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About our cover:

This year's cover is a painting of Brian Boru, the last King of Ireland. The original painting and the cover art were both done by Irish artist Brendan Sheridan. Brendan is a Virginia resident and a member of the popular local band, The Irish Breakdown.



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The 1985 St. Patrick's Day Parade of Washington, D.C. is co-sponsored annually by the Irish-American Club of Washington, D.C. and the National Capitol Park Service, in conjunction with the John Fitzgerald Chapter of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The Parade is presented as a family affair for the enjoyment of all those who are Irish, of Irish descent and those who wish they were.

This year's Parade theme is "Ireland—America's Foundation." Each year the Parade Committee selects a theme which serves as the focal point for the Parade Magazine. In keeping with this year's theme, we are pleased to include articles on "Hallow's'en: The Old Irish New Year", "The Irish Bull", "John Fitzgerald: Alexandria's Forgotten Son of Erin" and "The Impact of Irish Women Upon the Construction of Irish-America." Also included in this year's Parade Magazine is an entertaining piece of fiction entitled "Carmody's Ghost." We are also pleased to introduce for the first time in the Parade Magazine a page of original poetry from a talented Irish poet currently residing in the local area. Please also note the addition of three articles of local interest entitled "The 'Hibernian Chair' at Catholic University—The A.O.H. the First American Professorship in Celtic Studies"; "James Hoban at Rhodes Tavern" and "The Wee-Cries."

The Parade Magazine is enthusiastically presented to you by the Committee in the hope of being educational, enlightening and entertaining. Each contributor has labored long and hard on their piece. The Parade Committee acknowledges and appreciates the time, effort and talent of each contributor. Please ENJOY this year's magazine in your leisure time from now until March, 1984.

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GRAND MARSHAL, 1983 REAR ADMIRAL FRANCES SHEA NURSE CORPS, UNITED STATES NAVY



Rear Admiral Frances Teresa Shea has been selected to serve as the Grand Marshal of the 1983 St. Patrick's Day Parade of Washington, D.C. This year we are especially proud to present Admiral Shea as an exemplary member of the Irish-American community. We also take great pleasure in selecting a woman to lead this year's parade down Constitution Avenue and represent the Irish-American community for the day.

Rear Admiral Shea is the Director, Navy Nurse Corps, Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department, Washington, D.C. In August 1980, she assumed the additional duty of Commanding Officer, Naval Health Sciences Education.

Rear Admiral Shea was born in Chicopee, Massachusetts. She is currently residing in Virginia. She received her Bachelor of Science Degree from St. Joseph College, Hartford, Connecticut and her Master of Science Degree in Nursing Service Administration from DePaul University, Chicago, Illinois. She also attended the University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois where she established credits in Operating Room Technique and Management.

In 1951, she was appointed Ensign in the Navy Nurse Corps. Advancing progressively in rank, she attained the rank of Rear Admiral in July, 1979. She is the fourth woman to be selected for flag rank in the U.S. Navy and the 14th Director of the Navy Nurse Corps.

Rear Admiral Shea's distinguished nursing career included serving as Clinical Instructor, Mercy Hospital School of Nursing, Springfield, Massachusetts from 1950-51. Her first assignment in the Navy was as a charge nurse at the Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Virginia from 1951 until 1954. She resumed her civilian experience when she served as an instructor in Medical-Surgical Nursing at Mercy Hospital School of Nursing, Springfield, Massachusetts from 1954-1955. While retaining a commission in the Naval Reserve, she continued receiving civilian experience as an Assistant Operating Room Supervisor at the Veterans Administration Research Hospital, Chicago, Illinois

from 1956-1959 and as Head Nurse at the same facility for approximately another year. Rear Admiral Shea resumed active military experience when she was assigned as the Operating Room Instructor at the Naval Hospital, St. Albans, New York from 1960 to 1962. From 1962-1964 she served as a charge nurse at the Naval Hospital, Rota, Spain. From 1965-1968 she returned as a recruiter at Richmond, Virginia. In 1968, she reported to the USS Repose as Operating Room Supervisor and handled Vietnam casualties until 1969. She returned to Operating Room Instructor duty at the Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Massachusetts from 1969 to 1971.

At the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Maryland, she assumed responsibilities as Assistant Director for Nursing Services from 1971 to 1974. She transferred to the Naval Regional Medical Center, San Diego, California as Director, Nursing Services. When serving in this capacity, she was selected as Director, Navy Nurse Corps.

Rear Admiral Shea is authorized to wear the following military decorations: Meritorious Service Award with bronze star, Navy Commendation and Navy Unit Commendation. In addition, she is authorized to wear the following campaigns and Service medals: National Defense, One Star; Humanitarian Service; Vietnam Service, Four Stars; Armed Force Reserve; Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry; Vietnam Civil Action and Republic of Vietnam.

Rear Admiral Shea is a member of several associations including the American Nurses' Association, the Association of Operating Room Nurses, the Association of Military Surgeons, the California Society for Nursing Service Administrators, and the San Diego County Directors of Nursing Council. She also serves as a military representative to the Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services and as Chairman, Health Care Committee, Interservice Training Review Organization.

Again, congratulations to Rear Admiral Shea, the 1983 Grand Marshal, for her distinguished military service.

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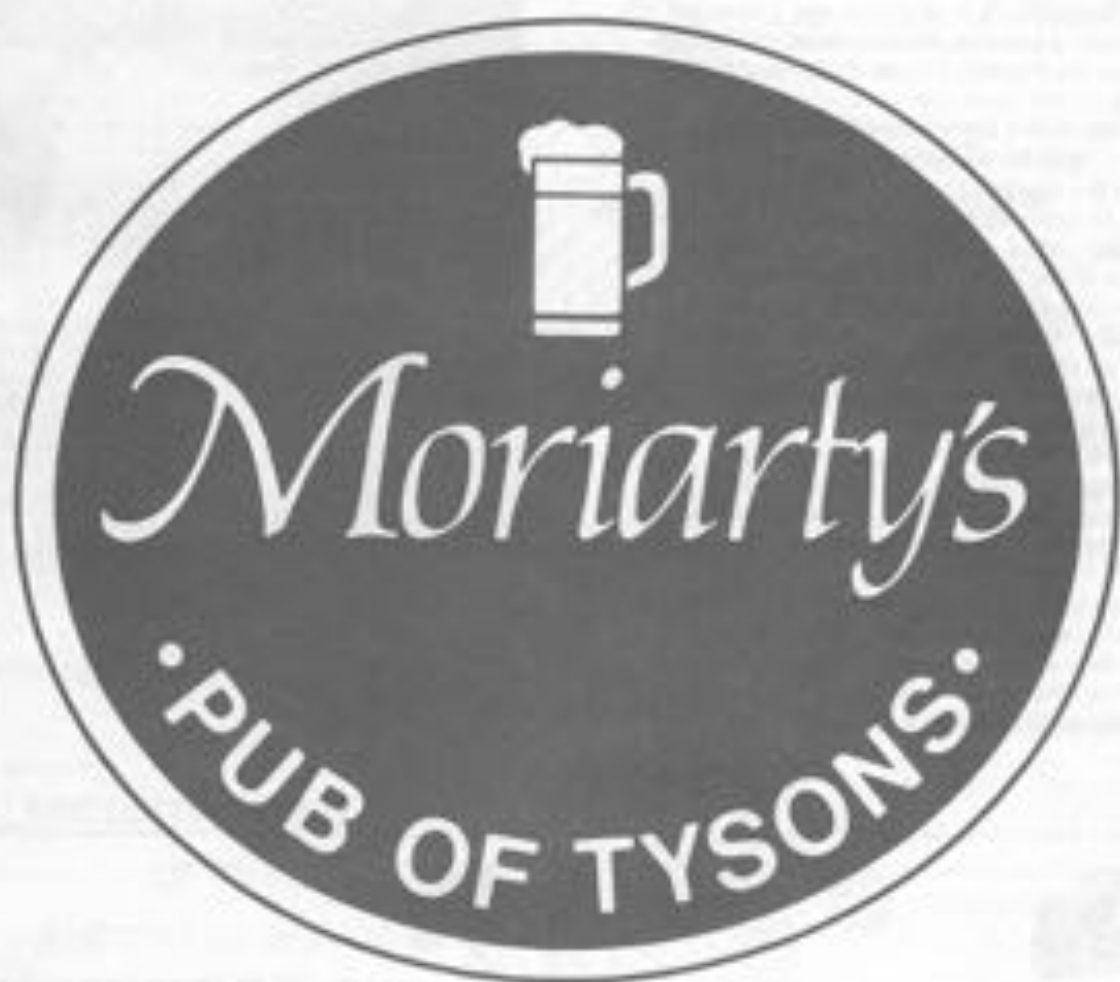


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1983 Gael of the Year

The St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee is pleased to announce the selection of Mr. James K. Roland as the recipient of the 1983 Gael of the Year Award. This Award is presented to Mr. Roland in recognition of his active involvement in the Irish-American community in this area.

Jim Roland, a native of New York City, attended Iona College in New Rochelle, N.Y. where he was a member of the Gaelic Club and a founder of the Corinthian Sailing Club. He received his Masters Degree from Pace College in New York City.

Jim is a member of the Irish-American Club of Washington, D.C. and the Knights of Columbus. He is the vice-president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians Col. John Fitzgerald Division #1 and National AOH Officer for new divisions. Jim's other activities include serving as a former chairman of the Washington Feis (1978 and 1979); founding and serving as the first president of an AOH division in Norfolk, Virginia; founding the St. Brigid's Cabaret; acting as chairman of the St. Brendan's Cup Committee in America and serving as president of the Irish-American Heritage Foundation.

Jim and his wife, Kathleen, have recently been participating in the YMCA's "Children's Committee Program." This summer, they will be hosting two twelve-year-old boys from Northern Ireland in connection with this program.

Jim, Kathleen and their four children, Rookie, Emmett, Meghan and Molly, currently reside in Falls Church, Virginia, where they are members of St. John's Parish.

Congratulations, Jim, and a very happy St. Patrick's Day from all of us on the St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee.



Photo by Paul Flanagan

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HALLOWE'EN: THE OLD IRISH NEW YEAR

By Dr. Colín Owens

Today we celebrate the feast day of the saint who, in the middle of the fifth century, brought Christianity to Ireland. The impact of the lifework of Saint Patrick on the culture of Ireland was enormous, and went far beyond matters of religious belief and practice: new institutions—monasteries and schools—were introduced, literacy spread over the country, and social and political relations were transformed. But the native way of life made the new religion welcome in many ways that made it recognizably Irish. And a couple of these distinctively Irish features eventually marked the features of the universal Church, and through it, the character of secular society down to that of the United States in our own time.

An interesting example of this Irish inheritance is the celebration of Hallowe'en (All Saints and All Souls) and May Day (Whitsun).

In contrast with the Romans, the ancient Irish—both the Celts and those who preceded them—divided the year into two seasons, *Samhradh* (Sow-rah: Summer), and *Geimhreadh* (Gev-rah: Winter). The beginnings of these phases of the year were marked by the great festivals of *Bealtaine* (Bal-thema: May Day), and *Samhain* (Sow-in: November Eve), respectively.¹ Two lesser festivals marked the mid-points of these seasons, *Imbolc* or *Lá Fhéile Bríghide* (St. Brigid's Day: February 1st), and *Lúghnasa* (Loo-nass: August 1st).² Each of these Quarter Days survives in folk tradition under partly or fully Christianized forms, shares with the others a celebration of the appropriate season, as well as certain beliefs concerning the fairies or the dead, and also retains distinct ceremonies. But, of the four, Hallowe'en has retained into contemporary culture the clearest traces of its origins as the great feast of the dead.

Hallow Eve (October 31st/November 1st) is the end of the year in ancient Irish tradition, the crossing-over time between old and new years. Since it is a time of simultaneous death and birth, it is a time of disorder, when the boundaries between the dead and the living, between the sexes, and between one man's property and another's are eliminated, and when divinations erase the distinctions between present and future.³

The death of the sun was thought to release great evil throughout the countryside, opening fairy forts so that many of their occupants were found changing residences during the month of November. But November Eve itself is the busiest day for this activity, according to traditional belief. According to the ancient tales of "The Boyish Exploits of Finn" and "Eochtra Níral," "the ahees [the fairy host] of Erin are always in the open at Samhain," because their normally concealing *fe fíada* (magical mist or cloak) is lifted, and they wander through the countryside after nightfall.⁴ After this date, wild fruits are unfit to eat, because the *púca* [fairy horse] has polluted them. At this time of year banshees [fairy women], harbingers of death, are

often sighted or heard.⁵ On Hallowe'en night the dead too are released from their graves and wander about. Sir James Frazer reports that "the souls of the departed were supposed to visit their old homes in order to warm themselves by the fire and to comfort themselves with the good cheer provided for them in the kitchen or the parlour by their affectionate kinsfolk."⁶ Country people are careful not to be away from home on that night. One of them explains:

The fairies do have their flitting [home moving] then, and do not like to be seen or watched; and all the spirits come to meet them and help them. But mortal people should keep at home, or they will suffer for it; for the souls of the dead have power over all things on that one night of the year; and they hold a festival with the fairies, and they drink red wine from the fairy cups and dance fairy music till the moon goes down.⁷

Instead, by long-established tradition, they remain indoors gathered around the family hearth playing seasonal games. This was the night when the *Fianna* were quartered, when the ritual fires of winter were kindled on the hill of Tlachtga, and when various fairs, processions and or-gastic rites were held throughout the Celtic world.⁸ For the Celts, death was a journey rather than a change of state, and on this night the dead are relieved from their wanderings by their temporary entertainment around their former hearths; as Kevin Danaher notes, "in preparation for their coming, the house was cleaned and the door left open, and in some cases a fire was left burning and food and drink laid out. Before bedtime the family lit candles for the repose of the dead."⁹ The young often impersonate these wanderers (or variously, the fairies) by uprooting vegetables, making death's heads, removing gates from their posts, releasing animals, and other pranks.

In ancient Ireland, as in the recent folk tradition, Hallowe'en has been the occasion of regional fairs or assemblies. These *noinden* were held at Emhain Macha, Tara, Slémain Mide, and all provincial centers of Celtic Ireland, and all nobles were required to attend; for Samhain, according to the *Tochmarc Étaíne*, was "a day of peace and amity between the men of Ireland, on which none is at enmity with his fellow."¹⁰ These gatherings, known variously as "fairs" (*oonaigh*) or more recently as "booleys," met on hilltops,¹¹ often on the sites of prehistoric burials.¹² Thus, the preparation for the coming winter was observed socially, at which occasions many ceremonies were added, designed to aid the dying powers of vegetation, whose powers of growth were felt to be in danger of eclipse. Various representatives of the corn-spirit, human, animal, or vegetable, were sacrificed to the powers of evil or blight. The corn-spirit, primarily female, was ritually slain under the form of the burning of a sheaf of wheat (called the *coilleach*, or "old hag");¹³ or in another tradition, a cake of bread was thrown against the door to banish famine from the house for the winter.¹⁴ In these associations of femininity, fertility, and the

commemoration of the dead at Samhain, J.A. McCulloch finds an explanation of the ancient name of Hallow Eve: *Modronicht*, or "Mother's Night."¹³

Some scholars think that Christmas may have borrowed some features from the Celtic Samhain.¹⁴ Whatever substance there is to this, the institution of the Christian feasts of All Saints (November 1st) and All Souls (November 2nd) was evidently designed to supplant this pagan commemoration of the dead. It is clear that they have not succeeded entirely, considering the number and variety of surviving beliefs connected with Samhain. But, in the loss of the friendly aspect of the dead, who like the shrew, "are popularly connected with evil powers which are on the ascendant on Samhain eve," we can detect the official Christian disapproval of the ancient feast.¹⁵

The Feast of Our Lady and All the Saints commemorating "the vast and countless multitude of those out of all tribes and nations that stand before the throne of the Lamb" (Apocalypse, 7:9), was originally in the West set for the octave of Whit Sunday, or May 13.¹⁶ Under Pope Gregory I (590-604) it was first universally prescribed for November 1st, following the precedent set by the Insular (Irish) Church. The reasons for the change are a matter of scholarly debate, but the preponderance of opinion is that the practice of the Irish Church, having spread to Northumbria and also to the Continent, was the decisive factor.¹⁷ The Church's institution of the feast of All Souls (November 2nd) to commemorate the "faithful departed" still detained in Purgatory followed Chaucer's influence, and was in reluctant response to the survival of pre-Christian superstitious practices into the middle ages.¹⁸ It was an attempt to convert the popular beliefs that the dead appeared in various guises—as toads, will-o'-the-wisps, witches, etc.—to harass those who had in life wronged them into a Christian concern for the "poor souls" still suffering for their sins. Thus processions to cemeteries, the depositing of flowers, lights, and even food at the graves of relatives and friends have been largely supplanted by special masses for the dead, and the institution of special conditions under which plenary indulgences may be gained for these "poor souls" on November 2nd.

The other *ceann fíle* ("head feast") of the Celtic year at which the dead are commemorated, is *Bealtaine*, the first day of Summer.¹⁹ Like Samhain, it was traditionally marked by fires on the hilltops, was considered a time when witches were abroad,²⁰ and, as the Celtic May Day, was the occasion of various games and ceremonies relating to marriage.²¹ A number of ceremonies for the protection and fertility of crops and animals are, even today, observed in the country areas of Ireland, for although the imminence of evil is not so felt as at Hallowe'en, "one's luck in the ensuing year may be in the balance."²² The day is marked by a ritual tight-fistedness and guarding of property, in contrast with the hospitality offered the dead and strangers, and "the liberties taken with other people's belongings at Hallowe'en."²³

There is considerable evidence that this native festival has been partially subsumed by the Christian feast of Whitsuntide, with which it approximately coincides. Pentecost

Sunday, the seventh after Easter, celebrates the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Apostles (Acts, 2); but despite these sacred auspices, the Whit weekend has contracted in Ireland much of the ambiguities from the older *Bealtaine* traditions. It is an unlucky time for beginnings: the violent fates of children born at this time are precipitated by blood sacrifice, such as a chicken;²⁴ animals ought not be moved to pasture at that precise time, and a journey (especially if water is to be crossed) should not be commenced on Whit Monday.²⁵ It is also notable that other May Day practices associated with marriage have been transferred to Whit Monday.²⁶

These two feasts—*Bealtaine* and Samhain—are the two *ceann fíle* of the Celtic year. They have been to a certain degree Christianized. The average Irish countryman of recent memory would have a habitual, if unrealized, awareness feeling for these relationships, as is evident from many accounts of the occasions. Mary Carbery's book, *The Farm by Lough Gur*, for instance, provides a graphic and detailed account of the importance of the May Eve ceremonies in folk life, along with recreating the meanness among rural people of a "third world" larger than their County Limerick and that of the Christian saints. Her report of Father Ryan's May Day sermon shows how anxious the Church in 19th-century Ireland was to accommodate this aspect of the "race memory" with its Christian message:

The Church said to the Irish people: there is no harm in lighting bonfires on the hills, but let us light them now to the great glory of God, and let us remember the Holy Ones who loved and served God, and whose vigils the Church keeps on the same days that the heathen Irish kept in honour of Bel, the sun. We remember St. Philip and St. James on May-eve! St. John on Midsummer-eve, and the Souls of the Dead on Hallowe'en. On these days I bid you put away all fear, Dance the old dances, sing the old songs, remember if you will, but with pity and tender laughter, the old heathen customs and charms of your forefathers, and be thankful all the time that Christianity has taught you to dread none of these heathen things, and to know that Almighty God keeps you safe by day and night, all your life long.²⁷

(continued)

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¹The best general account of the Irish folk calendar is Kevin Danaher's *The Year in Ireland* (Cork: Mercier, 1972). *Hallowe'en* is known as All Hallows Eve, Hollen-side, All Holland, and Hallow Eve.

²See Caoimhín Ó Danachair (Kevin Danaher), "The Quarter Days in Irish Tradition," *Arx* 15 (1959, Uppsala), 47-55, and "Irish Folk Tradition and the Celtic Calendar," *The Celtic Consciousness*, ed. Robert O. Driscoll (New York: George Braziller, 1982), 217-42.

³See *Always and Brinsley Rees, Celtic Heritage: Ancient Tradition in Ireland and Wales* (London: Thames & Hudson, 1961), 90.

⁴See Seán Ó Súilleabháin, *Irish Folk Custom and Belief* (Dublin: Three Candles, 1967), 69; P.W. Joyce, *A Social History of Ancient Ireland*, Vol. 1, 246, 264-65; E. Estyn Evans, *Irish Folk Ways* (New York: Devin-Adair, 1957), 276-77.

⁵P.W. Joyce, I, 265.

⁶Seán Ó Súilleabháin, *A Handbook of Irish Folklore* (London: H. Jenkins, 1963), 345.

⁷Lady Wilde, *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms and Superstitions of Ireland* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1925), 78.

⁸J.A. MacCulloch, in *The Religion of the Ancient Celts* (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1911), surveys the ancient and recent practices associated with *Hallowe'en* from the hearth-burial among the *Adeuli* (165) to the bonfires, pastoral sacraments, and youthful pranks found from Gaul to the Hebrides (259-61).

⁹According to Estyn Evans, "*Hallowe'en* seats" were set around the fire for the dead, *Irish Folk Ways*, 89. Bread, nuts, milk, etc. were left for them. For a wide survey of associated traditions and practices, see Sir James Frazer, *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion* (New York: Macmillan, 1935), vol. 10, 222-46. See also Ó Danachair, "Quarter Days," 52-3.

¹⁰Whitley Stokes has suggested that, contrary to the usual opinion, *Samhain* means "assembly," *Urkeitscher Sprachschatz* (Göttingen, 1894). Toemarc Etaline, ed. and tr. O. Bergin and R.I. Best (Dublin, 1938). See also *The Metrical Dindsenchas*, ed. and tr. E. Guynn (Dublin, 1903-35), and J.R. Reinhard, *The Survival of Goid in Medieval Romance* (Halle: Max Niemeyer, 1933), 102-03. Maire MacNeill's *The Festival of Lughnass* (London: Oxford University Press, 1962) is the most comprehensive study of any Celtic festival, and contains much information on the assemblies on such days.

¹¹MacNeill gives an extensive list of such sites. Place-names retain the association of many locations with *Samhain* rites, such as *Cnoc Samhna* ["The Hill of Samhain"], Knockstown, Co. Limerick, Knocknasamhna, Co. Leitrim, Mullasamhna, Co. Donegal, etc. See P.W. Joyce, *The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places* (London: Longmans Green, 1898-1913), I, 202-04.

¹²Estyn Evans, *Irish Heritage*, 157. In Kerry, the *Hallowe'en* *buaille* was a ceremony marking the reunion before winter of villagers who spent the summer in "booleys" or

temporary homes on the hills with the animals. Kevin Danaher describes these homes-away-from-home and reunions in them, *Gentle Places and Simple Things* (Cork: Mercier, 1964), 26-30.

¹³MacCulloch, 261-64, 169.

¹⁴Seán Ó Súilleabháin, *Irish Folk Custom and Belief*, 70.

¹⁵The Celtic Earth-god was lord of the dead, and probably took the place of an Earth-goddess or goddesses, to whom the *Matres* [The Celtic goddesses of fertility] certainly correspond. Hence the connection of the dead with female Earth spirits would be explained. Mother Earth had received the dead before her place was taken by the Celtic Dispatier. Hence the time of Earth's decay was the season when the dead, her children, would be commemorated" (169-70).

¹⁶MacCulloch suggests that the traditional yule log is a transferred remnant of the *Samhain* fires in memory of the dead; and that Venerable Bede's name for Christmas, "Mother's Night," is a similar example, (169-70).

¹⁷MacCulloch, 170.

¹⁸The martyrs of Edessa were commemorated on May 13. The Greek rite still adheres to the octave of Whit. See Ludwig Eisenhofer and Joseph Lechner, *The Liturgy of the Roman Rite* (New York: Herder and Herder, 1961), 237, and "All Saints," *The New Catholic Encyclopedia* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1967).

¹⁹John Henric examines the textual evidence, especially the York calendar, the *Féire Oengusso*, and continental sources, notes some of the characteristics of the Irish church that distinguished it from the Roman (the basing of liturgical practices on natural, not historical time, the wider use of the term "saint" than to martyrs, and "the idea of spiritual completeness characteristic of devotion to the Saints in Irish monasticism"), and concludes that "the fact that the date to which this feast was assigned had a very special (unhistorical) significance within that realm, suggest that the Irish influence in the constitution of All Saints was very considerable indeed," "The Meaning of All the Saints," *Medieval Studies* 10 (1948), 147-61.

²⁰Eisenhofer, 238, and "All Saints," *New Catholic Encyclopedia*.

²¹Known alternatively as *Cé't shamhain* ["First Hallowe'en"] or "The Beginning of Summer".

²²It coincides with *Wolpurgisnacht* of Silesia, Tyrol, etc., Frazer, 10:159; and is marked by ceremonies protecting crops, animals, and homes from witches, according to MacCulloch, 264-68.

²³In Scotland, *Bealtaine* cake [an *hornoch beal-tine*], corresponding to the *barnbrack* of *Samhain* is baked. The drawer of the "black bit" is designated the *coilleach beal-tine* ["the hag of Bealtaine"], is ritually burned but rescued by the company. See Frazer, 10:148; 2:52-3; and MacCulloch, 264-68.

²⁴Whitethorn or rowan branches and blossoms are twined around milk pails, churn, and door; cattle are driven between purification fires, etc. See Frazer, 10:293; 2:52-3.

(continued)

²²Rees and Rees, 92. William Butler Yeats uses these May Eve customs and their violations to provide a setting and the mechanics of plot to his play *The Land of Heart's Desire*. A good account of these customs and the tabo on hospitality can be found in Mary Carbery, *The Farm by Lough Gur* (New York: Longmans, 1940), 159.

²³Evelyn Evans, *Irish Folk Ways*, 271.

²⁴Kevin Danaher reports that Whitsuntide is "a day on which all precautions must be taken against accident and ill-fortune. Nobody should engage in any dangerous occupation, nor should anyone set out on a journey." All waters should be avoided on that day. *The Year in Ireland*, 129. In ancient times as well as in the surviving folk tradition, such journeys on a "cross day" such as Whit Monday were avoided, as Reinhard reports, 141. The common saying, "Tá stiuradh ag an gCúisic ar an bhfarraig" ["Whit controls the sea"] preserves this estimation. Animals born at this time are cúisic each [Cúisic: Whit], unlucky, Danaher, 129; Wilde, 108.

²⁵Rev. H. Friend, *Flowers and Flower Lore* (New York, 1891), 245. The survival of the old May Day custom of young folk rolling downhill together in the Dingle, Co. Dublin, on Whit Monday, is reported by Frazer, 2:103.

²⁶165-66. See also 157-65.

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CARMODY'S GOOSE

By Brendan Sheridan



Photo by Paul Flanagan

Painting by Brendan Sheridan

The broken bottles embedded in the concrete at the top of the high stone wall shone green, blue and brown in the summer sun as Willie led his followers up the wall. His feet found the familiar holes where stones were missing in the aging wall that surrounded the overgrown orchard.

"Mouse" Farrell and Lukie Smith were stiff with excitement at the prospect of making the mad dash across to the mishapen old trees to fill their pockets with the hard crabbed pears that Mr. Ward never seemed to pick up anyway. He guarded them like an aged lion, never failing to make an appearance during their frequent raids to shout, "Pigs and scallywags—Your mothers will hear about this!" He would probably wave his old cane and make a feeble attempt to chase them. Their imaginations would soar before the raid as to what would happen if Mr. Ward actually caught them. "The black hole," Mouse would say. "He will throw us all in the black hole and shut the door, and we'll be there forever and ever."

Willie felt self-conscious about his first pair of long pants, and was very careful not to get them ripped as he picked his way through the glass on top of the wall. He kept brushing back the long piece of stringy brown hair that continually fell over his left eye.

The raid went well and they made their escape over the wall again, through the old graveyard into the open fields to their clubhouse. This was situated in a deformed tree, and made mostly from cardboard boxes that had to be replaced every time they had a heavy shower.

"He almost had me," Mouse said. His eyes seemed to grow bigger and his hair stood on end. He re-lived the few exciting moments: "Another few steps and I was a gonner." Lukie agreed, but added that he thought old Mr. Ward wasn't as fast as he used to be. Mouse acted as lookout and they sat around eating green pears until the Angelus

rang. They agreed to meet tomorrow to go see Carmody's goose.

The streets of the little town were well aired when Willie, the studs on his boots making rhythmic sounds on the toepath, went to meet his friends behind the market house. He often walked alone, changing rhythms to shorten the journey. Today it didn't seem to help.

Mrs. Carmody's goose was a strange creature, given to long periods of melancholy when she would stand around the yard and do nothing. Other times she would wander off with an old dog called Dinkie Lynch. (Dogs in the town always assumed the family name.) Dinkie took it upon himself to be her protector and would growl menacingly and stare rudely with his one good eye at anyone who dared come close.

Willie and his friends took up their positions across the road from the bottling shed at the back of McGuire's Pub. Every Thursday the brown bottles were washed and refilled with stout. Some of the old stout ran out and lay in dark puddles, reflecting the passing clouds.

They didn't have long to wait. Carmody's goose and Dinkie appeared, waddling down the center of the road; something they never did except on Thursday. Traffic, such as it was, came to a halt until the couple had passed.

Dinkie never drank but the goose took great pleasure in it and would honk and snap with delight, her head shaking like a white sheet caught in a sudden breeze. The boys would then follow them back to the yard. The goose would squawk at every human she met, especially those on bicycles. Dinkie was always very quiet on these return journeys. He would glance around meekly, as if to apologize for his old friend's behavior.

Willie's mind seemed to wander and he impatiently pushed back the familiar shock of hair, as Mouse recalled

the great deeds of the drunken goose on the trips back to the yard: "Do you remember when the goose frightened Molly Clancy so bad that she drove her bicycle into the Taylor's flowerbeds and destroyed all the chrysanthemums? We had a great laugh at her, but she's such a crybaby, always yelling and screaming, as if we put the goose up to it."

"Molly Clancy," Willie thought. She was the girl who lived on the next street and had been hanging around their gang a lot recently. The boys resented her trying to join in their games. Sometimes they had to chase her and her friends off with grenades of lollypop bags filled with sand that they found at the side of the road. More often than not, however, they would just retreat out of range and yell taunts at her in their sing-songy voices: "Cowardy-Cowardy-Custard—Stick your nose in mustard!"

Willie made his way home, stopping at the sweetshop to gaze at the gobetoppers and penny bars, their wrappers fading and bending in the sun like heated metal. He saw her reflection in the window at the far side of the road. She was leaning on her bicycle, and he knew by her stiff pose that she was going to say something. He turned around.

"Willie Ryan, your mother is going to kill you when you get home for stealing Mr. Ward's pearls! You're in for it—just you wait!" She clatched the handlebars of her bicycle, not sure what to say next.

Willie considered tossing his last sand grenade in her direction. The wind certainly was blowing in just the right way, and it would have had a fine effect. He had to be content, however, with hissing "Carrot-Head, Carrot-Head," because she had her little brother with her, after all.

Off she went, her brother perched precariously on the bar of her father's bicycle. "I'm going to have to head her off somehow," thought Willie, "and either threaten her or somehow persuade her not to tell my mother." He also considered persuading his mother to go into the garden. Then, perhaps, she would not have to hear the vengeful knock. Willie's heart raced as he jumped the wall, his sudden presence scattering the docile cows that normally grazed nearby.

Willie's mother looked down at him. "Why in the name of God would I want to go into that muddy hole that your father has been promising to . . ."

knock . . . knock . . . knock . . .

Willie peered from behind his mother's apron at Molly Clancy, the sun illuminating her translucent curly red hair. Her blue eyes flashed defiantly and his fear was mixed with a sense of wonder. Their eyes met for a moment; then she looked up.

"Mrs. Ryan, my mother wants to know if she can borrow a grain of tea. She didn't have a chance to get down to the shops today, and she always likes a drop around four o'clock."

Molly kept talking as nine-year-olds will do and Willie thought: "She's not so bad after all." He might even take her fishing at Lantry's river. Why, if things worked out well, and if Mouse agreed, they might go down to view the goose next Thursday.

Deirdon Sheridan is an Irish poet, artist and musician residing in Virginia.

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THE IMPACT OF IRISH WOMEN UPON THE CONSTRUCTION OF IRISH-AMERICA

Rona M. Fields, Ph.D.

The majority of emigrants from Ireland have been women. The ratio reached ten women for every nine men between 1961-66 and in every census period since at least 1881 (when record keeping started) there have been more Irish women leaving Ireland except during periods of British wars. Because Irish men have left their homes to fight in the British military, and others have been lured to England to work in war industries, rather than remain in their marginal rural employment, in the years between 1911-26 and 1941-43, nearly three times as many men as women left Ireland. In this predominance of women in the numbers of emigrants, the Irish were unlike any other European immigrant group to America. In fact, the usual "pull" of jobs—upward mobility constituted America's greater attraction for European men during the nineteenth and early twentieth century—and even today, most immigrants to these shores are drawn by dreams of job opportunities and diversity of options.

For women—Irish and others—these options were considerably fewer. They were primarily employed as domestic servants and, nearly as often, they worked at factory jobs. There are particular characteristics of Irish history and culture during the past two centuries that contributed to this unique balance.

Ireland, like most of Europe and America, was undergoing urbanization from the middle of the nineteenth century onward. Unlike other countries, however, urbanization of Ireland was limited by its unique nature as a colony while at the same time, providing large numbers of unskilled rural dwellers into the labor pool of the home island and capital cities. In this way, Irish immigration roughly paralleled the rural to urban moves of other European countries, except for its dubious distinction as the only remaining European colony, by the additional pinch of the political consequences of colonial status.

Thus, it is that the impact of the Irish in America has been met in the interface of Irish women with American institutions. Many of those institutions, such as the American Labor movement, grew directly out of the character of Irish women in the situation of their exploitation by a system of marginal rewards and maximum tyranny reminiscent of their condition in Ireland—the circumstances they had been determined to escape. The laundresses united; the seamstresses united; the women whose fathers and husbands and sons suffocated in the dungeons of the coal mines pitted themselves bodily against the oppressors. But there were other places and other ways in which the Irishness of American women determined and affected all of the institutions of this new world. At the very least, this preponderance of Irish women in the immigrant wave resulted in the Irishing through Irish grandmothers of countless numbers of children whose nominal ethnicity is counted as English, German, Scottish, Scandinavian, Italian, Latin or Hispanic, Jewish and even Black. The incredible capacity of the Irish to integrate themselves into the newer cultural surroundings to which they fled, whether as Wild Geese, Celtic nobility, or famine emigrants, is typified in the Irish women who transcended the confines of their own upbringing to marry men of vastly different origins and cultures.

But, when they intermarried, these women sustained the culture of women in Irish family life—dominance over family life!

As the eminent sociologist, Andrew Greeley notes, Irish mothers rule either by sheer force of will or by the manipulation of the sympathies and guilts of the family members. The wife/mother may be the dominant figure in the fiscal life of her family, as the Woman of Property who "deals in property"; or the pious woman whose religious devotion marks the moral standard of her family in the eyes of their community. Greeley points out that it is, in fact, the effect of the "Respectable Woman," an archetype in Irish and Irish-American society, whose life is governed by her concern with "What will people say?," has been the achievement oriented, upwardly mobile and professionally successful generations of Irish-Americans in the second half of the twentieth century. Their counterparts in Ireland of the same epoch have catapulted a generation born in slavery, after centuries of political and economic exploitation, into the economic and political mainstream of contemporary Europe.

Immersion into American life was neither quick nor easy. The persistence and convictions that characterize the survival patterns of women in Irish society provided the template for success in this competitive and often hostile environment. The American liberal tradition of the nineteenth century bore with it the contradiction of its contributions, from the direct actions of some Irish women of the seventeenth century and its unconscious and unconscionable denigration of Irish women.

The traditions of equality between the sexes and the right to property and political parity came into European history not through the Greeks and Romans, but through the Celts and was manifest in Brehon law in pre-Christian Ireland. This tradition of equality persisted even after the inversion of that legal system to Christian and Roman Catholic hegemony. But, manifested in various forms and times, the ideal remained so much a part of Irish culture that in the seventeenth century, the most recent of the Irish, the Ulster-Scots, evidenced many of these precepts in their rebellion against the domination of their non-conformist religious practices by the established church in England. Their cause was aggressively led and executed by the women of that group. Amongst the leaders of these dissenting Presbyterians who refused to take the oath from England were equal numbers of women and men.

On September 7, 1639, the court of castle chamber in Belfast punished five persons with imprisonment. These included two men and three women. Their imprisonment kindled the outrage of the non-conformists of Down and Antrim, who instigated a riot by attacking conformist ministers. The women played an active role in this rebellion and, we are told by a historian, "Frequently a crowd of leate women would tear the surplice from the back of an offending clergyman." (Maxwell, 1973, p. 534)

But the descendants of these non-conforming women, who were the core of the nineteenth-century women's movement in America, and, who were in the vanguard of American liberalism, as their ancestors were in the van-

guard of British liberalism, seemed unable to extend their humanism to empathize with their Irish-Catholic cousins either in the seventeenth century life of Antrim and Down, nor in nineteenth century New England.

Elizabeth Blackwell, the first American woman physician, a prominent abolitionist and member of a family of active campaigners for the rights of the oppressed, adopted an Irish immigrant girl who was one of the many famine emigrants orphaned in the voyage. The Blackwells had themselves emigrated to America from England in 1832 and were influenced through the English liberal tradition which was sparked, ironically enough, by the Cromwellian Covenanters who had protested religious dictation by the Crown. Cromwellian liberalism in Ireland was the most oppressive and bloody kind of colonialism. This paradox in political philosophy became manifest yet again in nineteenth century America. Perhaps in no instance was the contradiction more blatant than in the women's movement.

The Women's Suffrage movement that grew out of the anti-slavery abolitionist movement was largely a middle class, Protestant, and politically liberal phenomenon. Its later division and ultimate demise, after attaining the vote for women, may be attributed, at least in part, to its relatively narrow base and its equally narrow priorities. Some of these contradictions persist in becoming the paradoxes in the contemporary women's movement and in American intellectual liberalism as evidenced in attitudes towards Irish nationalism, for instance, by mainstream American liberals.

Elizabeth Blackwell, ardent campaigner for women's entrance into the medical profession and higher education, adopted an Irish orphan named Kitty. She took the child from the "great emigrant depot of Randall's Island" she says in her autobiography. In a letter to her sister, Elizabeth Blackwell wrote about this seven year old child as follows:

"I must tell you of a little item I've introduced into my own domestic economy in the shape of a small girl . . . whom I mean to train up into a valuable domestic. . . . I gave a receipt for her and the poor little thing trotted after me like a dog. . . . She is very bright, has able little fingers that are learning to dust, wash up, and sew. . . . Of course she is more trouble than use at present and quite bewildered me at first, but I like on the whole to have her." (Hays, 1967, pp. 104-105)

Kitty lived with Elizabeth Blackwell for fifty years and was never formally adopted. Dr. Blackwell was always addressed by Kitty as "doctor." The Blackwell sisters showed great attachment for adopting dogs as well as children and lavished great affection on the former.

This attitude towards Irish immigrants and the predicament of Irish immigrant women typified and exacerbated the structural and strategic inadequacies of this first American women's movement. Irish immigrant women, of course, found their cause in the nascent labor movement and made their great, energetic contributions in that struggle. None-the-less, they carried their own struggle for women's rights into and through that movement, often trying, unsuccessfully, to draw the attention and commitment of the mainstream women's movement to their struggle.

Of course, there has been another vein through which the bloodstream of American culture has been infused with Irish culture. Irish immigrant women, and their daughters, took the first steps in the struggle for upward mobility in the arena of education. These young women, in search of their

own higher education and careers in education, broke the barriers against Catholics in the admission policies of the seven sister colleges—Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Holyoke, Radcliffe, Barnard, and Pembroke.

With their degrees in hand they took up positions in education and entered the American Public School system at all levels—from kindergarten through universities in great numbers. During the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when a post secondary education of "normal school" would suffice to place a person in a classroom, the other barrier to women's access to these careers was the marriage ban. Women were not allowed to remain in their teaching positions in most places if they married. Undaunted, vast numbers of Irish women sought out these careers and committed themselves to raising the funds that assured the education of their nieces and nephews. One particularly renowned example of this selfless devotion to teaching and, through it, to the new American culture, was Annie Sullivan, teacher to Helen Keller, and an innovator in the whole field of special education.

In some parts of the United States, there is documentary evidence that Irish women acceded to upward mobility through their involvement as public school educators and that the first entrance of Irish families into the professions and social registers that followed was through these women. A relatively brief review of such documents in Worcester, Massachusetts, for instance, revealed that upward mobility by Irish-Americans in that community consisted largely of women, and that these women were single and engaged in public education careers. The Irish men of that community, because of the job and housing discrimination levelled against all of the Irish in Massachusetts, fared less well. They were confined to construction and factory jobs and because these were plentiful for them, tended not to sacrifice or delay by taking the time consuming path of higher education. This is surely an instance when discrimination against women by their restricted access to economic independence, and discrimination against the Irish, thus restricting access to the goods of the host society, paid off the victims of that discrimination.

Perhaps one of the ultimate contributions made by a woman to the construction of the Irish-American was that of a nun. She was a member of a contemplative order in County Kerry who, around 1860 compiled her country's history as an "incitement to Irishmen and Irishwomen in America to remind them of their noble and glorious annals." She stressed how Ireland has never apostasized. . . . She felt that a patriot heart might burn as ardently beneath the veil as beneath the coil. . . . She described the first taking of the Vain Erian in the days before the flood," when a Hebrew woman, a lady Castra, niece of Noah, hearing her uncle's prophecy about a universal flood, decided to seek refuge in some foreign region, hoping to find a country as yet uninhabited and so with sin unspotted. She set out with a flock of three men and fifty women . . . to Ireland. . . . Her people are the first to be interred there." (O'Brien, 1976; pp. 11-12)

That Ireland is a woman, we have no doubt and ample proof—she is Rosaleen and, at the same time, The Hag of Bearre. She is embodied in St. Bridgid and, in America, in Mother Jones.

Rona M. Field, Ph.D., psychologist, is the author of *Northern Ireland: Society Under Siege*.

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James Hoban at Rhodes Tavern

Overlooked Civic Life of a Distinguished Irish-American

by Nelson E. Rimmenschneider

Introduction

The civic and professional life of James Hoban has been a research subject of mine for several years. During the course of that research, I have documented that Rhodes Tavern (15th and F Streets, N.W.) in downtown Washington is inextricably associated with the civic life of Irish-born James Hoban and thereby institutional and political development of the City of Washington.

Rhodes Tavern (since 1791), the only remaining National Register of Historic Places property between the White House and Capitol dating from the earliest days of the City of Washington, is, unfortunately, being unnecessarily dismantled.

Before revealing the numerous recently uncovered civic contributions of James Hoban, citizens, a brief recounting of his professional career is appropriate.

Architect and Master Builder

James Hoban, born about 1758, was apparently a serious and talented student of architecture from his earliest years. For in 1781, Hoban was awarded a medal by the Dublin Society of the Arts for excellence in drafting detail. That medal is on display in the Smithsonian's Museum of American History. In addition, Hoban's desk has survived and is in the White House along with a talent wax rendered profile, presumably from life.

Shortly after 1781, Hoban left Ireland and settled in Charleston, South Carolina where he became established as a designer and builder of private houses and public buildings.

During a visit to Charleston in 1791, President George Washington encouraged the young architect to submit a proposal in the design competition for the President's House in the new capital city to be built astride the Potomac River. Of the eight proposals submitted, five were the efforts of Irish-Americans.

On July 17, 1792, Hoban's design won the competition. He was awarded a \$500.00 prize and immediately began to superintend the construction of the White House.

By 1801, Hoban had worked nine years on the White House project, four years at the Capitol, and had supervised construction at times on the Treasury and War department buildings. In his private practice, he had built two hotels and several dwellings. Later, after the British burned the White House in 1814, amazingly Hoban completed the nearly total reconstruction of the presidential mansion in three years.

Thirty Years of Civic Leadership

While at times James Hoban is remembered for his architectural contributions, little is mentioned of his remarkable thirty years as an active citizen of the City of Washington. Perhaps as more is understood and known about this important part of his life, Hoban will be equally remembered and honored for his commitment to establishing a locally elected government and many of the institutions that transformed Washington from wilderness to a city and capital.

After Congress withdrew the local right to vote in 1801, Hoban and other concerned citizens met at the City of Washington's first town hall, Rhodes Tavern (15th and F Streets, N.W.). Hoban owned a dwelling next door on the north side of F Street, to justify his voting representation in Congress and a locally elected government. Congress responded in 1802 with a charter for the City of Washington providing for a representative elected council. Hoban was elected to that first council and remained a member until his death at 73 in 1831—a record 30-year tenure.

Other civic meetings at Rhodes Tavern, in which Hoban participated, resulted in the establishment of Washington's first public schools in 1806, first public market and theater. Hoban was also a supporter of Church-run schools and, was a founder, in 1813, of what is today's George Washington High School in Washington, D.C.

An organizer of the local militia, Hoban served as a captain of artillery. Hoban and other militia officers met regularly at Rhodes Tavern to conduct disciplinary hearings and act on other militia matters.

Hoban soon became a leader of Washington's early Irish-American community, a community comprised of Irishmen who came both alone and with families to build the new capital city of the United States. Scarce housing, high prices, and needed social services prompted Hoban to call meetings at Rhodes Tavern to organize the Society of the Son's of Erin to help these early Irish-born Washingtonians. Social, cultural, and charitable activities were the primary purposes of the Society which held regular quarterly meetings at Rhodes Tavern.

Rhodes Tavern owes its long survival (184 years) to perhaps another Washingtonian of Irish origin. In 1814, while the British invaders were torching the White House, Capitol, and other public buildings, Rhodes Tavern, then the home of the predecessor of today's American Security Bank, was likewise about to be put to the torch. But Rhodes Tavern was spared because of the clever intervention of the bank's chairwoman, a "Mrs. Sweeny," who convinced the incendiaries that the building was owned by a "poor widow." Bank records show that Mrs. Sweeny was paid a \$100.00 bonus for her efforts.

Citizens Seek Rhodes Tavern's Preservation

Since 1978, citizens have been trying to have Rhodes Tavern preserved on its historic site as an operating restaurant, a plan supported by White House runner, Clement Conger.

The architect of Washington builder, Oliver T. Carr, Jr., whose office building development is surrounding Rhodes Tavern, has said that adjacent construction need not threaten this unique historic landmark with demolition or removal. Instead, the project could be designed around Rhodes Tavern allowing the owner or interested private groups to preserve and restore Rhodes Tavern.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, Inc., has taken an active interest in the fate of Rhodes Tavern. Under the leadership of Emerald Isle Division No. 7 of Washington, D.C., Hibernians, at their national convention in

August, 1982, passed a resolution urging Oliver T. Carr, Jr. and his partner, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, to spare Rhodes Tavern by considering a design solution that would permit onsite preservation. This plea has been supported by 15,000 area residents in a petition submitted to Carr and Equitable.

Rhodes Tavern's loss would be profound and tragic. For not only is this important landmark the site of the beginnings of the City of Washington's long struggle for political equity—home rule and voting representation in Congress—but the only surviving historic place in downtown Washington associated with the civic life of James Hoban, citizen, and other founders of the Nation's Capital.

Nelson F. Rimensnyder is a historian with the U.S. House of Representatives.

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Mickey Sequence

Tom Rockford

Mickey Sequence lived with his youth,
with most of the world,
in his heart.
His hair, thick and the color of oak,
fell over his face in one side,
and on the other
the dancing children from the center
play, covering the world.
He wore black hair on a dead cat's eye.
He ate with the violence of the dead,
born in the fire as a flower to the sun,
and moving with in that flower would
be the gentle meaning of some passing breeze.
It could have been an other way,
the life that asked no more than breath is left.

The Widow Munday

Tom Rockford

The widow Munday sits in her doorway
feeling the air of the summer morning.
Fingers shaping a steady line
like the black cross clanking the winter rain.
She dreams of the day when her life was full,
her face was firm and her soul was young.
The young man's step in her door was sure,
and there was hope.
The days start fleeing, hurring fast,
through the hard frame of a day long past.
Of the thousand words but few remain
to shape her mind with the sad refrain
there was hope.

Yachts

Tom Rockford

We met not on some Mayo mountain
or the smoky mud
that paints some Sligo sky.
We met not in our mutual devotion
nor in the moors where dipped
both you and I.
We met not where our berry bags were bloody,
and we met not where the brambles tore our flesh.
And we touched not by some fanned introduction
craved from bishops of Achonry in the west.
I have heard the moans of Coole
more over Arklow
and have heard the crane's hoarse call at midnight still.
I have sunk this hand into the frothy bubbles
where the water goes the rocks of Calumet still.

Old Men and Good

Tom Rockford

There's not too water a man would have
when the world is the sea to the fish,
or the world is the air of a summer's night
when the harvest is the color of bread.
There's just enough to carry a heart
when the world is the sea to the fish,
through the horns of Polity Kelly
in his final candle flame.
There were hearts well spent with devotion
and women spent with song
and old men spent with yellowed bones
who'd lived the life too long.
They'd carried in their withered frames
a boy from A.D. Ten
to take the blame for mischief
not becoming of old men.
For old men are not good men
for just the men of youth
for all men are good men when they leave the use
of teeth.
So set aside your bag my friend
and bow your back and take a smile
and tell that lady on your left.
Thanks Love, I'll stay a while.

A Boys Navy

Tom Rockford

We launched them high with billowed sail
of untolded, silver, handiwork
and filled our lungs with brotherhood air
to push them on their feeble course.
Our eyes would dance, we'd drill a hole
with rusty nail and fist-sized stone.
Our rigging from unmaneuvered rocks
and run-innated men would be our docks.
As knee-high with we'd live with hate
of games of our invention.
To be all things that men had been
was our knee-high intention.
A tiny fish with raging pulse
became our jam-jarred ocean,
and blackberries in purpled fire
led out their magic potion.
All things we thought that we might be,
all things that we had been,
were lost when long pants hide the knee
and we come to be men.

Tom Rockford, an Irish citizen residing in Washington, D.C., grew up in Killybegs, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

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Parade Line Up as of February 20, 1983

A

1. Honorable Marion Barry Mayor of the District of Columbia
2. D.C. Metropolitan Police D.C. Police Chief Maurice T. Turner, Jr.
3. Happy St. Patrick's Day Irish American Club—Banner
4. The Grand Marshal Admiral Francis T. Shea, U.S. Navy
5. Comprehensive H.S. Marching Colts Band From Chicopee, Mass.—Director William W. Stuart
6. Honor Guard Military District of Washington
7. Major General Robert Arter Rep. Com. Gen., U.S. Army Military Dist. of Wash.
8. Joint Armed Forces Color Guard U.S. Honor Guard Units
9. U.S. Army Marching Platoon 3rd U.S. Infantry Old Guard, Ft. Meyer
10. U.S. Coast Guard Drill Team U.S. Coast Guard Precision Drill Team
11. U.S. Air Force Marching Unit & Color Guard
12. U.S. Marine Corps Honor Guard, Ceremonial Guard & Marching Unit
13. U.S. Navy Ceremonial Guard & Marching Unit, D.C.
14. St. Patrick's Day Gail of the Year CDR James Rutland—1983 Gail of the Year
15. Dahlgren Div. U.S. Naval Sea Cadets 75 Member Unit in Navy ball bottoms
16. U.S. Park Police Police Chief Lynn H. Haring
17. Honorable Charles Gilchrist Montgomery County Executive
18. Bishop O'Connell High School 120 Members—Dir. LaFayette Jackson
19. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored by the Irish—American Club
20. Irish—American Club of D.C. Pres. Tom Keane and IAC Marching Members
21. Mr. Jack Fish, Jr. Director Nat'l Capital Parks, Dept. of Interior
22. Fire Chief Theodore Coleman Washington D.C. Fire Chief
23. D.C. Fire Dept. Emerald Society Marching Unit, President Bill Kelly
24. Colonial Pipers Bagpipe Band Rockland, Mass.—Sponsored by DC Friends of Ireland
25. D.C. Friends of Ireland Marching Unit
26. Maureen Malcolm & Erin Dancers 50 Dancers in blue & green costumes
27. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored by the Touchdown Club
28. Clan Campbell Pipe Band Pipe Band from Columbia, Maryland
29. The Brookland Club Marching Unit—135 Marching members

30. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored by O'Neill Corporation
31. Patriots of Northern Virginia 450 Member Unit—Director Sam Evans
32. Irish American Conference Chairman Jim McLaughlin (Automobile)

B

1. William T. Hanson Marshall of Division B Unit
2. Irish Leprechaun Mr. Ed Wholey Himself
3. Arlington Police Color Guard Motorcycles with Officers and Flags
4. McLean Highlander Band 100 Member Musicians, Drill Team & Flag
5. A.O.H. Virginia State Board President James Herlihy
6. A.O.H. John Fitzgerald Div. #1 Marching Group—President John O'Neill
7. A.O.H. John Fitzgerald Div. #1 Ladies Auxiliary, President Nora Stewart
8. A.O.H. St. Brendan's Division #1 Marching Group—President Ed Kennedy
9. A.O.H. St. Brendan's Division #1 Ladies Auxiliary—President Anna Hahn
10. A.O.H. John Dowd, USMC Division #1 Marching Group—President Mike Thuman
11. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored by the Dubliner
12. Damascus High School Marching Band 170 Members—Director Matt Kuhn
13. A.O.H., District Board President Frank T. Herbert
14. A.O.H. Michael J. Dowd, Div. #6 Marching Group—President Patrick J. O'Sullivan
15. A.O.H. John Fitzgerald Kennedy Div. #5 Marching Group—President Charlie Quinn
16. A.O.H. COMO John Barry, Division #1 Marching Group—President Robert Lacey
17. St. John's Regimental Band 100 Members, Director Gilbert Costa
18. Rose of Tralee Beauty Queen Ms. Colleen Caman—1983 Rose of Tralee
19. Peggy O'Neill, A.D.C.R.G. Irish Dancers & The Claddagh Ring Club Band
20. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored by Antlerman Beach
21. Irish American Marching Families 75-100 Marching Group of Laurel, Md.
22. Karamelles Majorettes & Drum Corps 52 members wearing red, white & blue

23. The Calvert Clowns 7 Clowns sponsored by Knights of Columbus
24. Show Horses & Wagon Driven by Tadeus Zudichy of Alexandria, Va.
25. Lancaster C.H. Marching Band 125 members—Band from Lancaster, Pa.
26. McGruff Crimes Prevention Dog Sponsored by "PNCT" Police & Citizens
27. The Blackthorn Stick Authentic Irish Cottage, Marchers, etc.
28. Mr. Oscar Austin "Stay in School Campaign Drive"
29. Ft. Washington Continentals Sponsored by Ft. Washington Recreation Council
30. Antique Car 1936 Packard-Sports Coupe owned by Dr. J. Schertz
31. Md. Nat'l Capital Park Police Mont. Co. Div. mounted police
32. Winston Churchill High School Band 65 Member Marching Band from Potomac, Md.

C

1. Eddie Gallagher Marshall of Division C Unit
2. Washington Marching Band Sponsored by WASH Radio
3. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored by WASH Radio
4. P.G. County Police Honor Guard Police Honor Guard & Motorcycle Unit
5. Riggs Pipe Band Sponsored by Riggs National Bank
6. Four Corners Leprechaun 1 Cadillac Convertible & 1 Golf Cart
- 6A. Irish Northern Aid 50 Marching Members
7. Eastern Amateur Arabian Horse Show Arabian horses in show costumes
8. Gov. Thomas Johnson High School Band 140 Members in cardinal red, white & black
9. Woody the Owl Agriculture Dept. Forest Service, Ecology Symbol
10. Smokey the Bear Agr. Dept. Forest Ser., Forest Fire Prevention Symbol
11. Washington Bureau Cat Lugs than Life Cat Costume
12. John Hanson Patriots of St. Marys Director Bob Painter, Indian Head, Md.
13. Markland Medieval Mercenary Militia Marching Unit in costumes
14. Antique Car & Truck Sponsored by R. J. Bentley's Restaurant
15. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored by the Four Provinces
16. Antique Truck 1929 Model "A", Owner Joe Warring

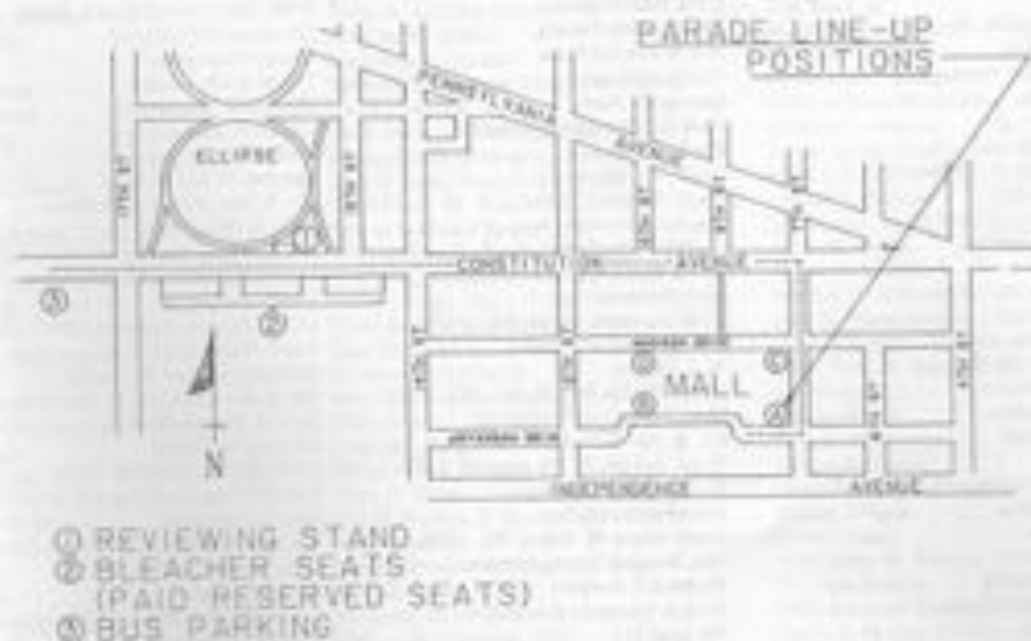
17. Cardozo High School Band
Marching Band from Washington,
DC
18. Antique Car 1924 Ford "T"
Rover, First Club International
19. Antique Car 1928 Lincoln Touring
Car, owner Buzz Potter
20. Antique Car 1930 Chevy Sedan,
owner Jerry Wilkinson
21. 1932 Pierce Arrow, owner Ted
Doran
22. Montville H.S. Marching Band
102 Members from Montville,
New Jersey
23. Almas Temple Clovers World
Famous Shrine Clovers Unit
24. Almas Temple Float & Calliope
Crippled Childrens Hospital—
Assessors
25. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored
by Murphy's Pub
26. Antique Car Lincoln Convertible,
Owner Randy Peyton
27. Antique Car Owner Mrs. Sandra
O'Shea
28. Antique Car 1929 Model A Ford,
Owner Jane & Mel Josephs
29. Osbourn H.S. Screaming Eagle
Band 51 Members from Manassas,
Virginia
30. Oak View Exhibitional Art. Club
Unicyclists, Tumbler, Balancers
& Jugglers
31. Knights of Columbus from
Manassas Float & Marching Unit
32. Antique Car 1929 Ford Coupe,
Owner David C. Yinger

33. Don Bosco H.S. Band 80 Members
from New Jersey
34. Antique Cars 1926-1931 Model
T&A Fords, owner Al Harper
35. Almas Temple Clovers World
Famous Shrine Clovers Unit
36. Kena Temple Motor Corps Harley
Davidson Motorcycles

D

1. John Lyons Marshall of Division
D Unit
2. High Point H.S. ROTC Honor
Guard High Point H.S. ROTC
Honor Guard & Drill Team
3. The Three Penny Bit Inc. Jaunting
Cart
4. Manassas Park H.S. Band
Marching Band—Manassas, Virginia
5. Sheppard's Pink Panthers Marching
Unit
6. Maryland Gaelic Dancers Dancers
dressed in authentic costumes
7. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored
by Blackies' House of Beef
8. "Washingtonia," Inc. Ethnic Dance
Group
9. Ronald McDonald World Famous
McDonaldland characters
10. The Wheelmen Antique 1880
bicycles—lead by Sol Kane
11. Pope John XXIII H.S. Band &
Drill Team from Sports, N.J.—
Director Claire Michler

12. NJSOTC Color Guard & Drill
Team 20 member unit—Director
COMO Earl D. Page
13. Emerald Shillelagh Chewder &
March. Soc. Marching Unit from
Shillelagh Art Travel Club
14. Boonwood Eaglettes & Majorettes
43 Member Marching Unit
15. O'Neill-James School of Irish
Dancers Laureen James directing
80 Irish Dancers
16. Capitol Klowns 30 Member—
Clown Unit from D.C., MD & VA
17. Jack Delaney's Irish Pious Pub Irish
Cadillac with 2 live Leprechauns
18. Leonard Hall Jr. Naval Academy
90 Members in naval uniforms
19. McKinley Senior H.S. Band
Director Peter D. Ford—
Washington, DC
20. Seneca Valley H.S. Naval Jr.
ROTC Marching Unit
21. St. Patrick's Day Float Sponsored
by the C&P Telephone Company
22. Tower 13—Wagon 10 Dale City,
Virginia Volunteer Fire Dept.
23. United Ireland Coalition 20
Member Marching Unit
24. Kennedy H.S. Marching Band
Marching Band from Silver Spring,
MD
25. Mr. John Rush Uncle Sam
26. Fire Dept. Arch (15th &
Constitution Ave) 2-100 ft.
Ladders with U.S. Flag



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THE 'HIBERNIAN CHAIR' AT CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

The A.O.H. and the First American Professorship in Celtic Studies

By Robert Mahony, Ph.D.

Most Americans of Irish descent are aware that the Irish language, or Gaelic, forms part of their heritage, and many of them—especially those who visit Ireland—have learned of the Irish government's efforts to keep the language alive. But few realize how close the language came to extinction in the nineteenth century, and of the movement to revive it that developed in the 1800s and 1890s, the most prominent American aspect of which was the establishment of a Chair in Celtic Studies at Catholic University in Washington by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in 1896.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, most Irish people outside the neighborhoods of Belfast, Derry and "the Pale" (the strip of Ireland's eastern coast, extending inland through much of modern Meath, Kildare and Kilkenny) were Irish speakers. Throughout the country, some knowledge of English was common, as it was the exclusive language of public administration and law, and already dominant in commerce. Within eighty years, however, a fairly short time in the history of any language, English had become the language of choice among the great majority of the population, and the only language spoken at all by most. Three factors in particular account for the swift decline of Irish. The gradual emergence of a Catholic middle class, speeded by Catholic Emancipation in 1829, led to much enlarged commercial dealings with Dublin, the North and England, especially once roads were improved, canals dug and railroads built. Proficiency in English became attractive to the agricultural population, furthermore, as emigration to England and North America, which had been regular but limited in the years before the Great Famine of the 1840s, grew to massive proportions thereafter. And when the British administration established elementary "National" schools after the mid-century, the Irish language was officially, and, at times brutally, discouraged.

Paradoxically, just as Irish was being displaced by English, the academic study of Irish and the other Celtic languages was coming into its own. A Professorship in Irish had been instituted at Trinity College, Dublin, centuries before to help prospective Anglican clergymen spread their faith beyond the Pale, but this cause diminished markedly in the nineteenth century; Irish was studied at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, the national Catholic seminary, for contrary reasons, but the rapid increase of English among the Catholic population posed a threat to this outpost as well. The Royal Irish Academy, meanwhile, sustained a more purely scholarly interest in the language, but this was

mainly as a branch of antiquarianism. About the middle of the nineteenth century, however, universities in France and Germany began to foster the study of the Celtic languages of Ireland, Wales and Brittany and to produce scholarly publications on their literatures. Societies were soon established in Scotland and England to preserve the languages and disseminate knowledge of the literatures; even the British government, when setting up Queen's colleges (now University Colleges) in Cork and Galway in the 1840s, had included Professorships in Irish among their faculties, though for a time at the end of the century these were abolished.

By the 1880s, then, when many Irish people regarded their national language as a useless vestige of a peasant past that they were trying to put well behind them, there was a solidly-based international academic network devoted to Irish as the language of one of Europe's oldest and greatest literatures. The strength of that network was very important to such early promoters of a popular revival of Irish as Douglas Hyde, the son of a rural Protestant minister (and later the first president of Ireland) and Fr. Eugene O'Growney of Maynooth. Their efforts were also assisted by a general shift of attention in Ireland toward cultural renewal, following the failure of political initiatives in the nationalist movement after the fall of Charles Stewart Parnell in 1891. It is truer to say that political nationalism was absorbed by this cultural movement, however, than that it was abandoned. Indeed, though Hyde formed the Gaelic League in 1893 as an explicitly non-political organization, its very success in popularizing respect for the language made it inevitably a vehicle for nationalist aspirations.

It is in the context of this natural affinity between Irish political separatism and the resurgence of the language that we should view the interest of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in establishing a professorship, the "Hibernian Chair," at Catholic University. Founded in its American form in 1836, as a society of Catholics of Irish origin or heritage, the A.O.H. was sympathetic, as a matter of course, both to Irish nationalist feeling and to the Catholic University begun in Washington in 1867. It is understandable, then, that a member of the A.O.H., Thomas Addis Emmet Wendock of Bay City, Michigan,¹ should have proposed in 1889, in a letter to Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, that the Hibernians might endow a chair at the University. Gibbons was enthusiastic about the proposal, which at this time specified no academic specialty, and at the National

Convention of the A.O.H. in Hartford in 1890 the question of the endowment was brought before the membership for consideration. The next convention, held at New Orleans in 1892, passed a resolution that an endowment of \$50,000 should be raised from the membership, with the stipulation that it be used for a chair in "Irish language, history and literature."¹ Its direction so confirmed, at a time when pro-Irish groups in America were as divided about the right political course to follow as their nationalist counterparts in Ireland, the endowment was an American expression of the trend in Ireland toward representing nationalist attitudes in cultural and indeed, academic terms.

The economic depression of 1893 stalled efforts to complete the endowment, but it remained a prime concern of the Hibernians and was promoted vigorously by Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, later a Bishop and Rector of Catholic University, who urged that the academic range of the "Hibernian Chair" be broadened to include the whole field of Celtic studies, particularly the Welsh and Breton languages as well as Irish. By 1896 the worst of the depression was over and the money for the fund had been collected by an assessment upon all the members of the A.O.H. The check for \$50,000 was presented to Cardinal Gibbons in an elaborate ceremony held at the newly-completed McMahon Hall on the Catholic University campus.

The University Bulletin had already announced forthcoming courses in the Irish language, and Fr. Richard Henebery, a student and colleague of Fr. O'Growney's at Maynooth, with a Ph.D. from the University of Greifswald in Germany, was appointed the first A.O.H. Professor. His eminence in the Celtic field was quickly recognized, as he was elected first president of the Gaelic League of America at the inaugural meeting in New York, November 2, 1898. Since his time, three scholars have held the chair: Dr. Joseph Dunn, Fr. James A. Geary, and the present Professor, Dr. Robert T. Meyer. Each has made significant advances in the editing of Irish literature and the teaching and promotion of the language in America. Since that time, moreover, Catholic University has extended its commitment to Irish studies. A number of bequests and donations from individuals, the A.O.H. and other societies have enlarged the Celtic holdings in the library. The University Press has become a major publisher of Irish drama, while the Drama Department has links to the Dublin Theatre Festival and regularly produces Irish plays at the University's Harkins Theatre and the Olney Theatre in Maryland. The English Department regularly sponsors lectures by visiting Irish scholars, and just now includes the poet Richard Murphy as Visiting Professor. The Department of Politics has begun a program under which a new group of students from Catholic and other universities visits Dublin each semester to work as aides, or interns, with members of Dail Eireann (the lower house of Ireland's Parliament). This year, finally, the University has instituted a Center for Irish Studies, which plans lectures, publications, concerts and festivals of Irish culture along with fellowships for Irish artists, academics and professionals in the years to come. The Irish consciousness stimulated by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in 1896 is alive and very well indeed at Catholic University.

NOTES

1. Wendock (1850-1938), named for Thomas Addis Emmet (Robert Emmet's brother and an Irish patriot in his own right), was born in Ireland but grew up in Michigan, where he became a lawyer and political figure; a U.S. Congressman, 1891-95, he was, at the end of his life, a justice of the Michigan Supreme Court.
2. O'Dea, John, *History of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and Ladies Auxiliaries* (Philadelphia, 1923), p. 1136.
3. *Catholic University Bulletin* 4 (1898), 536.

Robert Mahony, Ph.D., teaches in the English Department and directs the Center for Irish Studies at Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

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SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF OUR IRISH HERITAGE

By John Herlihy, Jr.

It is difficult to imagine how many different ethnic groups of the human family there are to be counted in the world. There must be thousands! Happily, all such groups, as the children of a single creator and as brothers and sisters in a single humanity share together in a great commonality called mankind. Each of these groups, as a product of its own history and environment, has produced a store of unique "identifiers" which sets it a little bit apart from every other group. These "identifiers" have become an indelible part of their heritage.

One's heritage embodies anything that has been passed on from generation to succeeding generation and includes such things as traits of character, physical traits, traditions, religion, property, language, and the like. These come to us through our parents in particular and from the entire ethnic group in general. There is perhaps no other ethnic group in the world which exceeds the Irish in its love of the motherland, its desire to learn and retain unknown elements of its heritage and its fierce pride in being what it is—Irish! And there is perhaps no other ethnic group in the world that possesses so many well-known signs and symbols that characterize elements of its heritage from the past and its hope for the future. Who among our readers does not know that the Irish, wherever they have been dispersed throughout the world, are identified by the shamrock, harp, Irish cross, shillelagh, leprechaun, etc. which they brought with them from that "dear land across the sea."

The Shamrock is a small three-leaved plant of the clover family which is commonly found in Ireland and is used as a floral emblem by the Irish people. Tradition tells us that St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, used the little shamrock to illustrate the Christian concept of the Trinity

as he journeyed about the island converting the pagan Irish to Christianity fifteen centuries ago.

The Harp is the national symbol of Eire (the Republic of Ireland). The Irish harp is relatively small and was carried in a leather bag slung over the back of the harpists who, many years ago, used to travel throughout Ireland singing ballads. Every castle had its own harpist who entertained the owner and guests. The most famous Irish harp is one on display in Dublin which, it is said, belonged to King Brian Boru whose armies broke the power of the Vikings in Ireland in the eleventh century.

The Irish Cross, frequently called the Celtic Cross, is distinguished from other types of crosses by the circle placed around the intersection of the bars of the cross. This circle signifies eternity, which, like the circle, has no beginning and no end. Irish crosses are found all over Ireland in cemeteries and at religious sites. Most are quite ornate and some stand as tall as twelve feet and are as much as 1300 years old. This beloved religious emblem is shared by Irish Catholics and Presbyterians and is symbolic of their common Christian heritage.

The Leprechaun is a very little person of Irish folklore who is deemed to be a bit devilish and tricky by nature. He is said to have hidden a pot of gold at the end of each rainbow and, if caught, might be forced to reveal its exact location. The Shillelagh is a stick, usually of oak or black-thorn wood, which is used as a walking stick or a club (or both). Usually quite knobby and very hard, it was quite an effective weapon in the old days.

The Tri-Color Flag of Ireland is similar in design to the tri-color of its old ally, France. The colors in the Irish flag, however, are green, white and orange. The green symbolizes the mostly Catholic south, the orange symbolizes the mostly Protestant north, and the white symbolizes the hope of peace and unity between them.

We display our signs and symbols with pride. They represent a heritage that is both heroic and tragic. They help us to be ever mindful of that pretty, friendly little island of story and song, the source of our heritage.

Jack Herlihy is a member of the St. Patrick's Day Parade Committee of Washington, D.C.

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THE IRISH BULL

Dr. Terrence R. Murphy

It is not certain why the Irish bull is Irish, or even why it is a bull, or whether it is simply a syntactical blunder or rather an imaginative figure of speech. What is certain is that for centuries any ludicrously illogical and incongruous grammatical construction has been termed an "Irish bull," censured, and attributed especially to Irish people speaking the English language. While none of the typically ingenious etymologies advanced by scholars is very convincing, quite likely the origins of the term may be found in the rich homonymy, homophony, and figurative, allusive, and symbolic associations of "bull" and in the English stereotype of the Irish which finds such other outlets as the nasty Irish joke.

On the Bull and the Magic of Words

The classic Irish bull is ludicrous *insofar* as it offends the conventions of logic, cause-and-effect relationships, normal temporal sequence, and expected periodicities and regularities. In other words such bulls as "What, pray gentlemen, has posterity done for us?" "that pernicious work written by an anonymous author named Janus," and "Unhappily my Mother was barren" are objectionable when they are rationalized and subjected to analytical criticism. Their meanings, on the other hand, are usually evident and indeed much more emphatically conveyed by the bull than by any circumlocution necessary to fulfill the requirements of logic, causality, and grammar. Many Irish bulls in fact suggest flashes of insight not of course from scientific rationality but from some sort of Jungian synchronicity.

That speech may sometimes transcend what is being explicitly said and possess great magical power is a well-known if little-understood fact. Word-magic phenomena are rarely grouped together in a common category in terms of this shared property. They range from the commonplace like story-telling, name-dropping, spell-binding oratory, and whispering sweet nothings, to the formidable, mysterious, and numinous like glossolalia or speaking in tongues, prayer, mantra, logomancy, incantation, *deja raconte*, autosuggestion, and ritual formulae. "*Hoc est corpus*" may derive, for instance, prosaically from an early conjurer's name or spell, or it may derive from parody of the words of consecration *Hoc est enim Corpus Meum*. The ancient Irish *fírid* could by their satire cause men to wither up and die and by their praise confer prosperity, happiness, and immortality. We may ridicule this rationally, but it would be silly to deny the power.

The Irish bull, it seems to me, belongs classified here among examples of word magic rather than among grammatical errors. It mangles English syntax, not as an end in itself, but as a means to transcend limitations on communication imposed by logic and standard grammar.

It is useful to differentiate the Irish bull from the spoonerism, the slip of the tongue, and similar linguistic accidents. While these latter allow the repressed contents of the unconscious suddenly to spill forth and so can be tremendously revealing psychoanalytically, the Irish bull represents, as it were, an overload of the circuits of the

conscious mind. The thought is so profound and intense as to have to defy conventions of rationality and normal modes of verbal expression. Nor is the bull ever equivalent to an illiteracy or barbarism, since the bull is singular and irrepeatably rather than a commonplace mistake. Nor, finally, is the bull merely an Irishism.

Modes of Thought and Expression

The clash between the Irish bull and standard English grammar is but a skirmish in the war between mythopoeia and scientific rationality, or less abstractly between poetry and criticism; freedom and order; the spontaneous outpouring of feelings and the deadly oppression of sophisters, economists, and calculators; in short, between the overflowing fountain of unrepressed joy and the stagnant cistern of anal sadistic scholarship.

Back to the Bull

The Irish bull is not arcane. The classic examples are presented in every good collection of quotations, dictionary and encyclopedia. One meets fresh bulls almost weekly—at least around universities. The bull is neither indelicate nor pedestrian. Still there is reticence about the Irish bull, although on the whole it is less base than the spoonerism and infinitely more stimulating than the routine blunders of everyday speech. The Irish bull does not deserve this neglect, and this essay is an attempt to restore it to its rightful eminence.

Although some people seem predisposed by nature to commit Irish bulls, a premeditated bull is artificial and shallow, and indeed verges on the contemptible. Consider the most notorious bull, "If there was twelve cows lyin' down in a field and one of them was standin' up, that would be a bull." Its symmetry and clarity betray fabrication. Its pathetic attempt to capture Irish dialect and its bovine imagery betray it to be transparent eponymous, aetiological and explanatory artifice. Intuitively, and rightly, one rejects it. Genuine Irish bulls derive from inspiration, not scholarship and craft.

The Irish bull is defined as a statement involving contradiction in terms, ludicrous inconsistency, and absurd illogic. People commit bulls in earnest, in passion, when also in auto-intoxication from lofty convictions and loftier rhetoric. In its unrealistic reality and illogical sense, in its beauty and truth, the Irish bull transcends mere mixed metaphor. It would seem to be impossible for a person without sincerity, some degree of wit, some considerable rhetorical ability, and character to commit a bull. It is in fact uncertain whether the Irish bull is properly a verbal blunder or a magnificent figure of speech.

While a learned Irish bull is not perhaps inconceivable, it is unlikely. It is simply beyond man's capacity. For the bull requires not only an intricate figure of syntax, the variety of hyperbaton termed the anacoluthon, but also it demands construction upon this syntactical figure of complicated figures of rhetoric commingling irony, antithesis, periphrasis, apostrophe, hyperbole, oxymoron, and anticlimax. The

natural order of words must be altered by passing from one construction to another before the former is completed; and at the same time the logic, imaginative integrity, and substance must themselves be altered in passing from one level of meaning to another, again before the former is completed. To encompass all this, yet to retain spontaneity and succinctness, and to utter the bull extemporaneously would seem to require an impossibly gifted, subtle and humble genius.

Concerning the origin of the term "Irish bull" there is a good deal of scholarly controversy, some of which may help clarify the issues here. It may derive its name from a punning reference to the papal bulls at the time of the Reformation, or perhaps from the Middle English word *bul* meaning deceit or trickery. By the seventeenth century, as "bull," it had acquired its modern significance. By the late eighteenth century it had acquired its association with Ireland. Probably, the Irish connection derives from the career of Sir Boyle Roche, Bart. (1743-1807), to whom a great many egregious bulls are attributed.

Sir Boyle Roche, Bart.

Roche, a descendant of illustrious old Anglo-Norman Irish families, was a soldier, politician and celebrity, if not of first rank, at least of great conspicuousness and geniality. Late eighteenth-century Ireland was in turmoil over democratic, libertarian and nationalist ideals. It was the age of Grattan's Parliament, Wolfe Tone, and the Rising of 1798. But Roche remained imperturbably on the side of Great Britain, the Protestant Ascendancy, the tyranny of Dublin Castle, and reaction generally. As a government placeman, he sat in the Irish Parliament from 1777 to 1800, voting for reaction and, receiving as his due, pensions, places, the offices of chamberlain of the viceregal court and master of ceremonies at the Castle, and in 1782, the pinnacle of his career, a paltry baronetcy. He opposed Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, the United Irishmen, self-determination for Ireland, and all such causes. He supported with vigor the odious Union of 1801.

Roche's Bulls

Had this been all, Sir Boyle Roche would be forgotten or remembered by a few specialists in Irish history as a typical Ascendancy hack. Others more intelligent than he wrote Roche's speeches, and he committed them to his faulty memory. While Roche usually mastered the speeches' substance, he always managed to mangle the words, burlesque the sentiment, and extemporize verbal masterpieces of his own. Here he earned immortality.

The quintessential Irish bull was committed by Roche through the difficult medium of the rhetorical question. In 1780, opposing reform and ridiculing the reformers' appeal to the future, Roche retorted, "What, pray gentlemen, has posterity done for us?" Again, attacking potential subversives, Roche said: "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat: I see him forming in the air and darkening the sky; but I'll nip him in the bud!" Here the alteration of modes and the bizarre imagery lift the statement from the rather realms of the mixed metaphor up into the Empyrean heaven of the Irish bull. Aware of the necessity of vigilance Roche would sorrowfully observe, "I regret that I am not a bird, and can not be in two places at once." The Irish bull knows no bounds to authenticity, of course, and it becomes immaterial whether Roche actually said all these things or whether they were only attributed to him. The sources vary.

It was during parliamentary debates in 1800 over the Act of Union of Ireland with Great Britain that Sir Boyle Roche committed his most memorable (and most authentic) bulls.

"Gentlemen, you may tither, and tither, and tither, and may think it is a bad measure; but your heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again, and so you can not decide right now; but when the Day of Judgement comes, then, Honourable Gentlemen, you will be satisfied with this most excellent Union."

He ended one speech with the ringing declaration, "I would have the two sisters, Ireland and Great Britain, embrace like one brother." This is the apotheosis of the Irish bull.

The Danger of Discipline

It would do an injustice systematically to analyze the Irish bulls of Sir Boyle Roche. It is not that they defy analysis, far from it, but it would take pages of exposition to explain them. Yet necessarily lost in that explanation would be the very quality one seeks to explain. The Irish bull is like the spider's web bedewed with drops of water. Its perfection does not reside in matter, form, agent or purpose. It is to be grasped not through chemical analysis of lowly substances, nor through geometry, nor through arachnology, nor certainly even through art. To analyze it at all destroys its beauty. And it matters not at all that a spider—or a Roche—built it.

Terrence R. Murphy teaches British & Irish history at American University in Washington, D.C.

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JOHN FITZGERALD: ALEXANDRIA'S FORGOTTEN SON OF ERIN

By Anne Finnegan McGrath

Two companies of Infantry, Capt. Simpson's cavalry, a company of Riflemen, the Silver Greys: in full procession they had come—the officers, mourning relatives, pallbearers, the guards, the music. And the corpse, John Fitzgerald, his horse carrying his military accouterments in one of the largest military funerals in Alexandria's history.

It was December 4, 1799. And, at four o'clock, the sixteen guns fired by Capt. Harper's artillery signalled to the citizens of Alexandria that their former mayor, their defender in the Revolution, and bosom friend of George Washington, Colonel John Fitzgerald, was being buried across the Potomac in the state of Maryland.

The men of the 106th Regiment had marched from the courthouse to Fitzgerald's home to the wharf. From there, with the Colonel's remains, his family and friends had boarded a barge to a burial place opposite Mount Vernon.

But why had Alexandria's leading Catholic layman and a founder of Virginia's first Catholic church been barged from Jones' Point in Virginia to Warburton Manor in Maryland? And why has this accomplished son of Erin and prominent citizen of Alexandria been neglected by so many history and guidebooks of his adopted home up to the present? The answer may be as complex as the career of John Fitzgerald himself.

A most unusual immigrant, he arrived in the new little port city about 1770 as a paying passenger on a returning tobacco ship—unique in itself. More often the Irish came to the colony of Virginia as indentured servants or even convicts.

John Fitzgerald's business skills and genial manner soon won him acceptance among the Scottish merchants who had founded the town in 1749. A history-making friendship began at a ball Fitzgerald hosted in 1770, at which he first met George Washington. Washington often visited Alexandria on business in those years, and, in 1773 the Irishman was an overnight guest at Mount Vernon—a privilege he was to enjoy dozens more times.

The next official exchange between the two patriots was a letter written in 1774 by a Committee of the Fairfax Independent Company of which Fitzgerald was a member, asking Washington, then a delegate to the Continental Congress, to make inquiries for supplies for the company. Many colonists saw that the War with England was imminent, and such independent companies—small military units—were growing in number. Washington had also been solicited by the Virginia Companies to take command as a field officer.

By 1775 Fitzgerald's import-export business was well-established; he and his Scottish partner had bought lots at the foot of King St., in the Old Town section of Alexandria, where John built his own wharf. Then, in Feb. 1776, Washington appointed the Irishman as his official aide-de-camp

with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and, in November, Fitzgerald joined Washington's forces at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The following year, at the Battle of Princeton, Lt. Col. Fitzgerald was credited with saving Washington's life. For this act, he won the affection of his leader's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, who later referred to him as "a gallant and warm-hearted son of Erin."

After the fierce winter of 1778 at Valley Forge, John Fitzgerald returned to Alexandria and purchased the property known today as the Seaport Inn. In 1779 he married Jane Digges of a well-connected Maryland family. In the ensuing years, his ties with Washington deepened both on the battlefield and off—including such endeavors as the Potomac Company, the General's dream to open the West for trade.

No less significant than his military and business achievements were John Fitzgerald's religious and ecumenical contributions. Prior to 1785 and the Act Establishing Religious Freedom, the Catholics of Alexandria attended Mass in a log building and later at the home of Colonel Fitzgerald. But the War had spelled a victory for religious as well as political freedom.

After the Revolution, on St. Patrick's Day 1788, Fitzgerald hosted a dinner for some leading gentlemen of the time including George Washington. Plans for the erection of St. Mary's Church were made at this party, and, it is said that Washington himself contributed to the building fund. The General, although a member of Christ Episcopal Church, was quick to acknowledge the loyal service of the Irish in his ranks. Fitzgerald led the fund drive, and the first Catholic church in Virginia became a reality in 1795.

The Colonel also served as Mayor of Alexandria (1797) and as Collector of the Port from 1798 until his death.

On Feb. 22, 1799, the last year of his own life, John Fitzgerald escorted General Washington into Alexandria, where he passed a line of military companies in review. Afterward came the Birchtown Ball in honor of Washington which Colonel and Mrs. Fitzgerald attended—a festive beginning for a year which would end with the closing of two distinguished careers.

Yet, for all these accomplishments, why was John Fitzgerald barged across to Maryland for burial? And why have his name and fame been obscured up to this day?

The burial arrangements may be explained by his marriage to a prominent Catholic Marylander, Jane Digges, whose family owned an estate at Warburton Manor. Also, until the Revolution, Catholic burial in Virginia had been restricted.

As for Fitzgerald's neglect by local historians and Alexandria guidebook writers, several possibilities occur. First, Alexandria was settled by Scotsmen and Presbyterians. Fitzgerald's influence may have been legitimately overha-

dowed by the prevailing influence of the Scottish founders.

Then, too, during the Irishman's term as Collector of the Port, an appointment by President John Adams, there had been charges of mishandling of monies by one of Fitzgerald's employees. Had he fallen into disfavor or disgrace as a result?

Even more puzzling was the entry in Washington's diary for Dec. 4, 1799, which made no mention of the funeral of his Colonel but referred only to the weather of the day! Could it have been that Washington—only two weeks away from his own death—had been unaware of the funeral? Or had there been a falling out between the two men? Time has obscured the reasons.

For this was the same man whom Washington had described in 1787 and who has earned the right to be remembered as:

... a person in whose skill and integrity ... (one) may ... have the fullest confidence ... a Gentleman who is a native of Ireland, Colo. John Fitzgerald. The active Services of this Gentleman during the War, his long residence in the Country, and intermarriage in it (with one of the most respectable families, Digges of Maryland) all entitle him to be considered as an American. The laws of this Country know no difference between him and a Native of America

...

Anne Finnegan McGrath, a freelance writer residing in Maryland, has been active with the Irish-American Community for 10 years.

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Tom Rockford

The silver mist of dawn had veiled
the knee remaining star.
The cornucopia could her welcome call,
the dew gleamed near and far.
No bristles to my ankles fell
for I was two from ten,
and headed for the Culmore bog
just like the best of men.
The brother's nap, more broad than mine,
left black and space between,
I shivered in the stiffness
and I trembled in my spleen.
"Twas hard to tell from pond or soil,
from footing weak or firm.
But boyhood's maddening foot stepped on
down by adventure's germ.
The mushroom men were on the hill,
their brown bags filled to bulging.
The midnight rain had filled the sole
with nature's powers indulging.
No green nor brown did meet my eye
where the red men dismissed the fog,
but the perfumed air and the purple hair
of the hauber on Culmore bog.

the threepenny bit the irish corner



the best of "celtic"
in the heart
of georgetown

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THE WEE ONES—A FOLLOW-UP

By Thomas R. Craven, Ph.D.

The winter months of 1982 witnessed the launching of the Belfast Children's Summer Program in Washington, D.C. Under the leadership and dedicated guidance of Raymond Walsh hands were raised, families interviewed and communications established with Mr. John McCullough, a Belfast school teacher, so that five (5) children (Catholic and Protestant) from that city were able to come to the greater Washington Metropolitan area from the end of June until the first week in August. During that period each child resided with a host family. They ate what the family ate—no diet change was encouraged—traveled with the family unit, and became part of the group and the various neighborhoods in which they resided. Families were instructed not to lavish the children with any item not normally used. Any summer clothing that was needed could be purchased at low rate or used clothing outlets. No special toys, bikes, allowances or gifts (with the exception of modest birthday presents) were to be given.

The goals of the program were, and still are, simple—to allow a child to leave a strife torn and culturally impacted area temporarily, so as to experience another way of life and, to help them literally and figuratively stay alive just a little bit longer. It was the desire of the Committee to assist these children to feel the love and togetherness of an American family, and, to help them, in a limited way, to understand that others in this world cared and were willing to show that care via actions and not dollars. But, above all, like youngsters all over the world it was hoped that the children could get away from the stress, fears and tensions of their environment and meet other children of different faiths, colors, and backgrounds to just have fun and laugh a bit more than they were used to. These goals, apparently, were accomplished so successfully that this year not only is the program still in existence, but an even larger number of children (at a cost of \$500.00 each) is expected. (The question of the emotional feasibility of bringing a child to the States and exposing him or her to our way of life and then sending them back home to the same environment has occasionally been raised. Data, thus far accumulated, has not reinforced this suspicion. More about this will be mentioned below).

For background purposes, the children's program was originally started by the Rotary Club in Hibbing, Minnesota and by Father George T. Corbett, an Episcopal Priest in Cape Cod, Massachusetts over ten years ago. When Father Corbett was transferred to Westchester, New York, he took the idea along and began a second group. Both of these groups still exist with others in Delaware, Florida, North Carolina, Boston, New Jersey, Virginia and California. The necessary funding for each child is raised locally through dances, chances, private industry and group donations, and in some cases from the host families themselves. The funds remain in this country. In the case of the Washington Program, the ledgers are made open and available for inspection by any interested parties and questions about these funds will be answered by Committee members.

The five weeks from June until early August seemed to fly by. During this period the children visited with each other, attended two or three functions held in their honor and integrated into their summer homes and neighborhoods. However, most of the time was spent in sharing.

Host families shared their life styles, recreation, ideas, and themselves and their time with the children. Their Belfast guests shared their lives and some of their experiences. The children worked and played within the family and neighborhood settings. Religious beliefs and exposure to "other" denominations were mutually experienced. Travel, McDonald's, games, television, and the telephone—a true rarity—became centers of enthusiasm. The various neighborhoods of the children seemed to come closer as friends would offer host families recreation and relaxation opportunities. The atmosphere in some of the these suburban settings—generally reserved in the Washington Metropolitan area—often took on the openness of block get-togethers. By the time the children were ready to go—an emotional moment for all involved—a great deal had been learned about cultures, backgrounds and the life styles and problems of the hosts and their guests. Host families had learned a great deal about the children and their daily living adjustments at home, school and with their peers. Irish children learned, among other things, that American money is not a never ending commodity, that we, too, have a socially imperfect society, and that living here involves doing chores and having individual responsibilities within the family setting. Not only have host families and their guests already reapplied for the 1983 phase of the program, but applications both from within and outside the various neighborhoods have increased to twenty-five.

The question is often posed, "What you are doing appears well in spirit, but does the program work?" Having contacted and spoken with parents, educators, behavioral scientists and school administrators (and the children), the recurring response is always YES. Follow-up observations and daily contact with the children, over both short and long range periods, confirm, without a doubt, the value of these programs. No follow-up study or close observation project exists, to my knowledge, which proves that youngsters fail to benefit from their visits to the States.

To begin with the children act and respond more maturely to this world. Parents with whom I have spoken indicate that their children have come home with a greater level of awareness of more than just their own environment. Furthermore, parents are pleased with the way both attitude and responsiveness improve in the home setting. One youngster, Teresa, age 9, was shy, reserved and lacked confidence about herself before leaving for one of the programs. At the end of summer she returned home more relaxed, poised and confident in herself in the evaluation of her parents and teachers.

For the majority of youngsters, the program affords the first opportunity to meet and interact with peers of a different religion. One boy said that before his trip he thought that all members of the "other" faith had horns and that they all wanted to kill on sight. That they enjoyed the same games, foods, television programs as he did was a surprise. Even though strong peer pressure prevented continuing the same relationships and activities after returning home, youngsters claimed to have something of a secret between themselves and their new-found friends home in Belfast. When seeing each other on the street they would share a nod or a knowing glance even though speaking may not be possible. According to Mr. John McCullough, the teacher-

coordinator for six of the summer programs since the mid-1970's. "If it wasn't for the programs there would have been thousands of children growing up without ever having met a child from the other religion."

Freedom is a concept we take for granted. But the children of Belfast, where one community is separated from the other by 10-20 foot walls of concrete blocks, and where cement, barbed wire, and check points for identification by armed troops are as usual as our supermarkets, painfully feel the constriction of being confined to certain street or block areas. They are constantly aware of the enclosed pill box type sentry stations and the possibility of being injured or killed, so they remain confined and enclosed in areas which become increasingly smaller as they grow up. Even when it's time to go out and have a pint or two with their mates, they cannot enter the pubs of their various groups without first being checked at a barb-wire check-in cage surrounding the place, or being identified via security camera. Time and again, children and teens would claim that this freedom of mobility was the greatest experience they enjoyed. In one group discussion session, young adults who had come here, told of their love of freedom. Siobhan, age 19, who was here when she was 10, 11, 15 and 17 years old said, "I think the program is a great idea for getting kids of both religions away for the summer . . . it's just a pity they can't get together more often here in Belfast."

The program helps temporarily to change the environment of the children's lives. The children become scared and come to distrust anything and anyone unknown from constantly facing soldiers with automatic and semi-automatic weapons at the ready, body searches leaving and entering stores and the downtown shopping center, bombs and bomb threats. There's an obvious tension in their faces and body motions. Any sudden loud sound evokes a reaction of panic. Gangs are formed for self protection. Strangers are automatically distrusted. Many children, following adult role models, pride themselves in being able to identify one of the "others" without even talking to them. After a while he or she comes to take for granted that all societies are like this, until they see something else. Michael, age 21, who visited the States on two occasions when he was 15 and 16 years old said, "A kid who lives here sees only one life—here he's left and takes the 'troubles' for granted. When he leaves Ireland he has freedom and sees what it's like—freedom and friendly people." As a result of his visits he feels that he sees his peers more realistically and is currently applying for a civil service position where he'll come into daily contact with all groups.

Sheila echoed these thoughts. "It hasn't been a life without hell—I've got used to seeing those troops and being searched—a man was going to see his 14 month old baby the other day in the hospital and was killed, but we soon learn to live with it and go on." As do children in Lebanon, South America, South East Asia and culturally and economically hard hit areas of America, these young adults have no false illusions about reality. The truth is not hidden from them because they face it and live it each and every day. Some people have asked if the program is attempting to change the lives of the children. Definitely not. The program merely attempts to add a new and otherwise foreign dimension to their world, and to share this world with them. No one tries to change any youngsters' mind on religious, political, economic or cultural issues. Discussions of this nature are strictly forbidden by Program Pol-

icy. In attempting to respect the human dignity and individual worth of the participants, each child is left to draw his or her own conclusions from what they see and hear. Any questions are answered honestly and in a straight forward manner.

Environment, such as Belfast, and exposing them to an open society, such as the States, only to send them back again isn't emotionally dangerous. As stated above, data to substantiate this is not available. Furthermore psychologists, teachers, school administrators, parents and the children themselves enthusiastically agree that the program is not only beneficial, but should be continued. Dr. Jean Whyte, a research fellow in psychology in the Department of Psychology at Queens University, Belfast and author of "Children in a Troubled Area of Belfast," a paper presented at the Annual Conference of the Educated States Association of Ireland in Dublin in March of 1981 and "Aspects of Socialization in Urban 12 Year Olds Within and Outside of Northern Ireland" is totally in favor of the Program. "I can't believe that to show anyone different horizons is anything but good," she said, adding, "The parents see the usefulness just by virtue of the fact that they let the children go." Hoping that the children would have an opportunity to see other sides of life besides Belfast and the Troubles, she said the program helped because "... so few people go away that the more youngsters that get a chance to [travel] the better."

The ideas were echoed by Mr. James Tiernan, Head Master at St. Anthony's School which participated in the program. Admitting that he, too, was at first skeptical but has since had a chance to see both children and parents after the trips, he stated, "I don't think it does any damage . . . it does them good to be away to something else. Furthermore, the ones I've seen don't display a longing to be back there [permanently]."

John McCullough, teacher and program co-ordinator, has seen the program's benefits first hand. He feels that the children mature faster and have more positive self concepts. Furthermore they don't display great tendencies to join the various hate and radical groups after traveling to the States. His contacts with parents have confirmed these observations. Parents have not experienced behavior problems with their children and have seen only positive growth changes.

Friday, December 3, 1982 witnessed a first. At the Mayfield Recreation Center in Belfast a soccer tournament was held for the children of the various programs. Each team consisted of youngsters from one of the summer groups and played as a single unit so that the North Carolina group played against the New York group and the Boston group played the Cape Cod group. Parents came and watched the games and had a sit-down lunch between matches. Politics and religion were forgotten in a common setting of love and concern for the children. Though the blessings of the program have returned to all involved, this event in itself appeared to stand out as an example of the possibilities when we unite in a single effort. While standing in the observation area and looking down onto the playing court with all the parents, one mother turned and softly said, "This is what we need—more games than fighting."

Thomas R. Croten, a clinical psychologist, is an active participant in the Belfast Children's Summer Program.

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Photo by Pat Cody

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