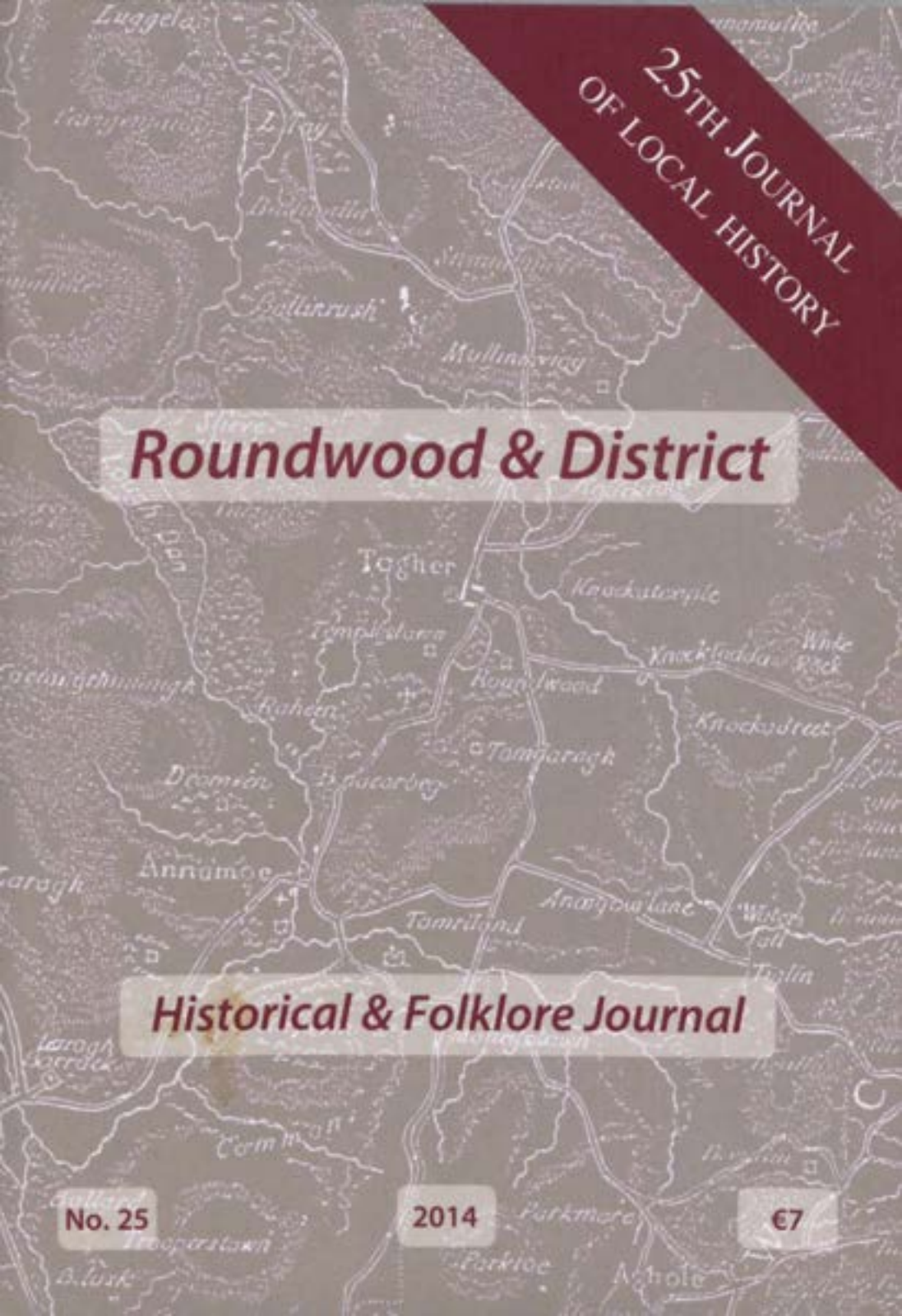
25th Journal of Local History
Roundwood & District
Historical & Folklore Journal
No. 25
2014
€7

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Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society

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From The Chair

Christy Plunkett

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you to the Society's 25th Journal and it is wonderful to be able to celebrate such a landmark publication. I am sure that the original committee would be very proud to see that the society is in such good health, that the journal they started so long ago is still being produced and sent around the world. I would like to thank all of the members, both past and present, who have brought us to being one of the foremost historical societies in the county.

I would like to thank Chris Corlett, the archaeologist, historian and author, who kindly launched our 24th journal on Saturday 16 November in the Parish Centre. Later that month, Cathal MacOireachtaigh gave a very insightful talk on *Historical Walks though Upland Wicklow* with many illustrations of well known local landmarks. To round off the

year, a number of members of the Society gathered for our annual dinner in the Roundwood Inn – a very enjoyable event.

In view of the potential for bad weather in Roundwood at that time of the year, we decided to arrange a special evening of traditional verse, story-telling and music in Vartry House with all local input for our first event of 2014. This evening was such a success that everyone decided that this event should be repeated at some time in the future.

At the AGM on 24 February, Monica Farrell was elected secretary in place of Cathal MacOireachtaigh, who I would like to thank for all of the work that he has done for the Society over the past 2 years. Gladly we are not losing him from the committee as he is taking over as PRO from Colm Galligan. Colm has been a mainstay of the Society for many years and we appreciate the valuable work that he has done on our behalf. Derek Neilson was elected as vice chairman in place of Joe McNally, who we are sorry to lose from the committee.

In March Chris Corlett returned to give us a talk on *New Thoughts on St Kevin and Glendalough*, a subject on which it is always interesting to hear fresh views, being so local to us. Our April event was the first that the Society has held in Calary Church, which we used because of its wonderful acoustics. Grace Toland, Librarian at the Irish Traditional Music Archive, gave a multimedia presentation on the music and songs of Wicklow from the ITMA's collections and we also had a concert of traditional music, which added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Michael Seery gave a talk in May on *Education in County Wicklow*, a subject on which he is extremely knowledgeable. His talk was very enlightening with many details on individual schools and how education has developed in the county. The following month, Julian Walton, the well known historian from Waterford gave a talk entitled *1914 – Sleepwalking into War*, which was held two days after the centenary of the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand on 28 June 1914. Again this event was very well attended. I have been wondering, do leaders learn anything from history, as we appear to be repeating the same mistakes over and over again.

Our annual outing in July was a trip to Carlow, which is described later on in this journal. I would, however, like to thank those members of Carlow Historical and Archaeological Society for taking us on a

walking tour of the town and also to Cathal and John Medlycott for arranging such an interesting event.

A number of members of the Society were among a group taken on a walk of the Lead Mines at Glendassan by Dr Sharron Schwartz as part of Heritage Week. Although the weather was not what you would expect for late August, her talk on Wicklow's mining heritage was enhanced by being on the actual site of the mines. Our September event celebrated another anniversary as Dr Sean Duffy, Senior Lecturer in Medieval History at Trinity College marked the millennium since the death of *Brian Boru at the Battle of Clontarf.*

I would like to thank our patrons for their support, which is so vital to us and also to all members of the committee, who put in so much effort on behalf of the Society. We welcome all new members and any suggestions for forthcoming events and articles for our next journal.

Thank you all for your continued support of the Society and I hope that you enjoy reading our 25th journal.

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The Rocking Stone

Martin Timmons

On the eastern side of Luggala valley there formerly stood one of those extraordinary druidal remains called a 'Rocking Stone'. A large stone was placed on top of another so balanced that the smallest effort would shake it, and it was supposed to move itself in the presence of a guilty person. In some cases, the guilty person was placed under the stone which was made to vibrate over his head, and threaten death at any minute until he made a full confession of his guilt. In the year 1800, a party of soldiers passing by dislodged the 'Rocking Stone' from its pedestal, and it now lies some yards from its original position, deprived of its power of motion.

First published in Roundwood & District History and Folklore Society, Journal 1, Dec 1988.

How It All Began – The First Journal

Martin Timmons

In the spring of 1988, shortly after the establishment of the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society, the possibility of publishing articles of local historical interest was discussed. At the time the society had little funds and it seemed like an impossible task. However as there was much enthusiasm for the concept it was decided that members would try and contribute articles, no matter how small, in the hope that they could be published at some time in the future. Luckily, on retirement from South Africa, Dr. Kent and his wife Alice had arrived to live in Roundwood and were then active members of the society. When Dr. Kent intimated at a meeting that his son in Dublin had access to a high-tech photocopying machine which could possibly produce a simple journal at very low cost, enthusiasm grew. Among the talented members of the society at that time were; Leo Bowes, a journalist who had contributed many articles down the years to the Ireland's Own and other publications; Sheila Holt who wrote the Roundwood Notes for the Wicklow People and local schoolteacher Frank McGillick, all of whom knew how to use a pen. Mike Kenna, Annie Taylor and Pat Doyle were among those who suddenly relived their long lost schooldays by contributing short essays and articles. I had the task of collating and editing the little articles so enthusiastically contributed. Michael Larkin set about designing a cover which depicted Derralossary Church and President Childer's grave. As the site was of medieval origin and had served both religious communities and President Childers was a figure of recent national historical interest it was therefore deemed appropriate. In those pre-computer days Monica Farrell undertook the unenviable task of carefully typing up the articles which had then to be photocopied. It was with a lot of satisfaction that boxes of the little 'home-made' journal arrived in Roundwood. Because of the financial success of the first journal in the following years we were able to produce a more professional publication. Although we are now up to twenty-five editions, with numerous articles on local history and folklore produced, it is the humble first journal that has the most sentimental value for those involved in its production. Although many of those involved have now passed on, the little journal with the bright

yellow cover can still be found locally and across the globe, where people from the district reside. In the age of the internet perhaps the days of a printed journal are limited but the first journal stands as testimony to the communal spirit of a diverse group of people who came together with a mutual interest in the history and folklore of the area they lived in. Those were great times spent with great people that now stimulate great memories.

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1914 - Remembering Roundwood's Fallen

Claire Chambers

A Soldier's Grave

Then in the lull of midnight, gentle arms
Lifted him slowly down the slopes of death
Lest he should hear again the mad alarms
Of battle, dying moans, and painful breath.

And where the earth was soft for flowers we made
A grave for him that he might better rest.
So, Spring shall come and leave it sweet arrayed,
And there the lark shall turn her dewy nest

Francis Ledwidge

Woodenbridge World War 1 Memorial Park was opened in September 2014, at the site of John Redmond's speech 100 years ago. One stone displays the names of the Roundwood fallen. Carved on the entrance stone is The Soldier's Grave by Frances Ledwidge

The Riddle Of Remembrance

Mervyn Taylor

On 31st March 1954 at the age of 74 Miss Dulcibella Barton, Hazelbrook, Terenure Road West, Dublin, older sister of Robert Barton, signatory of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 6th December, 1921 gave a statement to the Bureau of Military History 1913-21. Document No W.S. 936 is signed with an X and the reason is clear in the final paragraph. ' … I was never arrested I am glad to say. I could not have endured being in gaol, used as I was to open air life. Yet I have been lying in bed here for the last twelve years suffering from arthritis. I am even unable to use my hands now'.

Dulcibella, like her brother Robert (Bob), is buried in Derralossary Churchyard, between Annamoe and Roundwood. As a young woman she and a friend had been on holiday in France in the summer of 1914. They visited a friend in a convent in Lourdes and Dulcibella recalled 'while I was there I heard the tocsin ringing out. That was a sign that war was declared'. As she remembered it they had great difficulty in getting back to Ireland, because 'all the trains were taken up with the transport of soldiers. The people around us thought we were English and rather scowled at us. I bought a piece of green ribbon and wore it on my coat and advised my Irish friend to do the same. The attitude of our neighbours changed at once. We succeeded in getting back through London which did not seem much upset by the war. Paris had seemed like a city of the dead. Before we left there we heard about the Angels of Mons'.In her statement to the Bureau Dulcibella refers to two of her younger brothers, Erskine and Thomas Barton who were buried in France. Tom, the youngest of the family, was in the 'first war' and served in Gallipoli and Suvla Bay. Erskine, she stated, 'was in both wars'. 'Neither of them had anything to do with the Irish War of Independence. There was also a sister, who was in this respect too a great contrast to Bob and me. She lived most of her life in England. She has a flat in Bath and has no interest in Ireland'.

No one took a statement from the unnamed sister in her flat in Bath to enquire as to her perspective on her Barton siblings. Perhaps it was because she had no interest in Ireland but perhaps it was because the union between Ireland and Britain had been broken and she did not approve. Her father, once a close friend of Parnell, had fallen out with

him over this same issue. On the weekend that the great war broke out 100 years ago it is, however, worth asking the question if Ireland, and Wicklow especially, might now take as much interest in the lives, and the sacrifices, of Erskine and Thomas Barton, as has been taken in the life of the most famous family member Robert Barton and of his double first cousin, Erskine Childers. Erskine Childers, who had warned Britain about the danger from Germany in his famous book 'Riddle of the Sands', managed both to run guns from Germany to Ireland in July 1914 in the cause of Irish nationalism and to fight with great bravery and skill with the British against Germany and it's allies in the great war which started the following month. That he then ended up fighting against both the British and the newly established Irish Free State and angered British and Irish alike is seen by many as part of a complex riddle. The historian Burke Wilkinson has, however, pointed out that there was no real riddle to Erskine Childers' life. In 'The Zeal of the Convert', she wrote that 'He was neither a devious nor a complicated man. The legends that have swirled about his name arose because his simplicity, his directness, taxed belief.' Robert Barton too showed some of the zeal of the convert although he lived to stand in Derralossary in November 1974 to witness the funeral of Erskine Childers junior as President of a Republic of Ireland. In August 1975 he too was buried in Derralossary.

Dulcibella Barton's statement in 1954 provides one perspective on the lives and deaths of her family members and, quite naturally given the context, focuses on the very small Irish war of independence, which killed a few thousand, rather than the great war which slaughtered millions and in which hundreds of thousands of Irish fought. Another, perspective does however suggest that 'The war took a heavy toll of the Barton family: in mid July 1916 (Robert) Barton's youngest brother, Thomas Eyre, was killed in the Somme offensive, and in August 1918 his remaining brother, Charles Erskine, died in France, both of them as officers in the Royal Irish Rifles'. Perhaps Dulcibella's memory was mistaken and (Charles) Erskine did not fight in WW2. It is the problem of remembrance. Age, cognitive decline, political and social perspective, winner or loser, access to documents, time to assess evidence; all influence what is remembered.

As we remember the Great War of 2014 and approach the 100th anniversary of the 1916 Rising I remember one event of my childhood.

Sitting in St Kevin's Bus in Barton's yard with my schoolmates from Derralossary National School as we were about to embark on a trip to Dublin Zoo paid for by Robert and Rachel Barton, who came out to wave us off. We sang a song which was made popular in the lead up to the 50th anniversary of the Rising, 'Off to Dublin in the Green'. I reflect on those moments in Barton's yard and on the long sad years that followed when the civil rights movement was driven to the margins by the Green and the Orange slow learners of civil strife. I marvel that two men, whose names are forever associated with my home village of Annamoe, should have ended up as negotiators of the Anglo-Irish Treaty. I hope I am right in believing that the sterile party divisions that ensued are now ending and that our politics can increasingly be debated on the merits of social and economic insights and programmes rather than on abstractions of nation and identity. Above all I think it is time that both the creative nobility and the destructive naivety of the Kipling like figure of Erskine Childers should be available on screen. David Puttnam, there is a film waiting for you to make.

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Barton, Robert Childers by Pauric J. Dempsey and Shaun Boylan. Accessed at http://treaty.nationalarchives.ie/wp-content/uploads/2011/11/Barton.pdf

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To Tell the Age of A Horse

To tell the age of any horse
Inspect the lower jaw of course
The six front teeth the tale will tell
Of every fear and doubt dispell.

Two middle nippers you behold
Before eight weeks two more will come
At eight months the corners cut the gum

The outside grooves will disappear
From middle two in just one year.
At two years the second pair.
At three the corners too are bare.

Black-Headed Gulls and Curlews in Moneystown Bog

Jack Byrne

I remember when hundreds of Black-headed seagulls came to nest and hatch their young on Moneystown and Park Bog. Why they only stayed two years and didn't return I don't know. They made hundreds of nests on the giant tree stumps which were uncovered when turf was cut from around them. The stumps were like islands surrounded by water in the cut-out turf holes. The nests were simple affairs; a hollow lined with sedge, each nest being only a foot or 18 inches from each other and usually containing four eggs. They would usually have laid, hatched and gone in the Spring before the turf cutting started. But they were vicious devils. We used to go now and again to see the nests but you would want to be prepared to run, especially if the young had hatched. They would scream and circle in their thousands right over your head like scud missiles. Maybe that's why yours truly was always a bit light on top. They used to follow us the whole way home screeching and going ballistic and then started to drop their bombs on us and a dirty stinking, sticky mess it was when it landed on your head and clothes. The curlews used to nest around the bog also but they have disappeared too and I miss them greatly for I loved the haunting lonesome call of the curlew.

Editorial Note:

According to Birdwatch Ireland, the Black-headed Gull normally nests on the ground in wetland areas, such as bogs and marshes. Adults have red legs, and in summer plumage, a dark brown hood on the head. In Ireland the Black-headed Gull is Red-listed due to its rapidly declining and localised breeding population. It is resident along all Irish coasts but the numbers breeding inland have declined dramatically, probably due to predation by the American Mink, which is a good swimmer and is able to access previously inaccessible nesting areas. Could the presence of the American Mink be the reason for the disappearance of the Black-headed Gull from Moneystown Bog as noted by Jack Byrne?

The Bracken Boys

Brian Byrne

Bracken was a short-lived, but highly-regarded rural drama series which launched actor Gabriel Byrne's career. Byrne's Bracken character, Pat Barry, had started life in The Riordans, the ground breaking rural drama which was an RTE staple for 14 years, from 1965 until 1979. The first series of Bracken was filmed in the Roundwood area during the summer and autumn of 1979. The series was created by Avoca resident Wesley Burrowes and was first broadcast in January 1980. Apart from Gabriel Byrne, Bracken also starred Dana Wynter, Neil Tobin and Joe Lynch. Bracken was replaced after just three seasons by Glenroe which ran for 18 seasons and which inherited the characters of Dinny and Miley Byrne from Bracken. This article first appeared in the Sunday Journal on 2 March 1980. (Martin Timmons)

The realism achieved by RTE's recent Bracken series was due in no small measure to two Roundwood farmers who live within a stone's throw from Derralossary churchyard, where the opening funeral scenes of the first episode were shot. Sean Malone and Norman Magee not only helped with advice on the script but also coached the actors, casted extras and organised agricultural props during the six-month run of filming in the Wicklow mountains last year. For both of them, working with the series was an eye-opener.' I never appreciated how much it took to make a film,' said Sean. 'I've often sat down to watch plays on TV but never gave much thought about what effort goes into making it.'

His involvement started with a phone call from script writer Wesley Burrowes in February last year. 'As a member of the IFA National Sheep Committee I'm often interviewed on radio whenever sheep farming is in the news.' He says. 'Wesley had heard me on one of the programmes and thought I might be able to help with advice on a new series he was writing.' After a meeting with producer Noel O'Brien and Louis Lentin, head of drama at RTE, Sean took on the job. 'Wesley Burrowes had the plot of the story all worked out,' he remembers. 'But I assisted him on the technical agricultural details.' 'He asked me to tell him what I as a sheep farmer would be doing week by week between June and November-the time covered by the story.'

One problem involved finding out when the June 'gather' would be. It can vary by as much as a fortnight each year, depending on when the subsidy to sheep farmers in disadvantaged areas is paid. RTE needed to book a helicopter to film the gather sequence, so Sean found out the subsidy date in advance through a contact in the department and then organised the gather, which involved about 700 sheep, with other local farmers. By the end of May the script was finished and from then he and Norman Magee worked with the actors and crew dong the filming. A week or 10 days before each shooting session they'd receive a running order from the producer, which included a prop list of agricultural items- maybe a half dozen sheep-skins, an old fashioned tractor or a bulldozer. 'Our job was to have all these things ready when they came', he says. 'It took a fair bit of time but we enjoyed it.' Six local farmers also had to be hired as extras for crowd scenes like the gather, the market or the pub. 'The real sheep farmer has a face of his own, particularly the older he gets.' says Sean, 'and I knew the faces.'

The series was filmed at intervals throughout the summer and autumn. Occasionally, he had to change his work plans to suit- such as the occurrence which called for an old-fashioned haymaking scene. 'I usually bale my hay,' he remembers. 'But I had to leave a corner of a field unbaled so that they could make it into cocks with buck rake and tractor.' And they coached the actors in farming chores, showing them how they do the jobs themselves. 'All in all they did very well,' says Norman.

All the scenes were shot in the Roundwood area, with the former home of Sean T O'Kelly, Roundwood Park, then owned by supermarket tycoon Galen Weston- as Daly's home and a derelict cottage, euphemistically named Charter House, as Pat Barry's home. Sean and Norman had to be on standby all the time filming was being done in case schedules were changed suddenly...and it took quite a toll of their normal working time. 'We adapted ourselves to it,' says Norman. 'We got up a little earlier of a morning or worked a bit harder every evening.'

They feel the plot really belonged to an earlier generation- particularly the family feuds. 'But if you went back 15 or 20 years you'd have no problem finding those situations' says Sean. But the theme of sheep rustling which ran through the series struck a chord with both of them-

it's one of the biggest problems facing the Wicklow sheep farmer. 'I've lost up to 40 in a season,' says Sean, who keeps up to 1,200 head on his 200 acres. 'They're going to backstreet butchers or are slipped into factories.' And it's particularly bad for farmers near the city because of the ready market and easy escape routes for the rustlers into the South Dublin suburbs. 'We co-operate with the guards in patrolling the area,' says Sean. 'If we see a van or a truck we always take the number so that if there's an incident the guards can check it out.'

From their point of view the filming of the series went generally smoothly and the only problem they can recall was when somebody burned the mouth of a pet lamb when trying to feed it with an overheated bottle. 'It was ages before he'd take the bottle again,' grins Norman. At the end of the series the question was left hanging whether Pat Barry would last through the winter. 'Well, it's been a mild winter so far,' says Sean. 'With a bit of luck he might just make it.'

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Old Skills – To Make a New Feather Pillow

If you want a feather pillow try this, Make your pillow covering from a good strong ticking - linen for preference. Rub the inside well with common household soap, and turn to the right side. Each time you pluck poultry (and of course you will have scalded the fowl before you pluck) put your fine breast feathers into a paper bag and hang out in the sun to dry. When dry, pop them into you pillow case and secure the top with a safety pin. Cover your case with an old pillow slip to keep it clean and hang up anywhere out of the way. You will be surprised just how soon your pillow will be ready for sewing up. Of course, if time permits you can strip your pin feathers down and use these also. If you put them at each plucking into a paper bag it is a nice wet day job for the children and a good lesson for them as well.

Land Transactions in Castlekevin 1711-1819

Jim Doyle

Just over two hundred years ago in 1813 Charles Frizell of Castlekevin had a search made in the Registry Office in Dublin 'of all the Deeds affecting the lands of Castlekevin.' A further search was made in 1817, presumably to update the earlier one. A three-page list was produced but on the reverse of the cover an additional transaction was noted relating to 1819. Consequently the information recorded can be considered to cover the one hundred and nine year period of 1711-1819 and makes interesting reading for any person studying the local history of the Roundwood district. Dr. Charles Frizell MD was the second generation of the Frizell family to be associated with Castlekevin, having inherited the lands on the death of his father in 1812. The search was carried out shortly after he received his inheritance. This privately-commissioned list was kept within the Frizell family and passed down the generations. As far as I am aware there is no copy available in any of Ireland's national repositories. The copy in my possession was kindly given to me some years ago by the grandson of W H Frizell, the last of the family to own Castlekevin, which was sold by him in 1921.

On the original list, the book, page and section of where each transaction's record can be located within the Registry Office system is cited along with the date; but of these only the date of each entry is recorded here. The actual list is not in chronological order in some parts. There are seventy-three entries in the list. Two of the entries need to be deducted, these being the ones included despite 'being in no way[s] connected/concerned with Castle Kevin.' One also needs to be added as the first entry of 1813 referring to 'Assignment of Annuities,' refers to two separate assignments, not one. Hence, between 1711 and 1813 there were seventy-two transactions carried out which involved the Townland of Castlekevin. These years covered the last three years of the reign of Queen Anne (and hence the last three years of the Stuart dynasty), the reigns of George I and George II and all but the final year of George III (1760-1820).

Each entry on the list gives only the barest of details of each transaction but each deed would surely yield a wealth of information if available in its entirety. Even the outlines are full of legal terminology, much of which the average reader would be hard put to understand. The list contains words and expressions such as; *equity of redemption, assignment of interest, conveyance, reconveyance, remembrancer, jointure, consideration, marriage portion, devisee* etc. etc. The first entries, which cover the years from 1711 to 1730, illustrate this:

1711	Temple to Turney- lease for 999 yrs For £685 rent-£47 first 5 years £50 next 31 years and £55 remainder of Term.
1712	Lease 31 yrs from Turney to Toole.
1721	Turney to Batter MtGage £180 & £50.
1723	Turney to Batter conveying equity of redemption.
1729	Mortgage- Batter to Rose for 99 yrs from 1 May 1730.
1730	Temple and wife to Coome a Deed making....Tenant to? prescribe? Manor of Castlekevan lands of Ballinastow.Temple and wife to Freeman- Manor of Castlekevan lands of Togher.

Over the one hundred and nine year time span, the average rate of transactions was one in every two or three years. The greatest number of transactions in any one year is six, in 1792. The gaps between the transaction years also show wide variation, ranging from none at all, to eighteen between 1745 and 1764. Some of the transactions would have depended on personal circumstances such as a marriage settlement, apportion (dowry), the death of a landowner who was intestate (left no will), a poor investment, the settling of a gambling debt or the losing or winning of a court case. With reference to the last instance, the first 1789 entry refers to a George Sale as a plaintiff and a person named Ayres as a defendant.

Could circumstances outside of purely personal ones have also contributed? By this I refer to national political and economic circumstances. Why was there only one transaction during the thirty-four year period on 1730-1764? Were the rich English 'Ascendancy' landowners still suffering financially as a result of the 'South Sea Bubble' of 1720? Were they affected by the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745?

Had they become somewhat impoverished by the Seven Years War which started in 1756? Probably the most significant decade for Ireland was the 1790s. Comparing the five years previous to the 1798 Rebellion (1793-1797) to the five years after (1799-1803), there were seven transactions in the former but only three in the latter, which is a reduction of more than half. There was no land transaction in 1798 and the Rebellion seemingly affected transactions for some years afterwards.

The seventy two transactions feature forty seven surnames and one title; the third Duke of Portland, William Henry Cavendish-Bentinck. He was born in 1738, became the third Duke in 1762 and died in 1809. He was a Knight of the Garter (KG) a British Whig and Tory statesman. He was British prime minister on two occasions 1776 to 1777 and from 1807 to 1809 and a great-great-great grandfather of Queen Elizabeth II. Of the surnames featured most appear only once, many just a few times while a small number are quite prolific. The most common surname is Frizell which appears 17 times between 1789 and 1819. The second most frequent name to occur is Ayres which features 13 times followed by Sempill (11), Batter (8) Bathuurst (7) and Wybrants (6).The full list of surnames mentioned is as follows: *Ayres-Bacon-Ball-Bamford-Bathuurst-Batter-Benticks-Bigley-Borbrige-Byrne-Carroll-Coombe-Dodd-Farrow-Fawcett-Ferguson-Freeman-Frizell-Goslin-Hanley-Harding-Holmes-Holt-Kennedy-King-Lawson-Lyons-McMahon-Mercer-Merrigann-Murray-Ormsby-Perce-Piers-Rose-Rutherford-Sale-Sempill-Smith-Stewart-Temple-Toole-Truman-Turney-Weekes-Williams-Wybrants.*

The Wybrants surname appears between 1756 and 1800. There is however, no mention of Christopher who was father to John (Jack), Christopher and Mary. Christopher was one of a number of loyalists (including Charles Frizell) to be burnt out of their homes in 1798. The name Freeman occurs twice, in 1730 and 1794 and Robert Freeman was also burned out in 1798 with his home listed as being in Tomriland. Much the same can be said in relation to Harding. The name Harding occurs twice in 1781- a Henry and Joseph Harding lost their Tomriland House in 1798. Joseph Harding gave evidence at the trial of rebel Neil Devitt in 1799.

The Temple family are also mentioned. There were four Temple related transactions between 1711 and 1745. The Temple family, along with the

Bentincks and others had large estates in Ireland. The 1711 and 1730 deeds could have involved Henry Temple MP (1673-1757). He was Baron Temple in Ireland and was also the first Viscount Palmerstown (created 1723). However, it is possible that it involved his brother John Temple (1675-1752). The Temple referred to in the 1745 transaction could have been either of the aforementioned or Richard Temple MP, second son of Henry Temple who died in 1749, his older brother having pre-deceased him in 1740.

The surname Weekes appears only once, in the year 1789. This could be James Weeks who played a part in the capture of fugitive rebel Andrew Thomas in the aftermath of the 1798 Rebellion. The name Coutts also appears just once-in 1812. This family were bankers and the private bank of Coutts continues today. It is based in London and handles, among others, the account of Queen Elizabeth II.

The seventh entry of 1792 states, *'C. Frizell to Mick Smith'*. The location of this deed in the original list is given as; Book 617, Page 182, Section 422142. I also have in my possession a typewritten copy of a *'Memorial of an indented date of lease bearing the date fourteenth day of August one thousand eight hundred and nine'*. It records Charles Frizell's leasing 26 acres of Castlekevan to Michael Smith and states...*'signed twentyfifth of March'*... This memorial's location is given as; Book 617, Page 182, Memorial 422142. Apart from the word 'Section' being used in the former and 'Memorial' in the latter, the list numbers are identical, so this must refer to the same deed. Why is the year 1792 claimed as the relevant year in the list but 1809 as the year in the memorial? Why is the memorial dated as August but states that it was signed in March? The reason could simply be that the original lease was signed in March 1792 and the memorial or memo was taken in August 1809.

Willmount House is mentioned twice in the transactions. It is known that this house was burnt down by the rebels in 1798. Charles Frizell was living there at the time and narrowly escaped with his life. As this Charles Frizell first acquired a financial interest in Castlekevin House in 1789 it is unclear when during this 9 year period he bought the house as the transaction concerned does not appear on the list drawn up. In 1778 Willmount House with the name W F Ayres appended, is shown on Taylor and Skinner's map which was Ireland's first road map.

(RDHFSJ 24, 7). Presumably Ayres sold to Hanley sometime between 1778 and 1781 because Hanley conveyed Willmount House to Lawson in 1781. The second entry for Willmount House in 1792 states: 'Merrigan & Truman willmount no use'. This is quite an obscure summary and sheds little light on the situation. How did Merrigan and Truman become involved; what is the meaning of the phrase 'no use'; what was the nature of their involvement with Charles Frizell? These mysteries could possibly be explained by a thorough examination of the full deeds in the Land Registry in Dublin. The last entry in the list relates to 1819 and simply states: Lyons sells to Frizell.

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Self Contentment

Leo Bowes

I sit beside the river near the bridge at Annamoe
And gaze into its waters as musically they flow
My thoughts take flight as the river swirls along in perfect harmony
For I fell in love with Wicklow and left Dublin far behind
To live amid lush scenery that brought me peace of mind.
The bustling streets, the milling crowds are now all in the past
Bird song at morn now awakens me, for I've found my peace at last.
No more the awful traffic jam, the heart-throbbing lunch hour rush
Instead the heavenly peace and quiet and scenery so lush
Bracing winds and scented breezes descend on me
Lovely Laragh, Annamoe and Castlekevin make me feel so joyfully.
And as I wander o'er green fields and glens and purple-crested hills,
I offer prayers of thanks to him who created all these things.

Children Perish in Aghowle House-Fire 1905

Margaret Connolly

For centuries our rural Irish townlands existed as small closely knit communities of farmers and labourers, who lived and worked together. As the land passed on from one generation to the next, so too did the local history, knowledge, and stories of the area, and as a result each townland had its own unique oral historical record. In recent decades due to the changes in farming and rural living, I fear the local history and knowledge of our townlands is in danger of being lost forever. So to do my small part in its preservation, I am trying to record the local history of the townland of Aghowle, where I grew up. This townland is situated about a mile east from Moneystown and approximately four miles west of the village of Ashford. The period of Aghowle's history that I am hoping to record is from around 1798 to about 1980. During the course of my research I discovered information concerning a tragic incident that occurred in the townland. When I was a child in the 1960s my father used to speak of this tragedy involving two children who were burnt in their cottage under Carrick Mountain, while their mother went to buy bread. My father is now long gone, and I realised recently I knew very little about who these children were, or when the tragedy had occurred. So by consulting newspaper reports in the National Library, and other records, I have been able to piece together their story.

In the 1901 census there were six houses recorded in Aghowle Upper. House no.6 was a two roomed thatched cottage, and living there were John Doyle, a farm labourer, his wife Mary, and their one year old daughter Mary. This cottage was situated 4 fields in from the main Aghowle road, near the foot of Carrick Mountain. Records show that in May 1899, John Doyle and Mary Mansfield, who was then aged 17, were married in Saggart, Co Dublin. Later that year when their baby daughter Mary was baptised in Ashford Chapel, the couple were living in Aghowle, and two of their local neighbours, Ephraim Faulkner and Mary Anne Short, were recorded as sponsors for the child. Between April 1901 and 1905 the couple had two more children, boys named John and Patrick. On the afternoon of 28 September 1905 a terrible

tragedy befell this family in their cottage at Aghowle. A local newspaper, the *Wicklow Newsletter*, on 30 September 1905 reported on the horrifying events as follows:

Tragic Death Of Two Children On Carrig Mountainside locked in and Roasted Alive in a Cottage – A Pathetic Incident

On Thursday evening, a shocking tragedy took place by Carrig mountainside, some four miles from Ashford, and about a quarter of a mile from Ballycullen main road up a hill. A labourer named John Doyle, aged about 40 years, resided with his young wife and three children in a thatched cottage on the land of Mr S Rutledge, Wicklow. Doyle worked for the small farmers around him, while his wife earned a few pence rearing fowl, besides minding the children and house. As usual, the father left home in the early morning for his work, and returned about five in the evening to find two of his children burned beyond recognition, the house and all its contents entirely consumed, along with some £8 in cash, which had been hidden away in a delph jug. A heartrending and pathetic scene was then witnessed. In one corner of the room lay two small black figures, the charred remains of Doyle's two children – Mary, aged 6, and John, aged 2. The body of the child, Mary, was lying against that of her little brother, as if she would protect him from the cruel flames, and her arms- or what remained of them- were raised as if embracing him. She had evidently thrust him under the iron bed in the corner, in hope of rescue before the burning roof would fall in on them. It appears that Mrs Doyle went down to the main road to meet the bread van, taking her baby with her, and leaving the other children shut up in the room. There was no fire on the hearth, and there appeared not the least danger. During her absence the house caught fire from some cause or other, and before anything could be done to rescue the children, the roof fell in, and the whole cottage was a mass of burning flame.

Yesterday, [29 September]*an inquest was held on the bodies by Mr James Murray, J P, Coroner for East Wicklow, in the farmhouse of Mr Jeremiah Farrell, which is situate by the roadside, at Aghowle Upper. The bodies of the children had been conveyed upon a door down to Mr Farrell's barn, and were there viewed by the jury. Head constable*

White, of Wicklow, Sergeant Wills, Constables Brennan and Madden, of Ashford, were in attendance. The following were sworn on the jury- Messers George Byrne, RDC foreman: James Turner, John Turner, Denis Turner, Thomas Shannon, Thomas Shannon jun, Andrew Byrne, James Toole, John Colquhoun, William Byrne, Michl. Doyle, and Thomas Edge.

The first witness was Mary Doyle, a woman of about 30 years of age, mother of the deceased children. She stated that shortly after 4 o'clock she left the cottage to meet the bread cart on the main road. Before leaving, she placed the two children in the bedroom, latching the door upon them. She then took the baby in her arms and went for the bread. She was about three-quarters of an hour away. When she was returning she saw fire bursting from the kitchen chimney at the back of the house, and knowing that there was no fire upon the hearth when she left, she became alarmed and hastened to the cottage. There she found the house was in flames. She saw two of her neighbours- Mr Farrell and Mr Edge – trying to force the door in. She told them about the children inside, and they burst in the door, but could go no further. Once a week the bread cart passed, and she was in the habit of leaving the children in the cottage while she went for the bread.

Mr Farrell, examined, stated that, observing flames from the cottage roof, he and Mr Edge ran to the spot. They burst in the door but could see nothing but fire. The roof then fell in. Sergeant Wills, examined, said the occurrence having been reported to him, he, accompanied by Constable Terrett and Brennan, hastened to the scene. They found the whole cottage burnt to the ground, and that the roof and portion of the walls had fallen in. They commenced to look for the bodies of the children, and after some time succeeded in finding them under a bedstead in the corner of the room. The bodies were very much burnt: in fact everything in the room had been consumed.

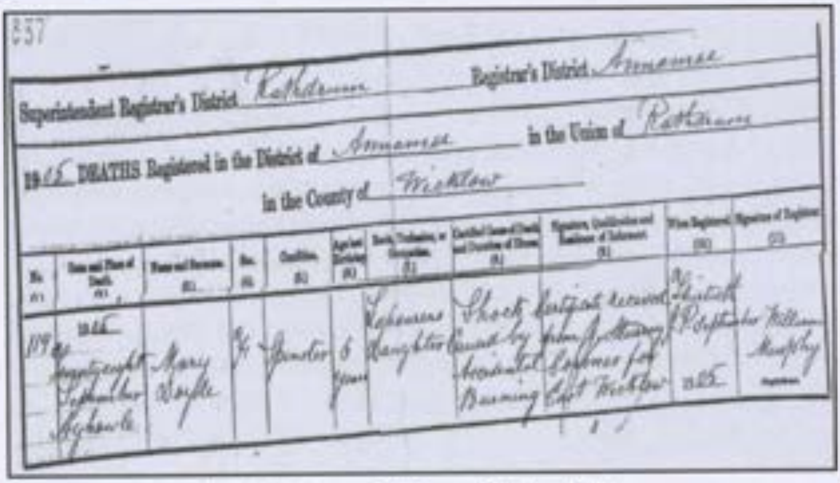
Dr J H. Halpin, medical officer of Wicklow, deposed that he made a superficial examination of the bodies. They were greatly burned, and death was due to shock from the extensive burns received.

The Coroner said it appeared to him to have been an accident, pure and simple. Whether the mother had acted wisely by shutting the children up by themselves in the room, was a matter of opinion, but she appears to have done the same thing many times before. She stated that there was

no fire upon the hearth, but it was likely that the children may have found matches, and there was no telling what children, when left alone, will do. Where the jury of the opinion that the fire was accidental?

Foreman- Yes, and that we leave no blame to anyone.

A verdict was then returned in accordance with the medical evidence. At the close, Mr George Byrne made an appeal to the jury and those present for some small subscription to assist the unfortunate parents, who had lost everything they had in the world. They were without clothes, food, money or a home, and this was one of the hardest cases he had ever met, and he hoped a generous public would help in the effort to provide Doyle and his poor wife with a fresh start in life. The appeal was responded to by everyone present.


Superintendent Registrar's District Rathdrum — Registrar's District Annamoe
1905 DEATHS Registered in the District of Annamoe in the Union of Rathdrum
in the County of Wicklow

Death Certificate of the 6 year Old Mary Doyle

Extracts of this harrowing *Wicklow Newsletter* report were published by some British newspapers in the days following the event. The *Lichfield Mercury* of Staffordshire in England, published the article on 6 October 1905. The foreman of the jury, George Byrne was a local Rural District Councillor and the other men that were sworn on the jury can all be identified as neighbours of the Doyle family, from the townlands of Aghowle and Ballycullen. This indicates that many of the local men were gathered on the day at Farrells' small farmhouse for the inquest. It is likely that many of the local women folk were there too, to support and comfort Mary Doyle. Mary was a young woman of twenty four years of age at the time and three of her close neighbours were, like

herself, mothers of young children, all three had given birth within the previous year. Sarah Farrell had three children, Martha Edge two, and Annie Connolly had just given birth to her first child a few months earlier. The death certificates for the children were issued on Saturday 30 September. The office of registrar for the Annamoe district was then located at the home of William Murphy at Mullinaveigue in Roundwood and it was he who signed the certificate stating that the deaths were as a result of shock caused by accidental burning.

I was curious to know how the Doyle family had fared after this terrible tragedy, so it was heartening to discover in the 1911 census that John and Mary Doyle were recorded living in house no.6 in the neighbouring townland of Ballycullen. Patrick, the infant that Mary had carried with her on the day of the fire, was now attending school, and the couple had two more children, Catherine aged four, and Mary aged one. The family were living in a four roomed house, which was described in the census returns as having a non-thatched roof.

The Farrell cottage at Aghowle Upper where the inquest was held in 1905 is still part of the townland today, and while it has been upgraded and extended over the years, it would not appear very different from the farmhouse of 1905. Also some of its farm buildings still remain, but the barn where the bodies of the children were laid out for the inquest was dismantled in the 1970s. The 1911 census returns for Aghowle Upper show that the Doyles cottage where the tragedy occurred was not rebuilt. So after a number of years no physical reminder of the fire existed, but the folk memory of the incident in which two small children lost their lives remained. Over 60 years later, when I was a child, their deaths were still spoken of by the local people, and remembered with great sadness.

NOTE: I would love to hear from anyone who has any photographs, stories, or memories, relating to the townland of Aghowle, or the people that farmed and lived here. Contact details: Margaret Connolly Ph: 087 2392313, or email familyroots@topmail.ie

Garden Party at Áras An Uachtárain

Teresa Healy

This story began in the autumn of 2012. My husband Tommy and I were in the National Concert Hall and President Higgins was also in attendance. During the interval after being persuaded by Tommy, I approached the President and introduced myself. I told him I had worked in the kitchen of Áras an Uachtaráin from1959 to1961, during the presidencies of Sean T. O' Kelly and Eamonn DeValera.

President Higgins enquired if I would like a return visit; he introduced me to his secretary Kevin Mc Carthy who was with him. Kevin suggested I write to him with some information of myself. I duly did this and received an acknowledgement of my letter.

At the end of May this year I received an invitation to a community-day Garden Party at Áras an Uachtaráin for myself and three guests. My husband Tommy, my daughter Catherine and her husband Oran accompanied me to the Garden party, on Saturday 12th July 2014. This was a memorable experience. Thinking back to fifty five years ago it would have been unthinkable that a member of the domestic staff would be an invited guest all these years later. For me it was a historical moment, and a sign of how our nation has grown through the years. Many of the staff were very interested in my story of having worked there, and were pleased to tell me of how things are now.

I was interested in aspects of the house that had changed; for example the carpets in the State Rooms had been predominately blue and gold which are the Presidential colours. President McAleese had some of them changed and replaced the blue with green. The first carpets were woven by Donegal carpets in Killybegs, Co. Donegal and the same looms were used for the present carpets although the factory is now closed. The dining room table is now a much smaller one. It is the table that was used for the first Government Cabinet meeting in the Mansion House; it then moved to Leinster House and later to Áras an Uachtaráin I enquired where the original table was and learned that it is now in furniture restoration.

Many functions previously hosted in Áras an Uachtaráin are now hosted in Farmleigh House, Phoenix Park.

The kitchen gardens are now completely organic, I am not sure if this is a change from 1959, as there were very little artificial fertilizers at that time. There are some new features to the grounds which enhance the front entrance.

Garden Parties were the highlight of the summer at Áras an Uachtaráin during the presidency of Sean T. O'Kelly. There may not have been as many as there are now, but still were significant events at the time.

On most Saturdays of the year there are tours commencing at the visitors centre in the Phoenix Park to Áras an Uachtaráin where visitors are given a tour of the State rooms.

It is advisable to check before travelling as other events will take precedence.

These tours were commenced by President McAleese after a visit by Mo Mowlan, Secretary of State to Northern Ireland, who remarked that it was unfortunate that such a beautiful and historic house was not open to the public.

Oran Symes, Sabina Higgins, Teresa Healy, President Higgins, Catherine Symes, Tommy Healy

Glimpses of the 'Long Fellow' – Stephen Kennedy

Frank McGillick

My first glimpse of Long Stephen was early July 1972. I was settling into my new home near Sally's Bridge on the main Kilmacanogue/Glendalough road. As I glanced out of the front window towards the road a herd of maybe a dozen cattle ambled down the road grazing the grass on the roadside. Taking up the rear of this came Stephen standing upright in his cart, reins in hand, driving a big mare, and shouting powerful commands at the inattentive cattle. He didn't give a damn about the irate car drivers. In fact his replies were short and sharp telling them all where they could go as this was 'Kennedy' country and they could lump it. He was perfectly balanced shouting vivid instructions to the docile horse as she clopped towards the low hump-backed bridge. He was the modern 'Ben Hur' oblivious to cars or bikes as he guided his cattle towards newer pastures. My very first impression and introductions was a throw back to when I was a child in County Meath in the 1940's – few cars but plenty of horses and carts. Stephen was a big tall bony man, a strong man, with a rugged face and a very loud voice who seemed used to shouting at both humans and animals. It was my very first sighting of Stephen from Kennedy's Lane, Sraghmore. It was a whole new beginning for me in the land under the shadow of Djouce Mountain.

Having settled down in the community I became acquainted with my friendly neighbours up and down the road. I ventured to ask about the gruff man who upped and down the road with the horse and cattle herd. He seemed to move the herd on a daily basis. This movement of beasts was almost ritualistic with Stephen. I was to find out the reason for constant relocations as time passed by. Both my neighbours and myself along the road from Ballinastoe crossroads to the village would encounter these animals in close proximity in the course of future years.

Stephen always classified himself as a true 'cattleman' – definitely not a shepherd. Cattle need grass or grain to sustain themselves from starvation. Providing grass or hay was Stephen's dilemma. He did not have enough land to sustain a herd the size of his. He also seemed to expect grass to grow of its own accord without seeding and very little fertilizing. He did not fence off fields in order to allow meadows to fully

grow. The one field that he allowed to grow, he got only a small crop of hay. Come late autumn, cold winter, early spring, Stephen's cattle were in poor shape. He had many losses due to starvation. He rarely sold any cattle and as summer progressed into autumn and winter Kennedy's cattle had real hunger pangs.

Stephen had interesting solutions to the acute fodder shortage. Firstly the herd grazed the 'long acre' – both sides of the main road between Ballinastoe and Roundwood Village by day and night. That left big road hazards for car drivers on one of the busiest main roads in Ireland. The local Garda Sergeant and his staff were developing high blood pressure when reports constantly arrived in the station in Roundwood Village. The Gardai did their almighty best when trying to curb the 'king of the long acre'. These nocturnal bovine wanderings proved a big problem on that stretch of road, even for a modern police force!

A second solution was neighbourhood lawns, gardens or indeed other farmers' fields with fresh grass. Who could blame the bullocks? They were in dire need of nourishment, wherever it was to be found. People closed and locked their gates at night. What a pleasant surprise there was in the morning when the householders were awoken by the lowing of cattle encamped in their lawns, gardens and pathways. Stephen's excuse invariably was that the cattle broke out of the field and entered the neighbour's garden because the gates were left open. How these garden gates opened themselves in the middle of the night still remains the eighth wonder of the world. The best way to describe Long Stephen was a once off local rogue whose character was larger than life. Some locals might enjoy that description of the man and some might not.

However, Kennedy's exploits were much more expansive than just free-ranging cattle grazing. He hailed from a very respectable family who worked and farmed at Sraghmore townland. The family lived down Kennedy's Lane near the Sally Gap junction road. Stephen was the youngest and only boy. He had three sisters. He was known to the family as 'Sonny'. He was probably spoiled as the only boy and this seemed to have a bearing on his character and personality even into adulthood. He attended Annacarter National School but never completed his education there because of a disagreement with his teacher. He walked out and refused to return and worked at home on the small farm. Two of his sisters went to live and work in Dublin. They

later married and had happy lives. One sister, Ciss, remained all her life at the home place.

After their parents died Ciss kept home for Stephen. She was a caring sister who showed great care and patience with Stephen until she passed away herself. Stephen worked for the Wicklow County Council roads section. He used his own horse and cart while working on the roads. Again there were many humorous tales told about Stephen while he worked on the roads. Eventually he left the County Council works to devote his life to his cattle.

Stephen was one of the most colourful characters that graced the highways, byways and pubs of Roundwood. He could be very extrovert in his approach to people irrespective of wealth, rank or social status. There was no knee bending or cap in hand with this big man. You got what you saw – take it or leave it. He wasn't a handsome man. He was big, rough looking and with little or no sight in one eye. His speech was somewhat rough, but very articulate and he formulated words, phrases and speeches unique to only himself. He would refer to himself as 'Kennedy'. I never heard him call himself Stephen; always 'Kennedy'. Neither did he use the pronoun 'I' when speaking about himself – 'we' the 'royal we' e.g. 'We went into Roundwood last night'.

He was clever as a pet fox and foolishly some people misjudged him by his appearance and speech but little did they comprehend Stephen's natural intelligence and guile. He was an impossible man to categorize into a certain slot of personality because he would prove you wrong in your judgment. He was the pimpernel of Sraghmore and Roundwood, forever on the move and never predictable.

Supplementing his career as a beef farmer he also involved himself and his dear old mare in the world of filmmaking and TV drama. He did walk on parts in the 'Bracken' series for RTE, filmed in and around the Roundwood district. He also shone alone in crowd scenes and pub scenes. He also hired the mare to a large film set making an epic film involving horses charging through fire etc. Having witnessed the first few 'takes' he withdrew his horse as he felt it was unsafe for 'Dolly Mare'. He did feel very proud about his involvement promoting the whole TV and movies made in Wicklow. Stephen did not hide his talent for singing and would voice his favourite rendition of 'Patsie Fagan' to any audience in the local hall, community centre or public house if

asked to do so and received many free drinks and plaudits for his efforts. He would render his favourite party piece each year at the annual Christmas Party of the Roundwood and District Old Folks gathering usually held in the Vale View Hotel near Avoca. One year he refused to sing because earlier 'Santa' included a verse about 'Kennedy's Texan long horns' grazing in the other man's grass by the roadside. He put a total embargo on 'Patsie Fagan' that night.

On the same subject, one summer he entered a singing competition as part of the Roundwood Festival. He reached the final with other contestants on the Sunday night. I wasn't present that night. On Monday morning I bumped into Stephen and enquired how he did in the final. I received my answer swiftly without embellishments or details 'A little low-arsed thing from Bray won' and continued on his way to care for his cattle. It was only a fun competition but Stephen was a sore looser if he did not come out on top.

Stephen's attitude towards women folk was the product of earlier times and maybe life with loving and caring sisters, women were here to serve the men. For example often during mid morning Stephen did house visitations in order to gossip and more importantly to be fed. He rarely cooked a breakfast for himself – it was easier if a neighbour's wife provided the goods. He would call at a neighbour's door with more or less the same mantra 'Hello Mary, we have been up since six o clock with a sick cow and haven't had time for a bite to ate, I wonder if I could inveigle a cup of tae and a bit of bread'. 'Come in and sit down Stephen' – a big fry followed by a long chat. Then down the road to the next suitable abode. Repeat performance rounding off a second breakfast. Further down the road another friendly housewife is disturbed from the morning chores on hearing knocking on the door. For Stephen a third wholesome breakfast on the same morning – 'O happy man'!

It's coming towards noon – leap on a bike and hit the village hostelry – drink a short-one and a glass of Guinness – who shall I visit for a late lunch -'O happy man'! Another neighbourly gesture of Stephen's was to tap on the first neighbour's door. When answered he would extract from his pockets a parcel of mincemeat and a tin of ambrosia rice or tapioca. 'Could you fry the mate and hate the rice as I was in the village on business and haven't had a minute to cook a proper male and the gas cylinder just ran out. Not a bit to ate all day'. Sure enough Stephen

would depart the good neighbour's house a fully satisfied customer –'O happy man'! Above everything else Stephen's call to fame rests with his remarks, sayings, speeches and statements about people and events, situations and local happenings. His personal insights into others were razor sharp and he could express himself with a wit all of his own. We all came under the lash of his tongue if we became objects of his ire. I shall give the readers a few examples of Stephen's descriptive imagery.

One damp misty morning at about eleven o'clock the doorbell of my house rang. The only one in was my eighty-year-old mother in law, a retired teacher, with all her faculties fully operational. She answered the front door. There stood 'The wreck of the Hesperus', alone and palely loitering, the bould Stephen in the flesh. The damp clad man smiles and weighing up the odds asked politely 'Mrs Ryan could I have a mug of tae as I have been busy with the cattle all morning and haven't had a bite to ate'. She views the tall apparition from head to toe. It was the pair of Wellingtons that caught her gaze. They were caked from top to bottom with fresh cow dung. She replied 'of course you can have the tea Stephen but first remove your boots and leave them in the porch before you come in'. A significant pause – 'Oh Mrs Ryan, not wise, ye see what's inside the boots is worse than what's on the outside' He cleaned the boots on the wet grass and had tea. He serenaded my mother-in-law with yarns and tales of bygone years in Wicklow and scored another neighbourhood victory –'O happy days'!

Another true incident happened: the wellingtons were centre stage also. One dark damp evening Stephen planted himself on a stool in Paddy Fanning's new lounge in the Tochar House pub in Roundwood village. He ordered his usual Guinness and proceeds to chat with nearly all of the customers. In a short while Paddy Fanning's clientele start to drink up hurriedly and vacate the premises. This was very unusual as Paddy ran an excellent alehouse. Paddy's customers were vaporizing after one swift drink. Paddy discovered too late the mysterious cause of the dwindling customers – Stephen's famous pig dung caked wellingtons – rather pungent and the crowd had dispersed. But Stephen comes to the rescue 'Hey young Fannin would you have the loan of a yard brush and a bucket of water before 'We' go up to Sean's (Kavanagh) place for another few drinks. Ye know Sean wouldn't like the smell of pigs about his place or premises'!! Exit Stephen!

It was the end of a long hot dry day in summer and Stephen decided to visit his old adversary, Bill Cunningham, another cattle and sheep man who was grievously ill and living in his son's house in Sraghmore. Some months previously a young bull belonging to Stephen broke into a field belonging to his son Paddy and deflowered a small herd of maiden heifers. Paddy was not amused in the least and voiced his feelings to Stephen in no uncertain terms. Earlier, I had words with Stephen over the same bull that had come into my garden terrifying my family and many of the neighbours' children who were there at a birthday party playing games in the front garden. Back to the late encounter with Paddy Cunningham on his front doorstep. Paddy enquired as to the purpose of Stephen's visit. He announced that he had come to visit Bill, the father. Paddy couldn't let the incident of the heifers rest and attacked Stephen about the damage his bull had done. Stephen straightened to his full height and delivered his crowning statement 'Oh young Cunningham. It is unfortunate for me and fortunate for you and the big hoor (me) that the reseboy (reservoir) is so empty because I'd catch you and the big hoor (me) and drown the pair of yis in it. That would put an end to the pair of yis'.

The final tale happened many years previously also in Sraghmore. The principal of Roundwood School at the time worked very hard to establish an excellent vegetable garden and he was proud of his achievements. One plot in among the potatoes and cabbage was a ridge of prime strawberry runners planted earlier and within striking distance of ripening and promising an abundant harvest. Gach rud ag feachaint go halainn. On returning from a visit to his parents in County Meath and coming through his gate, he told me he got an eerie premonition of something dreadfully wrong and slowly drove the car by the side of his house full lights focused on the vegetable plot. Total disaster leaped into his vision !! The garden was torn to shreds – bits of cabbages in tatters all over the place; not a strawberry crown to be seen; most of the potato

ridges levelled in all directions. There in the middle of the debris was Kennedy's big sow with her snout like a bulldozer blade down to the earth levelling off the last of the ridges. Stephen who lived across the ditch from Arthur at that very moment came roaring at the sow without a single apology. Needless to say Stephen and sow made a hasty retreat from the man's premises with burning ears – little wonder.

The following night in the pub after the bush telegraph had spread the news; Stephen was being harangued by the wags and intelligencia as to the antics of his sow in the poor principal's vegetable garden on the previous evening. Stephen was receiving advice from all angles on animal control, fencing, animal supervision and much more. Stephen sat serenely through it all and at last ventures his retort 'Oh there'll be no visitations to that man's garden by that fine lady. We inserted enough jewellery in that lassie's nose this morning to keep her at home all the days of her life'. Stephen always had the last word!

To bring this short biography to a conclusion it is important to mention his final years. Stephen led a hard life out in all kinds of weather which can be a harsh climate here in the uplands of Wicklow. Being a physically strong man, Stephen figured through his life he was invincible – 'nothing bothers Kennedy' one of his many sayings, but John B Keane writes in Sive 'Age is the killing thief' and so it was with poor Stephen in the end. He slowed down and because of all the wettings and outdoor wanderings on the cold hillside, chronic rheumatoid arthritis took hold of him and he was reduced to a shell of his former self. His surviving sister, who had been widowed, had come to care for him. His relatives cared for him also. Towards the end, gone were his few cattle, his horse and dog, his shouts and roars. Then one day there was only stillness in Sraghmore, Ballinastow, Sloemount, Mullinaveigue and the village of Roundwood.

I penned this not as a tribute but as a memory to a local character who would walk the roads, the fields, the mountains and valleys of Wicklow. He annoyed many and he entertained many locals and strangers. He is engraved in the memories of those who knew him and interwoven into the fabric of Roundwood life. To us all who knew him, we can never forget him and 'his footprints on the sands of time'.

How Hollywood Got Its Name

Agatha Mansfield

The Hollywood I refer to is the celebrated centre of film creation in California. where many Irish actors, actresses, directors and producers exhibit the talent coming from the island of Ireland. Recently the computer animated film 'Frozen' won an Academy Award or 'Oscar' with a contribution in visual special effects by a young Wicklow filmmaker. But, how did Hollywood in California get its name? Well, there is a little village named Hollywood in the hills of west Wicklow close to the Kildare border on the Dublin –Baltinglass road. The first mention of this Hollywood –then spelt with one L- was in 1305 in the Calendar of Ormond Deeds. It was originally known as *Sanctus menus* meaning 'The Holy Wood.' There is a strong tradition that it received its name from a story about St. Kevin who was associated with the village before going to Glendalough for his life of solitude. There is an ancient mass rock at Granamore in Hollywood Glen, where mass is still celebrated once a year.

There are many historic places in the vicinity of Hollywood and at Athgraney stands a prehistoric stone circle known as the 'Piper Stones' a megalithic monument dating back to the Bronze Age. Obviously the place of a religious rite in ancient times. There are a number of items from Hollywood on show in the National Museum in Dublin: a food vessel and a large granite boulder known as the Hollywood Stone decorated with labyrinth on the surface. Hollywood had many famous visitors over the years; Michael Davitt, Eamon de Valera, Cearbhall O'Dalaigh and his wife Mairin, playwright Brendan Behan and singer Joseph Locke. Recently it has been the location for filmmaking. During the making of Neil Jordan's film *Michael Collins* Liam Neeson became a familiar figure in the village. The well known American actress Meryl Streep visited the village when she was starring in *Dancing at Lughnasa*.

One man, Matthew Quirke, missed his home village of Hollywood in County Wicklow so much that he named his new homestead in south California as Hollywood. He was born in Hollywood in Wicklow in 1826 as one of six children of a farming family. When the Great Famine struck in 1847 they could not survive on the farm and the entire family left for New York on board a vessel named *Ellen*. Mathew Quirke was

24 at the time and had trained as a Blacksmith. In America he learned many more skills and travelled across to California where he built a cabin near Los Angeles. He became a horse breeder and started a small community there. He even bought a small racetrack. He travelled to Sonora where there are records of him. He opened *McQuirke's Medicinal Springs* near the newly established Yellowstone National Park. Matthew Quirke died in 1901 at the age of 75 and is buried in Rosedale cemetery in Los Angles. At this time the village he had founded in California -the new 'Hollywood'- was growing and in 1903 it became a municipality and later merged with the City of Los Angeles. As early as 1911, attracted by the quality of light and its mild climate by the Pacific Ocean, many film moguls moved to this area and established their studios there. These included Walt Disney who brought so much joy for decades to young and old.

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JB Malone Plaque

JB Malone

Joe Timmons

High in the Wicklow Mountains National Park lies a plaque nestling in the shelter of a large boulder. It commands some of the most magnificent scenery along the Wicklow Way, and engraved upon it is the name JB Malone, the pioneer of the Wicklow Way walking route. Malone was born in Leeds in 1913, his parents were from Dublin, and he spent his formative years in England. He moved to Ireland in 1931 at the age of eighteen, first being employed by a builder's supplier before joining an insurance company. What was to define his 'life's work' however, was his leisure pursuit; walking and mapping the Wicklow Mountains. Over many years he walked the roads, lanes and sheep tracks of Wicklow, plotting routes and making maps. When he was not hiking in the hills, he was reading local histories and chatting to the local people. In 1964 he published a book, *Walking the Wicklow Way.*

Television was a great new medium in Ireland in the 1960s and RTE was quick to realise the appeal that a series with JB would have. In 1962, shortly after RTE was established, a series of Wicklow walks was commissioned by the station, called *Mountain and Meadow* and it ran through the summer. The following year, a second series was broadcast, but this time the walks spreading into other counties. In 1980 he again teamed up with RTE to make an hour long programme about the Wicklow Way. In that same year An Oige made JB an honorary life member for his promotion of the Irish countryside.

What makes JB Malone a figure of national importance is that it is now possible to go all around Ireland using long-distance walking trails. The Wicklow Way has been such a success that it has been a template from which other trails have been designed. He died in St. James Hospital in Dublin on 17 October 1989 aged 75, and is buried in Bohernabreena Cemetery near Tallaght. His real marker, however, is a small plaque overlooking Lough Tay in a place that prompted him to ask, 'If this is earth, what is Heaven?

Life At The Glendassan Mines

Imelda Duffy

The memory is of gorse in bloom, and the strong scent that I want to cling to. There is the sound of rushing water that I know is the river, but I cannot see it for the height and density of the gorse bushes to the right and to the left of the rutted lane. My mother is pushing the big maroon pram with my brother inside, guiding it through the loose stones and tufted grass, the baby rocked to sleep by the gentle sprung motion. A little further along, and another scent wafts towards us on the gentle breeze: turf smoke: blue-grey rising from amongst a grove of tall trees. And then, yet another, the unmistakeable smell of baking bread. My grand-aunt, Ettie, in cross-over apron, sandy hair pulled back in a neat bun, greets us at the half-door. 'Come in, come in, Daughter, and have a cup of tea, the kettle's on the boil.' Hanging from a hook suspended from a crane over glowing embers on the open hearth, the black iron kettle sings and beside it, a black flat-bottomed pot, the lid covered with hot cinders. Ettie removes a blackened aluminium teapot from the hob and pours some steaming water into it, swirls it around, then empties it into a white enamel basin sitting on a small table. A fistful of tea leaves from a tin caddy on the mantelpiece goes into the teapot and it is filled to the brim with the boiling water, then left amongst the embers to brew. With a long pair of tongs, she lifts the lid of the pot-oven, then deftly removes the heavy utensil from its hook, carries it to the table and turns it upside down. The smell of the freshly baked brown soda bread mingles with the turf smoke, filling the tiny kitchen. Within minutes there are cups and saucers, a jug of milk, sugar and butter laid out. The fresh bread is placed on a wire tray, the tea, now spitting from the spout of the teapot, is poured. 'A treat for the little one,' Aunt Ettie says, handing me a thick slice of soda bread, cut from a loaf that she has baked just hours beforehand, dappled with currants, lathered with butter. I am given a white enamel mug of milk, 'to wash it down'.

Aunt Ettie's thatched cottage sits among the granite boulders overlooking the river and the 'White Road' that ends in mounds of white overburden from the mines. If it hadn't been for the incursion of industry in the form of the lead mines, the head of the Glendassan valley is almost as nature fashioned it. Beyond the river, at the foot of Camaderry Mountain, Frank and Molly Ponder's tiny farmstead. Next, a

single two-storey stone house where the Steele family lives. Jock Steele and his wife are Scots immigrants, Jock an overseer in the mines. Further down the valley, a string of houses known as 'Fiddlers' Row' – 'in every house, a fiddler'. Built for the miners, in the 1850s, it is said to have boasted eight musicians, although I have never heard any music emanating from there.

Fiddlers' Row, Glendassan River

This is my father's country, its ruggedness a contrast to the gentle rolling hills and open pastureland we left behind on the outskirts of Rathdrum, where my mother grew up. Not yet four years old, I am still missing those fields, where I could roam and play, where the grown-ups went out of their way to entertain and fuss, teaching me to dance, singing to me; where my grandfather played the fiddle and even the clocks played music. A never-ending stream of callers brought strange smells and tales of the world beyond. Here in Glendassan, my world is filled with a very different hue: of glistening, moss-mottled granite, the peat-brown water of the river and the dark, looming, pine-clad

Camaderry. Aunt Ettie, a widow, with the wisdom of advanced years, offers comfort in the way of 'currant bread' and milk. She had come across the 'Gap' and married her husband, Tom, who had found work in the mines. Her brother, my paternal grandfather, married a young woman who ran a little shop, on a small farm, further down the valley, selling milk, butter and eggs to the miners. But that was long before my time. I have seen pictures of Bridget, my grandmother: jet black hair swept back behind her head, dark eyes, like my father. I have met my grandfather, Jim, but he has gone to Heaven too. Now, as I savour the currant bread, I wonder about Heaven. Not long ago, my other grandfather went there, and I wonder why. In Glendassan, the grown-ups are wondering about other things. There is disquiet in the air and they talk quietly about 'the money running out'.

Clouds have gathered and the wind has increased, hastening our journey back along the lane. My mother's face has that 'look' that I have come to recognise as something they call 'worry'. My father is working in the mines. He comes home from his shift, covered in black grime and red dust, unlike his brothers, my uncles, Bill and Ger, who rise before daybreak to milk and feed the couple of cows and then depart for work: Bill to the 'Forestry' and Ger to 'Rodge's', a local sawmill. A small cloth bag knotted around the handlebars of two bicycles: their lunches, prepared at cock-crow by their sisters, Julia and Mag. My father's departure to, and arrival home from the mines brings silent foreboding. Whistling heralds Bill's homecoming, his signature tune, 'The Whistling Gypsy'. His is the aroma of Pine and sweat. Ger's is of timber, machine-oil and resin. Seasons change and somehow the two of them find the time to gather sheep, shear them, dip them and herd them back to the mountain to graze. They save hay, grow potatoes, cabbage and turnips for the table and help other hill farmers with their shearing and dipping, cut turf from the bog, halfway across the Wicklow Gap, save it and bring it home. On Friday evenings, Bill delves into trouser pockets and extracts a handful of pink and white marshmallow mice for me. After dinner, he and Ger wash, shave, don 'good' clothes, cross the foot-stick, a giant tree slung across the river, and ramble down the 'White Road' to the bar of the Royal Hotel. My father is already three hours into his shift at the mines.

It is late at night when the household is plunged into turmoil. My father has been stretchered from work and taken by ambulance to Jervis Street

Hospital in Dublin. I soak up the fear and gloom from the atmosphere. The day brings no respite, and a flurry of coming and going to Laragh reveals that my father has had an operation for a duodenal ulcer. Time passes. My mother travels on St. Kevin's bus to Dublin and returns with added woes but no-one seems to have grasped anything other than, 'they got it in time, before it burst'. Neighbours call in regularly for news, until my father comes home, and my mother and my aunts, Julia and Mag are now tasked with preparing special meals for him: 'rice pudding', 'sago' and 'tapioca' enter the household vocabulary. Aunt Ettie calls in to see how he's getting on. I conclude that the cause of all this is the mines. It is a bad place. But my father goes to Dublin to have his stitches removed, and within days he is dressed in 'old' clothes and rubber boots, raincoat and miner's helmet across one arm, walking up along the lane, with the smell of gorse in bloom, to start another shift. A conversation amongst the women provides another insight. 'Footless,' Mag says, with a grin. Uncle Ger has returned, the previous night from the hotel, 'wet to the skin', good shoes dangling from one hand. My mother is preparing a night feed for the baby. I am sitting by the fire nursing a tummy-ache and a rag doll. On the doorstep, Ger drops the shoes and wrings water from his socks.

'Annie, would you mind getting me a mug of buttermilk, and throw an ould onion sandwich together?' he asks my mother. He hangs the socks on the crane over the fire. 'I'm just going up to get changed,' he says. Suddenly, the flickering firelight intensifies. The socks have caught fire and are disintegrating in a thickening odour of burning wool and blackening lumps in the fire-grate. I learn that it's not the first time Ger has slipped off the foot-stick on his way home from the Royal Hotel, and fallen into the river.

Occasionally, I accompany my mother to 'Big Jack's', the only shop in Laragh. Groceries are loaded onto the pram and when my legs grow tired, my mother lifts me up, to sit among the brown hessian bags of 'messages'. Other excursions are to Glendalough, the valley at the other side of Camaderry Mountain. We can see the top half of the round tower as we walk along the Top Road, to the crossroads, although it is not a crossroads, but a Y-junction. The tower disappears from view as we turn down onto the road leading to the Royal Hotel, and across the hump-backed bridge to the big stone-built archway that guards the graveyard and the ruined churches. We cannot see the tower again until we have

reached the junction of the lake road and the white, or 'lower' road that would take us home – a full circle – but the foot-stick is too narrow for the pram. If my mother is up to it, we walk all the way to the Upper Lake and have a picnic. Glendalough is a different world, full of people and tour buses and cars; people everywhere, and in the graveyard, our neighbour, Din McCoy, is playing an accordion for the tourists. Whenever we go in to 'say a prayer' we sometimes stop and talk with him. Out in the world, everyone calls my mother 'Missus Conway' but my father is addressed as Myles, both inside and outside home.

Imelda Duffy (nee Conway) and her late Aunt Julia Gaffney (nee Conway) holding Jimmy Conway in her arms.

Saturday and Sunday evenings have brought a new visitor to the Conway homestead: Jack Gaffney, 'with a bit of land in Drummin', is 'courting' my aunt, Julia. Each Saturday and Sunday, just before I am put to bed, I hear the car rumbling down the lane from the top road, around by Foley's house, in the next field, pulling up at the little wicket gate. He speaks in measured tones, about the price of 'hoggets', cracks a joke that elicits hearty laughter from Mag, as she pours the tea. Julia is 'above in the room', getting herself 'dolled up'. After some time, there are more visitors. 'Ettie is home from Wales, and she and Lizzie are coming up,' is the latest news. Another sister, my aunt Bride is expected from somewhere in the middle of Ireland. I have not heard any mention of other uncles, and the arrival of 'Uncles' Paddy, John and Billie who accompany the aunts is a surprise. A white cloth covers the table and my mother, is busy helping Mag and Julia prepare the dinner amid steaming pots, over the fire that has to be fed with turf and logs, then 'griddled' with a poker every so often to keep the heat constant. The 'working men' are first to eat, and after their meal, they quickly disappear outside, to cut up sticks. Then, the children, now comprising visiting cousins, mostly boys, are fed, and

immediately follow their uncles, Bill and Ger into the great outdoors. Finally, it is time for the women and their husbands to sit down. Bottles of 'stout' are uncorked for the menfolk. The frothy black beverage will whet their thirst, and when the bar at the hotel opens at four o'clock, they, along with the 'working men' and a couple of the older boys pile into two cars and drive away, to resume the 'whetting'. With pots and dishes washed and put away, scraps scattered for the hens, and 'good' shoes exchanged for bedroom slippers, the sisters huddle, 'above in the room', to 'get a look at the trousseau'. Peals of laughter and a waft of perfume and face-powder escapes each time the door opens. I am paraded in a new frock, to trills of approval and, 'God, isn't she a picture!' Jack Gaffney and Aunt Julia are going to be married. The 'big day' arrives. We are going to Mass, and everyone is wearing new clothes. Julia is dressed in a long white dress and a long veil on her head and a bunch of flowers in her hand. My only memory of the wedding is the sound of my little brother, Jimmy, howling and my father having to leave the church with Jimmy in his arms.

Spring, and after a shower of rain, the gorse sends its scent down the lane. In the distance, smoke rises lazily from the chimneys of Fiddler's Row. Something is happening. My uncle, Tom has driven from Rathdrum and he and my father have taken the baby's cot and the beds apart and my mother has put all our things into cardboard boxes and wooden tea-chests, and they are loading them into Uncle Tom's van. Several trips with different items of furniture, and then the pram is loaded, and my mother sits into the front seat, with Jimmy on her lap. I have to wait until Uncle Tom comes back. The move takes us to a new house, an hour's walk away, half way between Laragh and Annamoe, from where my father now cycles, in white shirt and tie, and 'good' suit, to work at the Royal Hotel. Different smells accompany him home late at night: beer, cigarette smoke and sweat. Instead of an open fire, my mother battles with the vagaries of a black range, and I am moving yet again, this time, back to Rathdrum, to take up residence with two of my mother's sisters, in a house with two flights of stairs. 'You will be taught by the nuns,' my mother had said. Thus begins my first term of school, far from Glendassan, in a town with shops that sell clothes as well as groceries.

School is a convent and the teachers are nuns, none of whom smiles. I am assured by my aunts that if I do exactly as I am told and learn

everything I am told to learn, that I won't get into trouble with the nuns. But I seem to have landed in trouble nevertheless. After three weeks, I am changed from Junior Infants to Senior Infants, and separated from my friends. My aunts are of the opinion it is because I already know how to read and write in English, and I can add and subtract. They are delighted that I am 'bright' enough for a higher class, but, at age five-and-three-quarters, I am also a bit old for Junior Infants.

On the plus side, there are many visitors to my aunts' house, and occasionally, a cousin comes from Dublin with an accordion, and once again, sing-songs, and laughter, mingle with the hourly chimes of musical clocks, and I am sometimes allowed to stay up late to play games of cards. Home with my parents for school holidays, I listen to talk of the fading fortunes of the mines. A Canadian mining company had taken over the mines from the Wynne family in 1956, but the change in ownership has not brought the expected benefits, either to the company or to the miners. 'There's plenty of lead there, but they can't get it out,' Jack Gaffney tells my father, as they have a smoke after mass. Fiddler's Row families are moving closer to Laragh. Sons and daughters are following fathers' and mothers' footsteps, to work in the Royal or the Lake hotel. Others are moving away, some 'across the water'. Grand-aunt Ettie is talking about moving from the little thatched cottage at the head of Glendassan to live with her son, Jack, now married and living in Knockfin, less than a quarter of a mile from the village. Then, in January, 1957, there is a terrible accident. Two miners had been drilling into the rock when their drill struck a piece of unexploded dynamite. Jim Mernagh is killed instantly by the blast. His companion, Robbie Carter, is badly injured and will be 'a long time in hospital, God help him'. My father has worked with both of them. In June, I am home with my parents, permanently. Jimmy will start school in Laragh in September, and it is considered necessary for him to 'have someone there that he knows, to look out for him'– and the Glendassan mine closes for good.

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Old Skills – To Make a Bedside Mat

A good bedside mat can be made out of old silk stockings cut into strips and crocheted up.

Memories of Moneystown And Park Bog

Jack Byrne

Sometimes when I look down across Moneystown Bog from my own place, I think about how much it has changed over my lifetime. Although it is called Moneystown Bog it is situated in the townland of Kilmullen, with all the farms in Knockafrumpa and Kilmullen having a plot on it. The bog is roughly 100 acres in size with the area on the Parkmore side known as Park Bog. An imaginary line straight from our bog to Hatton's Rock being the boundary between the two parts of the bog.

It is amazing the changes a relatively few years can bring to an area. The whole bog is now heavily wooded with a few exceptions, with trees growing over forty feet tall at the moment, whereas I remember it a sea of brown heather with rushes and sedge around the edges. There wasn't a tree of any kind with the exception of a tuft of sallies and one or two birches on Park bog. There was also an unusual plant which only grew on the high banks, it only reached about 18 inches tall and had a lovely aroma. It was called sweet sally. There were also patches of *ceanabhan* (bog cotton) with their white heads nodding in July. When I say it was a sea of heather the high banks stood up like islands-a good 15 feet over the rest of the bog. Some of the high banks are still there notably Cunniams and Maurice Byrne's and I remember Johnny Kearney cutting the last of the high bank belonging to my mother's home place in Knockafrumpa. A couple of the banks can still be seen from the Ballycullen road, at the high point between Pat Fogarty's and Michael Lawler's, at the lane where the turf was drawn from the far side of Park Bog.

The middle of the bog is reputed to be '22 turf' deep and a drain was cut in the late 1800s right up into Park bog at which point it is more or less a lake which was and still is called 'the big drain'. My grandfather, Louis Byrne was among those who worked on it. It was 22 feet wide and he was the only one who could jump it! The water from the big drain joins Knockafrumpa River which as everyone knows is the only river in Ireland to flow against the hill or at least it did until it was deepened in the seventies.

People started arriving on the bog in late April and May, with their turf barrow. This was fairly basic, consisting of two lengths of square timber which acted as handles on the back and held on the wheel at the front, a few boards across and one at the front and of course the wheel was all made of iron, axle, spokes and flat band (rim) made in D'Arcy's forge and came with a lifetime guarantee never to puncture.

The first job was to pare the bank, cut *scraws* as they were called about 4 inches deep and roughly a foot square and throw them into a hole where the turf was cut last year. You would cut the bank 4 or 5 ft. wide and maybe 5, 6, 7 or more turf deep, depending on how well the dams you left to keep out the water held out. I never saw a *slean* used. It was always a turf spade which was wider and flatter than an ordinary spade and it was sharpened with a scythe-stone and always from the back. There were that many spreads of turf that the whole bog looked like a ploughed field when they were all cut. It was a hive of activity, men, women and children. The men usually cut the turf and young lads would do the spreading and some people did the lot themselves, it depended on how much family help they had.

The bog was the place to get a proper tan, better by far than Lanzorote or the Canaries. And of course tea on the bog tasted better than it would in a five star restaurant. There was a little gadget kept in every house known as the dinner whistle. I often heard Lawlor's and Kearney's and my mother still has one she brought up from her home in Knockafrumpa. She would blow it when the dinner was ready or if there was any other emergency and my father would put his two little fingers in his mouth and answer her. (Was that romantic or what) It was just heaven when we were children to sit on the edge of the bank and paddle in the warm bog water in our bare feet, with the sun beaming down, the cuckoo overhead, the devil's needles (dragonflies) hovering over the water- filled cuttings and corncrakes rasping away in every meadow, which I haven't heard now in over thirty years.

Some of the people I remember cutting turf were: Jim Lawlor, Kilmullen, John Byrne, the two Jimmy Timmons', Mick Timmons, Willie Farrington, Bill Bowen, Mick Rochford, Jack Rochford, Tom Cullen, Mick D'Arcy, Johnny Kearney, Joe Byrne, Greg Cunniam, Miley O' Brien, Paddy Lawlor, John Gallagher, Jimmy Kinsella Snr., Jimmy Kinsella Jnr., Mick Kinsella, Patsy Timmons, Paddy Kearney,

Murt Kenna, Paddy Cullen, James Byrne and Billy Kearney. On Park Bog I remember the following: Jack Kavanagh., Mrs Lizzie Timmons, Johnny Miley, Tommy, Miley, Andy Mernagh, Jim and Charlie Lawler, Jack Behan, Larry Timmons, Bren Timmons, Lar Kelly, Tom Cowman, Mick Cowman and Mick Harvey.

When the turf dried enough in the spread that you could take them up in your hand they were footed usually 4 or 5 standing up against each other with one or two on top. Then in a couple of weeks they were turned again and put into stooks or second heaps, up to five feet tall. In some cases with the *corrans* (bits of broken turf) placed on top. The *corrans* were a curse to load but being the small black bits they dried like lumps of coal and were highly prized by the women for bread baking as they made a lovely red glowing fire, under the bake pan and lovely hot *griosach* (hot coals) for putting on the lid of the pan so that the bread baked top and bottom. Jimmy Kinsella Snr. made the tidiest and tallest second heaps with not a pick the size of a match box going to waste. The spire in O' Connell's street would only be in the halfpenny place.

Making hand turf on Park bog, c. 1937. Jack Lawler, John Kearney, James Lawler (Montiagh), James Lawler (Moneystown)

There was always danger lurking in the long grass in the form of Andy Mernagh's cattle which were meant to graze down to a line on the map which ran along above the turf banks. But Andy never showed them the map and as there was no fence they could go where they liked and some times they did. In fairness they didn't do much harm as there was always somebody on the bog from dawn 'til dusk. Andy had lovely

healthy cattle, mostly shorthorns which were anything but short. I remember he also had two Ayrshire cows with horns at least eighteen inches long with points on them like needles. Even though they were on the bog the whole time they were mud fat and were never drenched for anything and fluke was never heard of until recent years. Andy's cattle were nearly as cute as him and were able to get around the bog holes most of the time. But now and again an odd one might get bogged, usually a young inexperienced one. Andy, never noted for going early for his cows, would call up to our house for help. Even though we might be sitting round the kitchen he'd open the door and say 'Are you all gone to bed?' Neighbours didn't knock in those days. Then we'd set off with ropes and spades and nearly always got the beast out. When the outcome was successful we enjoyed the excitement.

Another man I remember vividly because he used to pass up and down by our house was Jack Kavanagh, who drew his turf up through Mernagh's yard which was the passway for the people who had banks on the part of Park bog nearest the church. It was a fine big grey horse Jack had, he needed a good one, for it was a long enough draw to Lickeen and we always knew when he was finished because the last load had whatever bog oak and bog deal he dug up and the turf barrow was on the very top of the load.

I must mention that the Lawler brothers Jim and Charlie made hand turf, apparently when their banks of good turf where cut-out they just dug down the lesser quality turf into the bog hole where it mixed with water and by taking off their boots and stockings and rolling up the legs of their trousers, they treaded the mixture in their bare feet until they got it into the right consistency and then using their hands like butterspades they shaped the turf and spread them out to dry which when they did they were like coal. The Lawler brothers never did things by halves, they erected a little hut on their bank in which they could shelter if a sudden shower came and I could imagine Charlie chuckling to himself when he'd see everyone else scurrying for home.

In those years the turf was drawn home by either horse and cart or ass and cart. I notice in recent years asses have become donkeys and it was always car not cart. Most houses if they hadn't a horse or pony they had an ass, they were the quad bikes of the day. I have seen as many as seven of them in convoy coming out the bog road. It was lovely to hear

the clip clop of iron shod hooves, the rattle of the iron shod wooden wheels and the jingle of the harness chains was like music coming through. The trace chains fastened to the harness for pulling the cart forward, two short britching chains for holding it back going down hill, the ridgeworth chain across the bridge of the straddle from one shaft to the other and the belly chain in case the load tipped up. I feel sad now when I realise I will never hear those sounds again and sadder still to think that my children never heard them.

When you think about it, weren't the wooden, iron shod wheels works of art. They were usually made by carpenters named Davis from Rathdrum although I believe Andy Timmons (builder) made a few.

Moneystown turf bog – c. 1917. Back Row: Jim Maher, Jem Timmons, Paddy Timmons, Jack Rochford, Pat Byrne, Miss O'Sullivan (erased), Pat Maher, Miss O'Sullivan.

The middle of the wheel had a metal hub which fitted in on the axle. Outside that, the boxel which was held together with iron bands one on either end. Into the boxel went the spokes which splayed out two at a time into the felloes (The wooden rim was made in sections called felloes). The whole thing was held together with an iron band which was fitted on while red hot by the blacksmith. As the iron band cooled it contracted on the wooden wheel holding the whole thing together and they lasted for years, carrying heavy loads. The blacksmith did this job on the shoeing stone, which is a flat circular granite stone with a large

hole in the middle, in which the hub of the wheel sat. The shoeing stone is still in position to this very day. It can be seen directly across the road from the ruins of D'Arcy's Forge. The stream, from which the water was taken to cool the iron, flows alongside the stone. This stream is actually the water from St. Luan's well (known for its healing properties) which rises on Ursula Kenna's farm. Bren Timmons was the first one I saw drawing turf with a horse and cart fitted with rubber tyres, which was actually the wheels and back axle of a motorcar.

Along with thinning turnips, drawing turf was one of the summer jobs of the time. I remember Michael Kinsella and Seamus Timmons, two lads my own age but, sadly, long gone to their eternal reward. Along with drawing their own turf they also drew for Bill Bowen. They each drew four loads a day and Bill paid them sixpence a load in dry hard cash and the taxman never knew a thing about it. Of course you weren't a fully qualified horse, pony or ass driver unless you were able to stand up in the cart on the return journey while only holding the reins for balance and not only that, but you were holding both reins with your left hand and able to steer by just twisting your wrist and never having to take your right hand out of your trousers pocket. Precision personified.

When you worked on the bog and you straightened your back and looked up you could see all the fields and farms on the rising ground above you, the same as if you were looking at a picture on a wall. There was Byrnes farm in Kilmullen, Hattons of the Rock, Joe Byrne's (my father), Lawlor's of Ballycullen, Andy Mernagh's, Paddy Kearney's and Jim Lawlor's, all over looking the bog. Higher still was Moneystown Hill which was a farm in its own right, almost 1300 feet above sea level. You could see the lovely sunny valley known as Feddan running out towards Park hill and where the White House River rises. Moneystown Hill was a farm of 365 acres and when I remember it first it was only being planted and you could still see the fields on it and the heathery hill above the house, which was a fine two storey, slated structure with fine ranges of outbuildings, it could be seen around the whole countryside. My father's maternal grandmother Margaret Byrne was born and reared in that house and a man by the name of John Storey married the other sister (there was only two in the family) and that's how it became known locally as Storeys' hill.

These are some of the memories I have of a time when the bog was a totally different place to what it is now. From the mid 1950s to the mid 1960s, the bog was brimming with human life because of its importance in the scheme of things when people utterly depended on turf for cooking and heating. It didn't matter how early you got up or how late you went to bed if you looked down across the bog there was somebody working away, a big difference to today when you look out over the lonesome woods, thousands of acres of plantations unbroken right down to the N11 road.

I didn't of course think about it at the time but I now realise I was privileged to have lived where I live and to have taken a full part in the whole scene and there was also a social aspect which people didn't think about much but it was there nonetheless. Liam Farrington, Joe Gallagher, the late Eamon Kinsella and myself were among the last ones to cut turf on Moneystown bog. As I look down across the bog today I am glad to have those memories and I am sure there are a few local people who have their memories too. May God look kindly on anyone who ever worked, walked or played on Moneystown and Park Bog.

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Old Skills – Stopping Cracks in a Wall

Soak for 2/3 days pieces of newspaper. Then tear to shreds. Mix a basin of starch as done for starching clothes, and mix the starch with the paper. Then take the pulp little by little and press and smooth into the crack. It will harden just like brick.

Keeping Flies Out

The water in which 3 or 4 onions have been boiled, applied with a brush to the frames of picture, chimney glasses and window sills, will prevent flies from alighting on them and will not injure the frames.

Moneystown Work Horses

Jack Byrne

In the Moneystown area in the 1950s and 1960s during the summer months, sheep were put to the hill and cattle to the bog in order to leave as many fields as possible free for crops. The countryside would look like a patchwork quilt with all the different crops at various stages. What a beautiful sight it was to see the rows of haycocks in the fields, and the sweet smell of the newly mown hay filling the air. Tillage was very important. Everyone ploughed about 4 to 5 acres of lea ground every year and sowed oats in it. Potatoes, turnips, cabbage and vegetables in the stubble ground the second year and the third year it was oats again under-sown with hayseeds to produce the first crop (hayseed) meadow the next year and it was usually kept for the horses. As you looked around the countryside you might see a pair of horses on Lawlor's farm in Ballycullen followed by either Miceál or Paddy. It was mostly Paddy at that time but both were good horsemen. Andy Mernagh had a white horse and a gorgeous chestnut mare with a white face. He might be opening drills to put in potatoes but certainly not before the 1st of June but yet come October a crop would be rolling out of the drills.

Jim Lawlor had a pair of horses but he bought a tractor long before anyone else. Paddy Kearney had another pair usually followed by his brother-in-law Timmy Kenna. A good humoured man, you'd hear him singing away all day as he held the handles of Kearney's plough. Paddy couldn't plough because he lost a leg in an accident in his youth. But I saw him mowing with the horses because he could sit on the seat and he bought a wheelrake at Willie Doyle's auction in Roundwood which allowed him to rake the hay. But he went one better than that. I saw him rolling a steep field with a stone roller which was meant to be held with a rope at both ends to keep it from running in on the horses heels and also for turning on the headlands. But the brave Paddy yoked his mare to the roller and pulled in beside a gate which he climbed to get in on her back and he rolled away, starting along the bottom of the field and turning against the hill at each end until he had the field finished and I wouldn't mind only the same mare was a bit of a bitch as I found out to my cost but that's a story for another day.

At home we had two horses, both bay in colour, called Barney and Poll. Barney had a white star right below the headband of the winkers and

Poll had a white stripe right down her face. They were two of the kindest animals that ever walked the face of the earth. I hope I'll meet them in heaven because I absolutely loved them. I remember when we were children; I suppose you could say at the 'brat' stage, we would climb up the partition in the stable where they were tied with a rope around their neck. We would then step off the partition and on to the back of one of them and then step on to the back of the other one, we would then slide down under their bellies and they never even blinked.

Poll had several foals. My father would get a loan of a saddle from Andy Mernagh when Poll wanted to travel, usually late May or early June. He'd ride her all the way to Kavanagh's of Knockanree in Avoca where she teamed up with an Irish Draught stallion to produce a lovely foal the following year. Even though she'd be heavy in foal she still did her share with the plough, spring harrow or corn drill. There were some concessions made to make life a little easier for her in the form of a wider swing to keep the traces out from her expanding body and even better she was given an inch or maybe two of the big swing; think about that one. The last foal she had (a filly) was bought by Willie Farrington, and as it happened years later I followed her myself at Farrington's hay drawing, *sligging* in the hay with a long chain. Liam Brady can testify to that because he pitched the cocks in the haggard. Hugh Pierce, Mullinaveigue bought the foal before that. His son Jimmy led her all the way home. No horseboxes back then. Billy Halligan bought her later and worked her for years on his farm where I often saw her from the road as I passed by.

However, the best animals of all were two horses belonging to John Byrne and his father Pat, two snow white horses and what a sight it was to see those two beautiful animals yoked on either side of the beam of a well oiled, well sharpened mowing machine, with the breast pole across in front of their chests attached at each end to the collars and they effortlessly mowing a meadow which was as tall as the wheels and as thick as it could grow in the dairy field.

Such are my memories of the working horses of Moneystown and a simpler way of life. A time when man and beast worked in harmony with the land to produce the crops that sustained life by using skills handed down through the generations.

Roundwood's Water Pollution Problem of 1874

Martin Timmons

For many years the raison d'être for the manmade drain that skirts the southern side of the lower lake of the Vartry Reservoir, exercised my mind. The drain which is well known to local walkers and fishermen runs from directly under Roundwood village to meet the Vartry River just south of the filter beds. Recently while researching other matters I unexpectedly came across two articles that shed light on the subject.

In March of 1874 the British Medical Journal reported on an inquiry which was held by Captain Robinson, an inspector of the Irish Local Government Board, into the alleged pollution of the Dublin water supply, by the sewerage of the village of Roundwood. Dublin Corporation feeling that they had serious cause for complaint against the Board of Guardians of Rathdrum Union, under whose jurisdiction Roundwood then came, claiming for pollution of the Vartry by defective drainage, presented a petition looking for compensation. This resulted in what was described as a 'costly and exhaustive' inquiry being held at Roundwood. This inquiry was stated to be the first of its kind ever held in Ireland and uncovered many interesting points of local interest.

The original Vartry water works were built between 1863 and 1868 at a cost of half a million pounds. At the time the works were considered to be second only to the Loch Katrine works which supplied the city of Glasgow. The original Roundwood reservoir is situated about 700 feet above sea level and is about two and a half miles long and half a mile wide at its widest point. It covers an area of some 410 acres and it was thought at the time of construction to be capable of containing seven months supply of water for Dublin. However, by 1874, only six years after its commencement, there was an increasing demand for water, owing to the expansion of the Dublin suburbs, which with the exception of the Rathmines district, were then supplied from the Vartry works.

The village of Roundwood is situated on a gentle slope at the upper end of, and about a quarter of a mile distant from the reservoir, with higher ground beyond, so the drainage of the village and its immediate surrounds gravitates towards the lake. Dublin Corporation, under an act of the British parliament, were the owners of the all the water of the Vartry and its tributaries. At the time of the construction of the works,

there were no water closets, and very few, if any, sewers in Roundwood, and there must, therefore have been comparatively little pollution of the tributaries of the Vartry which passed through Roundwood village.

Dublin Corporation claimed that at the time of construction of the works there was no pollution of the streams flowing into the lake, and that since then, in the year 1870, drainage of Roundwood was improved and three water closets were constructed discharging into these improved drains. They also claimed that several wet privies (privies reached by streams) were constructed, and that all these were made to directly or indirectly discharge into three nearby streams, thereby rendering the water of these streams, so foul that Dublin Corporation had to intercept them by special works constructed for that purpose, and conduct them past the reservoir to the river below the filter beds, thus losing water to the amount of half a million gallons per day, and to an annual value of over £1,000. The corporation further stated that the sanitary condition of Roundwood was bad and that owing to the large number of tourists who stop at the two hotels in Roundwood, there was an additional danger of contamination from the discharge of contagious faecal matters into the streams. The corporation therefore hoped that the Local Government Board would issue an order to compel the Board of Guardians of Rathdrum Union to provide Roundwood with proper sewer accommodation, and prevent the pollution of the streams in question. The Rathdrum guardians put up the defence that the sanitary conditions of Roundwood were good, that the pollution of the streams was no more than it was at the time the waterworks were constructed, and that it was at that time that Dublin Corporation should have complained, and lastly, that the Local Government Board had no power in the matter, and that the Rathdrum guardians were not liable.

The British Medical Journal reporting on the issue stated that there was abundant evidence that the sanitary state of Roundwood was bad as all the dirt went into the rivers. It went on to state:

There were heaps of manure, filthy privies, untapped and unpiped sewers under houses, (even under the dispensary), water-closets discharging into open drains, dirt in every direction, pumps beside privies, and, in fact, these and all other abominations with which those who are accustomed to investigate the sanitary state of country villages are familiar.

The site was the former Doyle family home adjacent to the old St. Kevin's Bus depot (now Keeley's Hardware) which was demolished circa 1987. It was previously owned by the Keane family and the first dispensary in Roundwood was located here in the 1870s. The stream which divides the Townlands of Toghermore and Roundwood, still runs underneath the road here and causes occasional flooding

The Journal reported only one counter statement, although a compelling one, that the health of the Roundwood district was good, the mortality low, and epidemic scarce. Inspector Robinson reported the evidence to the Local Government Board who were subsequently advised that the granting of the compensation sought by Dublin Corporation was outside their authority and the corporation was consequently left without satisfaction.

The first modern sewage works in Roundwood were installed in the 1940s and upgraded circa 2004. The treated waste water is now pumped from Roundwood to the Avonmore River, with a consequent lowering of the volume in the Vartry drain constructed by the corporation in the 1870s. The drain now only carries water from nearby streams and springs and sometimes goes dry in summer.

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Old Skills – Keeping Cockroaches and Bedbugs Out

To banish cockroaches sprinkle Boric acid in in cupboards and around fireplaces.

A strong concoction of red pepper applied to bedsteads will either kill the bugs or drive them away

Society Outing To Carlow

Derek Neilson

A group of us met outside the Parish Centre at 9am on Saturday 19 July and set off by car to Carlow. On the way, we briefly stopped at the Haroldstown Dolmen before our first stop to see the Browneshill Dolmen. It is just a short walk through fields from the car park and is spectacular with its capstone which is estimated to weigh 100 tonnes.

We then continued to Carlow town where, after a quick break, we went to Carlow County Museum which has only been open for just over a year. We were given a tour by Dermot Mulligan, who explained the history of Carlow and showed us a model showing the castle and the town. He then showed us examples of how people used to live and work, including details of the sugar factory, which had been so important to the town. The collection of artifacts contains archaeological and more modern items. He then showed us the trap door which had been used for hangings at main gate of the Old Goal, which was where we had previously had our break. He described the execution of Lucinda Slye, who is reputed to be the last woman hanged in Ireland, in 1834 for the murder of her husband.

Dermot then took us upstairs to see religious artifacts and photographs and objects of famous people who lived in or were from Carlow. The last section covered items which had been excavated before the building of the M9. Having completed the tour, we went along the street to Carlow Visual Centre for the Arts, where we had an excellent lunch outside in the sunshine.

Next on the agenda was a tour of the town on foot, led by members of the Carlow Archaeological and Historical Society. After a visit to the impressive Carlow Cathedral, we were taken to view the Old Goal again, this time with greater knowledge of the gruesome events that occurred above the main gate. Our walk through the town was very pleasant and the explanations of our guides gave us a greater insight into how people had lived in times past.

Carlow Castle, which Dermot had described during our tour of the Museum had been at the edge of the Pale and, for a time, had housed the Irish Exchequer. Unfortunately, at the beginning of the nineteenth

century, a Dr Middleton had intended to use it as an asylum, and had used explosives to make some changes to the building. However, whatever he may have lacked in knowledge of explosives, he made up for with the amount he used. The result is that only the imposing west wall and the towers at either end remain. However, the Council have laid out the surrounding garden to show what the castle's size had been.

Our walk continued down to the River Barrow, past what had been warehouses used for the goods that had been shipped to the town. In the past, Carlow has suffered because of flooding, but now imposing new flood defences have been built to protect the buildings.

We then walked back through the town past the early nineteenth century Courthouse, finishing at the Carlow Visual Centre for the Arts. This time we had a break and a chance to see the exhibitions inside, including Valkyrie Trousseau, a huge hanging model in the main gallery

Our journey continued with a trip into County Laois to see Killeshin medieval church. We then drove back to Ballymore Eustace for a wonderful dinner at the Ballymore Inn.

Thanks are due to Cathal and John for organizing the trip, our friends in Carlow for their hospitality and knowledge and also to our intrepid drivers. There is so much to see in Carlow; it's well worth taking time to visit it and walk round the town.

1995 – The Year Miley Came to Roundwood

Paul Brady

All the older generations remember Glenroe 1983/2001, Sunday nights watching Miley, Biddy, Dinny and Mary acting in ways that were appropriate to that time. A soap opera set in an area that was resplendent with rich and fertile farmland, used by characters to sow their wild oats and make their living. A pub, run by Teasy, was where the characters engaged in alcohol – fuelled antics of a nocturnal nature.

At that time the players in Roundwood were involved in a soap opera that was just as consuming for us to the point of obsession. We were in the pursuit of ' Miley ' but we were no opposition to Biddy or Fidelma. No, we wanted a Senior Championship Cup that was only available to the most dedicated and talented GAA team. All sports players could maintain they star in a soap opera throughout their careers but what happened for An Tóchar in the 80/90's was truly dramatic.

A strong emphasis on juvenile coaching in the late eighties was to catapult the club to great success in that era. An Tóchar captured a Junior A and Minor Title in 1987 followed by the Intermediate Title in 1988 with a very young panel of players. County Championship Titles at Minor or Under 21 were captured in 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1992 and 1993 in what was a golden era for An Tóchar. The club appeared in the Senior Championship Final in 1992 a gap of fifty nine years since the last appearance of a team from Roundwood. A defeat to a strong Baltinglass team who captured the All Ireland Club Title of 1990 was devastating but would give the team valuable experience for future seasons.

An internal dispute over the use of the club's fine facilities was played out in the local and national media in 1994, which resulted in the club being suspended for a short period of time. This resulted in serious tension among the club members. A delegation from Leinster Council came to Roundwood in June and finally resolved all the issues.

The start of the season of 1995 had begun with rancour and disquiet in a dispute over the management of the Senior Team. At one stage it looked like there may not be a team for 1995. Through the intervention of the County Chairman a solution was worked out and it was agreed that

Donal McGillycuddy, Seamus Gaskin, John Clancy and John Donohue would be appointed to look after the An Tóchar Senior Team.

An Tóchar were drawn against Ballymanus in the first round of the Championship. This match was played on Sunday 16th July in Aughrim. An Tóchar won with a score of 0-13 to 1-05. The next round the Quarter final was a win over East District, score 0-12 to 0-09. The Semi Final against Dunlavin was played in Aughrim on Sunday 27th August. The final score was An Tóchar 0-10, Dunlavin 0-08. Gary McGillycuddy sustained two broken jaws which put him out of football for three months.

The County Final was played in Aughrim on Sunday 24th September 1995 with An Tóchar playing Baltinglass who were going for their ninth title in a row. It was a fast and exciting match with all players displaying a great will to win. A sneaky goal from Brendan Brady propelled An Tóchar to an historic victory. Final Score: An Tóchar 1-09, Baltinglass 1-07. The lifting of the Miley Cup by our captain Sean Nolan on that afternoon is something that will remain in all our memories for many years. The team trainer Philip McGillycuddy was awarded a well deserved ' Man of the Match' after the game.

The Miley Cup was brought back to Roundwood to witness great celebrations. Local Poet Laureate Margaret Bolger composed a poem in honour of the team, renowned baker Dean Price made a cake decorated with details of the victory. Miley was brought to all the local hostelries for the next few weeks and of course into the local schools.

Team: Liam Cullen, Nick Nolan, Sean Nolan, Alan Jenkinson, Pat Murphy, Philip McGillycuddy, Joe Price, Murt Davis, Seamus Nolan, Brendan Brady, Donal McGillycuddy, Ken Power, Seamus Cullen, Fergal Mulligan, Enda McGillycuddy.

In the Leinster Club campaign which commenced on Sunday 5th November the team improved in every game with fantastic victories over Louth Champions St. Marys Ardee 3-11 to 1-10 and Meath Champions Dunderry 1-13 to 1-12. This set up a Leinster Final versus Eire Óg from Carlow. The final was reported as a cracker in the national media, a game that our supporters will never forget, the pundits described it as a game for the purists. Joe Hayden pointed a breath taking free from the side line for Eire Óg to force a replay. The An

Tóchar team were so close to capturing a Leinster Senior Club Title and deprive Eire Óg of three in a row. Final Score: An Tóchar 0-15, Eire Óg 2-09. Unfortunately Eire Óg were deserving winners of the replay Eire Óg 0-15, An Tóchar 1-06. This game was incidentally shown on live television.

Subsequently the An Tóchar Senior Team were narrowly defeated in the County Finals of 1998 and 2001.

So my playing career coincided with the soap opera that was Glenroe. While Miley was a weekly visitor to our screens for two decades. It was the year of 1995 that we had the pleasure of having the only truly important Miley in our lives.

Back Row: L-R Enda McGillycuddy, Pat Murphy, Ken Power, Sean Nolan, Liam Cullen, Nick Nolan, Philip McGillycuddy.
Front Row: L- R Donal McGillycuddy, Alan Jenkinson, Fergal Mulligan, Brendan Brady, Shay Cullen, Joe Price, Shay Nolan, Murt Davis.
Mascots: Conor Davis & Cian O Neill.

Wicklow Through The Artist's Eye – a review

Anngret Simms

Mary Davies, the Roundwood Historical Society's honorary member, is the joint author with Patricia Butler of Rathnew, of 'Wicklow Through the Artist's Eye, an exploration of County Wicklow's Historic Gardens c.1660 - c. 1960', published by Wordwell Ltd at €40. This review of the book is by Anngret Simms.

'I believe that at heart Mary Davies is a Wicklow woman herself, once having lived near Oldbridge in her beloved cottage. She is also an expert on the history of Irish gardens. Patricia Butler is an art historian author, who lives near Rathnew. Her knowledge of Irish painting is also fundamental to the significance of this volume.

The publishers, Wordwell, have done the authors proud. The quality of the reproduction of the numerous paintings and drawings is excellent. The images leave one with a strong desire to go and see these places. For example , I am determined to walk the Dargle Gorge before next winter. But, I will dress differently from the elegant ladies in the book standing in long beautiful dresses and perched precariously on a rock over the steep gorge!

Behind all the beauty in this book emerges an impressive amount of detailed research. Every caption, associated with an image, gives the name of the artist, the title of the image, the date and its depositary. Implicitly there is a lot on the social history of the county in the volume, associated with the big houses, the expansion of tourism in the second half of the nineteenth century from the coast to the glens and the entertainment world of the upper classes at the time.

The book includes Ordnance Survey six-inch to a mile extracts of the big houses and their demesnes. Of particular fascination is the discussion of sites as, for example Blessington Park, that have long gone. Built in the 1670's this Park was the creation of the Church of

Ireland Archbishop of Dublin, Michael Boyle. He was a formidable character who created a geometrically laid out garden that was swept away by agrarian unrest. To-day all that is left are the impressive gate-posts leading into the demesne.

The captions associated with the images are a special bonus. They draw attention to extra features as for example associated with Blessington Park it says : 'note the alignment of the main avenue and St Mary's Church'. There are descriptions of numerous other demesnes of whose existence many may not have been aware. If you own this book you can turn yourself into an expert in no time on the basis of the research contained in it.

A recurring theme is the contrast between the desolate hill country and the civility of the demesne land. Our eyes are opened as to loving detail contained in the design of garden gates or staircases leading into lowered flower beds or on to terraces. The devotion to detail is overwhelming.

A chapter close to my heart is the history of trees in Wicklow. Did you know that the first beech tree in Ireland was planted in Shelton Abbey? Two great gardens, Powerscourt and Mount Usher, are discussed in detail and many others are comprehensively dealt with. There are short biographies of all the artists whose work is contained in the volume.

It is a great achievement to have been able to combine so much beauty, as is presented in the images in this volume, with so much knowledge. In a way the book has become its own pleasure ground. Congratulations to the authors and publisher and I highly recommend the book.'

Our Patrons

Roundwood Pharmacy

Avonmore Credit Union

St. Kevin's Bus

An Tochar GAA

Avonmore Gun Club

Kavanagh Construction, Roundwood

.˝avanaghs, Vartry House

Thomas & Monica Brady

Co. Wicklow Anglers

The Hon Garech Browne

Tochar House

RDHFS also wishes to thank Aisling Byrne and County Wicklow Partnership for their assistance in the publication of this Journal

Copies of this Journal may be ordered from: The Secretary, Roundwood Historical and Folklore Society, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow, Ireland

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We especially welcome contributions from those living locally or overseas and those who used to live in Wicklow.

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