenary Year Intermediate Championships.
2003 Churchtown Park/Estate built/opened.
2003 New School Kilgobnet opened/Beaufort wins Co. Minor League Div 1.
2004 Beaufort Bowls Club and Tidy Towns Est./Orchard Park built/opened.
2005 St. Mary of the Angels to St. John of God Brothers/ Kilgobnet Close.
2006 Mike Moriarty, All Ireland Junior Medal/Beaufort Golf Course sold.
2008 Geadagh Bridge Reopened/M.Healy-Rae & J.O'Donoghue.
2010 Extension to Clubhouse. Kilgobnet Post Office, Breen's, Closes.
2011 Mary Ann Doherty, U16 All Ireland Medal/Beaufort Beekeepers.
2012 Mike O'Shea, Ice Project/Mountaineer and Explorer.
2012 McGillycuddy Reeks Community Trust Established/MRCT.
2014 Liam Carey, All Ireland Minor Medal/Beaufort Camera Club.
2015 Fay&Hannah O'Donoghue/Fiadhna Tangney/Tara Breen,U16 All Irl.
2015/16 Mike Breen, All Ireland Minor Medals/Cross Corra n Tuathail
erected. 2016 Hannah O'Donoghue/Fiadhna Tangney/Tara Breen,U16 All
Ireland.
2016 Unveiling of Centenary Plaque, 1916-2016, Poblacht na hEireann.
2016 Beaufort won Mid Kerry Senior Final V Milltown.

LÉIM AN COILEACH

Iomann nua bhlian

solas na gréine ar breacha an lae,
brúchta tré scoilte ... I rún sa gcarnán;
casadh an rotha 's tréimhsenua-rugadh,
dócas im chroí ar deireadh an fomhar.

léim an choilligh as seo ann amach,
céim an coiligh is fadaigh an lá,
léim an choilligh as seo ann amach,
dorcadas scaipe ... nua-bhlian ag teacht.

trasna na sléibhte sinnte I bhfad uaim,
cogar na mara, na réaltaí a mhúscailt
grian lag ag titim faoi bun na spéartha
ag moladh arís obair an lae.

geallach lan gléghil ag méadú go chiúin,
fiach dub ag eirí ó moher go suan,
rí na Blianta go marbha, bainnte
bandia ag fógairt solas an lá.



Unknown

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